

my arm fairly ached ; but he never winced.

"How's that," said I.

"There's a little more life in me : you'd better flog it out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail ; and I sent one of my other men for my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and swore I would keep him there till his stubborn will was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunction of conscience for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. "I will do it," I said to myself ; "I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway and called out to him, but he returned no answer. At ten o'clock I called again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they heard him not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him. I called out several times but he would make no reply, and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. He'll beg before he'll starve, I thought ; and so determined

to let him stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused, and threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hole thirty-six hours, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there of actual starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and jumped down upon the boxes alone. A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there, but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space which I had entirely forgotten, but which I remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would let anything that might have been stored there rest directly upon the thin planking of the ship. To this place I made my way and looked down. I heard the splashing of water and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing ; but as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and thought he looked up—"Jack, are you there ?"

He answered in a faint, weary tone,