

4 praises any one who has ever known a Devonshire man. especially away from Home has probably heard say till he has been sick of them. All sorts of Men of war were more legitimate objects of admiration, coming in and going out: a Danish frigate at anchor, and the masts of the Men of war showing in their own special corner at the other end of the Hse. We passed close under another ship on the point of starting for Australia, the 'Royal Dane' (we were told) crowded with emigrants & waiting for a fair wind, & less fortunate than the 'Somersetshire' in having only wind & sails to trust to. The 'Somersetshire' lying out further was soon reached & surrounded on the port side with lots of boats putting on board her passengers & their baggage - coal vegetables forage for the lion stock & every thing one can think of, through which

5  
confusion we struggled up the side, & got our belongings safely on deck also, in the midst of such disorder & bustle as only can be imagined on the deck of an outgoing passenger ship. I got my traps down below and then came up to see about dinner, which was going on in the cuddy - struggled into a place and got some half cold mutton and potatoes. Even the dinner table is not reduced to order until the shoregoing people have left. As some people have a party of friends to see them off, making it impossible to guess who are the real people going, as those who go & those who are left behind seem equally to be in the way of everybody else & have left their ordinary senses behind. I managed to pick out a few of the passengers and to hear something about others - how we were taking on the famous theatrical star Mr. Bandmann and his wife - that