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or "bunk" in the fo'castle.
We crossed the line the first of
the week and I was in great expecta-
tions of having a sight of Old Neptune
but for some reason or other the
old genius kept himself out of the way
altogether or at all events he did so
when I was on deck so was disappointed.
It was unanimously agreed that
I should be surrendered to the watery god
that he might take me on a visit to Davy
Jones' Locker and show me all the curiosities.
As he did not come I was not carried
off after all and so I shall have to say
I have crossed the line without seeing
Old Neptune.

The other evening about 7 o'clock
the light in the fo'castle was suddenly
lowered while most of the crew were below.
Knowing by experience what was to
follow I immediately crept into my
bunk ~~in to see what would happen~~
In an instant my sea chest
was raised up bodily from the deck
loor and piled atop of me where it
remained poised for a moment and then
descended again with a bang which
made me rather anxious for the
safety of my bottles of vinegar
and ~~other~~ salts which were

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contained in the said chest.

My cries for mercy were answered
with a volley of onions which being
aimed too high did not put an end
to my life but spent themselves against
the side of the ship over my head.
The conflict now became general.
Tin pots and pans did fly, onions whistled,
and at last some warrior more daring than
the rest seized a brick bat from a spot
where there were some stowed and the
next moment it came in concussion with
my ribs although rather gently being
probably a spent brick.

This was as coming it rather too
strong and some one was at last so
kind as to strike a light in answer
to the cries of the wounded.

The light revealed a scene
not to be described. The combatants
were panting from their exertions.
Only two or three of the most timid
were huddled in a corner. One cried
out that his arm was broken by a brick,
another that he had been hit in the eye
with a boot, while a third declared
that he wouldn't stand it.

As for me my chest was reversed
and the padlock which held it split