

Poetry.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do,

For people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,

For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright, and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way,

For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Of a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,

For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited whatever they say,

For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's nought to be made,

For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use,

For people will talk.

UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded, and soiled, and soft;
Odd things, you say, and I doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck, this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but mate, look here!
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on yon far-off strand,
With a wedding ring on the small soft hand
Which clings close to me.

My wife—God bless her!—the day before
Sat she beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, delf and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;
What think you I found there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark at night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot—'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to her rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

Tales and Sketches.

FOR'ARD AND AFT;
OR, THE CAPTAIN'S SON AND THE SAILOR BOY.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Wilson, the boatswain of the *Josephine*, was a first-rate and thoroughbred seaman. No part of his duty was unfamiliar to him; never did he shrink from performing any portion of it on account of danger or fatigue. Like many other simple-minded, honest-hearted sons of Neptune, he troubled himself but little about abstruse questions on morals; but he abhorred a liar, despised a thief, and perfectly detested a tyrant. And though he could bear a godly quantity of tyrannical treatment himself without heeding it, it made his blood boil, and his hand clench, to see a helpless object maltreated.

Ever since the *Josephine* had left port, there had been growing amongst the crew a disposition to prevent their favorite, Tom, the sailor-boy, from being imposed upon and punished, as he had been, for no other reason than the willfulness of the captain's son, and the sapience of the captain's wife. Not a man on board liked the spoiled child of the cabin. No fancy, either, had they for his mother; because, right or wrong, the always took her son's part; and oftentimes brought the sailors into trouble. The last time Tom had been punished a grand consultation had been held

in the fore-castle, at which the boatswain presided; and he, with the rest of the crew, had solemnly pledged themselves not to let their little messmate be whipped again, unless, in their opinion, he deserved it.

This was the reason why the boatswain, one of the best men in the ship, had stalked when he heard the captain's call. He had seen him come out of the cabin with Tom, and rightly anticipated the duty he was expected to perform. Such great control does the habit of obedience exercise over seamen, that although he was resolved to die before he would suffer Tom to be whipped for nothing, much less inflict the punishment himself, the boatswain felt a great disinclination to have an open rupture with his commanding officer. The peremptory order last issued by the captain, however, brought affairs to a crisis there was no avoiding; he either had to fly in the face of quarter-deck authority, or break his pledge to his messmates and his conscience. This, Wilson could not think of doing; and looking his captain straight in the face, in a quiet tone, and with a civil manner, he thus addressed his superior:—"It does not become me, Captain Andrews, so be as how, for to go for to teach my betters—and—"

Here the worthy boatswain broke down, in what he designed should be a speech, intended to convince the captain of his error; but feeling unable to continue, he ended abruptly, changing his voice and manner, with "But if you want the boy whipped, you can do it yourself."

Hardly had the words escaped the speaker's lips, before the captain, snatching up an iron belaying-pin, rushed at the boatswain, intending to knock him down; but Wilson nimbly leaped aside, and the captain's foot catching the rope, he came down sprawling on the deck. Instantly regaining his feet, he rushed towards the cabin, wild with rage, for the purpose of obtaining his pistols. Several minutes elapsed before he returned on deck; when he did he was much more calm, although in each hand he held a cocked pistol.

The quarter-deck he found bare; the crew, with little Tom in their midst, having retired to the fore-castle, where they were engaged in earnest conversation. The second mate was at the wheel, the seaman who had been at the helm having joined his comrades, so that the only disposable force at the captain's command was the chief mate, the steward, and himself, the cook being fastened up in his galley by the seamen. On the fore-castle were fifteen men. The odds were great; but Captain Andrews did not pause to calculate chances—his only thought was to punish the mutinous conduct of his crew, never thinking of the possibility of failure.

Giving one of his pistols to Mr. Hart, and telling the steward to take a capstan-bar, the captain and his two assistants boldly advanced to compel fifteen sailors to return to their duty.

CHAPTER III.

They were met, as the rock meets the wave,
And dashes its fury to air;
Then were met, as the foe should be met by the brave,
With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair.

Whilst the captain, mate, and steward, were making their brief preparation for a most hazardous undertaking, the men of the *Josephine*, with that promptness and resolution so common among seamen when they think at all, had determined upon the course they would adopt in the impending struggle.

Although the numerical discrepancy between the two parties seemed so great, the actual difference in their relative strength was not so considerable as it appeared. The sailors, it is true, had the physical force—they were five to one—but the captain's small band felt more confidence from the moral influence that they knew was on their side, than if their numbers had been trebled without it.

Habit ever exercises a controlling influence, unless overcome by some powerful exciting principle, and men never fly in the face of authority to which they have always been accustomed to yield implicit obedience, but from one or two causes—either a hasty impulse, conceived in a moment, and abandoned by actors frightened at their own audacity; or, a sense of wrong and injustice so keen and poignant, as to make death preferable to further submission.

Aware of custom's nearly invincible power, having often seen seamen rebel, and then at the first warning gladly skulk back to their duty, the captain unhesitatingly advanced up to the weather-gangway to the break of the fore-castle, and confronted his mutinous crew. The men, who were huddled around the end of the windlass, some sitting, others standing, talking together in low tones, only showed they were aware of the captain's presence by suddenly ceasing their conversation—but not a man of them moved.

Captain Andrews, though quick-tempered, was a man of judgement and experience; and he saw by the calmness and quietness of his men, that their insubordination was the result of premeditation—a thing he had not before thought—and he became aware of the difficulties of his position. He could not, for his life, think of yielding; to give up to a sailor would, in his estimation, be the deepest degradation. And foral influence was all he could rely upon with which to compel obedience—feeling that if any actual strife commenced, it could but result in his discomfiture. His tone, therefore, was "Men, do you know that you are, every one of you, guilty of mutiny? Do you know that the punishment for mutiny on

the high seas is death? Do you know this? Have you thought of it?"

Here the captain paused for an instant, as if waiting for a reply; and a voice from the group around the windlass answered, "We have!"

Rather surprised at the boldness of the reply, but still retaining his presence of mind, the captain continued: "What is it then that has induced you to brave this penalty? Have you been maltreated? Have you not plenty of provisions? Your regular watches below? Step out, one of you, and state your grievances. You know I am not a tyrant, and I wish from you nothing more than you promised in the shipping articles!"

At this call, the eyes of the men were all turned towards Wilson, the boatswain, who, seeing it was expected from him, stepped out to act as spokesman. Respectfully touching his tarpaulin, he waited for the captain to question him. Observing this, the captain said, "Well, Wilson your messmates have put you forth as their speaker; and it strikes me that you are the ringleader of this misguided movement. I am certain you have sense enough to understand the risk of your running, and desire you to inform me what great wrong it is that you complain of. For assuredly you must feel grievously imposed upon, to make you all so far forget what is due to yourselves as seamen, to me as your captain, and to the laws of your country!"

"I ain't much of a yarn-spinner, Captain Andrews, and I can turn in the plies of a splice smoother and more ship-shape than the ends of a speech; and it may be as how I'll ruffle your temper more nor it is now by what I have to say," commenced the boatswain.

"Never mind my temper, sir," interrupted the captain, "proceed!"

"We all get plenty to eat, Captain Andrews, and that of the best," continued Wilson; his equanimity not in the least disturbed by the skipper's interruption. "We have our regular watches, and don't complain of our work, for we shipped as seamen, and can all do seaman's duty. But sailors have feelings, Captain Andrews, though they are not often treated as if they had; and it hurts us worse to see those worked double tides who can't take their own part, than if we were mistreated ourselves; and to come to the short of it, all this row's about little Tom there, and nothing else."

"Is he not treated just as well as the rest of you? Has he not the same quarters and the same rations that the men are content with? Who works him double-tides?" demanded the captain, his anger evidently increasing at the mention of Tom's name; and the effort to restrain himself being almost too great for the choleric officer to compass.

"You can't beat to win'ard against a head-sea, Captain Andrews, without a ship's pitching, no more than you can reef a to's-sail without going aloft." Wilson went on, without change of manner, though his voice became more concise and firm in its tone. "And I can tell you like some of them shore chaps what you don't want to hear, without heaving you back. We ain't got anything agin you, if you was let alone; and we wants in for you to give your own orders, and to keep Mrs. Andrews from bedevilling Tom. The boy's as good a boy as ever furred a royal, and never skulks below when he's wanted on deck; but he stands his regular watches, and then, when he ought to sleep, he's everlastingly kept in the cabin, and whipped and knocked about for the amusement of young master, and that's just the whole of it. We've stood it long enough, and won't return to duty until you promise—"

"Silence, sir!" roared the captain, perfectly furious, and unable longer to remain quiet. "Not another word! I've listened to insolence too long by half already! Now, sir, I have a word to say to you, and mind you heed it. Walk aft to the quarter-deck."

The boatswain, though he heard the order plainly, and understood it clearly, paid no attention to it.

"Do you hear me?" asked the captain. "I give you whilst I count ten to start. I do not wish to shoot you, Wilson; but if you do not move before I count ten, I'll drive this ball through you—as I hope to reach port, I will!"

Raising the pistol until it covered the boatswain's breast, the captain commenced counting, in a clear and audible tone. Intense excitement was depicted on the faces of the men; and some anxiety was shown by the quick glances cast by the chief mate and the steward, first at the captain and then at the crew. Wilson, with his eyes fixed on the captain's face, and his arms loosely folded across his breast, stood perfectly quiet, as if he were an indifferent spectator.

"Eight! nine!" said the captain, "there is but one left, Wilson, with it I fire if you do not start."

The boatswain remained motionless. "To—" escaped the commander's lips; and as it did, the sharp edge of Wilson's heavy tarpaulin hat struck him a severe blow in the face. This was so entirely unexpected, that the captain involuntarily threw back his head, and by the same motion, without intending it, threw up his arm and clenched his hand enough to fire off the pistol, held in it; the ball from which went through the flying jib, full twenty feet above Wilson's head.

The charm that held the men in check was broken by the first movement towards action, and they made a rush towards the captain and his two supporters. Bravely, though, they

stood their ground; and Frank Adams, the sailor introduced with Tom in the fore-castle, received the ball from the mate's pistol in the fleshy part of his shoulder, as he was about to strike the worthy with a hand spike. Gallantly assisted by the steward, the captain and mate made as much resistance as three men could against fifteen. The odds were, however, too great; spite of their bravery, the three were soon overpowered and the contest was nearly ended, when a temporary change was made in favor of the weaker party by the appearance in the fray of the second mate. He, during the whole colloquy, had been at the wheel, forgotten by both parties. His sudden arrival, therefore, as with lusty blows he laid about him, astonished the seamen, who gave back for an instant, and allowed their opponents to regain their feet. They did not allow them much time, however, to profit by this respite, for in a few seconds, understanding the source from whence assistance had come, they renewed the attack with increased vigour, and soon again obtained the mastery. But it was no easy matter to confine the three officers and the steward, who resisted with their utmost power, particularly as the men were anxious to do them no more bodily injury than they were compelled to, in effecting their purpose.

So absorbed were all hands in the strife in which they were engaged, that not one of them noticed the fact that what had been the weather side of the barque at the commencement of the affray, was now the lee; nor did any of the men—all seamen as they were—observe that the vessel was heeling over tremendously, her lee-scuppers nearly level with the water. A report, loud as a cannon, high in the air, first startled the combatants; then, with a heavy round, three large, heavy bodies, fell from aloft, one of which striking the deck near the combatants, threatened all with instant destruction, whilst the other two fell with a loud splash into the sea to leeward.

In the new danger, both the victors and vanquished were equally interested, and at the same instant looked aloft to discover the cause. The first glance convinced every one of the necessity for prompt and vigorous action. Their position was, indeed, fraught with imminent danger. Left without a helmsman, by the second mate going to the assistance of the captain, the barque, close-hauled with a stiff breeze blowing, had come up in the wind, and was now flat aback; that is, the wind, instead of blowing against the sails from behind, was before them. The fore and main-royal, and top-gallant masts, with all their gear, had been carried away, and the ship was gathering sternway at a rate that would soon run her under.

The natural desire for self-preservation combined with the instincts and habits of both officers and men to cause them entirely to forget the fierce contest in which they had just been engaged—their thoughts were changed from each other to the ship and its situation, and the officers were at once permitted to regain their feet.

No sooner did Captain Andrews find himself at liberty, than he at once assumed command, and issued his orders as loud and clear as if nothing had interrupted his authority.

"To the wheel! to the wheel! Mr. Hart! All hands wear ship!" were his first words; and the men with alacrity hurried to their stations, whilst the mate ran to the helm.

The captain's wife and son had been in the cabin, anxiously awaiting the result of the controversy on the fore-castle, but alarmed by the falling spars, they had hurried on deck and were now on the poop. In the hurry and confusion consequent upon the ship's hazardous position, all hands were so busy that no one paid attention to Charles and Mrs. Andrews; and they were too much alarmed to take due care of themselves, else they would have sought a less exposed situation. As the sparker jibbed, Charles was standing nearly amidships on the deck, and before he even had time to shriek, the boom struck him and hurled him over the monkey-rail into the sea. His mother, who was close to the mizen-mast, saw him just as he went over, and terror-stricken, sunk to the deck in a swoon, without uttering a sound. Unable to swim, a puny child in the angry waves of the rough Atlantic, the case of Charles seemed a hopeless one; but rescue came from a source he could have least expected. Tom, the sailor-boy, who was on the taffrail belaying the sparker-sheet to windward, recognised the captain's son as he floated clear of the stern; and actuated by that generous, gallant spirit that had so endeared him to his messmates, he shouted to the mate that Charles was overboard, and fearlessly sprang into the sea, to his assistance. Tom was an excellent swimmer, and he found no difficulty in supporting Charles's delicate form until the barque hove round, when they were both picked up and taken on board.

The joy of the mother at having the idol of her heart restored to her, the grateful feelings she and the father felt towards the deliverer of their child, we will not attempt to describe; only the results will we give of this heroic action. Tom was treated by the captain as a son; the crew were forgiven for their mutinous conduct, and cheerfully returned to duty; and Tom, now a distinguished naval officer, dates the first step upon the ladder that leads to eminence, from the day he so narrowly escaped a severe whipping.

S. A. G.

"I've risen from the bar to the bench." That's what a lawyer said on quitting the profession and taking up the shoemaking.

OLD HUNTLEY'S DOLLARS.

The year 1865 had grown old. Bleak November, burdened with the symptoms of approaching winter, had bidden the metropolis a chilly adieu. In-doors had become the resort of choice, out-of-doors the venture of necessity, the blazing hearth a haven of refuge, and garments of wool the dispensers of comfort. Falling leaves strewed the ground, and stark branches overhead bore witness to the departure of the sunny days and the never-failing return of the season.

On one of the up-town streets of New York stood an old frame cottage, one story in height, then tottering to decay, and bearing unmistakable reference to an age past and gone. It was a wide house, but not very deep, and several years before had been divided by a partition into two equal apartments or tenements. In this partition a door had been placed, but there being no occasion for its use it had been nailed fast and communication cut off. Over this door was a fanlight, the glass of which had been broken long before; and as the door was not a very high one, or the fanlight wide, any person could have climbed through the opening.

In one side of this house lived an aged man, who, within the recollection of the oldest neighbors, had always been called Old Huntley. His only child, Jennie, a lovely girl of eighteen, kept house for him, and appeared to be his sole comfort and consolation. On the other side of the old cottage a young man, named Richard Barr, kept bachelor's hall. Apparently poor, and certainly very reserved, but little of his history or situation in life was known, except the fact that he was an industrious law student, with nothing in hand but everything in prospective. The two neighbors had never been communicative, merely meeting with a nod of recognition, and passing by without conversation, so that, comparatively, they were as strangers to each other.

Mr. Huntley and Jennie earned their living by toiling early and late; Jennie with her needle, and her father at cigar-making, his old occupation. Therefore they were not utterly destitute, but still found it a struggle to make all ends meet and sustain existence.

Richard Barr had often gazed on his neighbor's fair daughter with admiring eyes, and as often thought it would have taken but very little effort to teach his heart to love the beautiful creature who so lovingly cared for and brightened the declining years of the life of her only parent. He had not, before he met her, been entirely without an object of affection, for Heaven, in its wise ordination, had placed upon his shoulders the burden and care of a poor unfortunate piece of humanity, a half-idiot, a relative of the family, but a being without mental light or reason's direction, utterly under his guidance and support; this idiot boy, only fourteen, became an object of his most tender regard and solicitude. This wretched relative was a second cousin, but had never been noticed by any other name than Jack.

On the evening of the day we record, Richard Barr sat by the embers of a scanty fire, reading the points of a law case. Perched in his favorite place on the only table in the room, Jack's eyes were turned toward his cousin with a vacant stare. This table lay immediately under the fanlight, and against the door which divided the apartment from old Huntley's. The neighbors were absent at the moment spoken of, though shortly after Mr. Huntley and his daughter both returned from their daily duties. Jennie set about preparing the evening meal, to procure the necessities for which she was obliged to cross the street to a store some two blocks off. During her absence one of those prowling vagabonds, who frequent that portion of the city, intent on robbing the honest people of the community, and who was even then seeking his prey, passed by the windows of the house. Old Huntley had lit the gas, but neglected to draw down the blind. The vagrant took advantage of the omission and looked in. He started back in amazement; and well he might, for the old man, dressed in the habiliments of poverty, knelt on the floor counting over a bag of coin. Yes, there was no deception to the thief's eyesight—for it was gold! Here was undoubtedly a veritable miser, unwarily displaying his treasure to the gaze of one who, to obtain possession of it, would not hesitate to take his life. On the first glance at the situation, the thief had determined on making the old cigar-maker his victim.

The old man spoke to himself.

"Bless her little soul! 'Tis for her I hoard my treasure. When I am dead she shall not be in want. Little does she think, or the world either, that I have so much gold. Yes, and all mine—honestly mine. All here—yes, all thank Heaven."

While this scene was passing in one room the poor law-student sat listlessly meditating in the other. His book had dropped from his hand, and his mind, now concentrated on his individual affairs, took the color of a despairing mood. He was thinking of his station in life, his aspirations and unfruitful efforts, and contrasting all with the reality of his poverty-stricken existence. How he yearned for the great motive power among men. His lips opened to give utterance to one sentence:

"Oh for a little gold—a little gold."

The avarice of the watching thief had at last worked him into an uncontrollable state of excitement, and he involuntarily muttered, "The old fool! How the Evil One tempts