

Poor fellows! three of them died at sea; two more, John and Richard, perished in the ill-fated *Blenheim*, a seventy-four gun ship of the British navy, which went down off the Cape of Good Hope, with seven hundred as brave men on board as ever trod a plank. Notwithstanding these sad recollections, and though none perceived it, my three years' residence among these "sailors bold" decided the nature of my future calling; it captivated my imagination and begat a curiosity, which ultimately led me to make my "home upon the bounding deep."

An orphan is ever exposed to changes. The loss of either parent calls for a degree of sympathy and kindness from others, which they are rarely willing to expend except on their own. Such is the almost universal selfishness of human nature. My experience affords a verification of the truthfulness of the remark. For some cause or other, it became inconvenient for me to remain with my kind aunt Turner, and my next home was with a widowed aunt, at Wanstead, where I did not meet with the same kindness of treatment. The breaking of a cup, or any of the thousand-and-one offences found in the list of juvenile defects, was sure to bring upon me the infliction of the rod; and, what was equally painful, my most economical aunt exacted the full payment for all these losses from the little pocket money I obtained by holding a horse, running errands, or as new-year and Christmas presents; thus gratifying her tem-