

88 Monday - Saturday July 19-24.

On Monday we hoped we had hit off the S.E. trades & that we would be in for a few days' good sailing; but it proved a false alarm, and we had to have the screw down ~~for~~ again for 24 hours, when we were gratified with the real thing at last, & off we bowled away with a fine breeze. In the beginning of the week I have to tell of a most romantic but ridiculous episode, and as ~~this~~ ridiculous element in it quite overshadowed the sentimental in most people's eyes, I am afraid it was ~~not~~ considered as one which required the victim even to receive ~~some~~ considerate silence. But you will judge whether he thought it necessary himself: so I think I am quite justified in giving you the benefit of it. One evening after dinner I was smoking

on the quarterdeck with some one I forget who; & he said to me <sup>89</sup>  
'Have you heard that some one in the cuddy has proposed to a Cuddy & been refused?' 'No,' say I, 'but who is it?' 'Oh I don't know I have only heard a rumour.' Whereon we at once ran over together the names of those who were both eligible & free: but could not succeed in thinking of any two whom we could couple together, from anything ~~that~~ we had seen in the way of a flirtation. That same evening after whist, walking with Smythe, I thought he might know; so I told him what I had heard & my puzzle as to who it could be. At first he tried to escape any answer, but to avoid any more of my questions he told me plainly that he was in the secret, but sworn to keep it. Still more provoking. Down I go to my cabin; outside I see by the