

Poetry.

CHARITY.

More sweet than odors which at morn
Are wafted through the sky.

When God looks from his throne above,
No sight His eye can scan

And angels, where they dwell secure,
Those deeds with joy record;

Select Literature.

BOATSWAIN ULRIK'S CAP.

(Concluded.)

I mechanically obeyed, and well it was I did so,
for my orders had scarcely been executed when the

All hands remained on deck all night, we ran up
channel, and the weather continuing as boisterous

When we had come to anchor, Ulrik came into
the cabin where I had gone to get a little rest.

'You leave me, and for what?'
'I cannot tell you—but I must—and for your

'No, by heaven—you are too useful to me;
where shall I find another such a boatswain? No,

'Then I will desert.'
'No, that you shall not—for I will give orders

'You will have it so—well, as you please—but
you will see.'

And in pronouncing these words, his large gray
eyes had a singularly compassionate expression in

But the day after this interview, strange rumors,
spread among the crew, I know not why.

'It is that dog of an undertaker,' said some of
them, 'who brings us such bad luck!'

'With such a limb of the devil on board, we all
run the risk of leaving our bones in Davy Jones's

I had long known the singular superstition in-
herent in all sailors, who attribute all the disasters

The reader must excuse me for not clearing up the
mystery or the fatality which appeared to be attached

We went out of Havre on the 26th, with a fine
wind which soon carried us off the coast. When we

'Why captain, you have tanned some of their
hides for them, haven't you?' asked Ulrik.

'A little—two dogs who wanted the crew to be-
lieve that you were the cause of the bad weather,

'Perhaps it is so,' said he in a hollow tone. I
shrugged my shoulders, and walked away from my

By an inexplicable fatality, when we had got into
the latitude of the Canaries, and having given orders

weather became all at once squally, the wind got up,
blew harder, and at last the storm became so violent

Then a frightful idea took possession of the minds
of the crew, who, terrified at this loss, came up in

'I shuddered, and looked at Ulrik. For the first
time I saw him smile, but what a smile, great God!

'Wretches,' cried I, seizing a handspike, 'I will
knock you on the head like so many dogs, if you

Overboard! overboard with him! we will not
go to the bottom for him—throw him overboard.'

They still advanced. I threw myself between
them and Ulrik, who said to me, 'let them do what

'What, allow them to assassinate you in cold
blood! No, no—go down into my cabin, you will

And after saying this, I whirled my handspike
rapidly around, advancing upon the crew.

'We beg your pardon, captain, but the undertaker
must go overboard,' said one of them.

Yes, yes, overboard with him, they all shouted
furiously, so that their cries drowned even the raging

At the same instant a running noose was thrown
over me, I was dragged down and bound in a moment

'It is now your turn,' cried the sailing-master, a
man of gigantic stature, and advancing toward Ulrik.

At this moment a violent squall threw the ship
almost on her beam ends, and nearly all the sailors

'Take advantage of the lull,' cried I to Ulrik,
'run down to the cabin.'

But he sprang to the mizen shrouds and in an in-
stant was standing on the quarter rails.

'I ought,' cried he, to the sailors who were pick-
ing themselves up, cursing and swearing at the wind

'I ought to allow you to commit an useless crime, for my death would not
save you unless it were voluntary. But I do it, not

And he shook the mizen shrouds with mad violence.

Were I to live a hundred years, I never should
forget that frightful scene. I see him, Ulrik, still

clinging to the shrouds; his hair streaming in the
wind, his pale face, which stood out, as it were, in

bold relief from the dark grey of the horizon, his

eyes darting flashes of fire, and the hideous contor-

tions of his mouth, while yelling the word 'mother.'

The crew appeared petrified, as if fascinated by
his incomprehensible determination; they remained

motionless, but stood gazing fixedly at Ulrik with
haggard eyes.

'Farewell, then, captain.'
These were his last words, for he disappeared.

'Hurrah! hurrah! the rascally undertaker's
gone!' cried the crew, clapping their hands with

joy; and then they came and very politely unbound
me.

I thought that I was dreaming. The man at the
helm was thrown down by a sea which suddenly

struck the rudder; the ship luffed up in the wind
and very nearly branched to. This violent shock

and the imminent danger we were in brought me to
myself. I rushed to the wheel, and I remained

there giving my orders from that spot, for we were
threatened with instant death.

'See there, you dogs!' I exclaimed, 'Heaven is
punishing you for your atrocious crime. Has the

death of that unfortunate man appeased the tempest?
On the contrary, it increases, you vile wretches!

in an hour, perhaps, we shall go to keep him com-
pany!'

'There, said he, go and join your master, the
undertaker, and may God grant that the storm may

abate, for we have nothing now on board belonging
to that hellish boatswain!'

So saying, he threw Ulrik's sea-chest overboard
amid the exclamations of the crew, who seemed

persuaded that the tempest would be lulled as soon
as everything belonging to the hapless man had left

the ship.
But, on the contrary, the storm raged more

furiously than ever. I all at once heard a sort of
explosion; it was our mainsail, which the wind

had torn clean from the bolt-ropes, and with such
rapidity that I saw merely a white spot turning

round and round, and which disappeared in an in-
stant.

'Curses upon you!' I exclaimed. 'Heaven is
just!'

'There is still something on board belonging to
that d—d undertaker!' said the obstinate sail-maker.

'Boy, go down into his berth and see what you can
find; your hide shall pay for it if you don't find

something.'

Five minutes afterward the boy returned on deck
with an old red woollen night-cap, which had belonged

to Ulrik, and which he had found in a dark corner
of his berth.

'Come, now,' said the sail-maker, throwing it
into the sea, 'come, now, be quiet—there is nothing

more of his on board: roar no more and be calm!'

And it chanced (can it be deemed chance?) that
the three or four last squalls which had so furiously

swept over us, were, as the sailors have it, the fig-
end of the storm. The wind fell, the sky brightened,

a favorable and gentle breeze sprang up, and the sea
became smooth. From that moment our voyage

was prosperous, the most prosperous one I ever
made, and we arrived at Buenos Ayres on the 1st

of January.

The reader must excuse me for not clearing up the
mystery or the fatality which appeared to be attached

to the word 'mother,' and to the 13th of October;
but as I, myself, could never solve them, I would

not add a word which should detract from the
veracity of a real fact.

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