ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

By JAMES REED. Independent in all things. $2 in Advance.

VOLUME XXI—NO. 23. ASHTABULA, OHIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870. WHOLE NUMBER 1067.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two Dollars per annum—paid strictly in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Twelve lines or less of Nonpareil make a square.

One square 1 week,	$ 75	Two squares 3 mos.	$ 5 00
One square 3 wks..	1 50	Two squares 6 mos.	8 00
One square 3 mos..	3 00	Two squares 1 year,	12 00
One square 6 mos..	5 00	Four squares 1 year	15 00
One square 1 year..	8 00	Half column 1 year,	35 00

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Obituary Notices—unless of general interest—half rates.

JOB PRINTING
Of every description attended to on call, and done in the most tasteful manner.

Business Directory.

PHYSICIANS.

H. B. VAN NORMAN, M. D., & E. V. VAN NORMAN, M. D., Homœopathic Physicians and Surgeons. Office same as formerly No. 1, Main Street Ashtabula, Ohio. Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M., and evening.
H. B. VAN NORMAN, Park Street, nearly opposite the Methodist Church.
E. V. VAN NORMAN, first door south of the Methodist Church, Park Street. 1053

DR. E. L. KING, Physician and Surgeon, office over Hendry & King's store, residence near St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula., O 1043

DR. EAMES, would inform his friends, and the public generally that he may be found at his place of business, Haskells Block, Main Street, ready to attend to all professional calls. Office hours, from 12 to 2 P. M. Ashtabula O. May 21, 1868. 1043

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

SHERMAN, BURROWS & HALL, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio, will practice in the Courts of Ashtabula, Lake and Geauga.
LABAN S. SHERMAN, J. B. BURROWS,
THEODORE HALL. 1043

C. D. ROCKWELL—Attorney at Law, Kingsville, Ohio. C. D. and S. J. ROCKWELL. General Insurance Agency, Kingsville, O. Losses adjusted and promptly paid. 1043.

EDWARD H. FITCH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Notary Public, Ashtabula, Ohio. Special attention given to the Settlement of Estates, and to Conveyancing and Collecting. Also to all matters arising under the Bankrupt Law. 1043

WADE & WATKINS—Attorneys at Law, Jefferson, Ohio. Office in the Court House, for the present.
D. S. WADE. 1043 A. B. WATKINS.

HENRY PASSETT, Agent Home Insurance Company, of New York (Capital, $2,000,000), and of Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Ct. Also, attends to writing of Deeds, Wills, &c. 1043

J. R. COOK, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, also Real Estate Agent, Main street, over Morrison & Ticknor's store, Ashtabula, O. 940

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1043

HOTELS.

FISK HOUSE,—Ashtabula, Ohio.—A. Field, Proprietor. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars. Also, a good livery-stable kept in connection with this ouse, to convey passengers to any point. 1043

ASHTABULA HOUSE—HENRY FIELD, Proprietor—Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Large Public Hall, good Livery, and Omnibus to and from the depot. 1043

THOMPSON'S HOTEL—J. C. THOMPSON, Proprietor, Jefferson, Ohio. 1043

MERCHANTS.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano-Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano tools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot—22 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. 1043

TYLER & CARLISLE, Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Family Groceries, & Crockery, South Store, Clarendon Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1043

SMITH & GILKEY, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glass-Ware, opposite Clarendon Block, Main street, Ashtabula Ohio. 1043

W. REDHEAD, Dealer in Flour, Pork, Hams, Lard, and all kinds of Fish. Also, all kinds of Family Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery, Ale and Domestic Wines. 1043

I. P. ROBERTSON, Dealer in every description of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Also, on hand a stock of Choice Family Groceries, Main street, corner of Centre, Ashtabula, O. 869

D. W. HASKELL, Corner Spring and Main streets, Ashtabula, Oido, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c., &c.
858 D. W. HASKELL.

WELLS & BOOTH, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit, Flour, and Groceries. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the lowest cash cost. Ashtabula, Ohio. 1043

H. L. MORRISON, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, caps, Hardware, Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Ashtabula, O. 800

DRUGGISTS.

CHARLES E. SWIFT—Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, superior Teas, Coffee, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Patent Medicines of every description, Paints, Dyes, Varnishes, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Hair Restoratives, Hair Oils, &c. all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Prescriptions prepared with suitable care. 895

HENDRY & KING, Main streets, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Dye Stuffs, &c., Choice Family Groceries, including Teas, Coffees, &c., Patent Medicines, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purposes. Physician's prescriptions carefully and promptly attended to. 1043

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, Glass-Ware. Also, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula.

HARNESS MAKER.

W. H. WILLIAMSON, Saddler and Harness Maker, opposite Fisk Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio, has on hand, and makes to order, in the best manner, everything in his line. 869

F. C. FORD, Manufacturers and Dealers in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, &c., opposite Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1015

MANUFACTURERS.

SEYMOUR, GIDDINGS & CO., Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Bevel Siding, Flooring, Fencing, Moldings, Scroll Work, Turning, &c. Also, Jobbers and Builders, Dealers in Lumber, Lath and Shingles, at the Planing Mill, corner of Main street and Union alley, Ashtabula, Ohio.
WM. SEYMOUR. A. C. GIDDINGS.
G. A. TREADWELL. 996-tf

A. D. STRONG, Manufacturer and Jobber in Hermetically Sealed Goods, Jelly, Cider, and Cider Vinegar. Ashtabula, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1866. 880

G. ZEILE & BRO., Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Leather in general demand in this market. Highest cash price paid for Hides and Skins.

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Mouldings, Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing, Matching, and Scroll-Sawing, done on the shortest notice. Shop on Main street, opposite the Upper Park, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

W. W. SMITH, Manufacturer and Dealer in all the different kinds of Leather in demand in this market, and Shoemaker's Findings. He is also engaged in the manufacture of Harnesses, of the light and tasteful, as well as the more substantial kinds, opposite Phœnix Foundry, Ashtabula. 970

HARDWARE, &c.

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Dealer in Hardware, Iron, Stee. and Nails, Stoves, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Copper and Zinc, and Manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 470

CROSBY & WEATHERWAX, dealers in Stoves, Tin ware, Hollow Ware, shelf Hardware, Glass Ware, Lamps and Lamp-Trimmings, Petroleum, &c., &c., opposite the Fisk House Ashtabula. 991

CABINET WARE.

JOHN DUCHO, Manufacturer of, and Dealer in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also General Undertaker, and Manufacturer of Coffins to order. Main street, North of South Public Square, Ashtabula. 491

DENTISTS.

F. E. HALL, Dentist, Ashtabula, O. Office at Dr. VanNorman's. 895.

G. W. NELSON, Dentist, Ashtabula, Ohio. Office in Fisk Block. 869

JEWELERS.

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, Clarendon Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 6—

J. S. ABBOTT, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Engraving, Mending and Repairing done to order. Shop on Main street, Conneaut, Ohio. 838

JAMES K. STEBBINS, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c. Repairing of all kinds done well, and all orders promptly attended to. — Main Street, Ashtabula, O. 1033

CLOTHIERS.

EDWARD G. PIERCE Dealers in Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ashtabula, O. 834

AMIDON & WAITE, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., Ashtabula. 959

FOUNDRIES.

JOHN W. HILL, Iron Founder and Manufacturer and Dealer in Stoves of various kinds, Plows and Plow Castings, Mill Castings, and most descriptions of foundry work. Spring St., Ashtabula. 760

SEYMOUR & STRONG, Manufacturers Stoves, Plows and Columns, Window Caps and Sills, Mill Castings, Kettles, Sinks, Sleigh Shoes, &c., Phœnix Foundry, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1051

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. T. H. HOPKINS, Music Teacher. Terms 20 Lessons $10—Half in advance. Those wishing to practice can do so at his residence.
Ashtabula, Ohio. 937

EMORY LUCE, Propagator and Dealer in Grape Vines, Green-House Bedding and Vegatable Plants. Persons about to plant Vineyards, will find it to their advantage to consult me on the selection of sites for Vineyards, Soils, *Kinds of Grapes*, best mode and time of Planting. Examine samples of Growing Vines, and compare prices. Ashtabula, Ohio.

PURE BRANDY made from Grape Wine, White Catawba and Blackberry Wines, for medicinal purposes, for sale on the North Ridge. JOHN PEREW.
Ashtabula, Jan. 1866. y-839

USE DR. WIGGINS' Honey Cough Balsam, Rheumatic Drops and Worm Powder, the most valuable Vegetable Remedies ever discovered. G. WILLARD, Agent, Ashtabula. Principal Depot for these and other Family Medicines, at No. 440 Main Street Buffalo, New York. *6m1051

LAKE SHORE & M. S. RAIL-ROAD.
ERIE DIVISION—TIME TABLE.
TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1870.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Special Chicago Ex.	Toledo Ex.	Mail & Acc.	Pacific Ex.	St. Bt. Ex.
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
Cleveland,		4 30	2 05	8 30	6 35
Wickliffe,		6	2 44	9	7
Willoughby,		6 08	1 42	9 30	7 30
Mentor,		6 28	1 20	9 52	7 52
Painesville,		6 37	1 07	10 01	8 01
Perry,		6 47	12 53	10 12	8 12
Madison,		7 02	12 38	10 27	8 27
Unionville,		7 12	12 30	10 37	8 37
Geneva,		7 22		10 47	8 47
Saybrook,		7 35		11 00	9 00
Ashtabula,	3 15	7 45	11 40	11 10	9 10
Conneaut,	4 25	8 45	10 40	12 10	10 10
Springfield,		9 04	10 21	12 29	10 29
Girard,		9 14	10 11	12 39	10 39
Fairview,		9 19	10 06	12 44	10 44
Erie,	4 56	9 30	9 55	12 55	10 55
Arrive Erie,		9 35	9 50	1 00	11 00
Leave		10 10	2 35	3 20	11 30

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Special N. Y. Ex.	Mail & Acc.	Cin Express	Day Ex.	Atlantic Ex.
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
Cleveland,	10 50	4 05	4 00	11 45	7 45
Wickliffe,		4 27			
Willoughby,		4 37			
Mentor,		4 51			
Painesville,		5 03		12 22	8 28
Perry,		5 17	4 45		8 47
Madison,		5 30	5 00		9 01
Unionville,		5 40			
Geneva,		5 57		12 55	
Saybrook,		6 08			
Ashtabula,	11 34	6 20	5 36	12 34	9 26
Conneaut,		6 40	6 05	1 43	9 56
Springfield,		7			
Girard,		7 12			
Fairview,		7 19			
Erie,	1 00	7 30	6 32	2 20	10 19
Arrive Erie,	1 30	7 05			10 50
Leave		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

Trains do not stop at stations where the time is omitted in the above table.

CHARLES F. HATCH,
1038 General Sup't, Cleveland.

ERIE RAILWAY.

1400 Miles under one Management. 860 Miles without Change of Coaches.
BROAD GAUGE, DOUBLE-TRACK-ROUTE
TO
NEW YORK, BOSTON, ALBANY, PRINCIPAL POINTS IN NEW YORK, AND NEW ENGLAND, AND THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THIS Rail Way Extends from—
Rochester to New York 385 Miles.
Dunkirk to New York 460 Miles.
Buffalo to New York 420 Miles.
Cleveland to New York 625 Miles.
Cincinnati to New York 860 Miles.
and is from **22** to **27** miles the shortest route.

All Trains run directly through to New York, **860** miles, without change of Coaches.

From and after **May 2nd, 1870,** trains will leave in connection with all Western lines, as follows:

New York Day Express, leaves Cleveland from Atlantic and Great Western Depot, by Columbus, O. time, daily, (Saturdays excepted), at 10.35 P. M.; Buffalo from Depot cor. Exchange and Michigan Sts., by New York time, daily, (Sundays excepted), at 7.00 A. M. Arrives at Hornellsville 9.50 A. M., Susquehanna 2.30 P. M., (Dine) Turner's 7.42 P. M., (Supper), and arrives in New York 9.40 P. M. Connects at Binghampton for Cooperstown, Albany, and, the celebrated Summer resort, Sharon Springs, at Great Bend with Delaware Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and at Jersey City with Midnight Express Train of New Jersey Railroad for Philadelphia.

Sleeping Coaches are attached to this train at Cleveland, running through to Hornellsville (Breakfast); and new and Improved Drawing Room Coaches are attached at Buffalo running through to New York.

Express Mail, leaves Dunkirk from Union Depot and Buffalo, via Avon and via Hornellsville, daily, (Sundays excepted,) at 7.30 A. M., arriving in New York at 7.10 A. M.

Lightning Express, (Daily), leaves Cleveland 7.25 A. M.; Leavittsburg 9.30 A. M. (Breakfast); Meadville 11.40 A. M. (Dine); Dunkirk 1.30 P. M., Buffalo 2.50 P. M. Arrives at Hornellsville 6.17 P. M. (supper), and arrives in New York 7.10 A. M. Connects at Elmira with Northern Central Railway for Williamsport, Harrisburg and the South, at Jersey City with morning Express Train of New Jersey Railroad for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and at New York with morning trains for Boston and all the New England cities.

Sleeping Coaches are attached to this train at Leavittsburg and at Buffalo, running through to New York without change.

Night Express, daily, (Sundays excepted); leaves Buffalo at 6.05 P. M., arrives at Turner's at 9.05 P. M., (Dinner), New York at 11.10 P. M. Connects at N. York with steamers and afternoon trains for Boston and New England cities.

Sleep ng Coaches accompany this train from Buffalo to New York.

Cincinnati Express, daily, (Sundays excepted.—Leaves Cleveland at 3.35 P. M., Meadville 8.20 P. M., (Supper); Dunkirk 9.50 P. M.; Buffalo 11.30 P. M. Stops at Susquehanna 7.55 A. M., (Bkfst.); Turner's 1.25 P. M., (Dinner), and arrives in New York at 3.40 P. M. Connects at Elmira for Williamsport, Harrisburg and the South; at Owego for Ithaca; at Binghampton for Cooperstown, Albany and the celebrated summer resort, Sharon Spring; at Greycourt for Mewburgh and Warwick, and at New York with evening trains and steamers for Boston and New England cities.

Sleeping Coaches are attached to this train at Buffalo, running through to Susquehanna, and at Leavittsburg, running through to New York.

Only One Train East on Sunday, leaving Cleveland at 7.35 A. M., at Buffalo 2.50 P. M. and Dunkirk at 1.30 P. M., reaching New York at 7.10 P. M.

Boston and New England Passengers, with their Baggage, are transferred *free of charge* in New York.

The best ventilated and most luxurious sleeping coaches IN THE WORLD, accompany all night trains on this railway.

☞ The Erie Railway Company has opened a new Ferry from their Jersey City Depot to the foot of 23d St., New York, thus enabling passengers to reach the upper portion of the city without the expense and annoyance of a street car or omnibus transfer.

☞ The scenery along the entire route of the Erie Railway is of the most picturesque and beautiful character. Admirers of Nature's beauties, in a daylight journey over this Line, will find in its ever changing landscapes subjects of continual admiration and interest.

Baggage Checked Through—and Fare always as low as by any other route.

Ask for Tickets Via Erie Railway.

Which can be obtained at all principal Ticket Offices in the west or south-west. 1011

L. D. RUCKER *Gen. Supt* WM. R. BABB, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

Florence Sewing Machines.

WE WOULD once more call the attention of those about to purchase a Sewing Machine to the merits of the Florence. Its advantages over any and all Sewing Machines. Its simplicity and great range of work. Its four different stitches, Lock, Knot, Double Lock and Double Knot. Its reversible feed motion which enables the operator by simply turning a thumb screw to have the work ran either to the right or left to stay any part of the seam, or fasten the ends of the seams without turning the fabric. It hems, folds, cords, gathers, braids, quilts, &c. We will deliver Machines to any part of the County and give instructions free.

A good stock of Machine-needles, Thread, Silk, Attachments, &c., constantly on hand. Also, Dress-making and all kinds of Stitching done to order.

Mrs. Robt. Allcock, Agt.
Rooms over the Hendry Store, Cor. Main and Center Sts. Ashtabula, Ohio.
Feb. 28, 1870. 1y1053

FOR SALE.

A FARM CONTAINING twenty acres of land, situated in the Township of Kingsville, one and a half miles from centre, on Ashtabula Creek Soil gravelly, good house and barn and about two acres of good thrifty orchard.

Also one half acre of land with dwelling house and barn, one-fourth mile south of Rail Road, on Lake St., Ashtabula Village.

Also one and a half acres of land with dwelling house, one-fourth mile north of Rail Road, on east side of Lake St., Ashtabula Village.

The above property can be bought at a bargain, as the owners are Westward bound. For particulars inquire at Freight Office, Ashtabula Depot. 3m1064

Select Poetry.

The Martyred Dead.

TUNE—*Old Hundred*

Blest are the Martyred dead who lie
In holy graves for Freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die,
While coming years their circles run.

Blest be the ground where heroes sleep,
And blest the flag that o'er them waves,
Its radiant stars their watch shall keep,
And brightly beam on hallowed graves.

While Freedom lives, their fame shall live
In glory on her blazing scroll,
And Love her sacrifice shall give,
While anthems round the altar roll.

Year after year our hands shall bear
Immortal flowers in vernal bloom,
Till God shall call us home to share
Immortal life beyond the tomb.

Our Father, all the praise be Thine!
Thy grace and goodness we adore;
Bless our dear land with love divine,
And shed Thy peace from shore to shore!

History of Ashtabula Township.

Written in 1856—*from the Times.*

By the Late Rev. JOHN HALL.

The first white man's habitation in Ashtabula is said to have been a small log cabin of Thomas Hamilton, perhaps a little above the ship yard, on the west side of the creek, raised early in June, 1801. When the logs were ready for raising, there happened to come into the mouth of the creek a boat with a family on board, bound up the lake. Hamilton pursuaded one or two of the men to assist in raising the body of his house. Daniel Baldwin, Esq., and Capt. James Montgomery, of Conneaut, having been previously invited, engaged to call and help him on a certain day when returning from Harpersfield. They called accordingly. The raising was finished, and the house roof covered with bark, by their assistance. It is presumed that Hamilton had no family in this house, as the first family in this township has always been said to have been that of Geo. Beckwith.

According to Colonel Hubbard, the first family residence was that of Geo. Beckwith, erected in the spring of 1803, by the assistance of his neighbors, the pioneers of Austinburg, among whom he was one of the earliest. He perished in the snow, in January, 1804, some forty or fifty rods north of the South Ridge, and a few rods west of the east line of Saybrook; as he was returning home from Austinburg with a heavy load of salt, etc., on his back. Sitting down to rest, he may have fallen asleep, and thus have frozen to death.

Mrs. Beckwith, with two little daughters and herself to support in the wilderness, was thus left a widow. She was a woman of great energy of character, and deserves to be numbered as a benefactress. She endured great hardships in her lone condition, but is said to have found means to assist others.

Emigrants from the east would come with loaded wagons, and not know how they could cross the creek for the depth of the water. Mrs. Beckwith would know by the depth of the water in the stream whether it was fordable or not at the crossing place, some three fourths of a mile below her dwelling. She would row down to their assistance in her canoe. Her method was, first, to ferry the family across the river in her canoe; then, direct the men to bind on their load strongly; to tie a rope to the end of the tongue of the wagon, giving her the other end of the rope to carry in her canoe to the opposite shore; then, the oxen having been loosened from the wagon, drive them into the stream and let them swim over; then, roll the wagon into the creek, hitching the team to the rope, and let them draw the wagon through the water. The wheels will touch the bottom so as to prevent its oversetting. The load is easily drawn, being buoyed up by the water, betwixt sinking and swimming, until it comes to the shore, when the rope must be doubled and shortened, and a strong pull by the team brings the load upon terra firma, on the western bank of the Ashtabula, amidst the rejoicings of all concerned.

They let their load stand and drain while they pay Mrs. Beckwith the liberal ferriage, well earned and much needed by her. Realizing that without her services they might have been long detained for the waters to subside, they affectionately bade her farewell, and went on their way light hearted and joyful.

After great hardships in rearing her children, and living to see the children, and perhaps grandchildren of the eldest, this first useful pioneer woman of Ashtabula died recently, a pauper, in her helpless old age, in the county alms house, at Kingsville.

(*Continued next week.*)

From the Overland Monthly for May.

The Story of The Second Mate.

I do not remember when it was that the second mate first began to show his demonstrative admiration for our pretty fellow-passenger. It was Dick Halliday who called my attention to it as a capital joke while we were yet in the Mediterranean—a fortnight or so after we sailed from Leghorn. We two were leaning on the quarter rail just before dusk, when Miss Ellis came on deck. "There's the candle," said Dick, "and presently you'll see the moth." In the course of the next five minutes, Mr. Jones, our second mate, lounged over from the opposite side of the deck, and entered into an animated conversation with the young lady on the interesting subject of sharks. At least, we judged so by her questions, which were put in such a clear, sweet voice, that the wind, loth to part with the musical notes, indiscreetly carried them within our hearing. "He's a sort of death's-head moth in point of beauty," continued my friend, "he's neither too ugly nor too old to suffer an uncomfortable singeing."

I had a half-formed idea that I rather liked the second mate, and a very certain conviction that I particularly admired pretty Mary Ellis. As I disliked to see the man make a fool of himself, or the girl appear in the discreditable character of a coquette, Dick's moth-and-candle theory rather annoyed me. I therefore took the liberty of totally disbelieving it, and should have continued to do so had not the evidence gradually become too plain to be mistaken.

There were only four of us in the cabin—Dick, Miss Ellis, and her father and myself. Why we had taken passage from Leghorn to New York in a slow-sailing, marble-laden ship, instead of returning home by a quicker and more fashionable route, does not pertain to the present story. As the only lady passenger, Miss Ellis naturally was the chief object of interest to my friend and myself. Her father was old, ill, and unable to play whist, and was consequently an extremely uninteresting fellow-passenger. Fortunately he kept his room pretty closely, and we saw very little of him. But his daughter was the brightest and most bewitching little woman that ever made a long sea-voyage, not only endurable, but delightful. She was twenty-five as she frankly confessed, and had spent the three last years traveling with her invalid father. She was never ill-tempered, never dull or dispirited, and though frank and bright in manner, never transgressed the limits of maidenly propriety. She was quite aware of the fact that she was extremely pretty, and she had an irresistable tendency toward innocent flirtation. Had I been a younger man, or had not Dick possessed a wife and a quantity of children at home, one or both of us would have certainly rehearsed the world-old-drama of idle love, with Mary Ellis in the leading female *role*, as the critics would say.

As for Mr. Jones, he was the last man whom any one would have deemed capable of sentiment of any sort. He was old—for although he said he was only thirty-five, rough weather and a wild, dissolute life, had made him much older than his years. His complexion was nearly the color of mahogany when it is thoroughly oiled, though it lacked the polished surface which is generally associated with that article in its manufactured state. His hair was grizzled and unkempt, and an ugly scar, which stretched across his forehead—the memorial of a desperate fight with a mutinous crew—added nothing to his beauty. Still his eyes were clear and piercing, and his figure athletic and manly I suppose there are women who might have fallen in love with him. The Duchess Josiane certainly would.

When one came to scrutinize Jones spiritual, as distinguished from Jones physical, it was still more difficult to understand how he could have had the amazing self-conceit to imagine that Miss Ellis could regard him with anything but the barest toleration. He was a bold, quick, skillful sailor; a man born to command the refuse of humanity that mans our merchant vessels. He was hard and cruel to the lazy and ignorant, and, as a swearer, eclipsed any one whom I have ever heard in the devilish intensity of his innumerable oaths. He was a totally illiterate man, and his want of knowledge of navigation made it impossible for him to rise above a subordinate station in his profession. His conversation had a certain spice of shrewdness and homely good sense, but was a perpetual defiance of Lindly Murray and all his works. His code of morality was summarily comprehended in the two rules—never to be drunk at sea, and always to obey orders. This was certainly a pretty sort of a fellow to take a fancy to a refined and delicate girl. To do him justice, he was brave and manly in his station; but what right had he to look, except from an infinite distance, at sweet Mary Ellis?

It would have been amusing, had it not made me indignant, to note how the man watched for her appearance. At every step that sounded from the companion-way he would turn, with a look of expection in his face that the dullest witness could not fail to understand. When she did appear, he would soon contrive to carelessly approach her, and would never be absent from her side, except for a few moments at a time, while the two were on deck. He was constantly bringing mattrasses for her to rest upon, and shawls to warp around her. I have known him to keep a sailor in the mizzen chains for hours at a time, catching floating bits of sea-weed and stray jelly-fish, for her amusement. What was more creditable to him, he never abused the men in her presence, and rarely swore while she was in hearing. More than once, at the warning touch of her hand upon his arm, he dropped his raised hand and suppressed the half-uttered oath about to be launched at some unhappy fellow who had committed an unusually irritating offense against the laws of good seamanship.

This moth-and-candle business went on for several weeks. Mary Ellis was, or affected to be, totally unconscious of the conquest she had made. Neither Dick nor myself felt at liberty to remonstrate with her in behalf of the peace of mind of the second mate. I did, however, venture one day to warn Mr. Jones of the attention his conduct had attracted. We had grown quite friendly by this time, and I fancied that the kindly interest I took in his welfare would rather flatter him than otherwise. He listened to what I had to say, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his gaze directed miles away toward the distant horizon.

"And so, Mr. Jones," I concluded, "you must see that this sort of thing won't do. The lady is quite out of your sphere, and either don't suspect that you care particularly for her, or else is amusing herself at your expense."

He turned and looked at me silently. "Mister," said he, "like enough you mean all right, so I won't get mad about it. But you're making the biggest fool of yourself. Talkin' to me about your spheres! Why, I'm a man, ain't I? And a white man, too! And she's a woman, ain't she? What's your spheres to do with my being perlite to the young woman? I expects she gets tired of your infernal jaw, sometimes—I know I do, anyhow—and she don't mind listenin' to me a bit, for a healthy change. What I think of her ain't your business, nor yet anybody else's; but I ain't agoing to let any man say that she's playin' it on me. Now you've got your course, and that's enough. I don't allow no interferin, from passengers." And he walked away.

After this failure I tried him with no more advice. Gradually I became convinced that Miss Ellis was in reality a heartless coquette, who was amusing herself with a conquest so out of the ordinary way as to interest her from its very oddity. The conviction that she was actually capable of this pretty cruelty, made me necessarily revise my original opinion of her; and I ceased to regard her with the warm admiration with which she had at first inspired me.

The voyage grew dull and tiresome. As it drew toward a close I began to chafe at any lull of the fair wind that had followed us nearly across the Atlantic, and to lose all patience at the first breath of an adverse breeze. I have not yet mentioned our captain, for the simple reason that he had hardly been seen by any one of us since we left Gibraltar. He was an ill-tempered, ill-mannered fellow, who disappeared in his cabin as soon as we were clear of the Straits, and entered upon a quiet course of retired drunkeness, in which he persevered throughout the voyage. The mate navigated the ship, and was in every way an intelligent and competent officer. I never dreamed that we were not proceeding on our way as rapidly as the ship could be sailed, until I, one day, saw the mate chalk certain figures on a board and hold them up to the sight of a passing vessel. Her people immediately answered by displaying a series of totally different figures, the sight of which elicited a hearty oath from the mate, who said to Mr. Jones: "I knew our chronometer was wrong, but when the old man is sober enough to talk, he swears a blue streak if I say anything about it."

My newly awakened suspicions that we were not in the most enviable situation were unexpectedly verified that same night. I had not felt well during the day, and soon after dark, went to my state-room, which was in the house on deck, and lay down in my berth. Presently I heard voices from the deck close to my room. Of course I ought not to have permitted myself to hear—for listening is not the proper term to apply to my involuntary share in the confidence which the second mate was bestowing upon Miss Ellis—but I could not easily help myself.

They had evidently been talking somewhere else, and had sheltered themselves beneath the lea of the house in order to continue their conversation unmolested. Mr. Jones was speaking when I first became aware of their close proximity to me.

"I'm agoin' to tell you this," he said, "because you're not like other women, that'll holler and raise Ned the minute they think there's any danger. You're brave, it I know what's brave in a gal—and I ought to by this time. I want you not to to say a word about this to your father, or anybody, for it ain't my business to tell passengers anything; but the fact is, we may go ashore any time to-night, and I want you to be ready."

"Go ashore to-night!" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, that is good! Why, I thought we were a hundred miles from land."

"You don't git my meanin'," he replied. "What I mean to say is this: The mate's chronometer is all wrong. He and I've suspicioned it for a week back, and to-day we got the longitude from the bark you was lookin' at, and, if they was right, we are close on the coast."

"And what of that? Shan't we get home all the quicker?" she asked gaily.

"Don't you understand?" he answered. "The old man—the Captain, I mean—is gettin' sober, and he's told the mate not to change his course, or to take a rag off her. First we know, we'll run slap onto Hatteras beach, and if it comes on to blow—as it's a goin' to, sure—we'll go to pieces so quick that the old man won't get a chance to get drunk again."

"Do you mean that we are in danger?" she asked, in a lower tone.

"Yes, I do; but don't you get frightened. Mebbe we'll go through the night all right; but if we don't, and anything does happen, come straight to me. I'll be on deck, and I'll lay down my life for you, Miss Mary, God knows!"

She asked him quietly: "Why do you mind what the Captain says, if he is not sober? Why don't you and Mr. Caswell (the mate) do as you think best?"

He laughed grimly. "I've been to sea, Miss—man and boy—for twenty years, and I never yet went agin my superior officer's orders. The old man says to drive her, and that's the end of it. If he drives her ashore, it's his own lookout; and if it warn't for you, I wish he would. When he loses a ship or two, mebbe his owners will get sober men to navigate for 'em."

"I am not afraid, Mr. Jones," answered the girl. "If we are wrecked, I will do just as you tell me. You can't think how I thank you for telling me the truth."

Mr. Jones was quiet for a moment, and I heard her dress rustle, as though she turned to go. "Wait a bit if you please, Miss," said the second mate, "I want to say one word to you."

After a pause, he began:

"Miss Mary, you've no need to tell me what I am, as one of them old chaps in the cabin with you did once, since we've been out of port. I know just what I am better'n you or he could tell me if you try your best and keep it up right on end for a week. I'm an ignorant brute, that ain't fit to touch yer dress—let alone yer hand. I do my duty when I'm at sea. I get drunk and play—when I'm ashore—and that's all there is o' me. But, you see, I never had no bringin' up. I don't know even who my mother was, and I've been kicked 'round Cherry street when I was a boy, and knocked 'round at sea ever since I was big enough to know the end o' a marlin-spike. I ain't so bad as some of the sailors think I am; but I'm a hundred thousand fathoms below you. All I want to tell you is jest this. There's never a man among all you've knowed that could begin to love you as I do. For God's sake, don't look afeard of me. I ain't such a fool as to think you could ever keer a straw for me; but I can't help tellin' how true and honest I love you. I'd die happy for you, Miss Mary, even if I knowed you never think o' me again. I never meant to tell you this; and I'll never say another word about it. But, my God! when I think of how I love you, and how there's fifty thousand Atlantic oceans between us, I get wild. I've thought of it some nights, Miss, till I couldn't bear it any longer, and I've jest jumped for'ard, and gone to lickin' the sailors to keep from goin' crazy, and—"

"Ay, ay, sir!" he answered, and went to meet his sober, but by no means sane commander. "Why hain't you got the to'gallant'ls set, sir? Didn't I tell you to give her all she'd carry?"

"The fore-to'-gallant-yard's a little sprung, sir, and I was not sure of its bearin' the sail," answered Mr. Jones.

"I'll do the thinking for the ship, Mr. Jones, if you've no objection," returned the captain. "Set the fore and mizzen-to'gallant'ls, and don't start a sheet until I give you the word."

The top-gallant sails were sheeted home, and the yards hoisted. The wind, had been blowing a stiff gale from the eastward. She ship staggered and plunged under her press of canvas. The captain walked the decks with a quick, nervous step. He was intensely irritable from the effects of his prolonged debauch, and, though quite sober, was goaded by his unstrung nerves into a reckless impatience that found relief only in the excitement of driving his ship to the uttermost of her capabilities. I listened with uneasiness to the howling of the wind through the rigging, and debated the question, whether to go to sleep, and so forget the danger we were in, or to go on deck and make myself uncomfortable, by watching for the disaster which I apprehended. My decision was quickened by a sudden order from the captain. "Mr. Jones, set the main-royal."

"Set the main-royal?" repeated the astonished second mate, in a doubtful tone.

"Set the main-royal, sir! Do you hear?" roared the captain. "Loose all three of them, and set them instantly. If you don't know how to sail a ship with a fair wind, I'll show you."

Mr. Jones hestitated no longer. In a few minutes the royals were spread to the gale, but before the yards were trimmed I was on deck.

Miss Ellis had disappeared, and the second mate was evidently averse to conversation. I noticed that a man lingered near the mizzen rigging after the rest or the watch had gone forward. So, too, the captain, who walked abruptly up to the sailor, and demanded to know what he was waiting for.

"Mr. Jones ordered me to stand by the halyards, sir," answered the man.

"Go forward!" yelled the captain.

"Mr. Jones, I want you to understand that when I'm on deck I can sail this ship without any of your interference. Let me see any more of it, and I'll put you in irons for for mutiny; by——"

Poor Mr. Jones gave no answer. Himself the most intolerent and cruel of disciplinarians, he did not resent the rating of his commander. When the amiable officer turned away his subordinate passed over to the other side of the deck, and leaned quietly against the bulwarks.

An hour passed away. It was a starless night, and to the danger of running ashore was added the other danger of a possible collision with some passing vessel. I thought of this; and was just about to pick my way for ward, to sat