



LITERATURE.

THE FLAG THAT RULES THE WAVE.

Let Nations join, but never they Shall rule the stormy brine. Till the last British sailor's bones Beneath it shall recline. While our vessel cleaves the wave, While surges lash the strand, While o'er the deep wild tempests rave, There England shall command.

With Nelson, England's banner flew Triumphant o'er the wave; And Acre's towers attest that now Our tars are still as brave; And still shall rule the watery waste, For when the battle's nigh They nail their colours to the mast, And sink before they fly.

The British flag the bondsman frees; He feels his chain no more; It floats triumphant in the breeze, And's hailed from shore to shore. As Ocean Queen our Isle shall reign, While men shall freedom love, Till free-born men shall kiss the chain, That tyrant hands have wove.

Till seas shall cease to ebb and flow, Till stars shall cease to shine, Till Man and Maiden cease to woo, Or seek the marriage shrine; Till beauty's smile shall cease to cheer, The bosom of the brave, Shall France and every nation fear, The Flag that rules the wave.

SERGEANT MAJOR NOAKE, Royal Dragoons.

*As no line of battle ship has ever struck to the enemy, there is a tradition in the Navy that she must go down with her colours flying.

[From the New York Organ.]

THE OLD CODGER.

BY SARA H. BROWN.—CHAPTER IV.

"Give an account of yourself, sir, or you shall leave the vessel this instant," spoke up Mrs. Moss. "We are not going to allow of your sneaking about any longer in this suspicious way. How did you get here? What did you come for? Where do you belong?" with a dozen other similar questions were discharged at the victim in less time than it takes to record one of them. Still he was speechless, and drawing his hat further over his face seemed sullenly resigned to his impending fate.

"What has he done?" inquired Elizabeth, stepping a little nearer to him than before, and trying to get a glance at his face.

"Done? Why, we can't find out yet, but are in a fair way to," replied one of the company, coarsely. "He can't stand such a cross-questioning long, I'll warrant him."

"Has he done any thing wrong?" He has been in the post-office several times, and I have seen nothing amiss," said Elizabeth, earnestly. "It seems to me that we ought to take one's innocence instead of guilt for granted till we have some proof."

"Why don't he speak and clear himself?" screamed Mrs. Moss, whose good temper was evidently on the wane.

"May be he's deaf and dumb," suggested Elizabeth, smiling; and her pretty fingers were brought into a range with the old man's eyes, twirling themselves into the words of the deaf mute language, but with no response by word or sign.

"I rather think you must have some acquaintance with this person, Miss Wardwell," said Mrs. Moss, glancing contemptuously at her. "Perhaps he is some of your connections; if so, I'm sure I would not hurt your feelings by dealing too plainly with him."

A roar of laughter followed this vulgar remark. "I never saw him before," replied Elizabeth, with courageous dignity, although the blood mantled to her tell tale face painfully. "I never saw him before, Mrs. Moss, but I would not have him nor any one else needlessly insulted or wronged on that account."

Very angry and unladylike expressions followed this remark on the part of Mrs. Moss, who, in a temper of rage with the obstinate old creature before her, had hardly less with one who should dare offer a word in his defence, now rudely announced that the intruder should be taken ashore without delay. By this time Elizabeth Wardwell had taken her station close by his side, altogether undecided what to do, but resolved to do something; for she felt a strong conviction that his squalid appearance, indicating inability to help in a pecuniary way, was with his unfeeling persecutor, his principal crime. She thought of home, and her resolution was confirmed to befriend the old man, so needlessly beset and tormented. Her clear common sense made her wonder that some one had not courage to persuade Mrs. Moss to abandon her unreasonable and ridiculous position. What right could she possibly have to make or execute an order for forcing

a peaceable individual ashore? But no one opposed the thing, and the old gentleman was conducted to the ladder without resistance.

"Where's Captain Cunningham?" inquired Elizabeth, nervously; for she really wished to preserve the occasion from the name of so disgraceful an act, as she could not but regard it. Besides, she pitied the poor old man who had more than once looked up in her face, as if thankfully aware that some one had a kind interpretation to put on his conduct and condition.

"Gone ashore with some ladies," replied one of the crew. "And where's Mr. Callam, the mate?"

"Gone, too," replied the sailor, "but they're both coming in the boat yonder—be here directly."

"I wish they were here this moment," pursued Elizabeth; but just then the report of a pistol which the old man had suddenly produced, startled all hands, and there was a general flight from his immediate neighbourhood, and considerable consternation felt and expressed; although no one was sensible of receiving in any vital organ, the contents of the deadly weapon. But the murderous intent was just as palpable to the senses of the bystanders for all that, although the perpetrator of the deed stood coolly leaning over the bulwarks, and watching the progress of an elegant barge, which, manned by four sturdy oarsmen, was now seen rounding a headland and darting with the rapidity of a sea-bird's flight towards the vessel.

At this moment the Captain and Mate sprang upon the deck, and having learned the posture of affairs from half a dozen eager and frightened voices, advanced cautiously to the rescue.

"I'm sure I hope no harm has been done or intended," said Cunningham, hurriedly.

"It's well you have come, Captain," said Mrs. Moss, in a tone of indignant innocence. "Our lives are in danger, sir, from yonder individual, as I am quite sure our property has been this evening. He has just discharged a pistol, at me, I presume, by way of resentment of a request I have just urged, that he should leave the barque forthwith." "Not without his consent, probably, if he has committed no overt act of offence. Here, sir, what's the trouble?" said Cunningham, taking the old man by the arm.

"He appears strangely, but has done nothing worthy of ill treatment," said the heroic Elizabeth, whom even the pistol had not deterred from taking her place again near the cause of all this bustle and affright; "and he fired into the air—I don't think he meant to hurt any one—perhaps it was a signal."

Captain Cunningham could not withhold a glance of admiration at the speaker, as her cheeks glowed and her black eyes sparkled with generous enthusiasm. "He has certainly found an able advocate as well as accuser," remarked Cunningham, smiling at the earnestness with which she spoke, and thinking best to laugh off the matter as well as he could.

"One is always an advocate for one's particular friends," put in Mrs. Moss, scornfully, willing to vent her spite on any body who had dared to screen the culprit from her ire, till he was now very likely to find an acquittal.

This coarse and cruel remark was unheard or unheeded; for an expression of astonishment which burst from Cunningham's lips at the moment attracted general attention. The barge now shot alongside, and his eye was intently rivetted upon it, as he exclaimed—"That is his boat—certainly it can be no other! Is it possible he is here?" And hastily turning himself about, he encountered the eye of the stranger. He read the truth in an instant through all disguises.

"Mr. Spark, Mr. Spark, this is you, sir!" he exclaimed, vehemently, seizing him by the hand, while a torrent of mingled vexation, surprise and chagrin rushed into his heart, diffusing over his fine, manly features a perfectly correspondent expression. "What apology in the world shall we offer for this outrageous hospitality of ours?"

"Ha, ha! I hardly know myself," replied the old gentleman, looking as if he really was at a loss whether to treat the matter in a grave or comic manner. "I am Noah Spark, ladies and gentlemen, not much used to decent company, you know, and it's no great wonder an 'old codger' like myself couldn't be quite so agreeable as you young folks—but I meant no harm to these good ladies, and tried to keep out of their way; and as to my orange, ma'am," he continued, turning to the disconcerted Mrs. Moss, "I certainly didn't steal it! If you persist in thinking so yet, ma'am, I am ready to pay you another dollar." Abashed and confounded for once in her life, Mrs. Moss fell back in utter confusion; her cheeks crimson with mortification at the abominable dilemma in which she found herself. She hesitated, stammered, and finally was silent; for her usually fertile wits dictated no very convenient way of escape. And that the tide of popular sentiment was strongly setting against her, she could readily discover in altered looks and whispered reproaches.

"And as to picking pockets," commenced Mr. Spark, following up his advantage with the discomfited mistress of the ceremonies, "as to picking your pockets, ma'am, I've had my own picked of more than twenty-five dollars since I came on board my vessel here! and I trust your charitable enterprise has been no loser by my visit, if it was my humor to elude, recognition by a disguise, I didn't know before it was a capital crime! But the women, Cunningham, the women as I told you, have laws and ordinances of their own, ha, ha!"

"Do let me beg your pardon, sir, in behalf of these ladies, and all others concerned—of course they weren't aware—it was all a mistake, sir, which I hope you will be good enough to overlook," pleaded Cunningham, distressed at the position of all parties.

"Yes, yes, but then I must pay the doctor's bill for healing up their shattered heads and nerves, occasioned by firing a signal for my boat to come up and take me off before I was strung up without benefit of judge, jury, or clergy, ha, ha!" pursued the tormenting old codger.

"Pray forget this blunder of ours, Mr. Spark," put in the Captain again, "and let us part good friends." "Well, good bye to ye—I'll consider of it—that gal I shall not be very likely to forget—where is she?" and the old man bustled about to find Elizabeth Wardwell, who

now, in her turn, began to fear she had committed the most ridiculous error of the whole, though on the other side, and had retreated to avoid any farther observation. "Good bye, Miss," he said, shaking her heartily by the hand, "you and I will be better acquainted by and by."

Thus saying he descended into the barge and was off in an instant.

CHAPTER V.

From the landing, whither many village damsels were attended by the Captain, Mate and various other beaux, Elizabeth Wardwell and her escort walked swiftly and silently; Cunningham made some unsuccessful and, as he thought, awkward efforts to draw her into conversation on the events of the evening, but how should a timid girl like herself have much to say to a comparative stranger? And the Captain, too, (you may believe it or not, reader, just as you choose), never felt so hard pushed in all his life, not so much for something to say, as how to say it! As they drew near the cottage, however, the quick eye of affection caught the glimmer of light through the vine covered windows, flitting from place to place in a manner quite uncommon for the lateness of the hour. The sight agitated Elizabeth; for she was just in that mood of feeling when every trifle tells with weight on the already overburdened spirit. She involuntarily quickened her pace, as if a foretokening of evil were about to be realized. Before their steps had reached the threshold, Mrs. Wardwell appeared at the door, pale, and trembling in such a manner, that the lamp she held in her hand gave a very uncertain light.

"Oh, Elizabeth, is it you—I heard your steps—I am so glad you have come at last," exclaimed the widow, wildly. "What's the matter, mother?" returned Elizabeth, springing forward. "Has anything happened? you look frightened and ill!"

"Run for the doctor this minute, child—Dorcas is fainting or dying, I don't know which!"

"Let me serve you, ladies," said Cunningham, presenting himself, "I will go for the doctor—pray go in, Miss Wardwell!" She had not time to assent to this spontaneous declaration of friendly interest, before he was out of sight and hearing.

Elizabeth flew to the bedside of the sufferer. There she lay, pale as death itself, and as still, save an occasional gasp which alone indicated the presence of languid vitality. She raised the passive form, and following it on her bosom, strove with loving epithets and entreaties to awaken some signal of recognition or consciousness, but in vain; and before she had learned from her mother the history of the alarming attack, the doctor arrived, still accompanied by Cunningham, who, while he knew full well that it was no time to stand on the observance of rules of etiquette, felt irresistibly drawn to the scene of distress.

"Is she dying, sir?" asked Elizabeth, in a choking voice, as the medical man carefully examined the case, with an ominous shake of the head. He remained silent a few minutes, and then feelingly replied—

"I fear you must make up your minds for the worst, ladies. Unless my judgment is very much at fault, this is indeed the closing scene in the life of your poor girl! An hour hence, I think it will all be over!"

The stillness that succeeded this fearful announcement, was only broken by a sob of anguish from the lips of both mother and daughter.

"You need help as well as consolation, my friends," said the kind physician; "I would gladly aid you, although I can do nothing for Dorcas."

"Let me call some of your female friends, or go for your minister, or serve you in some way," said Captain Cunningham, who had heard the Doctor's remarks, and now advanced into the death-chamber; fully satisfied as to the propriety with which even an utter stranger could tender his kindly offices at such a time. Elizabeth looked up from the icy hand she was still endeavoring to warm between her own, and her glance assured him that his friendly demonstrations of sympathy were kindly and even gratefully received. But he had hardly started to execute a commission to summon a few near neighbours to their assistance, when a hollow and heavy moan from the sufferer, and a sudden distortion of features instantly drew the attention of every one. In an agony of fear and dread Elizabeth sprang up from her kneeling posture by the bedside—

"Oh, wait a moment, Captain Cunningham!" she cried, "stay by us till this is past—it must be death, Doctor—and oh, how frightful!" she added, shuddering at the violent strugglings which now commenced, while the physician and Cunningham bent over the convulsed and rigid form of the dying girl. The cold dew started in rills upon her forehead, while the articulate wailings that broke from her white and tremulous lips rang appallingly through the humble abode. It was indeed a spectacle at which masculine nerves could hardly maintain their equanimity. Ah! how earnestly, at that moment, did the kind heart of young Cunningham yearn to express its sympathetic sorrow in terms of familiar household friendship! How he longed for a right to soothe the sudden terror and anguish of that sad household by accents and offices of assiduous tenderness!

There are periods in a lifetime when the heart involuntarily unveils itself—when its inner depth discovers themselves like the pages of an open book; periods when a single hour does more towards acquainting one human being with another, than years and years of ordinary social intercourse; and the reader will in no wise be overcome with astonishment to learn that the hour whose events we have been partially recording, proved to our hero and heroine just such a period, that when they parted that night without a single word, and only a respectful pressure of the hand, beside the pale and motionless form of the dead Dorcas, they felt each one that they were no longer strangers!

CHAPTER VI.

Very early next morning saw Captain Cunningham on his way to the country residence of Mr. Spark, which was several miles from the port. Here he found the old gentleman, contrary to his expectations, in a very jocular