

—puff! *out went the lamp.* The allotted time for the burning of the night-oil had expired, and we were in darkness.

“Well, *you* can’t see now, any more than *I* can—that’s a comfort,” I soliloquized, and turning round, soon tumbled into an uncomfortable doze—so uncomfortable, that I cut it short by waking up, determined on transgressing the ship’s rules, and lighting my reading-lamp—which, after many scratchings of damp (that word is *damp*, mind!) matches, I succeeded in doing, and was pleased to find that my neighbour was not aroused by the noise, and had gone off into a sound sleep. I read several pages of a most amusing and lively book, supposed to have been written by a “Retired Physician,” and after surfeiting myself with an exciting description of the amputation of the lovely leg of a loving (“alas! not wisely, but too well,”) young lady, I found my eyes again irresistibly attracted to my neighbour’s berth. There was a slight move of the curtains, and just as I was about to inquire if my light disturbed the youngster’s slumber, something commenced to peep out from the farther edge of the berth, which, increasing in size and distinctness, resolved itself into a remarkably white foot, naked, and of exceeding smallness for a boy of fourteen, unless he were, indeed, a very little’un. Almost simultaneously with this apparition, there appeared at the Antipodes of this foot—a hand! It came out as though the owner was stretching himself, and approached to within half a yard of my nose, over the bridge of which I surveyed, with astonishment, a magnificent diamond and emerald ring upon the third finger. The arm, which was bare to the elbow, was a clean-made limb as you would wish to see, but did not look much like the right sort for pulling an oar, or handling a cricket-bat. A strange feeling possessed me: and after a few moments, when the two delicate extremities were withdrawn from my gaze, I crept out of my berth—listened—and heard the steady breathing, as of one who slept soundly. Gently, yet with some difficulty, I drew the sharp-pointed instruments of millinery out of the curtains, and carefully shading the light from the eyes of the sleeper, I saw—an exceedingly nice specimen of a pretty *girl*! The before-mentioned patch had fallen, or been removed from her eye, and lay on the pillow. She was partly dressed in a pair of boy’s blue serge trousers, and a striped cotton shirt; her jacket was off, but her waistcoat, though on, was