

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON SHIP."

The following story, founded on fact, we abridge from an amusing publication, entitled, "The Story Teller."

A grand party was given on board the "Invincible," an English man-of-war in the Tagus, to some of the residents at Lisbon. The ship was illuminated and there was much festivity. In the midst of mirth Christian Loeffler and Ernestine Fredeberg, two of the guests, were melancholy. They had been married but seven days, and Loeffler was now to leave his bride in the "Invincible" for the Brazils.

On the following morning the ship sailed, and on the day after that, one of the crew died, apparently from a fall, but the corpse, immediately after death, exhibited strange appearances. Several of the crew died suddenly. It was suspected that the viands consumed at the feast had been poisoned. The number of the sick awfully increased. Loeffler assisted them with generous care, but at length he was assailed himself. Strange torture afflicted his body and maddening thoughts ran through his mind. He suspected something more than the poison supposed to be administered caused the evil. The thought often banished returned on Christian's mind; and a fearful test by which he might prove its reality suddenly occurred to him. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He dragged himself towards it; he opened the breast of his skirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Loeffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance towards the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, "Farewell!—farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon.—With difficulty that half worn out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loeffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "The Plague is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for heaven's sake, your suspicions to this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction." I have still hopes that the surgeon's words were wasted on air.—His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered the delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate), in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes which followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until they were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baneful and virulent from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loeffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to the world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself above deck, placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a seameas, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previous to the sleeper's awaking.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noon-tide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength Loeffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound either of feet or voices met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the palpitation at his heart, rushed on Loeffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, already noticed (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles), had given him a master's command—he quitted his couch, and stood on deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Loeffler's eye! The whole deck was strewed with lifeless and pestilential

corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stifening in its fixed clasp on the hair, the set teeth and starting eye-balls shewed were death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague, when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep.—The "Invincible," once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its mercies and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Christian sickened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a portion, to strengthen him for the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous.—First, he determined to descend to the lower decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loeffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or, as was more often the case, dispossessed of their former occupants, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one living being was found. Loeffler was ALONE in the ship! His task was decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength was further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible. He, however, soon resumed his labour, and on the evening of the following day but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother-tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams Loeffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial rights of the Church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness, of a tropical night succeeded. Loeffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed, "Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!" The noise of the sharks dashing on the waters, to see it yet more victims waited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his dismal office, overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto stifled feelings. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loeffler was no seaman; and, therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, his was not that hand.—Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the "Invincible," who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

Week after week passed away, and still the solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled "Invincible." She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but a tropical equinox was drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. He listened with an ear-half fearful, half hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loeffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and, wrapped in his sea cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous, and apparently, concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—showed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven; which the peal of thunder that followed, seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediate over the fated ship. The blast, when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it, appeared to Loeffler piercing, and even wintry cold: while the fierce and unintermittent motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every flash of lightning, he could see wide

spread and increasing sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half-suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows.

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the maindeck was now almost level with the waves unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loeffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit showed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thoughts less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on his arm. "And thou, too," he said confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man-of-war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his solitary voyage.

## JOAN, THE SHEPHERD'S CHILD.

The beautiful fountain near Demremi, believed to be haunted by fairies, was a favorite resort of Jeanne D'Arc in her childhood. I have somewhere seen a picture of her in which she is represented sitting beside the fountain twining a wreath of dowers.

—then the Shepherd's child,  
Joan, the lonely dreamer of the wild."

WHAT is that I see?  
A lonely fountain, fringed with moss and flowers,

A shadowy beechen tree—  
Through which the sunlight falls in mellow showers,  
A peasant-girl beside the clear, cool fountain sitting,  
A crown of purple hyacinths and shining laurels knitting.

As ancient legend tells  
How that old fount was peopled erst by fairies;  
That the spirit of their spells,  
And flowery rites, yet on its margin tarries—  
And that upon a summer eve, in the silent air still lingers  
The wild, sweet music of a band of fairy singers.

But this bright mortal face,  
With such spirit-eyes, and radiant forehead,  
Such pure, majestic grace  
Stamped on each limb, as sculptor should have borrow'd  
A model for his art! A peasant's daughter  
Is she who leaneth o'er this silvery singing water?

How stately is her mien—  
How high the expression of each noble feature,  
Albeit she hath but seen  
The spring-time bloom,—that strangely glorious creature.  
Yet on the firm, sweet lip, me thinks a tinge of sadness  
Faintly o'ershadoweth its otherwise calm gladness.

Childlike she bendeth there,  
With skillful fingers her rich chaplet twining;—  
Nor dreameth these blossoms are  
Emblems of Glory, Fame, and Grief combining.  
Around that fountain's brim, springs many a fairer flower,  
Yet as by prescience hast thou chosen thy being's power!

Yes, on that girlish head  
Shall rest a crown, a glittering crown of glory;  
And after years shall wed  
Thy lofty deeds to fame, in song and story;  
The sculptor's art thy form to statue-life shall waken:  
Joan, is thy young heart by such wild dreams now shaken!

Me thinks I see thee now  
Imaged as in the famed cathedral standing—  
The gold helm on thy brow,  
The leader of the warriors round thee banding!  
Thy snowy banner o'er the crowded monarch streaming,

Thy inspired eyes with love and holy triumph beaming:

But even now doth fall  
On memory's dial plate a darker vision;  
Prison, and judgment-hall—  
The mob—the fiery stake—the fierce decision—  
Swiftly before me pass! Joan! O did thy childhood  
Shadow such fate beside that fountain in the wild wood?

ELIZABETH J. KAMES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## BRITISH STATESMEN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

There and then groups were to be met with in all directions, composed by the most celebrated men of the day—when England possessed celebrated men—busily conversing on the proceedings of Parliament the night before, or which were to take place before another night had passed away. From the close of the American war, those groups were chiefly composed of the opposition; for the unrivalled ascendancy of the greatest minister that England had ever seen, gave the Whigs the leisure for those conferences which the occupations of public life generally denied to the Tories, or their reliance on their great leader rendered unnecessary. There were to be met, from the hours of two to four, the elite of the Foxites, mingled occasionally with a few of the leading peers and country gentlemen, who formed the small neutrality of Parliament; there stood Fox, with his ponderous figure, good-humored smile, and heavy step; Grey, grim from his cradle, perpendicular and repulsive; Sheridan, with a face purpled o'er with claret—the stamp of his habitual excesses—a stooping form and neglected dress, but with an eye among the blackest, largest, and most beaming that ever was set in the head of man; Tierney, grave, sly, and with a look of inveterate subtlety, that might have established him as the most crafty of men, even before he had uttered one of his cunning syllables; Whitbread, short, strong, and broad-shouldered, the complete model of the brewer, that he was, even to his pepper-and-salt coat, but with a countenance of singular manliness, and indicative of the John Bullism of his character; Wyndham, with the graceful figure, airy step, and handsome countenance that seemed made for courts—if the oddity, fantasy, and ill-fortune of his career had not left him in a state of oscillation between the Whigs and Tories, and like other pendulums, left him to swing, while the hands in front were gaining ground, and every move; Dundas, who feared no one, and had a lively word for all, sometimes mingling with the circle—for a moment throwing in his easy jest, and easily bearing its return, doubtless amused by the sense that he was the possessor of power, while they were but nibblers at the hook. There, too, was Jenkinson, with the profound brow that seemed surcharged with the secrets of an empire; silent, if not sullen, and returning their salutations as cautiously as if a bow were a betrayal. There, too, in his gray huge legs, was the Duke of Norfolk, in his coat and black cape. The great minister who alone kept all the Whigs at bay, was the object of universal assault; the powerful lance of Fox, the sullen though feeble missiles of the Greys, Courneys, Wyndhams, and all the second ranks of opposition; the sparkling shafts of Sheridan, as pungent as they were polished; and the light arrows of pleasantries launched from the hundred hands of the more nameless party—all fell on him and fell in vain. He wore that armour which nothing could penetrate; and, when he retaliated, his sword was of such a temper "that neither keen nor solid might resist its edge."

## New Works.

[We take the following extract from F. Bremer's new work, entitled "Home." The authoress is a German lady, of considerable literary fame. The work has been translated by Mary Howitt.]

EVELINA'S HISTORY.  
Have you ever been conscious, while listening to a beautiful piece of music, of a deep necessity, an indescribable longing, to find in your own life a harmony like that which you perceived in the tone? If so, you have then conceived the idea of the suffering and the release of my soul. I was yet a little child when, for the first time, I was seized upon by this longing, without at that time comprehending it. There was a little concert in the house of my parents; the harp, piano, horn, and clarionette were played by four distinguished artists. In one part of the symphony the instruments united in an indescribably sweet and joyous melody, in the feeling of which my childish soul was seized upon by a strong delight, and at the same time by a deep melancholy. It seemed then to me as if I had then an understanding of heaven, and I burst into tears. Ah! the meaning of these I have learned since then. Many such, and many far more painful, tears of longing, have fallen upon the dark web of my life.

To what shall I compare the picture of my youthful years? All that it, and many other such family pictures exhibit, is unclear, indefinite—in one word, blotted. It resembles a dull autumn sky, with its gray, shapeless, intermingling cloud-masses; full of feature without precision, of contour without meaning, of shadow without depth, of light without clearness, which so essentially distinguish the work of a bungler from that of a true master.

My family belonged to the middle classes, and we were especially well content to belong to this noble class; and as we lived from our rents, and had no rank in the state, we called ourselves, not without some self-satisfaction, people of rank. We exhibited a certain gen-