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'My lord,' said Jack, 'even an admiral cannot overrule a medical man -- it is in the Articles of War -- and even if he could he would have no success with Maturin. You may turn a bear from his vomit, but I do solemnly affirm that the First Lord of the Admiralty could not turn Maturin from his set course, perverse though it may be. But here is my reefer and the barge is alongside: I thank you very heartily indeed for your hospitality, and I shall most willingly carry your nephew to the Cape. Good day to you, my lord. Come, Stephen.'

An admiral's barge, though spacious, is still a public place and they said little as they returned to the ship.

{Note from Patrick O'Brian: No. I shall have to rearrange these pages on the typewriter}