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Saint Mary's Beacon

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ROB OF THE BOWL. A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, Washington Square,
Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1908.
FRANCIS V. KING, Esq.,
Leonardtown, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th, I beg to state that all interest in the "Rob of the Bowl" is owned by the author's estate, but we have had no correspondence on the subject for some years and do not know where to direct you. However, the work is now out of copyright, and there is no reason why you might not reprint it without permission.
Yours very truly,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
H. G. E.

JOHN PENDELTON KENNEDY, LL. D., author, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1796; died Feb. 25, 1878. He graduated at the University of Maryland in 1817; was admitted to the bar in 1817; served in the Legislature in 1820-21; member of Congress 1825-27; presidential elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840, and was Chairman of the House Committee on Commerce in Congress, 1842. He was again elected to the Maryland Legislature and was Speaker of the House in 1846. He was appointed Secretary of the Navy 1852, and aided in fitting out Commodore Perry's Japan expedition and Dr. Kane's second Arctic voyage. At his death was proved of the University of Maryland, vice-president of the Maryland Historical Society, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Academy, Baltimore, and trustee of the National Academy of Arts and Letters. He was the author of several novels and of a Life of William Willard.

CHAPTER X.
The Crow and Archer presented a busy scene on the evening of the day referred to in the last chapter. A report had been lately spread through the country that the brig Olive Branch—an occasional trader between the provinces and the coasts of Holland and England—had arrived at St. Mary's. In consequence of the last two days, a considerable accession to the usual guests of the inn, consisting of travellers both by land and water. Several small sloops and other craft had come in into the harbor, and a half score inland proprietors had journeyed from their farms on horseback, and taken up their quarters under the eaves of Garret Weasel. The swarthy and gaunt watermen, adorned in their jackets and wide kiln-like breeches and in the party-colored, woolen caps peculiar to their vocation, were seen mingling in the tap-room with the more substantial cultivators of the soil. A few of the burghers of St. Mary's were found in the same groups, drawn thither by the love of company, the occasions, perchance, of business, or the mere attraction of an evening pot and pipe. The greater portion of this assemblage were loitering between the latticed bar of the common room, and the quay in front of the house, which had some what of the occupation and bustle of a little exchange. On a bench, in an corner of the tap-room, sat, in a ragged, patched coat resembling a pea-jacket, a saucy, vagrant-looking fiddler, conspicuous for a red face and a playful light blue eye; he wore a dingy, pliant white hat, fretted at the rim, set daintily on one side of his head, from beneath which his yellow locks depended over either cheek, completely covering his begrimed and greasy forehead. He had a brisk, bustling, beating time upon the floor with a huge hob-nailed shoe. This personage had a vagabond popularity in the province under the name of Will of the Flats—a designation no less suited to his musical commodity than to the locality of his ostensible habitation, which was seated on the flats of Patuxent, not above fifteen miles from St. Mary's, where he was tenant of a few acres of barred marsh and a lodge or cabin not much larger than a good dog kennel.

Will's chief compeer and brother in taste and inclination, though of more affluent fortune, was Dick Pagan, or Driving Dick according to his more familiar appellation, the courier who had lately brought the missives from James Town; a hard-favored, weather-beaten, sturdy, little bow-legged fellow, in russet boots and long spurs, and wrapped in a coarse drab doublet secured by a leathern belt, with an immense brass buckle in front. Old Pamesack, likewise, formed a part of the group, and might have been observed seated on a settle at the door, quietly smoking his pipe, as unmoved by the current of idlers which ebbed and flowed past him, as the old barnacle pier of the quay by the daily flux and reflux of the river.

Such were the guests who now patronized the thriving establishment of Master Weasel. These good people were not only under the care, but also under the command of our hostess the dams Dorothy, who was a woman by no means apt to overlook her prerogative. The dame, having been on a visit to a neighbor, did not show herself in the tap-room until near the close of the day; in the mean time leaving her customers to the unbidden enjoyment of their entertainment, which was administered by Matty Scamper, a broad chested, red-haired and indefatigable damsel, who, in her capacity of adjunct to the hostess, had attained to great favor with the patrons of the tavern by her imperious good nature and ready answer to all calls of business. As for Master Weasel, never did pleasure-loving monarch more cheerfully surrender his kingdom to the rule of his minister than he to whatever power for the time was appointed, whether the dame herself, or her occasional vicegerent, Matty of the Scaupen.

Matty's rule, however, was now terminated by the arrival of Mistress Weasel herself. It is fit I should give my reader some perception of the exterior of the hostess, as a woman of undoubted impression and consideration with the town-people. Being now in her best attire, which was evidently put on with a careful eye to effect, I may take occasion to say that one might suspect her of a consciousness of some deficiency of height, as well as of an undue breadth of figure, both which imperfections she had studied to conceal. She wore a high conical hat of green silk, garnished with a band of pink ribbon which was set on by indentation or teeth-wise, and gathered in front into a spirited cluster of knots. Her jacket, with long tight sleeves, was also of green silk, adapted closely to her shape, now brought into its smallest compass by the aid of stays, and was trimmed in the same manner as the hat. A full scarlet petticoat reached within a span of her ankles, and disclosed a buckram, well-fitted leg in brown stocking with flashy clocks of thickly embossed crimson, and a foot, of which the owner had reason to be proud, peeped pinched into a green shoe with a tottering high heel. Her black hair hung in plaits down her back; and her countenance—distinguished by a dark waggish eye, a clear complexion, and a turned-up nose, to which might be added a neck both fat and fair, half concealed by a loose kerchief—radiated with an expression partly wicked and partly charitable, but in every lineament denoting determination and constancy of purpose. This air of careless boldness was not a little heightened by the absence of all defence to her brow from the narrow rim of the hat and the height at which it was elevated above her features.

The din of the tap-room was hushed into momentary silence as soon as this notable figure appeared on the threshold.
"Heaven help these thirsty, roystering men!" she exclaimed, as she paused an instant at the door and surveyed the group within. "They are still at it as greedily as if they had just come out of a dry well! From sunrise till noon, and from noon till night, it is all the same—drink, drink, drink. Have ye news of Master Cocklescraft?—I would that the Olive Branch were come and gone, that I might sit under a quiet roof again!—there is nothing but riot and reeling from the time the skipper is expected to the port until he leaves it."
"True enough, jolly queen!" said Ralph Haywood, a young inland planter, taking the hand of the merry landlady as she struggled by him on her way to the bar—"what, in good earnest, has become of Cocklescraft? This is the second day we waited for him. I half suspect you, mistress, of a trick to gather good fellows about you, by setting up a false report of the Olive Branch."

"'Tis a lying varlet, Ralph," quickly responded the dame; "you yourself came joggling hither with the story that Cocklescraft was seen two days ago, beating off the Spaniards. I play a trick on you, truly; you must think I have need of a good many such reports of the kind, if you would eat and drink out of the character of any reputable house in the hundred, without so much as one dobt of profit. You have my free leave to tramp it back again to Providence, Ralph Haywood, whenever you have a mind."

"Nay, now you quarrel with an old friend, Mistress Dorothy," said the dame, "I play a trick on you, truly; you must think I have need of a good many such reports of the kind, if you would eat and drink out of the character of any reputable house in the hundred, without so much as one dobt of profit. You have my free leave to tramp it back again to Providence, Ralph Haywood, whenever you have a mind."

"Take your hand off my shoulder, Ralph, you coaxing villain!—Ha, ha, I warrant you get naughty but vinegar from me, for your treachery.—But come—you are a good child, and shall have of the best in this house.—I would only wish you to call for it in my name, Master Ralph."

"Our dame is a woman of mettle," said another of the company, as the landlady escaped from the planter and took her station behind the bar. "What has become of that man and Weasel?" she inquired somewhat petulantly. "The man I am sure has been abroad ever since I left the house. He is of no more value with a cracked pot;—he would see me work myself as thin as a broom-handle before he would think of turning himself upon me." "Garret is now upon the quay," replied one of the customers; "I saw him but a moment since with Arnold the Ranger."

"With some idle stroller,—you may be sure of that!" interrupted the hostess;—never at his place, if the whole house should go dry as Cuthbert's spring at midsummer. Call him to me, if you please, Master Shortgrass.—Michael Curtis, that weech Matty Scamper has something to do besides listen to your claver erings! Matty, begone to the kitchen; these country rascals will want their suppers presently.—Oh, Willy, Willy of the Flats!—for the sake of one's ears, in mercy, stop that everlasting twangle of your old fiddle!—It would disgrace the patience of any Christian woman in the world to abide in the midst of all this uproar.—Nay then, come forward, old prosy—I would not offend you," she said in a milder tone to the fiddler. "Here is a cup of ale, and Matty will give you your supper to-night. I have danced too often to your music to deny you a comfort;—so, drink as you will but pray you rest your elbow for a while."

"And there is a shilling down on the nail," said Driving Dick, as he and the fiddler came together to the bar at the summons of the landlady; "when that is drunk out, dame, give me a span of warning, that I may resolve whether we shall go another shot."

"Master Shortgrass told me you had need of me," said Garret Weasel, as he now entered the door;—"what with me, wife Dorothy?"
"Get you gone!" replied the wife—"you are ever in the way. Your head is always thrust in place when it is not wanted! If you had been at your duty an hour ago, your service might have been useful."
"I can but return to the quay," said Garret, at the same time beginning to retrace his steps.
"Bide you!" exclaimed the dame in a shrill voice—"I have occasion for you. Go to the cellar and bring up another stoop of hollands; these salt-water fish have no relish for ale—they must deal in the strong;—nothing but hollands or brandy for them."

The obedient husband took the key of the cellar and went on the duty assigned him.
At this moment a door communicating with an adjoining apartment was thrown ajar and the head of Captain Dauntress protruded in to the tap-room.
"Mistress Dorothy," he said—"at your leisure, pray step this way."

The dame tripped no longer than was necessary to complete a measure she was filling for a customer, and then went into the room to which she had been summoned. This was a little parlor where the Captain of Musketeers had been regaling himself for the last hour over a jorum of ale, in solitary rumination. An open window gave to his view the full expanse of the river, now glowing with the rick reflections of sunset and a balmy October breeze played though the apartment and refreshed without chilling the frame of the comfortable Captain. He was seated near the window in a large easy-chair when the hostess entered.
"Welcome, dame," he said, without rising from his seat, at the same time offering his hand, which was readily accepted by the landlady.—"By St. Gregory and St. Michael both, a more buxom and tidy piece of flesh and blood hath never sailed between the two headlands of Potomac, than thou art! You are for a junketing, Mistress Dorothy; you are tricked out like a queen this evening! I have never seen you in your new suit before. You are as gay as a maypole, and I wear your colors, though laughing mother of mischief! Green is the livery of your true knight. Has your good man, honest Garret, come home yet dame?"

"What would you wish my husband and Master Baldpatel? There is no good in the world when you throw your self into the big chair of this parlor." "In truth, dame, I only came to make a short night of it with you and your worthy spouse. Do not show your white teeth at me, hussy, you are too old to bite. Tell Matty to spread supper for me in this parlor. Arnold and Pamesack will partake with me; and if the veritable and most authentic head of this house—I mean yourself, mistress—have no need of Garret, I would entreat to have him in company. By the hand of thy soldier, Mistress Dorothy, I am glad to see you thrive so in your calling. You will spare me Garret, dame? Come, I know you have not learnt how to refuse me a boon."

"You are a saucy Jack, Master Captain," replied the dame. "I know you of old; you would have a rouse with that thrifless babe, my husband. You sent him reeling home only last night. How can you look me in the face, knowing him, as you do, for a most shallow vessel, Captain Dauntress?"
"Pie on these, dame! You disgrace your own flesh and blood by such a speech. Did you not choose him for his qualities?—ay, and with all circumstances, as a woman of experience. You had two husbands before Garret, when you took him for a third, it was not in ignorance of the sex. Look thee in the face! I dare,—yes, and at thy whole configuration. Faith, you war most bravely, Mistress Weasel! Stand apart, and let me survey; turn your shoulders round," he added, as by a sleight he twirled the dame upon her heel so as to bring her back to his view—"there is a woman of ten thousand! I envy Garret such store of womanly wealth."

"Garret were the man I took him for, Master Captain," said the dame with a saucy smile, "I would have borne a broken head long since. But he has his virtues, such as they are,—though they may lie in an egg-shell; and Garret has his frailties too, like other men; slack, there is no denying it!"
"Frailties, forsooth! Which of us has not, dame? Garret is an honest man;—some what old—a staid or so; yet it is but a shade. For my sake, pretty hostess, you will allow him to sup with us? Speak it kindly, sweetest—good, old Garret's jolly young wife!"

"'Tis a whetting devil!" said the landlady; "Garret is no older than you are. But, truly, I may say he is of little account in the tap room; so, he shall come to you, Captain. But, look you, he is weak, and must not be over-charged."
"He shall not, mistress,—you have a soldier's word for that. I could have sworn you would not deny me. Hark you, dame,—bring your ear to my lips;—a word in season."
The hostess bent her head down, as the Captain desired, when he said in a half whisper, "Send me a flask of the best,—you understand?—and there's for thy pains!" he added, as he saluted her cheek with a kiss.
"And there's for thy impudence, saucy Captain!" retorted the spirit-

ed landlady as she bestowed the palm of her hand on the side of his head and fled out of the apartment.
Dauntress sprang from his chair and chased the retreating dame into the midst of the crowd of the tap-room by whose aid she was enabled to make her escape. Here he encountered Garret Weasel, with whom he went forth in quest of Arnold and the Indian, who were to be his guests at supper.

In the course of the next half hour the Captain and his three comrades were assembled in the little parlor around the table, discussing their evening meal. When this was over, Matty was ordered to clear the board and to place a bottle of wine and glasses before the party, and then to leave the room.
"You must know, Garret," said Dauntress when the servingmaid had retired, "that we go to-night to visit the Wizard's Chapel by his Lordship's order; and as I would have stout fellows with me, I have come down here on purpose to take you along."

"Heaven bless us, Master Jasper Dauntress!" exclaimed Garret, somewhat confounded with this sudden appeal to his valor, which was not of that prompt complexion to stand so instant a demand, and yet which the publican was never willing to have doubted—"truly there be three of you, and it might mark the matter to have too many on so secret an outgoing!"
"Tush, man,—that has been considered. His Lordship especially looked to your going; you cannot choose but go."
"But my wife, Captain Dauntress?"
"Leave that to me," said the Captain; "I will manage it as handsomely as the taking of Troy. Worthy Garret, say naught against it—you must go, and take with you a few bottles of Canary and a good lunccheon of provender in the basket. You shall be our commissary. I came on set purpose to procure the assistance of your experience, and store of comfortable sustenance. Get the bottles, Garret,—his Lordship pays the cost to-night."

"I should have my bag," said Garret, "and the dame keeps the key of the stable, and will in no wise consent to let me have it. No wisa suspect us for a rouse, if I but asked for the key."
"I will engage for that good Weasel," said Dauntress; "I will ooz on the dame with some special invention which shall put her to giving the key of her own motion; she shall be coaxed with a device that shall make all sure—only say that you will obey his Lordship's earnest desire."
"It is a notable piece of service," said the innkeeper, meditating over the subject, and tickled by the importance which was ascribed to his co-operation—and "will win thanks from the whole province. His Lordship did wise to give it in charge to valiant men."

"In faith did he," replied the Captain; "and it will be the finishing stroke of your fortunes. You will be a man of mark for ever after."
"I am a man to be looked to in a strait, Captain," said Weasel, growing valorous with the thought. "I saw by his Lordship's eye yesterday that he was much moved by what I told him. I have had a wrestle with devils before now."
Arnold smiled and cast his eye towards the Indian, who, immediately after supper, had quitted the table and taken a seat in the window.
"There be hot devils and cold devils," said he, "and he that wrestles with them must have a hand that will hold fire as well as ice: that is true, Pamesack?"
"Pamesack has no dealing with the white man's devil," replied the Indian; "he has enough to do with his own."

"Drink some wine, old blade," said Dauntress as he presented a cup to Pamesack; "The Knife must be sharp to-night—this will whet his edge. We shall have need of your woodcraft."
The Indian merely sipped the wine, as he replied, "Pamesack knows the broad path and the narrow both. He can lead you to the Black House day or night."
"Brandy is more natural to his throat than this thin drink," said Weasel, who forthwith left the room and returned with a measure of the stronger liquor. When this was presented Pamesack swallowed it as a draught, and with something approaching a laugh, he said, "It is the white man's devil,—but the Indian does not fear him."
"Now, Garret," said Dauntress, "we have no time to lose. Make ready your basket and bottles, and lay them at the foot of the cedar below the bank, near the Town House steps; then hasten back to the parlor. We will part the dame to sending you on an errand which may be done only on horseback,—you will mount with the basket and make speedy way to the Port. Tell Nicholas Verbrack, that I shall be there in reasonable time. We must set forth by ten; it may take us three hours to reach St. Jerome's."

"My heart is big enough," said Weasel, once more beginning to waver, "for any venture; but, in truth, I fear the dame. It will be a live-long night carouse, and she is mortal against that. What will she say in the morning?"
"What can she say, when all is come and gone, but perchance, that you were rash and hot-headed? That will do you no harm; but an hour ago she swore to me that you were getting old—and signed you,

as if she believed her words."
"Old, did she say? Ho, mistress, I will show you my infirmities! A fig for her scurrilities! She is a blood-v'! Dawkins Fidelity girl. I will follow you to any goblin's chapel 'twixt St. Mary's and Christina."
"Well said, brave vintner!" exclaimed the Captain; "now, stir! And when you come back to the parlor, Master Weasel, you shall find the dame here. Watch my eye and take my hint, so that you play into my hand when need shall be. I will get the nag out of the stable if he were covered with bells. Away for the provender!"
The publican went about his preparations, and had no sooner left the room than the Captain called the landlady, whom his invitation showed herself at the door.
"Come in, sweetheart. Good Mistress Dauntress," he said, "I called that you may lend us your help to laugh; since your rufflers are dispersed, your smokers obfuscated in their own clouds, your tipplers strewn upon the benches, and nothing more left for you to do in the tap-room, we would have your worshipful and witty company here in the parlor. So, come in, my princess of pleasant thoughts, and make us merry."
"There is nothing but elinking of cans and swaggering speeches where you are, Captain Dauntress," said the hostess. "An honest woman had best be little seen in your company. It is a wonder you ever got out of the Low Countries, where what with drinking with boors and quarrelling with belted bullies, your three years' service was enough to put an end to a thousand fellows of your humor."
"There is destiny in it, dame. I was born to be the delight of your eyes. It was found in my horoscope, when my nativity was cast, that a certain jolly mistress of a most-esse cially-to-be-commended inn, situate upon a delectable point of land in the New World, was to be greatly indebted to me, first, for the good fame of her wines amongst worshipful people; and, secondly, for the sufficient and decent praise of her beauty. So was it read in my motto by the wise astrologer. And then, dame, you slander the virtues of the Low Countries. Look at Arnold there; is there a more temperate, orderly, well behaved liegeman in the world than the ranger? And did he not bring his sobriety with him from the very bosom of the land you rail against?"
"If Arnold de la Grande is not all that you say of him," replied the hostess, "it is because he has lost some share of his good qualities by associating with you, Captain. Besides, Arnold has never been hakenoyed in the wars."
"A Dutch head," said Arnold, laughing, "is not easily made to spin. In the Old World men can drink more than in the New; a Friesland fog is an excellent shaving horn, mistress!"
"Heaven help the men of the Old World, if they drink more than they do in our province!" exclaimed Mistress Weasel. "Look in the tap-room, and you may see the end of a day's work in at least ten great loaves. Our hall are sound asleep, and the other of so dim night that neither can see his neighbor."
"The better reason then, Mistress Dorothy," replied Dauntress, "why you, a reputable woman, should leave such toppers, and keep company with sober, waking, discreet friends. That cap becomes you, mistress. I never saw you in so dainty a head-gear. I honor it as a covering altogether worthy of your comeliness. Faith, it has been a rich piece of merchandise to me! Upon an outlay of fourteen shillings which I paid for it, as a fitchelness present to my excellent wiestess, I have got in return, by way of profit, full thirteen bottles of Garret's choicest Canary, on my wager. Garret was obstinate, and would face me out with it that you wore it to church last Sunday, when I knew that you went only in your hood that day;—he has never an eye to look on you, dame, as he ought—so he must needs put it to a wager. Well, as this is the first day you have gone abroad in it, you drink to thee and thy cap, upon my knees.—Success to its travels, and joy to the merry eye that sparkles below it! Come, Arnold, drink to that; and get Pamesack another glass of aqua vite,—top off to the hostess, comrades!"
The toast was drank, and at this moment Garret Weasel returned to the room. A sign from him informed the Captain that the preparation he had been despatched to make was accomplished.
"How looks the night, Garret?" inquired Dauntress; "when have we the moon?"
"It is a clear starlight, and calm," replied the publican; "the moon will not show herself till near morning."
"Have you heard the news, mistress?" inquired the Captain, with an expression of some eagerness; "there is pleasant matter current, concerning the mercer's wife at the Blue Triangle. But you must have heard it before this!"
"No," replied the hostess, "I have not."
"Indeed!" said Dauntress, "then there's a month's amusement for you. You owe the lady a grudge, mistress."
"In faith I do," said the dame, smiling, and would gladly pay it.
To Be Continued.

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"Come in, sweetheart. Good Mistress Dauntress," he said, "I called that you may lend us your help to laugh; since your rufflers are dispersed, your smokers obfuscated in their own clouds, your tipplers strewn upon the benches, and nothing more left for you to do in the tap-room, we would have your worshipful and witty company here in the parlor. So, come in, my princess of pleasant thoughts, and make us merry."
"There is nothing but elinking of cans and swaggering speeches where you are, Captain Dauntress," said the hostess. "An honest woman had best be little seen in your company. It is a wonder you ever got out of the Low Countries, where what with drinking with boors and quarrelling with belted bullies, your three years' service was enough to put an end to a thousand fellows of your humor."
"There is destiny in it, dame. I was born to be the delight of your eyes. It was found in my horoscope, when my nativity was cast, that a certain jolly mistress of a most-esse cially-to-be-commended inn, situate upon a delectable point of land in the New World, was to be greatly indebted to me, first, for the good fame of her wines amongst worshipful people; and, secondly, for the sufficient and decent praise of her beauty. So was it read in my motto by the wise astrologer. And then, dame, you slander the virtues of the Low Countries. Look at Arnold there; is there a more temperate, orderly, well behaved liegeman in the world than the ranger? And did he not bring his sobriety with him from the very bosom of the land you rail against?"
"If Arnold de la Grande is not all that you say of him," replied the hostess, "it is because he has lost some share of his good qualities by associating with you, Captain. Besides, Arnold has never been hakenoyed in the wars."
"A Dutch head," said Arnold, laughing, "is not easily made to spin. In the Old World men can drink more than in the New; a Friesland fog is an excellent shaving horn, mistress!"
"Heaven help the men of the Old World, if they drink more than they do in our province!" exclaimed Mistress Weasel. "Look in the tap-room, and you may see the end of a day's work in at least ten great loaves. Our hall are sound asleep, and the other of so dim night that neither can see his neighbor."
"The better reason then, Mistress Dorothy," replied Dauntress, "why you, a reputable woman, should leave such toppers, and keep company with sober, waking, discreet friends. That cap becomes you, mistress. I never saw you in so dainty a head-gear. I honor it as a covering altogether worthy of your comeliness. Faith, it has been a rich piece of merchandise to me! Upon an outlay of fourteen shillings which I paid for it, as a fitchelness present to my excellent wiestess, I have got in return, by way of profit, full thirteen bottles of Garret's choicest Canary, on my wager. Garret was obstinate, and would face me out with it that you wore it to church last Sunday, when I knew that you went only in your hood that day;—he has never an eye to look on you, dame, as he ought—so he must needs put it to a wager. Well, as this is the first day you have gone abroad in it, you drink to thee and thy cap, upon my knees.—Success to its travels, and joy to the merry eye that sparkles below it! Come, Arnold, drink to that; and get Pamesack another glass of aqua vite,—top off to the hostess, comrades!"
The toast was drank, and at this moment Garret Weasel returned to the room. A sign from him informed the Captain that the preparation he had been despatched to make was accomplished.
"How looks the night, Garret?" inquired Dauntress; "when have we the moon?"
"It is a clear starlight, and calm," replied the publican; "the moon will not show herself till near morning."
"Have you heard the news, mistress?" inquired the Captain, with an expression of some eagerness; "there is pleasant matter current, concerning the mercer's wife at the Blue Triangle. But you must have heard it before this!"
"No," replied the hostess, "I have not."
"Indeed!" said Dauntress, "then there's a month's amusement for you. You owe the lady a grudge, mistress."
"In faith I do," said the dame, smiling, and would gladly pay it.
To Be Continued.

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