

Week.]

FEBRUARY, 1885.

The fiddle this morning I got
 on very well, I played some
 Scotch Airs. Lay about all the
 afternoon & did nothing. After
 tea we tried over some glass &c
 but as I expected we could not
 get on at all, we did not make
 a very melodious sound & to
 better hit, the sailors looked down
 through the ventilators & picked
 up as much row as possible.
 Since then I have had about an
 hour fiddling to myself & enjoyed
 it immensely. Mr Purdie came
 down & expected some of the
 Scotch songs over. From twelve
 o'clock yesterday, till the same
 time to day we sailed 318 miles.
 Temperature at tea time to night
 was 71 deg. in the shade, at sea-
 one time it was 66 deg.
 All the time I was playing to-
 night some of the folks on top
 were throwing down orange peel
 &c, & so I came to the end -

Thursday 12 (43-322)

$$\begin{array}{r} 45.53 \\ 51.20 \\ \hline 295 \end{array}$$

Friday 13 (44-321)

$$\begin{array}{r} 46.06 \\ 57.33 \\ \hline 264 \end{array}$$

Saturday 14 (45-320)

$$\begin{array}{r} 46.03 \\ 64.20 \\ \hline 282 \end{array}$$