In this excursion persuaded to go out and page over the refreshing scene. Then our lunch time came and the billy was boiled - also there was no milk and sugar could not compensate me though the others did not mind. After lunch we again separated and I read "The Life of Annie Keny" which I had brought - then went for another stroll and look up the pages. Soon after we started on our return walk to the station, and at Weddington seeing a cape in the borders of a lunes, went in and had rose tea with milk. This time Christchurch was reached at a quarter to eight, and though thoroughly tired we carried home still in the pleasant memories of a day spent entirely in the open amid sweet sunshine and pure clear air.

Marian Bridge

Excerpts from Diary Letter of W.W. Griffin written during his voyage to England in H.M. Soremaxen 27th to April 1893 and posted at Las Palmas in the Canaries.

Christmas (Captain Caulton) left Port Chalmers at 6:30 p.m. Thursday, February 23rd, 1893, went inside the heads by 7:30, the evening being beautiful and calm. Next day still very fine but I felt uncomfortable all day. Members of boat had the species of coldness with beautiful fine light. There is four feet from top to top, followed us their direction is very peaceful, partly because it is so effortless. A few of Mother Carey's chickens also kept us company. They are quite small birds.

About 5:30 in the evening blue lights repeated and repeated we discovered in the distance away to the south the course was changed towards Rome and suddenly we came upon two large ships of Elba. This had been on the open sea for five days their vessel having caught fire and been abandoned. Villi's hands were very helpful there aboard, one of the
boat was also taken up, the other one found
abrupt being too far gone to be of further use.
Their vessel ran the Carolina Sound from
Saara to London with speed. The origin
of the fire is a mystery. The Captain,
(Captain Allman) had been 23 years in command
of the vessel, and is a hearty good fellow
with a booming voice. They had only four
days provisions and a pint of water per
day each, the boat were constantly half
fallowed, and required increasing bailing
to keep them afloat, and it was by the greatest
chance that the Lifeline taking the course
she still picked them up. Another day
would have been the last of them.

Saturday, Feb 25th. The feet of the second crew
are all swollen and inflamed and very
painful, so that they can't walk but hot
fractures are affording them some ease.
The sailor had an epileptic fit on being
brought on board, but it is all right this morn-
ing. When picked up they were 253 miles
from the New Zealand Coast, and without a
compass. Most of my fellow passengers have
their sea legs. I had a first class appetite
at dinner to day for the first time. This
morning we saw the Antipodes in the distance,
(2000 miles) bare uninhabited islands
200 to 250 feet high, and of the particular islet
except as being the land most nearly
antipodal to Greenwich. I have started. The
Westcoast weather beautifully fine.

Sat 25th This day we cross the 180th Meridian,
and enter west longitudes, so to bring the time
right when we reach London, we are having two
Saturdays.

25th Head cold in head. 27th Belly. Slight cold in
head, all day, see rough, calm and foggy.
26th Heavy fog. Dump in head 48°. So hot out for
iceberg fog hom ! Horseing (if there was a large ice-
berg near here) could be an echo sent back.
Went 157 miles from H. G. Gal. I saw there, it is so
exceedingly uncomfortable here.

Wednesday March 1st. Not yet gone to the bottom,
Hope to be there before many days. Slight sea
feeling, weather hot but breezy. Temperature 78°.
Patients improving, but all complaining of their feet. The next is to fill up a great deal. Enjoyed a cup of tea with Mr. Clephane, P.M. The horses can't drink the ship's tea. The water is poor, desultory.

Went down the engine room and saw the mighty pistons working the shaft, icy to touch, warmed myself at the huge fire in which they burn 25 tons of coal a day. The shaft poles and bed boxes, etc., are very dirty and stained. One ought to bring a few towels once a week. I provide a pair of pockets very useful on the slugging deck. An ice box was placed in the right.

Our passengers are of all kinds, myself, Mr. Clephane, and Clarie, the medical student bound for Edinburgh. Mr. Clephane, a very pleasant and kind-hearted man, just come for a short trip on his own. His husband is coming from London, Mr. & Mrs. Clephane, and the Esperance Hesperides and their crew. Mr. Clephane of Richland and the Lord Byron (Eskimo Indians, etc. are consuming) with 4 children. Two very young, blackie, and two

Wednesday 5th. He recovers himself and suffers in consequence. Mr. Marsden, a consumptive, does the sounds joke. Mr. Lawrence, the veterinary surgeon, I believe. Then there is Captain Lott of the Leith, a very young fellow 57 his age, the very sight of whom expands one's heart, full of a face he had and seedy—trifle under 6 stones, very keen. A passenger (Mr. Kirk) on the other hand is lachrymose to the point of tears, and another day a two-pronged man in the open boat would have ceased body and spirit to company. I had to leave the table himself to say to which a watch in the ball of the ship's and one of the Liptons.

Friday March 5th. Weather clearing but very cold. We passed a large iceberg in the path about two miles off. Flat topped & low, changing from green blue white in turn, predominating green with beauty only to be seen and felt. It made smaller one love the flying in the distance. The captain, Mr. Clephane, and myself lead in the afternoon with Mr. Clephane, his cased paper cigarettes were very kind. Your two of cigarettes was finished all too soon, also a couple of boxes of...
Home made burnt gin in Canad;

March 4th We are now as far south as we shall go, lat 57°, or a line 88 miles S of the Horn.

March 5th Heavy southerly swell all last night, making sleep impossible, the vessel rolled so and such a rain of flying crockery, buckets, boxes &c. That I had to get up twice to retrieve my things all about. The temperature is down to 30° to day.

March 8th It is now a fortnight since we left H.B. That a dreary heavy 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 some other occasions I have had it on at meal time. I stood upon the bridge you are done watching Cape Horn and the mountainous islands to the north of it some were snow clad and glittened in the sunshine.

Cape Horn itself is a stony high headland, the southern extremity of a small island. The range of mountains was particularly fine being made up of a series of high peaks somewhat resembling scotch condict. It is really delightful to have a sunny day once more through the wind &c piercing enough. The freezing winds is to left behind and the sunny Atlantic is more welcome than you can believe. Studying weather has been out of the question children occupy the deck and it is too cold in this cabin to on deck but I am setting on with Eudelia.

March 12th At midnight we passed Staten Island on which there is a lighthouse. Tonight we sight the Falkland Islands. In Darwin's journal of a voyage round the world there is a good picture of Cape Horn. Let his autobiography rival one of the most interesting ever written.

March 13th Last night I sat on the cliffs of the rock watching the phosphorescent water.
and very striking the great phosphorescent light, were in the midst of the black water. At times the tips of the waves all seemed alive with a phosphorescent light. This phenomenon is most probably due to decomposing gelatinous matter on the surface of the water. Already it is milder.

March 27. Since the 13th the days are getting milder and milder, and one feels a total bath of a morning with considerable pleasure. Every body likes the deck here to read, come to play games, come to be sitting sometimes one is well contented to do nothing. I thought I saw a little too strong for the Captain at chess, as I have won several games in succession. We play nearly every day.

I am very engaged on Rembrandt. The sunsets are particularly beautiful, the one this evening I sat watching for half an hour. I spoke to the crew, some of them, I cannot describe it, but I felt it, there is much that cannot be put in words.

Sunday. The heat is rather overpowering. Yesterday a shoal of black fish passed us. They are bite numerous. Sometimes, and at first sight might be mistaken for whales.

A few days ago we saw flocks of Whaler birds, swimming over the ocean in thousands, their white wings and bodies glinting in the sun. A grand concert was from last night. The flying of two of the apprentices was very sweet. We are steaming straight for the Galapagos today; we are almost abreast of Monte Verde in front of latitudes. Two ships were seen in the distance.

March 27th. A delicious sunny breeze has been glowing all day, and the worldly cloud passed just above the horizon are truly magnificent, and beyond all is the soft brilliancy. The smell of the sun. The sun is hot. Would that you could see it. You may see the flying fish swimming over the water in the rays. And the flocks of the pelicans flying over them.

A heat is more than sufficient...
Covering of the right these times.

21st. In some parts the sea has been so calm that one might easily convince oneself to be sailing in the waters of an inland lagoon instead of on the broad ocean of the Atlantic. The clouds of an evening at sunset take up all our attention, ever changing in tint and shape, they range themselves as if solely for our pleasure. The southern cross is very bright of a night, and is setting low down in the heavens while new constellations are appearing.

The East Star. The Star of a Titan's Seat.

22nd. Reached two ships glorious brother! Ninth all the Lower. They are made of a thick cork of rope, covered with canvas.

27th. Early this morning we crossed the equator. No vessels were sighted in the course of the day, nor passed within half a mile.

29th. Heard in a quarto tomorrow, and worn up.

31st. A specimen day, both at 7:30 am, with

4th. hour on deck before breakfast which is at 5:30. Up on deck again seated in deck chair for a while. At 10 I see patients, reading, games and marrying half of the time till lunch.

5th. Read, slept, a play quarto, then afternoon tea with Mr. Milhorm, up on deck again till dinner at 5:30, up on deck again to watch the sunset and till. Patience at 7:30, coffee or cocoa at 8, perhaps some of cheese, bed as soon as you please. At dinner on Thursdays and Sundays we have dessert. Our average rate is 150 miles a day. There are 57 people on board all told a couple of 50s, plenty of 20s and some few 30s. Broaches, though they don't trouble me.

April 5th.糖尿病 cyanate, at the same time the full moon showed up exactly opposite, a sight to be remembered.

2nd. We are not more than forty miles off the African coast. In the sea, two hours.

3rd. The south of Senegal is away ahead of
We are in the clouds. I shall be right glad to get foot on terra firma and never leave it. I am full weary of the sea.

I hope all is well with you, for myself I am burning me with expenses to get at my work, and have every confidence that I will do well. We shall be at sea before it is light. When we arrive at the city, I’ll take the opportunity of sending you this letter, up to date which you will get much earlier than if I waited to post it in London. With love to Mrs. Bridge.

II

Letter from Mr. Griffin to Mr. Meadie giving account of his arrival in London and first impressions. April 27th, 1893.

We had a whole day at St. Petersburg which you must know is the capital town of the Grand Canary Island, it is on the coast, but all the shipping passes at the Port some three miles distant.

The town itself covers a projecting point of land, and its white buildings are very noticeable, especially on such a sunny day as we had. They are flat-topped and thick-walled and afford a cool retreat from the sun. The streets are very narrow, mere lanes across which people speak with the greatest ease from house to house, but the squares are roomy, and some of them planted with trees. The old cathedral is a real and shoulders above everything else. The clock in one of its towers has the date 1795 on it. Mules and donkeys seem to be the beasts of burthen, and I ought add the woman, for they carry the jars of water on their heads, if the basket, stools, hearth baskets, arid so on. While the women smoke the small boys were continually puffing a cigarette. I had a glass of lemonade at one of the hotels and bought some cigars (20 francs) and some cigarettes (25 francs) then...
Beautiful weather that we had been having all the way from the bower lastestight mix across the Bay of Biscay, which was as smooth as you could wish. We saw the coast of Spain for about forty miles in the region of Sintra, a dangerous point, in which hundreds of vessels were wrecked. It was about midnight when the golden head lights were sighted from Capengos. I saw the coast. The sea were dotted with the white cliffs of Dover, Dover Castle. A red, Ramege, Sheerness, Margate (where several passengers went ashore) some parts of the river thought very pretty, and the pace, now green it looked! And that a multitude of boats went flying by, while the boat was a perfect white ghost. That I kept my course! Next day I went to London with Fisklands, and we spent some hours in driving about the city of different omnibuses. The really we had quite a good idea of the place. That night we just slept at a Temperance Hotel in Edgewat.
July, if I get through, I will go for the
Winnebago fellowship in November.
I am quite at home in London already
and have no difficulty with the rail map,
in getting to any place I wish. I don’t
think I shall like London; I mean, that
when once I have carried on the subject I
done in bed, I shall not be tempted to tarry in
it. The place is too vast, one feels oneself
such an unconsidered unit. There is an
undivided air of metropolis prosperity—its
buildings are so substantial and massive, its
people are so treated and comfortable,
nothing and to walk down Regent Street or Oxford
Street is like strolling through an exhibition.
In the street there is a continual moving stream
of people and vehicles increasing in the heat,
but a multitude is not exhilarating, rather the reverse.
I feel that London is a hardening place, and I
believe that the Londoner would derive more
benefit by a visit to the colonies than a colonial
by a visit to London. Two of my N. Y. friends
who have been six months in London
and just taken their M.C.C. degree are
going back at once, they have had quite
enough of London. According to them, to enjoy
life here a man must have plenty of money,
but they don’t bring the advantages offered to
students by the London Hospitals in the way
of cases and that is the main thing at present.
I have been to the Temple Church off Fleet
Street, the musical part of the service is said
to be the best in London, and it is certainly
very beautiful. Dr. Wingfield preached.
I was also in Westminster Abbey by the Thames
and saw Tennyson’s grave close to Chaucer.
What a place—so to linger; it shall await
house and home there, and try to catch something
of the spirit of the poet departed.
I have seen Euston Bridge, he told me up on
his way to Hampshire, he is the remarkably well,
and of course bad much to eat. You can’t
believe how pleasant the weather has been,
with clear sunny days, the parks are quiet.
III

Letter from W. W. Griffin to W. Walter Edge, dated from 1 Gloucester Crescent, Regents Park, London W. W.

Sirs,

I am writing to inform you that I have arrived in London. The city is beautiful, and the people are kind. I am staying in a lovely, quiet hotel near Regent's Park and the British Museum. The area is known for its fine restaurants and galleries.

I am attending a series of lectures and demonstrations in Pathology at St. Barth's, as well as tours of other hospitals in the city. I have enjoyed exploring the city's history and culture, and I look forward to continuing my studies.

Best regards,

W. W. Griffin