

him—, and when you're loaded, we'll give the brig's crew a shot from the big swan-gun; that's what'll tell if anything will. If we can drive 'em below, and I can keep those cursed canoes beached, we can get the men from the cross-trees easy enough. Let 'em have it now, Murray—right amongst the crowd near the stump of the main-mast."

Some twenty of the savages were clustered near the place indicated by Graham—as we afterwards discovered, around a wounded native, one of the boat's crew—and having directed the men to pull a few strokes till I was at the distance I desired, the old shotgun again gave its double roar.

The effect was all we could have wished. Three or four of the poor wretches fell, and others were wounded; but what delighted us was, that their companions, who were up to this time had been on deck and along the rails, armed with the deadly whaling-gear, were so terrified at the slaughter occasioned by our fire, which they could not return, that they hastened to get out of sight. In twenty seconds not an unwounded man was to be seen.

"Cross-trees ahoy!" hailed Captain Graham; "now's your chance. Slide down the jib-stay to the boom-end, and we'll come underneath and take you off. We'll cover you with our guns till you reach the jib-broom—now for it, bear a hand before the black devils are out again."

The imprisoned seamen needed no urging, and we pulled to within about thirty yards of the brig, ahead of her, so that we could shoot down any native who might attempt to get out on the bowsprit; but no such attempt was made, the savages were too thoroughly frightened.

The sailors rode down the jib-stay to the boom, and shook the gasket free; we pulled up with the boat, and in less than twenty minutes from the time the savages on shore descried our approach—though it has taken me much longer to describe the affair—the two men were safe with their friends, for such we had surely proved ourselves.

One of the men was an Englishman, and he was unhurt; he brought with him the hatchet with which the natives had been kept at bay. The other was a Sandwich Island Kanaka, and he bore traces of rough usage; his cheek was badly cut, his left arm almost useless from a blow with a club, and his scalp laid open to the skull with a frightful wound, five or six inches in length.

"Stow yourself aft here in the stern sheets, men, out of the way," said Graham; "lay back with a steady stroke, my boys, don't wind yourselves, for we may have a race for it yet; though I guess they've got enough of it for one morning. Anyhow, their cursed old canoes are no match for us; these fellows don't know how to make swift canoes; it's a good job they don't too."

I had not felt any fear after I fired the first shot—there was no time to be frightened; but I did certainly feel relieved when we got so far away from the unlucky brig that Graham told me there was no use in keeping the gun in hands any longer.

We were not molested in any way on our return to the schooner, which we found about four miles off, working up under a light breeze. The astonishment on board as we came alongside may be imagined. They had heard nothing of the guns, and could not see the brig; and had supposed that we were driving a fine trade with the natives, as we did not return. Knowing Graham as they did, no uneasiness had been felt for our safety.

The brig was a Hobarttown whaler, the Cella, Captain Frederick Johnson; she had on board two hundred barrels of sperm oil, and had run into the bay where we found her, to get fruit, anchoring at some distance from the shore. The natives had furnished them with fruit in abundance, and seemed so friendly, that the captain, against the advice of his mate and persuasion of Kanaka, had resolved to stop all night at his anchorage.

It was a fatal resolve; for while the men were at supper the savages made an attack in great numbers, and though the brig's men fought desperately for their lives, and slew numbers of their assailants they were over-powered and destroyed, with the exception of the two we had rescued. The Englishman was in the maintop hanging up bunches of bananas when the attack was made, and the Kanaka managed to fight his way to the rigging with a boat-hatchet, the handle of which was still stained crimson. He said he killed three men; and quite possibly he did.

After getting possession of the brig, the natives had paid out all her anchor-chain, letting the end (which was clenched around the mast where they could get at it) go out through the hawse-pipe, probably not knowing how to heave it in or unshackle it. They had then towed the brig in upon the reef, at high water, and as the tide fell she broke her back.

The men had been discovered at daylight, but the savages had not troubled them during the entire day; they were very busy, however, in plundering their prize, and took all the dead bodies on shore—probably to feast on.

The wretched prisoners remained in the cross-trees a second night, suffering from thirst, but have plenty of fruit to eat, as the rigging was thickly hung with bananas, if they had had any appetite.

Some time in the night, the natives being very thick on the deck, and frequently looking up at the cross-trees, which were plainly visible in the fire-light from the shore, the Kanaka fancied they were meditating an attack; and managing, despite his wounds, to ascend to the royal yard, he cut it adrift and sent it down on deck with a crash that made the savages scatter. This noise it was which had been heard by old Tom and the Tannaman.

The second morning after the capture, the natives had attempted to reach them, five of the blacks coming up the topmast rigging, the leader bringing a cutting-in spade; but the Englishman had cut the rigging at the top, and let them down by the run, by which they believed the whole number were killed. The savages had then cut away the mast; the two men sticking to their position as long as they dared, and then riding down the topgallant head-stay to the foretop, and ascending to the fore-topmast cross-trees. The natives had then commenced to cut away the foremast; and it was half cut through when the yells of the savages warned the seamen that something unusual was taking place; they did not see us until we were close to the brig's boat, being too intent watching the natives. Even when they did see us they had but little hope that we should be able to defeat the crowds of blacks; but after seeing the deadly effect of the first fire, and the evident consternation it occasioned among the islanders, they began to gather hope; though they still feared that we might trust to a hand-to-hand encounter when destruction would have been certain.

My story is told; but I may as well say what became of the brig. We stood in for the wreck with the schooner, all the arms being on deck, and brass gun loaded with a round shot and a small bag of big nails. No signs of life greeted us as we approached her, the mate going ahead of us in the boat, carefully sounding his way. We brought the schooner to the wind about three hundred yards from the brig; and having drawn out the nails, fired the shot at the wreck. It struck her about the covering board and passed through her galley, making a great crash; but no natives appeared. Two or three shots were fired at the woods without starting anything up, and we then hauled off shore till next morning, when we ran in again, and cannonaded the wreck till we were satisfied that the natives had left her, when we cautiously went on board. From what we saw we concluded that the savages must have cleared out soon after we had retreated with the boat; as we found seven dead bodies on her deck or below, and they would not have left them behind had they not left in a hurry.

We merely put the bodies out of our way, and commenced taking out what oil we could. By sundown we had got one hundred and twenty barrels of it on board the Adventure, about all we could well get at, or well stow in the schooner. So we set the dismantled wreck on fire, and stood away to sea again. She burned brilliantly for about two hours, and then the light decreased, and finally went out in darkness. We returned to the British colonies instead of going to China; and the whole of the oil we brought in was divided among us, the Cella's owners declining to claim any part of it.

A Sudden Conversion.

WHEN spiritualism first made its appearance in the village of—, old Deacon Isaacs, a rich man, who had stood by the church for nearly three score years, was exceedingly bitter against all believers in the "devil's work," as he called it, and denounced spiritualists and spiritualism in no very gentle language.

Imagine the Deacon's anger, then, when six months afterwards he found it had worked into his family, and not only were his wife and daughters believers, but one of them was a medium and possessed full power to converse with the spirits of those who had departed to that "bourne whence no traveler returns."

Deacon Isaacs was mad, dreadfully mad; but he had sense enough not to show it, and bore the taunts of the ungodly with a meek spirit. He knew it would be useless to declare open war; for Mrs. Isaacs alone had proved more than a match for him, and he was sure to be defeated. He must "circumvent the critter," as he expressed it, and to this end he set himself to work.

He was a man of sound judgment, and his worldly experience of fifty

years was not thrown away. From the day it first came to his knowledge that his wife and daughters were spiritualists he never spoke a word against, nor did he ever allude to it, except in general terms in his morning prayer; but any one could see that it troubled him, for he was absent-minded, his eyes wandered restlessly, and he looked careworn.

The deacon witnessed one or two "sittings" at his own house, and was satisfied that if he possessed a little more knowledge he could get rid of them. So one morning he started for the city determined to thoroughly investigate the subject before he returned. After visiting two of the most popular mediums and paying his money, he returned home, satisfied that he could see through it.

There was a "sitting" at the deacon's house on the night he returned; and his daughter Mary (the medium) invited the deacon to take a seat at the table, which to her gratification was accepted. The spirits were in good tune, and so exceedingly communicative that the deacon was induced to ask a few questions which were readily answered; and the wife and daughter were in ecstasies at the thought that their father would be a believer, and urged the deacon on to his inquiries.

"Has my wife always been true to her marriage vows?" asked the deacon.

To this question there were no raps in return, while Mrs. Isaacs sat transfixed with holy horror that such a thought should enter her husband's mind.

"How many years have passed since she was untrue?"

Answer by single raps. Then came slowly and solemnly one, two, three, four, and so on until they reached twenty.

"How many who claim to be are not my children?"

Again the spirits rapped one, two.

Mrs. Isaacs looked dumfounded.

"Mercy!" said Mary.

"Which are they?" asked the deacon, who now seemed so intent on this subject that he paid no attention to his companions.

"Mary, Sarah," rapped the spirits, the names of the two daughters, the elder of which was under twenty.

Mrs. Isaacs could stand it no longer.

"It's a lie! I didn't! It's a lie!" she shrieked, rising from the table.

"They are your children, Deacon Isaacs and God knows it."

"But the spirits affirm differently," said the deacon, in a solemn voice.

"Then they lie," said the wife.

"But if you believe them in everything else, why not in this?"

"But I don't believe in them at all. It's all foolery."

"Nor I!" shouted Mary.

"Nor I," added Sarah.

"Then," said the Deacon, while a smile illuminated his countenance, "we will bid them good-bye, and leave those things which God has wisely hid from us to be revealed in his time."

The deacon's evening devotions were characterized with more earnestness than usual, and the family retired fully satisfied that the spirits and mediums did not always reveal the truth.

Mrs. Isaacs was so glad that none of the neighbors were present. But somehow the story got wind, and so fearful were the spirit dames that they might be caught in the same trap that the deacon had set, that spiritualism was driven entirely from the village.

A DISGUSTED DARKEY.

"SARTIN, boss, shine 'em up in less'n no time," said he, and we mounted to the hurricane-deck of his place of business.

"Wall, yes, boss; not been here long, but I've gettin' insight inter de ways mighty fast. De ways here, sah, is different to what dey is down in ole Massissip. Bin Massassip, sah? Fine ole State, sah."

"The colored people here appear to be quite as happy as in any part of the world," we ventured to remark.

"No, sah; beg leave to diffah: you's not on de inside, sah; dar's too much elevation; Las' week, you know, sah, de culled folks had a ball—quite a high toned affair, sah. Well, I engaged a young lady for de party, sah; one dat I looked on as de pride ob de county, sah. I put on clothes, sah—clothes dat don't every day see de light ob de sun—and went to de residence ob de gal."

"I rived at de 'pinted time. De gal was in de bes' room an' in her bes' clothes, waitin' my arrival ob de scene. De ole man was dar, an' de ole woman also figgered in de tableaux, wid a few juvenile superynny members ob de family."

"Miss Augusta smiled on me in dat melin' way ob de eyes dat allers giv me a movement ob de heart. I was interjude to de more influential members ob de household, an' de discours was agreeable. Presently I suggested dat it would be well to be movin' for de party,

an' Miss Augusta rose in all de pomp and circumstance ob her high-priced attire.

"We arrived on de stoop ob de door, an' offerin' my arm, I suppose we should progress. No, sah, not a bit of it. Dat gal receded. She rose erec' to an astonishin' height, an', as she transfixed me wid her gaze, she uttered dese memorable words: 'Whar's de transportation?'"

"De what?" says I, feelin' dat sufflin was agoin' wrong.

"De trans-pot-ation! Whar's de transportation!"

"What's de transportation?" says I.

"De vehiele—whar's de vehiele?" she says.

"I don't know nuffin' 'bout no vehiele," says I.

"Whar's de kerridges?" says she.

"De kerridge," says I. "I haven't seen no kerridge!"

"Mistah Berry, does you pretend to tell me dat you've come to take me to de ball widout a kerridge?" and she became of a still greater height.

"Why, of course," says I. "I thought we could walk. Down in ole Massissip de gals think nuffin' of goin' miles an' miles—"

"So you expect me to hoof it, Mistah Berry? You tell me 'bout de gals in Mississip, Mistah Berry; do de gals then know 'bout proper attire, Mistah Berry?" An' she giv a sort of kick an' a sling of her body, an' trailed out about four yards of train.

De old man, an' de ole woman, an' all de rest now put in dar 'pearance, and says de ole man, "What's all dis confusion of tongues?"

"Mistah Berry doesn't consider de honah sufficient to warrant him in de outlay necessary for de furnishing of propah transportation," said Miss Augusta.

"Sah!" said de ole man; "Sah!" said de ole woman; "Sah!" said all de little members.

"I said nuffin'!"

"Does de niggah 'spect he's gwine to lead our darter off on de hoof like she was a cow?" said de ole woman.

"Who do you call niggah, ole woman?" says I. "Why, I see drove better lookin' heifers nor yours to de plow in ole Mississip!"

"De gal shriek!"

"Dar you talk to me an' my darter in dat bituminous manner?" said de ole man; an' he giv me a lift wid his old stogas dat raised me off'n de stoop and follered it up wid numerous of de same dat was much assistance to me in gittin' out de gate.

"Dar's too much elevation, sah, creepin' into cullud society. I turns my back to it, sah!"

White Ties.

During the time of the Vanderbilt will-suit the Commodore's passion for white ties came up, and General Daniel Butterfield testified that on New Year's Day, 1874 or 1875, he and General Tyler were among the Commodore's callers.

"You're looking well for a young man," was the Commodore's greeting to General Tyler, who was but two years his junior. "I hope you have been doing as well as you look."

"I always suspected that your success was due to your white necktie," General Tyler responded; "it makes you look venerable, and people take you for a preacher."

"That reminds me of a story about myself," the Commodore replied. "I was coming up in a Broadway 'bus one day, and a couple of young men got in, pretty well sprung. They became noisy and I began to watch them. Pretty soon they saw me, and looking straight at my necktie, one of them said:

"I s'pose you think we're a-going to hell, sure?"

"Oh, no," I said; "you are all right; a little over the bay, perhaps, but the stuff's in you and you'll be somebody if you behave yourself." They gave each other a little nudge, and one of them, with a half chuckle, gulped out:

"Universalist, by jingo!"

A Very Sad Case.

A woman in Nevada has applied for a divorce upon the ground that she has received absolutely nothing from her husband since their marriage but a box of hair-pins. We have not a very intimate acquaintance with the laws of Nevada, but really it seems to us this is sufficient grounds for a divorce.

A woman who is dressed the whole of her married life in nothing but hair-pins naturally could not get into society very often, and she must suffer a great deal in cold weather. We should think a man who would not buy a more extensive wardrobe than this for his wife must be exceedingly mean. Hair-pins are becoming enough, so far as they go; but to wear nothing else—well, it is altogether wrong.

How great one's virtue best appears by occasion of adversity; for occasions do not make a man frail, but show what he is.

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