

Patients improving, but all complaining of the pain in their feet. The vessel is rolling a great deal. Enjoyed a cup of tea with Mr. Cleghorn, of Port Chalmers, can't drink the ship's tea. The water is good - distilled.

Went down the engine rooms and saw the mighty pistons working the shaft in its tunnel, warmed myself at the huge fires in which they burn 28 tons of coal a day. The table linen, and bed linen, towels, etc. are very dirty looking and stained. One ought to bring a few towels of one's own. I find a pair of goloshes very useful on the slippery decks. An ice berg was passed in the night.

Our passengers are 17 all told, myself - Kirkland and Clarke medical students bound for Edinburgh, Mr. Cleghorn, a very pleasant kind hearted woman going home for her health chiefly, her husband owns tannery works near Port Chalmers, Mr. & Mrs. Fulton of the Singer's Sewing Machine Co. (Dunedin) and their one child - Mr. & Mrs. Hayward of Auckland bound to the Canary Islands, (he is consumptive) with 4 children. Two very monosyllabic Scotchmen - Mr. Henrichy, an engineer of commanding figure - a sickly youth,

Wilson who oversets himself and suffers in consequence - Mr. Marsden, a consumptive doing the round trip - Mr. Lawrence, a veterinary surgeon I believe. Then there is Captain Little of the Corinthia, a hearty young fellow of 30 or 40, the very sight of whom expands one's heart, full red of face is he and portly - a trifle under 16 stone, the rescued passenger (Wilson) on the other hand is cadaverous, a bag of bones, and another day or two's privation in the open boat would have caused body and ghost to part company. I had to leave the table hurriedly to-day to stitch up a cut in the ball of the thumb of one of the stewards.

Friday March 3rd Weather clearing but very cold.

We passed a large iceberg in the night about two miles off; flat topped - of ever changing tint, green, blue white in turn predominating, of indescribable beauty only to be seen and felt. A much smaller one was also floating in the distance. The Captain, Kirkland and myself took in the afternoon with Mr. Cleghorn - her buttered wafer biscuits were very nice. Your tin of biscuits was finished all too soon, also a couple of boxes of