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panion sitting on the top of the well of the screw, trying to subdue the half mandolin confessions of Mr. Draffen, who I am afraid had been trying to drown the bitterness of his reflections on leaving home by the help of the brandy bottle, when some how or another my friend with the quaintly attractive voice joined us, and I don't remember how became one of our conversation. Draffen was telling me & then as two a good deal about himself & his cabin fellow a Col. Thompson, how he had once before run away to sea & had worked his passage round the world, & on this occasion was going out to the Colonies in charge of the said Colonel having just six weeks ago been ex-

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pelled from Sandhurst: and that the Colonel was going out to see what he could recover from a swindler who had robbed him of his property in Auckland: - my friend with the voice the while putting in the most charming commentary of the quaintest nature as quaint as his voice. I wish I could give you a right impression of it, I am afraid you will think it a comical voice, but on the contrary its quaintness gave greater expression to the innocent naive sympathy with which he assented, commiserated or lectured the young rascal to do better for the future, as his disjointed confession required. It is the sort of voice with which one could imagine Thackeray speaking his