

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## THE PEASANT SITS WITHIN HIS HOME.

BY C. H. BRADBURY (QUALLOON).

The peasant sits within his home,  
When labour's task is done;  
His hard brow tawny with the beams  
Caught from the burning sun:  
He breaks the homely bread at night  
His honest hands have won.

Unschool'd in fashion's idle ways,  
All nature's grand to him;  
His hope is like a radiant pearl—  
His fancies never dim:  
For, bright as rivers in their course,  
All toiling spirits swim.

The fire plays on his ruddy cheeks  
And dances in his eye;  
The pleasures of the faded day  
Like fancies flutter by:  
His soul full as a harvest moon  
Painting a cloudless sky.

Round lips, whose redness have the hue  
Of health's delicious wine;  
A brow of lightness, summer flushed,  
Where wrinkles rarely twine:  
'Tis God's reflex and nature's gem,  
A peerless throne divine.

A hand where labour stamps his seal—  
A glance that sparkles wild—  
A heart light as a sleeping bird's,  
As beautiful and mild;  
And simple in his daily aims,  
Like to a faithful child.

For labour has its humble charm,  
And writes his own records  
In earnest deeds, sublime as stars,  
Like to immortal words:  
The heart that drinks its sweetened tides  
Feels heaven at its chords.

And thus all peasants, toiling on,  
Leaves statues of their powers  
That glitter from the throne of earth,  
Stern labour's gleaming towers;  
On whose grand summits years may break  
As harmless as the hours.

## A TARTAR AT SEA;

OR, A LOST SOUL FOUND.

By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

WHEN I was about one-and-twenty, I was spending a season in New York out of employment. Seamen were scarce, and I had refused several offers of good wages to take a station before the mast. I had made one passage as second mate, home from the Indies, and I was resolved not to go to sea again, except I could have a berth in the cabin, for I was competent to do the duties of an officer, and I meant to have the pay. At length I had a call from the shipping agent, who offered me the berth of second mate on board the ship *Melanchon*. I knew the ship very well.—She was a new vessel of nearly fifteen hundred tons burden, and was loaded for Canton. I asked who was to command her, but the agent did not know, or at any rate, he told me he did not; but he informed me that Walter Thayer was going as first mate. Now I knew Thayer well, for I had sailed with him, and I knew him not only to be an excellent seaman, but a true-hearted man. The wages offered me were good, and as I supposed the owners would of course see that a good captain was put on board, I shipped at once, and signed the papers.

The ship now lay down at Staten Island all ready for sailing, and on the next morning I went on board with chest and baggage, where I found Mr Thayer in charge and the crew all shipped. Many of the men I had sailed with before, and I knew them to be good seamen and faithful to their duty. Thayer was glad to see me and so were the men. I have no desire to sound my own fame, but I was much gratified by the greeting of the men who knew me, and I soon found that they had told the rest of the crew that I was a noble fellow.

But the captain, said I to Thayer, after my luggage had been stowed away in my state-room. 'Where is he?'

'That's more than I can tell,' returned he. 'The owners have gone to Philadelphia after him, and I believe he is to come off at Sandy Hook.'

'And are you to take the ship out?' I asked.

'Yes—as far as there.' I thought nothing more of the affair, supposing of course that all would be right, and at noon one of the owners came off and directed us to get underweigh. One anchor was already up, and we were but a few moments leaving up the other. The wind was favourable, and at three o'clock we hoove too off Sandy Hook, under direction of the owners who had run down with us. In a few minutes after this, a boat put off from the shore, and our captain was soon alongside. His chests and boxes

and bags were passed up first, and upon one of the chests I saw the name of 'Abel Bunkton.' My teeth were closed, and for a few moments I was strongly tempted to leave the ship; but this I could not easily do.

'We have caught a tartar!' whispered Thayer, as he read the name. 'I never would have shipped on board this craft in the world, if I had known this.'

'Nor I neither,' I returned. 'But it's too late now. We have no help for it.'

Just then Captain Abel Bunkton came over the side, and I could see the men start in a moment. They looked disappointed, and they began to whisper among themselves. Bunkton was a dark looking man, standing six feet and six inches tall, and stout and muscular in proportion. He was in reality a perfect giant in frame, and his breast and arms were all cord and muscle. His face was shaven with much care, leaving only a small whisker extending down to the corners of his mouth. His hair was jet black, short and curly, and his eyes black and piercing. His fame was wide spread among American seamen, and such was his character that no crew could possibly have been obtained had it been known that he was to command the ship. He was quick in his passion, ungovernable in his fury, relentless in his revenge, and utterly unconquerable in physical strength. I do not think that with clear hands and on open deck, our forty men could have overcome him in a fight, for even the weight of his massive fist would have felled a common man to the deck.

The owners introduced Captain Bunkton to Thayer and myself, and he greeted us with a smile, but his smile was one of defiance. After this the boat turned back for the shore, the owners going in her, and the captain then asked who had the deck. Thayer replied that he had commanded thus far.

'Then you may fill away, sir,' the captain said, 'and let her course be southeast by south. I shall come up soon.'

He called some of the men and had his things taken down into the cabin, and after he had gone, and the ship was on her course, the men gathered together and whispered their feelings upon the subject of their commander. I could see that they were filled with apprehension and anything but satisfied, and I could not wonder at it, for they all knew him.

'This is rather more than I bargained for,' said Thayer to me, after the yards were trimmed, at the same time casting a furtive glance towards the cabin.

'But what is to be done?' I asked.

'I shall do my duty,' was Thayer's reply. 'I made the same remark.'

'And, added my companion, 'I shall try to avoid all difficulty. If there is any trouble, it shall be of his own making.'

This met my own views, and we arranged it between us, that we would be respectful and obedient to all just demands, and if the captain went beyond this, we would stand by each other in the result.

In the course of an hour Bunkton returned to the deck. He had donned a sea rig now, and looked more stout and savage than before. He cast his eyes over every part of the ship, below and aloft, and I could see that he was looking to see how the yards were trimmed, and the rigging on deck disposed of.

'I think our ship is a good sailor,' he remarked to Thayer.

'I think she is, sir,' the mate returned. 'I see you have everything in neat trim, and in order, too,' he resumed. 'I like that. You may call the men aft, sir.'

This was spoken very politely—too politely. The crew were all called aft, and after they were assembled the captain eyed them for some moments in silence.

'Well, my men,' he at length said, 'we've started together on a long voyage. I think you knew your duty. You can look at me so that you may know me whenever you see me. I am your commander. I think I know what a sailor's duty is. That's all.'

This was all spoken very slowly and distinctly, and as he ceased speaking, he turned to the wheel, and the men went to their respective posts. Before night the crew was divided into two watches, and all the necessary preliminaries made. I had the mid watch, from mid night until four o'clock. About one o'clock the captain came on deck, and after looking about the ship he ordered me to call all hands on deck.

'For what?' asked I, instinctively.

'Never mind for what. Call them.'

I felt my heart start at this, but without further remark I went forward and called for 'all hands on deck,' and when I turned I found that the captain had followed me. The men came tumbling up, but of course some of them came up growling and murmuring at being thus routed out in fair weather just as they had got fairly asleep, but when their eyes caught the gigantic form of the captain, they were silent.

'They are all up, sir,' I reported, as soon as the last one came on deck.

'Now look here, my brave lads,' I generally like to know as early as possible what kind of stuff I've got to deal with. When you are called again, you will please me by showing yourselves a little sooner—and you won't come up

growing either. Just remember these two things, and you may save yourselves from trouble. That's all—you may go down again.'

Just then an old main-topman—a man between fifty and sixty—with grey hair and a furrowed brow, made some remark in a low grumbling tone.

'What was that observation, sir?' quickly asked the captain, whose quick ear caught the sound.

'Nothing, sir,' replied the old sailor. 'I heard you speak. What did you say?' asked Bunkton, almost in a whisper.

'Why, sir, I only said that I wasn't used to such work.'

'Ah—you did, eh?' uttered the captain; and as he spoke, he lifted the man up with both hands, and held him in a horizontal position. Then he threw him upon deck as I could have done a mere child, adding—'When you find something else that is new to you, just mention it to me, and I'll break you in.'

Thus speaking he went aft, and the off watch went below. He then looked around once more, complimented me upon the trim of the yards, and then went to the cabin. Bunkton had shown us one thing pretty plainly, and that was that his appearance did not belie his strength, for the old main-topman was a heavy man, and yet he had been fairly lifted at arm's length.

But this was only a simple touch of what was in store. In less than a week we began to see the captain in his true light. He knocked the men about without mercy, and seemed to care no more for human life than he did for the plank upon which he walked. It is generally the case that even a brutal commander is held in check to a certain extent by the fear of arousing more opposition than he can well manage, but no such fear operated upon our commander as I shall proceed to show.

One morning, I found from the appearance of the men that they had some deep laid plan on foot, for they were unusually reserved, and conversed in hurried whispers, and with furtive looks over their shoulders. On the day before the captain had been more savage and exacting than at any time before, and he had knocked down about a dozen of the crew. At length one of the men came to me and asked me not to interfere if there should be any trouble during the day. I advised him not to think of resisting the captain, but his only answer was, that the crew were not all dogs, and that they would not be treated as such.

About ten o'clock the captain came on deck, and the crew were at that time all forward, save such as had stations elsewhere on the water.—His eyes rested on them, and he saw their meaning in a moment. He had seen such things before. But it required no great stretch of mind to reach the feelings of our crew at this time, for they showed it too plainly in their looks. I saw a grim smile pass over the captain's face, and I knew that the storm was coming. He took a step towards the mainmast and ordered the men to come aft, but not one of them moved. He ordered them a second time, but with a like result.

'Well,' he said, as calmly as though nothing at all had happened, 'if you want come aft I'll come forward.'

He threw off his jacket as he spoke and crossed it upon the fife rail.

'Now what does this mean?' he asked, as he reached the fore-castle. 'Do you mean to disobey me?'

But no one spoke.

'Now look here, my fine fellows go aft, every one of you.'

He waited a moment and no one moved.

'Then you all mutiny, eh? We'll see.'

As he spoke he knocked down the man who stood nearest to him. At this, the rest of the men thirty-two of them—made a rush towards him. Some of them caught the belaying-pins out of the racks, and two or three of them had handspikes. But they were in each others way and as the foremost ones began to fall, they blocked up the passage to the rest. Like an elephant Captain Bunkton sprang upon them, and he knocked them down like so many men of straw. On he pressed, placing his broad, heavy feet upon the bodies of those already down, at length the men began to shrink back, but that was no signal for him. He struck down one after another in the breast, another in the stomach a fourth upon the neck; and all the time skillfully warding off the blows that were aimed at him. If a man attempted to rise he was knocked down again—until, at the end of ten minutes, not a man of them all stood on his feet.

'That will do,' said the captain, wiping his bloody hands on a mat that hung over the trunk of the fore-castle companion-way. 'Now go aft. Aft every one of you!'

Those of the men that could arise did so, and moved doggedly towards the quarter-deck; but seven of them were unable to get up. The captain followed the twenty-five men that had been able to obey him, and after regarding them for some moments, he said:

'Your faces don't look very inviting, boys; but never mind, such things will happen.—Now go forward and take care of those men who lie there upon the deck, for they may have got hurt; and whenever you want another bit of exercise, just refuse to obey me. Only mark

me—the next time there will be likely to be a burial service at the end of it!'

As the captain thus spoke he turned on his heel and went below, and from that moment his power was supreme. There were some dark threats made, but I knew they were only the words of passion, and that they would never be put into execution. And again; we knew that if the captain had killed half the crew in the melee, no law could have touched him.

The seamen who had been severely hurt soon got over their injuries, and after this there was no more open insubordination. But the crew suffered much. They had no more peace—no more comfort, no more social joy. From the moment of that mutinous movement and its summary punishment, Captain Bunkton haunted them, and I did at length believe that some of them would yet take his life. But at length a change came over the whole scene, and in a manner as strange as it was unexpected.

Among the crew was a boy named William Atherton. He was not more than twelve years of age, and was as bright and intelligent as one of such age is often seen. He was a handsome boy, small and finely built, but yet firm and strong. His hair was of a sunny golden hue, and his eyes a deep, lustrous blue. From the first, the captain had seemed to treat that boy with kindness and regard, and had taken him into the cabin to help the steward. One day Bunkton sent Atherton down into the cabin to get his sextant. There was considerable sea on at the time, and as the boy was coming up the ladder he stumbled and threw the sextant out of his hands, breaking one of the mirrors, and also the revolving index which was of ivory.

'Why were you not more careful?' asked the captain, sternly.

'I was as careful as I could be,' returned the boy.

'Then you would not have dropped the sextant. You were careless.'

'I was not sir,' retorted the boy proudly.

'Good spunk,' said one of the men, loud enough for the captain to hear, but so hushed that he could not tell from whence it came.—His face changed color and his lips trembled.

'William,' he said, 'I shall punish you most severely, for that.'

'But twas an accident, sir.'

I don't mean for breaking the sextant—I mean for your insolence. Take off your frock, sir.'

The boy hesitated, but at one look from those burning eyes he pulled his frock up from beneath the waistbands of his trousers, and then pulled it off. That left his body bare above the waist. His skin was as delicate and as white as a girl's, and he trembled violently; but he was too proud to beg. The captain called two men to hold him, and he took a bite of the ensign haul-yards and placed himself ready to strike. The poor boy looked imploringly up, but he did not speak. As the white back of the youth was turned towards me I saw the scar of a burn or scald between the shoulder blades.

Captain Bunkton raised his arm, but he did not strike. His eyes rested upon that scar, and his arm dropped powerless by his side.

'Boy,' said he, in a husky tone, 'who are you? What is your name?'

'William Atherton is my name.'

'Who gave you that name?'

'The man who brought me up.'

'Then he was not your father?'

'No sir.'

'Who was your father?'

'I do not know sir.'

'Where is he?'

'Dead.'

'Who told you so?'

'My mother.'

'And your mother, where is she?' whispered the giant captain, hoarsely and deeply, at the same time trembling at every joint.

'She is at home,' returned the boy.

'Where is her home?'

'At Auburn.'

'And what is her name?'

The boy hesitated. He gazed first into the pale face of the captain, and then upon the deck.

'What is your mother's name?'

'Gilbert.'

'And her other name?'

'Sarah.'

'Her father's name is Gilbert.'

'Yes sir. He is my grandfather.'

'And who told your mother that your father was dead?' asked Bunkton, trying with all his might to appear calm, and in a measure succeeding.

'My grandfather told her so.'

'Do you think she would ever like to see him again?'

'Who?'

'Your father.'

'O, yes,' uttered the boy, warmly, while a tear came to his bright, blue eye. 'She often wondered if somebody had not lied, and if her husband will not come back to her again—and then she cries and prays that God may have spared him.'

The stout man placed his hands to his eyes and wept like a child. But he soon realized that his whole crew were gazing upon him, and he took the boy in his arms and immediately went down into the cabin. Of course there