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### SONGS UNSUNG.

Sweet the song of the thrush at dawning,  
When the grass lies wet with spangled dew,  
Sweet the sound of the brook's low whisper  
Mid rocks and rushes wandering through;  
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur  
That croons in the branches all day long;  
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music  
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The fairest hope is the one which faded,  
The brightest leaf is the leaf that fell;  
The song that leaped from the lips of sirens  
Dies away in an old sea shell.  
Far to the heights of viewless fancy  
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes,  
For the note unheard is the bird's best carol  
And the tune unblown is the reddest rose.

Deepest thoughts are the ones unsung,  
That only the heart sees, listening, hears;  
Most great joys bring a touch of silence,  
Greatest grief is in unshed tears.  
What we hear is the fleetest echo,  
A song dies out, but a dream lives on;  
The rose red tints of the rarest morning  
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dim in the days to follow,  
And far away in the life to be,  
Passing sweet, is a song of gladness,  
The spirit chant of the soul set free.  
Chords untouched are the ones we wait for,  
That never rise from the harp unstung;  
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,  
And listen still for the songs unsung.

—Nebraska State Journal.

### THE SMUGGLER.

In the year 1773, previous to the annexation of the Isle of Man to the English crown, the inducements for smuggling from that well known spot were of the most seductive character, giving employment to a few hardy and daring spirits, whose large profits in their perilous trade more than compensated them for the continual risk they encountered in their nightly voyages from the island to the shores of the Solway. This island of the Irish sea, once a rendezvous for numerous freebooters and smugglers, is now rendered a place of no small commercial importance, as well as forming a military and naval depot for the crowded ranks and numerous fleets of the British army and navy. Its productive soil and highly cultivated lands, its neat cottages and admirable roads are a picture of modern improvements, while at all times it wears a lively and busy appearance. From the highest point of the island, in clear weather, the visitor has a view of the three united kingdoms.

It was at the close of a fine day in the latter part of August, 1773, that a two masted lugger was seen riding at a single anchor in a quiet cove on the west side of the island. The craft might have been of about 150 tons burden, though her dark, low hull gave her the appearance of being much smaller, while the symmetry of her spars and rigging, tapering beautifully at their various points as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig time and care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the height of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breastwork to those who navigated the vessel in times of danger. Altogether, you would have pronounced the lugger, at first sight a suspicious

craft, and, unless she carried the king's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write an individual rather below the usual height, yet commanding in appearance, in seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist, into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck; in his hand he held a speaking trumpet, which at this moment he raised to his lips and issued the necessary orders for getting under weigh.

Fifty as fine fellows as ever handled a marlinspike sprang cheerfully to execute his orders, enlivened by the shrill tones of the boatswain's whistle. While all was bustle and activity about him, the captain slowly promenaded the quarter deck, presenting the picture of a young hero. Blended in his open countenance was the spirit of daring, but yet of noble purpose, his mild, thoughtful eye belied his otherwise spirited appearance. His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary height, yet he was handsome in figure, his person evincing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age about 22 years.

"We are brought to, sir," said the first lieutenant of the lugger to his captain. "Heave round, sir," was the prompt nautical reply. "Heave and pull!" The anchor being raised and stowed, the wide breadth of canvas peculiar to the lugger rig, formerly so well known in the Bay of Biscay and the British channel, was spread upon the life like vessel, and bending gracefully under the influence of the gentle west wind, she took her course under a cloud of canvas for the shores of the Solway.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain to his first officer, "I think we are likely to have trouble on this night's trip. I learn from trusty agents that intelligence has been lodged relative to the character of our swift footed craft, and I fear there has been treachery aboard the Dolphin." So was the lugger named.

"I hardly think that, captain," he replied, "though the crew have had full freedom on shore and have lately visited Carlisle and Keswick."

"They know the rules of the ship, Mr. Merrick," said the commander sternly. "And how treachery will be rewarded. Let the crew sleep with one eye open; we may have work for them."

The watch was set, while the remainder of the crew "turned in all standing," which signifies in sea parlance with their clothes on, ready for prompt and immediate service. The cargo on board the craft that now rounded the mouth of the sheltering cove was contraband and valuable, and the object of the commander was to land it safely and return from the main land to the island before morning.

The lugger held on her course till rounding the northern point of the island, when the captain, who had not left the deck, discovered off his starboard bow a vessel, whose indistinct outlines alone discernible in the darkness of the night, appeared to be those of a large craft; at the same moment the lookout forward discovered and announced the stranger as a sloop of war under easy sail.

The course of the Dolphin was changed

two or three points more northerly, in the hope of passing the strange sail at such a distance as not to be noticed by her crew; the effort was successful; the commander of the sloop, not expecting his prey at this hour, was not on the lookout for the smuggler. On board the well regulated lugger all was silent as the night itself, while every sail expanded with the freshening breeze.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain, when silence was no longer necessary, "pipe the crew to quarters, sir; I have a few words to say to them that may serve as a rough night cap for even these sea dogs."

The wakeful crew, most of whom were already on deck, having heard of the proximity of the stranger, gathered quietly aft near the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, where they stood with their hats off and their hair waving wildly in the night air. A well disciplined ship's crew took upon their captain with much the same respect as does a courtier upon his king, save that if possible the former is more profound, as is the authority of his superior more absolute.

"My lads," said the young commander, addressing his attentive crew, "most of you saw that strange sail we passed with in the hour; do you know that nothing save treachery could have placed that vessel in the direct track of the Dolphin's night course?"

"It does look mighty 'spicious, you honor," said an old seaman in the front ranks of the crew, "but shiver my timbers if I believe we've got anybody shipped aboard this ere craft but loves the saucy Dolphin and your honor too well to play them a scurvy trick."

"There has been treachery, I have said; there is one of my crew that can tell me its penalty aboard this ship!"

"Death at the yardarm," sounded from the deep guttural voices of the crew, who shrunk beneath the piercing eye of their captain.

"It is my duty," said he, "to watch over your interests and my own with a jealous eye. I never deceive you, my men; the traitor shall receive his punishment, though I pursue him to the foot of the throne. Enough; to your duty."

The hours passed on—the busy crew had landed the cargo, and in the hands of confidential agents it was soon hidden from the most careful search of the revenue officers.

The greatest danger was yet to be encountered. The cargo landed, the lugger must again sail for the sheltering protection of the island, but the rising moon now threw its mellow and unwelcome light—unwelcome at least to those on board the Dolphin—across the heaving swells of the Irish sea.

Hardly had the lugger got under weigh before the cruiser was again discovered lying midway between the English coast and the island; the course the Dolphin steered, and in fact the only route she could take, would bring her in full view of the cruiser and within range of her guns. The captain of the lugger viewed the dilemma with calm and quiet countenance, giving his orders in a tone that inspired those about him with fresh courage. The two vessels

were now fast approaching each other, when a course hail came down across the water from the sloop, "What vessel is that?"

The captain of the lugger, knowing that every moment he could gain in delay was of the utmost importance in the furtherance of his purpose to run the gauntlet of the cruiser's broadside, made a mumbling and inaudible reply through his trumpet, so that the query from the sloop was put, "What answer do you make?"

The breeze still freshening drove the lugger, with her wide spread canvas, swiftly through the water. She was already nearly abreast of the cruiser, which, having tacked, now stood on the same course as her adversary.

"What vessel is that?" was the question again put from the commander of the sloop, to which he added, "Answer, or I shall fire into you."

No reply being made to this hail, the captain of the York, for so the cruiser was called, ordered a shot fired into the lugger, "to wake her up," as he observed; the ball, passing through the white field of the mainsail, struck the water far to windward. The compliment was immediately returned from a heavy gun amidships of the lugger, the ball of which, aimed by the hands of the captain himself, shot away the foretopmast of the York, which fell with all its hamper to the deck. A fierce broadside from the cruiser followed this discharge, making sad havoc among the symmetrical rig of the Dolphin.

The armament of the lugger consisted of four small pieces of ordnance and one gun amidships, revolving upon a pivot, which was of superior metal to that of any gun on board the York. From this instrument of death the missiles of destruction were so faithfully aimed that already had the foremast of the cruiser come lumbering upon the deck, confounding the crew and greatly retarding the means of defense. The York carried sixteen guns with a complement of about 150 men. She was now unable for several moments to return the constant and destructive fire of the lugger, the wreck of the foremast having fallen along the larboard battery, being the side nearest the Dolphin. Both vessels were so cut up in their rigging as to make but little headway, and were now rising and falling on swells of the sea within a few yards of each other.

Several of the heavy shots from the lugger had penetrated the York's side at the water line, and a large number of the crew of the latter vessel were piped to the pumps, as the craft was fast making large quantities of water. At this moment the eye of the smuggler captain rested upon the person of one of his own foremost men on board the enemy—the truth flashed in a moment across his mind, the treachery was accounted for, and there stood the traitor. In an instant the grapnel irons were ordered to be thrown and the boarders piped to duty, a few hasty words from the commander of the Dolphin sufficed to inform his followers that the traitor of the crew was on board the York, and, headed by their brave and daring captain, the lugger's men leaped on the cruiser's deck.

"Secure the traitor and back with you all," cried the captain, pointing with one hand to the trembling villain who had betrayed them, while with his other he kept a score of them at bay with his flashing sword.

After securing their treacherous comrade the Dolphin's crew retreated swiftly to their own vessel, amid the astonishment of the crew of the York, who had been taken completely by surprise, the deed being accomplished in far less time than is required to relate the particulars.

Retaining his own deck the captain of the lugger now backed his topsails, while those that remained to the York continued full; thus the two vessels parted. The Dolphin, as she fell astern of her antagonist, gave her one raking shot, which did fearful havoc upon her deck. The captain of the cruiser was forced to make all speed for the shore, when the York was run aground in a sinking condition. Thus ended the fight between the lugger and the man-of-war, showing what cool courage and skill can accomplish against superior force.

The Dolphin sailed for the cove on the eastern side of the island, sorely shattered in hull and rigging by the severe contest with the king's cruiser.

The lugger is again anchored in the quiet cove, and all hands are piped to witness punishment. The traitor who had betrayed the ship had confessed his guilt, and the price of his treachery was found upon his person. The crew were at their stations, all save six seamen chosen by lot, who stood apart from their companions with downcast eyes and trembling forms, for they were the agents through whom a fellow creature was to be launched, in cold blood, into eternity. These hearts of oak that a few hours since stood fearlessly at their guns dealing death and destruction around, and with blood flowing like water at their feet, now trembled! A strange quiet reigned throughout the ship, even the wounded seamen below had suppressed their groans, and the tick of the captain's watch could be heard at any part of the quarter deck. The miserable man who was now to suffer stood upon a gun, his arms confined behind him and a rope around his neck—the cord was rove through a block at the extreme end of the yard arm and reaching down again to the deck, the opposite extremity was placed in the hands of the six chosen by lot. Contemplating this arrangement for a moment the captain said:

"Why, men, next to mutiny, I know of no blacker or more accursed sin than treachery; that man has betrayed us—may heaven forgive him, as I do at this moment; he was seduced from his duty in an evil hour while under the effects of liquor—he is now penitent, and you see how bravely he will die—you have had related to you the peculiarities of his case, which, I think, has many extenuating points—you are his jurors; shall he die? Shall we send your old messmate into eternity? Speak, my men."

"No! no! and if the captain forgives him, that's enough," said the generous hearted crew.

"Blow me," said the old seaman who

was before spoken in this story, "if I don't think a man who could betray such a commander and such a ship must find punishment enough in overhauling the log of his own conscience, without sending him to soundings."

The feelings of the criminal, for he is a criminal who betrays those who have confided in him, may be better imagined than described. He left the gun an altered man. He was forgiven his sin.

Well knowing that the boldness of this last adventure with a cruiser of the royal navy would draw down certain destruction upon them, the captain and crew of the lugger ran her into a French port, where she was sold and the proceeds equally divided among the crew and officers, who were thenceforth distanced.

Let us follow for a moment, gentle reader, the life of this captain of the Dolphin, this smuggler of the Isle of Man.

Still actuated by a love of adventure and fondness for the sea, he proceeded to London, where he was soon introduced with a large merchant vessel in the West India trade, as captain, in which capacity he led a lucrative and adventurous life for several years, subsequent to which he visited and settled in America. On the breaking out of the war with the mother country, his ardent love for the principle for which our fathers contended led him to offer his services in behalf of liberty.

He was appointed captain of a noble vessel, the first of the American navy, and his was the hand that raised first her flag upon the blue water. With this vessel and others with which he was subsequently intrusted, he gained some of the most brilliant naval victories ever won. Through his whole services there was one faithful follower, who never left him, and whose protecting arm twice saved his life in the memorable battle between the Ben Howme Richard and the Decatur, the former of which he commanded. Reader, that follower was the pardoned criminal of the Dolphin lugger!

Would you follow this commander still further? Congress passed a public vote of thanks to him for his gallant services, embracing him with the highest rank in the American navy, which, to this day is contained in the grateful hearts of a free people.—Boston Globe.

**Electric and Gas Lighting.**  
I do not see anything in the electric light wave to frighten holders of gas company stocks. If I had an abundance of the capital I would want no better investment than to buy up gas stocks on a low market. The reason for this is that there never was an electric plant that would stand the wear and tear to which it must be subjected. They will wear out within a short time, even the best of them, even with the greatest care in their operation. I would like nothing so well as to buy up gas stocks on a low market, and give a special light, and if the machinery can be made to wear out a good deal more, still there would be constant use for gas plants in furnishing gas for fish, heat and power plants.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.