

Sunday - Saturday August 1-7.

This Sunday we had the morning service in the saloon for the first time, which is further proof of our still changing weather: for now the poop is getting no place for lounging, but only devoted to short walks to warm the toes & improve the circulation or to a shaft constitutional before dinner. For the benefit of all & Sundry Smith has started a volunteer corps for the same purpose of inducing ~~some~~ some exercise, & whenever the decks are dry he marches them round the maindeck. On Sunday the parson in his sermon gave us a few original notions about figtrees, wholly unnecessary, & unfortunately untrue to reality. He is not above chaff on the subject, but defends himself behind the authority of all the Commentators. His notion

of the sort of composition a sermon should be is generally very distressing - the *modus operandi* being to take a parable or scripture episode, dissect it & after a good mangling put it together again which process hardly reconciles one to the exceedingly good moral he tacks on at the end. On evening he produced Isabel for our instruction, & really made of the poor lady's life & death as wonderful a medley as did the mythical undergraduate so well known in Oxford tradition.

The ship's work for the week has been steadily improving & we are rapidly running to the Eastward under an escort of a few Albatrosses & a great many Cape pigeons; & an hour about the longitude of the Cape, which is always a sort of milestone on our long journey: and are as far South as lat. 40°