TWO INFINITES.

A lonely way, and as I went alone over
Gentle and unbroken from the spring's sweet things
Lush covered grass, and all that climbs and clings
In moss, from ledges, where the primroses flee
In hot own fairness—buried blooms anytime
The drowsier breezes stop to sweet strongly—
Sweet as the perfume of a bride's white
Somewhere small blue speckled violetlets
Scarcely did one spring and I was the begin
My whole heart long. I loved each separate flower,
Knowing I looked up unknown—Dear God!
There stretched the shining plain for miles wide
The sky—
The sky—
And lo! that sky was infinitude and broad!
—Edward Dowden in English Illustrated.

CAPTAIN JONES.

Seven men sat in a gloomy wooden cave. Under a massive beam that ran athwart the ceiling swung a sort of coffee pot, from the spout of which spattered a smoking flame, whose singularities frame were to be everywhere tasted in the atmosphere of the darksome wooden cave. The seven men were seated, not on mourning chairs or vast sofas, but on rude boxes, whose lids were scored by the cutting up of cake tobacco. There were one or two pillars or stanchions in this gloomy wooden cave, from which dangled several sickle scots and sickle jaggies, and under the ceiling hung a number of bags filled, from the seam, with bow and there a ragged lantern peeping over the edge, or an old shoe showing through the meshes. In the midst of the ceiling was a square hole called a hatch, down which the day there floated very little daylight, owing partly to the hatch being small and partly to the sky being overcast with clouds.

But these seven men seated in this interior been closely shaven, and had they been supplied in well washed unscented shirts, shaved waistcoats, comfortable trousers and caps with naval peaks, they would have passed as a harmless, respectable body of seafaring men—men who would say "ma'am" to a lady when addressed by her, and answer intelligently and responsibly when asked about the weather. But as they now sat they looked as sulky and wild a set of fellows as one could imagine; strangely and fearfully attired, gritty of face and hairy, bearded with half Wellingtons and belted in Wapping fashion, and timid people would have thought that they carried a murderous air because each man wore a sheath upon his hip, in which lay a very sharp knife.

The wooden cave in which these men sat rose and fell as though it were the exterior end of a long board violently unseated, and the motion, combined with the smell of the fumes of the coffee pot lamp and a vapor rising out of a small tub of tanned pork, not to mention other odors such as might be produced by well worn, nasty smelling sea boots, bedding which had made several voyages round the world, nasty pipe, oil rapes, rain and water and many particulars of malodorous nature, the sunken brine in the hold and forepeak, was instantly have upon the stomach of any landsman who out of curiosity should have put his head into the little hatch to see what was inside of it.

This cave was indeed a ship's forecastle, but the seven men who sat in it were seamen who had for many years been tossed by the various oceans of the world, and could not possibly have been made sensible, even though they should have been offered a handsome reward to try. One of them was a large, strong man, with a shaggy head of hair and a beard like rope yarn. He looked as though he had taken a tender and come up again to blow overcoat with seaweed. This strong man suddenly and with a quiny fury of the gesture whipped the knife out of the sheath that was strapped to his hip, and plunging it into a lump of pork lifted the horrid black into the air, and cried out:

"Here it is again!"

As he pronounced these words the little square of hatch was obscured by the interposition of a man's body.

"The smell of that there pork," said the man belonging to the body in the hatch, "is something to sit upon, something strong enough to lean upon. Why, a man might turn to and chop them Prince Jons out of their bunk boards. Talk of strength."

"Come below, cook!" barked one of the seven men.

"No, I've got to see to the capt'n's dinner. Blow the pot if I'd thought to be trouble. When I signed it was for sailor, and a dry bottom, and a ship's company. Pump, pump, and swabs to get and holes to cut and pump, pump! Here's light on the ship with this every's reckoning for me." And the man, violently striking himself upon the breast, disappeared.

The powerful sailor who had held the pork sheath while the cook discussed chunk in it, and thrusting the knife back again and spat.

"By about time," said he, "that all hands was agreed."

"All hands is agreed," said one of the sailors, "saying that Prince Jons, Dutchman, Peter. But if he don't come into it 8/6 is a bad job for one of us if, on some dark night, him and we happen to be shift together."

"That there Peter," said a sailor, "was a blessing to me that he'd he shipped for period a month. He gave me half out a shipmate's shirt if by so doing he thought he would give a shilling by saving his skin."

"This is sweet meat for Peter," said one of the seven, pointing to the pork, "and a pound a month is good money to Peter, and if Peter and the Dutchman have to fight their way, then if ye wanted to see what sort of a man an English sailor looked like you'd have to ask the master of the first vessel he sees in sight to send for him."

"What a blessing feel a fellow makes of himself when he goes to sea!" exclaimed a man with red hair and a broken nose. "I might be been a market gardener had I stuck ashore. Think of that! What did I run away for? For the likes of this for a period," said he, waving his hand towards the forecastle, "and for the likes of you," pointing to the boatswain, "for I and the rest of the men." he added, pointing to the pork, "as well. But no grumbling's allowed. Do, no! Tell 'em that pickled dog ain't pork and that wermin ain't pork's food and you'd be taken up for the magistrate and committed and locked up and left to rot, whilst the blooming Dutchmen are getting all the jobs, because picked dog to them is pork and wermin a relish." He struck his fist heavily upon the chest on which he sat and fastened his eyes upon his hope as though he were he turned them about, as though he were to opening a sample of coal.

"No use keeping all on grunting," exclaimed a quiet looking seaman, addressing the others over his folded arms. "What's to be the matter of the day?"

"A long nap," answered the strong man, who bore the nickname of Black Sam. "Here we are, sixteen days out, two hands overboard, and not enough hands by an alive women to work the ship, because working water and requiring to be pumped every four hours, and fit to make a waltzer of, ship's head old and wormy, and the rest of us men's mere sleep sweepings. Now this being so I'm agoing to knock off work, for one."

"And me for another"—

"And me for another," went in a growl from mouth to mouth.

"There's the mate and there's the carpenter," continued Black Sam. "If the mate's can work the ship with them two, well and good. But Peter he sides here. Better than that case of a Dutchman should be, so to speak, the capt'n's dine. Peter's expected his arm and weasel with him yet. Why, mates, he'd to strangle something a-'ver."

At this point [illegible] of hatchway was again darkened and a well built figure of the carpenter appeared. [illegible] low there. [illegible] their dinner yet? [illegible] The wind's drawing [illegible] start trimming."

"Tumble up!" [illegible] "Don't you be holding your [illegible] over the hatch or I'll be in a [illegible] being down. Can't ye smell it? [illegible] nothing but an hour's dinner. There's plenty left if we're a relief for a little."

"We've had a long nap," exclaimed Mr. Chips, who combined the duty of second mate with that of ship's carpenter. "Tumble up, I tell you. The wind's drawing aloof."

"Shove it and smell it for yourself," shouted a seaman, pleasing the hard little the men did not footing a lump of pork through the hatch. The sailors heard the hatred shape of Mr. Chips as he went off.

"Hell's bending to a old man," said Black Sam. "let's go on deck and have it out, lads. I'll do the talking part, with your good leave. We don't want no language. Giving's a reason and to those born to serve. We all knows what we mean to get, and I'll say it for ye."

He led the way, the shipmates followed. They gained the forecastle and stood in a group gazing at the after part of the ship.

The vessel was the Rose, from Liverpool to an East African port. She was an old fashioned square rigged ship, but her lines were those of a yacht, and there were few vessels from which which would look at her on a bowline. Her yards were unusually square, and she carried swinging booms and main skysail mast, and her bowsprit was between 60 and 70 feet. Such a ship as this demanded crews of a dozen at least, not to mention master, mates and "officers," instead of twenty the Rose had sailed with but now in the forecastle and a cook in the galley, and the others were a carpenter, who acted as second mate, an Only Mate and the captain. Of the crew over two had been swept overboard in a gale of wind. They were Englishmen, and the English jacks did not lament their shipmates' end, but on the contrary grieved mightily when it was discovered that the foreigners were gone, and they kept discovery wished then all Dutchmen who signed aboard for the out origin of England would go and fall overboard as these two foreigners had, and as promptly, too, as this so lately concerned might be kept waiting.

During the night in which the two Portuguese had perished the ship had been so strained as to oblige the hands to serve the pumps every four hours. Unfortunately, the pumps were useless. There not but a limit to poisons and enchantments, even though the sufferer be a sailor. The seven seamen banged together on the forecastle of the Rose stood staring aft. The cook, a pale man, banged in his galley door, half in and half out, and his face wore an expression of sour expectation. The sailing, or, as I may call him, was talking to the captain, and the Only Mate was slowly walking through the cinnamon hatch as the body of seamen stood staring.

The captain, whose name was Jones, was a tall, lean, gaunt man, his face of the color of yellow. In appearance decidedly Yankee, though he happened to belong to Lindhouse. He wore square cut boots, a cloak that might have been taken from the shoulders of a stage bandit and a sugar loafed hat. The hair on his face consisted of a beard that fell from under his chin like a goat's, and his eyes were black, brilliant and restless.

The Only Mate, whose name was Johnson, was about half the captain's height. The cook had done his work with him, and had widened up his face, dried the marrow out of its bones, put a turn in either leg, so that his walk was like a pantomime clown's. Instead of being an Only Mate he should have formed the eighth part of a mate. You would have thought this man at least of such mate as Mr. Johnson should go to the making of an Only Mate for the Rose, but you sent your glass from the dried and kinked figure to the body of such forward, more particularly to the giant Black Sam who with the rest continued to gape aft.

The carpenter, or second mate, was a brown faced man of about fifty, but time had taken the place of blood in his veins, and he looked stary, with his white locks and rounded back and knee, hanging arms, whose fingers were curled in the manner of fish hooks. At the wheel stood the Scandinavian seaman, Peter, the like of whom you may see any day blowing in German hoof in the streets of London, wool coated, trousered, pelisse tainted, a figure nearly put together, and the cause of loss as expressive of consternation as a dale's.

The captain was puffing at a long cigar that dangled between his lips. Presently he pulled his cigar from his mouth and shouted: "We don't want all hands. The starboard watch can turn out. Turn out, starboard watch!" and replacing his cigar he fell to swiftly revolving the quarter deck to and fro.

The seven sailors marched aft and came to a stand a little aloft the mainmast. Black Sam advanced himself by a step and touched.

"Capt'n Jones, we men don't mean to do no more work until our wrongs are righted."

The captain, speaking with the cigar in his mouth, halted opposite the men and said: "What are your wrongs? Are you well fed? Are ye growing too fat for the want of work? Say the word and I'll right them wrongs for ye just enough."

"We've got a new under that there long boat, Capt'n Jones," said Black Sam. "Would ye give her the willies to see have to live on and work hard out? No! And why? Because the life and health of a man is of more consequence to the rise of such men as you and the owners of the vessel than the life and health of a sailor."

Captain Jones clenched his fist and glared. But what is the use of one man attacking his fist and glaring at seven savage, hairy, resolved Britishmen, and the captain might well have thought that he was but one man to the whole ship's company, for the Only Mate stood at the rail looking over the side as though he were a passenger, willing to listen, but rather anxious not to be "involved," while the carpenter had stepped off, and was dividing his attention between the compass card and the main yard. The captain looked around him. He then puffed a few moments at his cigar, while an expression entered his face that would have persuaded skeptics observers that the sailors he confronted that he intended to keep his tongue.

"What have you to complain of?"

Several sailors spoke at once. Black Sam elevated his immense hairy fist.

"We complain of this," said he. "First, the ship ain't seaworthy."

"Ain number one," said the captain.

"She ain't seaworthy," continued Black Sam, with a menacing tone of storm in his deep bass voice. "You're as good a sailor as we are, I suppose, and to deny know that a ship that needs to be pumped six every four hours isn't seaworthy."

"Next!" said the captain.

"All the victuals is rotten in the hold. Is this food for a man?" and Black Sam, pulling his hand in a big piece of pork, held it forward and extended it to the captain. But the captain jerked elsewhere, and Black Sam, with his face full of black dashed the hunch on to the deck at the captain's feet, as a sick one of the sailors cried out, "See how they run!"

"Go number two," said the captain. "Next!"

"Your ship's stores are rotten to the core, and the wermin's [illegible] "The vermin's [illegible] and the stands [illegible] enough to be, a [illegible] and [illegible] you this—can we or we [illegible] Capt'n Jones, [illegible] the cost [illegible] of this [illegible] "Go on, [illegible] Tell the mate to shift [illegible] and [illegible] nearest port, [illegible] Mate, [illegible] Mate, [illegible] you and Mr. Chips are the crew to a [illegible] the ship adrift, by yourselves if ye can. There your mind, mates!"

"That's our mind!" was echoed in a harmonious chorus.

The captain looked up aloft at his crews, then around at the men, then at his only Mate, and at Chips, the carpenter, and at Peter at the wheel. His eyelids seemed fiery as he dark with temper. Nevertheless he spoke deliberately:

"This ship's anchor is gone for passage. There is nothing, the crew are five often, and there are more of ye than are wanted to do the work of the vessel."

He paused for a moment, but the Only Mate, who appeared him with a glance at the nose that was certainly not remarkable for spirit.

"Mr. Johnson," said the captain, "you've heard what's passed?"

"I have, sir," answered the Only Mate.

"Then follow me all aft, if you please," continued the captain, "they will swing in their hammocks and they will smoke their pipes, but no more shoes are to be served out to those who are aft. Here is a final account of that excellent friend which lies wasted on the deck here—until they are sent to turn to. There, I don't doubt, it will be as plain following as the Lord's word now." In vessel, in a voice the sudden fling of which was like the report of a gun, he cried out, "All hands! take the wheel, while you, Mr Chips and Peter, turn out."

"Peter!" roared Black Sam, "we men have knocked off work till we're righted. If you hold the capt'n a hand, and take wind into sails so"—

And again he advanced his enormous arm, and caused his fist to swing.

"He Chops," said Peter, "take this wheel. I am unwell," and letting go the spokes, the Dutchman reached forward and joined his shipmates, who stood on a distant knees as the whole eight of them, with the cook in their wake, made their way to the forecastle and disappeared.

Sailors have no libraries, and Captain Jones knew it. There are societies in Great Britain for the prevention of the ill usage of men who, living from seasons to days, from children to dirty beds, but there is no society for the prevention of cruelty to sailors. Captain Jones knew that he had a free hand, and he used it with simple ease. Nevertheless, he passed an uneasy night. When the morning broke he and the Only Mate and Mr. Chips sore nearly worn of fatigue, for dread had seen in the hours of darkness, and its sap was a big one, and there were but two men, the cook being at the wheel, to let in and close up, and hard down and more sang so but two men which.

When the morning broke Captain Jones looked as if he had just come out of the pilot. Mr. Chips, who stood at the wheel, might readily have passed for a man of sorrows, and the Only Mate, who was lighting the galley fire, showed as if he had been towed overboard during the greater part of the night.

"Tumble up, starboards to the forecastle will be wanting their breakfast," said the captain. "Now! you'll have them laying adjunct presently and waiting to turn in."

The men, however, did not show themselves. They perfectly understood that the ship could not be navigated as things were, and that the captain would be obliged to their views before the day had passed, and, indeed, long before the day passed, should a change of weather happen presently, and they grinned, man after man, as they further peeped through the gratin and saw old Chips at the wheel looking scurvy and the Only Mate down as though he was just come out of hospital, and the Only Mate as though he had been towed overboard, and they preserved their grin, man after man, as they peeped and still and saw the mutilated repute and repudiated main fluttering, and the sixpenny hanging horse and the pots hung in forward tumed.

"Why, we are yesterday's news, I reckon," said Black Sam, "and the timed locker aft's empty. If the old man were the devil himself we'd weather him out. But the ship wouldn't be allowed to sink this voice of three days," and forthwith the sailors grinning rose through the hatch and in a single file passed through the gangway, and stood with their hands in their pockets, and then returned to the forecastle. But there was no mutiny in this disposition, for the men had kept their faith with the captain, and as every man knew throughout the night a gang had turned out to pump the ship.

The men had been lounging on the ship's rail, was drinking some coffee which the Only Mate had boiled, the carpenter, Mr. Chips, smoking a cheroot at his side, and the Only Mate standing another Dutch at the wheel, a sail now in view. The crews was right and the sea smooth. Captain Jones noticed that English sailors must down, and at dawn he'd look in the morning the two vessels were nearly abreast of each other, the Rose with her yards square and the Only Mate with her swung by Captain Jones and Mr. Chips taking the braces to the quarter deck and the Only Mate was a large, light lark, with pointed poke. Sue, too, had hooked her squall.

"Those it so, Sue is hailing," said Captain Jones, and he ordered the Only Mate, "lower that quarter boat, Mr Johnson, and see aboard with Mr Chips. Tell the Sue's people that we have lost our anchor and that we have lost our rudder, and ask them if he can spare us a couple of hands to carry the back to ——," and he named a contract port.

Forthwith a boat was lowered, and in a few minutes Mr. Chips and the Only Mate were pulling away for the Sue from her side, right here was pulled pots. The captain, grasping the wheel, stood watching, now and again a hazy jewel showed in the forward sails, and he would of a hoarse cough. Bonded off to the rate of Captain Jones. The boat gained the side of the lark, a rope's end was thrown, and the Only Mate made the boat fast to it. Men was then clambered over the side of the vessel and disappeared.

"Sue's people are eagerly, and while he stood looking a house voice roared the following washer were Sue through the forecastle scuttle:

"Yes particular of England, yes lords and commons too.

Consider well what you've sent, and what you have sent to me.

You've sent me my wife Vanessa, I'm sure I can't say the day.

Yes I send the sons of Liberty in North America."

The time passed. Captain Jones stood at the wheel with his eye fixed upon the lark. Suddenly he ran to the companion way, picked a telescope out of the brackets, and leaning at the rail covered the glass at the lark. He remained motionless with his eye at the telescope for some minutes, then stood up and sent a glance aloft, and a look that swept the wide quarters of his ship from the bulkhead, great mutterings were an expression of perplexity, doubt and wrath, all combining in a look that made him appear more than ever as though just out of hospital.

"By this and by that and by Esther," he roared, using words which, as they cannot be described, must be left to the imagination, "what are I thought it of the lark this and that and something else suppose" [illegible] "and even as he then used language which cannot be written, the lark swung her yards so as to fill upon the walk, and letting go Captain Jones' telescope, he dropped a dirty stocking [illegible] gilded [illegible] and pointed as something were [illegible] Captain of the lark, and [illegible] lands of his reason, and many [illegible] "we're the sort [illegible] and [illegible] line. Again! [illegible] "Ahoy! [illegible] There [illegible] be sorry in the [illegible] human nature [illegible] a single [illegible] to the forecastle, and this hour ago, and to be practically drowned when [illegible] added to the hidden man between, she [illegible] should Captain Jones [illegible] the original [illegible] of divine [illegible] and the carpenter had been kidnapped or they had deserted him, and Captain Jones [illegible] perfectly right in not footing for a moment that they had deserted him.

He rushed forward.

"Mate," he hailed, "up with yer! You shall have your way. I'm a lonely man. Don't stop to consider. Ye don't have your way, but you must hear a hand."

Upon this, up through the hatch, with the agility of a sodium spring Black Sam. He was followed by the cook and Peter, and in a jiffy all hands were on deck.

"Sue that lark?" roared the captain.

"The mate and Mr. Chips have deserted me for her. They've stolen my boat. No! I'm not going to be a Dutch up." [illegible] to fifteen pounds against Mr. Johnson and six months skip of it for robbery. I'm going to follow that lark. I'm going to get my property back. If the lark don't surrender 'em I'm going to run her down. Turn to now, my lads, and you shall have your way."

"Well, we are you're in a hurry, sir's," said Black Sam, "and as ye know what our wrongs is, and as ye stand to right 'em in the manner I took the liberty of saying, I'm not yesterday, yet, we'll turn to. Give your orders, and you'll find us willing."

The captain forthwith gave his orders, and the crew, as Black Sam had said, stood in earnest, was standing with her head dipping for the lark, on which vessel, as they wheel, the captain pacing the quarter deck, the cook preparing breakfast for the men in the galley, and Peter, with each of them with a glass of grog in him, looking at the distant figure of the lark over the bows.

The Rose, as I have said, was a clipper. The wind had somewhat freshened, and in the morning she stood tonight is almost a point before the lark. Far ahead moved the lark, and the men, looking out to the side a spot of green copper, made as this moment a fleetingness (shedding) and was shortly moving in the vicinity. Captain Jones was a cool hand of many resources. He knew that his ship would not close but to the lark's rear, even though the wind should keep the mainsail of the Royal George upon herself. He went on to his forecastle and sent a man aft for a large blackboard, upon which he wrote in chalk:

CITY AND FOR—
FOLLOW YOU DOWN.

As the Rose overtaken the lark—and but she been a steamer she would not have overtaken her more swiftly—the blackboard was held on high by a couple of seamen so that it could be read on board the lark. Captain Jones gave the word, and he watched the chase through his glass. The words "Martha M. Mosher, Windsor, N.S.," were written in large white letters upon her stern. Nothing was to be seen of Mr. Chips and the Only Mate. A man wearing a fur hat, resembling Robinson Crusoe's, paced the short poop of the lark. He carried a glass in his hand, and he judge by the frequent glances he directed at the Rose it was to be guessed that he had interpreted the blackboarding on the stark board.

The brave freebooter Rosie and lacks [illegible] to the increased pressure of the Rose, with force making to the knowledge, were starting alongside the lark within point blank.

"Hard up!" shouted the man in the Robinson Crusoe cap, and the helm at the lark made the wheel spin like the driving wheel of a steam engine.

"Hard up and into him!" roared Captain Jones, and sound from the wheel of the Rose in two Dutchmen Jacobs.

For the lark was now in the Rose way so engaged in endeavoring to run down the lark, the lark so her side carrying a hundred simpler nautical experts to make the running down of the vessel impossible, and the Rose was so hard upon her that some people on the Rose in the Robinson Crusoe hat and the Only Mate and Mr. Chips gazed up, hailed the man upward and ordered the Only Mate and Mr. Chips aboard the Rose in a boat pulled by two men. Captain Jones ordered Mr. Chips aboard the Rose and sent the Only Mate to his cabin. He then called to the two drivers who were sitting in the boat under the gangway:

"Are ye drunk, lads?"

"Fearful—ly," was the answer.

"I thought so," said Captain Jones. "Step on board, my lads, and down a glass of grog shall you enjoy."

The two men cheerfully stepped over the side, and thousand of glasses down a glass of grog against Captain Jones' health. Forward to turn to with the rest of the crew, and with the new hand set up the line which held the lark's boat to the Rose. Sail was then released, and in less time than three the lark was hull down, though still in pursuit of the Rose.

The Only Mate admitted, with a remarkable sense of humiliation, that the lark was sick of the Rose, sick of Captain Jones, that he hadn't any intention of working a passage to Lindhouse, and that he was right to be with Old Chips, the carpenter. [illegible] were he boarded the lark and found that she was very short handed he accepted the offer of the mate of a dozen of a dozen of dollars for the rest of the run to Windsor, as Old Mr. Chips. The Only Mate added that he knew Mr. Chips meant to take to the Rose as it was, and that Captain Jones would have been welcome to their clothes and bedded instruments had the Rose been a little more in getting clear of.

Captain Jones' troubles were not yet at an end. He wished to put into Lisbon, but the crew refused to work the ship unless he returned to England.

"We're not going to be converted into blooming distressed mariners," said the men of the Rose. "We know far so. We know them gents. They'll find everything all right, stores cheap, crew peaceful, ship tight, and we know how it'll be, a blooming Portuguese jail, a blooming lump and a blooming magisterial inquiry and set weeks or more," and so blooming, they forced Captain Jones to sail his ship home.

He arrived at Windsor, and handed the Only Mate and Mr. Chips over into the hands of justice. He offered the ship two more hands if he did cross world and with him, but they said no, as if he shipped for more hands, and as they were taken before the magistrates, who found the captain guilty of the charge, and punished his men by a term of imprisonment far in excess of any penalty in jail and hard labor which they would have inflicted upon a man who had merely broken his sailor's chest with his fist, or who had only been systematically starving and cruelly treating his child of ten year since the neighbors would remonstrate.

Captain Jones shipped a fresh crew and another Only Mate and a new carpenter, but though he stopped his back he did not ship fresh officers. He sailed out of Windsor for Oct. 17, 1862, and has not since been heard of.—W. Clark Russell in New York Press.

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