

French as less likely to be understood when shouted in a deaf man's ear. I remember seeing them in Plymouth & took the eccentric deaf one to be a French merchant skipper. The Captain has however social qualities in abundance to do for both of them - so that I could not pass them over with less notice. Lastly come 3 doctors at the bottom of the table Dr Pratt ship's doctor young & gentlemanly - Dr Barry an old widower with a wig and dyed beard - & Dr Egan a Sydney man - none of whom did much for their country. The Mizzen Mast which shut off the other table separated us completely from

the rest, very few of whom were as well known to me as the others. To work forward, as at the first table - at its bottom with his back to Dr Pratt sits Mr O'Callaghan, chief officer - as great an Irishman as his name would lead one to suppose, & as good a fellow, only sorry that duty won't allow him to join in fun as often as he would like. On his left Mrs Atwood the skipper's wife fat & good natured - who would like to be as much in command of the saloon as her husband is on deck. Unfortunately nature forbids it, & to do her justice she is wondrously happy in spite of her inability to lead. She has one jolly little girl about 3 years old, & both wife & daughter