

persuaded to go out ^{on this excursion} and gaze on this
refreshing scene. When our lunch time
came and the billy was boiled — alas —
there was no milk, and sugar could not
compensate me, though the others did
not mind. After lunch we again separ-
ated and I read "The Life of Annie Keary"
which I had brought — then went for
another stroll and look ~~at~~ up the gorge.
Soon after we started on our return walk
to the station, and at Waddington seeing
a sign in the window of a house, went in
and had more tea with milk this time.
Christchurch was reached at a quarter to
eight, and though thoroughly tired we
carried home with us the pleasant mem-
ories of a day spent entirely in the open
and sweet sunshine and pure clear air.

Marian Bridge.

H. B. This account is inserted here out of order as
to priority in date, but was only found at this stage of the
Sketch Books.

Extracts from Diary Letter of W. W.
Griffin written during his voyage to
England in S.S. Fifechire — Feb 27 to April 1893
and posted at Las Palmas in the Canary Isles.

"The Fifechire (Captain Culbert) left Port Chalm-
ers at 6.30 p.m. Thursday February 23rd 1893 —
was outside the heads by 7.30, the evening being
beautiful and calm. Next day still very fine,
but I felt uncomfortable all day. Numbers
of molly hawks — a species of albatross with
beautiful fin-like wings, three or four feet from
tip to tip, followed us, their motion is very grace-
ful, partly because it is so effortless. A few
of Mother Carey's chickens also kept us com-
pany, they are quite small birds.
About 8.30 in the evening blue lights repeated
and repeated were discovered in the distance,
away to the south, the course was changed
towards them, and suddenly we came upon
two boat-loads of sailors who had been on
the open sea for five days, their vessel having
caught fire and been abandoned. Willing
hands soon helped them aboard, one of the

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 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°.

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

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

March 4th We are now as far south as we shall go, Lat 57° , or on a line 80 miles S of the Horn.

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

March 8th 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 12th 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 13th Last night I sat on the stern of the vessel watching the phosphorescent wake.

and very striking the great globules of light were in the midst of the black waters. At times the tips of the waves all around shine with a phosphorescent light. The phenomenon is most probably due to decomposing gelatinous matter at the surface of the water.

Already it is milder.

March 17th Since the 13th the days are getting milder & milder, and one takes a cold bath of a morning with considerable pleasure. Every body sits the deck, some to read, some to play quarts, some to do nothing, somehow one is well contented to do nothing. I think I am a little too strong for the Captain at chess, as I have won several games in succession, we play nearly every day.

I am now engaged on *Lemond*. The sunsets are particularly beautiful, the one this evening I sat watching for half an hour, it spoke to me as never man spoke, I cannot describe it, but I felt it, there is much that cannot be put in words.

Sunday 19th The heat is rather overpowering. Yesterday a shoal of black fish passed us they are little immense porpoises, and at first sight might be mistaken for whales.

A few days ago we saw flocks of whale birds, skimming over the ocean in thousands, their white wings and bodies glistening in the sun.

A grand concert was given last night, the singing of two of the apprentices was very sweet. We are steering straight for *Sae Palmas*, today we are almost abreast of *Monte Video* in point of latitude. Two ships were seen in the distance.

March 25th A delicious balmy breeze has been blowing all day, and the woolly cloud masses just above the horizon are truly magnificent. And beyond all is the soft pellucid sky, and the blueness of the sea! oh such a blue - or rather rich purple, would that you could see it. You may see the flying fish skimming over the water any day now, and the pink gelatinous "Portuguese Man of War" allied to *Medusa*. A sheet is more than sufficient

covering of a night these times.

21st For some days the sea has been so calm that one might easily imagine oneself to be sailing over the waters of an inland lake instead of on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. The clouds of an evening, at sunset, take up all one's 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, but is getting low down in the heavens, while new constellations are appearing - The Great Bear, The Star - & Orion's Belt.

22nd Passed two ships - glorious weather. Inuits all the rage - they are made of a thick coil of rope covered with canvas.

27th Early this morning we crossed the equator. nine vessels were sighted in the course of the day, one passed within half a mile. I am reading "Histoire de Sibylle" by Feillet - with much enjoyment.

29th Second in a quoits tournament, and won 4/

31st A specimen day: bath at 7.30 p.m., with

1/4 hour on deck before breakfast which is at 8.30. Up on deck again seated in deck chair for a read. At 10. I see patients, reading, quoits, and yarning fill up the time till lunch. Till 3.15. I read, sleep or play quoits, then afternoon tea with Mr. Cleghorn, up on deck again till dinner at 5.30; up on deck again to watch the sunset and talk. Patients at 7.30. Coffee or cocoa at 8 - perhaps a game of chess, bed as soon as you please. At dinner on Thursdays and Sundays we have dessert. Our average rate is 250 miles a day. There are 87 people on board all told - a couple of cats, plenty of rats and some few cockroaches, though they don't trouble me.

April 1st Gorgeous sunset, 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 - Sahara. Two steamers bound to the Cape passed us.

3rd The peak of Teneriffe is away ahead of

us in the clouds. I shall be right glad to set foot on terra firma and never leave it - I am full weary of the sea.

I hope all goes well with you, for myself I am brimming over with eagerness to get at my work, and have every confidence that I will do well. As we shall be at Las Palmas to night, I'll take the opportunity of sending you this diary, up to date - which you will get much earlier than if I waited to post it in London. W. W. G.

To M. Bridge.

II

Letter from Dr. Griffin to Miss Hastings, giving account of Las Palmas, arrival in London and first impressions. April 26th 1893.

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

a tramway connecting the two. 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 roofed 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 head and shoulders above everything else, the clock in one of its towers has the date 1775 on it. Mules and donkeys seem to be the beasts of burden, and I might add, the women, for they carry the jars of water on their heads. Keep the market stalls, basket baskets about and so on - while the men smoke, even the small boys were continually puffing a cigarette. I had a glass of lager beer at one of the hotels and bought some oranges (25 for 1/4) and some cigars (25 for 1/4 also.) The

beautiful weather that we had been having all the way from the Horn, lasted right on 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 Finisterre, a dangerous part, on which hundreds of vessels lie wrecked. It was about midnight when the Beechy Head light was sighted from Dungeness. I saw all the coast till we were docked - the white cliffs of Dover, Dover Castle, Deal, Ramsgate, Sheerness, Gravesend. (where several passengers went ashore) Some parts of the river I thought very pretty, and the grass, how green it looked! And what a multitude of boats went gliding by, while the dock was a perfect maze of masts. What I kept my senses! Next day I went to London with Kirkland, and we spent some hours in driving about on the top of different omnibuses till really we had quite a good idea of the place. That night we put up at a Temperance hotel in Ludgate

Hill, next day he went off to Glasgow, and I secured temporary lodgings and saw Dr. Mansell. He recommended the London Hospital, and a few days later I saw three old Duedin students who are attending this hospital, and they thought very highly of it too. So I have attached myself to it, it is the largest hospital in London and has a very good staff. I consider myself very fortunate in being lodged where I am - Crosby, who took his first year in Duedin - lives here too - he attends the Middlesex Hospital. I have a quarter of an hour's walk to Gower Street Station, and thence I go in the underground to St. Mary's, Whitechapel - from which it is about three minutes' walk to the London Hospital. I pay a guinea a week, and this does not include lunch - the underground travelling costs £2.0.0 every three months, washing is an extra. So that altogether it will cost me quite 30s a week, but that is cheap in London, I am led to believe. I hope to be able to go up for the M. B. C. & E.

July, if I get through, I will go on for the
Primary Fellowship in November.

I seem quite at home in London already
and have no difficulty with the aid of a map
in getting to any place I wish. I don't
think I shall like London, I mean, that
when once I have carried out the objects I
have in view, I shall not be tempted to tarry in
it. The place is too vast, one feels oneself
such an unconsidered unit. There is an
undoubted air of material prosperity - its
buildings are so substantial and massive, its
people are well dressed and comfortable
looking, and to walk down Regent Street or Oxford
Street is like walking through an exhibition.
In the streets there is a continual moving stream
of people and vehicles unceasing as the brook,
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. Z. friends

who have been six months in London
and just taken their M.D.C.S. 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 deny 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 was certainly
very beautiful - Dr. Vaughan preached.
I was also in Westminster Abbey the other day
and saw Tenyson's grave, close to Chaucer's.
What a place it is to linger in, I shall spend
hours and hours there and try to catch something
of the spirit of the great departed.
I have seen George Bridge, he looked me up on
his way to Hampshire, he looks remarkably well,
and of course had much to ask. You can't
believe how pleasant the weather has been,
mild, clear warm days, the parks are quite

a sight. There has been no rain for two months. A minutes walk takes me into Regent's Park, where, if anywhere in London, there ought to be fresh air. I am afraid I shall soon have to follow London usage and don a tall hat. Don't be long writing to W. W. Griffin

III

Letter from W. W. Griffin to Mr. Walter Bridge, dated from 1 Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park London N.W.

I am living in the same house as Crosby, (of Park Terrace, N.W.) the people being friends of his, and a nice quiet place it is, close to Regent's Park and the Zoological Gardens and Primrose Hill, in fact in the healthiest quarter in London. The Hospital I am attending is quite four miles away in Whitechapel, and to get to it I have to use the underground railway every day. I have lunch on the way

at a place called Bishopsgate, generally a cup of chocolate, scone and butter, and a piece of cake, all which costs 6^d. Then I proceed on my journey. Then Hospital work is mostly done in the afternoon, the surgeons and physicians going their rounds about two p.m., operations begin at that hour, and the various outpatients departments are attended to. It is an immense place, of some 800 beds.

Of a morning I am mostly engaged in revising various subjects as I have some exams coming off in July.

I am attending post graduate courses of lectures and demonstrations, on Bacteriology at King's College, Eye work at Moorfields, Ear and Throat at the Throat Hospital, also at the Epileptic and other Hospitals. So my time is very fully occupied, and have not much to spare for letter writing. Getting to the situation of one's work consumes so much time, London is so vast that much