

Literature, &c.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

A SEAMAN'S GRAVE.—Independently of any personal interest, the sailors are always very desirous that no one should die on board, or, rather, they have a great objection to the body of any who have died remaining amongst them. This is a superstition easily accounted for amongst men whose whole lives are passed, as it were, on the very edge of the grave, and who have quite enough, as they suppose, to remind them of their mortality, without the actual presence of its effects. An idea prevails amongst them, that sharks will follow a ship for a whole voyage which has a corpse on board; and the loss of a mast, or the long duration of a foul wind, or any other inconvenience, is sure to be ascribed to this same influence. Accordingly when a man dies on board ship, there is an obvious anxiety amongst the crew to get rid of their late shipmate as speedily as possible. It need not be mentioned, that the surgeon is in constant attendance upon the dying man who has generally been removed from his hammock to a cot, which is larger and more commodious, and is placed within a screen on one side of the sick bay, as the hospital of the ship is called. It is usual for the captain to pass through this place, and to speak to the men every morning; and I imagine there is hardly a ship in the service in which wine, fresh meat, and any other supplies recommended by the surgeon, are not sent from the tables of the captain and officers to such of the sick men as require a more generous diet than the ship's stores provided. After the carver in the gun-room has helped his messmates, he generally turns to the surgeon and says, "Doctor, what shall I send to the sick?" But, even without this, the steward would certainly be taken to task were he to omit inquiring, as a matter of course, what was wanted in the sick bay. The restoration of the health of the invalids by such supplies is, perhaps, not more important, however, than the moral influence of the attention on the part of the officers. Very shortly after poor Jack dies, he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sailmaker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock, and having placed a couple of cannon shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the package, apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft, and being placed across the after hatchway, the union jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half deck; but generally I think, he is laid where I have mentioned, just abaft the mainmast. Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half-hours are struck is tolled for the funeral by one of the quarter-masters of the watch below, or by one of the deceased's messmates; and all who choose to be present assemble in the gangways, booms, and round the mainmast, while the forepart of the quarter deck is occupied by the officers. While the people are repairing to the quarter deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest across the lee. The stanchions for the man ropes of the side are unshipped, and an opening made at the after end of the hammock netting, sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased range themselves on each side. A rope which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be seen presently. When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter deck and commences the beautiful service, which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed, never fails to rivet the attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. Of course, the bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. Sailors with all their looseness of habits, are well disposed to be sincerely religious; and when they have fair play given them, they will always,

I believe, be found to stand on as good vantage ground in this respect, as their fellow-countrymen on shore. Be this as it may, there can be no more attentive, or apparently reverent auditory, than assemblies on the deck of a ship of war, on the occasion of a shipmate's burial. There is no material difference in the form of this service from that used on shore, excepting in the place where allusion is made to the return of the body to its parent earth. At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down, and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words "we commit his body to the deep," project the grating right into the sea. The body being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and—

"In a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown."

This part of the ceremony is rather less impressive than the correspondent part on land; but still there is something solemn, as well as startling, in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating, as it is towed along under the main-chains.—*Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

LINES BY L. E. L.

SUPPOSED TO BE THE PRAYER OF THE SUPPLICATING
Nymph in MR. LAURENCE MACDONALD'S EXHIBITION
OF SCULPTURE.

SHE kneels as if in prayer, one graceful arm
Extended to implore; her face is fair,
But calm and somewhat sad: methinks the past
Has taught her life's all general lesson—grief;
But grief which has subsided on that brow
To a sweet gravity, that yet seems strange
In one so young: her lip is cold, and wears
No smile to suit its beauty or its youth.
What is its prayer?

THE myrtle wreath that I have laid
Upon thy shrine is wither'd all;
The bloom which once its beauty made,
I would not, if I could, recall;
No! emblem of my heart and me,
I lay it, Goddess, on thy shrine;
And the sole prayer I offer thee,
Is—let it still be emblem mine.

There was a time when I have knelt
With beating heart and burning brow;
All I once felt is now unmet—
The depths once stirr'd are silent now:
I only kneel that I may pray
A future like my present time—
A calm, if not a varied way—
A still, if not a summer clime.

There comes no color to my cheek,
Whatever step be passing by;
No glance makes mine the green earth seek,
That answer of a conscious eye,
My pulse is still as waves that sleep
When the unbroken heaven is deep;
Ah! never comes a calm so deep
As where the tempest late hath been.
Thou, Wind, that, like a gentle song,
Scarce stir'st the sleeping summer air,
How often hast thou borne along
The vain reproach of my despair!
Fair fount, by whose moss-circled side
My eyes have shed their bitter rain,
Flow on with an unsullied tide,
Thou'lt never see my tears again.

Time was, I loved so many things,
The earth I trod, the sky above,—
The leaf that falls, the birds that sing;—
Now there is nothing that I love—
And how much sorrow I am spared,
By loveless heart and listless eye!
Why should the love of life be shared
With things that change, or things that die?

Let the rose fall, another rose
Will bloom upon the self-same tree;
Let the bird die, ere evening close
Some other bird will sing for me.
It is for the beloved to love,
'Tis for the happy to be kind;

Sorrow will more than death remove
The associate links affections bind.

My heart hath like a lamp consumed,
In one brief blaze, what should have fed
For years the sweet life it illumed,
And now it lies cold, dark, and dead.
'Tis well such false light is o'ercast,
A light that burnt where'er it shone;
My eagerness of youth is past,
And I am glad that it is gone.

My hopes and feelings, like those flowers,
Are wither'd, on thy altar laid—
A dark night falls from my past hours:
Still let me dwell beneath its shade,
Cold as the winter midnight's air,
Calm as the groves around thy shrine—
Such, Goddess, is my future's prayer,
And my heart answers, "It is mine!"

AFFECTING STORY.—The house of Mr. Duveluz, the British Consul at Adrianople, is nearly the best in the town. The fate of its preceding occupants is a melancholy example of the uncertainty of life in this country. It was successfully the property of two brothers. One fell a victim to the plague, when that heavy scourge last visited Adrianople; the other, who succeeded him in his property, was decapitated shortly after, before his own door. Among the servants of the consul is a beautiful Greek of the name of Marigo who comes nearer to my idea of a Heberthan almost any other woman I ever saw. Moreover, she is not only very pretty but very good. Her adventures are a picture of the country and times in which she lives. I relate them as I heard them, partly from Mr. Duveluz and partly from her own mouth. She was born at Scio; her father a man in comfortable circumstances was remarked for his facetious character even in that island, the former abode of wit and mirth. At the insurrection of Scio, he was one of the first who fell in that terrible massacre. His unhappy widow, with four children, of whom Marigo was the youngest, fled into the mountains, with a little dry bread and a pitcher of water, and hid themselves in a cavity of one of the highest rocks in the island. They remained unmolested for two days, though they were kept in dreadful alarm by the constant report of fire-arms, the savage yells of the Turks, and the despairing screams of their victims. Their supply of water exhausted, the mother resolved, in the dead of the night, to refill the pitcher; but the courageous little Marigo seized it from her mother's hands, said she would fetch the water, that she was the lightest and smallest of them all, and had the best chance of escaping unseen by the Turks. At midnight she set out on her good and bold enterprise, crept down the rock, and arrived at a spring, without any further inconvenience than cutting her feet with the sharp stones. As she was returning, she heard voices in the Turkish language near: she threw herself into a field of standing corn. She had been heard and was pursued. The Turks hunted for her with their yatagans. At last, one of their party slightly wounded her. It was an old, white-headed negro, who hurried her away towards the town. They stopped at a house, and were admitted by another negro, who proved to be the son of her captor. The young black immediately conceived a violent affection for the pretty captive: a quarrel between the men was the consequence; and it ended in the father's seizing a pistol and discharging it into his son's body. The wretched old man became frantic at what he had done, and mingled his yells of grief with his son's dying groans. The wounded man soon expired: the old man then opened the window, took up the corpse, and flung it into the street. He now became more furious than ever. At length he seized Marigo by her hair, dragged her into the street, and offered her for sale. Haji Baba, a nefarious slave-dealer of Adrianople, bought her for a handful of paras, (a few pence) and took her to his depot where she found a number of companions in misfortune, who, together with herself, were put into a large boat, and landed at Gallipoli, whence she was brought to Adrianople. Here she had the happiness to fall into the hands of my excellent friend Mr. Duveluz, who immediately redeemed her. Ever since, he has treated her like a daughter, and she repays his goodness with a daughter's love. Several of Marigo's