The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER. MONTROSE, PA., JANUARY 12, 1876. VOL. 33—NO. 2.

THE FLORIDA PIONEERS.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

Stay, love; for see! the sinking moon
Has drawn apart the braids of rain,
To loo'k on happy fields of grain,
And grove and garden full of June—
The husks that fold in monochrome
The sweet small kernel of our home.

Long vistas of clear atmospheres,
Like mirrors that repeat themselves;
Low dirges, as by ledgy shelves
Of brook-falls, constant in the ears;
And palms and pools where herons wait,
Narcissus-like, to meditate.

How changed from that black Abaddon
We looked on first, that seemed to scold
In saw palmetto! vines that hold
The live-oaks, like Laocoon,
But, cleft the rough, thick shaded pine,
Gives aromatic fruit of wine.

To clear away that outer bark
What work we had! what make-believes
Of cheerfulness those troubled eyes,
As children whistle after dark,
When progress seemed to balk the will,
Like a blind horse in a crushing mill!

The strayed ox and the balky team;
The cyclone rending through the grain;
The wood's fire, like a burning rain
That flowed off in a scathing stream—
We've had them all since first we planned
To own a rood of cow-penned land.

Ease came, unconsciously as sleep
When slept the boy Endimion;
Like tired oxen coming on
By sheaves of wheat and herds of sheep
And talling days, as blossoms shed
Their leaves to keep the fruit instead.

You smile, and call me patriarch,
The Southern sun has made the man,
And every year had lain anon
Since baby shipped his Noah's ark,
And saw the pearl-coat minnows rise,
To call them pretty water flies.

Like ours, when baby had the croup,
O God! to hear him gasp and roup,
And not a doctor in thirty miles,
And we unskilled to know or do
But ask God's help! He gave it, too.

Around us ebbed and flowed the change
Of town lot, store, and mill and school;
A slow tide, freshening sink and pool,
Of farm land eating up the range—
Around about us, little wife,
The slow, sweet percolating life.

By that, and by the timely stitch
And not a railroad taxed and ground
From the public purse, it all came round
In the orange grove, and we are rich,
To think! 'twas just six years ago
We come out of Chaldee—love, you know.

That is the epic. See! the moon,
Is down, and, like a rock-cut pool,
So deep and sweet, so dark and cool,
The night fills up the sills of June.
A nation's epic. Homes like ours
Are the native seed; America, flowers.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

BY C. MANVILLE FENN.

WE had not been ten days at sea before my mind misgave me, and I began to dread an unfortunate termination to our voyage, for matters had gone wrong from the beginning. There had been trouble with the crew, who seemed to have an idea that perennial drunkenness was the proper state of man's existence; and who, as long as a sixpence lasted, obstinately refused to go on board, in many cases having to be hauled from the wharf over on the ship like so much suspended animation. Then when we had been towed out into the river, and were lying awaiting the captain, we found that he had been taken suddenly and violently ill, so that a week's delay followed, ending in a fresh appointment, and the coming of a new captain—man of quiet, genial aspect, whose presence seemed to augur a termination of our troubles, and he was welcomed accordingly.

I had taken my passage to Buenos Ayres, with the full intention of roughing it for some years to come, and therefore I argued that it would be cowardly to turn tail at the first trouble that fell to my share. But really it was trying work, in spite of the strongest determination. The sailors were soon in that pleasant state of despondent misery that succeeds a long debauch, and, as if giving the unfortunate passengers the credit of being the cause of their sufferings, lost no opportunity of visiting the said sufferings upon their heads. But by dint of good temper, this was all pretty well got over, in time for the rough weather we encountered down the Channel, and right away across the Bay of Biscay, sufficiently bad to confine us all, sick and well, below hatches, for many a dreary day of pitching and tossing, with the ship's timber groaning and creaking to a degree that seemed to threaten falling to pieces.

A couple of days respite came at last in the shape of fine weather; and in the reaction produced by the bright sunshine, and free brisk air we breathed on deck, the troubles of the past were forgotten. The captain still seemed all that was genial and pleasant; but there was a flushed and heavy look in his countenance that I did not like, and before long I had another opinion upon the subject; for, in conversation, I found that the second mate had been at the same school as myself; and together we went over the old days and compared notes, as I walked the deck with him far into his watch.

The weather turned foul once more, but this time, through the mate, I contrived to stay on deck, when to my surprise, I found that the greater part of the duty was shifted on the chief mate, the captain seldom showed himself on deck.

"No, I don't think it's from cowardice. Of course this is in confidence," said my friend to me, as we walked the deck that night, when the gale had somewhat moderated.

I nodded.

"Well," he continued, "I don't know what to make of him; sometimes I think he is mad, and sometimes that he is given to drink. How he got appointed to this ship, I can't tell. Mr. Ray don't say anything, but he is one of those men who think all the more, and of course he'll be particularly careful, lest the captain should think that, as first mate, he is jealous because the command was not placed in his hands."

No more was then said; but before many days had passed we found that the man who had been entrusted with a fine vessel, a valuable cargo, and more than all, the lives of passengers and crew, was one of those unfortunate beings, who not content with the enjoyment of the good things of this life, are in the habit of having intemperate outbreaks, when the impulse to drink commencing, perhaps, with the stimulants taken in some time of peril, grows perfectly uncontrolable, and culminates at length in one of those horrible fits of mania known as delirium tremens.

The days glided slowly by with varying weather. The hot latitudes were reached. We were seated one evening watching the last glow of the setting sun when Anderson, the second mate, made the remark that he thought a change was coming; and then our attention was taken up by Mr. Ray passing close to us, and descending as if to the captain's cabin.

"How has he been to-day?" I said, as Mr. Ray disappeared.

"Worse than ever," was the reply.—"If I were Ray, I'd make a prisoner of him, and take sole command. He'd be justified in so doing."

Further conversation was cut short by the re-appearance of the mate, who beckoned hastily to my companion.

"Something wrong!" he exclaimed, as he leaped to his feet; and quite as quickly I followed him to the hatchway.

"Good Heavens, Anderson!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, "what's to be done? He's raving mad."

"Have you no medicines," I asked.

"Medicines? Yes, but how are we to deal with a man in his state? Just listen."

In fact, as he ceased speaking, there came from below the sound of breaking chairs, smashing glass, and a noise as of some one leaping from side to side of the cabin, followed by a tremendous battering at the door.

"I've locked him in," said Ray, "for he's not fit to come on deck. But get help, and we must secure him, and strap him into a cot."

A short consultation was held; and then it was decided to call one of the seamen a sturdy quiet man, and to do all as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm the rest of the passengers and crew.

Anderson fetched the old sailor, who came rolling up, turning the lump of tobacco in his mouth; and from his remark it was evident he had been enlightened upon the business on hand.

"Ah," he growled, "what a thing it is as any one will go on wasting precious liquors, and turning blessings into poison? I knowed this would be the end on it."

"Don't preach man," said Ray, angrily "but come along. Now look here" he whispered, as we descended, "as soon as I open the door, all step in together. He'll dash at us the same as he did at me a while ago; but he can only tackle one man at once so that while he is engaged the others must secure him."

We had hardly nerved ourselves for our task, and the mate was holding up his hands for a signal as he unlocked the door, when we were staggered by the sharp report of a pistol, simultaneous with which there was a dull thud close by my ear, and I started back with the knowledge that a bullet had just passed thro' the cabin door and whistled by my head. Then came a loud, harsh laugh, followed by a couple more pistol shots, both of which passed through the paunel of the door.

I need hardly say that we beat a retreat directly; and as we stood once more on deck, the first mate wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looked from one to the other, as much as to say, "what will we do?"

It was indeed a trying position, and for a few moments no one spoke. Then Mr. Ray seemed to recover himself, and spoke out grimly and quietly:

"We should only be casting our lives away if we were to go in now. The only plan I can suggest is to watch him thro' the skylight and go in when he is sleeping."

"I don't think he can do any mischief in the meantime, but we must seize him soon," I said.

"Mischief!" said the old sailor, dryly. "Well, I dunno! but what if he keeps on popping that revolver thing? We shall be having a bullet in amongst the powder, and a blow-up."

"Powder!" I said.

"Yes; in the magazine."

"Is there powder on board?" I asked, with a strange tremor in my voice, as I turned to Anderson.

"Yes a heavy lot of it," he said huskily; and as he spoke his eyes glanced involuntarily in the direction of the boats.

Another shot made us all start; and now passengers and crew began to collect, eagerly asking what was wrong—questions, which, in dread of a rush at the boats, we forebore to answer.

The peril, though, was indeed great, for, in one small cabin, especially strengthened for its reception, a large quantity of powder was stored, and if one bullet happened to pass through, the chances were that the heat involved in its passage would explode it all, and in a moment the whole vessel would be blown to atoms.

There were two courses open to us, to seize the boats at once and push off, or make a bold and manly effort to subdue the madman, in whose hands our lives seemed now to hang.

The same feeling must have pervaded all our breasts as we stood and looked at one another, and then I saw the old sailor wet the palms of his hands and rubbed them together.

"We must run in on him, Master Ray" he said.

"Could we not shoot him down through the skylight?" said the chief mate; and then, as if blushing at his own proposition, he added hastily, "No, no; that would be like murder. We must dash in on him at all risks. But what's that? Look out? He's coming on deck."

As he spoke we heard the cabin door unlocked, then the rattling of keys and the crashing of a door, when Ray cautiously peered down the hatch, and as he kneeled there gazing down I could see a tremor running through his whole frame, and when at last he turned to us, his voice was so husky as to be almost inaudible, when he whispered:

"He's got into the powder room!"

I shall never forget his countenance as he gazed up at us with his eyes fixed—right to a degree. For a few moments horror and dread of impending death seemed to have robbed him of all his power. Then he sprang up, the man once more.

"Quick!" he exclaimed; "for your lives!"

Then, leading the way, he dashed down the cabin stairs, we followed him, but only to find our progress arrested by the closed door, which resisted all our efforts.

"Listen!" whispered Ray; and then he continued: "Good Heavens, if he were to fire now!"

The next moment there was a sound which seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill, and I frankly own that had my limbs obeyed my will, I should have rushed on deck, seized a coop or grating and leaping over the side, for plainly enough to be heard came a sharp cracking noise, and it wanted not the mate's word to enlighten us as he hissed out:

"Lucifers!"

"Here, quick, for God's sake!" exclaimed Anderson. "Look here; we are forcing the wrong way at the door."

He dragged at it, but in vain, for a few minutes, till running on deck, the old sailor returned in an instant with a couple of marline-spikes, which were inserted just as we once more heard the crackle of a match.

"Quick! it's for dear life," cried Ray.

And the door crushed, gave way and flew open, to reveal to us, standing, perfectly unmoved by our forcible entry, the captain, holding a lighted splint to an iron-bound chest, which was already blackened and charred at the edge.

For a few moments we could none of us stir. It seemed as if, at the slightest motion on our part, the chest—which I afterwards learned was filled with cartridges for the supply of one of the petty armies engaged in the Paraguayan war—would explode, followed by the other kegs piled around. Then came the captains low, chuckling laugh, and we heard him say:

"This will drive you out, then; strong as you are?"

Then, with a gesture of impatience, he threw down the burnt-out splint, took a fresh match from the box he held, and was about to strike it, when, with a cry that did not sound human, Anderson leaped upon him, and with one tremendous blow struck him down, trampling on him the next moment as he applied his moist lips to the charred and sticking edge of the chest.

The captain was not stunned, though, and directly after a fearful struggle took place amid these kegs, my part being confined to the security of the matchbox, which I tore from his hand, trembling as I did so, lest it should explode. Then came the loud panting breathing of the wretched man, as held down, by four strong men, he bowed his body up again and again with a power that was almost superhuman.

But the danger was now passed and without, losing a moment we dragged him out into his own cabin. Water was abundantly applied to the charred side of the box, and Mr. Ray's first act was to make the carpenter screw up the door in a way that restored confidence as every screw was driven. I say his first act, for his second was to sit down on the deck and cover his face with his hands, and remain in that position for fully half an hour.

Constant watching and binding, with the use of potent drugs placed the captain out of the reach of means to place us again in peril. But though a breeze sprang up next day and our well-managed ship prosperously finished her voyage, I never lay down to sleep the rest of the time without a shudder, and never once dropped off without waking with a start from a horrible dream of seeing the captain match-box in hand, applying a light to the edge of the cartridge chest.

SENT BY EXPRESS.

Marian Marlan was alone in the world—her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For, after all, she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze, and asked:

"But what are you going to do to earn your bread and butter?"

"I don't know—I haven't thought!—Mamma had an uncle in New York, who—"

"Yes, yes—I've heard tell about him—he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him, wasn't he?"

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the deacon went away home to tell his wife that "Marian gal was the very queerest creature he had ever come across."

In the meanwhile Marian was busy packing her few scanty things into a little carpet-bag, by the wierd, flickering light of the dying wood fire.

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firmly together. "My mother's uncle *shall* hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Minnie Harlan, I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands."

Lower Broadway, at seven o'clock in the evening! What a Babel of crashing wheels hurrying humanity and conglomorated noises it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office under the flare of gaslight surrounded by boxes and wondered whether people ever went crazy in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby old-fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil while her only article of baggage the carpet-bag lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very, very tired.

"Poor little thing!" thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gaslights. And then he took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans."

"Sir."

The dark-haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?"

"Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa—arrived this afternoon."

As though poor Minnie Harlan were a box or a paper parcel.

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq."

"And why hasn't she been called for?"

"I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment."

"Very odd," said the gray-haired gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

"Yes, sir, rather."

Some three-quarters of an hour after, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side with indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—"

Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet-bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day."

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

"Can we do anything further for you?" questioned the young clerk politely.

"Nothing—no one can do anything, *now*."

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tones of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send to any other of your friends?"

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten-cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir!"

So young, so beautiful, and oh, so desolate! Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case. He bit his pen holder in dire perplexity.

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know' sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some such place I could go to, until I could find something to do?"

"Hardly." Frank Evans could hardly help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. "I must go—somewhere."

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, quietly, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Minnie looked at him throught violet eyes obscured in tears.—"Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!"

"How late you are, Frank. Here—give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, said—"

But Frank interrupted his bustling cherrycheeked little mother, as she stood on tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings.

"Hush, mother; there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expresed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning and she is left alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear—you're as welcome as the flowers in may! Frank you did quite right; you always do."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cosy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her. Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here two months to-morrow, and the situation of governess is very advantageous."

"Very well. I shall tell, Frank, how obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't.—Please keep my secret."

"What secret is it that is to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why Marian is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"Minnie!"

"I must, Frank. I have no right to further trespass on your kindness."

"No right, eh? Minnie, do you know that the old house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's grasp.

"You'll stay, Minnie?"

"No."

She shook her head determinedly.

"Then you must be *made* to stay," said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft!"

"Missed something?"

Minnie rose, turning red and pale.

"Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me?"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure that the article is in your possession."

"The article!"

My heart. Miss Minnie! Now look here—I know I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!"

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to her programme, married the dark-haired young clerk in Ellison's express office, New York.

They were very quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage under the circlet of gaslights.

"Evans."

"Yes, sir."

Frank, with pen behind his ear,

(*Continued on Forth Page*)