

74
tropics when all skylights have to be shut down close. After
the paper Smith got some of the usual readers to give some
readings to spin out the time. This horrible weather lasted
for 3 days more, & was a fearful trial, as not only the sky-
lights were down, but our ports below were closed. Wednesday
was the worst - as a heavy head sea had got up, through which
the engines had to drive the ship with an up & down motion
popularly called piledriving. However one had to reconcile
oneself to the misery & to keep as quiet as possible was the only
plan. Gubbins & I got out mattresses & in our shirts & trousers
lay on them on the top of the line chests, which are de-
scribed to the stanchions 'ween decks, & tried to make ourselves
believe that there was a little draught. Leathers came & read
Shakespeare to us, which assisted in making us still more

resigned to the circumstances. You will see by the log how the
weather reduced our daily average run - 173 - 123 - 150 for
Wednesday, Thursday & Friday. We were just then in the lat-
itude of the Cape de Verde's, and not far to the Eastward
of St Jago: how we longed for Oranges & bananas. I thought
of my visit ~~then~~ to St Vincent last year, & made the mouths of
the others water as well by telling them of what luxuries we
were close to. I believe last voyage this ship left England in
such bad weather that they were obliged to call at St Jago
for coal: I must say we wished we could do the same thing here.
Even now if winds help us no more than they have done, the
of fruit are calculating on the possibility of touching at the
Cape. On Monday we had a reading on the poop for the
benefit of all hands. Some of the 2nd class passengers read