

LEAVES

FROM THE

DIARY OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SERVICE.

SAM SCOTT—MY BOW—ENTER THE NAVY—FIRST NIGHT ON BOARD
—APPLE-PIE BED—DOCKYARD MATEYS—HOSPITALITY—
STRICT OFFICERS—FIRST REBUKE—SECOND DITTO.—AT SEA.

“Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List ye landsmen all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Tell the dangers of the sea.”

THE first extract from my Journal contains an incident connected with “Sam Scott” the diver, who, it will be recollected, afterwards accidentally suspended himself while endeavouring to imitate (too nearly) the struggles of a dying wretch on the gallows, during the loud and continued applause of the multitude. When they were exhausted they beheld to their horror that he had imitated it too truly, not to life, but death! he was a corpse!

On the afternoon of the eventful day that I had been to admire the “wooden wall of Old England” that was