

Home made sweets given me in Dunedin, Kirkland has a good supply of cakes and bears luxuriously.

March 4<sup>th</sup> We are now as far south as we shall go, Lat  $57^{\circ}$ , or on a line 80 miles S of the Horn.

March 5<sup>th</sup> Heavy southerly swell all last night, making sleep impossible, the vessel rolled so and such a din of flying crockery, buckets, boxes etc. <sup>that</sup> I had to get up twice to make any thing all fast. The temperature is down to  $35^{\circ}$  to day.

March 8<sup>th</sup> It is now a fortnight since we left H. Z. - what a dreary weary time it seems. During all this time (except the first three days) it has been cold windy and wet. I always have to wear an overcoat on deck and on one or two occasions I have had it on at meal times. I stood upon the bridge for an hour watching Cape Horn and the mountainous islands to the north of it, some were snow clad and glistened in the sunshine.

Cape Horn itself is a bluff high headland, the southern extremity of a small island. One range of mountains was particularly fine, being made up of a series of high peaks, somewhat resembling a cock's comb. It is really delightful to have a sunny day once more, though the wind is piercing enough; the gloomy Pacific is left behind and the sunny Atlantic is more welcome than you can believe.

Studying hitherto has been out of the question, children occupy the saloon, and it is too cold in one's cabin or on deck - but I am getting on with Rudennis.

March 12<sup>th</sup> At midnight we passed Staten Island on which there is a lighthouse. To night we skirt the Falkland Islands. In Darwin's "Journal of a Voyage Round the World" there is a good picture of Cape Horn. Get his Autobiography out of the library, it is one of the most interesting ever written.

March 13<sup>th</sup> Last night I sat on the stern of the vessel watching the phosphorescent wake.