

captain's heavy step coming up the ladder, hastily retired, vowing vengeance upon Jack.

Saturday, June 12th.

I amused myself taking a sketch of the cabin "interior." It was about ten feet square, and so low that the only part of it in which the captain could stand upright, was under the skylight. At either side was a berth; both of which were filled with the mistress' boxes, the captain's old clothes, old sails, and sundry other articles, which were there stowed away, and concealed from view by chintz curtains, trimmed with white cotton fringe. The ceiling was garnished with numerous charts rolled up, and confined by tapes running from beam to beam; from one of which, — carefully covered by a cotton handkerchief, — was suspended the captain's new hat. A small recess above the table contained a couple of wine glasses, one of them minus the shank; also an antique decanter, resting upon an old quarto prayer-book, and guarded by a dangerous looking blunderbuss, which was supported by two brass hooks, from one of which hung a small bag containing the captain's spectacles, rule, pencil, and compass. At each side of this recess was a locker: one of them containing a crock of butter, and another of eggs, besides tobacco and soap; the other held a fine Cheshire cheese, a little keg of sprats, and other articles too numerous to mention. An unhappy canary, perched within a rusty cage, formed a pendant from the centre of the sky-light, but a much more pleasing picture decorated one of the panels, — a still-life, admirably delineating an enormous fitch of bacon, which daily grew — less. A small door led into the captain's state-room; the ceiling of which was