

VOYAGE TO JAMAICA.

I LEFT Boston, or rather Charlestown wharf, on Friday the 6th of March, in the brig Olive, Capt. M., bound for Havana, via Kingston, Jamaica. There was a fine strong breeze in the afternoon on which we sailed, and when we began to cast off, the brig swung round by the stern, see-sawing and straining on her fasts, — apparently very impatient to be under way, and we were soon going down the bay, at the rate of six or seven knots an hour. I always, and I suppose it is the same with you and most people, have some little scrap or other running silently through my head, whenever I am at all excited, and as we sailed rapidly down the bay, passing object after object, I began with the Ancient Mariner,

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, — below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top, &c. &c.

But directly, nearly all Charlestown having disappeared, except the Bunker Hill monument, these fragments gave way to Webster's oration. "Let it rise to meet the sun in his coming," &c. "Let it be the last object on which the eye of the mariner shall linger," &c. &c. But I had not time to see whether or not the facts of the case would bear out the wishes of the orator, before these scraps gave place in their turn to others of a different character, among which were certain stanzas from Don Juan's sea voyage, about the "Euxine," &c., and this from King Lear: —

Regan. Sick, Oh sick!
Goneril (aside.) Or else, I'll ne'er trust poison.

I took but little notice of what was going on during the first three days of the voyage. I recollect on the third night out, there was much noise on deck, the captain and crew being up nearly all the time, and a strong wind blowing, which caused the brig to labor so much, that I was obliged to hold on to the side of my berth. But I made no inquiry, supposing that although it seemed very rough to me, it was a matter of ordinary occurrence at sea. They told

me in the morning that it had been blowing a severe gale, and that we had been "lying to under a reefed top sail." And I then learnt for the first time that to "lay to" means to take in all sail except enough to steady the vessel, turn her head as near to the wind as possible, and then let her drift backwards. On the fourth, though the sea ran rather high, the weather was fine, and I crawled out on deck. As I was lying on the binacle, trying to read, I heard the captain berating the man at the helm, for shipping without understanding seaman's duty. "Where did you come from?" asked the captain. "From G., near Worcester, sir," was the answer. I looked round at the sailor. He was a good looking young man, of about eighteen or twenty. "I thought so, I thought so," said the Captain, "just out of the bush. And you have never been at sea before, I suppose." "Yes, sir, I have just returned from a whaling voyage." "Well you are no helmsman, and I'll have you logged," [noted on the log-book.] "Nobody is going to draw full pay here unless he earns it." "Very well, sir, I only want what I earn." The Captain soon after went below, when I turned to the young man. "Do you know the L.'s of G.?" said I. "Yes, sir." "Do you know Major L.?" "He was my father, sir. He is dead." "And Edward L.?" "He is my brother, sir." Edward was a classmate of mine at Harvard college, and we were a good deal together.

We had more blows and lying to on the 11th and 12th, and on the latter a snow and sleet storm, which encrusted everything on deck. But on the morning of the 13th, the seventh day out, it set in for serious work. It began to blow about three o'clock in the morning, and by six we were obliged to take in all sail possible, and lie to again. At eight, the foretopmast stay sail got unfurled by accident, and was torn to shreds in an instant; and the sea, which all along had been running very high, began to knock in our bulwarks, until at twelve we had scarcely a plank left on the windward side. Heavy seas now began to break on deck; and first the long boat was carried overboard, with all its contents, oars, handspikes, rigging, &c. Shortly after, there came another tremendous sea and carried off the galley (cook shop) with all the cook's concerns. Things now began to get rather scarce, forward on deck; and the

seas from some cause, not from instinct, I presume, though it seemed so to me, broke on us farther aft, where there were some hogsheads of water lashed to the bulwarks, and some other articles secured. I was sick, as I still continued to be, whenever the weather was at all rough, and had not been on deck that morning, but only looked out of the companion-way occasionally. But the increased noise aft, and the mate who was a Swede, howling to the men to "trow dem caskets overboard," (they having broke from their lashings,) aroused my languid fears and curiosity, and I crawled out again, that is, I looked out, just as the men were staving and throwing overboard the hogsheads of water, some of which, were still tumbling backward and forward on deck, like toys in a cradle. I found things looking bad enough on deck. The decks were all swept clear of everything, the bulwarks were all knocked in; and the men looked no better. All were pale and anxious. I suppose it was now about two o'clock in the afternoon, and about ten hours since the commencement of the gale, and the winds and the sea were still increasing in violence. Directly there came over us a sea so very heavy as to cause the brig to "broach to" (fall into the wind) and throw her down on her side. But her cargo being solid did not shift, she therefore righted immediately. The captain now put her about, finding she would lie to no longer in such a sea, and endeavored to "send her before the wind under bare poles." I had, for the last hour or so, been sitting up in the companion-way looking out, for I found this better than to lie quaking below in my berth; but as the cook wanted to pass up and down, to stow away things, I, being in his way, went below. And it was well for me I did so, for I was scarcely seated on the transom, holding on to a berth, when there came a crash like a cannon-shot, and down poured a huge mass of water into the cabin, filling it to the height of four feet in an instant. I knew, by the shout of terror I heard on deck, that something serious had befallen us, but all I could see, as yet, was, that the companion way had been carried away, the cabin stairs and adjoining timbers coming below at the same time with the water. Either by these, or the water, or the shock of the vessel, I was knocked down among the rubbish; but I soon struggled out, thinking at first I had cut my temple,

but it was only bruised, and as soon as I had recovered myself, I made all haste to gain the deck, for I thought our time was come, and we were fast filling to sink. I was very much terrified, as you may suppose, and could not bear the thought of dying in this way; for a few moments, I felt something very much like rage; but although the fear of death, the horrid conviction that I *must die*, was the "ground tone," as musicians say, of all my thoughts and feelings, I found that the many details of our misfortune, which necessarily attracted my attention, had the happy effect of staving off, and breaking up, in some degree, the overwhelming influence of this, otherwise most intolerable idea, just as the force of a waterfall is broken by jutting crags; and that even the ludicrous, though it may not have amused at the time, did not fail to make an impression. The first object I noticed, when I *looked* on deck, (for I did not venture to step out, but stood on some barrels looking out at the hole or "hatch," where the companion-way had been) was the cook, a Nova Scotia negro. He was clinging to the main-rigging by one hand, and with the other very earnestly, but as I thought uselessly (considering our probable fate) endeavoring to save a little wooden kid which was drifting past him. And then, as I looked round on deck, a certain old book of shipwrecks, which I used to read when a boy, with wood-cuts representing all varieties of shipwrecked extremity, flashed on my memory for an instant, and naturally enough; for the same sea which stove in the cabin, and which had struck us astern, (the brig not being able to outrun the sea in "scudding" without any sail) had split the trisail mast, carried away the stern boat, the boom gaff and trisail, and one whole quarter of the lea bulwarks, even with the deck, breaking off or tearing out the stanchions. The sea was still making a "clean breast," as they say, over the brig forward and amid ships, and two men, the cook and another, who were all I could see, were clinging to the main-rigging to prevent being washed overboard. I then, by mere instinct, for I knew it would be in vain, should the vessel sink, cast about for some means of saving myself. I dropped off my shoes, threw my handkerchief round my neck, and shut my knife on it, and looked to an empty water-cask with some lashings attached to it, which still remained

near the stern. All this occupied but a moment. Just then I saw a bloody face rise out of the foam, close along-side, where the bulwarks and stanchions had all been broken away, and then sink again. It was the mate, and he caught a rope which was hanging overboard, and the captain and two men, who had now recovered themselves, having all been knocked down, drew him on board.

My attention was next drawn to the boy, who stood whimpering, a few feet to the right of me on the other quarter, and pointing out over the stern. I concluded from his manner that somebody else was overboard, and thought I could distinguish, above the roaring of the storm, the name of "Antonio," the Italian sailor. But I saw he was on deck. In his fright, the boy had got the wrong name. It was poor L. I just caught a glimpse of him floating out several rods astern, as he balanced for a moment on the crest of a wave, throwing up his arms, I suppose, with the vain hope that we should thus be drawn to his assistance, — when a sea broke over him, and he sunk. The storm still continued to rage as fiercely as ever. The waves, though high and huge masses of water, still did not appear to be quite so high as I saw them two days afterward when there was very little wind. For they were now apparently pressed down and condensed by the mighty power of the wind, which outrunning them, cut off and knocked into spray their crests as soon as they rose above a certain height. Their force and speed were wonderful. That most disastrous one, which we shipped over our stern, crooked, when it struck the deck, a beam which supports the deck over the cabin, of 11 inches by 8 in diameter, clean across its lower face, knocking off and splitting in pieces its casings. How far in the fracture extends, I cannot say, but it is sensibly sprung, and I presume will have to be taken out. And for the wind, it was one steady roar. No one could hear you speak clearly unless your mouth was close to his ear, and I found it very difficult to look towards it and breathe. There were none of those alternations of rise and fall which we have on land. It did not change a note perceptibly three times during the storm; but continued to roar on, hour after hour, with the same terrible monotony, like the sound of a great waterfall, or a furnace a thousand times magnified.

Our main purpose now was to keep the water out of the brig; and the mate, bruised as he was, as soon as he was fairly on deck, was the first to call out for spare sails to nail over the hatches left by the binacle, skylight, and companion way. When he came to the companion hatch where I stood, I debated with myself a moment, whether to go below and be nailed down, or to stay on deck. But I reflected that I was too weak to do any good there, — that I should be soon chilled, (for I was drenched,) and be in great danger of being swept overboard. So, with many misgivings, I went below, and heard them nail down the hatch over my head. I sat under it, however, with my knife, ready to cut my way out, should the cabin begin to fill. The captain now lashed down the helm, for he had been much bruised, and could steer no longer, and let the brig lie in the "trough of the sea," drifting at random. The men were ordered to the pumps, for, on sounding, there was found to be four feet of water in the hold. A little before sunset, the captain, making an opening in the small after-skylight-hatch, came below, looking the picture of despair, intimating that it was all up with us, for the men could not gain on the leak, and there were no signs of abatement in the storm. He appeared rather sullen, or at least not inclined to talk, but directly "turned in," and seemed to be employed in prayer, partly aloud and partly to himself. I now went and sat on the transom under the small after-hatch, where we shipped but little water, and remained there all the earlier part of the night. The mate and men, though nearly worn out, still continued on deck, by turns at the pump. I was disconsolate enough. My feelings were far more uncomfortable than when I was on deck; for now, being no longer able to see our danger, my fears or imagination had it all their own way. Any unusual noise on deck seemed the note of some closing disaster; and every shout from the sailors, as it pierced through the roar of the storm, sunk into my heart like the final cry of despair. And not only this, but I found it very difficult to divest myself of the feeling of *personality* in the storm. The idea was urging itself upon me continually, that some enormous and malignant power, which I more than once (heathen-like) found myself half deprecating, must be beneath the ocean, heaving up these great masses of

water for our special destruction. And then again, when I remembered looking off to sea, the waves seemed an interminable pack of great giant hell-hounds, hallooed on by the winds, bounding and howling on towards us, with the bitter, fixed, remorseless purpose of tearing us in pieces. This was one of my disagreeable thoughts as I sat cooped up in the cabin. And there was another thing troubled me. I must confess, at the risk of losing your good opinion, that the praying of the captain afforded me anything but consolation. It looked so like giving up the ship, and was such a plain intimation, that all hope of being saved by earthly aid was at an end, that I could not but feel discouraged by it. Like Bonaparte on his return from Russia, (to compare small things to large,) he seemed to have a dread of hearing details, and apparently wished to abstract his mind from what was going on around him, and, taking it for granted that we should be all lost, set very zealously about what he considered the necessary process for saving his own soul. I do not intend to sneer at him for praying. To pray in times of great danger is as natural as to breathe. At such times all men, whether Christians, atheists, or reprobates, pray instinctively, — though for the most part by snatches and in silence. I only mean to say that the master of a vessel should be the last man aboard to show, by *any* change of manner, a falling off in confidence. But our captain was an old man, of a gloomy temperament, and, though not cowardly, was weighed down by a perfect night-mare of superstition, and I found afterwards had a presentiment that this would be his last voyage. At about ten or eleven o'clock at night, one of the men came to the hatch and asked for bread. They had had nothing to eat all day. I groped about below, for our lamps were lost, till I found some bread, and having handed it up, before the hatch was closed, took a look out on deck. The moon at that moment (for it was for the most part a dry storm) was shining full and clear. The same sea was raging, and the same wind roaring, just as they were seven hours previous, and our forlorn, shattered brig was still battling it out with them alone upon the ocean. I do remember it now, for a scene of awful beauty and sublimity, but so far as I recollect, I only felt at the time that it was awful. I have heard of men who could forget imminent danger in

their admiration of the sublime; and of a painter,* who lashed himself to the mast that he might draw the sea in a terrible storm. I take this to be chiefly babble; at any rate, for myself, I was sick and weak. It was cold, — my clothes were wet. I was collapsed, and doubled up with inanition, — the fear of death was pressing heavily upon me, and I confess the artist-feeling did not so prevail over the man. I went below, and for the purpose of getting warm, for sleep was out of the question, I took to my berth. I first piled into it all the wet clothes I could find, (for we had no other,) and then tried to pull off my coat. But it was so wet, and the brig rolled so much, that after slitting it down the back, and tearing one sleeve nearly out, I gave it up and got in with all my clothes on, between the straw bed and the mattress, both of which were thoroughly saturated, and in less than an hour, I found myself in a sort of steam bath of very comfortable temperature. About every quarter of an hour during the night I heard the man on the watch give a cry of warning to those at the pumps, followed by the tumbling of a heavy sea on deck, and then a lurch of the vessel, which it took all my holding on to keep from throwing me out of my berth. Then the water streamed down through the hatches to increase the quantity in the hold, bearing with it mollusca or some phosphoric matter, which left ghastly streaks of light on the planks, — or rather looked like pale, liquid fire, trickling down the bulk-head. Our great danger was that in lurching, on account of these heavy seas, the brig would throw her masts out, or as the mate afterward expressed it, “shake the sticks out of herself,” and I was dreading all night to hear them fall, every time we shipped a sea. My mind, however, was not exclusively occupied by these fearful details, nor, as I have remarked before, by the dreaded catastrophe. At times some scrap or other, such as,

“Backward and forward half her length,
With a short uneasy motion,”

would suddenly come into my head, and in a moment I was striving, like a boy reciting at school, to recal the succeeding lines. That ode of Horace, containing,

Illi robor et æs triplex,”

* Joseph Vernet, the French painter of Sea-scenes.

of which I could remember at first only this one line, haunted me thus for a long time. My memory seemed to take it up on her own account, with the obstinate determination to conquer it, and was succeeding better than I am able to do at this moment, when another great sea and a lurch of the brig put it to flight. At another time I found myself very busy with the ballad, of which the following is a stanza ;

“Three merry men and three merry men
And three merry men are we,
I on the sea, and thou on the land,
And Jack on the gallows tree.”

It soon struck me, that it was very ridiculous and inappropriate to be thinking of old ballads, situated as I was ; but a moment after, there it was again, buzzing through my mind to a merry tune,

“I on the sea, and thou on the land,” &c.

and I felt somewhat like poor Christian who, do what he would, could not but listen to the horrid whisperings of the devils, as he was going through the valley of the shadow of death, though I confess his was the more aggravated case.

You must not consider what I have just written as altogether trivial. It appears to me that these and similar phantasies, varying no doubt according to our various habits of mind, are the kindly devices of nature to draw away our thoughts from the one terrible question, the sword hanging by the hair, which, fall or not, it is useless and intolerable to contemplate. The captain and I interchanged but few words during the night, for as I said before, he seemed testy when disturbed. I once suggested the closing of one of the hatches more securely, in order to keep out the water ; but he, seeming quite indifferent whether it was done or not, said I might call the men if I chose ; and then, after a pause, added, “what is the use in fretting ? I can't save your life.” The men suffered much from exposure, and incessant exertion, having all been on deck the greater part of the time, since three o'clock in the morning ; and they were also without water all night ; for that which we had brought on deck was lost, and the casks stowed in the run (the part of the hold

under the cabin) no one had found time to get out. Towards morning two of them gave over, and went into the fore-castle and got drunk. The boy had been sent below something earlier, to prevent him from being washed overboard, for he was so fatigued (that is, so they said,) that whenever he was set to watch, he would invariably settle down on deck, and go to sleep. But the mate and one Peter Nelsen, a Dane, stood by bravely all night, especially the latter, a tall, rough looking, silent man, who worked on, making no complaint himself, nor listening to any despondency in the others. Even to the mate, who at one time began to soften, and talk of his wife (he had been lately married) whom he thought he should never see again, he respectfully intimated, in his broken English, that he ought not to speak in that way, in the presence of the men. I suppose in fact that this Nelsen was the only man on board, who was of the right material for a time of great danger. He was always on the alert, never for a moment lost his self-possession. When he with the others was knocked down by the sea, he was seen to seize the rudder with one hand, and with the other reach out, and grasp the boy by the leg, who was just going overboard. In short, as Dr. Johnson says of Prince Hal, “he was great without effort,” and did more to save the vessel, and apparently thought less of what he had done, than all the others on board.

In the morning the mate came below to find his shoes. He was a strong, willing, honest fellow, but simple-hearted and childlike. He had been much bruised when he went overboard, the bones of his face near the nose were fractured, his jaw wrenched round, and since receiving these injuries, he had been constantly on deck for fifteen hours, and as I was afterwards told, drank salt water in the night. He fretted about the cabin like a sick child. “If I could only find *mine soos*, then I could work.” And as he stood on the transom looking for them, having come below merely for that purpose, he happened to lean against one of the berths. The sensation of rest was too sweet to be resisted. He balanced a moment on the side with a sort of grin, and then rolled over into it, and in two minutes was, to all appearances, in a deep sleep ; from which he did not awake for more than forty-eight hours.

The captain now "turned out" and began to show somewhat more of interest in our temporal affairs, than he had done during the night. When he went on deck, he found the foremast sprung, the crosstrees split, and the rigging which supports the mast fast chafing away, and it was evident the latter could not stand much longer, unless the gale should abate. Peter, too, said that spite of all he could do, the water was still gaining in the hold. The fact was that the warm water of the Gulf-stream, in which we were drifting, taken in at the hatches and other holes on deck, in addition to leakage, was melting away the ice, of which our cargo consisted, very rapidly; and unless this melting could be stopped, we must soon lose our ballast, and be "water-logged," that is, the brig would fill and sink about even with the surface of the water, and then be rolled over and over, in the trough of the sea. The captain therefore secured the hatches, nailed leather over the holes on deck, and turned out the drunken fellows to relieve Peter in pumping. The sea was quite as high as ever; but the wind certainly had not increased, and though the captain did not say that he thought it had fallen, he remarked that he had been praying for it to do so, all night, thereby leaving me to refer as much of the abatement, if any should ensue, as I pleased, to his influence. It was plain, however, that either by prayer or rest, probably both, he had regained, in some degree, his proper tone of mind, and ability for exertion. But hope had scarcely yet begun to beam upon us. I recollect that morning overhauling my trunk to find, if possible, a dry clean shirt, and having the disagreeable thought, as I put it on, that I was putting on my own winding sheet, and thinking also, that it was folly to take the trouble. But our instincts are not to be frightened away by the near approach of death. At this time, too, I had perhaps, a sadder moment, than any before. It was occasioned by seeing in my trunk certain little matters which reminded me of friends. And once before, when that great sea struck us, which I have mentioned some pages back, a momentary thought of my mother came over me, as I said to myself, "and so I am to be the first to go of the eight;" but in general, neither emotions of this kind, nor regret at leaving the world, nor remorse of conscience, nor thoughts of a future state, nor

yet prayer, except by suppressed ejaculation at some critical instant, occupied my mind, any considerable part of the time. I have no doubt that the most of the captain's praying was mechanical, that is partially so, just as were my mental recitations of poetry, and that both mainly served for occupation to the mind. The dreaded moment of dissolution, the last awful plunge was doubtless the main question with both; but this was qualified and softened down, and at times almost withdrawn from view, or the mind most kindly lured away from the contemplation of it, as I have before endeavored to explain. I tell you these things out of simple honesty, and if you will allow me to say so, as a philosopher, for my experience contradicts, in some degree, the preconceived ideas, which I had received, from whatever source, of the state of a man's mind, situated as we were on this occasion; and I see no good reason, why such expositions, when honestly made, should be, as I believe they are, considered unmanly.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon, it became evident the wind was somewhat on the decline. It still continued to blow a gale; but by comparing one hour with another, we could discover a sensible abatement. The men too, encouraged by Peter's example, all worked on vigorously, and a little before sunset reported that they were gaining on the water in the hold. The appalling sense of pressing and immediate danger was now gone, and I went to bed and slept soundly. In the morning, when I looked on deck, I found a signal of distress, that is, our ensign, with the union down, flying in the main rigging. The wind was blowing, not a gale, but strongly from the north-west; and the sea, though by no means so violent, still ran as high as the day previous. The men had at length got the brig free, but could only keep her so by constant pumping. The captain now called a consultation about leaving the vessel. He first came to me, but I declined giving an opinion, on account of inexperience. The mate was still asleep, and he now called the men aft, and made the proposition to them. They all seemed to look to Peter to answer for them, and Peter said at once, that we must not give up the brig. We had our rudder, and one mast sound, and sails and men enough left to get her in somewhere, unless there should come on another

gale, and we must therefore stay by her. In this opinion all seemed to concur. This morning a raw ham was cut up and served out to the men, of which they all eat ravenously, some with, and some without molasses. I tried a little of it, but soon gave it up, and contented myself with bread and water. At a little after noon the wind fell down nearly to a calm, but the sea appeared to be higher even than I had yet seen it. It was no longer at all violent, but the waves (their rage being spent) were tumbling slowly and loosely about, perfectly harmless, like huge beasts at play. The brig was continually in a hollow, surrounded by hills of water, apparently from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and from three to five rods in length, from base to summit, one of which she seemed constantly on the point of going up; and as this spread out and sunk down under her bows, it was succeeded by another, so that for a time we could only see a few rods in any direction. In an hour or so, however, it began to cloud up, and blow more fresh; and then almost in an instant, the face of the water was changed. The waves were now increased in number and activity, but diminished in size; and we had our sea view again. Just about sunset, the captain and I being below, one of the hands forward cried out "sails," and the boy ran aft, and repeated it down the hatch way. We both hurried on deck, and saw the sail, which the captain said was a British brig, "bearing down to" us, about a mile off. I never before had a clear idea of the adaptedness of a ship to the ocean. She wimpled up and down on the water, as light as an eggshell. Her masts flourished about in the air, and then whipped over on one side until her yards nearly dipped, and then giving a plunge forward, she resumed her equilibrium. In short, she seemed to defy all the powers of the sea "to take her off her legs," and reminded me of nothing so much, as of one of those little cork images, with lead in its feet, which, at school, we used to call a witch; and like a witch, on a wild horse reconnoitering, she made, as she came near, a broad sweep out, and danced clear round us, in order to get near enough to speak, and at the same time avoid coming in contact with us. Just as her broadside came to bear on ours the second time, her captain brought his trumpet to his mouth; "What's your name?" he brayed out. "Olive M.

Boston," shouted our captain putting his hand to his mouth, for he had lost his trumpet. "What's the matter with you?" "We've been tore all to pieces in a gale." "What do you want with us?" "We want to be taken off." "Then wear round to the northward, and keep in our wake till we can board you." "What's your longitude?" said our captain. But before the British captain could ascertain an answer, the vessels were too far apart for a voice from either to be heard; but he marked it down with chalk on a large board, and held it up, and then went on his way. The longitude was 63 and something; we were therefore four or five degrees to the eastward of our course. The captain explained his having requested to be taken off, by saying that he merely wished to induce the British brig to "lay by" till morning, in order to furnish us with means for repair.

The next day was fine, the first really fine day which we had seen, since coming to sea. All hands were now busy in getting the brig into sailing order, and the captain thought of taking her into Bermuda. But at noon, on taking the sun, he found we were considerably to the north east of that island, and in latitude about 35°. We therefore shaped our course for our port of destination in Jamaica. Towards night we spoke another British brig, the *Amelia*, of Whitby, a small port in Yorkshire, who supplied us with nails and spikes, &c. for repairs, and also cooking utensils, and that evening we had cooked food, — the first we had seen for six days.

We were all well now, but the mate. He was still very sick from the injuries he had received when he went overboard. When he first awoke out of his long sleep, I was the only person below. He turned wildly about, for a moment, being flighty from having drunk salt water, and then sang out, "on deck there" and ordered me aloft, to do something, — apparently taking me for a sailor, and as it seemed, a very poor one; — for he directly added — "No, you can't do it," and then giving me a hard contemptuous look, "What for did you come to sea for? — you bloody sheep, — to mind de cabin?" We bathed and poulticed him as well as we could, but he was in a very miserable plight until he obtained surgical aid at Kingston.

After this, the weather continued fine for the remainder

of the passage, and we had only the ordinary incidents of a sea voyage. I was most of the time on deck. Perhaps there is no situation in which one can read with more advantage and tranquility, than at sea in fine weather. The motion of the vessel gives you just that slight physical exercise, which every one desires when reading. Sometimes I watched the stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens,—wondering where they would go to roost. They would follow on our wake for hours, with a scarcely audible cheep—touching every where as carefully as Dr. Johnson used to the posts, between Temple Bar and St. John's Gate. Sometimes a school of porpoises would plunge along across our bow—or a flock of flying fish start up, or a shark come “shucking” slowly round the vessel—with his dorsal fin out of the water—seeking what he might devour; and once or twice, I saw a huge black fish, a species of whale, throw his whole enormous bulk out of the water, at some distance from the vessel, and then come down with a stupendous plunge. All these are incidents which highly interest a passenger, on his first voyage. The flying fish has less strength of wing than I had supposed. They rose out of the water, like birds in flocks,—apparently disturbed by the approach of the vessel, and fluttering along, from three to five feet above the surface, for five or six rods, struck into a wave and disappeared. One of them flew on deck; it was about five inches long, and of a bright silver color. Its wings were merely longer and larger pectoral fins, than are found on other fishes of the same size. I sympathized with the poor thing, for he reminded me of rather a large class of young men of the present day, of which perhaps, I am one,—who are neither entirely men of the world, nor men of books; but just enough of each, to spoil them for either. We cannot swim well enough to escape,—much less to compete with the sharks and dog-fish; and when we take to the air, we show too little power of wing to pass for respectable birds, and therefore we flounder on through a life of very doubtful comfort and security, like this poor fish. I was for returning him to the water after examination, but the cook claimed him as his property. Poor soul; the cook himself is now food for fishes.

I occasionally assisted the mate in writing up his log,

—particularly that part of it relating to our disaster, as it was necessary that this portion of it should be full and accurate on account of insurance. One morning, as we were busy at this work,—I writing to the mate's dictation, the Captain interrupted us with some warmth, and addressing the mate,—“That's not the way to make out a log, (says he.) If you nick—nick—nick—things along in, in that way—one after another—the long boat in the morning, and the galley at noon,—the underwriters will never believe they were lost by the “act of God;” a phrase in old policies on bills of lading, now I believe disused. You should take the sails, boats, boom, mast, companion-way, and bulwarks, and bouse 'em all in together with a slap; and then,” said he, with increasing earnestness, “the underwriters can't deny but that it was the act of God.” I had the impression before sailing, that the proverbial superstition of seamen was a good deal on the decline, at least among masters; and this, no doubt, is the case to some extent, but it was not so with our captain.

Ever since the storm, I had been determined, whenever opportunity should offer, to have some conversation with Peter. The Captain told me, he had sailed with him two voyages before the present, and that he was one of the best and most trusty men, he ever knew, both at sea and in port. He was certainly a favorite with all on board, not only on account of his conduct during the storm, but from his quiet, good-natured, and obliging manners afterwards. The boy took to him, as to a father. One Sunday, as he was leaning over the bows, smoking by himself, I went forward and drew him into talk of his previous life. He was about twenty-seven, though he looked thirty-five, and was born near Copenhagen. At a very tender age, (I think nine,) he was pressed into the naval service, from which, at about fifteen, he ran away, and joined the merchant service, and sailed from various ports in Europe, till past twenty-one. At length he shipped at Amsterdam on board a Dutch merchantman, bound for Baltimore, intending to sail out of the United States, because he had heard wages were better there. At Baltimore, his captain refused to discharge him, and therefore leaving his clothes and wages, (the price at which a sailor usually exchanges one country

for another,) he ran away into the country. — “*Away up* into de country — into de bush — more as fifty or forty miles,” said he, glancing up, as if he expected to find me looking somewhat surprised, — where he remained until his captain had sailed. Since this time, which is five or six years, he has sailed out of the United States. But his sixteen or eighteen dollars per month here, he finds no better than his seven or eight in Denmark — the higher prices of board and clothing in this country making all the difference. He wanted to make money enough to buy a farm, — “just a leetle farm,” and then go home, where, five years ago, he had a mother and two sisters living. He had once laid up “more as a couple hundred dollars,” — but one day, about two years ago, in going into Norfolk, on board the barque Brontes of Boston, Captain Kobler; he fell from the main-yard and “broke his neck,” he said, (putting his hand on his collar bone,) and when he came to his senses, he found himself in the hospital. His chest was by his bed, with the key in it, but his money and best clothes were gone; — the barque had sailed. Since then, he has saved a little more money, but not so much. I felt very much at the time, as if I should have liked to ship Peter off to Denmark, to his mother and sisters, with money enough to buy his little farm. But it is very easy for people who have never made any money to be liberal, in theory and even in fact, whenever they possess any little, extemporaneous means; but the truth is, we never have had the nursing of a heap of dollars. We have never watched its growth from infancy upwards, with anxious brooding care, and of course, know nothing of the strong parental attachment, which almost necessarily arises from this process. We are, therefore, not well prepared to appreciate the sense of deep bereavement, shown by many business men who have had such experience — nor even the reluctance of tolerably good men — whenever any other than a legitimate business occasion, or a *public* charity, calls on them to part with the money, which they have learned to love, — not wisely, perhaps, — but too well. I shall however represent the case to the owner, and if, as Falstaff says, he will do Peter any honor, — so, if not, let him save the next brig himself. But I have reason to believe that this magnanimity, — this self-

devotion, as a matter of course, is a thing of no uncommon occurrence at sea. “Why,” therefore, says the owner, “should I pay for that which is mine by right? It is like taxing a fair wind. It is putting a market value on that, which has heretofore been a free privilege of the merchant, which is against the usages of trade, and must not be.” “Besides,” says the moral theorist, “is it not a pity to spoil this magnanimity, by placing a pecuniary value upon it? The moment you offer to pay it liberally, it awakes to consciousness. It touches money, and, as in the case of charming away diseases, the peculiar virtue ceases at once.” “And not only this,” says the ‘seaman’s friend,’ “if he would only always live at one of our ‘homes,’ when in port, and be happy in *our* way instead of his own, something might be done. But the captain tells us, he has no sense of his fallen condition, but swore, even during the storm.” Poor Peter! I suspect he must still labor on, as heretofore, at his vocation, in which he appears to be not unhappy. Saving the lives and property of rich men, and thinking nothing of it, and little thought of himself, until he arrives at something past the middle age, when his iron frame shall at length yield to hardship and exposure, and at some chance port, where he shall have broken down, he finds his way to the hospital, and thence to the dissecting-table: — or, which perhaps will be quite as well, until on some stormy passage, in which his craft shall be driven to still greater extremity than ours has been, he shall, after one more hard, manly struggle, yield up his life to the ocean, on which he has passed the most of his days. To one or the other of these results, I have little doubt Peter will come. In the mean time let this be our consolation, — that the elements which go to form true manliness of character can never be lost.

We are sorry to omit Notices which we had prepared of “Thoughts on Spiritual Subjects, translated from Fenelon”; of “The Doctrine of Life,” by William B. Greene; “Mainzer’s Musical Times”; and of a “Lecture on the Human Soul, by L. S. Hough,” which are crowded out by the unexpected length of our printed articles.