

## MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

and after that I shall attend the meeting of the society. Jack, my boy, won't you come and hear my speech?"

"Thank you, sir, but I cannot well leave your friends."

Mr. Easy quitted the room.

"Are you aware, my dear sir, that your father has opened his preserves to all the poachers?" said Mr. Hanson.

"The devil he has!"

"Yes, he has allowed several gangs of gipsies to locate themselves in his woods, much to the annoyance of the neighbourhood, who suffer from their depredations," continued Dr. Middleton.

"I find, by the receipts and books, that there is nearly two years' rental of the estate due; some tenants have paid up in full, others not for four years. I reckon fourteen thousand pounds still in arrear."

"You will oblige me by taking immediate steps, Mr. Hanson, for the recovery of the sums due."

"Most certainly, Mr. John. I trust your father will not commit himself to-night as he has done lately."

When they rose to retire Dr. Middleton took our hero by the hand. "You do not know, my dear fellow, what pleasure it gives me to find that, in spite of the dotting of your mother and the madness of your father, you have turned out so well. It is very fortunate that you have come home; I trust you will now give up the profession."

"I have given it up, sir; which, by-the-bye, reminds me that I have not applied for either my discharge or that of my servant; but I cannot spare time yet, so I shall not report myself."

## CHAPTER XXXVII

*In which our hero finds himself an orphan, and resolves to go to sea again, without the smallest idea of equality.*

THE next morning, when they met at breakfast, Mr. Easy did not make his appearance, and Jack inquired of Mesty where he was.

"They say down below that the old gentleman not come home last night."

## MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

"Did not come home?" said Dr. Middleton; "this must be looked to."

"He great rascal, dat butler man," said Mesty to Jack; "but de old gentleman not sleep in his bed, dat for sure."

"Make inquiries when he went out," said Jack.

"I hope no accident has happened," observed Mr. Hanson; "but his company has lately been very strange."

"Nobody see him go out, sar, last night," reported Mesty.

"Very likely he is in his study," observed Dr. Middleton; "he may have remained all night, fast asleep, by his wonderful invention."

"I'll go and see," replied Jack.

Dr. Middleton accompanied him, and Mesty followed. They opened the door, and beheld a spectacle which made them recoil with horror. There was Mr. Easy, with his head in the machine, the platform below fallen from under him, hanging, with his toes just touching the ground. Dr. Middleton hastened to him, and assisted by Mesty and our hero took him out of the steel collar which was round his neck; but life had been extinct for many hours, and on examination it was found that the poor old gentleman's neck was dislocated.

It was surmised that the accident must have taken place the evening before, and it was easy to account for it. Mr. Easy, who had had the machine raised four feet higher, for the platform and steps to be placed underneath, must have mounted on the frame modelled by the carpenter for his work, and have fixed his head in, for the knob was pressed on his bump of benevolence. The framework, hastily put together with a few short nails, had given way with his weight, and the sudden fall had dislocated his neck.

Mr. Hanson led away our hero, who was much shocked at this unfortunate and tragical end of his poor father, while Dr. Middleton ordered the body to be taken up into a bedroom, and immediately despatched a messenger to the coroner of the county. Poor Mr. Easy had told his son but the day before, that he felt convinced that this wonderful invention would immortalise him, and so it had, although not exactly in the sense that he anticipated.

We must pass over the few days of sorrow, and closed shutters, which always are given to these scenes. The coroner's inquest and the funeral over, daylight was again admitted, our



#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

hero's spirits revived, and he found himself in possession of a splendid property, and his own master.

He was not of age, it is true, for he wanted nine months; but on opening the will of his father he found that Dr. Middleton was his sole guardian. Mr. Hanson, on examining and collecting the papers, which were in the greatest confusion, discovered bank-notes in different corners, and huddled up with bills and receipts, to the amount of two thousand pounds, and further, a cheque signed by Captain Wilson on his banker, for the thousand pounds advanced by Mr. Easy, dated more than fifteen months back.

Dr. Middleton wrote to the Admiralty, informing them that family affairs necessitated Mr. John Easy, who had been left at sick quarters, to leave his Majesty's service, requesting his discharge from it forthwith. The Admiralty were graciously pleased to grant the request, and lose the services of a midshipman. The Admiralty were also pleased to grant the discharge of Mesty, on the sum required for a substitute being paid in.

The gipsies were routed out of their abodes, and sent once more to wander. The gamekeepers were restored, the preserves cleared of all poachers, and the gentry of the country were not a little pleased at Jack's succession, for they had wished that Mr. Easy's neck had been broken long ago. The societies were dissolved, since, now that Mr. Easy no longer paid for the beer, there was nothing to meet for. Cards and compliments were sent from all parts of the county, and every one was anxious that our hero should come of age, as then he would be able to marry, to give dinners, subscribe to the fox-hounds, and live as a gentleman ought to do.

But during all these speculations, Jack had made Dr. Middleton acquainted with the history of his amour with Agnes de Rebiera, and all particulars connected therewith, also with his determination to go out to bring her home as his wife. Dr. Middleton saw no objection to the match, and he perceived that our hero was sincere. And Jack had made inquiries when the packet would sail for Malta, when Mesty, who stood behind his chair, observed—

"Packet bad vessel, Massa Easy. Why not go out in man-of-war?"

"Very true," replied Jack; "but you know, Mesty, that is not so easy."

#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

"And den how come home, sar? Suppose you and Missy Agnes taken prisoner—put in prison?"

"Very true," replied Jack; "and as for a passage home in a man-of-war, that will be more difficult still."

"Den I tink, sar, suppose you buy one fine vessel—plenty of guns—take out letter of marque—plenty of men, and bring Missy Agnes home like a lady. You captain of your own ship."

"That deserves consideration, Mesty," replied Jack, who thought of it during that night; and the next day resolved to follow Mesty's advice. The Portsmouth paper lay on the breakfast table. Jack took it up, and his eye was caught by an advertisement for the sale of the *Joan d'Arc*, prize to H.M. ship *Thetis*, brigantine of 278 tons, copper-bottomed, armed *en flute*, with all her stores, spars, sails, running and standing rigging, then lying in the harbour of Portsmouth, to take place on the following Wednesday.

Jack rang the bell, and ordered post-horses.

"Where are you going, my dear boy?" inquired Dr. Middleton.

"To Portsmouth, doctor."

"And pray what for, if not an impertinent question?"

Jack then gave Dr. Middleton an insight into his plan, and requested that he would allow him to do so, as there was plenty of ready money.

"But the expense will be enormous."

"It will be heavy, sir, I grant; but I have calculated it pretty nearly, and I shall not spend at the rate of more than my income. Besides, as letter of marque, I shall have the right of capture; in fact I mean to take out a privateer's regular license."

"But not to remain there and cruise?"

"No, upon my honour; I am too anxious to get home again. You must not refuse me, my dear guardian."

"As a lady is in the case I will not, my dear boy; but be careful what you are about."

"Never fear, sir, I will be back in four months, at the farthest, but I must now set off and ascertain if the vessel answers the description given in the advertisement."

Jack threw himself into the chariot. Mesty mounted into the rumble, and in two hours they were at Portsmouth; went



#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

to the agent, viewed the vessel, which proved to be a very fine fast-sailing craft, well-found, with six brass carronades on each side. The cabins were handsome, fitted up with bird's-eye maple, and gilt mouldings.

This will do, thought Jack: a couple of long brass nines, forty men and six boys, and she will be just the thing we require. So Mesty and Jack went on shore again, and returned to Forest Hill to dinner, when he desired Mr. Hanson to set off for Portsmouth, and bid at the sale for the vessel, as he wished to purchase her. This was Monday, and on Wednesday Mr. Hanson purchased her, as she stood, for £1750, which was considered about half her value.

Dr. Middleton had, in the meantime, been thinking very seriously of Jack's project. He could see no objection to it, provided that he was steady and prudent, but in both these qualities Jack had not exactly been tried. He therefore determined to look out for some steady naval lieutenant, and make it a *sine quâ non* that our hero should be accompanied by him, and that he should go out as sailing-master. Now that the vessel was purchased he informed Jack of his wish; indeed, as Dr. Middleton observed, his duty as guardian demanded this precaution, and our hero, who felt very grateful to Dr. Middleton, immediately acquiesced.

"And, by-the-bye, doctor, see that he is a good navigator; for although I can fudge a day's work pretty well, latterly I have been out of practice."

Every one was now busy: Jack and Mesty at Portsmouth fitting out the vessel, and offering three guineas a head to the crimps for every good able seaman—Mr. Hanson obtaining the English register and the letters of license, and Dr. Middleton in search of a good naval dry-nurse. Jack found time to write to Don Philip and Agnes, apprising them of the death of his father, and his intentions.

In about six weeks all was ready, and the brigantine, which had taken out her British register and license under the name of the *Rebiera*, went out of harbour, and anchored at Spithead. Dr. Middleton had procured, as he thought, a very fit person to sail with Jack, and our hero and Mesty embarked, wishing the doctor and solicitor good-bye, and leaving them nothing to do but to pay the bills.

The person selected by Dr. Middleton, by the advice of an

#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

old friend of his, a purser in the navy, who lived at Southsea, was a Lieutenant Oxbelly, who, with the ship's company, which had been collected, received our hero as their captain and owner upon his arrival on board. There certainly was no small contrast between our hero's active slight figure and handsome person, set off with a blue coat, something like the present yacht-club uniform, and that of his second in command, who waddled to the side to receive him. He was a very short man, with an uncommon protuberance of stomach, with shoulders and arms too short for his body, and hands much too large, more like the paws of a Polar bear than anything else. He wore trousers, shoes, and buckles. On his head was a foraging cap, which, when he took it off, showed that he was quite bald. His age might be about fifty-five or sixty; his complexion florid, no whiskers, and little beard, nose straight, lips thin, teeth black with chewing, and always a little brown dribble from the left corner of his mouth (there was a leak there, he said). Altogether his countenance was prepossessing, for it was honest and manly, but his waist was preposterous.

"Steady enough," thought Jack, as he returned Mr. Oxbelly's salute.

"How do you do, sir?" said Jack; "I trust we shall be good shipmates," for Jack had not seen him before.

"Mr. Easy," replied the lieutenant, "I never quarrel with any one, except (I won't tell a story) with my wife."

"I am sorry that you have ever domestic dissensions, Mr. Oxbelly."

"And I only quarrel with her at night, sir. She will take up more than her share of the bed, and won't allow me to sleep single; but never mind that, sir; now will you please to muster the men?"

"If you please, Mr. Oxbelly."

The men were mustered, and Jack made them a long speech upon subordination, discipline, activity, duty, and so forth.

"A very good speech, Mr. Easy," said Mr. Oxbelly, as the men went forward; "I wish my wife had heard it. But, sir, if you please, we'll now get under way as fast as we can, for there is a Channel cruiser working up at St. Helen's, and we may give him the go-by by running through the Needles."



MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

"But what need we care for the Channel cruiser?"

"You forget, sir, that as soon as she drops her anchor she will come on board and take a fancy to at least ten of our men."

"But they are protected."

"Yes, sir, but that's no protection, now-a-days. I have sailed in a privateer at least three years, and I know that they have no respect for letters of marque or for privateers."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Oxbelly; so, if you please, we will up with the anchor at once."

The crew of the *Rebiera* had been well chosen; they were prime men-of-war's men, most of whom had deserted from the various ships on the station, and of course were most anxious to be off. In a few minutes the *Rebiera* was under way with all sail set below and aloft. She was in excellent trim and flew through the water; the wind was fair, and by night they had passed Portland Lights, and the next morning were steering a course for the Bay of Biscay without having encountered what they feared more than an enemy—a British cruiser to overhaul them.

"I think we shall do now, sir," observed Mr. Oxbelly to our hero; "we have made a famous run. It's twelve o'clock, and if you please I'll work the latitude, and let you know what it is. We must shape our course so as not to run in with the Brest squadron. A little more westing, sir. I'll be up in one minute. My wife—but I'll tell you about that when I come up."

"Latitude 41° 12', sir. I was about to say that my wife, when she was on board of the privateer that I commanded——"

"Board of the privateer, Mr. Oxbelly?"

"Yes, sir, would go; told her it was impossible, but she wouldn't listen to reason—came on board, flopped herself into the standing bed-place, and said that there she was for the cruise—little Billy with her——"

"What! your child, too?"

"Yes, two years old—fine boy—always laughed when the guns were fired, while his mother stood on the ladder and held him on the top of the booby-hatch."

"I wonder that Mrs. Oxbelly let you come here now?"

"So you would, sir, but I'll explain that—she thinks I'm in

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

London about my half-pay. She knows all by this time, and frets, I don't doubt; but that will make her thin, and then there will be more room in the bed. Mrs. Oxbelly is a very stout woman."

"Why, you are not a little man!"

"No, not little—tending to be lusty, as the saying is—that is, in good condition. It's very strange that Mrs. Oxbelly has an idea that she is not large. I cannot persuade her to it. That's the reason we always spar in bed. She says it is I, and I know that it is she who takes the largest share of it."

"Perhaps you may both be right."

"No, no; it is she who creates all the disturbance. If I get nearer to the wall she jams me up till I am as thin as a thread-paper. If I put her inside and stay outside, she cuts me out as you do a cask, by the chime, till I tumble out of bed."

"Why don't you make your bed larger, Mr. Oxbelly?"

"Sir, I have proposed, but my wife will have it that the bed is large enough if I would not toss in my sleep. I can't convince her. However, she'll have it all to herself now. I slept well last night, for the first time since I left the *Boadicea*."

"The *Boadicea*?"

"Yes, sir, I was second lieutenant of the *Boadicea* for three years."

"She's a fine frigate, I'm told."

"On the contrary, such a pinched-up little craft below I never saw. Why, Mr. Easy, I could hardly get into the door of my cabin—and yet, as you must see, I'm not a large man."

"Good heavens! is it possible," thought Jack, "that this man does not really know that he is monstrous?"

Yet such was the case. Mr. Oxbelly had no idea that he was otherwise than in good condition, although he had probably not seen his knees for years. It was his obesity that was the great objection to him, for in every other point there was nothing against him. He had, upon one pretence and another, been shifted, by the manœuvres of the captains, out of different ships, until he went up to the Admiralty to know if there was any charge against him. The First Lord at once perceived the charge to be preferred, and made a mark against his name as not fit for anything but harbour duty. Out of employment, he had taken the command of a privateer cutter, when his wife, who was excessively fond, would, as he said,



#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

follow him with little Billy. He was sober, steady, knew his duty well; but he weighed twenty-six stone, and his weight had swamped him in the service.

His wish, long indulged, had become, as Shakespeare says, the father of his thought, and he had really at last brought himself to think that he was not by any means what could be considered a fat man. His wife, as he said, was also a very stout woman, and this exuberance of flesh on both sides, was the only, but continual, ground of dispute.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII

*In which our hero, as usual, gets into the very middle of it.*

ON the eleventh day the *Rebiera* entered the straits, and the rock of Gibraltar was in sight as the sun went down; after which the wind fell light, and about midnight it became calm, and they drifted up. At sunrise they were roused by the report of heavy guns, and perceived an English frigate about eight miles further up the straits, and more in the mid-channel, engaging nine or ten Spanish gunboats, which had come out from Algeiras to attack her. It still continued a dead calm, and the boats of the frigate were all ahead towing her, so as to bring her broadside to bear upon the Spanish flotilla. The reverberating of the heavy cannon on both sides over the placid surface of the water—the white smoke ascending as the sun rose in brilliancy in a clear blue sky—the distant echoes repeated from the high hills—had a very beautiful effect for those who are partial to the picturesque. But Jack thought it advisable to prepare for action instead of watching for tints—and in a short time all was ready.

"They'll not come to us, Mr. Easy, as long as they have the frigate to hammer at; but still we had better be prepared, for we cannot well pass them without having a few shots. When I came up the straits in the privateer we were attacked by two and fought them for three hours; their shot dashed the water over our decks till they were wet fore and aft, but somehow or another they never hit us—we were as low as they were. I'll be bound but they'll hull the frigate though. Mrs. Oxbelly

#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

and Billy were on deck the whole time—and Billy was quite delighted, and cried when they took him down to breakfast."

"Why, Mrs. Oxbelly must be very courageous."

"Cares neither for shot or shell, sir—laughs when they whiz over her head, and tells Billy to hark. But, sir, it's not surprising; her father is a major, and her two brothers are lieutenants in the bombadiers."

"That, indeed," replied Jack—"but, see, there is a breeze springing up from the westward."

"Very true, Mr. Easy, and a steady one it will be, for it comes up dark and slow; so much the better for the frigate, for she'll get little honour and plenty of mauling at this work."

"I hope we shall take it up with us," observed Jack; "how far do you reckon the gunboats from the shore?"

"I should think about five miles, or rather less."

"Trim sails, Mr. Oxbelly—perhaps we may cut one or two of these off—steer in-shore of them."

"Exactly. Up there, my lads, set top-gallant studding-sails, topmast studdings to hand—rig out the booms—keep as you go now, my lad—we shall be well in-shore of them, and out of the range of the batteries."

The breeze came down fresh, and all sail was set upon the *Rebiera*. She took the wind down with her, and it passed her but little—half a mile ahead of them all was still and smooth as a glass mirror, and they neared and gained in-shore at the same time. The gunboats were still engaging the frigate, and did not appear to pay any attention to the *Rebiera* coming down. At last the breeze reached them and the frigate, light at first and then gradually increasing, while the *Rebiera* foamed through the water, and had now every chance of cutting off some of the gunboats. The frigate trimmed her sails and steered towards the flotilla, which now thought proper to haul off and put their heads in-shore, followed by the frigate firing her bow-chasers. But the *Rebiera* was now within half gun-shot in-shore, and steering so as to intercept them. As she rapidly closed the flotilla scarcely knew how to act; to attack her would be to lose time, and allow the frigate to come up and occasion their own capture; so they satisfied themselves with firing at her as she continued to run down between them and the land. As they neared Jack opened his fire with his eighteen-pound car-



# MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

ronades and long nines. The gunboats returned his fire, and they were within a quarter of a mile, when Jack shortened sail to his topsails, and a warm engagement took place, which ended in one of the gunboats being in a few minutes dismasted. The frigate, under all canvas, came rapidly up, and her shot now fell thick. The flotilla then ceased firing, passing about two cables' length ahead of the *Rebiera*, and making all possible sail for the land. Jack now fired at the flotilla as they passed, with his larboard broadside, while with his starboard he poured in grape and canister upon the unfortunate gunboat which was dismasted, and which soon hauled down her colours. In a few minutes more the remainder were too far distant for the cannonades, and as they did not fire Jack turned his attention to take possession of his prize, sending a boat with ten men on board, and heaving-to close to her to take her in tow. Ten minutes more and the frigate was also hove-to a cable's length from the *Rebiera*, and our hero lowered down his other quarter-boat to go on board.

"Have we any men hurt, Mr. Oxbelly?" inquired Jack.

"Only two; Spearling has lost his thumb with a piece of langrage, and James has a bad wound in the thigh."

"Very well; I will ask for the surgeon to come on board."

Jack pulled to the frigate and went up the side, touched his hat in due form, and was introduced by the midshipmen to the other side, where the captain stood.

"Mr. Easy!" exclaimed the captain.

"Captain Sawbridge!" replied our hero, with surprise.

"Good heavens! what brought you here?" said the captain; "and what vessel is that?"

"The *Rebiera*, letter of marque, commanded and owned by Mr. Easy," replied Jack, laughing.

Captain Sawbridge gave him his hand. "Come down with me into the cabin, Mr. Easy; I am very glad to see you. Give you great credit for your conduct, and am still more anxious to know what has induced you to come out again. I knew that you had left the service."

Jack, in a very few words, told his object in fitting out the *Rebiera*. "But," continued Jack, "allow me to congratulate you upon your promotion, which I was not aware of. May I ask where you left the *Harpy*, and what is the name of your frigate?"

# MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

"The *Latona*. I have only been appointed to her one month, after an action in which the *Harpy* took a large corvette, and am ordered home with despatches to England. We sailed yesterday evening from Gibraltar, were becalmed the whole night, and attacked this morning by the gunboats."

"How is Captain Wilson, sir?"

"I believe he is very well, but I have not seen him."

"How did you know, then, that I had left the service, Captain Sawbridge?"

"From Mr. Gascoigne, who is now on board."

"Gascoigne!" exclaimed our hero.

"Yes, he was sent up to join the *Aurora* by the governor, but she had left the fleet, and having served his time, and a passing day being ordered, he passed, and thought he might as well go home with me and see if he could make any interest for his promotion."

"Pray, Captain Sawbridge, is the gunboat our prize or yours?"

"It ought to be wholly yours; but the fact is, by the regulations, we share."

"With all my heart, sir. Will you send an assistant-surgeon on board to look after two of my men who are hurt?"

"Yes, directly; now send your boat away, Easy, with directions to your officer in command. We must go back to Gibraltar, for we have received some injury, and, I am sorry to say, lost some men. You are going then, I presume, to stay on board and dine with me; we shall be at anchor before night."

"I will with pleasure, sir. But now I will send my boat away and shake hands with Gascoigne."

Gascoigne was under the half-deck waiting to receive his friend, for he had seen him come up the side from his station on the fore-castle. A hurried conversation took place, after our hero had dismissed his boat with the assistant-surgeon in it to dress the two wounded men. Jack then went on deck, talked with the officers, looked with pleasure at the *Rebiera* with the gunboat in tow, keeping company with the frigate, although only under the same canvas—promised Gascoigne to spend the next day with him either on shore or on board the *Rebiera*, and then returned to the cabin, where he had a long conference with Captain Sawbridge.



#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

"When you first entered the service, Easy," said Captain Sawbridge, "I thought that the sooner the service was rid of you the better; now that you have left it, I feel that it has lost one who, in all probability, would have proved a credit to it."

"Many thanks, sir," replied Jack; "but how can I be a midshipman with eight thousand pounds a year?"

"I agree with you that it is impossible. But dinner is serving; go into the after-cabin and the steward will give you all you require."

Our hero, whose face and hands were not a little grimed with the gunpowder, washed himself, combed out his curly black hair, and found all the party in the fore-cabin. Gascoigne, who had not been asked in the forenoon, was, by the consideration of Captain Sawbridge, added to the number. Before dinner was long off the table, the first lieutenant reported that it was necessary to turn the hands up, as they were close to the anchorage. The party, therefore, broke up sooner than otherwise would have been the case; and as soon as the *Latona's* sails were furled Captain Sawbridge went on shore to acquaint the governor with the results of the action. He asked Jack to accompany him, but our hero, wishing to be with Gascoigne, excused himself until the next day.

"And now, Easy," said Gascoigne, as soon as the captain had gone over the side, "I will ask permission to go on board with you—or will you ask?"

"I will ask," replied Jack; "a gentleman of fortune has more weight with a first lieutenant than a midshipman."

So Jack went up to the first lieutenant, and with one of his polite bows hoped, "if duty would permit, he would honour him by coming on board that evening with some of his officers, to see the *Rebiera* and to drink a bottle or two of champagne."

The first lieutenant, as the *Rebiera* was anchored not two cables' lengths from him, replied, "That as soon as he had shifted the prisoners and secured the gunboat, he would be very glad;" so did three or four more of the officers, and then Jack begged as a favour, that his old friend, Mr. Gascoigne, might be permitted to go with him now, as he had important packages to entrust to his care to England. The first lieutenant was very willing, and Gascoigne and our hero jumped into the

#### MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

boat, and were once more in all the confidence of tried and deserved friendship.

"Jack, I've been thinking of it, and I've made up my mind," said Gascoigne. "I shall gain little or nothing by going home for my promotion; I may as well stay here, and as I have served my time and passed, my pay is now of little consequence. Will you take me with you?"

"It was exactly what I was thinking of, Ned. Do you think that Captain Sawbridge will consent?"

"I do; he knows how I am circumstanced, and that my going home was merely because I was tired of looking after the *Aurora*."

"We'll go together and ask him to-morrow," replied Jack.

"At all events, you'll have a more gentlemanly companion than Mr. Oxbelly."

"But not so steady, Ned."

The first lieutenant and officers came on board, and passed a merry evening. There's nothing passes time more agreeably away than champagne, and if you do not affront this regal wine by mixing him with any other, he never punishes you the next morning.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX

*A council of war, in which Jack decides that he will have one more cruise.*

AS Captain Sawbridge did not return on board that evening, Easy went on shore and called upon him at the governor's, to whom he was introduced, and received an invitation to dine with him. As Gascoigne could not come on shore, our hero took this opportunity of making his request to Captain Sawbridge, stating that the person he had with him was not such as he wished and could confide everything to; that is, not one to whom he could talk about Agnes. Jack, as he found that Captain Sawbridge did not immediately assent, pressed the matter hard. At last Captain Sawbridge, who reflected that Gascoigne's interest hereafter would be much greater through his friend Easy, than any other quarter, and that the more the