

## Poet's Corner.

## To the Unsatisfied.

Why thus longing, why forever sighing,  
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,  
While the beautiful all around thee lying,  
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearnings it would still;  
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee, are preaching,  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou, must be, if around thee  
Thou, no ray of light and joy can'st throw—  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world, through weal and woe;

If no dear eye thy fond love can brighten,  
No fond voices answer to thy own;  
If no brother's sorrow thou can'st lighten  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the world's applause—  
Not by works that give thee world-renown—  
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,  
Can'st thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,  
When all nature hails the lord of light,  
And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,  
Rebeks yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,  
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domain thou rovest,  
Sighing that they are not thine alone,  
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,  
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;  
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;  
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,  
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

## THE SILENT MATE.

FROM THE LOG BOOK OF A SHIPMASTER.

By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

Some years ago I had command of a ship engaged in the East India Trade. My first officer, or mate, was named Luke Marshall. He shipped with me at Liverpool to run to Calcutta, but on the passage out my mate died, and having found Marshall a most excellent seaman, both theoretically and practically, I gave him the office. He readily accepted it, but I could plainly see that he did it more from a desire to please me, than because he aspired to the post. I was not deceived in his capability, for he soon proved himself the most efficient officer I ever had. He altered the ship's sailing gear, and made more speed by one sixth certainly than I had ever done. He was punctual in his reckoning—could tell to a certainty what time we should make. When we were near our destination, he came to me one evening and told me that if the wind held fair we should see Edmonstone's Island at half past six on the following morning; and at twenty-eight minutes past six in the morning, the lookout reported land two points on the starboard bow.

Marshall was one of the most civil and gentlemanly men I ever saw, and his manners showed that he had been well educated, both mentally and socially. Yet there was one thing that troubled me not a little—or rather I should say it puzzled me—though I must confess I did allow myself at times to feel somewhat troubled. My mate was the most silent man, for one who commanded the free use of language, that I ever met with. He scarcely ever spoke, save on matters pertaining to his duty, and then only in as few words as possible. I often tried to draw him into conversation, but without avail. I tried to learn something of his former history. I knew he was an American and that was all.

One evening after we had entered the Hoogly, and while our ship lay at Diamond Point, I was sitting in my cabin, and Marshall was alone with me. I pushed the wine bottle over to him, and asked him if he would not take a drop. I had never seen him take wine at any time, but he had often refused. He took the bottle and poured some of the wine out into a glass, and then held the glass up between his eyes and the lamp. His face turned pale as death, his lips were tightly compressed. The glass fell from his hand upon the floor, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

"Mr. Marshall are you not well?" I uttered, starting up and laying my hand upon his arm.

"Very well," he returned, laying my hand off,

and looking up with a faint smile. "You will excuse me, captain, I was an accident."

"That's nothing," said I, alluding to the glass; "take another—here."

"No, no," he quickly uttered, putting the glass away. "I do not drink wine, sir."

"You have signed a teetotal pledge, perhaps," said I, carelessly.

"Signed a teetotal pledge!" he repeated, in a tone so strange that it fairly made me start. "No, sir, I have not."

"Then why not take a glass of wine on such a night as this?"

Marshall looked at me as though he would look me through. There was a strange spark in his eye, and I could see his cheeks grow pale again. His hand trembled, and he placed it in his lap out of my sight. At length he spoke, and his voice was very low and deep.

"Captain," said he, "in that wine there lurks a demon as deadly as the twin brother of Night. You may escape him and yet embrace—I will not drink it."

"But you have—" "Stop!" he whispered, cutting me short, and raising his finger. "Never finish that sentence in my presence, or allude to the subject again."

And with that he broke off upon another topic, and began to lay out the business of the morrow.

"The lighters will come down from the city early in the morning," he said; "and as I must be up to tend them, I will retire now."

I fairly ached to question my mate further on his strange conduct, but his look forbade me. He threw off his garments and retired to his state-room, and I was left alone with my wine. I looked at the bottle and then at the fragments of glass upon the floor, and I wondered what it was that dwelt upon my mate's mind, for well I knew there was something. When I arose to go on deck and set the watch, I hoped that some day Marshall might let me into his secret, for I had become deeply interested in him. I had learned to love him for his gentleness and mildness, and I hoped to know more of him. It may have been a faint hope, yet I cherished it.

Our business was all transacted at Calcutta, and I had partly made arrangements for a full cargo of hides, when I received an overland despatch from my owners to proceed at once to Hong Kong, and take in a large and valuable cargo which an agent would have ready there. So to Hong Kong we went.

One day after we had taken part of our cargo and were waiting for more to come from the English factories at Canton, an old man came to the ship with a letter from the English agent. I read the few lines, and they simply asked me if I would take the bearer to England. My mate was not on board, or I should have consulted him; but the old man looked very respectable in his appearance, and I at once told him that he should go with me. There were three spare state-rooms, and I immediately gave him one of them. He had his luggage brought up from the boat and placed in his room. He was certainly seventy years of age, and his hair was as white as snow. I conversed with him a long while, and found him one of the most intelligent men with whom I had ever met. At about 9 o'clock in the evening he seemed fatigued, and expressed a desire to retire; so I showed him to his state room and bade him good night. These state rooms were small apartments leading out from the cabin, and were large enough for a good-sized single bunk and wash-stand, and with spare room enough to dress and lounge. It was a warm, sultry evening, and I left the old man's door partly open at his request. His name, as given in the letter and marked upon his trunks, was Joshua Foster.

At ten o'clock my mate came off. I met him on deck, and by the light of the gangway lantern I could see that he was pale and agitated. He answered me only with monosyllables, and with a quick and uneven step he went below. After he went down I went about the ship and gave directions for keeping an anchor-watch, and having posted a sentinel, I turned towards the cabin. On my I passed along the larboard side of the deck, and as I reached the grated skylight, which is built over the cabin, I stopped; what induced me to do so I cannot tell, but I stopped and looked down, and I saw Marshall sitting at the table, pouring wine out into a glass. This surprised me, but the next moment surprised me more. He filled the glass about half full, and then took a small phial from his pocket, and having removed the stopper, he poured its contents into the wine. I could see his face, and it was as pale as death. A fearful suspicion flashed across my mind, and quick as thought I darted down into the cabin. My mate was just raising the glass to his lips. With one movement I sprang forward and dashed the

glass from his hands, and as it shivered in pieces upon the floor, he sprang to his feet. He caught me fiercely by the arm, but when he caught my keen, steady eye, he dropped his hand and sank back into his chair.

"What do you mean?" I sternly asked.

Marshall bowed his head and made no reply. I saw the phial on the table, and I took it up and placed it to my nose—there came up from it the strong pungent odor of prussic acid! I sat down and gazed Marshall in the face. I laid my hand gently down by my side, and with as much kindness of tone as I could command, I said—

"Luke Marshall, I am your friend. I love you as I never loved a man before. Now tell me what this means?"

"No, no, captain," he replied. "I wish you wouldn't ask me. I must die. I cannot live longer. If you can find some competent man to take my place, do so, for my services for man are at an end. You have stayed my hand now, but you cannot again. A pistol, or my razor, will do for me."

I moved nearer to my mate, and placed my arm about his neck.

"Tell me," I urged, "what this means? Confide in me, and I promise that I will never betray you."

Marshall seemed much moved by my manner, for he trembled, and the tears came to his eyes. At length he said in a subdued tone—

"You have been kind to me, and I have a mind to tell you the story of my life. You will never speak of it to another, and never—"

"What?" said I, as he hesitated.

"Never lay your hands upon me again, let me be doing what I may."

"In that I must be governed by my own judgment," I replied. "But tell me your story, and then I can be the better judge."

A few moments my mate bowed his head in silence. When he looked up there was a stronger shade of melancholy upon his features, and his eyes were moist.

"It will be a short story," he said, "a very short one." And after a short thought he resumed: "I was born in the city of New York. My father was a very wealthy merchant, and of course I was reared in the lap of luxury. I never expressed a want that was not complied with, and both my parents did their utmost to please me and make me happy. My father was a man of quick, passionate temper, and I had a temper as fiery as his own."

"You had a temper?" I queried, dubiously.

"Why, you are the mildest man I ever saw."

Marshall smiled faintly, and with a shake of the head, he continued:

"I had a bad temper. But let that pass now. My father indulged freely at the wine cup, and it is no wonder that I followed his example. I first learned to love the wine, and then I came to love the excitement which it produced. I saw no danger, for all my friends were in the same habit. When I was yet a mere lad, my father sent me as supercargo in one of his ships. It was at my own urgent request, and I learned to love the roving free life of the ocean. But when I reached the age of eighteen, I was sent to college. I remained there one year, and then I was expelled for intemperance."

My mate stopped here and bowed his head upon his hand, and I could see the tears trickling down between his fingers.

"Oh," he resumed, in a tremulous voice, "what a fool I was. I returned to my father, who upbraided me for my conduct. High words arose between us; but my mother came in and quieted the storm. After this I remained at home for some time. At length I became acquainted with a girl whom I thought virtuous and well connected, and I made proposals of marriage to her. She, it seems, gave publicity to the fact, and it came to my mother's ears. She made enquiries about the girl, and ascertained that her character was not good. Had she told me this in her own kind way, I should never have seen the girl again, for all my plans were just and honorable, and I was deceived in the character of the one I thought I loved. But my mother told my father, and he was to speak with me."

"One evening I came home—it was near midnight—and I had been indulging freely in wine, and my father had been doing the same. He had been out to a club meeting, and his face was flushed and his step unsteady. That was the first and only time I had ever seen him so much influenced by wine. When I entered the sitting-room he asked me where I had been, and I told him to the theatre. He next asked me whom I carried, and I told him. It was the young lady of whom I have just spoken. He then told me that I must see the girl no more. I resented the

command, and thereupon he threatened to turn me out of doors if I disobeyed him. He then cast upon the girl in question the most opprobrious epithets, and I was stung to the quick. I answered him hotly, and he threatened me. I did not stop to consider that he was under the influence of wine, but I was too far in its power myself for that. I accused him of trampling upon me, and he taunted me with bringing shame upon his household. This maddened me, and I spoke very quickly and thoughtlessly. What I said was severe, and upon my father it struck like a shaft of lightning, and he struck me with his cane. As I received that blow my blood like molten lava—I was blind—crazy. My father lifted his cane again, and I seized a chair that stood near me. I lifted it with both my hands, and with all my maniac might I hurled it at his head. He sank upon the carpet like a rag. In an instant I was sober. I knelt down over the prostrate form, but there was no motion—no breath. Presently there came a convulsive movement of the muscles, but it quickly passed away, and he was as motionless as the chair that lay broken at his side. I spoke to him but he did not answer. I lifted him to a sofa, and chafed his temples, but not a sign of life could I discover. I knew that I had killed my father, and I sank down on my knees by his side, and wept and prayed.

"Soon I was aroused by a step behind me, and on looking up I saw my mother. She asked what was the matter, but I could not answer. She stooped over the motionless body of her husband and I remember the word "dead" broke from her lips, and then she sank fainting upon the couch. I started up and gazed about me. Once more I felt my father's pulse, but it did not move. His eyes were half open, and they were glassy and dim. With one low cry I started back and seized my hat. I was a murderer! the murderer of my own father! A dim spectre arose before me—a gallows in shape! and I fled from the house. I made my way to Philadelphia, and from thence to Charlestown, and there I took passage to England. I have not seen my native land since. While in Philadelphia I took up a morning paper from New York, and there I read that my father had died of apoplexy. My mother hid my crime."

Marshall stopped and hid his head again. He did not shed tears now, but his eyes set and glaring.

"Ha!" he uttered, starting suddenly, "have we had a listener?"

"I forgot," was my reply, as I recollected the passenger I had taken, and at the same time cast my eyes towards the door of the state-room where I had placed him. "I have had a passenger come on board."

"You ought to have told me," said Marshall trembling with fear.

But before I could make any further reply, the door of the state room was pushed further open, and the white-haired old man came forth. He gazed first upon me, and then upon my mate, and then with a low, wild murmur he tottered towards the table. He sank down upon his knees, and laid his head in my mate's lap.

"Luke! Luke! my son!—O my son!" he murmured, as he reached up his trembling hands and caught the mate about the neck.

Luke Marshall, as I had known him, started to his feet and held the old man off at arm's length.

"What are you?" he gasped, glaring wildly at him.

"I am Joshua Foster—I am your father! O Luke, my boy, my noble, wronged boy, forgive me—O forgive me! I know I abused you—I know I made you mad. But forget all now—I am your father. I did not die—you did not kill me, but I lived and recovered. I have sought the whole earth after you. I have been all up and down the world. O, you know me."

A few moments my mate held that old man off and gazed into his face, and then, with a sharp cry, he sank back insensible.

During all that night Luke raved like a madman, but on the next day he came to his senses, and a severe fever set in. He called for his father when he came to, and I saw the old man bend over him and kiss him and weep—and I saw the young man wind his arms about that aged form and cry like a child.

And so my mate's real name was Luke Foster, and I heard the old man tell, while he sat by his son's side, how he had recovered from the effects of the blow he had received. Two whole days after Luke fled did he lay insensible, and the servants reported that he was dead. When he recovered he told his wife the whole story, and having left his business in competent hands he set out to search for his son. He traced him to Liver-