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wins the sweep: e.g. we ran 202 knots on Wednesday: the
man who held 2, won the sweep. So there is an ingenious bit
of daily excitement for the sporting mind. Others more sci-
entific ~~go~~ in for a regular book on the day's event, but as
I never see the way to make a book, not having the mathem-
atical talent necessary, ~~and~~ I leave all that hard work to those
who like it. Another enterprise for the benefit of a wider circle
got up by the indefatigable Smith is Afternoon readings
on the poop - and the Entrepreneur seems to know exactly where
his part of the business ends, as he never dreams of reaching
himself. He goes round the talent in the morning, books as many
as he wants for the afternoon, & settles the order of their per-
formance. We have perhaps an hour of it, grave & gay, poetry
& prose. I have been victimised several times but ~~I have~~ these

is not a large selection of books on board, & it is rather hard ⁶³
to suit the audience. Aytoun's lays, & Bon Gaultier were my
authors, & I don't think were very generally appreciated. Gubbins
reads Vanity Fair charmingly - Leather dramatic bits very fair-
ly, Sutcliff low fun from Pickwick with great satisfaction to
himself & tolerably so to his audience. The greatest surprise
was Capt Grant, whose voice is so husky that one would say that
nature would prevent display in this line. He was announced
to read - Pickers' cheap Jack & Marygold - one of the Christmas
stories, & appearing half in character with an open waistcoat
over a red shirt & a loose handkerchief about his neck, he began
almost off by heart: & it did not require that to let us see that
it was very familiar work to him. It was really capital; all the
more that it was totally unexpected. Altogether Smith may be