

THE BATTLESHIP.

Proud swan of the waters, white eagle of war,
The blue billows ripple from under her keel,
And the kiss of the foam and the tears of the spray
Are salt in the sun on her girdle of steel.
Those stars at her peak, that in tempest arose,
Those stripes that were bought with the blood of the brave,
She will gallantly guard till her skeleton lies,
In a sea-weeded sepulcher, deep in the wave.
The black cannon crouch on the snow of her decks,
With the thunder asleep in their throats, but beware,
'Tis the voice of the nation that speaks to the world
When the hand of her gunner is lifted in air,
And the language they utter is even the same
That Lexington heard on that morning of yore
When the scarlet-clad soldiers lay dead in the dust
And the power of a tyrannous king was no more!

The Clown's Vengeance.

That evening there was a great concourse of people on the Place de la Liberte. The Rosati Circus was giving its last performance, and the public of Toulon was flocking in crowds to this farewell representation. At the doors, beneath the flickering gleam of the rows of gas lights, there was a ceaseless crush and movement, an endless line was slowly winding its way in, halting at every step and hammering the sounding planks with a confused clatter. All around, on the notice boards stuck in the ground, the colors of the flaming posters were displayed, and, bathed in the garish light, dazzled the eye. In the crowd of spectators and idlers everyone was reading aloud the placard which stood conspicuous in front.

Positively the Last Time
This Evening
LAST PERFORMANCES
OF
PRINCE ICARUS
(The Flying Man),
and
Mlle Rita
and
AF-SOP
(The Grasshopper Clown).

Within the circus the seats were already overflowing, and the same names repeated from mouth to mouth blended into a general murmur denoted by the canvas roof over the ring. Some of the circus men were raking the sawdust on the track, and above the door to the stables the musicians were languidly tuning their instruments or at times addressing friends who passed beneath the gallery. "That you? Marius, how goes it?" etc. In the upper rows the audience was alive with impatience for the expected spectacle and irritated by the passing of the fashionable "first nighters"—carried frequenters behind the scenes—who pressed in a crowd to the narrow entrance leading to the greenroom.

Officers in civilian dress, and students, ship brokers and idle dandies, all wished for the last time to get near the fair Mlle Rita, the celebrated equestrienne, who for a month had been the subject of conversation in every messroom and every club. They stepped along, the elbows and the elbows, between the walls that were covered with sets of varnished harness, and begged pardon every time they jostled a groom. They stopped at the stalls of Blue Devil and Djin, the two trick Arabians, and, under pretext of giving some sugar to the horses flattered about the extemporized dressing room, where Rita, tranquil and smiling, was donning her attire. Then came in succession the commonplace compliments, to which the star of the circus, unheeding, scarcely deigned to give an answer, without seeming to note the ardent gaze of her admirers.

She was a handsome girl, a careless gypsy, with the sun in her eyes and her blood, accustomed to the atmosphere of admiration, and she finished her toilet without hurrying. At times, however, impatiently and with a pretty, rebellious movement, she gave her shoulders a shake and made the pearls of her necklace rattle. It was when the little clown Aesop, her husband, who, all beloured and painted, was walking before the room, his huge top-knot gazing at every step, drew near, and with his sharp-falsetto voice launched some taunt at the artist's courtiers. They laughed, they even applauded, but more often they lowered their eyes before the cutting, cold gaze of the dwarf, whose was and grotesque face, in spite of the smile of his blood-red and too large lips—seemed at some moments to be fraught with evil.

This evening the manikin was in a worse humor than usual; his jeers were more biting and more bitter, and beneath the coat of flour covering his seemed features he appeared not pale but livid. His eyes had a sharp and menacing flash in them, and never left Rita, who, gayly posed before her mirror, was having her bodice laced by the handsome gymnast Icarus.

In the circus the orchestra was finishing a waltz by Metra. The curious were gradually quitting the stable and returning to their places. The sharp cuts of the ring-master's whip were cracking in the arena; the show

had begun. Icarus placed a last row in the hall of the equestrienne and ran to chalk her shoes. He stumbled against his dwarfish comrade.

The clown seemed very busy in examining the gas meter, and pushed him away with an oath. Then, without more ado, the acrobat sent him reeling, and leaping on a ladder, cried with a laugh: "Out of my way, you pitiful pigmy!"

Aesop uttered a roar of rage and anger, then suddenly calming himself, returned to the meter, and after having followed with an eye of hatred the ascent of Icarus, began fumbling with the mechanism of the stop cocks.

A great clapping of hands. A frantic ovation. Two hundred pretty women dropped their fans and leveled their opera glasses, and, a trifle pale, smiled with a delicious dread. Icarus was up there—high up at the top of the circus—hanging to the last trapeze, and turning over and over in it, slowly and without an effort.

At times he paused, and his face was seen radiant in the foolish pride of triumph. Below, in the ring, the clowns were stretching a circular net, and in all the circus reigned a deep silence, broken only by a feminine whisper: "How graceful! What a handsome fellow!"

The gymnast then, finding his public sufficiently warmed up, raised himself on one pull, stiffening himself on his wrists.

The trapeze, violently thrown back, described a great arc, and, letting go the bar, the man shot forward like an arrow into space.

There was a feeling of apprehension in the crowd, and an "Oh!" of fright uttered by a thousand breasts. The acrobat reached the second trapeze, and calmly let himself swing in its decreasing oscillations.

Slowly he thus darted eleven times, calm and smiling as he made the tour of the circus, and rejoicing at feeling beneath him the immense panting of the throng.

At the eleventh trapeze he paused to prolong this emotion—his glory—and his eyes sought out Rita. The equestrienne saw him, and with the handle of her whip threw him a kiss.

The elated Icarus, hanging by one hand, saluted her, then he brought his trapeze to rest. He was about to complete his task.

"Enough," said some voices.
"No! Bravo! Encore!" cried the ladies, eager to feel once more the perverse joy of an exciting pain.

For the twelfth time the handsome gymnast, stiffening his muscular arms, essayed his terrible flight.

But an appalling cry of terror, a frantic shout arose.

In an instant, suddenly—like a candle put out by the flap of a bat's wing—the thousand glittering lights of the circus were extinguished all together at the precise and fatal moment when the man was darting into space.

At the same instant there rose from the ring a laugh, terrible, vibrating with hate.

Then in the black and hideous obscurity, in the pitchy darkness that filled the circus lately so blazing, poignant shrieks rolled from row to row. Women fainted, and the spectators, with their hearts crushed in hopeless terror, shudderingly sat as if petrified in their places, and peered into the night that filled the dome. The net was empty, the acrobat must be looked for in the gloom. In the search lanterns were brought and carried toward the top of the circus. Five minutes—five centuries, elapsed. Some one cried: "Bengal lights!"

Then, while here and there people were trying to relight the burners, a blaze of violet and red, of green and azure, flashed out and with a powerful illumination lit up at one flash every corner of the circus with its fantastic and trembling gleams.

And suddenly, as in the flames of a transformation scene, was seen, rigid, clamped to the trapeze, Prince Icarus, hanging motionless.

An unheeded of horror paralyzed him in a supernatural frenzy. His hair stood out. His distorted mouth grinned an idiot grin terrible to see, and in his face, whiter than that of a corpse, his haggard eyes, protruding from their sockets, rolled convulsively.

Soon his comrades were near him. With the handle of his knife Aesop struck the gymnast's hands, and with great difficulty detached from the bar the clenched hands of the miserable man.

The gas was relighted and the crowd, silently and without a breath, watched, as it slowly lowered down, the descent of the living corpse.

There is to-day near Marseilles in the asylum of Saint Pierre, a poor madman who stalks straight forward, his arms held in front and contracted in an imaginary grip. It is a frightful sight. It is "Prince Icarus."

I do not know what jail holds Aesop. As to the fairy Rita, she is now a princess somewhere in Germany.—Adapted from the French of Paul Bonnetain.

A Sentiment by the President.
The patriot is he who, living in his country, is willing not only to fight, but to die for it. It was this sentiment which gave to the United States the grand volunteer army of 1861. It is this sentiment which gives to all governments their strength and security and permanency. It is this sentiment which moves the soldier and gains his consent to service and sacrifice, aye, even to death.—William McKinley.

Testing Down a Drop Light.
Where the stent lamp or drop light requires a little more tuning down than that afforded by the glass or porcelain shade, a ruff of lace gathered full and tied about the neck of the shade will be found both simple and effective.

PREACHER DIED A PAUPER.

Carer of the Author of "There's a Light in the Window for Thee."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar, who wrote the old Sunday school song, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kan., where he died a tramp in the town jail two years ago. His name became a byword in the place where he was known, and from a prison cell he went forth a vagabond upon the face of the earth. In 1887 Dunbar was arrested at Leavenworth while engaged in holding a series of revival meetings, and taken to Minneapolis, Minn., where he was tried for bigamy, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for three years and eight months.

One night in the spring of 1896 Dunbar applied at the Coffeyville jail for lodging. He was ill, and the authorities took him in. He died the next day. Papers in his pockets revealed his identity, and showed that he had tramped all over the country. Some church people have erected a marble slab over his grave, on which these words are inscribed:

"Here lies Edward Dunbar, who wrote 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother.'"

When Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located, and as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a "light in the window" to guide his footsteps homeward. One day the boy took a notion to go to sea, and off he went for a three years' cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill, and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy and every night she asked those around her to place a light in the window in anticipation of his return. When she realized that the end had come, she said: "Tell Edward that I will set a light in the window of heaven for him." These were her last words.

The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message had such an effect upon him that he reformed and became a preacher. In the course of his reformation he wrote the song, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar married a young lady of New Bedford and several children were the result of the union. The young divine soon made a reputation as a brilliant pulpit orator, and the public was, therefore, greatly surprised when one Sunday morning he skipped the country, leaving his wife and children behind. He came to Kansas, and after snatching brands from the burning in different parts of the State he swooped down upon the city of Minneapolis, Minn., and began to show the people the error of their way.

A great revival followed and hundreds were converted. Miss Eunice Bees Lewis, a handsome young heiress of Minneapolis, was one of the converts. She fell in love with the evangelist and married him against the wishes of her friends.

Shortly after the wedding Dunbar returned to Kansas to fill an engagement at Leavenworth. While he was away the friends of the bride, who had mis-trusted the evangelist all along, laid their suspicions before W. D. Webb, lately Judge of the Second Judicial district of Kansas, and Judge Austin H. Young, who were law partners in Minneapolis, and they took the case. The result was that they soon found evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest, and Dunbar's ministerial career was brought to a sudden close.

After Dunbar's incarceration Judge Young secured a divorce for Mrs. Dunbar and married her himself. They now live happily together in Minneapolis.

The Destruction of a Battleship.
Lieutenant W. B. Cushing of the United States navy sent the Confederate ram Albatross to the bottom of Roanoke river in 1864. During the war the Confederates had sent down 7 Federal ironclads and 11 wooden gunboats by various torpedo devices.

The Albatross lay moored at a wharf at Plymouth, N. C. She had been built on the bank of the Roanoke above Plymouth and had made a couple of raids out into the waters of Albemarle sound, while the Federals were struggling to hold as their territory. It required a fleet to hold it, with the Albatross ready to pounce down at any moment and stave in the frail wooden ships with her massive iron prow.

Cushing entered the Roanoke river at night and managed to elude the Confederate pickets there stationed to warn the forces above of danger. His outfit was a small launch, holding a dozen armed men, prepared to fight should they be hailed by the enemy. However, that was avoided, and the launch brought up in sight of the ram long after midnight.

The outlook on the ram spied the strange vessel and gave hail. Seeing that alarm had been given, young Cushing, with orders to his engineer and men, prepared his weapons for the encounter. His sole object was the destruction of the ram at any cost. One means to that end was a swing spar torpedo fixed to the prow of his launch, which could be pointed in the direction of the vessel's course. Cushing took into his own hands the ropes to aim and discharge the terrible missile. All was over in a minute. The Confederates opened fire from the deck at the launch. Cushing was hit. His hands were smarting from wounds, when he handled the weapons of destruction. An immense hole was torn in the side of the Albatross. She sank instantly. All her crew escaped. Cushing's launch was swamped and, one of his men drowned. The hero made his way back to his ship in the dark, but the rest of the party were killed.

BUNCO AT SKAGWAY.

SEDUCTIVE GAMES TO TRAP THE UNWARY KLONDIKER.

The Innumerable Schemes Used to Separate Him from His File—Confidence Operators—Gamblers—Steersmen—Gamblers—Gamblers Help to Swell the Revue.

Since the grass has begun to grow too short for them Skagway, some of the confidence workers who still remain in Alaska have taken to the trails, where they continue to set snares for the dollars of unwary Klondikers. On the Skagway trail, the sure-thing gambler seldom goes higher than the foot of White Pass summit. Half a dozen or so of the tribe usually travel together, sharing at the close of the day the profits of the tricks they have turned. One of the party is chosen as active operator. His necessary qualifications are a capacity to judge human character and a tongue that is gifted with glibness.

The successful confidence operator is best described by the term spell-binder. His confederates—the steersmen—carefully disassociate themselves from him whenever a possible victim is in sight. The better to disguise his wolfish character, the steersman frequently dons the sheep's clothing of a packer. It is no uncommon incident on the trail to see two or more notorious bunco steersmen faring along, one after the other, apparently heavily burdened with packs which, if analyzed, would prove to be nothing more than straw or chips in canvas sacks. A little ahead of them always is the operator, equipped with a small portable table, three shells, and the elusive pea.

When the first one reaches the manipulator of the ancient, but to the victim ever new game, he stops, watches and listens, and finally lays down his pack as if to rest and be amused. Steersman No. 2 follows his example, as do the others in turn. By the time the prospective victim arrives he finds a spurious Klondiker just winning a bet from the shell game player amid the half envious congratulations of his confederates.

"Well, well, this is my unlucky day," says the man with the table, "but I'll give some other gentleman a chance to win with the little pea."

Back and forth and round about go the little shells again, a glimpse of the pea being given the watchers at seductively frequent intervals. Another steersman guesses its location and wins a greenback or two.

"If you fellows are hitting me too hard," dubiously comments the operator, "I must side up my roll before taking any more bets."

He opens a well-lined pocketbook, and while his attention is taken up with its contents, one of the steersmen slyly raises the shell under which the pea is hidden. That catches the operator, unless he be invulnerable against the temptations of bunco.

Laying his finger on the shell indicated to him, he offers to bet \$10, \$20, \$50, or a higher sum than it covers the pea. His bet is taken, the shell is lifted, and the pea proves to be somewhere else. Usually the victim makes a second and perhaps a third bet, in the hope of retrieving his loss, always with the same result. A witness to one of these episodes tells of having seen a prospector who had lost \$90 sit upon his pack and burst into tears. He said that his last dollar had gone on the game.

Still higher up the trail that same day a man who runs a tent restaurant bet and lost \$20, but the shell-game player was glad to disgorge it when the victim's wife, a 200-pound lady of German nativity, seized him by the cost collar and screamed lustily for help.

A woman who said she was going to the Klondike in the interests of the Smithsonian Institution, complained to Capt. L. A. Matile that confidence workers were so annoying her that she feared to continue the journey. She is traveling alone, and had called at the regular army encampment on her way out of town. Capt. Matile, who commands the troops here, sent an escort of two soldiers with her as far as the Northwest Mounted Police post at Summit Lake. After working one point on the trail thoroughly, the confidence men scatter, to reappear at another point under like circumstances some time later in the day.

On the Skagway trail the shell game is not in operation regularly. The men engaged at it are supposed to be a detachment of "Scopy" Smith's gamblers. Those who operate in Dyea, Sheep Camp, and along to the base of Chilkoot are under the leadership of Tom Cady, a notorious Colorado camp confidence man.

Other devices for catching victims besides the pea and shells are heard of occasionally. The sated mine man in one of the most recent additions to those who seek to get something for nothing.

J. T. Jones, President of the Guaranty Title and Abstract Company for Juneau, secured a Dyea checkbook from a prospector, and, after having secured it, falling into the clutches of a gambler of this variety. The gambler told Jones that he had a chance to buy a placer mine for the very low sum of \$500. It was a new strike, only five miles outside of Dyea, and the gambler, being out of funds, was willing to sacrifice his claim. He exhibited specimens of gold from the placer, they being shot and smaller particles. In the afternoon the gambler accompanied Jones and the merchant to his claim. There he showed him the mine.

The gambler obtained a look at the mine, but, being dubious, the Juneau man to-day had them tested. They proved to be a composition of copper, zinc, blende, and silica. This amazing gambler explained that mine was one of the best in the Klondike, and that he had a chance to buy it for \$500.

A poor priest, who died lately in the Province of Messina, in Sicily, left to his heirs all poor country people—an old piano, which they offered to sell for 15 francs. No one would buy it, so they decided to break it up for firewood, when they discovered, under the keyboard, bones and bank notes to the value of 100,000 francs.

A YANKEE PRIVATEER.

An Action in Which "Long Tom" Was Some Effective Shooting.

Late one September day in 1814 the Yankee privateer General Armstrong anchored in the harbor of Fayal, a port in the Azores. The new young captain on her deck, Samuel Chester Reid, had a fighting reputation to sustain for his vessel and one to make for himself. Although bred to the sea, he had always sailed a merchantman and was on his first cruise as a privateer.

As night closed in three British men-of-war, carrying 136 guns and 3,000 men, entered the harbor. One Briton, the Carnation, anchored within pistol shot of the privateer and began to throw out boats and take on buoy airs. Clearing his decks for action, Reid accepted battle in spite of the enormous odds. His vessel carried seven guns and 90 men. One gun was the now famous "Long Tom" which is among the relics in Washington. It is a long, large cannon, mounted on a pivot. Seeling four launches loaded with men pull from the Carnation toward his ship, Reid opened on them with the long tom and with muskets. Instantly the whole fleet was astir. After returning the volley with spirit the boats backed away. Then the three British ships sailed up and hemmed the General Armstrong in in the narrow harbor.

A flotilla of launches made ready behind a ledge of rocks and at midnight paraded in one long line. They were rowed steadily toward the privateer. On coming within gunshot they received a stunning volley, which threw the line into confusion. Soon the Britons rallied and answered the Yankee fire. Cheering wildly, they dashed forward until their boats touched the side of the ship. The British officer shouted "Board!" and "No Quarter!"

Reid hurried his men to the bulwarks with their pikes, pistols and blunder-busses, and the boarders were beaten off by blows, stabs and shots delivered in their faces. The boarders fought back with their howitzers, carromades and muskets. Reid's lieutenants fell, and many sailors were shot down. The Yankee fire began to slacken and Reid led his men forward with a shout, followed by a fresh volley of balls, into the thickest of the boarders.

That ended the struggle. All the boats hauled off but two, those manned with dead only. Next day the three ships attacked, but in order to spare the town which lay behind his ship from bombardment Reid scuttled and abandoned the General Armstrong. However, his battle delayed the British fleet in the Azores until New Orleans, its intended prize, was securely defended.

An Eccentric Mermaid.

Dr. Mary Walker, who created such an excitement a few years ago by her peculiar dress, and who is widely known, possesses a medal of honor for services rendered during the war. The records show that the medal was presented to her June 13, 1871, but at the war department the clerks hold that the records in this case are wrong. They say Secretary Stanton himself gave it to her, and one of them says he saw the presentation. She served as a surgeon during the war, but had no commission.

Old Items From Everywhere.

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, declares that there are "25,000 fakers on the payrolls of the government department in Washington as clerks."

An elephant fell from a car at New Albany, Ind., and broke its leg. Its sufferings were horrible, and it was dosed with whiskey and opium to keep it quiet while its leg was set.

The well in which hung "The Old Oaken Bucket" is situated on the edge of Marshfield, only a short distance from "Succataneus Centre," or from North Succataneus, in the Cape Cod part of Massachusetts.

The cause for sensation was never more aptly illustrated than at Carleton, Pa., where nearly a thousand people viewed the twin sons of P. A. Dick lying in one coffin, and 405 carriages composed the funeral cortege.

A Missouri locomotive recently ran 100 miles solely to carry a bottle of medicine. A physician broke his leg and lockjaw followed; the medicine to cure him had to be brought from that distance, and time meant life.

A man died recently in a town not far from Philadelphia with the remarkable record of having been injured twenty-five times in railroad accidents. Some of his injuries were very serious, yet he lived to a good old age and died from natural causes.

Last week a woman of Bowling, Ohio, dreamed that some goods stolen from a store in the town in January had been hidden under a haystack on a neighboring farm. The next day she went with a posse to the track, and found the most of the stolen goods.

A man who went to some gathering in a Baptist church in Honesdale, Pa., fell into the baptismal pool, which had been filled for Sunday, and not knowing how to swim, would have been drowned had not the sexton heard his cries and rescued him.

A poor priest, who died lately in the Province of Messina, in Sicily, left to his heirs all poor country people—an old piano, which they offered to sell for 15 francs. No one would buy it, so they decided to break it up for firewood, when they discovered, under the keyboard, bones and bank notes to the value of 100,000 francs.

THE NEW REPOUNDER.

HIS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE STEAMER CRUSADER.

He Was From the County of Kent, and Was a Distinguished Blacksmith—The Account of the Steamer's Construction and the Particulars of Her Voyage.

"Go," said the editor to the new reporter, "and write up the new steamer just arrived. Give a thorough account of her from stem to stern. 'From what?' said the young man, recently arrived from a far distant State, and to whom a vessel of the sort was a mystery and a wonder. 'From stem to stern,' said the editor, fixing a suspicious and threatening eye upon him.

This was the young man's first mission. He was eager to distinguish himself. He had already done so on his village paper, but he wanted a wider field for his aspirations, and he came to New York.

Yet he went out of the office anxious and doubting. "I will go to the captain," said he, "he will explain to me the ship and its uses. He will tell me all."

"Captain," said he, "I am sent to write up your ship. Oblige me by stating how many masts she has."

"Eighteen," promptly answered the captain.

"Where are they?"

"We have sent them on shore to be painted."

"How much water does your vessel draw?"

"Three inches."

"By steam-power from the wall?"

"Were you ever in a storm at sea?"

"Never," said the captain.

"Are you ever seasick?"

"Awfully; can't leave my berth from the time we leave New York till we arrive at Liverpool."

"Are the rest of your officers and crew seasick?"

"Always. We're only on deck and about in port."

"Why, who steers the vessel at sea?"

"The cook; he's the only well man on board."

"Do you sail nights when out of sight of land?"

"Never; we anchor."

"What in midocean?"

"Of course, you landlubbers. There's docks to tie up at regular distances all the way across."

"How do you see to sail dark nights?"

"We send our boats ahead with lanterns, which light us the way."

"Are they there now?"

"Yes; anchored in a line all the way across the Atlantic Ocean."

After getting much other information, which the captain said he was only too happy to impart to such an interesting young gentleman, the reporter returned and wrote as follows:

"The new steamer Crusader is a splendid specimen of naval architecture. Her keel revolves on hinges, so as to be readily unshipped in case of a storm, when it is not wanted. The rudder, also, by a patent contrivance, can be drawn out of its socket and deposited on deck during the night and in hurricanes. The Crusader has sailing decks which can be doubled up when she has but little cargo, and her tonnage in this way can be decreased from four thousand to two hundred tons. The sail can, if necessary, be taken in a sky-sail or wind-sail, and the vessel can be steered in this manner, even during the worst and heaviest gales, without the aid of a single man."

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