

night on board, I hurried down to the boat, and I well recollect, and I say it to my shame, (we could get plenty of boats, but no one to pull them), we took one without oars, and, although the tide was running out strong, we managed to paddle her alongside with the wash-boards, shall I confess it? after we got out, we let her go adrift. Of course, next morning there was a row, but no person knew who did it. We were too wicked to confess; but we were not asked the question directly, or we should have done so. On my way to the starboard gun-room (we were then in a "hulk," and the port gun-room was our mess place), I had to pass the port gun-room, and on the dresser, or buffet, I saw laid out, comfortably snoring, one of our young officers on his back, with a tallow candle burning in his mouth, the wick about three inches from his teeth. This, I was told afterwards, was a "preventive for snoring." I gave it an extra screw to steady it as I passed, and on I went to my hammock. The cockpit was all quietness and slumbers; the sentry was walking faithfully at his post. I disrobed myself, and walked to my hammock, placed one foot on the handle of the amputation-table drawers, my left arm on my hammock, gave a spring, and jumped, and, oh, horror of horrors! I found myself in bed with two muskets, (the bayonets fixed), a frying-pan, a saucepan, gridiron, skewers—in short, all the cook's "present-use-traps," which had been lent (not particularly new or clean) to fit out the mid's mess of H.M.S. ———. This is what is termed an "apple-pie bed," and this was my first night on board a man-of-war.

We were allowed an hour for our ablutions in the