

Monday 19th

Woke up feeling very queer, had a wash. The ship was rocking very much, looked round & could see that a great many more were looking the same as myself. Had a bit of Breakfast, went into the cabin & vomitted it all back, lay down & stopt there till eleven o'clock the next day. It was very rough all day & nearly every one were in bed & sick. Feeling very unwell at night & a man to comfort me said he thought the vessel was going to sink. He also wanted me to get up & help sing some Hymns but I could not see it. George Bond my companion was worse than myself.

Tuesday 20th

My friend Mr Adams brought me some bread, butter & coffee. eat as much as I could & got

up about eleven, found a great many recovering like myself. Everyone appeared to be on deck in the afternoon, had a talk to the female portion of the passengers, am getting on very well with them. Had a bit of dinner, also some tea. Stopt on deck till about 8.30. We had a good bit of singing at night, close to the second class officers room, till at last we were asked to stop, because some of the second class ladies were in there & very ill, & they looked so too. Had a long talk in the afternoon to a fellow who says he is a teacher with a Canadian Certificate. He looks more like a snob, I think he has too much brag about him. Last night the vessel rocked a great deal, my nervous friend was up two or three times in the night on deck to see whether the vessel was going to sink or