

tures of a voyager that can interest a landsman, though a small thing may create an excitement on board. Every thing is relative, even glory itself, as you may see from the following extract from the log book; and the mate had not even a faint conception of what editors call irony.

‘Our sail-maker, Peter Ulson, a native of Copenhagen, this day, at four hours thirty minutes, P. M., completed a new foresail, which he has performed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and in a manner that reflects on himself the greatest credit.’ Such is the ‘bubble, reputation,’ yet I hope to share the sail-maker’s fame by recording it, as Quintus Curtius is, to this day, remembered in connexion with Alexander.

Our commander had a face as grave as Garrick’s between tragedy and comedy, or a more humble actor’s on a slender benefit; yet he had an invincible propensity to waggery, and was very inventive of practical jokes, some of which fell heavily upon me. He was a good man, faithful to his friend, and fond of his bottle; though his fondness predominated over his fidelity. As it was his custom to throw over his flasks as fast as they were emptied, which happened at short intervals, he was reported by the captain of another ship, who knew ours and the master, by the chain of bottles. This is somewhat after the mode of the Kennebunkers in the West India trade, who drop shingles as they go out, that they may find the way home by tracing them back.

Our captain watched as narrowly as the youngest on board, for means and incidents to give an impulse to time, and to vary our monotonous life. Some deadly feud had arisen between the cook, a Madagascar negro, and the steward, a Lascar; though ‘it was as if this mouth should tear this hand, for lifting food to’t.’ They desired a combat, and the captain gave his permission,