rowing goes a-sorrowing), I say, suppose, to your astonishment, that this generous person was to present you with a cheque on his banker for one thousand pounds, demanding no interest, no legal security, and request you only to pay it at your convenience—I ask you, Sawbridge, what would be your feelings towards such a man?"

"I would die for him," replied Sawbridge, with emotion.

"And suppose that, by the merest chance, or from a whim of the moment, the son of that man was to be placed under your protection?"

"I would be a father to him," replied Sawbridge.

"But we must proceed a little further; suppose that you were to find the lad was not all that you could wish—that he had imbibed erroneous doctrines, which would probably, if not eradicated, be attended with consequences fatal to his welfare and happiness, would you therefore, on that account, withdraw your protection, and leave him to the mercy of others, who had no claims of gratitude to sway them in his favour?"

"Most certainly not, sir," replied Sawbridge; "on the contrary, I would never part with the son until, by precept or otherwise, I had set him right again, and thus had, as far as it was possible, paid the debt of gratitude due to the generous father."

"I hardly need say to you, Sawbridge, after what has passed, that this lad you have just come from is the son, and that Mr. Easy of Forest Hill is the father."

"Then, sir, I can only say, that not only to please you, but also from respect to a man who has shown such goodwill towards one of our cloth, I shall most cheerfully forgive all that has passed between the lad and me, and all that may probably take place before we make him what he ought to be."

"Thank you, Sawbridge; I expected as much, and am not disappointed in my opinion of you."

"And now, Captain Wilson, pray what is to be done?"

"We must get him on board, but not with a file of marines,—that will do more harm than good. I will send a note, requesting him to breakfast with me to-morrow morning, and have a little conversation with him. I do not wish to frighten him; he would not scruple to run back to Forest Hill—now I wish to keep him if I possibly can."

"You are right, sir; his father appears his greatest enemy.

What a pity that a man with so good a heart should be so weak in the head. Then, sir, I shall take no notice of this at present, but leave the whole affair in your hands."

"Do, Sawbridge; you have obliged me very much by your kindness in this business."

Mr. Sawbridge then took his leave, and Captain Wilson despatched a note to our hero, requesting the pleasure of his company to breakfast at nine o'clock the ensuing morning. The answer was in the affirmative, but verbal, for Jack had drunk too much champagne to trust his pen to paper.

CHAPTER IX

In which Mr. Easy finds himself on the other side of the Bay of Biscay.

THE next morning Jack Easy would have forgotten all about his engagement with the captain, had it not been for the waiter, who thought that, after the reception which our hero had given the first lieutenant, it would be just as well that he should not be disrespectful to the captain. Now, Jack had not, hitherto, put on his uniform, and he thought this a fitting occasion, particularly as the waiter suggested the propriety of his appearance in it. Whether it was from a presentiment of what he was to suffer, Jack was not at all pleased, as most lads are, with the change in his dress. It appeared to him that he was sacrificing his independence; however, he did not follow his first impulse, which was to take it off again, but took his hat, which the waiter had brushed and handed to him, and then set off for the captain's lodgings. Captain Wilson received him as if he had not been aware of his delay in joining his ship, or his interview with his first lieutenant, but before breakfast was over, Jack himself narrated the affair in a few words. Captain Wilson then entered into a detail of the duties and rank of every person on board of the ship, pointing out to Jack, that where discipline was required, it was impossible, when duty was carried on, that more than one could command; and that that one was the captain, who represented the king in person, who represented the country; and that, as the orders were trans-

mitted from the captain through the lieutenant, and from the lieutenant to the midshipmen, who, in their turn, communicated them to the whole ship's company, in fact, it was the captain alone who gave the orders, and that every one was equally obliged to obey. Indeed, as the captain himself had to obey the orders of his superiors, the admiral, and the admiralty, all on board might be said to be equally obliged to obey. Captain Wilson laid a strong emphasis on the word *equally*, as he cautiously administered his first dose; indeed, in the whole of his address, he made use of special pleading, which would have done credit to the bar; for at the same time that he was explaining to Jack that he was entering a service in which equality could never for a moment exist, if the service was to exist, he contrived to show that all the grades were levelled, by all being equally bound to do their duty to their country, and that, in fact, whether a seaman obeyed his orders, or he obeyed the orders of his superior officer, they were in reality only obeying the orders of the country, which were administered through their channels.

Jack did not altogether dislike this view of the subject, and the captain took care not to dwell too long upon it. He then entered upon other details, which he was aware would be more agreeable to Jack. He pointed out that the articles of war were the rules by which the service was to be guided, and that everybody, from the captain to the least boy in the ship, was equally bound to adhere to them—that a certain allowance of provisions and wine were allowed to each person on board, and that this allowance was the same to all; the same to the captain as to the boy; the same in quantity as in quality; every one equally entitled to his allowance; that, although there were, of necessity, various grades necessary in the service, and the captain's orders were obliged to be passed and obeyed by all, yet still, whatever was the grade of the officer, they were equally considered as gentlemen. In short, Captain Wilson, who told the truth, and nothing but the truth, without telling the whole truth, actually made Jack fancy that he had at last found out that equality he had been seeking for in vain on shore, when, at last, he recollected the language used by Mr. Sawbridge the evening before, and asked the captain why that personage had so conducted himself. Now, as the language of Mr. Sawbridge was very much at variance with equality, Captain Wilson was

not a little puzzled. However, he first pointed out that the first lieutenant was, at the time being, the captain, as he was the senior officer on board, as would Jack himself be if he were the senior officer on board; and that, as he before observed, the captain or senior officer represented the country. That in the articles of war, everybody who absented himself from the ship committed an error, or breach of those articles; and if any error or breach of those articles was committed by any one belonging to the ship, if the senior officer did not take notice of it, he then himself committed a breach of those articles, and was liable himself to be punished, if he could not prove that he noticed it; it was therefore to save himself that he was obliged to point out the error, and if he did it in strong language, it only proved his zeal for his country.

"Upon my honour, then," replied Jack, "there can be no doubt of his zeal; for if the whole country had been at stake, he could not have put himself in a greater passion."

"Then he did his duty, but depend upon it it was not a pleasant one to him; and I'll answer for it, when you meet him on board, he will be as friendly with you as if nothing had happened."

"He told me that he'd soon make me know what a first lieutenant was—what did he mean by that?" inquired Jack.

"All zeal."

"Yes, but he said, that as soon as he got on board, he'd show me the difference between a first lieutenant and a midshipman."

"All zeal."

"He said my ignorance should be a little enlightened by-and-by."

"All zeal."

"And that he'd send a sergeant and marines to fetch me."

"All zeal."

"That he would put my philosophy to the proof."

"All zeal, Mr. Easy. Zeal will break out in this way; but we should do nothing in the service without it. Recollect that I hope and trust one day to see you also a zealous officer."

Here Jack cogitated considerably, and gave no answer.

"You will, I am sure," continued Captain Wilson, "find Mr. Sawbridge one of your best friends."

"Perhaps so," replied Jack, "but I did not much admire our first acquaintance."

"It will perhaps be your unpleasant duty to find as much fault yourself; we are all equally bound to do our duty to our country. But, Mr. Easy, I sent for you to say that we shall sail to-morrow; and as I shall send my things off this afternoon by the launch, you had better send yours off also. At eight o'clock I shall go on board, and we can both go in the same boat."

To this Jack made no sort of objection, and having paid his bill at the Fountain, he sent his chest down to the boat by some of the crew who came up for it, and attended the summons of the captain to embark. By nine o'clock that evening Mr. Jack Easy was safe on board his Majesty's sloop *Harpy*.

When Jack arrived on board it was dark, and he did not know what to do with himself. The captain was received by the officers on deck, who took off their hats to salute him. The captain returned the salute, and so did Jack very politely, after which the captain entered into conversation with the first lieutenant, and for a while Jack was left to himself. It was too dark to distinguish faces, and to one who had never been on board of a ship, too dark to move, so Jack stood where he was, which was not far from the main bitts. But he did not stay long; the boat had been hooked on to the quarter davits, and the boatswain had called out—

"Set taut, my lads!"

And then with the shrill whistle, and "Away with her!" forward came galloping and bounding along the men with the tackles, and in the dark Jack was upset, and half-a-dozen marines fell upon him; the men, who had no idea that an officer was floored among the others, were pleased at the joke, and continued to dance over those who were down, until they rolled themselves out of the way. Jack, who did not understand this, fared badly, and it was not till the calls piped belay that he could recover his legs, after having been trampled upon by half the starboard watch, and the breath completely jammed out of his body. Jack reeled to a carronade slide, when the officers, who had been laughing at the lark as well as the men, perceived his situation—among others, Mr. Sawbridge, the first lieutenant.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Easy?" said he kindly.

"A little," replied Jack, catching his breath.

"You've had but a rough welcome," replied the first lieu-

tenant, "but at certain times, on board ship, it is every man for himself, and God for us all. Harpur," continued the first lieutenant to the doctor, "take Mr. Easy down to the gun-room with you, and I will be down myself as soon as I can. Where is Mr. Jolliffe?"

"Here, sir," replied Mr. Jolliffe, a master's mate, coming aft from the booms.

"There is a youngster come on board with the captain. Order one of the quartermasters to get a hammock slung."

In the meantime Jack went down into the gunroom, where a glass of wine somewhat recovered him. He did not stay there long, nor did he venture to talk much. As soon as his hammock was ready Jack was glad to go to bed—and as he was much bruised he was not disturbed the next morning till past nine o'clock. He then dressed himself, went on deck, found that the sloop was just clear of the Needles, that he felt very queer, then very sick, and was conducted by a marine down below, put into his hammock, where he remained during a gale of wind of three days, bewildered, confused, puzzled, and every minute knocking his head against the beams with the pitching and tossing of the sloop.

"And this is going to sea," thought Jack; "no wonder that no one interferes with another here, or talks about a trespass, for I'm sure any one is welcome to my share of the ocean; and if I once get on shore again, the devil may have my portion if he chooses."

Captain Wilson and Mr. Sawbridge had both allowed Jack more leisure than most midshipmen during his illness. By the time that the gale was over the sloop was off Cape Finisterre. The next morning the sea was nearly down, and there was but a slight breeze on the waters. The comparative quiet of the night before had very much recovered our hero, and when the hammocks were piped up, he was accosted by Mr. Jolliffe, the master's mate, who asked, "Whether he intended to rouse and bit, or whether he intended to sail to Gibraltar between his blankets."

Jack, who felt himself quite another person, turned out of his hammock and dressed himself. A marine had, by the captain's orders, attended Jack during his illness, and this man came to his assistance, opened his chest, and brought him all he required, or Jack would have been in a sad dilemma.

Jack then inquired where he was to go, for he had not been in the midshipmen's berth, although five days on board. The marine pointed it out to him, and Jack, who felt excessively hungry, crawled over and between chests, until he found himself fairly in a hole infinitely inferior to the dog-kennels which received his father's pointers.

"I'd not only give up the ocean," thought Jack, "and my share of it, but also my share of the *Harpy*, unto any one who fancies it. Equality enough here! for every one appears equally miserably off."

As he thus gave vent to his thoughts, he perceived that there was another person in the berth—Mr. Jolliffe, the master's mate, who had fixed his eye upon Jack, and to whom Jack returned the compliment. The first thing that Jack observed was, that Mr. Jolliffe was very deeply pockmarked, and that he had but one eye, and that was a piercer; it appeared like a little ball of fire, and as if it reflected more light from the solitary candle than the candle gave.

"I don't like your looks," thought Jack, "we shall never be friends."

But here Jack fell into the common error of judging by appearances, as will be proved hereafter.

"I'm glad to see you up again, youngster," said Jolliffe; "you've been on your beam ends longer than usual, but those who are strongest suffer most—you made your mind up but late to come to sea. However, they say, 'better late than never.'"

"I feel very much inclined to argue the truth of that saying," replied Jack; "but it's no use just now. I'm terribly hungry—when shall I get some breakfast?"

"To-morrow morning at half-past eight," replied Mr. Jolliffe. "Breakfast for to-day has been over these two hours."

"But must I then go without?"

"No, I do not say that, as we must make allowances for your illness; but it will not be breakfast."

"Call it what you please," replied Jack, "only pray desire the servants to give me something to eat. Dry toast or muffins—anything will do, but I should prefer coffee."

"You forget that you are off Finisterre, in a midshipman's berth. Coffee we have none—muffins we never see—dry toast cannot be made, as we have no soft bread; but a cup of tea,

and ship's biscuit and butter, I can desire the steward to get ready for you."

"Well then," replied Jack, "I will thank you to procure me that."

"Marine," cried Jolliffe, "call Mesty."

"Pass the word for Mesty," cried the marine; and the two syllables were handed forward until lost in the fore part of the vessel.

The person so named must be introduced to the reader. He was a curious anomaly—a black man who had been brought to America as a slave, and there sold.

He was a very tall, spare-built, yet muscular form, and had a face by no means common with his race. His head was long and narrow, high cheek-bones, from whence his face descended down to almost a point at the chin; his nose was very small, but it was straight and almost Roman; his mouth also was unusually small; and his lips thin for an African; his teeth very white, and filed to sharp points. He claimed the rank of prince in his own country, with what truth could not of course be substantiated. His master had settled at New York, and there Mesty had learned English, if it could be so called; the fact is, that all the emigrant labourers at New York being Irishmen, he had learned English with the strong brogue and peculiar phraseology of the sister kingdom, dashed with a little Yankeeism.

Having been told that there was no slavery in England, Mesty had concealed himself on board an English merchant vessel, and escaped. On his arrival in England he had entered on board of a man-of-war. Having no name it was necessary to christen him on the ship's books, and the first lieutenant, who had entered him, struck with his remarkable expression of countenance, and being a German scholar, had named him Mephistopheles Faust, from whence his Christian name had been razéed to Mesty. Mesty in other points was an eccentric character; at one moment, when he remembered his lineage, he was proud to excess, at others he was grave and almost sullen—but when nothing either in daily occurrences or in his mind ran contrary, he exhibited the drollery so often found in his nation, with a spice of Irish humour, as if he had caught up the latter with his Irish brogue.

Mesty was soon seen coming aft, bent almost double as he

crouched under the beams, and taking large strides with his naked feet.

"By the powers, Massa Yolliffe, but it is not seasonable at all to send for me just now, anyhow, seeing how the praters are in the copper, and so many blackguard 'palpeens all ready to change net for net, and better themselves by the same mistake, 'dam um.'"

"Mesty, you know I never send for you myself, or allow others to do so, unless it is necessary," replied Jolliffe; "but this poor lad has eaten nothing since he has been on board, and is very hungry—you must get him a little tea."

"Is it tay you mane, sir?—I guess, to make tay, in the first place I must ab water, and in the next must ab room in the galley to put the kettle on—and 'pose you wanted to burn the tip of your little finger just now, it's not in the galley that you find a berth for it—and den the water before seven bells. I've a notion it's just impassible."

"But he must have something, Mesty."

"Never mind the tea, then," replied Jack, "I'll take some milk."

"Is it milk massa manes, and the bumboat woman on the oder side of the bay?"

"We have no milk, Mr. Easy; you forget that we are on blue water," replied Jolliffe, "and I really am afraid that you'll have to wait till dinner-time. Mesty tells the truth."

"I tell you what, Massa Yolliffe, it just seven bells, and if the young gentleman would, instead of tay, try a little out of the copper, it might keep him asy. It but a little difference, tay soup and pay soup. Now a bowl of that, with some nuts and a flourish of pepper, will do him good, anyhow."

"Perhaps the best thing he can take, Mesty; get it as fast as you can."

In a few minutes the black brought down a bowl of soup and whole peas swimming in it, put before our hero a tin bread-basket full of small biscuit, called midshipmen's nuts, and the pepper-castor. Jack's visions of tea, coffee, muffins, dry toast, and milk, vanished as he perceived the mess, but he was very hungry, and he found it much better than he expected; and he moreover found himself much the better after he had swallowed it. It struck seven bells, and he accompanied Mr. Jolliffe on deck.

CHAPTER X

Showing how Jack transgresses against his own philosophy.

WHEN Jack Easy had gained the deck he found the sun shining gaily, a soft air blowing from the shore, and the whole of the rigging and every part of the ship loaded with the shirts, trousers, and jackets of the seamen, which had been wetted during the heavy gale, and were now hanging up to dry; all the wet sails were also spread on the booms or triced up in the rigging, and the ship was slowly forging through the blue water. The captain and first lieutenant were standing on the gangway in converse, and the majority of the officers were with their quadrants and sextants ascertaining the latitude at noon. The docks were white and clean, the sweepers had just laid by their brooms, and the men were busy coiling down the ropes. It was a scene of cheerfulness, activity, and order, which lightened his heart after the four days of suffering, close air, and confinement, from which he had just emerged.

The captain, who perceived him, beckoned to him, asked him kindly how he felt; the first lieutenant also smiled upon him, and many of the officers, as well as his messmates, congratulated him upon his recovery.

The captain's steward came up to him, touched his hat, and requested the pleasure of his company to dinner in the cabin. Jack was the essence of politeness, took off his hat, and accepted the invitation. Jack was standing on a rope which a seaman was coiling down; the man touched his hat and requested he would be so kind as to take his foot off. Jack took his hat off his head in return, and his foot off the rope. The master touched his hat and reported twelve o'clock to the first lieutenant—the first lieutenant touched his hat and reported twelve o'clock to the captain—the captain touched his hat and told the first lieutenant to make it so. The officer of the watch touched his hat, and asked the captain whether they should pipe to dinner—the captain touched his hat, and said, "If you please."

The midshipman received his orders, and touched his hat,