

Wichita Daily Eagle

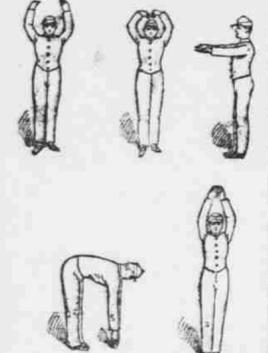
THE LAST CRUISE.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION FOR BRIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS.

Four Simple Motions to Which the West Point Cadet Owe a Certain Pleading Grace of Carriage and Look of Unusual Suppleness and Strength of Body.

There is a certain amount of grace in the young fellows who are receiving their education at West Point...



FIRST AND SECOND "SETTING UP" EXERCISES.

Ordinary strapping does not possess. It might be supposed that all this was due to an elaborately equipped gymnasium...

"One morning, just after sunrise, in October, 1847, about a year after my return from England, a sail was seen standing in toward the island from the eastward..."

"The drawings illustrating these four 'setting up' exercises are detailed sufficiently to need very little explanation..."

"A beautiful craft she was: her long, black hull lay low in the water; her masts, tall and tapering till they looked no bigger than this pipe stem..."

"In the second the arms are raised vertically above the head, the thumbs locking, right thumb in front. Then the arms are lowered until the finger tips touch the ground..."



THIRD AND FOURTH SETTING UP EXERCISES.

In the third the hands are clasped first in front of the body and then behind it, the object being to throw out the chest and develop its weak points..."

In the fourth the arms are raised horizontally at the sides, the palms of the hands up. With the shoulders as an axis the hands are then made to describe a small circle upward and to the rear..."

All these may seem very easy and of doubtful results, but if practiced carefully and conscientiously they cannot fail to assist in the development of a growing boy."

A Polite Kitty. Little Miss Rose is a person who finds it easy to interpret most things according to her own advantage...

"Who gives you milk, kitty?" inquired Rose. Kitty struggled a little to get down, but might as well reply...

"Do you love me, kitty?" "No answer." "Who is the nicest little girl in the world?"

"Mow!" cried kitty, making a desperate effort to escape. "There! isn't she polite?" asked Rose, triumphantly. "She said 'You!'"

A Boy's Composition on Orlis. Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behave themselves. They think more of dress than anything...

The Sancer Garden. Did you ever attempt to make a garden in the confined space of an ordinary yard? No! well, perhaps you would like to try it. This is how it may be done...

On the day when Manded at Annobon, one of the natives particularly attracted my attention. He was a man past middle age, his woolly hair sprinkled with gray...

As I looked through the open doorway of his dwelling, before which we stood while he told me the story of his early life, I saw what I at first thought was an idol, but a second glance showed it to be the figure head of a vessel.

He represented, in high relief, a female clothed in a flowing robe, with one arm folded across the breast and the other pointed upward. The lower limbs were broken, the hand of the uplifted arm was missing, and a portion of the nose was gone.

"What ship did that belong to?" I asked. "That was the figurehead of a schooner that was lost on the island many years ago," Johnson replied.

He hesitated a moment, and then motioned me to a seat upon a palm log which served the purpose of a bench in front of his hut. He seated himself in front of me, lighted his pipe and told me this story:

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he managed to crawl off, keeping away to the northward as the breeze increased. "The brig stood off from him with all the canvas she could swing, and she sailed so fast as to worry the captain of the Clelie, who had never before met anything he couldn't run out of sight in four or five hours."

"He stood on his course until midnight, then kept dead before the wind two hours, and then hauled away on the other tack to the southward and westward. At daylight nothing was to be seen of the brig, and he shaped his course for the island."

"The schooner had been drifting a little since she first hove to, and my father told the captain that he was in as good a place to anchor as he could find. The captain then gave the order to clew up the topsail, the anchor was let go, and the craft swung with the tide very handy to the watering place."

"Send two men aloft, Mr. Silva," we heard the captain say to his first mate, "and mind they keep a good lookout to seaward."

"My father having agreed to help with our oars to tow the water casks from the beach, hoisting tackle was got out, a raft of six casks was dropped over the side and towed by two of the slaver's boats, was soon making good headway toward the mouth of the fresh water creek."

"The party was in charge of the second mate, and hearing him speak to one of the crew in English, I addressed him in the same language, which seemed to surprise him. He told me he was born in America, in Maine, I think he called the place. He talked a good deal, and from him I learned much about the schooner and her people."

"He said she was of 170 tons burden, had been built only about a year and a half, and had just got back from a run to Cuba, where she had landed nearly 400 slaves in good condition. They now had 800 slaves on board, and had intended to take on a hundred more, but the English brig had scared them off."

"One hundred and seventy of these slaves were men, and the rest were women, with the exception of two boys, five or six years old. One woman, he told me, had a young baby."

"The crew numbered forty-two, all told. The captain, he said, was a Frenchman from Marseilles, named Gianvil, the smartest sailor and the most daring fellow he had ever been shipmates with. All these particulars turned out to be important."

"My father told me he should like to have the slaves detained as long as possible, as it might happen that the English brig or some other man-of-war would come along. He had sent one of our people part way up the mountain above the town to keep a lookout, and let him know if he saw a sail."

"It was past 9 o'clock before the first raft of filled water casks was alongside the schooner. The water was pumped from them into empty casks in the lower hold."

"The poor black people between decks kept up their cries, praying to be let out. None of us were allowed on the schooner's deck, but I could see from the canoe that a sentinel with a musket on his shoulder, and a cutlass stuck in his belt, stood all the time by each of the hatchways ready to shoot down any slave who should succeed in reaching the deck."

"The heat was oppressive; the wind had died away and the air was heavy. A little after noon a light breeze sprang up from seaward, and with it came a heavy swell that made it difficult to tow the casks filled with water from the beach to the slaver."

"It was perhaps 3 o'clock when, just as we were about to push off from the watering place, the man whom my father had sent up on the mountain side to keep a lookout came running along the beach and spoke to him. My father, who was with our people helping the slaver's men to fill the casks from the creek, said to me, in our language, 'He says there is a sail in sight.'"

"We had got within about three ships' lengths of the slaver when we heard the voice of the captain singing out to Mr. Smith, the second mate, to let go the casks and hurry on board. I looked aloft and saw that the recall signal was hoisted, and when I turned my head over my shoulder toward the shore I could see the men getting into the boat and starting to pull off. Two hands ran aloft on the Clelie forward, and soon loosened the top-gaff sail and topsail, which had been furled when she dropped anchor."

"As the mate let go the casks he cast off the line by which our two canoes were towing, and the one I was in paddled alongside the schooner. 'The vessel's crew were working lively,' I can tell you. There was a gang at the windlass and the anchor had already broken ground; the topsail was hoisted and ready to be sheeted home. The schooner swung with the wind, and a man took the wheel just as we got abreast of the gangway."

"The little Frenchman was walking the poop furiously, looking toward the shore from which the boat was coming, then out to sea. When he saw our canoe he took hold of the main rigging with one hand and leaning over the rail said in a low voice, like a hiss: 'How close in can I go to there?' pointing to the large, high rocks that we call the sail rocks, at the northeast end of the island."

"With a steady breeze you can run in so you can throw a biscuit ashore," said I. "There is plenty of water there, but when the tide is running you want to allow for it." "Then he asked, very sharply, if I was a pilot."

topsail set, and the slaver headed a little west of north, with the wind abeam, a course that took her along the east side of the island and at a right angle to the course steered by the brig. "We paddled to the shore as fast as we could, and had just reached the beach and turned to have a look at the chase, when what should we see but the brig, which had now come quite near, headed up into the wind."

"Her yards were alive with men, and what but a moment before had been a beautiful, trim pile of canvas from deck to trucks was now a mass of flapping sails and flying cordage. Everything had been clew up and let go, and the crew were trying to hand the sails, though they flopped so loud that they sounded like a volley of musketry to us on shore."

"I looked over to the schooner, but she was holding on to everything, though she keeled over so far that her lee rail was under water, and her crew were hanging on the weather rigging and life rails like so many flies on a ceiling."

"The wind now began to come in gusts and the air grew cold, and it chilled me as the fog used to do in London. There was a dash of rain, and it got so thick that we could not see either vessel."

"There was a flash, then a crash of thunder, and it lightened for a moment. Then we saw that the slaver had taken in his flying jib, his topgallant sail, and his gale topsail, and was setting away his topsail, and a crowd of men were crawling up the ratlines to reef it, though how they could expect to hand the sail in such a gale I could not understand."

"The brig, under close reef topsails, was standing away from the island and steering nearly south. Her yards were squared, and then I saw that the wind had shifted round to the northward and that the slaver was close hauled and dipping her bow under so that it seemed as if she must be buried every plunge she made."

"Then came another squall of wind and rain, and the air grew almost as black as night. 'The wind is heading him off,' my father cried, placing his voice close to my ear. 'He will never get past the rocks.'"

"Again there was a flash that almost blinded us, a crash that seemed as if the world had come to an end. Then the air lighted up so that we could see the poor Clelie. Her mainmast was gone and had carried with it the foretopmast. I thought I could see the men that had been on the topsail yard struggling with the wreckage to leeward, but there was little time to think of them. The craft was not a ship's length from the sail rocks, and headed right between them."

"A great sea came rushing toward her. Oh! I shut my eyes. There was a crash that we heard above the roar of the storm. 'There was another volley of wind, of rain, of light, of thunder. Then it cleared again. The wind blew a steady gale, and the rain fell more regularly. We could see the rocks and the ocean, but that was all. The slaver had disappeared and the brig was not in sight.'

"The gale continued until the sun went down, but with the rising of the moon, which was at its full, it subsided, and by 8 o'clock in the evening the sky was as clear and the stars shone out as steady and bright as if all the world was at peace and all its people happy."

"The storm had done much damage on the island. More than half our huts had been blown down, a number of the canoes had been dashed to pieces on the beach, and many of our finest coconut trees were lying upon the ground."

"All that night our people spent in going back and forth upon the beach, and many a terrible sight they saw. With the flood tide, which began to turn a little before midnight, the bodies of the black people and of the slaver's crew came floating in with the wreckage of the vessel. We looked for some signs of life among them, but all in vain."

"About 3 o'clock in the morning one of our people found the body of the captain. His heart still beat and he breathed faintly, but he died before we got him upon the beach. He had a frightful gash in his forehead and both legs were broken."

"Just after the finding of the captain I came across the body of a woman with a baby in her arms. The little thing had its face against her breast, and when I felt it I found that it was warm. I took it up and gave it to my wife, who carried it to our hut. She rubbed it and held it by the fire and in a few moments it gave a low moan, then opened its eyes and began to cry."

"My wife and I took good care of the little thing; it was a boy, and we brought it up. You saw him on board your ship this morning. Surf Johnson, for so I christened him, and that figure-head you see in there, are all that is left to remind us of the Clelie, of Bordeaux."

"The next day we buried the bodies of ninety-eight persons, black and white, that were washed ashore. The rest were swallowed up by great Father Ocean, and, as the Good Book says, we shall never see them till the judgment day."

"We heard afterward that the brig rode out the storm and reached Sierra Leone in safety."—W. A. Boyce in

He Was a Good Boy. A boy who was trying to get a box into the top of a shade tree on Charlotte avenue was asked by a policeman what his object was, and he replied: "It's for a robin's nest." "But why not let her make her own?" "Oh, this will save her the time and trouble."

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