The sudden illness was a matter of great concern for the man, who was in the prime of life. His work as a sailor had taken him to distant lands, and the prospect of advancement in his profession was a source of great pride. The news of his sudden illness was a shock to all who knew him. He was a young man of only twenty-five, and his death seemed premature. The disease was not of the usual kind but was characterized by high fever and delirium. The fever subsided, and the patient was taken to a hospital, where he remained for several weeks. Despite his efforts to recover, his condition did not improve, and he was moved to another hospital, where he remained for many weeks. It was during this time that he began to reflect on the course of his life. He realized that his work as a sailor had taken him to distant lands, and the prospect of advancement in his profession was a source of great pride. The news of his sudden illness was a shock to all who knew him. He was a young man of only twenty-five, and his death seemed premature. The disease was not of the usual kind but was characterized by high fever and delirium. The fever subsided, and the patient was taken to a hospital, where he remained for several weeks. Despite his efforts to recover, his condition did not improve, and he was moved to another hospital, where he remained for many weeks.
Boston on the sick list.
Wholly unable to fulfill a habit which was only at intervals enjoying any tolerable degree of health, he with a hollow heart shipped (on board, for Rio de Janiero) on board the same vessel that had carried him to the moment of piteous if not of N. D.

As a with a faint hope that in a better climate his maladies might be crushed,

Yet, this poor fellow has a long account to bring against the Franklin. By his fate his brightest dreams been poisoned to the remainder of his days (days). Sentence for the timeless age can be that the boy had not long to live.

"And now," he said in finishing his short but unhappy tale. "I can only hope luck. He went thinking hardly of me for coming abroad in this wretched state. But I had no choice. Starvation there or a chance of finding health here." I admired him as far as I was able that the last pitied him. I always spoken kindly of him. I begged him to keep up a good heart for all would come right one of these days.

Misera ble consolation to a man holding his position, for I could not conceal from myself the fact that little or
as sympathy is felt for a kick-sailor.
his missmates call him a "luper"—
make him for slipping his work into thin
hands, while the official, thimbled
sailors, consider him not much better
than a cheat for embarking at all
under the circumstances. — Friendless,
nameless (his vigor had long since died
some days he could hardly drag one foot
after another) avoided by those who shall
have been his companions, neglected by
those who should have had a kindly care
over him — John was evidently going down
the hill to dwell in some grim valley
of Brazil. I never saw such pullon
on any other cheek. He was a handsome
fellow even now, a man in what health
must have been a spark in the eyes of
many a maiden. His features were
electronically fine. Deep sunk eyes, seldom
bright now, but once no man or woman
ever enough, a delicately turned as a woman's
with a smile that goes straight to my heart.
A long brown black, glossy hair waving and
that wax oval kind of cheek that shows
no other mark of decay, but remains just
sound & full to the last moment.
Melancholy is the permanent expression
of the hunch's countenance, giving
him that thoughtful, intellectual ap-
pearance that first struck me - the
semblance of a scholar who is wearing
slowly away over his books - with
every hour struck by the bell loses a
beat of his heart.

Here is a skilful which patience, patience
skilful can only hope to eliminate, cast
adrift in the wide ocean to be neglected,
accelerated by useless longings, is at once
to be confirmed by the pride which will
not shun needless exposure. A quiet, all-
quiescent, healthy home might work a cure on
this young man in the few weeks which
likely to close over his grave. But a
sailor is no man of the soil, a is not
privileged to reap the comforts or share the
blessings of the humblest husbandman -
Death comes to him in the storm, or
when after long years of wearing hardship
he is think ashamed to gape this a few months
of misery. The hand that has ever grasped
the wheel - is never a stop - is seldom af-
wats turned to a different occupation.
And story was finished - my chest
having been damaged in the mean-
time to the very bottom. I had no tongue
an opus for interrupting his work with what might be called idle talk. I left him with a kindly change to take care of himself. Determined to show him by every means in this power that he had at least one friend in the ship.

"On" Saturday evening Nov 1 was exceedingly beautiful. A moon was lighting us on one way — the gentle wind was just enough to fill every sail from topgallant down to foresails — for we were moving nearly in the same direction with the same wind out of compass and in with the parting. Everything was very still, the only preparation for the coming day of rest. The sailors were gathered in a room on the forecastle listening to the singing of (Nov 1 in Tom) who by luck had the chance to sing a popular song. It was catching and spirited sentiment about sweethearts and wives — I was, standing in a corner with canvas on the house-top the captain and crew stationed by the tramp-raid. Never had I seen the watch of the bow so deeply impressed one as that evening. It seemed impossible that the clear sky had ever been vaster. By clouds on the still waves turned into mountains of foam by wind which ever..."
called to the tune of the low murmur found played so softly over my cheek. My veins might have burst forever under the same influence. Had I not been startled by the Captain's hails (to me) hustling to the spike, I saw a little way abington round half of flames; planting in our wake. "What's all that?" my eyes half shutting as I spoke, as if returning to their late dreamy state, believing this the appearance again to be an optical delusion. The wonder however was soon explained — half sun of the barrel had been filled with molasses, another combustible matter, then lighted, a bowler into the main to be label to replace the little hump. While flying, Dutchman hearing on our hills — We watched it burning for an hour, imagining the sick excitement of Stephen Vanseck as his keeping off from the naughty phantom.

Sunday 6th. A fine day — very little wind from a particular quarter; the big still in sight. Rain at night fell with bright lightning, but no thunder. We have had a great deal of lightning...
During the last fortnight, but without a single peal of thunder—which is remarklable as such as this cake may be. I don't know the customs of the elements on this central part of the globe—I cannot judge of their conduct.

Monday. Very rainy day. Someters wind. There is nothing worse than a quiet storm. The men stand in stature upon in the waist—kicked out in silhoutte a company line. Southwest.
The cabin is close a lump. You feel lazy neither wanting to read, talk, sleep or keep awake. It far surpassed a land storm in its ability to make an ill man'. just a fumes from meal to meal to long into the night. One of the gentlemen caught a large sole in the evening. How he got there was a question.

We have made a good meal. We're in the vicinity of the cape of Good Hope, nearly on the coast of Africa. Too weak to fly away or make much resistance the ship was desired a lift and easily captured. I will venture to say he couldn't have dashed on any less hospitable ends over the whole ocean. Any thing for a—
...in this weather. So little Maisemaster Cat was thrown at Montim Owl who stood, tied by one leg, in dignified simplicity, peering on novelties with piled unhappy eyes. But the creatures would not show fighting. They both were too frightened, astonished, eyes banded to know what was to be done. Where they turned inclined to hide themselves, from a sense of shame too delicate for our comprehension. At length they were thrown into a barrel together, a pool into a barrel— a state of excitement. Their glared the eyes speech-like coal of fire— then squatted, grinning teeth with the fierce talons of one opponent. It was neck or nothing now. There was no separating them now, demon versus demon they fought for their life with a courage worthy a better cause than ministering to man's devilish, thirst for slaughter. The kid was finally killed and thrown overboard— the cat, somewhat mangled, was crushed beneath to regain her wonted vigor by a spring on an old green-lined jacket of the carpenter. Would I have broken the cruel deed which...
united the poor outlet on my announce
ment that something like a bird was perched
up at our royal yard. I would not have open
my lips if he might have waited and glanced
my wing - then flown back to his tree nest if
he chose. If he could - I would have been
been drunk potions deep in the sea or become
a prey to the shark or pelican.

One might as well write the wind musing
as a sailor for engaging in any amusements
that pleased his fancy, such as tile weaving
a musing of a miserable soul. The sim-
ple, generous man becomes a bloodthirsty pi-
rate before any captive in the shape of share
a cat or a bird - a he, whose kindred I
would prompt to a rescue, stands a chance
of being delivered for his pains. I indeed
made an attempt to save the victim, but
the ugly being left him alone, he would
die at any rate. It is a mercy to despatch
him - to his swallows, in futile indigna-
tion, determined to have revenge on the
cat whether or not. She will to penance
in the Ettrick before many days. If [some
jind] a tiny cup to tie to her tail - an hour
run from fear & after will spoil her appetite
for owls, for the future - the manner of
the famishing man with watch will be appealed.
So past the evening morning, in the evening we played awhile with cards that infested the cabin, covering chairs, beds, even the table — I paced two in their slips — then we took up cards (a never failing comfort) & gambled away at Kipchins, the one or another if we had lost innumerable hats, boxes of cigarets, even the ship's cargo. But the wind changed at 6 o'clock I began to blow maddly, so the gamblers stopped before sacrificing the emperor of Brazil which was on the carpet.

The gales were worse round a we ate before the gale like a suck-swiftly steady was the wind — keeping such a reach of the terrible head that were straining to jump the storm. A man between a ship & a wave is a gallant sight.

The decks are sometimes swept clean by his prancing hoofs — he leaps back in a week when he leaps the bow — led to his elements again. This was a pretty bright day take it all in all, but the night was crowned with beauty.
I had been lying on a chest in the saloon with a few jackets for a pillow, when a hand on the arm awoke me. The second mate was standing near, snipping with nimble little scissors and whispering low, as if fearful of disturbing the equanimity of the ship. "Come on deck, sir, come on deck, sir." The man at the wheel was faintly seen in the dim light thrown from the binnacle. The scene was so dim I could discern a shadow but that my half awakened faculties were uncertain whether the mate had stood in the bow or not. A moment before visions of becoming lands and a echo of solemn music such as haunts the Roshcliffe's castles were on the point of threatening up, when the mate appeared once more and repeated his request. With a laugh at my content, a gaping grunt for being disturbed, a rub on the rail my hip bone which wasaching sharply from its close contact with the hard chair. I made my way into the storm — I demanded what was wanted. "Look out, sir, at the mission.
must head." I looked aloft - a lo! a lambent star of a misty radiance hung to rest at directly upon the ever a moon rising from a returning to its appointed. "That is to say, what they call a chain that in thing they said as the mate anticipated my question. I watched the mystic luminous appearance for a long time till the invisible hand happened to be a small black dot at a memory constant by lifting I replaced his hat, till tile, a blast of the wind pined than the rest lifted it out of the water. I at attention a blew in away. I could see that the mate felt what by its departure. He was a supernatural character, a probably connected with the goblin innumerable misfortunes about to visit the struggling vessel. I could not indulge in such inquiries, but I could only see that the voice with which the man whistled him half up to a terrible pitch of appalling shrillness - over indeed - a memory of the morning's past floated across my mind, inspiring a transmuted belief that his spirit was bearing them to throw down a cure.
in two days his commission - This was all.
The sentiment of my breathless could have
been, a never ceasing -ing that I felt
below to hanging in my hammock -

Thursday 8th. When I came on deck
this morning early, to take a bath
at the winch. The clouds were
plunging slowly away, a hour after
the sun had risen into the sail was re-

Then the horizon. As the sun

turned they were discovered to
be a ship showing American all-
and - a bright with an Englishman
of her friends, with his hand along
with us - In the afternoon the Amer-
ican hoisted number 1, but the
distance was too great for them to
be made out - The sun she was

half down on the main, bow,

having outdistant as completely.
The little Dutch brig (Stephen Rhode-
Muster - ) our old acquaintance, was
standing across our stern at a mile
distance having come down on another
hark - but the next morning we
had parted company much to the apparent
satisfaction of the crew - for in this
bulk fashion - our calm, stones, shade
wind had all been laid as her gunny, though to me she looked as innocent as bull in a canvas could.

Thursday 10th—We crossed the line today. I was thankful for it. Every mile that carried us beyond that region of the arid, a cursive should be marked with red chalk. For a week we have been beating the thin air, the thin air, before the equator as if the line were not only visible, but had expanded (either) into a wall of同時に height we had drawn into a graph of inconceivable depth a barrier to strengthen our poor craft against the wind. The steel must hold, sometime. Sometimes when you come at a pine barrel gate it will then break for a pitch. Break for a pitch. That's no fence but he will clean it in the end. Of the river (and) not wearing of backing such a timid beast. Just the had the hankin been connecting & connecting, stirring up diving, as for a porthole hole, till at length the two clean over the through, as her chilled brain, without knowing it. Many hours the sun shone heavily on, while the wind made no progress, but would rise a log on the long waves. The ocean lays in unrelaxed rest. The sky is cleared.
a bell to ring a common clap very dull metaphor - the sun seems to shine through a burning glass - on a sudden a cloud (gathers on) the horizon is lit up as if blown by a hurricane - the cloud lays off from her course -

the tempest strikes us, the crane flies
Franklin, high and prompt as she sits
lays over her lovingly, that her decks

The yard is trimm to whatsoever break remains as we keep come up to our course again, she sits in guilty for a quarter of an hour, when calm falls again - thus she plump with every signal with

But now we have taken final lines of this variable weather, we are meeting the south-easterly harts which will carry us on at a gallant pace

The mate had me today from under

of the arhythmo's magazine, where in I found, much to my joy, longfellow's Spanish Surname. No more news for a day or two
This is the very reason for an illusory equation. Bliss me, I will clench into the main part of this. Sitting in the shadow of the upland, with eyes ever every line about, 

Picasso's love, stay to fall in love with myself. I wish— I no hard matter will it prove to one, who has not looked on a woman's face for nearly six weeks, to fix up a little platation with such a duch mistis of a poet's fancy—highs! I wish afternoon would come! I long to be sketch-

led this alra - scanning the beauti-

ful lines which the wind wrote on the 

ocean - moreover the beautiful lines which the professor has written for my peculiar benefit— as it would seem.

Saturday Nov 13

A fine day. We have had but one unpleasant Sunday. Sunday is thus 

was just after leaving Boston. A mist is in sight, keeping off. We are lapping as much as possible in order to speak her. It is 10 o'clock. A M. Church time.

Whenever the Bell gives this time – I seem 

heard it back in 21 year it is written. That 

voyaged in these northern latitudes have heard distinctly the bells, their childhood 

listened, chimes out for service on the Sabbath. 

What would I not give to have the Chapel
town gook it erroneous slang into my ear! But, by the way, I am out of my duty.

We are home here, before hand, with our friends at home. This longitude is business (it) always getting in my way. It is so hard to believe now, for instance, that the fair lady from whose lips I kissed a parting benediction, to whom I have so often attested across the fields to the village church on such a lovely day at this, is sleeping at this moment like a young bird in an nest. (How I wish) the contrary of the string were true that I could wake her with a whisper breath, for the high head (afternoon) we came up with the above mentioned vessel about noon. She was a Salem brig called "The Siren", bound from Bangor to Rio with a load of lumber. She presented an amusing appearance. The captain had no trumpet, but he lowered through his hand at boys to a pin. The mate stood by taking an observation in a longer loop hanger. With a loud visible whistle the watch of a men were snapping below, so we guessed. Take it all in one shock unto the loop but none of its wish at dinner for being bestowed with a laugh at the town caller.
we are only urgent that we are filly away
without inviting Martin Lardfield to

Caught a Dolphin this morning - I saw
him too. It is likely to remark on the beau-
iful appearance of this being. Every one knows
that he changes color like a rainbow,
so that his sides seem to reflect a rainbow.
The man who can and do walk the gang - three
of this creature is yet quite examine a talk
of his various. The mind looks - is so in the
beauty which he admires; but much
is done, with a bit of type (universally)
unusual. To me there is nothing more
shocking than the pitiful agony which con-
cludes a compound caught with a pin stuck
by an enterprising within, for an un-
quickened shaped Dolphin to be conversed
into sluggish leisure is too monotonous
by far - like old Isaac Walton supposed
by will to the contrary - I must con-
firm that the prospect of an evening in
the next day's site much to comfort my
exasperated feelings - I am well my compassion.
When the stomach is the heart uten the hearts
where the salt-help a biscuit from the staple
the latter stand a long church - previous
he had better not stick at once instead of waiting.
to break a lance.

A notable fact to this - I blew hard
been with a keg, gas, and
a dolphin whom the nymphs and gods
had chanced by a lifting, had been har-
pond a mile or so. The church
bells were not heard this morning, for
to very clear - or rather if these
bathing events would have happened.

Sunday, Nov 20

We have been wrapped briskly along
by the S.E. trades, without having
a yard or parting on deck. It is so neat to
have the wind help pair a path for us.
We have gathered into a sort of a deck
that this long spell of regular weather
has delighted me not a little. Ship I
for all that she is large - it seemed that
made fine heading - bringing us to
within four or five days sail of Rio.
The second coat of paint had been put on,
and we shall go into port in fine order.
That is to say, clean and tidy. To say more
would be impossible. For the light
paint inside a coat makes the craft
look like a piece of putty. Bosh!
Timber! I felt a slight affection for
them since they have come me up
on the great water. - I quive to he
them covered with such a visions land. It is like2
hunting an old woman in a
young belle's nest of garments.
I enjoy every moment from sunrise to
sunset. A long before I afe - for ship
had not much to do with my life - and
when I rose into a kisda after dinner
on a martins headwind spread under the
quarter deck awning, when the kismons
cannot play too much on my face a wag
day wind steals like a blessing upon
my dream - But this enjoyment is the
most pure mental enough. The jake
man who has worn through every tissue of
pleasure, that worked like a dancing wind
the gay world he has inhabited, singing
out the meanink of missing a sun with
under his gibber, upon - Should farm
up anchor & steer to these lattices to
escape the bound which the wind, but
still sustain will listed - I can ask
him that here he will find if any
a novel calm for his wandering spirit,
I continuall - I ever varying tenants of
Delight. Yet, beyond the mere could
offend to the kindness. These are the
best bendist influence having wind like
ministry spirits. The mind is not
called to chamber, because the bustle of the world is thick and, because the limits of society is broken, because the invasions of society are unknown here. I conclude I shall never feel the mind even in a retired chamber in a lusty populous city. How much more than when there is no light nor sound to disturb a happy thought from such a dark eye can reach! No that I am deeply sunk in any metaphysical inquiry or engaged in any connected work to be woven of thick evening pencils. But I often find myself thinking histrionically upon matters which in the living world did not engage the attention. I never think it looks when it has been left left, in such a case to the music in my heart. For my own education, this is all merely illusion. The wise may think it all poor preparation to a life of action. That it to count a phaenome, every life is active in its peculiar way. Whether for good or evil, the baby, the old man, the idler, but accomplish their work as they led
may the sun to live - the star to die - no spine will find them on their while the prime time it is their nature to go - as to the islands of the thing - let the grave-some time if a empty place on their long, rough journey now is them reached, when the cloud and gathering - a stormy night is coming on - would not lend a trace of comfort to their hearts beyond all price. They must not go to how to find it - but I should wanted them never to think they have tasted it - if peace a quiet tile they is.

May lesson for the day I preached from the Eph. Blissed are the penmaners for they shall be called the children of God - alttin' into this kindred converse - Blessed are the peace finders for they have entered the kingdom of Heaven.

It is evening - the captain is reading Burns, a pet practice of his when listen hangs on his hand. I was quite amazed when I first saw him enjoying that op - quiltible. But now I have grown to used to his admiration that I am going to leave him - ship out into the moonlight which is laying on the sea like a sheet of the finest silver.
Wednesday Nov 23rd - last Monday came in with rain, which still continued to fall. The forecast has been taken for these 3 days, so that our whereabouts is hardly known, though the land is thought to be very near. It is amusing, now that our voyage is drawing to a close, to mark the pleasant excitement that is stealing over the whole company. Both cabin service exhibit signs of preparation for going ashore. Sinks & chairs are exchanged. The steward has his hands full. He cuts hair (even negro) I believe it is something of a barber, he brushes & smooths the wrinkled out of coat & pants, that are to be worn as soon as the men think he is even ready to leave off the captain's head, which offer was sternly declined. for the captain is somewhat proud of this appendage to his chin. I anticipate a good deal of satisfaction from displaying it to the Rio ladies. Furthermore, the crew are keen washing shirts a towel in carefully caught rain water - which will be afterwards laid up to the thongs between the girls, to try (as they can) if they will make them. From the sick man looks
more cheerful, I took a trick at the
which now is there in the midst of a shower
much to my anxiety, as if to prove plainly
that he is alive & retains some interest
in the affairs of this world. The cat,
who was the kitten that slept in my
bedroom, or rather tried to. I afterward
killed the one & afterward I was only
saved from a hump up I knew the
stranger with a tin cup hung to her tail
by the interposition of this same Jno.
now covers her back I met against
my leg, while I was writing, as if she
smelled a sharp cut, I was impatient
to take passage in the first snow boat
in order to catch him. I am growing
a little nervous. I find it hard to
bottle myself in this juggling. But
then is nothing better to do, but to bite
a biscuit or gape over a wavery
novel. Oh! this land maniac! How
it makes the heart tingle to think we
shall soon be in solid ground, slip
in a scent, ventilated apartment
full of coffee with milk in it - as
a hundred other things without a name.
Here comes the steward to lay the table
- or none.