

II.

H.M.S. *Britannia*.

1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I got here all right on Thursday, and felt none the worse for the turtle soup I had. My best jacket was not much the worse for its being crammed into the portmanteau. On Saturday I cut my finger rather badly, as I cut it across the knuckle right to the bone. It did not hurt much the first day, but on Sunday evening I was awake the whole night till six in the morning, and as we turn out at half-past six I did not get much sleep. Last Wednesday I went to the cliffs and got some jackdaws' eggs. On Friday evening I dined with Captain Bowden Smith at half-past seven, and we had a jolly good dinner. There were three other chaps besides me, named Johnson, Morant, and Fair. We went at half-past seven and stopped till ten. We had soup, fish, veal cutlets, chicken and tongue, jelly, things with cream on top, dessert. I had two wine-glasses of wine, as every one else had some, but I can't say I liked it very much. Yesterday, I went eight and a-half miles to Slapton Mere to try and get some eggs, but we met a Lieutenant of ours named Mr Wodehouse, who hired a rod and line for us, and let us fish. We caught twenty-one perch besides a lot too small for eating, which we shied back. After we had done fishing, Lieutenant Wodehouse gave us some tea, and drove us back in a dogcart. The chap who was with me was Halsey, who you have heard of before. Out of the money we get on the Queen's Birthday we intend to each give 2s. 6d.