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Book Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work,  
in the best style, and on short notice.

# Nebraska Advertiser.

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VOL. IX. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY, 5, 1865. NO. 16.

**W. H. C. THURMAN,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
vol 9-23-1y-pd  
**Millinery & Dress-making**  
MISS E. L. HARRIS,  
Dresses to inform the ladies of Brownville and vicinity that she has just commenced a first class MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING SHOP  
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Brownville, April 21, 64. n33-8-1y.

**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
14th, 1864. n32-8-1y  
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
OFFICE  
South East corner of Main and First Streets  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
Office Hours—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 P. M.  
Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1864—No. 85, 1y.

**E. S. BURNS, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON!  
Omaha, City, T.  
OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE.  
July 24th, 1864. n47-12-p1y  
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## Select Story.

### The Jamsjee Jeejeebhoy.

It is now exactly a year ago, that the Jamsjee Jeejeebhoy, a teak-built, copper-bottomed steam transport, started from Singapore, with a cargo of Hindu convicts, sentenced to transportation in the Andaman Islands.  
This transport named after its original proprietor, the benevolent Parsee merchant, had been hired by our government to carry native convicts, a most strange cargo of whom filled it between decks, the June evening, 1862, that followed in which the ship had left its anchorage.  
The first few hours after leaving port are full of bustle and excitement; there is rope to coil away, cargo to shake into its place; the men used an hour or two to forget their license on shore, and to return to steady discipline. By and by, every one gets into his own groove, the ropes tighten, the rudder works, the ship "gets her stride," she forgets the land, and away she goes, true and steadfast, on her destined mission.

This transformation, this taming-down, had taken place on board the Jamsjee Jeejeebhoy. The carpenter was busy arranging the hatchway for the prisoners sleeping berths; the second mate was superintending the transfer of stores from one part of the hold to another; the men were splicing and knotting, scraping and scouring; the doctor was rating the "lobby boy," a tall, freckled, ungainly Scotch lad, Sandy Patterson, who was always pouring over an old copy of the Seamen's Manual, when he ought to be compounding medicine; and the boatswain was reviling Jack Davis, the ship's boy, a brave little fellow, but rather too fond of mischief.

The ship was like a great sea-bird, which ere it finally quits land, rests a moment on some foreland to prune its wings and ruffle out its plumage for its long flight. The great white canvass was shaking aloft; the vessel rose buoyantly upon the large waves; cheering shouts rang from stem and stern; the boatswain's whistle piped shrill and chidingly; the vessel began to "walk," as sailors call it, before as fresh a gale as captain could desire to have at his back.

The convicts on board were Sikh fanatics, chiefly from Lahore and Umritsur. They were followers of that pseudo prophet, Baloo Singh, who had all but excited an insurrection in the Punjab. By trade a tailor, he had declared himself to be Baluk Singh, the founder of the sect who died sixteen years ago, risen from the dead to preach down caste and sutteeism, and to expel the English. This dangerous man's disciples wore black and yellow turbans, rosaries of white wollen cord; practiced military drill, and used the words "Wah Gooroo" as their mystic watchwords. The only good thing about the departed sect was, that they preached temperance, cleanliness, and truthfulness. In other respects, these Hindu fanatics were as sensual, blood-thirsty, and insane scoundrels as ever abused the name of religion. They had been several days on board before the ship left port, under the somewhat loose guard of the second mate, a mere youth, in the service of the company to which the steamer belonged.

It was just sunset—such a sunset as can only be seen in such seas as the convict vessel was now traversing—a sunset as unlike an English sunset as a daisy is unlike the Marvel of Peru—one of those volcanic outbursts of golden flame, and streams of crimson, and wafts of purple fire, and rainbow radiance of green and yellow, that seems to mantle the whole western sky, and turn the ocean into a whirlpool of blood. It was coloring all the sails and ropes, and every plank of the convict vessel, and bathing the walls of the state cabin, wherein the officers were just sitting down to dinner.

The bell had rung, and the steward had just brought in the soup; but one officer, the ensign in charge of the convicts, still stood at the cabin window, watching the burning path the setting sun cast upon the tranquil ocean.  
The doctor laughed and said: "When I was eighteen I used to look at sunsets; now, I only regard them as signals for dinner. Come, Crawford, the chaplain is waiting to say grace. We are not to wait for the captain."

The ensign colored, and took his place; he was thinking of other scenes far away across the sea.  
The party consisted of the captain, Crawford, the doctor, the chaplain, the

first mate and the second ensign.  
"How's the Rajah to-day?" said the first mate to the doctor.  
"Oh, well enough; but the rascal missed his opium, and shams ill. Soup, Jobson!"  
"Thank you. I should like to give him a round dozen. I catch him sometimes looking murder at me out of the corner of his eye."

At that moment the captain entered, and laying his cap and double-glass on a side table, bowed to the company, and took his place at the head of the table.  
"Always some worry," he said, "in this delightful life of ours. Now it is that boy Davis fall down the companion-ladder, larking, now it is a head wind that keeps us at four knots an hour; by and by, we find all the coal on board is bad, and the engineer does nothing but grumble at the little heat it gives. And yet these young gentlemen [looking at the ensigns] rave over their cigars about the glorious life of a sailor! Pah! I always like what we have got. I should like them to have our work, Jobson, [to the first mate] for four and twenty hours—hat'd'icken them?"  
Mr. Jobson laughed, as in duty bound.  
"Glass of wine, Captain Favers?" said Crawford.  
"With pleasure. Steward, hand Ensign Crawford the sherry."  
"We shall have a fine passage," said the chaplain.

"May be, if the wind keeps up." The captain was evidently put out. "But hang me at high water mark, if I wouldn't rather carry parrots and monkeys than these niggers, with their particular food and their perpetual complaints."  
Soup was removed and the second course brought in. The steward had just lifted the cover from a magnificent joint of beef, that smoked like a great sacrifice, when Patterson entered and whispered in his ear.  
The captain threw down the knife and fork in a pet. "There again," he said.  
"Here, Mr. Jobson, take the joint. No, a moment, night or day, one's own. Excuse me, gentlemen; a ship's captain is everybody's servant."

There was a howl heard, and the next moment the captain entered furious and red.  
"Mare's nest again," he said. "By Jove, Sir, if that boy Patterson didn't call me out, doctor, to tell me there was a mutiny going to break out among the convicts. 'Why?' said I. 'Because I heard them whisper together,' said he, cool as you like. 'Blockhead and lubber,' said I, giving him a backhander. 'What harm can niggers, whom I could snap over my knee, do by whispering? Let them whisper; and if you come and interrupt me again with your mare's nests, by Jove, sir, I'll keelhaul you.'"  
"Well, that's very odd," said the chaplain, "for this morning, when Davis brought the coffee to my berth, he told me he was afraid to tell the mate, but he was sure there was mischief brewing among the Hindus. He told me one of the men had seen the Rajah, as they call him, slip his hand nearly out of his handcuffs."

"Nonsense!" said the mate. "I examined every handcuff myself at eight bells. Those boys are the pest of the vessel, with their cock and bull stories. If I see them again near the prisoners, I'll keep them all day scraping the mast."  
"Crawford and I always sleep with revolvers under our pillows," said the second ensign; "and there's a sentinel at the door night and day."  
"Mutiny be—," said the captain, testily, "and revolvers, too. If the fellows did rise I'd tame them in five minutes with the ship's fire engine."  
"An excellent thing for lowering the pulse," said the doctor. "By the way, Crawford, you must remember I challenge you to chess to-night."  
"Here's the mate to check you," said Crawford, pointing to Jobson.  
"Jobson's hard to beat," said the doctor, "but I back the chaplain."  
"That night in the dead of the darkness, the boy Davis, who had fallen asleep in the cook's galley, was awakened by a storm of musketry, a splash overboard, a clash of sabres, groans, shouts, and cries.

As he lay irresolute and frightened, a hairy, bony hand clutched him by the arm; and then a voice he knew to be Patterson's cried: "Davis, the villains has risen and murdered every soul on board save three, and the fireman—save three, and those they're chasing into the state-cabin. They've put a guard over the engine room. I stumbled over the captain

just now; he was stabbed at the companion-ladder. O God, guide us! Davis, He is good and great and He holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. He is a strong tower and a fortress. Davis, pray, for here they come!"  
A dozen ship's lanterns moved swiftly towards them, and the next moment the two were in the clutch of a dozen Hindus whose white tunics were splashed with the blood of murdered men.  
They were about to plunge their bayonets into their kneeling victims, when their leader, the Rajah, with his sabre struck up their weapons as he shouted the watchword of their sect, "Wah Gooroo!"  
The Rajah was a fat, smooth-faced Hindu, with small half-shut eyes, and a cruel mouth. He had the captain's double glass slung around him, and the captain's gold watch chain twisted round his black and yellow turban.  
Davis clung to his feet and prayed for his life.  
"Hooley, hooley, Jack," said Patterson to him, but without looking towards his companion; "let me alone, wi' the bluid thirsty deevil, and I'll try him wi' just a word or two of his ain lingo that I picked up at Singapore. They wanna twist our thropples if I can help it. No, fear, man; we must make the best of a bad business. Speak them gently, man, and don't screech there is if you'd got a dozen knives in your wame."  
Patterson was a raw-boned Scotch lad, ungainly in body, large-footed, red-haired, shambling. But he was a brave, thoughtful, shrewd lad, and forgot his own danger in care of his younger companion.

He did not utter these exhortations in one breath, but piecemeal as they were both led to the state-cabin, where Baloo Singh was now enthroned.  
"Take heart, Jack," he said, "remember how David, the son of Jesse, slew the big thief of a giant wi' a wee flint-stone."  
"I am not afraid, Sandy," replied the little fellow, his cheek flushing; "I'm only a wee skeared. 'Look! the murdering rogues, they've got poor Mr. Jobson."  
"God help him!" said Patterson.  
"Poor Mr. Jobson!" groaned Jack; "look, how he's cut on the forehead."  
In the cabin, with one foot on the dead body of the murdered captain, sat the chief fanatic, Baloo Singh. He was tall, thin man, with lead colored eyes, a face of a corpse color, blue lips and long shriveled hands. He sat erect, with no trace of any human expression upon his face. He certainly acted well the part of a resuscitated dead man. Thirty or forty Hindus, mad with excitement, stood round their leader, holding lighted candles, boarding pikes, blood-stained sabres, and ship muskets still smoking at the muzzles.  
"Worship him, worship Baloo Singh," they cried, as they dragged the unfortunate mate to the feet of their chief.  
The brave man stood erect without a look of fear.  
"I be cussed if I do!" he said, and turned his quid, and spat upon the ground.  
The chief made a sweeping movement with his hand, and the mate was dragged from the room. There was a struggle, a yell, and a pistol-shot, then silence.  
"Wah Gooroo!" shouted the fanatics with one voice.  
"Wah Gooroo!" said Baloo Singh, with a voice that seemed to rise from a tomb. "So perish the unbelievers!"  
A weasel faced Hindu, thin as a girl, and his dark, mean features almost hidden by rank, straight black hair, now seized Patterson, and, sare in hand, dragged him to the feet of Baloo Singh.  
"Guid bye, Jack," said Patterson, with a rueful grimace, and clapping the boy's hand. "It's guid bye to my harness [brains] now—the dour deevils. Yet God's still aboon a', and I'll hae a try for my life still."  
Hadji Hanna, the bloated wretch we have already seen, stepped forward and sipping his fat fingers in the red hair of the Scotch lad, raised a carving-knife that he had snatched from the steward's pantry.  
"Son of heaven," he said to his chief, "let us sacrifice this unbeliever to the goddess Kimlee; she has told us to purge sea and land of these infidels, who deny your resurrection."  
"Good-bye to old Aberdeen!" the Lord have mercy upon me!" groaned Patterson. Then a sudden light came in his eyes, and he struggled forward and seized the robe of the false prophet—"Baloo Singh, son of heaven!" he cried

in broken Hindostani, "I worship thee! (Then, under breath: 'Haud up your heart Jack; there's precedent for it—Remember Naaman bowed himself in the house of Rimmon.')

"There is but one God, and Baloo Singh rose from the dead to be his Prophet."  
"Let him go—he is one of us! Wah Gooroo!" shouted his despises.  
Hadji Hanna put a yellow and black turban on Patterson's head, and bound round his waist the mystic knotted cord.  
"This lad too," said Patterson, pushing forward Jack, "is also a believer; the miracles wrought to-day have convinced us both. Baloo Singh, son of Heaven, we are your slaves."  
Again the shout of "Wah Gooroo" was raised.  
"Sons of the unbelievers, saved by Heaven from doom of thy race! your lives are given back to you!" exclaimed the corpulent chief. "Hadji Hanna, put on this younger convert the turban and the cord; these converts will help us with the accursed vessel."

"The gabbler, skate," muttered Patterson; and then he shouted like a madman the watch-word, "Wah Gooroo!" till he was out of breath.  
"Stay below here until we have proved your fidelity," said the chief, rising; "you shall wait on ourselves, and help to steer the vessel. Kamlee still cries for victims. 'Come, Hadji Hanna—come my disciples—come, and let us perfect the work.'"  
As he uttered these words, he left the cabin, followed by the other fanatics. Hadji Hanna stayed for a moment behind. "Beware!" he said with a hand on the throat of either lad—"any treachery and you die by my hand. You are now the followers of the great Son of Heaven, Baloo Singh. I place two armed men on the cabin door; if you move from the door they shoot you both, and fling you to the sharks." As he uttered these threats, Aadi Hanna's blood-shot eyes glared on the two survivors.

The next moment the door closed, Patterson leaped up and begged Jack in his arms. "God guide and protect us," he cried, "and forgive me for telling the blackest and biggest lie man ever uttered. The accursed seed of Satan, the ravin' God-forsaken blasphemers, the cut throat son of Belial; but I'll be even with them. Quick, Davis; help me with this table, that I may see out of the skylight what they are doing. Eh, man, just hear them! They've found one of our poor fellows up in the rigging, and they're worrying him as terriers do a rat."

In a moment the ready lad was on the table, and with his eyes cautiously raised to the level of the glass. He was silent for a moment, but his hands were clenched, and the perspiration dripped from his brow. There was a sound of a heavy body dragged over the deck, then a sound of shattered glass.  
"Oh, what is it, dear Sandy! Do tell me. Oh, what dreadful things are they doing!" said Jack.  
Patterson replied in a low voice, and with face glued to the glass; "It is the steward, Jack. They've tied him to the mast, and they're pelting him with champagne bottles. He is streaming with blood, and his hands are clasped. Hear the cries! Now one of them steps up with drawn knife—O merciful Father! I dare not look again."  
As he uttered his exclamation, Patterson leaped down from the table, and set himself on a chair, and his face pale with his hands. "Jack," said he, at last looking up, "as I live by bread, it would be doing a duty to set fire to the vessel, and burn these wretches. It had been better for us to have cursed their prophet, and died holy martyrs like Mr. Jobson."  
"No, no, dear Sandy," said Jack cuddling himself near him. "Think of David. God has not saved us without a good purpose. There's many a lowering morning, you used to say, that brings on a fine day."  
"Ye're right, ye're right, bairn," said Patterson. "Come and kneel down and pray the Lord Jehovah—who put to flight the armies of Assyrians, who set the stars to flight in their courses against Siserah, who made the Red Sea like birdlime for those awful rascals, the Egyptians—to give our hand strength and our brains wisdom to beguile these children of Belial!"  
The cruel massacre had been but too complete. Two sailors only were left, and they stood by the wheel, with six armed men with drawn sabres to guard them. The firemen below were to manage the furnaces; and the scuttled leading

down into the engine-room was watched by a dozen men with loaded pistols. The murdered men's bodies had been flung overboard to the sharks, and the decks washed. Three or four of the Malays, who had been sailors, were aloft taking in sail, for the ships course had been altered, and the little wind there was, was now against them.  
The chief and some twenty of the fanatics were eating their usual meal of rice and curry in the chief cabin. Patterson and Jack were waiting on the guests with feigned humility closely watched by the suspicious Hadji Hanna. Once, and once only, Patterson contrived to get close to Jack as he removed a dish, and said: "If I could only get to the doctor's room Jack, I could get enough arsenic to kill all those rats in half an hour; but they won't let me out of their sight."  
A howl, as from a wild beast, made the boys start. It was Hadji Hanna, "Red Head," he said, "thou hadst the care of the Hakim's drugs; where are they? The Son of Heaven desires opium; find it within half an hour, or thou diest!"  
Patterson's heart leaped for joy—"Son of the Faithful," he exclaimed, prostrating himself. "I know where is opium, but it is unprepared. Let thy servant prepare it. One of thy followers can go with me, and stand over me, armed till it is ready."  
"Go, and Yassaktshi, go thou with him; so that we may have the dream-producer, that gladdeneth the heart of the Prophet and his followers."

When Patterson was gone, Jack's heart leaped for joy, for he saw, desperate as was their condition, some hope of deliverance.  
In the meantime, the wretches in their language, unknown to the boys, discussed the murders of the day.  
"And thou, too, wert not idle," said the chief to Hadji Hanna.  
"I slew the captain with my own hand; and I slew and stabbed four of the infidels—one in the rigging, one in his hammock, one in the cabin stairs. Heaven be praised, and glory to his Prophet."  
"And I threw an infidel overboard," said another.  
"And I beat out the brains of the cook."  
"And I chopped down the Christian priest as he tried to shoot me; but we are invulnerable. Glory be to Heaven and the Prophet! But here the Red Head comes with the opium. What Gooroo! it sends blesses dreams."  
"It is good," said Hadji Hanna; "it is fit only for the faithful, it takes us to heaven before the time. Quick, Red Head, and you Yellow Hair, bring the smoking-tubes of the dead infidels, we can turn them into opium-pipes."  
Patterson left and returned in a moment with twenty or thirty pipes, and some hot charcoal from the cook's gallery. A large cake of the moist black paste was prepared; and the taciturn chief and his followers, arranging cushions on the floor, settled themselves to their intoxicated sleep.  
Patterson eyed them with the eye of a reven watching a sick lamb. Jack was breathless, because he saw that Patterson had some scheme in contemplation, and he dreaded its failure.  
The opium was powerful. One by one they ceased to talk, and fell back in dreamy repose, the eyes fixed and dilated, upon their cushions, the pipes still in their mouths. One or two made faint efforts to raise, then fell back, with hands half raised to their swords; but the most including the chief. Hadji Hanna, and Yassaktshi, lapsed slowly into a deathlike torpor—pale, but breathing heavily and loud.  
Patterson and Jack stood by the sideboard, surrounded by twenty entranced and helpless men. "It gangs weel—it gangs weel," said Patterson, in a whisper, as if afraid of awaking the sleeping ruffians, "thanks to the Papaver dioscorides and the drachms of morphine.—A little more, and I could have sent the blood thirsty gang to their ain place, but I jest thought I'd keep 'em alive for an English gibbet. But, Jack, our work, not half done yet; quick, gather up the pipes; we must take them on deck, fresh loaded, to the scoundrels at the wheel and on the engine-room-stairs. As sure as there's heather in the Highlands, another day, and I have dosed their rice with arsenic, and they ought to be thankful. Come, Jack, quick, the pipes."

Jack and Patterson gathered up the pipes, and in a minute afterwards were on deck with them fresh filled and reloaded.

"Brothers of the faith," said Patterson, "the Prophet has sent you two hours of heaven in these opium-pipes. The relief-guard will be up before your sleep begins. Take them, and thank God for sending his blessed Prophet!"  
The men took them with shouts of "Wah Gooroo!" and needed no inducement to at once begin.  
The Hindus at the engine-room stairs accepted them with no less alacrity. In a few minutes, the irresistible drug worked its effects, and the deck was strewn with sleeping men.  
Then Patterson seemed all of a sudden to get stark staring mad—he hugged Jack; he danced the Highland fling; he shouted, he screamed, he ran a little way up the rigging, and down again; finally he ran to the astonished men at the wheel and dragging them on their knees, cried: "Down with ye, Johnson, down with ye, Jarvis, down with ye; Jack and thank God—who smote in the night the whole camp of Assyria, who made the earth open and swallow up Dathan, and the whole company of Abiram—for delivering the good ship Jamsjee Jeejeebhoy from the hands of the Philistines! Here let me take a spell at the wheel, while I turn her head back to Singapore, and ye run and take a look at the God-forsaken sons of Belial, all lying like drugged fish down in the state-cabin—thanks to the essence of Morphine and the Papaver dioscorides."  
"But you don't mean that you really have done this!" cried Johnson.  
"Sandy, you're mad," exclaimed Jarvis.

Come and see for yourselves," returned Jack, taking their hands, as if they were children going walking. "Come and see what brave Sandy has been and done; and call up the firemen too—all that can leave the fires—and give a hurrah, for the ship's our own, and we've got a rope round the blackguards' necks!"  
"Well, they have got pluck, eh, Bill!" said Johnson to Jarvis.  
"It's the bravest go I ever see," said Jarvis to Johnson, as he rolled Baloo Singh under his foot.  
"Well, I never," said one of the firemen.  
"That chap'll be admiral some day, or my name's not Jarvis," said that worthy.  
"And when I am," said Patterson, with a grim smile, "Jack here shall be post captain. But quick, lads—I'm in command now—to business before pleasure. Get some three-quarter inch rope, and tie these fellows hand and foot, and throw them in the hold. Remove all their knives and pistols, and search their pockets; then batten down the hatches; and I and Jack'll mount guard over them, and tell them our minds when they come to."  
"My eyes, when they come to, old Hullahalloo'll think he is dead again," said Jarvis.  
"And that fat butcher of his, won't he cut up rough?"

A murderous passion of revenge suddenly shone in Johnson's eyes; he sweetly a dreadful oath, and slowly cocked a revolver, and bent over Hadji Hanna.  
"He spared one of our messmates," he said, grinding his teeth; "and now I'll settle his account."  
Patterson leaped forward, seized the revolver, and threw it into a side cabin.  
"Come, no mutiny, Jarvis," he said. "I tell you I'll not have a hair of their heads touched. They shall answer for these crimes in another way. We'll not repay murder with murder. Remember the holy book: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'—Touch these men, and I will shoot you down as I would a mad dog, Jarvis."  
Well, I'll be hanged if Sandy is not a mixture of the parson and the king of the Sandwich Islands," grumbled Jarvis.—"But I suppose we must knock under, for he got us out of the mess."  
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An hour after the arrival of the Jams-

jeebhoy, the Prophet has sent you two hours of heaven in these opium-pipes. The relief-guard will be up before your sleep begins. Take them, and thank God for sending his blessed Prophet!"

The men took them with shouts of "Wah Gooroo!" and needed no inducement to at once begin. The Hindus at the engine-room stairs accepted them with no less alacrity. In a few minutes, the irresistible drug worked its effects, and the deck was strewn with sleeping men.

Then Patterson seemed all of a sudden to get stark staring mad—he hugged Jack; he danced the Highland fling; he shouted, he screamed, he ran a little way up the rigging, and down again; finally he ran to the astonished men at the wheel and dragging them on their knees, cried: "Down with ye, Johnson, down with ye, Jarvis, down with ye; Jack and thank God—who smote in the night the whole camp of Assyria, who made the earth open and swallow up Dathan, and the whole company of Abiram—for delivering the good ship Jamsjee Jeejeebhoy from the hands of the Philistines! Here let me take a spell at the wheel, while I turn her head back to Singapore, and ye run and take a look at the God-forsaken sons of Belial, all lying like drugged fish down in the state-cabin—thanks to the essence of Morphine and the Papaver dioscorides."

"But you don't mean that you really have done this!" cried Johnson.  
"Sandy, you're mad," exclaimed Jarvis.  
Come and see for yourselves," returned Jack, taking their hands, as if they were children going walking. "Come and see what brave Sandy has been and done; and call up the firemen too—all that can leave the fires—and give a hurrah, for the ship's our own, and we've got a rope round the blackguards' necks!"

"Well, they have got pluck, eh, Bill!" said Johnson to Jarvis.  
"It's the bravest go I ever see," said Jarvis to Johnson, as he rolled Baloo Singh under his foot.  
"Well, I never," said one of the firemen.  
"That chap'll be admiral some day, or my name's not Jarvis," said that worthy.  
"And when I am," said Patterson, with a grim smile, "Jack here shall be post captain. But quick, lads—I'm in command now—to business before pleasure. Get some three-quarter inch rope, and tie these fellows hand and foot, and throw them in the hold. Remove all their knives and pistols, and search their pockets; then batten down the hatches; and I and Jack'll mount guard over them, and tell them our minds when they come to."

"My eyes, when they come to, old Hullahalloo'll think he is dead again," said Jarvis.  
"And that fat butcher of his, won't he cut up rough?"  
A murderous passion of revenge suddenly shone in Johnson's eyes; he sweetly a dreadful oath, and slowly cocked a revolver, and bent over Hadji Hanna.  
"He spared one of our messmates," he said, grinding his teeth; "and now I'll settle his account."  
Patterson leaped forward, seized the revolver, and threw it into a side cabin.  
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