

## THE FROZEN PIRATE.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.  
[Continued.]  
CHAPTER XXII.

A CHANCE COMES OVER THE FRENCHMAN. Tassard was dogged and scowling. Such was his temper that had been a small or weak man, or a person likely to prove submissive, he would have given loose to his foul tongue and would have handled me very roughly. But my demeanour was cold and resolved, and not of a kind to improve his courage. I levelled a deliberate semi-contemptuous gaze at his own fiery stare, and puzzled him, too, I believe, a good deal by my cool reserve. He muttered whilst we sat, drinking plentifully of wine, and gazing with draughts with oaths and to spare; and then, after falling silent and remaining so for the space of twenty minutes, during which I lighted my pipe and sat with my feet close to the furnace, listening with eager ears to the sounds of the ice and the dull crying of the wind, he exclaimed sulkily, "Your scheme is a failure. The schooner is fixed. What's to be done now?"

"I don't know that my scheme is a failure," said I. "What did you suppose? That the blast would blow the ice with the schooner on it into the ocean clear of the island? If the ice is so shaken as to enable the swell to detach it, my scheme will have accomplished all I proposed."

"If" he cried scornfully and passionately. "If will not deliver us nor save the treasure. I tell you the schooner is fixed—as fixed as the damned in everlasting fire. Be it so," he cried, clenching his fist. "But you must meddle no more! The *Boca del Dragon* is mine—mine, I say, now that they're all dead and gone but me"—amusing his beard—"and if ever she is to float, let nature or the devil launch her: no more explosions with the risks your failure has made her and me run!"

His voice sank; he looked at me in silence, and then with a wild grin of anger he exclaimed, "What made you awake me? I was at peace—neither cold, hungry, nor hopeless! What demon forced you to bring me to this—to bring me back to this?"

"Mr. Tassard," said I coldly, "I don't ask your pardon for my experiment; I meant well, and to my mind it is no failure yet. But for disturbing your repose I do sincerely beg your forgiveness, and solemnly promise you, if you will return to the state in which I found you, that I will not repeat the offence."

He eyed me from top to toe in silence, filled and lighted his hideous pipe, and smoked with his back turned upon me. Had there been another warm place in the schooner I should have retired to it, and left this surlily and scandalous savage to the enjoyment of his own company. His temper rendered me extremely uneasy. The arms-room was full of weapons; he might draw a pistol upon me and shoot me dead before I should have time to clutch my hand. Nor did I conceive him to have his right mind. His panic-terrors and outbreaks of rage were such extremes of behaviour as suggested some sort of organic decay within.

After sitting a long while sullenly smoking in silence, he fetched his mattress and some covers, lay down upon it, and fell fast asleep. I admired and envied this display of confidence, and heartily wished myself as safe in his hands as he was in mine. The afternoon passed. I was on deck a half-dozen times, but never witnessed the least alteration in the ice.

When I was getting supper Tassard awoke, quitted his mattress, and came to his bench.

"Has anything happened whilst I slept?" said he.

"Nothing," I answered.

"The ice shows no signs of giving?"

"I see none," said I.

"Well," cried he, with a sarcastic sneer, "have you any more fine schemes?"

"Your turn now," I replied.

"Try your hand. If you fail, I promise you I shall not be disappointed."

"But you English sailors," said he, wagging his head and regarding me with great deal of wildness in his eyes, "speak of yourself, as the finest seamen in the world. Justify the maritime reputation of your nation by showing how we are to escape with the schooner from the ice."

"Mr. Tassard," said I, approaching him and looking him full in the face, "I would advise you to sweeten your temper and change your tone. I have borne myself very moderately towards you, submitted to your insults with patience, and have done you some kindnesses. I am not afraid of you. On the contrary, I look upon you as a swaggering bully and a hoary villain. Do you understand me? I am a desperate man in a desperate situation. But if I don't fear death, depend upon it, I don't fear you—and I take God to witness that if you do not use me with the civility I have a right to expect, I will kill you."

My temper had given away; I meant every word I spoke, and my air and sincerity rendered my speech very formidable. I approached him by another stride; he started up, as I thought, to seize me, but in reality to recoil, and this he did so effectively as to tumble over his bench, and down he fell, striking his bald head so hard that he lay for several minutes motionless. I stood over him till he chose to sit erect, which he presently did, rubbing his poll and looking at me with an air of mingled bewilderment and fear.

"This is scurvy usage to give a shipmate in distress," said he. "O! a life, man! I had thought there was some sense of humor in you. Your hand, Mr. Rodney; I feel dazed."

I helped him to rise, and he then sat down in a somewhat rickety manner, rubbing his eyes. It might have been fancy, it might have been the illusion of the furnace light combined with the venerable appearance of his long hair and naked pate gave him, but methought in those few minutes he had grown to look twenty years older.

"Never concern yourself about my humor, Mr. Tassard," said I, preserving my determined air and coming close to him again. "How is it to

stand between us? I leave the choice to you. If you will treat me civilly you'll not find me wanting in every disposition to render our miserable state tolerable; but if you insult me, use me injuriously, and act the pirate over me, who am an honest man, by God, Mr. Tassard, I will kill you."

He stood away from me, and raised his hand in a posture as if to fend me off, and cried in a whining manner, "I lost my head—this gunpowder business hath made a hellish disappointment, look you, Mr. Rodney. Come! I will drink a can to our future amity!"

I answered coldly that I wanted no more wine and bade him beware of me, that he had gone far enough, that our hideous condition had filled my soul with desperation and misery, and that I would not have my life on this frozen schooner made more abominable than it was by his swagger, lies, and insults, and I added in a loud voice and in a menacing manner that death had no terrors for me, and that I would dispatch him with as little fear as I should meet my doom, whatever shape it took.

I marched on deck, not a little astounded by the cowardice of the old rascal, and very well pleased with the marked impression my bearing and language had produced on him. Not that I supposed for a moment that my bold comportment would save me from his knife or his pistol when he should think proper to make away with me. No. All I reckoned upon was cowering him into a civiler posture of mind, and checking his aggressions and insolence. As to his murdering me, I was very sure he would not attempt such an act whilst we remained imprisoned. Ignorance would have more horrors for him than for me; and though my machinery of mines had apparently failed, he was shrewd enough, despite his rage of disappointment, to understand that there was to be done by two men than by one, and that between us something might be attempted which would be impracticable by a simple pair of hands, and particularly old hands, such as his.

I stayed but a minute or two on deck. Such was the cold that I do not know I had ever felt it more biting and bitter. The sound of foaming waters filled the wind, and the wind itself was blowing fairly strong, in gusts that screamed in the frozen rigging or in blasts that had the deep echo of the thunder-claps of the splitting ice.

I returned below and sat down. The Frenchman asked me no questions. He had his can in the oven and his death's head in his great hand, and puffed out clouds of smoke of the color of his beard, and indeed in the candle and the light looked like a figure of old Time with his long nose and bald head. I addressed one or two civil remarks to him, which he answered in a subdued manner, discovering no resentment whatever that I could trace in his eyes or the expression of his countenance; and being willing to show that I bore no malice I talked of pirates and their usages, and asked him if the *Boca del Dragon* fought under the red or black flag.

"Why, the black flag, certainly," said he; "but if we met with resistance, it was our custom to haul it down and hoist the red flag, to let our opponents know we should give no quarter."

"Where is your flag locker?" said I.

"In my berth," he answered.

"I should like to see the black flag," I exclaimed; "it is the one piece of bunting, I believe, I have never viewed."

"I'll fetch it," said he, and, taking the lantern went aft very quietly, but with a certain stagger in his walk, which I should have put down to the wine if it was not that his behavior was free from all symptoms of inebriation. The change in him surprised me, but not so greatly as you might suppose; indeed, it excited my suspicions rather than my wonder. Fear worked in him unquestionably, but what I seemed to see best was some malignant design which he hoped to conceal by an air of conciliation and a general display of bonhomie.

He came back with a flag in his hand, and we spread it between us; it was black, with a yellow skull grinning in the middle, over this an hourglass, and beneath a cross-bone.

"What consternation has this signal caused and does still cause!" said I, surveying it, whilst a hundred fancies of the barbarous scenes it had flown over, the miserable cries for mercy that had swept up past it to the ear of God, crowded into my mind. "I think, Mr. Tassard," said I, "that our first step, should we ever find ourselves aloft in this ship, must be to commit this and all other flags of a like kind on board to the deep. There is evidence in this piece of drapery to hang an angel."

He let fall his ends of the flag and sat down suddenly.

"Yes," he answered, sending a curious rolling glance around the cockpit and at the same time bringing his hand to the back of his head, "this is evidence to dangle even an honest man than you, sir. All flags but the ensign we resolve to sail under must go—all flags, and all the wearing apparel, and—and—but—here he muttered a curse—"we are fixed—there is to be no sailing."

He shook his head and covered his eyes. His manner was strange, and the stranger for his quietude.

I said to him, "Are you ill?"

He looked up sharply and cried vehemently, "No, no!" then stretched his lips in a very ghastly grin and turned to take can from the oven, but his hand missed it, and he appeared to grope as if he were blind, though he looked at the can all the time. Then he caught it and brought it to his mouth, but trembled so much that he spilt as much as he drank, and after putting the can back sat shaking his head and stroking the wet off it, methought, in a very mechanical lunatic way.

I thought to myself, "Is this behaviour some stratagem of his? What device can such a bearing hide? If he is acting, he plays his part well." I rolled the black flag into a bundle and flung it into a corner, and, resuming my seat and my pipe, continued, more for civility's sake than because of any particular interest I took in the subject, to ask him questions about the customs and habits of pirates.

"I believe," said I, "the buccanniers are as resolute in having clear ships

that they have neither beds nor seats on board."

"The English," he answered, speaking slowly and letting his pipe drop whilst he spoke with his eyes fixed on deck, "not the Spanish. 'Tis the custom of most English pirates to eat and sleep upon the decks for the sake of a clear ship, as you say. The Spaniards loves comfort—you may observe his fancy in this ship."

"How is the plunder partitioned?" I asked.

"Everything is put into the common chest, as we call it, and brought to the mast and sold by auction—Strange! he cried, breaking off and putting his hand to his brow. "I find my speech difficult. Do you notice I halt and utter thickly?"

I replied, No; his voice seemed to be the same as hitherto.

"Yet I feel ill. Holy Mother of God, what is this feeling coming upon me? O Jesus, how faint and weak!"

He half rose from his bench, but sat again, trembling as if the palsy had seized him, and I noticed his head dotted with beads of sweat. He had drunk so much wine and spirits throughout the day that a dram would have been of no use to him.

I said, "I expect it will be the blow on the back of your head, when you feel just now, that has produced this feeling of giddiness. Let me help you to lie down" (for his mattress was on deck) "the sensation will pass, I don't doubt."

If he had he did not heed me, but fell a-muttering and crying to himself. I did not did certainly remark a change in his voice that was new to my ear; it was not, as he had said, a labour or thickness of utterance, but a dryness and parchedness of old age, with many breaks from high to low notes, and a lean noise of dribbling threading every word. He sweated and aurt talked and muttered, and this was from sheer terror; he did not swoon, but sat with a stoop, often pressing his brows and gazing about him like one whose senses are all abroad.

A peculiar note and appearance of age had entered his figure, face, and voice. Then an extraordinary fancy occurred to me: Had the whole weight of this unhappy wreck's years suddenly descended upon him? Or, if not wholly arrived, might not these indications in him mark the first stages of a gradually increasing pressure? The heat, the vivacity, the fierceness, spirits and temper of the life I had been instrumental in restoring to him, probably illustrated his character as it was eight-and-forty years since; that had flourished artificially from the moment of his awakening down to the present hour; but now the hand of time was upon this man, whose age was above a hundred. He might be decaying and wasting, even as he sat there, in such an intellectual condition and physical aspect as he would possess and submit had he come without a break into his present age.

I got up and laid my hand on his shoulder, on which he turned his face and viewed me with one eye closed, the other source open.

"How are you feeling now?" said I.

"Sleepy, very sleepy," he answered.

"I'll put your mattress into your hammock," said I, "and the best thing you do is to go and turn in properly and get a long night's rest, and tomorrow morning you'll feel yourself as healthy as ever."

I shouldered his mattress and slung a lantern in his cabin, and then returned as if to rest to bed. He then made as if to rise, but trembled so violently that he sank down, and with a groan, and I was obliged to put my whole strength to the lifting of him to get him on to his legs. He leaned heavily upon me, breathing hard, stooping very much, and trembled all over. When he got to his cabin I perceived that he would never be able to climb into his hammock, nor had I the power to hoist a man of his size so high. To end the perplexity I cut the hammock down and laid it on the deck, and covered it with a heap of clothing, unsling the lantern, wished him good-night, closed the door, and returned to the furnace.

(To be continued.)

A Sea of Fire

FORESTS IN MINNESOTA AND WISCONSIN IN A FLAZE—IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

Special despatches report destructive fires raging in North Minnesota and Wisconsin. Already immense damage has been done to standing timber and many towns are threatened with destruction. A special from Duluth says a dense cloud of smoke from burning brush and timber hangs over the city. Fires of a dangerous character are raging in nearly all directions from the city within a radius of 50 miles or more. In some instances the houses of settlers have been burned. The fires seem to be worst on the line of the Duluth and Iron range west of Thomson and south beyond Barnum, and on the Northern Pacific as far as Norman, 20 miles beyond the Northern Pacific junction. There are reports of distant forest settlements back of this city on country roads, from the Ashland division of the Northern Pacific and elsewhere. The Northern Pacific trade near Walbridge, Wis., on the Superior line, was burned yesterday. Ashland, Wis., advises say furious fires are raging in the northern Wisconsin forests, and the loss will be very heavy.

On the Hermantown road, near here, every dwelling for four miles have been destroyed. It is feared some lives have been lost. In coming farmers report a vast sea of fire, which is sweeping everything before it. High winds are blowing and the fire must burn itself out. Telegraphic communication is interfered with. South of Ashland for 150 miles the forests are ablaze.

Cumberland, Wis., is almost wholly surrounded by fire. The losses aggregate \$40,000. North of Grantville, Wis., fire has swept the country, destroying everything in its path. Along the Northern Pacific, the neighborhood of Cromwell, Minn., the fire must burn itself out. Telegraphic communication is interfered with. South of Ashland for 150 miles the forests are ablaze.

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## GENERAL BUSINESS.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Adams, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Skin Eruptions, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, N. Y.

## CHATHAM RAILWAY.

WINTER 1888-9.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 26TH, Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) as follows—

GOING NORTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE. NO. 1 EXPRESS, NO. 3 ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Chatham, 12.10 a.m. 2.30 p.m. 5.45 p.m.  
Arrive Chatham, 12.40 a.m. 3.00 p.m. 6.15 p.m.  
Leave Chatham, 1.40 a.m. 3.45 p.m. 6.45 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE. NO. 2 EXPRESS, NO. 4 ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Chatham, 12.10 a.m. 2.30 p.m. 5.45 p.m.  
Arrive Chatham, 12.40 a.m. 3.00 p.m. 6.15 p.m.  
Leave Chatham, 1.40 a.m. 3.45 p.m. 6.45 p.m.

Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through to St. John, and Malpass and with the Express going North which runs over to Campbellton.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

Full-time Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifax on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from Halifax Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

The above Table is made up on C. Railway standard time, which is 76th meridian time. All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if stopped.

All freight for transportation over this road, if through (4th) class, will be taken delivery at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Entry or other charges. Special attention given to Shipments of Fish.

## SAY! JUST READ THIS.

WHAT YOU CAN GET AT THE

Newcastle Drug Store.

PLUSH GOODS.

—CONSISTING OF—

Brush and Comb Cases, Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases

Shaving Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Perfumery

Cases, Baby Dressing Cases, Manicures, Clocks, Mirrors (set

in Plush), Wall Pockets, Photo Frames, Perfumery

Boxes and Baby Dressing Cases are Musical and

play two tunes each.

SILVERWARE.

—CONSISTING OF—

CARD BASKETS, BREAKFAST CRUTS, SALTS, ETC.

—ALSO—

Cups, Vases, Toilet Sets, Fancy Moustache Cups, Cut Glass Bottles

Chinese Lanterns, Japanese Fire Screens, Bronze Clocks,

Smokers' Sets, Cribbage Boards, Ink Stands, Work Baskets

(German), Perfumery in Fancy Bottles.

There is the largest and best assortment in Miramichi at the

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,

NEXT NEW POST OFFICE.

E. LEE, STREET,

Newcastle, Dec. 11th 1886 PROPRIETOR

AS IN THE PAST, C. P. Curtis &amp; Co.,

SO IN THE FUTURE, GENERAL

NICOL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

176 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

will continue to give

THE BEST VALUE IN

BOOTS &amp; SHOES,

Kalsomine and seeds.

—AT THE—

People's Shoe Store.

Sign of the GOLDEN BOOT.

Z. TINGLEY,

HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,

HAS REMOVED

—HIS—

SHAVING PARLOR

to the Building adjoining the

N. B. Trading Co's Office, Water St.

He will also keep a first-class stock of

Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and

Smokers' Goods generally.

WANTED

On a Farm as House Keeper, a steady Girl or

Woman that is not too old to work and is a

good Butcher maker. Good wages will be given.

Men will milk and churn. Apply to

THOS. H. FLEIGER, Esq.,

Northrup &amp; Lyman's

EMULSION PURE

Cod Liver Oil.

Estey's Iron &amp; Quinine Tonic

Nasal Elix, Shiloh's Couga

Cures, Tamarac Elix, Cin-

galese Hair Renewer

full stock of the above just received from

THE MEDICAL HALL.

J. D. B. F. Mackenzie,

Chatham, Feb.

HORSES &amp; CATTLE.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle

Kendall's Blister

50 cts. per box

Kendall's Condition Powders

25 cts. per per tag

A supply of the above celebrated remedies for

Horse and Cattle just received direct from the

manufacturer.

A copy of Kendall's book entitled "Treatment of

Horse and Cattle," which usually sells for 25 cts., will be given free to all who apply

or it at the

MEDICAL - - HALL

J. D. B. F. Mackenzie

## Legal Notices.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

To The Chatham Skating Rink Company of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, and to all others whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Sixth day of July, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Three, and made between said Chatham Skating Rink Company of the first part and Richard Hutchinson of Douglastown, in the County of Northumberland, Merchant, of the second part, and for the purpose of satisfying the money secured and made payable by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the THIRTIETH DAY of MAY, inst., at 12 o'clock noon, on the premises in Chatham, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as follows, namely:

"All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland aforesaid and abutting and bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the easterly side of John Street and on the southerly side of Church Street, at the intersection of said streets, thence easterly along the southerly side of Church Street one hundred and fifty feet, or to the westerly side of lands owned by Francis Martin, thence southerly on a line parallel to St. John Street, one hundred feet, or to the northerly side of lands owned by Thomas F. Kearney, thence westerly along said Thomas F. Kearney's northerly side line (or parallel) to the easterly side of St. John Street, one hundred feet, or to the line of beginning, which piece of land was conveyed to the said parties of the first part by Daniel Ferguson by deed bearing date the First day of June, 1883.

Together with all and singular the rights, members, privileges, buildings and improvements whatsoever thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and also all the estate, right, title, interest, property claim and demand whatsoever of the said parties of the first part, by Daniel Ferguson by deed bearing date the First day of June, 1883.

Dated this Twenty-seventh day of January, A.D. 1889.

RICHARD HUTCHINSON, Mortgagee.

This sale is postponed until Wednesday the 23rd day of May, inst., then to take place at the same hour and place as above.

RICHARD HUTCHINSON, Mortgagee.

Chatham, May 3rd, 1889.

## Mortgage Sale.

To Alexander Morrison, of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, Merchant, and to all others whom it may concern:

TAKE NOTICE that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated the 6th day of November, 1887, and made between the said Alexander Morrison of the one part, and John McLaughlin then of the said County of the other part, there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the Town of Chatham, on the 15th day of June next, at 12 o'clock noon, the following piece of property described in said Indenture, to-wit: All that certain parcel or piece of land and land covered with water situate in the Parish of Chatham and bounded on the upper westerly side by lands owned by Alexander Morrison and William Morrison, and on the easterly side by the lands owned by the late Henry Curran and on the north or front by the Miramichi River, and in the rear by the Highway. Together with all the buildings, Booms, Boon, privileges, and other appurtenances, Right of way to the said parcel of land, and all and singular the rights, members, privileges, buildings and improvements whatsoever thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and also all the estate, right, title, interest, property claim and demand whatsoever of the said parties of the first part, by Alexander Morrison by deed bearing date the 6th day of November, 1887.

Dated this 11th day of April, A.D. 1889.</