

boats was also taken up, the other was turned adrift being too far gone to be of further use. Their vessel was the Corinth bound from Tasmania to London with wool etc, the origin of the fire is a mystery. The Captain, (Captain Litter) 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 boats were constantly half full of water and required incessant baling to keep them afloat, and it was by the purest chance that the Fishwife taking the course she did, picked them up. Another day would have seen the last of them.

Saturday Feb 25th The feet of the rescued people are all swollen and inflamed and very painful, so that they can't walk, but hot fomentations are affording them some ease. One sailor had an epileptic fit on being brought on board, but is all right this morning. When picked up they were 250 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, (20 miles away) bare uninhabited islands 200 to 600 feet high, and of no particular interest except as being the land most nearly antipodal to Greenwich. I have started "The Newcombes" 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.

26th Had cold in head, 27th Seedy. Kept my bunk all day, sea rough, wet and foggy.

28th Heavy fog, temp on deck 46°. on look out for icebergs, fog horn blowing (if there was a large iceberg near there would be an echo sent back. Now 1500 miles from N. Z. wish I was there, it is so exceedingly uncomfortable here.

Wednesday March 1st Not yet gone to the bottom, hope to be there before many days. Later, no-ice fine, weather wet but bracing, temperature 43°.