

WING AND WING IN A CLASSIC IN A PAGE

BY JAMES TENIMORE COOPER.

1789-1851

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The Hanging of Prince Caraccioli.

"Wing and Wing" is one of the novels that Cooper wrote after that period of his life when he travelled in Italy and spent his time in his own country, after having spent some time in Europe with his family, and he wrote the novel in the years, 1840 and 1841, when he was in his thirtieth year. It is a story of the life of a young man who is brought to the notice of the British government by his father's death.

TOWARD the close of a fine August day in 1788 a fairy-like craft came steering toward Porty Ferraio in the Island of Elba, which was to become famous in after years as the residence of Emperor Napoleon. She was a three-masted lugger, spreading an enormous amount of canvas as she sped down wind, with a sail fanning on each side like the heavy plumes of a sea-fowl.

Had her handsome canvas not betrayed her, she would have deceived even the keen eyes of the British frigates that were then really war, for she had a low hull painted black and relieved only by a single and almost imperceptible line of red beneath the canvas, which should have been so deep that nothing was visible above it except at intervals the cap of some mariner taller than usual.

The people of Porty Ferraio, always in fear of the French, were suspicious and fired a couple of shots across her bow in answer to which the stranger broke out the friendly English colors. He anchored close to the shore, but in such a position that none of the guns of the fort could be brought to bear on him. Then the captain landed and made a visit of ceremony to the vice-governor of the island.

The sailor was tall, athletic man of about 25. He was attired in an undress uniform, which he wore with a smart air. His eyes were coal black, his hair was black and his chin was hidden by a beard as black as his hair and eyes. His face was classically perfect, and might have served as the model for an antique god. Although he looked so decidedly un-English, he introduced himself as Captain Smith of the English war lugger, Wing-and-Wing, and the simple vice-governor, who had only a vague idea that the English was an island something larger than Elba, accepted his statement without question. Had he known a little about the unimpeachable language of Brianna he would have observed that the stranger called himself "Jacques Smeeth" and pronounced the name of his vessel as "Wing-an-Ving."

"Captain Jacques Smeeth" was, in truth, Raoul Yvard, and his lugger was the celebrated French privateer, Le Feu-Follet. She had earned her name, which meant "Will of the Wind," so thoroughly that all Lord Nelson's captains were on the lookout for her, and though some of the British fleet were more than a little afraid of her, hardly a day passed without bringing news of a daring and successful attack on shipping almost under the guns of the British fleet. The fastest cruisers had under their lee, the marine Jack of Yvard had vanished to windward like a wreath of smoke, and the British frigates were left to search for her in vain.

To lay his vessel in the trap of the little port which was visited frequently by British cruisers was an act so daring that even Yvard would have done it with a shudder, but he had an excellent excuse in the object that had brought him, which was to see Ghitia Caraccioli, a young girl who had been captured by the British and was being held in a prison in the island of Elba. Ghitia was a beautiful girl, and Yvard was a man of noble character, and he was determined to see her and to help her to escape.

Raoul was in doubt for a few moments, but luckily for him he had an officer aboard, Thibault Bolt, a native of the island, who had been a prisoner of the British and had been released on parole. Bolt was a man of noble character, and he was determined to help Yvard to see Ghitia and to help her to escape.

tain Raoul had prevailed on Ghitia to come aboard with her uncle and let him take her home, and he felt certain that the frigate would not return.

Captain Cuffe of the Proserpine was not so easily thrown off the pursuit, however. Calculating that the privateer would not have visited the insignificant harbor without an object, he lay to at the opposite side of the island and sent an officer across to Porty Ferraio. The Englishman arrived in time to see the lugger coming in again, and he lost no time in conveying the intelligence that there was no Wing-and-Wing. Captain Jack Smith, in the British service.

Two minutes afterward Le Feu-Follet was gliding out of the harbor on the other side, with Ghitia and her uncle safely aboard. When daylight brought its usual calm the privateer lay about four miles from the harbor of Porty Ferraio. Raoul paid little further attention to his baffled enemy, for it was impossible that she could get near him when the breeze started, and in the meantime he was quite safe, for it would have been madness to send a small boat expedition against him.

The Englishmen, however, were not so easily deceived. A boat slipped quietly away from her and entered the harbor. Soon afterwards a frigate came out and stood across the bow of the warship. The latter, still flying French colors, promptly lowered her sails. These soon gained the felucca, which was barely crawling before the frigate, and she was soon within striking distance of the Englishman's gun.

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she had dress astern. Hardly had they done so when the privateer was prepared for the unmaking of the craft, which as the felucca had drifted near enough to the lugger's sweeps were run out, she pondered, heavily loaded with twelve-pound shot, and poured five consecutive broadsides into the smaller vessel. English boats dashed around her bow and stern and made for the lugger. A frigate came out and stood across the bow of the warship. The latter, still flying French colors, promptly lowered her sails. These soon gained the felucca, which was barely crawling before the frigate, and she was soon within striking distance of the Englishman's gun.

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few ships he had opposed the landing of the British and Neapolitans. When Raoul finally took the town Caraccioli was captured and tried by a junta of his countrymen on the charge of treason. The trial was held in the cabin of Nelson's own ship, the Poudroyant, and there, with a haste that even his enemies acknowledged to be indecent, he was sentenced not merely to death, but to a most shameful death, that of hanging from the yard arm. Nelson had indorsed the proceedings. Deeply as his officers loved him, they shook their heads and openly wished that his hands had remained free from all execution. The frigate was too light to stir the felucca, and she was soon within striking distance of the Englishman's gun.

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He if he would tell where the lugger could be captured. Raoul's first words were enough to show Captain Cuffe that he was a man of a privateersman of the common stamp. "I pardon you if you can pardon yourself," said he, rising. "An officer in such honorable service should think long before he tempts a man to an act like this. But, I repeat, monsieur, I forgive you if you can forgive yourself."

Captain Cuffe's face flamed. He could hardly speak. When he gained some self-control he begged Captain Yvard to forgive him, and shook the hand which the generous privateersman tendered to him immediately. A tear escaped from his eye. As soon as he had seen the prisoner back to his cabin he sent for his master's mate and ordered him to sail post haste to Naples with a letter in which he informed Raoul that the entire court was composed of the British officers, and that the mate to beg Nelson to fire three guns as a signal to suspend the execution if he acceded to the request in the letter.

During the long day that followed a general gloom settled on the sea. A light breeze from the west saved a brave enemy from an ignominious fate, there was the general desire to prevent the Proserpine from having a hanging aboard, as it had been the boast of officers and crew that her yards were never degraded to service as gallows.

As the evening approached a great silence settled on the ship, intensified by the silence that reigned on the sea, from which every ripple had fled with the dying down of the wind. Captain Cuffe delayed preparations as long as he could, but at last he wanted only half an hour before Nelson's order was received. He was in a whisper and the foretopmen began to reeve a rope at the foreyard-arm, while others rigged a grating under the mainmast.

Minute after minute passed. The captain had a short consultation with the surgeon, asking the minimum of time a man might live after being suspended. He was in a whisper and the foretopmen began to reeve a rope at the foreyard-arm, while others rigged a grating under the mainmast.

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into the sea and sank. Raoul hardly looked. He ordered the sails down and the pumps sounded. Then, seeing a boat's crew away to seize her, while the rest of the men were set to work lightening the ship of its armament and ballast. Thus, by the time the sunlight shone on the sea and brought their plight to the people on shore, Raoul Yvard had already taken great steps toward retrieving the disaster. A kedge anchor was carried out to deep water and men began work to leave the vessel on. In the meantime, as he knew that the British frigates would hear of his predicament before he could get his guns back on Le Feu-Follet, he prepared to fight them off where he was. Some ruins on the rocky islet on which they had struck offered him a spot for a battery, and there he planted most of the guns as fast as they were taken out of the lugger to lighten her.

By this time the captured felucca was alongside of the rock, and the preparations were completed before the privateer began to move in answer to the strain that the British frigates made her. She stirred, slipped and suddenly fell into deep water, rolling nearly deck under for want of ballast.

While she was still rocking the first British boats appeared around the cape at the entrance to the bay. Yvard saw that there were three launches, mounting cannon, and four boats containing small arm men only. They had some distance to go before they could come to close quarters. In that time the lusty privateer's crew, which consisted of more than sixty men, managed to get her about her bowsprit, and she was most in a whisper and the foretopmen began to reeve a rope at the foreyard-arm, while others rigged a grating under the mainmast.

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FIRST SECTION
FORTY-FIVE
STAR

Terrible Result of Plightful-Du

Canadian Press
NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The Tribune reports this morning says: The transport workers now in their fifth week of the poorer section is a dreadful one. Men, women and children of the city are being on the verge of starvation. The strikers and their huddling together a crowd of girls and the Liberty Hall. The Irish Transporters receive a bowl of soup then sat down on the steps to nourish the

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Disappeared Two After He L Father

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CHILDREN'S A MONTHLY

Was Held on Monday—Acknow Made

The regular monthly Society was held at Monday afternoon and attendance. The press before the public the Secretary Axioid gave work for the past month report of the conference and Corrections recent.

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