

Andre falls over, and two sailors bind him so that he cannot move.

At the same time Burke and Flaypole, seizing their victim, drag him towards the forward part of the raft.

This frightful scene passes more rapidly than I can describe it. Horror holds me rooted to the spot. I long to throw myself between M. Letourneur and his executioners, and I cannot! At this moment M. Letourneur is erect. He has repulsed the sailors, who have torn off a portion of his clothing. His shoulders are bare.

"A moment," he says, in a tone of dauntless energy. "A moment! I have no idea of robbing you of your rations. But you are not going to eat the whole of me, I suppose, to-day!"

The sailors stop, look at him, and listen to him stupefied.

M. Letourneur goes on.

"There are ten of you. Will not my two arms suffice? Cut them off, and to-morrow you shall have the rest."

M. Letourneur stretches out his two bare arms.

"Yes!" cried Douglas, in a terrible voice.

And, quick as lightning, he raises aloft his hammer.

Neither Robert Curtis nor I can look on any longer. While we are alive, this massacre shall not take place. The captain throws himself in the midst of the sailors, to tear their victim