

MISS CARLTON'S STORY:

—OR—

The Adventures of Mr. Seymour.

IN the year 18—, I found myself in command of the beautiful clipper, "Belle Blonde," which was owned by Mr. Seymour, and which was stocked with a great variety of articles suited for barter with the natives of the South Sea Islands, to which point we were bound. This voyage was undertaken by Mr. Seymour for a two-fold object, the main one being an endeavor to release from captivity a beautiful white girl, who was held by the natives of an island near to the one on which Mr. Seymour was left by Captain Darnford, who had commanded his vessel on a former voyage. He had been greatly impressed by her beauty during the few moments he had seen her, and his fortunate escape and accidental meeting with Captain Darnford, and recovery of his property, had placed the means of attempting her rescue in his power. We, accordingly, within a few days after his getting possession of his vessel, left the harbor of San Francisco, and in due course of time dropped anchor at Rava, which was the port at which Mr. Seymour had been so treacherously left, nearly two years before. We were soon surrounded by the boats of the natives, eager for barter. Seymour refused to receive any hostages, and told them if they wanted to trade to bring on their shell and sandal wood, and if they showed any disposition to act treacherously he would accommodate them with a fight, for which we were well prepared.

In answer to his inquiry whether there were any whites on the island, they told him that there was not, as the only one that had ever lived on their island had escaped some time ago, but that on an island near that, there was a white woman who did very strange tricks, and who was shortly to be married to the Chief.

When Seymour heard this, I thought he would faint; but recovering, he asked why she married at all, and was told that the priests said she must, as they wanted her in the tribe.

Seymour had now regained his cheerfulness, and turning to me said, "The fellow talking with me is my old servant, Kaloo, and though he does not recognize me, I do him; what freak has made him chief is beyond my knowledge, for I thought they would kill him for my loss."

"What! He Kaloo?" said I loudly, looking with interest at the chief.

My question was somewhat unfortunate, for the native was watching every movement of our lips, and as I spoke his name he immediately gave a loud yell, and recognizing Seymour, issued a few orders to the fleet of canoes, which drew off from the ship's side at once, and paddled quickly to the shore. As it was now near dark, the only thing we could do was to set a double lookout for any attack, and pass a sleepless night.

I have forgotten to mention that in shipping our crew I had taken one hand whose face seemed strangely familiar to me, and who, from his peculiar Yankee dialect, we nick-named "Brother Jonathan."

About midnight we heard a shout for assistance under the bobstay, and on looking there, found that our down-easter, who was always doing some clumsy action, was overboard. We soon had him on deck. He said, that having gone forward to relieve the watch, he had fallen asleep, and waked up to find himself in the water, though how he had got through the netting was a mystery. As he seemed all unstrung, we sent him below for the night, determined to be careful ere we trusted to his vigilance again.

Just before daylight there was a terrible noise and outcry on deck, followed by heavy blows and deep curses, and thinking we were attacked, I seized my pistols, and rushing up, found that Brother Jonathan was again in trouble, and this time it was serious. The mate, aided by several sailors, was holding him down on deck, while the prisoner, his speech free from all provincialisms, was cursing hard enough to take the tongue out of a bell.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Dickson?" I inquired, as I sprang into the melee. "Trouble!" said the excited mate, as he knocked the head of the prostrate man hard enough on the deck to start the earlings; "trouble, sir! This man is either crazy, or a traitor; he has spiked a cannon, and I caught him at another just in time to save the gun by knocking him over."

Directing the steward to bring some irons we soon had the fellow secured beyond question, and then instituted a strict examination of our arms; one gun was thoroughly spiked, while in the touch-hole of another stuck a small rat-tail file, which, but for the timely blow of the mate, would have spoiled the use of it; and scattered near by, were a sufficient number of files to ruin our whole battery.

"This is a pretty go, Mr. Seymour," I said, as our owner made his appearance on the scene with a disturbed look.

"What is the meaning of it?" he asked.

"I'll know the meaning of it, and precious quick, too," I said, angrily, as I left the guns and went forward to where our conspirator was lying on the deck, ironed

hand and foot, and lashed fast to the windlass.

As I approached, the rascal pretended to be delirious, but I grasped him savagely by the hair, determined to shake what little wit he might have, into a sensible state.

"Don't hurt him," said Seymour, deprecatingly, thinking my roughness was a little too severe on a person in his situation.

As he spoke, the red locks, in the shape of a wig, came off in my hands, showing closely clipped black hair underneath. None can paint our astonishment at seeing the features of our Yankee develop into the countenance of Captain Darnford, late owner and master of the Belle Blonde.

The rascal seeing he was discovered, said sneeringly, "My little game is checkmated; but had I succeeded in spiking your guns, I think there would have been another side to my plot, for I would have remained my whole life with these natives could I have made a trade with them, and had the pleasure of seeing you killed and eaten. I blinded you by having my death published, but I'll bank you yet."

"You bank us, will you? if you can make it convenient to do so before sunrise you will save us the trouble of making a hangman's knot, for you'll swing at the yard-arm at daybreak," I retorted.

"You dare not hang me!" he roared, pale with rage and excitement.

"Don't be uneasy; the morning will show you whether the little affair comes off or not," said I; and ordering no conversation with him, directed the mate to gag him.

Having seated ourselves in the cabin, we formed a council of war, discussing for some time the probabilities of an immediate attack, but arriving at no definite conclusion. We finally decided to await for daylight to solve the problem, but when daylight did appear we had no time to devote to the detected villain.

Our suspicions of an attack were fully verified in the morning, for, instead of being surrounded at daybreak by a crowd of natives, clamorous for trade, we were let severely alone, not a canoe being visible. As there was a little breeze, we raised our anchor at once, and setting sail, squared the yards and filled away immediately, and as we slowly fanned off shore, we began to congratulate ourselves on escaping a fight.

Not so with Seymour. He shook his head ominously, and said, "the end is not yet."

As our sails began to draw, and we got an offing, we heard a loud yell ashore, and looking back, saw seventeen large canoes leave a bay and head for us. They appeared to be sailed carelessly, for only one was well trimmed, and that one overhauled us hand over hand, and was soon within hailing distance.

"It's the chief's canoe, and he is in it," said Seymour, as he hailed it, and entered into an exciting conversation. For some minutes this was kept up, and then Seymour said, "the chief is angry at our breaking faith with him, and says if we do not return and finish our stipulated trading, he will take our vessel away, and eat us all."

"Mr. Dickson," said I to the mate, "fire a cannon about five yards in front of his dugout, and you, Mr. Seymour, tell him we send an answer."

As the report died away, and the savages received my message, the chief arose and fired a musket at us, the bullet whistling loudly as it passed over our heads, and a demoniac howl of rage arose from all, followed by the canoes in the distance heading at once for us showing conclusively the ball was opened.

Seeing that none were hurt by the badly-aimed musket, I turned my attention to the rapidly approaching canoes. Our crew were all at their stations, and commenced firing and loading with the precision of veterans, the second discharge showing a diminution of one of the canoes. Hastily coming about on the other tack, we gave them our port battery; but before we could reload, the savages were upon us, spears, arrows and musket balls flying over us in wild profusion.

Every man was on deck at once, and soon the villainous blockheads appeared at the boarding-netting. And now desperate work began; we were all armed with revolvers, and as their bodies showed above the rail we shot them down like birds.

The odds were against us, however, and it only remained for the natives to continue it to bring it to a successful conclusion, when our cook, assisted by the steward and cabin boy, rushed to the scene with dippers of boiling water. As the steaming liquid fell on the natives they dropped with astonishing rapidity, and before they were aware of it, Seymour, grasping the helm, put the vessel off, and she forged quickly ahead. As she did so, our men hastily trained the guns and fired. Four more of the canoes being sunk, attested the correctness of the discharge. As we now had the best of it, the remainder drew off at once, and the victory was ours.

"Three cheers for the cook!" roared the excited owner; and three as hearty cheers as ever men uttered were given with a will.

On examination, we found we had lost one man killed by a spear, and several

were wounded by stones. Congratulating ourselves on our escape, we turned our attention to the natives, and saw the uninjured canoes were in a group about a mile and a half off, while all around us the water was covered with dead and dying, the sharks feasting on their mangled remains.

"I mean to give these chaps a parting benediction," said Seymour, he walked to a swivel and swinging it into position, sighted and fired.

As the smoke arose from its muzzle, the natives in the distance swung their paddles in the air, and made gestures of derision; but before they ceased their antics the ball, truly aimed, was among them, and to our great delight it stove two of their canoes.

"Cleared the kitchen!" shouted our delighted owner, as he saw the success of his shot, and as he ran aft I kept the ship off, and was soon running down to the scene of disaster. As we approached, the survivors dove like ducks, in as many different directions as there were men, but desecrating the chief, we singled him out and bore down for him. As we approached, he dove and attempted to double on us by rising to windward, but as we had the advantage he failed, and when he made a second attempt, one of our seamen, hastily tying a running bowline, and dropping it over his head and under his arms, sprang overboard, and as the chief rose to the surface, he was seized by our man and held firmly. Soon we had the sailor and his prize on deck.

"And now for Lauoa," said I, as we left the island with a spanking breeze.

In the afternoon we again sighted land, which proving to be our true destination, we ran in and came to anchor. As it was near night, we ordered off all canoes until the next day.

That evening Mr. Seymour detailed his plan of rescuing the unfortunate woman ashore; and although I had many misgivings as to its success—deeming it extra hazardous—in lieu of anything better, I finally agreed to his project, promising, if it failed, to fire upon the natives as long as a shot was left to use; and as morning arrived before we had completed all details, we hastened to put it into execution.

As the canoes began to appear, we had our captive savage brought aft, and Seymour, showing him a loaded pistol, told him to tell the new visitors of the attack he made on us, and the defeat he had suffered, all of his war fleet being demolished, and he a prisoner, and if he said one word more he was a dead native, but if he gave a correct account, he would be liberated when we left.

The chief, having no alternative, stood on the quarter deck with Seymour beside him pressing the pistol into his back, and ordering him to proceed, and not intimating that their language was understood by us.

Our captive was thoroughly cowed, and gave a succinct account of the fight, and entreated the natives to trade freely with us, as his liberation depended upon it. Although we saw many scowls on their features as they listened to the narrative, they wanted to barter badly, and agreed to do so, and pay a large ransom for the chief when we were ready to leave.

Having made our arrangements, our prisoner was returned to his former place of confinement, and business began.

In the afternoon Seymour stripped off his clothes and we painted him with Spanish brown, soon turning him into a respectable looking Kanaka, even going so far as to give him a mark of Indian ink, stripping off with that pigment, until he made a fair representation of our checkerboard visitors. He then arrayed himself in the tappa of the prisoner chief, which we unceremoniously borrowed, and emerged from the chrysalis of a white man into a passable native. As soon as it was dark, I called for two reliable men to put him ashore, and having selected a couple from the dozen who offered their services, we lowered a small boat we had on deck, and taking Seymour's hand, I bade him good-by with many painful forebodings.

As he glided off in the darkness, I felt that I should never see my friend again, but I determined if anything happened to him, I would take summary vengeance on the natives, and show them the power of white men.

In about twenty minutes the boat was again alongside. I asked the men how they had got ashore, and was told that the canoes were hauled up, and after bidding them come every night at twelve o'clock, or, if anything suspicious in the attitude of the natives occurred, to take immediate vengeance, Mr. Seymour disappeared in the underbrush. Concluded next week.

It is related that a boarding-house keeper in Arkansas was once disturbed by a report that his boarders were mutinous because of the too frequent appearance of hash on the breakfast-table. Accordingly he descended to breakfast the next morning, laid one pretentious horse-pistol on each side of his plate at the head of the table, and said: "Any gentleman who says he don't like hash, lies. Mr. Brown," he continued, turning to the nearest boarder, "will you take hash?"

SUNDAY READING.

The Art of Life.

It is a great art, while carrying on the work of life, to seize every means of rising beyond it. Most people, consciously or unconsciously, construct some theory of life. That of Goethe's, strikes one as being singularly complete, although we see even in Mr. Lewes' version its intense selfishness. For the most part there is a dapper shopboy talks of "seeing life," and each man of us prides himself on being "a man of the world." Probably a rat considers his rat-hole to be the world. There are undiscovered worlds beyond "the world" of which we worldlings speak. We only penetrate some province, and cannot even adjust its relation to the general geography. There are many men who believe that the great object of life is the development of the intellectual faculties. Their definition of this development is probably too narrow. It is not enough that a man should have traveled, have acquired knowledge, should live in the constant investigation and discussion of all the propositions that can be submitted to the human understanding—a man should be many-sided. He should touch life at many points, and whenever he touches it he should make it the lever of advance. What will any amount of book knowledge do for man, or what claim has he to the title of real culture, if he has no love or knowledge of nature, or has not entered into the world of music? True development consists in the harmoniously-balanced development of the whole complex nature. That man has misused a great element in it who has missed the love of child, and wife and friend. He misses much who has not the gift of the sympathy, that true democratic feeling, which makes a man feel at home with want, struggle, ignorance, passion, aspiration, at the same time that it makes him free of the company of thinkers, poets and good men. It should embrace some experience in the sorrow, some knowledge of evils, the tears of repentance, the visions of faith, and the breathings of prayer.

Come Now.

Robert was a careless son, and resolved to go to sea. His mother on packing his chest, placed a tract entitled, "Come Now," among his things, and followed it with her prayers that God would arrest him by its means, in his heedless downward course.

One day, some months after, when far away at sea, Bob, in rumaging his chest, came across the tract. The title struck him—"Come Now." Like an arrow, it seemed to enter into his own soul. He tried to forget it, but no, the words followed him everywhere.

On returning to the ship one day, he became utterly miserable, so that a young lad, a fellow-shipmate, noticed it and said to him: "Bob, what's the matter with you?—you look miserable!"

"Yes, lad, I am miserable," replied Robert: "that 'ere tract, 'Come Now,' has made me wretched."

The lad replied: "Ah! that reminds me that I promised my dear old mother to read my Bible at sea, and I have never opened it; let us read it now." So he fetched his Bible from his bag, and they sat down.

The lad opened at the first of Isaiah, and read to the 18th verse: "Come Now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." But when he came to "Come Now," Bob exclaimed: "Stop there; those are the very words, 'Come Now; let us see them in the tract." The tract was produced and read, and the chapter was finished, and God was pleased by His Holy Spirit to show Robert his ruined condition and to lead him to Christ.

Reader have you thus come to the Saviour to have your crimson sins washed white in the precious blood of Jesus? If not, "Come Now!"

The Crooked Fingers.

While shaking hands with an old man the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said:

"In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over 50 years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of over-holding the reins for so many years."

"This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? does it not teach us how an oft-repeated act becomes a habit?"

The old man's crooked fingers are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.

When you see men and women persist in doing and saying things that are wrong and make themselves and others unhappy, remember that when young they never perhaps thought of being so wicked, but they said wrong words and did wrong actions and continued so doing until, like the old man's fingers constantly used in driving, they became fixed in the course they had begun.



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