

# The Union Advocate

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,

Our Country, with its United Interests.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS,

VOL. VIII.—No. 32.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 9, 1875.

WHOLE No. 396.

**CANADA HOUSE,**  
CHATHAM, N. B. NEW BRUNSWICK.  
**WM. JOHNSTON,** Proprietor.  
CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.  
Good Stabling on the Premises.  
May 13th, 1875. 14 1/2

**W. & R. BRODIE,**  
GENERAL  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS**  
AND  
**DEALERS IN**  
Flour, Produce and Provisions,  
No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,  
Next the Bank of Montreal,  
17 1/2 QUEBEC.

**J. & W. REID,**  
PAPER MAKERS & GENERAL STATIONERS,  
No. 40, ST. PAUL STREET, No. 40,  
QUEBEC.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Machine Made Paper Bags, Blank Books, &c.  
Dealers in all kinds of  
Paper Stock and  
Paper Makers' Supplies,  
Room Papers,  
Bookbinding Materials,  
Scrap Iron & Metals,  
Naval Stores.  
March 12th, 1875. mar 12 '75 1/2

**BAY VIEW HOTEL**  
BATHURST, N. B.  
THE Subscriber having purchased the late residence of Mr. Egan, has fitted it up with all the modern improvements. It is situated, affording a magnificent view of the harbor and surrounding scenery. Permanent and transient boarders can be accommodated in first-class style and at reasonable rates.  
A Livery Stable with attentive hostlers is attached to the hotel.  
ANDREW G. HARRIS,  
Proprietor.  
October 7, 1873. 8 1/2 yd.

**ROYAL HOTEL,**  
(Formerly Stubbs)  
**PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,**  
OPPOSITE CUSTOM HOUSE,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.  
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2 y

**M. ADAMS,**  
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER  
AT LAW.  
**CONVEYANCER, &c.,**  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.  
OFFICE,  
Over Mr. Richard Davidson's Store, Casle Street, Newcastle.  
May 15, 1875.

**L. J. TWEEDIE,**  
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER  
AT LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.  
OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.  
Castle Street, - NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
May 4, 1875.

**C. B. FRASER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.  
OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.  
Castle Street, - NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
May 4, 1875.

**WM. A. PARK,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.  
OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.  
Castle Street, - NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
May 4, 1875.

**DR. J. S. BENSON**  
can be consulted at his Residence, opposite that of F. E. Winslow, Esq., or at his office on the Square, at any hour, as usual.  
Newcastle, Aug. 9, 1870.

**DR. FREEMAN** wishes to intimate his having engaged the Office of Dr. Benson upon his becoming vacant, and that he may at present be found at the "Waverly House," prepared to attend to professional calls.  
Newcastle, April 18, 1875. 14

**DR. W. P. BISHOP**  
**HAS REMOVED**  
TO  
OFFICES OVER THE STORE,  
MR. JAS. W. DAVIDSON,  
NEWCASTLE.  
March 31st, 1875. 8 1/2 yd

**DR. BALCOM,**  
(Graduate of the University of New York.)  
Would inform the people of Bathurst and vicinity, that he has taken the  
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. DUNCAN.  
and is now prepared to attend to calls in his

**T. R. JONES & Co.,**  
Canterbury Street - ST. JOHN, N. B.,  
Importers of Every Description of  
**British & Foreign Dry Goods,**  
AND—  
MANUFACTURERS OF SLICINGS,  
Homespun, Horse Blankets, Larrakins  
**FURNISHING GOODS,**  
The best assorted stock in the lower Provinces for Country Stores, Lumbermen's Mill Owners, Railway Contractors, &c.  
Wholesale. - - - Terms Liberal.  
July 1, 1875. 2 1/2 y

**D. MAGEE & CO.,**  
Manufacturers of  
**HATS, CAPS & FURS,**  
Wholesale,  
51 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.  
**D. MAGEE. M. F. WANKS.**  
April 21st, 1875. 23 1/2 y

**R. BLAKE**  
Has now in full operation, his ROTARY STREAM SAW MILL for the manufacture of  
**DIMENSIONED LUMBER**  
OF ALL SIZES,  
**DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS &c.**  
**LUMBER PLANED & MATCHED.**  
Arrangements will shortly be made for the manufacture of  
**Shingles & Clapboards.**  
Orders respectfully solicited.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.  
Chatham, Oct. 19, 1874. 21

**WHITEHEAD & TURNER,**  
[Awarded First Class Prizes at the Industrial Exhibition, 1871.]  
Manufacturers of  
**CORN BROOMS, DUSTERS,**  
And all descriptions of  
**HAIR AND FANCY BRUSHES.**  
L. W. LOWE, Proprietor,  
QUEBEC.  
March 12th, 1875. mar 12 '75 1/2 y

**JAS. HOSSACK & Co.,**  
IMPORTERS OF  
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,  
Manufacturers of  
STEAM CONFECTIONERY,  
FANCY BISCUIT, AND OIL PASTE BLACKING.  
PROPRIETORS OF  
QUEBEC COFFEE & SPICE STEAM MILLS,  
22 Notre Dame St., (lower town)  
QUEBEC.  
March 12th, 1875. mar 12 '75 1/2 y

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.**  
W. J. WILLIAMS,  
PHOTOGRAPHER AND GENERAL ARTIST,  
has taken the Rooms over Russell Bros', recently occupied by the same.  
**IN EVERY STYLE OF ART.**  
Having had fifteen years' experience in the business, can guarantee satisfactory work.  
SEE OUTSIDE VIEWS, of Residences, Churches, &c., accurately taken.  
Newcastle, Sept. 13, 1871. 1/2

**S. F. SHUTE,**  
Direct Importer of  
Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Electro-Plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.  
Orders Solicited, and goods sent to responsible parties on approval.  
**WATCH REPAIRING,** in all its branches promptly attended to.  
AGENT for the "Florence" Sewing Machine, and "Lazarus & Morris & Co's" PATENT SPECTACLES.  
Remember the Place.  
S. F. SHUTE,  
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.  
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2 y

**BLAKSLIE & WHITENECT,**  
Importers and Dealers in every variety of  
English, French & American  
Paper Hangings & Window Shades,  
—ALSO—  
PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES,  
VARNISHES, PUTTY, GLASS, &c., &c.  
The Trade Supplied.  
22 GERMAIN STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
July 1, 1875. 21 y

**J. J. CHRISTIE,**  
59 King Street - - - ST. JOHN.  
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of Leather and Shoe Findings, Wholesale and Retail. Also, all kinds of Mens Fitted Tops, to order.  
J. J. C.  
July 1, 1875. 21 y

**BLACKSMITHING!**  
The Subscriber is now prepared to perform every description of work in the above line.  
Orders respectfully Solicited.  
HORSE SHOEING ATTENDED TO WITH THE GREATEST CARE.  
STARRS—MITCHELL'S SHOP.  
R. S. GORDON.  
Newcastle, Jan. 19, 1875. 20 6m

**JAMES S. NEILL,**  
Importer, Wholesale & Retail Dealer in  
Hardware, Glass, Paint, Oil, Turpen-tine and Putty  
**BAR IRON'S STEEL,**  
ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,  
OPPOSITE COUNTY COURT HOUSE,  
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.  
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2 y

**LUMBERERS, ATTENTION!**  
I AM SOLE AGENT FOR THE  
**WOODBRIDGE SAW MILL,**  
which with the late improvements, stands unrivalled.  
This Machine requires no expensive puffing, as it has by its own merit become the leading Saw Mill of Canada.  
It is so geared that the Saw makes two revolutions to one stroke of the piston, thus avoiding the shaking caused by direct motion.

**MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY,**  
WATER STREET, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.  
General Iron and Brass Founders,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS,**  
And Mill Machinery of every description. Ship, Store and Piling Castings, &c.  
Prompt attention given to all orders, and first class work guaranteed.  
H. J. MARSHALL,  
MANAGER.  
Chatham, Nov. 3, 1874. 4 1/2 y

**LORDLY, HOWE & Co.,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
**HOUSEHOLD, SHIP & OFFICE FURNITURE.**  
WAREHOUSES, - - - 52 GERMAIN ST., FACTORY, - - - EAST END OF UNION ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.  
ALBERT J. LORDLY, JONAS HOWE, D. HOWE.

**NEW FALL GOODS**  
Hats Trimmed and Untrimmed, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, LACES, RIBBONS, VELVETS, VELVETTES, SILKS, SHAWLS, FLANNELS AND COTTONS.  
Dress Goods in every style.  
**Real Hair Goods**  
**GENTS' FURNISHINGS ETC.,**  
a full Stock of the above now on hand.  
Wholesale and Retail.  
Orders promptly attended to.  
J. H. MURRAY, & CO.  
58 KING STREET, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.  
October 30, 1874. 21

**J. N. WILSON,**  
GENERAL MERCHANT,  
—AND—  
**HEAVY IMPORTER OF WINES & SPIRITS.**  
SOLE AGENT IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FOR  
{The Vine Growers Company of Cognac France,}  
JULES DURET, & CO.,  
THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY, WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.  
The Windsor Flour Mills, do.  
Vinegrowers Brandy, Henke's Geneva, and Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons Alcohol and Old Rye Whiskey, imported for the trade into any sea port in New Brunswick, or Prince Edward Island direct from the above named houses.  
16 NELSON ST. - - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
F. R. BONDED WAREHOUSE, No. 4.  
**VREBERICION TIE FACTORY.**  
C. DAVIDSON & Co.  
—HAVE JUST RECEIVED THEIR—  
**SUMMER GOODS,**  
AND ARE MAKING  
**Ties of all Descriptions,**  
Newest Styles.  
INSPECTION INVITED.  
Patterns and Show Cards sent on application.  
WHOLESALE ONLY.  
M'CAUSLAND'S BUILDING,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
April 20th, 1875. 21

**ROBERT MARSHALL'S**  
**FIRE AND MARINE AGENCY,**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Applications may be made to the following Representatives:  
NEWCASTLE:—A. A. Davidson, M. Adams, CHATHAM:—T. F. Gillespie, W. Wilkinson, BATHURST:—Anthony Rainey, DALHOUSIE:—George Haddow, RICHMOND:—H. Livingston, J. D. Phinney  
**Imperial Fire Insurance Com'y**  
OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1803.  
Capital and Cash Assets exceed £2,000,000.  
**The Etina Insurance Com'y,**  
INCORPORATED 1819.  
Cash Capital and Assets over \$6,000,000.  
**The Hartford Fire Insurance Com'y,**  
INCORPORATED 1801.  
Cash Capital and Assets over \$2,500,000.  
**BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
ESTABLISHED 1833.  
Capital and Assets \$600,000. Its funds are invested in undoubted securities.  
**PHENIX COMPANY OF BROOKLYN.**  
ESTABLISHED 1853.  
Cash Capital & accumulated fund \$3,000,000.  
Dwelling Houses, whether built or in course of construction, as well as Furniture, contained therein, insured for term of one or three years, at lowest rates. Steam Saw Mills, Vessels on the stocks or in port, Warehouse, Merchandise and Insurable property of every description covered on the lowest possible terms.  
**ROBERT MARSHALL,**  
GENERAL AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER.  
March 29, 1875. 20

**W. ROBINSON,**  
WATER STREET, - - - NEWCASTLE.  
Is now ready to fill all orders for  
**LIGHT & HEAVY WAGGONS**  
which are got up in good style. A large variety now on hand, comprising many styles.  
**REPAIRING & PAINTING**  
Performed in the very best manner.  
Special attention given to Horseshoeing  
And every branch of Blacksmithing Work.  
Newcastle, May 3, 1875. 5

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**Selected Literature.**  
**ABOARD THE SEA-MEW.**  
In Twenty-two Chapters.  
Everything was done as quiet as possible, so as not to let them on to what we were doing; but when the time for parting part was finished, I could see that a couple of the passengers had used to shoot at birds with—was all we could muster.  
As is always the case when it is a matter of life and death, neither of the passengers had more powder; and when Mr. Ward's little pistol-disk had been passed round once, there was not another charge left; but the captain had gone to get more, and we were expecting him back, piling up hammock and bedding the while, to keep the mutineers off, and to have something to fight from behind. I was doing all I could, after showing a good charge of powder and a whole handful of small-shot into my pistol, when Mr. Ward beckons to me and whispers: 'Go and see why he don't come back; it is time to be on the alert, for they are moving on deck.' I stepped lightly off—my feet being bare, making no noise on the planks—when coming upon the captain quickly, I saw him just putting down a water-can, and he turned round to me, looking pale as a sheet, as he says: 'It's no use, my lad; resistance would be vain, for they've contrived to wet what powder we had. Look at it!'

He pointed to the little keg and a small case of cartridges, and sure enough they were all dripping wet, while it seemed rather surprising that the wetting looked so fresh. 'But I did not say so, only that "Mr. Ward" hoped he'd make haste.' 'Curse Mr. Ward!' he muttered; and then he went on first, and I followed with my cheeks blown out as if I was going to whistle, but I didn't make a sound for all that. I fear that we must give up, Mr. W. says the skipper, 'for the mutineers have a regular supply of dynamite at the bows, and one woman gave a sort of sob, else they were still as mice, and the children too behaving wonderful.'

'Who talks of giving up?' says Mr. Bell, his pale face flushing up as he spoke, holding one hand to his side. 'Do you call yourselves men to hint at such a thing? I am no man now, only a broken, wasted shadow of a man, or, by the God who made me, Captain Harness, I'd strike you down! Look at these women, men! think of their fate if these scoundrels get the upper hand—completely—Mr. Ward—you—as a gentleman—my sister—God help!'

The poor young fellow staggered, and would have fallen, for the blood was trickling down upon his shirt-front—gushing from his lips; but Mr. Ward saved him, springing forward as a cry burst from Miss Bell; and he was laid upon a mattress in one of the cabins fainting—dying, it seemed to me.

There was a murmur amongst the passengers, of such a nature that Captain Harness found he must make some show of fight, or it would be done without him; and accordingly he took hold of a very blunt cutlass, looking very pale, but making believe to tuck up the wristband of his shirt, to have free play for killing six or seven of the mutineers.

As for the passengers, all muttered, there was about eighteen of them; and had they been well armed, numbers being about equal, I don't think we should have had much the worst of it; but ever so many of them had no arms at all, and I began to turn over in my mind what was to be done. I had a pretty good jack-knife, and not having much faith in the pistol, I was about to trust to the bit of steel, same as Sam Brown, who had one with a spring-back and a good seven-inch blade, so I says to Tom: 'P'raps you'd like the pistol sir?' and he took it quietly and earnestly, tapping the back, to make sure the powder was up in the nipple, and I thought to myself, that's in the right hands, anyhow.

'Are you ready?' says the skipper; and they were evidently collecting up above, and some one fired a pistol down the skylight, but none of us was hit.

'Not quite, sir,' I says. 'Steward suppose you hand out some of those knives o' yours; and I'll trouble you for the big beef-carver, as I spoke first.'

Mr. Ward turned round and smiled at me; and I gave him a nod, turned up my sleeves too, and then laid hold of the big carver, which did not make such a bad weapon, being new, sharp-pointed, and stiff; while my idea had put a knife into a dozen hands that had nothing to show.

The more mattresses and hammocks up, said Mr. Ward; for it was plain that neither the skipper nor Mr. Wallace meant to do much towards what was going to take place; and

as soon as darkness came down upon us, the poor women, who had held up so well all day, broke down, and you could have heard the smothered sobbing and weeping, till it went through you like a knife. I believed they tried to get up to the deck, but they were

so tired that they could not get up, and they were all lying on the deck, some with their heads on the floor, some with their hands on their faces, and some with their arms round their heads, as if they were trying to smother their faces in the floor.

As for the men, they were all lying on the deck, some with their heads on the floor, some with their hands on their faces, and some with their arms round their heads, as if they were trying to smother their faces in the floor.

As for the children, they were all lying on the deck, some with their heads on the floor, some with their hands on their faces, and some with their arms round their heads, as if they were trying to smother their faces in the floor.

As for the women, they were all lying on the deck, some with their heads on the floor, some with their hands on their faces, and some with their arms round their heads, as if they were trying to smother their faces in the floor.

As for the men, they were all lying on the deck, some with their heads on the floor, some with their hands on their faces, and some with their arms round their heads, as if they were trying to smother their faces in the floor.

towards where Mr. Bell was lying, and run across, as if to see how he was; but he hurriedly caught hold of Miss Bell's hand, and I could see that he spoke, while, as she drew her hand hastily away, she gave a strange frightened sort of look at him. Next moment he was back at my side, just as the cabin-hatch was flung open, and the shuffling of feet told that the mutineers meant to make their rush.

CHAPTER VIII.  
It was a rush, and no mistake; for they had been priming themselves up with rum, I should think, for the last hour or two, till they were nearly mad; and with Van at their head, they came on, yelling like so many devils, more than Englishmen, though certainly half of them were from all parts of the world. There was no time then for thinking, and before you knew where you were it was give and take.

We fired as they came on; but I did not see that much harm was done, only one chap falling; while, as they returned it, Mr. Wallace gave a cry, and clapped his hand to his shoulder, dropping his cutlass, which Tom laid hold of, for he had just shied his pistol, after firing it right at Van's head, only missing him by half an inch or so.

Van dashed right at the skipper like a cat, and with one cut sent him down when he turned upon me to serve me the same; but I was too quick for him, and as I jumped aside, his cutlass hit the bulkhead and snapped in two. I believe it would have gone hard with him then, for the carver was sharp and my old blood was up, but in the struggle I was driven back, and the next thing I saw was Mr. Ward drive that skewer of his right through one fellow's shoulder, and then starting back, he fired three shots from his revolver, but with what effect I never saw, for two of the piratical rascals were at me, and it was all I could do to keep them at a distance. I fetched one a chop across the back of the hand at last, though, and sent him off howling and cursing; and then managing to avoid a cut, and sending my arm out, I caught the other right in the chest, and down he went like a stone; when, to my surprise, I found it was only the bulkhead having flown out, and goodness knows where.

There was no time to choose who should be your next enemy, for two or three were at you directly, and there I was at last, fighting best way I could with my fists, driven here and there with the planks slipper with blood, and men, some of them wounded, some only stunned, lying about for you to fall over.

I kept casting an eye at Mr. Ward, and could see that he was fighting like a hero; but all at once I made a jump to get at him, for I saw Van creep up behind, while he was defending himself from a big fellow with a cutlass, and though I shouted to him, it was of no use, for the poor young fellow was cut down just as I turned dizzy from being fetched down with a crack from a marine-spike.

CHAPTER IX.  
When I came to again, my head was aching awfully, and I found myself lying upon the deck, with old Sam Brown dabbing my forehead with a wet swab. Close beside me was Bill Smith, and the sight of him alive did me so much good that I jumped up into a sitting position, and gave his hand a good shake. But, there, it was for all the world like having boiling lead poured from one side to the other of your head, and I was glad to lean against the bulkhead again.

There was half-a-dozen of the crew keeping watch over us, while Sam whispered to me that six bodies had been shoved out of port—three being passengers; as to the rest on our side Mr. Ward seemed the worst wound but he, poor fellow, was sitting up pale and anxious, with his handkerchief tied round his head, and evidently like me, wondering what was to happen next.

I could not help noticing soon after how well the women bore it all; hushing and chattering to the children to keep them quiet, and doing all they could to keep them from noticing our wild and wounded faces. They were all huddled together in the big cabin, while, with the exception of the men on guard, the mutineers were on deck. From the slight rolling of the ship, it seemed they had altered her course; but my head was too much worried and confused for me to notice much, and that day slipped by, and the night came—such a night as, I pray God, I may never again pass; for the cabin-hatches were closed upon us, and none of the men staid down, but after serving round some biscuit and water, and some rank bad butter at the bottom of one of the little tubs, they went on deck, though we soon found that a couple of them kept watch.

It was a sad night and a bitter, for as soon as darkness came down upon us, the poor women, who had held up so well all day, broke down, and you could have heard the smothered sobbing and weeping, till it went through you like a knife. I believed they tried to get up to the deck, but they were

so tired that they could not get up, and they were all lying on the deck, some with their heads on the floor, some with their hands on their faces, and some with their arms round their heads, as if they were trying to smother their faces in the floor.

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As for the children, they were all lying on the deck, some with their heads on the floor, some with their hands on their faces, and some with their arms round their heads, as if they were trying to smother their faces in the floor.

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things; but then 'tain't in 'em, you know, to keep up long; and then when the children broke out too, and wanted all sorts of things that they couldn't have, why it was awful. We had no lights, for they wouldn't give us any, so we all had to set to, to try and make the best of everything; but we couldn't, you see, not even second best, try how we would.

'Only a bit of a cut, sir,' I says to Mr. Ward, who was going round and doing what he could in the dark for us; and as he had been knocked about, 'I shall hurt. See to Bill Smith here. Tell you what it is though sir—you won't catch me at sea again in such a Noah's Ark as this here.'

'Hush! my man,' he says, 'and try all you can to help.' 'In course I will, sir,' I says; and then, hearing a growl on my right, I says: 'That ain't Bill, sir, that's Sam. He's all right; no body can't hurt him, his blessed head's too thick.' Directly after the doctor felt his way to Bill Smith, and tied up his head a bit, while I was wondering what to do for the best, listening all the time to the women wailing, and the little ones letting go, as if with the full belief that they'd got the whole of the trouble in the ship on their precious little heads. What seemed the best thing to do was to quiet some of them; and if it had been daylight, a sight or two of my phiz would have frightened 'em into peace; but how to do it now I didn't know. 'Howsomever, here goes for a try,' I says; and I groped my way along as well as I could, expecting every moment to be deafened when I turned half-mad with rage, for some one yells down the skylight: 'Stop that noise!' and at the same moment there was a pistol fired right into the wailing crowd; then there was a sharp crack shrike, and directly after a stillness that was awful.

'It was a cruel cowardly act,' I heard one say then close to me; 'but, Miss Bell!—And then directly came the young lady's voice saying: 'It is almost as cowardly, sir, to speak to me in this way, when I am so unprotected.'

'By your leave,' I says gruffly, and I felt a little hand laid on my arm. 'Is that you Mr. Roberts?' says Miss Bell, and I could feel her soft breath on my cheek, as she said: 'Without the M'ister, m'am,' I says, 'and at your service. What shall I do?'

What could I do? Rom question wasn't it? When, if she didn't put a little toddling thing into my arms—a bit of a two-year-old, as was just beginning to crawl again, after the fright of the pistol; but I turned myself into a sort of a cradle, got rocking about, and if the soft round little thing didn't go off fast asleep, and breath as regular as so much clock-work!

'Well done you, Tom Roberts,' I says, after listening to it for about half an hour; and do you know, I did feel a bit proud of what I'd done, being the first time, you see, that I'd ever tried to do such a thing; and so through the night I sat there with my head on the bulkhead, and with my eyes closed, and now it seemed that I was crying like a child, and that people were telling me to be quiet, only I wouldn't, for I had made up my mind to go on till I was dead, and I was going to kill Mr. Ward, and marry Miss Bell, and things were all mixed together, and strange and misty, and then thicker still, and at last all was blank, and I must have gone off to sleep, in spite of my trouble, for when I opened my eyes