I welcome you now at the head of the ship where I was to live a month or two - a strong, heavy craft built down east for the cotton trade. All is confusion on deck just at present to come with me into the cabin to inspect our quarters. What a hole! you exclaim, not a put-square! Sure enough, it was no drawing room in any respect - we stopped involuntarily when crossing the threshold, and I still kept involuntarily but a little when fairly inside - how many State rooms are there? two on a side - one for the captain, one for the engineer, one for the mate - one for the steward - and none for me. No! I was told that a cat would be living below for my convenience upon which the owner carried me between decks to expatiating upon the accommodations. The deck was certainly small. The whole space was at my disposal from main to bow and stern, for the rebel went out in a fleet ballot, carrying
only a few steps or a couple of candles...the body's venture - not mine.

But in spite of my companionship, I thought of the cabin with its 19 feet of length and deemed a hole, that this spacious apartment with its hundred feet of length appeared a very dark, climate,ly climatianan, leading it was impossible for a stranger to see where, though the lead lights were seen at the dirty harbor, dawned slightly overhead - the light which fell dimly even where we stood did not struggle forward more than twenty steps - for beyond all was his in darkness.

Silk, there was nothing to be seen there. this was my statement. I must make the best of it. Infmally I protested against the arrangement. I felt kind, that it could never keep an horn together in such a helplessness place. Meanwhile multitudes of heaps of cattle were stowed just as our back, both
of which I had been good reason to condemn as a nuisance.

Nor particularly pleased with this introduction to an ocean life, I made no attempt to detain the gentlemen below me with a few words in difference on their precaution relative to the deck—here hustle was the order of the day. But I will just bid farewell to the owner & my friend Mr—i let them alone, then if you please I will make an extract from a journal kept on the voyage, which will throw some light upon my first experience of the deck.

Friday Oct 7th. 18—

Here am I scribbling a sentence (as all I shall attempt in the present condition of my stomach) in the cabin of the ship. Fourteen days out bound to Rio. It is difficult to realize that I am so far away from my own land, ploughing the blue
water with a gentle steady breeze. But so it is. We have had good weather, fair wind &c. are now entering the broad stream. The hope of crossing it in 24 hours.

Friday Oct 14.

My journal has been neglected for a week, but there are so few things here to distract and thoughts that I can recall every incident since our little company first stuck into this empty hole of 'a Saloon.'

On Wednesday afternoon Oct 5th at 3 o'clock our pilot came on board. We cast off to begin our voyage. The brother of the supercargo, a young man by the name of — went with us to return in the pilot boat. Everything was at last a detriment. The men were drunk more or less. The sails had to be hank. Consequently there was some delay. The shrill, thin voice of the pilot — the not very hearty "aye aye sir" of the crew — the pull prolonged cry of have a hoy.
together with the clacking of spars and
the rattling of ropes, were round to me. It helped to sweeten
my thoughts from the homeward course. They (might otherwise have
taken) - I hung over the side - I watched the city just passing
behind us - It was certainly a
beautiful sight - the sky of a clear
deep autumn blue with a few
white clouds gathering in the west
to add the hulk. - The neighboring
heights - dominating country
covered with white cottages a clothed with
the spendor of the changing foliage -
the city lies on its three hills
crowned with some a steeped
pluming red in the last rays of
the sun - It between us a three
well known walls. The harbour
stretching out from Navy Yard to
light house with the star a sail
bent toward the home which we
were leaving. - It was a beautiful,
beautiful) light, but my faculties
were hardly awake enough to fully
enjoy it - I was in this state of
[Handwritten text not legible]
comparative stupification when called into the cabin to take a parting with glass with the gentlemen who were about leaving us — I declined thinking the thought might hasten the sickness which I declared — but the ugly being — "Come, come, you can't refuse us this — I follow reluctantly as most weak-minded persons do in similar situations to get drunk or kick at the can might be — The rumble of brandy water were emptied — the last few wells were hidden, the little pilot retired (sinecure) gracefully away — we watched her till she became a small speck I faded from sight — then # — I myself took cigarette began pacing the deck in silence. Yet that felt no unpleasant sensations, I began entertaining a hope that (grace) brandy had brand me off effectually against the danger. With this consoling a happy idea I took up my quarters on the taffrail to watch for the first time the stars peep out over the ocean — their lan-
my reflection under the countenance of the ship. But soon my bright hopes vanished away & all for finally sickness stol over me. So then I but leaning over the stern & giving my tobacco & cigar smoke into the ocean in a most unremarkable manner. Yet, I would not give in but as soon as the first storm was over began walking again to the infinite amusement of the captain, who joked about my not being on my "hin legs". Soon came another inward storm - so I continued ultimately staggering a walking till we stood off Cape Hatteras light at 4 o'clock. Then with a very miserable desolate feeling, I stumbled into a lower berth (in one of the state rooms) with all my clothes on even to my boots & cap, to rock about in the various waves of the sea as if I could. The wind blew freshly from the Northeast. The vessel under a press of sail pitched shockingly, for we had not the compass hence out at the last point of land - likely to be seen.
Eveings agin for two whole monwhite he was quite
notion of speed, the maximum rate, under every advantage up
speeding on 3 or 3 /n. Pitch - well, pig it kept it up all night long
like a thing possessed. I learned the
centre of the whole concern, a every
strain I have found a purchase in
my stomach. All night I fell
into a sleep full of the most p
playing, outrageous dreams, which
lasted at unhappy intervals till mor-
ning.

Oct. 6th. Sick all day. Did not
turn out till late in the afternoon.
found the sea quite smooth, the
cool breeze refreshing. Sitting on
a coil prope, I watched the men
working in the rigging about
decks, with something of interest.
orf the fore-topmast, thinking sails were
set, - they were running them on
the mainmast. It takes sometime
to let up all this gear, s as the afternoon
was away I was obliged to turn again
into my berth without seeing our
vessel flying under a great cloud of
Slept better. Awoke feeling with a desire to get up in the early morning instead of waiting till the last late afternoon. I also longed to change my dress a little, perform customary ablutions—arrange my hair. A last rush hast to pull off my boots—none of which things had been done since I stood before a staring looking glass on Wednesday morning at home.

Friday Oct 7th. Another beautiful day—wind still N.E. The captain came to (the same Army raft) soon before breakfast. I advised my getting up & moving about deck—walk as my poor frame would permit sickness) The advice seemed so good that I willingly followed it. I really felt pretty brisk after moving about in the warm sunshine—breathing air (for a little while). But it was vain to attempt eating breakfast. The very sight of it was nauseating. The mate to comfort I encouraged me this luncheon.
"If you cut down that mass of salt
half or back, sir, you will be a
strong man by knowedom."
It simmer long however the tide changed
in my favour - I was very hungry
having tasted nothing for 3 days
and a hearty meal without incon
cvenience - it is impossible to
describe the change that came over
me - my listlessness - manifestly
made off - I could laugh staked
without a very pace - (There we
(many) Plunder long I could stand following
upon one horse to something in whatever
might fell from the ship's foors - it then
skimming off for (away) over the water -
the presence (made) of these birds
made me feel clear under a beam
there - when I was pe hundreds miles
between in the midst of this shelter
that horrid gulph which few cross with
out catching a blow. I rushed
bravely for the best - but the fire
heet in a mass of black clouds (as)
foreboding of another stormy night. (Seven
smoked a cigar in this evening - slept like a top.)
Saturday Feb. 8th - As I expected the sky was overcast - The wind had shifted to S.E. so we were driving on, close hauled, through a heavy sea - The wind increased during the day, so by night full blue luff briskly - While at the "Sail ho!" was hung out from foremast - A hague had been in sight on the weather bow, bearing down before the wind directly upon us - The captain got his trumpet ready, we sat in rather perched on the sail, waiting her approach - On the came with "Thrilling-Sails" (like a at the rate of 9 or 10 knots) passed our quarter within very short hailing distance. She was from the Mediterranean bound into Boston - Simply laden, is probably reported us "3 days out - all well." The clouds grew very black - the wind inky spread with a whistling sound - We were evidently going to have a night of it - While that little hague would rush before the storm quietly a menacing, with only a look out forward, as if no tempest...
was abroad. An apology for a State room had been handed up for me between decks by a shifty, gray-haired carpenter who hardly knew a hammer from a plane. So below I stumbled about 10 o'clock, i.e. by the light of a tin (swinging) lantern, swinging from a beam, went to tent in a comfortless wood camp, close rent with cabbage perfume. Very choice (no doubt) but not to my taste. I laid awake sometime conjuring up proposition shapes in the far darkness just rendered visible by their polish lanterns, when a broken lamp—something warm a living things. "A rat by —" I sprung up, swearing more profoundly in the excitement, the exhalation (what ever it was) half smothered—squeezed into acute pain—gave a pitioues moan which proved it the captain's kitten beyond a doubt. Now I abominate cats—yet this poor motherless thing, thrust into a den of horrors like myself. I appealed to my compassion— & & & & & & & &
with a candle. In my anxiety, my unrest, I permitted the beast to rush back to back with me, thinking any companionship in such a profound hole—a decided blessing. So we two fell asleep.

When I woke the next morning (Sunday), Miss Franklin seemed wholly alive herself. Stirring sleepily with purpose, keeping her, before I beheld it within hers, what with the existing

Standing at every bulk of canvas and water社群 in the boraage near me, the incessant moving of the wind and the rolling, sounding like the rolling thunder, the sound (on keep)  

The wind, hanging wash of waves against the lee quarter, within a foot or two of where we lay, kitten I bite pandemonium life lost for our special amusement. And I knew the only living souls on board—not a voice not a footstep to be heard. What existence merged in the two, the lamp shining anatomically very close, then against the rough side of the primitive huts by the vulgar leaning of Miss Franklin.
I entreated softly together like birds of a feather. Was the story changed? It was not. Your fault, man! I told his cat that, and nipped [the] alahters. I warned both chained by fiendish chains in such a moist and faceless dungeon, to be mildewed and blighted! chained is punished for our kind? Had all the crew been swept away in blanched my thunder at their posts above—so to remain until the day of doom? My bead fellow had not troubled her head about the matter—but (having) quickly composed herself after a slight movement stretching of her limbs—had had her head in my bosom. I was breathing as pleasantly at a baby—I was determining to follow her into a land of rest, when I heard a faint noise. I perceived a faint tin think. At light edging its way through a crack in the slumming shut. The crack grew broader in the lighter changes, till at length I caught a glimpse of the descending figure of the warden, that hurried the opening for a second! "What time of day?" I called, "steward," cried I with a gasp of pain lest my frantic words.
prove him, a rascally man
but some kind for imp. His ugly
satisfaction if his humanity - "Ye push
sit, sir, but the lie still sit, blowing
like the dune on deck." I told him
I could not help that - but neverthe-
less yielded to his better judgment, 
turning over, laid off breakfast
time. Then having no appetite I
kept to my lamp quarters against
the rocking knees & standings - the
came down to buy there was a ship
in sight which would pass presently.
After lussing tility - it was Sunday.
Up I tumbled on deck, leaving my
affectionate companion below to finish
her nap - Sure enough, it was
"blowing like the dune", very little
knot a knot, the watch standings
bust the forecable - amiships in
pun jackets - oil clothes - tar painting
Captain R - - t - between the hour
- the weather sail for a trace - the
wise ocean spreading out to the
second sky is black, wild, per-
tentious - it was saw a cold without so
that I gave a good shiver on emerging
I from confinement into the open air. I had hardly joined the two cabin wks. This when a sea came over the hills, wetting up to the skin, rubbing me head over heels into the hangovers. Of course I had to take it all as a capital joke. Though I felt like anything but laughing, I felt like anything but laughing, but I was miserable beside for the terrible meanerings of the vessel was bringing back my sickness. Lumping up guilty however I drove into the cabin to drink a mug of hot tea, a chew some biscuits, meaning which I made out but poorly at a squall coming up soon after. I was completely overcome, I had not been able to find comfort amid the smell of strong salt fish, cabbage, general muddiness. Then I stayed most of the day, my mind occupying with the storm. As evening closed in sail was shortened & all made snug for the coming night, which promised to be a bit greens one. This was a scumbled touch of winter's melph weather. Stools, chest
everything movable lashed mostly about the cabin - the occupants had to cling variation to whatever was stationary to save themselves from being away. The only land-lubber received a few municipal knocks. But as my outward and inward parts grew harder I at length learned the very idea of dynamism.

Between 8 & 9 o'clock, the violent wind of the gale that we had to face to under a close messenger's sail. What were affairs coming to? The Captain looked up at us, and we went out on deck together. Soon the wind in a sudden, mad manner - long out every other moment to the man at the wheel or illumi[...]

I think for the first time that rain breaks the wind - if it proved down in torrents now, we shall show her in a comparatively placid state. But it did not rain.
I would not rain, but would blow (blow). The wind (winds) is often rising (with a roar) like a large fan. I had I come never witnessed such a scene before. It clinging on to the bow in a sheltered corner, under the leaves, far excellence. I
the house & gazed with wonder on the raging, clouded with white
pluming form threatening every moment to engulf us. Mou
tainous heads breaking over the bow k
ight the decks (under water) const
stantly covered with a thick mist.\n\nIt was pitchy dark—no moon or \nstar and above masses of black clou
d—all below the boiling angry oc
ean—(It seemed) no night for 24
at least so thought the other, but I
with a strange calmness 
indifference (which is past), my comprehension went to break up & bells 12 o'clock, in
the Mate's berth), (leaving my com
panions looking into each other's face
across the table), I realized fully the
horrors which I had been told enough to
entertain—for I knew nothing more like late in the morning—save when the dishes being away out of the locker, or the chest heavily bringing up against the water-closet partitions made a crash sufficient to break the slumber of the ten slumberers unknown. Within slept alone by himself, I trust she was not frightened in that unspecified strange.

The gale had not moderated when I woke on Monday. The captain shook his head saying he had seldom seen in such a storm. The steward reported that the vessel would be heavily for the breakfast (table) to be set. So we had to drink coffee as we could, clinging to pictures—bracing ourselves to balancing mugs. With all my care the contents of mine were safely deposited in my thick bosom before I had swallowed. Then all pale I weary; the company look—alittle but myself. I had slept—they had not—the prospect outside was anything but cheerful—I know more, no time now
utterly dreary & depressing than the morning after a night of tempestuous weather. The ship herself presents a (dull) appearance (now & weary.) The waves rise like barked and bent wood to menace their expected victims. Sunshine & columns of fog impossible, as if they had never been. The whole range which the eye or the fancy touched is one of portentous distress.

At 10 o'clock the gale had somewhat abated. Soon afterwards the wind churned round into the N.W. The clouds descended below the horizon. The warm, close day - the sullen rigging was set up. The night watch was 90 per cent. of the main-topsail & topsail topsail. The other sails were by one unfulfilled order, not to be hoisted. It was not long before every vestige of the storm had disappeared save the2 remnant and hail into which we were driving.

Thus hurried are the changes in an ocean life - The heart forgets how lately it has been troubled & calm at once in the bright, sunshine of the present moment.
And now it is Friday, the four
teenth of October, so we have fairly entered
into the pleasant part of the voyage. The
sea has grown warmer daily & the wind
becomes of a lower latitude. Beau-
tiful weather indeed! I am dressed like
a sailor, in check shirt & sack pants,
wool trousers about decks with
a furrow of black coils, a shawl
streaming from my shoulders in pure
ty enough - there is very little mist-
take in [my] salt appearance. We
have logged up an average abo
nearly 1200 miles per month.

I have been beginning to learn to experience, fits
of every life glide on in a regular current of little
notings. "Every moment lightly
shaken and itself in golden sand."
Taking exercise is the main thing done.

Yes sir, league by league we
walk morning soon & night smoking
chatting on in dreamy silence. I have
accomplished nothing else. Young consequence,
except this ceaseless journalling. Reading
even of the lightest description is out of
the question. Yesterday afternoon I took a small volume of Shakespeare, a stretching out full length on the narrow seat, opened upon a scene. Scarce had I read a page when a little set of young jumpers over a stereo in the leaf hastily hopping up the steps, I had just retired myself when my eye was directed aloft by the bare flagging of the upper side - my attention startled from the poetry by the chant of 'O wie war, o wie sindel' of the ninth to the boy at the wheel. Again my thoughts were winging aloft with still when a slowly sailing steamer white as snow wheeled into sight, I could not help watching her flight. By this time the conclusion was inevitable that the charm of the Shakespeare was lost for the afternoon - I do leaving my head on my arm. I was done all but all over with a brush of the melancholy book that woke me awake. I only laved from rolling up to the hopper by catching at a slip. 

Breakfast, since it happened are the great events of the day. Not that we are equipped epics, but a meal
my gaze seems fixed upon a passing dream
wherin incongruities are unnoticed - the
difted harmony prevails in a charming mys-
tery.

The dream - Christ. Dian had
shelled my memory; her voice, thin in the
jewel of zero on three, but all such re-
membrance link into nothing when com-
pared with her present reality. From the
small evidence that slips its home in the
early evening to the pull that is with
imperial relinquity across the white reawal-
but every phasis is one of animall love-
times.
is a good turning point for the night. From 4 hours to then a cigar comes to put up a few of powers and splashing.

Thu night is lovely. A moon appeared every night on leaving Boston which was perfectly beautiful, for so much has been left of moonlight (on the ocean), that I was impatient to have my expectations of its beauty realised. With every night I have felt as if in a dream. The moon never shone more brightly, or the stars more nearly staring, thickly down in the deep blue sky. Their reflection on the water was often perfect - heaven itself above and below. I am glad I think with so many other stories in my mind. Would I ever be a shepherd (with a vengeance?)

I sometimes find amusement from hunting near a knoll of the sailors above, the windless - listening to their games. One old man, whose I had that a half-whetted fellow told a most embittered story to the infinite delight.
of his audacity, who hailed the lacerating incidents with repeated bursts of laughter, in which I joined not heartily—confound him, why had the plot impressed me with an idea of his stupidity before I proved now such a raw trump? Probably no two of the crew of the have sailed together before so that every one have the interest of new words, and in the last part of the voyage, they well to keep their eyes open thus, the long dark hours.

One of the boys, called Tom, half English and half Irish, tried to make a little. In the first night out when slightly drunk, he swaggered up with his hands pocketed and demanded a candle of the mate. The mate ordered him forward—but he persisted in holding his ground—requesting candles for the forecastle. The officer urged him into a corner of his cabin—dispatched him, with a rolling gait and a stolid groan, back to his quarters. Ever since he had had no linen in his eye as if the stuff now his ridiculous condition were forgotten. He is known...
action - and reminding me with severity. Besides I was sure the best way to bandy the jig was behind the head and a change in a circuit not long ago

"But, enough for the present - of this adds an end of a voyage, life, have I given you even a faint idea of my initiation into the mysteries of the sea? If so you may be pleased to look over my next letter..."