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## Poetry.

For the Oxford Democrat.

BY LASCER.

What is the future bringing  
Swiftly along to me?  
How I long for an answer,  
Telling what is to be!

Much as I try, a moment  
Into the future to peer,  
I can not tell what is coming,  
Whether sorrow or cheer.

Oh! do I ask the question,  
So will the future bring?  
"What do coming years bring?"  
Naught I get for an answer,  
But an echoing ring.

Faintly my words repeating:  
Giving the self same tone  
I have used in my question:  
Whether of cheer or moan.

Say! Is not that an answer,  
So will the future bring?  
"What do coming years bring?"  
Naught I get for an answer,  
But an echoing ring.

Saying, that, as the present,  
So will the future be?  
That, be it bright or cloudy,  
All dependeth on me?

Even, the future growth  
Out of the present hour,  
That, to control his future  
Lies in each one's power.

## Selected Story.

### 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 had sailed from Leghorn. We 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 topic 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 tones, indifferently carried them within our hearing. "He's a sort of death's head moth in point of beauty," continued my friend; "but 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 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, 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 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 last three years in 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 irresistible tendency toward innocent flirtation. Had I been a young man, or had Dick not possessed a wife and a quantity of children at home, one or both of us would certainly have 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—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 possibly 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 rest of humanity that mags our

merchant vessels. He was hard and cruel to the lazy and ignorant, and, as a sweeper, eclipsed any one whom I had 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 Lindley 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 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 expectation 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 perpetually bringing mattresses for her to rest upon, and shawls to wrap 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 within hearing. More than once, at the warning touch of her hand upon his arm, he dropped his raised hand and suppressed the half-muttered oath 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 had, however, ventured 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 at last, slowly and reflectively, "like enough you mean all right, so I won't get mad about it. But you're makin' the mightiest fool of yourself! Talkin' to me about yer sphere? Why, I'm a man, ain't I? and a white man, too? And she's a woman, ain't she? What's yer sphere got to do with my bein' perlit to the young woman? I expect 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 goin' to let any man say that she's a playin' it on me. Now you've got your course, and that's enough. I don't allow no interference from passengers nor nobody." 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 petty 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 all 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 of us since we had left Gibraltar. He was an ill-tempered, ill-mannered fellow, who disappeared into his cabin as soon as we were clear of the straits, and entered upon a quiet course of quiet drunkenness, 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 course as rapidly and safely as the ship could be sailed, until 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 any 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 lee 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 goin' to tell you this," he said, "because you are not like other women that'll holler and raise Ned the minute they think there's any danger. You're brave, if I know what's brave in a gal—and I ought to be by this time. I want you not 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.

"O, that is too good! Why I thought we were a hundred miles from land."

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

"And what of that? Shall we get home all the quicker?" she asked, gaily.

"Don't you understand?" he answered.

"The old man—the captain, I mean—is getting 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 on to Hatteras beach; and if it comes on to blow—as it's goin' to snow—we'll go to—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, 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 quickly: "Why do you mind what the captain says, if he is not sober? Why don't you and Mr. Caswell [the mate] do what 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 look out; and if it was not 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 you 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 that's in the cabin with you did, once we've been out of port. I know just what I am better'n you and he could tell me if you was to try your best and keep it up, right on end, for a week. I'm an ignorant brute, that ain't fit to touch your dress, let alone your hand. I do my duty when I'm at sea, and I got drunk and play 'n—when I'm ashore—and that's all there is of me. But you see, I never had a bringin' up. I don't even know 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 have been big enough to know the end of a marlin spike. I ain't so bad as some of the sailors think I am; but I am a hundred fathoms below you. All I want to tell you is jest this. There's never a man among all the lot you've known 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 that you could ever care a straw for me; but I can't help tellin' you how true and honest I love you. I'd be happy for you, Miss Mary, even if I knew you'd never think of me again. I never meant to tell you this; and I'll never say another word about it. But, my God, when I think 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 no longer, and jest jumped forrard and gone to lickin' the sailors to keep from going crazy and—"

"Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!" came the sharp call from the captain, cutting short the poor fellow's confession.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he answered, and went to meet his sober, but by no means sane commander. "Why haven't you got to the gallants' 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 wasn't sure of it's bearin' the sail," answered Mr. Jones.

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

The top-gallant sails were sheeted home, and the yards hoisted. The wind, which had been blowing strongly all day,

had freshened at the sunset, and was blowing a stiff gale from the eastward. The ship staggered and plunged under her press of canvas. The captain walked the deck with a quick, nervous step. He was intensely irritable, from the effects of his prolonged debauch, and though quite sober was goaded by unstrung nerves into a restless 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 I apprehended. My decision was quickened by a sudden order from the captain. "Mr. Jones, set the main-royal."

"Set the main-royal, sir?" 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 hesitated 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 of the watch had gone forward. So, too, did 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 haliards, 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 the ship without any of your interference. Let me see any more of it, and I'll put you ions for mutiny!"

Poor Mr. Jones gave no answer. Himself the most intolerant and cruel of disciplinarians, he did not resent the rating of his commander. When that amiable officer turned away, his subordi nate 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 forward, to satisfy myself that the lookout was not asleep, when the second mate suddenly placed his hand to his ear, and bent forward, as though listening intently. In another moment a sharp piercing cry rang from the fore-castle—"Breakers ahead!"

"Let go yer royal and all!" roared the hal-yards, fore and aft! "roared the second mate. "Stand by yer top sail hal-yards. Man the port braces. Call all hands. 'Bout ship!"

But, while the light sails were yet fluttering in the caps, and before the yards could be swung, so as to change the vessel's course, she struck heavily, bows on—the main and fore top-gallant masts going over the side, and dragging the mizzen top-mast with them. At the same moment, an enormous green sea boarded us on the quarter, sweeping away the wretched captain, several of the crew, and the first mate, who was on deck a few seconds after she struck. Luckily, I was too far forward to receive the full force of the wave, and, as soon as the deck was clear of water, Mr. Jones made his way to my side, and said, "Go below and bring the gal forrard to the fore-castle. Steady, now; and don't get yourself overboard."

By narrowly watching our opportunity, Dick, Miss Ellis, her father and myself managed to gain the fore-castle. Mr. Jones, bareheaded, and with his cutting away of the masts, and the clearing of the wreck, which was thumping against the side with dangerous violence. Relieved from the weight of her top-hammer the ship rose somewhat, and drove farther in upon the sand. The seas boarded us less frequently, but the ship bounded on the beach with a violence which placed her in imminent danger of breaking up.

When he had done what was needed for our momentary safety, Mr. Jones addressed the crew, and said: "If any of you want to try the boat you can do it. I shan't. You can't be no more use here, but it's the safest place for you. However, if you want to take the boat, I won't stand in your way."

"We'll take the boat, Mr. Jones," replied one of the men. She'll go all right for me up aloft, I know. Tell 'em I obeyed orders, and done my duty by the ship. Tell 'em you kissed me when I was a dyin'." They won't be hard on me when they know that. Make somebody take the mate's logbook ashore. He was right; but blast the blubber that wrecked his ship with a fair wind. Let me look at your eyes once. My God! how I have loved!"

And the second mate was dead.

"Voluntary abduction" is what a Western newspaper calls an elopement.

We watched him cautiously work his way aft to the wheel-house, which was still standing. Presently he came in sight again carrying a life-buoy. We knew for whom it was intended.

But just as he had nearly passed beyond the line of danger, he was struck by a mighty wave that tore against the stump of the mainmast. Receding, the wave left him clinging to a bolt, but unable to rise. Dick and I dragged him forward, and laid him with his head in Mary's lap. The brave fellow had never lost his hold of the life-preserver.

He was insensible for a few moments, and on coming out of his swoon, said: "Tell her to keep this on. We must be near the shore, and if she holds together till daylight, they may get a line to us."

"But you are hurt, dear Mr. Jones?" cried Mary.

"I'm done for, Miss," he answered, shortly. My leg's broke, and my ribs is stove in. Why in thunder don't somebody hist that lantern, where it can be seen?"

We took the ship's lantern, which was still aglow, and fastened it to the head of the foremast, which had broken just at the slings of the yards.

"I hope you fellows know what to do if they gets a line aboard?" he asked, doubtfully.

We assured him that we did. Then silence fell upon us, as we sat waiting for death or the dawn.

We were huddled together under the lee of the bulwarks. The old gentleman said never a word, but, from the frequent movement of his lips, was doubtless praying for our safety. Dick, who was the coolest of men, filled and lighted his pipe, confidently expressing his conviction that the ship would hold together until daylight. Mary was silent, stroking with gentle hand the weather-beaten brow of the second mate. Did her tenderness spring from remorse at having won his love, or was it possible that she really cared for him? Who shall know the fathomless mysteries of a woman's heart?

Hours passed when Mr. Jones opened his eyes, and asked, "Has anybody seen anything of the boat yet?"

I looked over the side, and by a singular coincidence, caught sight of a boat drifting by us, bottom upward.

The second mate actually laughed. "I knowed it," said he. I told 'em the boat couldn't live in that sea. And if you had gone with them fellows, it would have been all day with you by this time."

He relapsed again into silence and apparent insensibility. When next he spoke, his mind was evidently wandering. "I tell you," he cried in a voice, that startled us with its wild intensity, "that dashed chronometer's wrong, and we'll be ashore before morning. And if that pretty young creature's drowned, I'll drown the old man myself; so help me God."

The night passed slowly on. The wind gradually lulled, and the sea perceptibly went down. "Daylight will soon be here," cried Dick; "we shall be saved yet."

Mr. Jones raised his head and looked out into the night. The calm resolute look had returned to his eyes. "I see the dawn, boys," he said; "stick by the ship. The sea's going down, and you're as safe as if you was ashore."

"We won't go ashore without you, Mr. Jones," said Mary. "I will nurse you day and night, until you are well."

"Nursin' won't do me no good, Miss Mary," he answered. "You needn't take me ashore. I'd a great sight rather be above overboard, as soon as the breath is out of me."

It's growing light fast," said Dick, after another pause. But the second mate opened his eyes.

"Miss Mary," he whispered, in a faint voice, "I'm going now. Just let me hold your hand, if you don't mind."

She placed her hand in his, and a tear dropped on the hard, red face of Mr. Jones.

Dick and I did not venture to approach nearer to the awful presence of Death.

"I'm dyin', Miss, but I'm mighty glad of it. I couldn't have lived without the sight of you; and I'm happier now than I ever was before."

The tears fell again, and the sweet girl bent over and touched her pure lips to the forehead of the dying man.

A bright smile softened his stern, worn face. "May God Almighty pay you for your goodness," he whispered huskily. "I don't know where I'm goin' to, but if ever you come there, you'll let me look at you sometimes, won't you? I'll never bother you, but I could not bear to have you cut me."

A dull report came floating from the invisible shore.

"There's the gun, cried Mr. Jones. "They see our light ashore, and they'll have a surf boat here before long. Good-bye, Miss Mary. You'll make it all right for me up aloft, I know. Tell 'em I obeyed orders, and done my duty by the ship. Tell 'em you kissed me when I was a dyin'." They won't be hard on me when they know that. Make somebody take the mate's logbook ashore. He was right; but blast the blubber that wrecked his ship with a fair wind. Let me look at your eyes once. My God! how I have loved!"

## Miscellany.

### Castles in Sand.

BY HIRAM RICH.

Two children were making the most of the day  
In the sand their castles building,  
While out in the harbor the sunset gold  
Was every vessel gilding.

But the sea came over the castles dear,  
And the charm of the sunset faded;  
Oh! after a labor is lost may we  
Go happily home as they did.

For we build and build in a different way,  
Till our heads are wise and hoary;  
But after it all the sun goes down,  
And the sea—'tis a common story.

—October Atlantic.

### The Head of Oliver Cromwell.

"Senex" writes to the London Times as follows: Several imperfect statements having lately appeared on the above subject, let me explain what became of the remains of Cromwell. Partly from printed records, and partly from what I heard from Mr. Wilkinson, to whom some of the press have alluded, Oliver Cromwell died at Whitehall Palace, on the 31 of September, 1658, after a protracted illness. He had been long suffering from ague, and his case is cited in medical books as one of a man who died of ague while our warehouses were groaning with Peruvian bark, which he did not know how to use. During this illness he became so depressed and debilitated that he would allow no barber to come near him; and his beard instead of being cut in a certain fashion grew all over his face. After his death the body lay in state at Somerset House, having been carefully embalmed, and was afterward buried with more than regal honors in Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey, where it lay until, after the Restoration, it was taken out of its grave, as were also the bodies of Ireton (Cromwell's son-in-law) and Bradshaw, the latter the president of the high court of justice, having pronounced sentence of death on Charles I.

The three bodies were taken in carts to the Red Lion, in Holborn, and on the 30 of January, the anniversary of King Charles' death, they were removed on sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged until sunset, and then taken down and beheaded, their bodies buried in a deep pit under the gallows and their heads stuck up on the top of Westminster Hall, where at that time sentinels walked. Ireton's head was in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on either side. Cromwell's head being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then one stormy night it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his cloak, took it home and secreted it in the chimney corner, and, as inquiries were being constantly made about it by the government, it was on his death bed that he revealed where he had hidden it.

His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells, and in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who being a rosy and careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clara Market. There it was seen by James Cox who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell, for poor as he was nothing would at first tempt him to part with the relic, but after a time Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum he sold the head of Cromwell for £230 to three men, who bought it about the time of the French Revolution to exhibit in Moad court, Bond street, at half a crown a head. Curiously these three gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house asked Mr. Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him.

For the next fifteen or twenty years Mr. Wilkinson was in the habit of showing it to all the distinguished men of that day, and the head, much treasured yet remains in his family. The circumstantial evidence is very curious. It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterwards beheaded. On the back of the neck, near the vertebra, is a mark of a cut of an ax where the executioner, having, perhaps, no proper block, had struck to high, and laying the head in its soft embalmed state on the block flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face and the beard, stained to exactly the same color by the embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin, with the oaken staff of the spear, with which the head was stuck up on Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak







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**Abstract of Plaintiff's Verdict.**  
LIBERTY W. PICKARTS vs. The Chesapeake and Potomac Five-Race Two-Ten in the County of Annapolis  
No. 1000  
The jury find for the plaintiff and award him \$1000.00  
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