Jan. 17th 1885—Plymouth

Died here about 7 p.m. My last word instead of being occupied by three men, had only one. A man named George Bond, another an old fashioned look of chap. He was very sick and died all the afternoon, in fact a great many were. My self and the number. This was not so very bad, not as bad as it seemed in many more. Went to bed about 10 p.m. Did turn out for tea, those that died were few. Two men conducted a short service before we set sail. I was very glad to "rock of age" "psalm 55" of my soul.

Sunday 18th

Got up at 7.15 a.m.