

spair for a sanctum in a dry bieldy corner. The Captain has a nice house midships, where he sleeps in bad weather with his eye on every thing, & we have endeavoured to induce him by hints and other indirect means to let us have the loan of it for our pipes. But although he is a smoker he does not yet seem to see it. So our only refuge is between the double doors of the Cuddy, when I am sure some smoke must get inside, but as it is not forbidden we continue to make the best of it, in spite of its only holding about 4 comfortably & without seats, & that when there we are always being encroached on by passers through who have to run the gauntlet of our blessings. It is a thoroughfare also for the 'two-decks', so we feel our position un-

tenable by a display of the strongest determination not to give it up. But this uncomfortable want of arrangement for smokers has caused my conscience, & when utterly disgusted with the state of things on deck I retire to my own cabin & smoke there as the ventilation below is so perfect that it can be no nuisance to any one. Some nights in desperation we have got old Miles the Engineer to light up the stairs of his engine room; & we descend into the bowels of the ship and smoke in the stoke hole 6 inches above the keel. But it is an oily draughty place, in spite of the coal fire kept up there by the engineer's watch, who are always there in bad dish weather, even when the engines are not going. Wednesday was the eventful night of Smith's