

my laugh out, & stumbled against Smythe who was as relieved as Grant and myself in finding it no longer a strict secret, but a joke that the three of us at any rate could enjoy. However we were soon released from the necessity of considering it a secret confided to our joint keeping alone; as the poor creature in his desire for commiseration and partly from the weak feeling that he had been decidedly plucky in the affair, confided it to every one he came across; & for long afterward I hardly ever came to my cabin without finding Moryman surrounded by 2 or 3 fellows requesting their advice as to what should be his next step. I soon got tired of this, & was driven, at the risk of disquoting his civilities, to tell him I considered him a lucky fellow not to have been taken at his word - not adding however, what was the truth,

that the lady would have jumped at his offer had he not been and looked such a confounded fool. The lady, of course did not relish being the heroine of such a romance & to escape from any further imputations of encouraging him even with the random shots of her eyes, she got Smythe to change places with her at table so that poor Moryman lost the satisfaction of being able to help her to potatoes in an expressive manner. His desperation began to make him averse to appearing much in public, & by way of avoiding it used to keep his bed late in the morning. One morning we were up in the Cuddy going over some Sunday music, when a ^{man} belts in & sings out "The tea's in your cabin, Walker" at which I cleared the table & rushed down to find it true enough. There was Moryman drifting, & standing up in his shirt