

being shipped; *rather* inclined to mischief (not unlike every other boy destined for the salt sea); and there is but one thing in his favour—he already keeps a Journal, and Mr. Samuel Scott has the honour of occupying the very *first* leaf. You now see in imagination the author of these leaves.

About the middle of April, many years since, at 9:30 A.M., local mean time exactly, found me on board one of Her Majesty's ships, fitting out for the war in China. At that eventful hour I paced the quarter-deck with no small inward pride. On my walk forward I looked up at the pendant that floated o'er me: on my return aft I unconsciously found myself looking in the glass of the poop windows, which reflected my gold band and buttons. I there stood still and looked at myself, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that I am at last a sailor?" I could have cried with joy. After being weeks, months, and years, I may say, longing to be on board a "man-of-war," now duly and regularly installed, the very first thing I do is to ask permission "to go on shore."

I find nothing of any very great interest noted, although all was new and exciting to me, until my "first night" on board a ship. This I cannot pass without an attempt at description, although mine will give but a faint outline of the reality of the scene.

I happened to be passing the evening on shore, indeed, as well as all the rest of my messmates who had no watch to keep continually did in the hospitable seaport where we had the good fortune to fit out. Leaving the scenes of gaiety early (eleven o'clock), on *purpose* that I should enjoy the pleasures and prospects of my first