

and dragged me into safety: the next wave again struck the paddle-box, turned the boat completely over, and threw her inboard amidships; we three were knocked down, but, strange to say, not a bit hurt.

There are no masters in the navy now; it was a good old name, and had been borne by many a hearty seaman of the old school, who was to his captain as a tower of strength. Now they have expanded into navigating

lieutenants, staff commanders, and staff captains. I don't think they've got to be staff admirals yet. I don't know whether they get more pay, and I haven't heard that they're better men than they used to be. Some people say the line is to be abolished altogether. I'm glad our master hadn't been abolished altogether, when I fell against the paddle-wheel.

Well: we steamed out through the fleet



against the black driving storm, and kept the sea all that night, and when we returned to the anchorage the next morning it was a sad sight to see the shore strewn with wrecks. A few days later we heard that the army had suffered severely from the gale, and that there had been wrecks elsewhere, but it was not till the newspapers came from England that we realized the foundering of the *Black Prince*, and the awful tragedies of Balaclava Roads. The *Black Cat* was none the worse: we fished up both our lost anchors

in the course of a few days, but we never anchored quite so close to the beach again.

II.

IT makes all the difference in the world what sort of ship a youngster goes to sea in for the first time. Somewhere about the year 1850, Sir William Parker's flag was flying on board the *Queen*, as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. All the youngsters of that ship turned out well; they couldn't help it. I don't suppose there ever