

Saint Mary's Beacon  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
A Dollar a Year in Advance.  
Terms for Transient Advertising.  
One square, one insertion..... \$1 00  
Each subsequent insertion..... .50  
Eight lines or less constitute a square  
A liberal deduction made for year  
ly advertisements. Correspondence  
solicited.

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 70.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

4469

Saint Mary's Beacon.  
Job Printing, such as  
Handbills, Circulars  
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with  
neatness and despatch.  
Parties having Real or Personal  
Property for sale can obtain des-  
criptive handbills neatly executed  
and at city prices

**EDELEN BROS.,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
FOR THE SALE OF  
**TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE**  
Special attention given to  
**The Inspection of Tobacco.**  
1235 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD  
ALSO DEALERS IN  
Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-  
ture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.  
Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture are  
MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

**The Best Thing About SENATOR FLOUR**  
It is mechanically clean.  
Every grain of wheat from which  
it is made goes through two  
distinct cleaning operations  
by the best modern machinery.  
It is chemically pure as no adulterant is used  
in its manufacture. It is a perfect food product.  
The manufacturers of SEN-  
ATOR FLOUR buy only the best  
wheat from the best producing  
farmers in the country.  
Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best  
housekeepers pronounce it—"THE BEST."

**CHAS. KING & SON,** Wholesale Senator  
Flour, Alex. Va.

**LOOKOUT**  
Prices of Lumber Much Lower.  
LUMBER THE  
CARPENTER LIKES  
As piled high in your yard—sometimes  
As a rule it is kept moving, so great  
and steady is the demand for it. No  
matter how much we sell, though, we  
are bound that every square and board  
leaving this place shall be thoroughly  
seasoned and of the quality you  
want under chisel and saw.  
This card solicits your orders,  
large or small,  
Flooring—very good—  
\$2 per 100 feet.  
Dressed Siding—Clear—\$2 per 100 feet.  
No. 1 Cypress Shingles, \$5.00 per 1000.  
Mail inquiries invited. Answered same day. Bids given at once.  
Shipments quick and reliable. We invite your presence as our guests  
when we load your car or vessel. Not a cent of money refunded.  
Our warehouses and sheds stocked so full we can supply your en-  
tire list in one day. NO DELAY. ALWAYS CALL ON



**FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,**  
6th & New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Ask your neighbor.  
**POULTRY, POULTRY LAMBS,**  
**EGGS, CALVES,**  
**GRAIN, etc. POULTRY LIVE STOCK, etc.**

**C. M. LEWIS,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,  
MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

**Wm. J. C. Dudley**  
Company,  
PUBLISHER,  
BOOKSELLERS,  
STATIONERS  
AND  
PRINTERS.  
Agents for Milton Bradley's Kinder-  
garten Supplies.  
Send for Catalogues.

335 N. Charles Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD  
Feb 16-17.

**Dudley & Carpenter**  
Commission  
Merchants,  
Bell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce  
Particular attention given to the careful sam-  
pling of Tobacco.

**HOTEL DONALD,**  
1010 13th Street, N. W.,  
(between K and L.)  
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Wm. A. FENWICK, Proprietor.  
14th Street cars within a block.  
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**The Latest Patterns**  
**Wall Paper,**  
5c. apiece; Gilt, 8c. apiece; Win-  
dow Shades, 20c. to \$1.00.  
**Thomas & Messer Co.,**  
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**HOTEL SWANN**  
PINEY POINT, MD.  
Open all the year to the general public  
and traveling men. Livery attached  
Drummers conveyed to and from St.  
George's Island. Rates reasonable.  
J. T. SWANN.  
Feb 7-7

## REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The following tracts of land located in  
St. Mary's county can be purchased  
cheap and on liberal terms, if time is de-  
sired

A farm on road leading from Saint  
John's to St. Andrew's church; contain-  
ing 125 acres. Dwelling of five rooms,  
stable and barn. Level and fairly tim-  
bered. Soil varied.

A farm near, or adjoining the same,  
on the Globe road, containing 228 acres,  
level and well timbered. Small dwelling  
and stables, barn and corn house in good  
condition. Fine tobacco soil.

A farm near Laurel Grove containing  
100 acres, more or less. Dwelling and  
out houses in good condition. Fine  
Tobacco soil.

Also one farm containing 100 acres  
near Jarboesville, 8th District, well  
timbered in oak, pine and gum.

The above lands being owned by me,  
can be purchased exclusive of Agent's  
commission.

In addition to the above lands, I have  
for sale the following very desirable  
farms in the 5th district, near Charlotte  
Hall, and on the Southern Maryland  
Railroad, which can be bought at a re-  
asonable figure and on liberal terms.

A farm in the 5th District, containing  
253 acres; can be divided into two  
farms. On one side is a barn of 60x40,  
with large peach orchard; on other side,  
two small dwellings, directly on railroad;  
both sides well timbered.

Another farm containing 209 acres  
building; large dwelling of 10 rooms  
three barns and tenant house. Well  
timbered.

Another farm of 198 acres; fine, roomy  
dwelling; new barn, 40x40; well tim-  
bered and tenant house for labor.

Another farm of 196 acres; large dwell-  
ing of 7 rooms and 2 barns; heavily  
timbered with chestnut and white oak.  
Tenant house for labor.

Another farm of 163 acres; 6 room  
dwelling; 2 nice barns in good repair. 1  
tenant house.

The last mentioned four farms adjoin  
each other, near Charlotte Hall, and all  
in close proximity to Railroad.  
ENOCH B. ABELL,  
Leonardtown, Md.

## ROB OF THE BOWL.

A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
Publishers, Washington Square,  
Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1908.  
FRANCIS W. KING, Ed.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th  
instant, we would state that all interest in J.  
P. Kennedy's "Rob of the Bowl" is owned by  
the author's estate, but for some years  
and do not know where you got it. How-  
ever, we will be glad to supply you with a  
copy if there is no reason why you might not  
reprint it without permission.

Yours very truly,  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
H. G.

JOHN PENDELTON KENNEDY, M. D. subse-  
quent to his death, was born in Baltimore, Md.,  
Oct. 2, 1820. He graduated at the University  
of Maryland in 1842; was admitted to the bar  
in 1845; served in the Legislature in 1850-51;  
member of Congress 1852-53; presidential  
elector on the Harrison ticket in 1853, and  
was Chairman of the House Committee on  
Commerce in Congress, 1853-54. He was again  
elected to the Maryland Legislature and  
Speaker of the House in 1858. Was appointed  
Secretary of the Navy in 1861, and  
acting Commodore Perry's Japan expedi-  
tion. Kennedy's second artistic voyage  
was to the Sandwich Islands, 1862-63.  
At his death he was Chairman of the Board of  
Trustees of the Peabody Academy, Balti-  
more, and trustee of the Peabody Education-  
al Fund. He was the author of several novels  
and of a Life of William Wirt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1881).

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

With a view to communicate his  
intended change of position to his  
confederates, he made his second  
visit to the town pretty nearly in  
the same manner that he had accom-  
plished the first. His stay in the  
pistol, however, was longer than on  
the former night, and it was conse-  
quently after break of day that he  
passed the hut of Simon Fluke. On  
his near approach to the spot where  
his skill awaited him, he encountered  
the fisherman, who was lurking  
upon his path, and who, at the mo-  
ment he came within speaking dis-  
tance, was endeavoring to conceal  
himself in a thicket of cedars. Cock-  
lescraft was not a man to hesitate in  
the commission of a crime under any  
circumstances, and least of all when  
it concerned his safety. On the per-  
cent occasion he did not stop to  
parley with the person who way-  
laid his footsteps, but obeying the  
impulse of his habitual sense of hos-  
tility to his kind, and the ferocity  
of his nature, he drew a pistol from  
his girdle and discharged the con-  
tents with such certain effect, that  
the fisherman fell dead at his feet  
without a groan. He tarried not to  
look upon the murdered man, nor to  
take any concern even for the dis-  
posal of the body,—but leaving it a  
prey to the wild birds that hovered  
near, he stepped into his boat with  
as little emotion or remorse as if he  
had despatched some prowling beast,  
not caring to inquire who or what  
he was that invaded his path.

On the night that followed this  
adventure the Olive Branch quitted  
her temporary harbor, and the next  
morning found her secretly ensconced  
behind a woody headland, in a  
nook of St. Jerome's creek,—about  
two miles above its mouth, where  
she lay safe from the view of all  
who navigated the Chesapeake.

Cocklescraft began already to feel  
that he had joined his new associ-  
ates in a hour not the most auspicious  
for his fortunes. The arrest of  
the leaders and the quiet that seem-  
ed to prevail throughout the land,  
created a doubt in his mind whether  
any thing was likely to be achieved  
in the way that he desired; and more  
than once he meditated a retreat  
from the province, yet resolved, be-  
fore he did so, to signalize the event  
by some flagrant act of vengeance  
upon his enemies. This thought  
seemed to please him; and he spent  
the day in ruminating over schemes  
of retribution against those who had  
of late treated him with such con-  
tempt. Uppermost in his breath-  
ings of hatred was the name of Al-  
bert Verheyden, and a demon smile  
curled upon his lip when he mutter-  
ed it.

Such provision as might hastily  
be made for a short voyage, now  
engrossed the attention of his crew.  
His armament was put in order;  
water taken in, and every thing  
done,—except the stowing on board  
of such commodities as he designed  
to take away to other markets,—to  
prepare him for sailing within the  
next twenty-four hours, if occasion  
should require.

When night came on, and the  
rain fell, and the moon was quenched  
and the murky, cheerless atmos-  
phere, so congenial with the unlaw-  
ful complexion of his designs, ad-  
monished him how little likely it  
was that prying feet or watchful  
eyes should be abroad, a revel was  
held in the Wizard's Chapel.

Amidst the lumber that lay piled in  
confusion over the floor of the rude  
but spacious building, room was  
found for a rough table, around  
which empty casks, broken boxes  
and other appropriate furniture of  
a smuggler's den, supplied seats  
sufficient for the accommodation of  
twelve or fifteen persons. Here  
were assembled the crew of the  
Eccalfador, with an abundant sup-  
ply of strong liquors and tobacco.  
A fire blazing on the ample hearth,  
furnishing to such as desired it the  
means of cooking, in a simple fas-  
hion, some substantial elements of  
the evening meal; an opportunity  
which was not neglected, as was ap-  
parent from the bones and scraps  
of broken victuals which lay scat-  
tered about the fire-place, and from  
the strong fumes of roasted meat  
which sent their savor into every  
corner of the apartment.

Parents desiring to enter their chil-  
ren will please make application at  
once.  
For further information and catalog-  
ues, address  
SISTERS OF CHARITY,  
121 S. LEONARDTOWN, MD

The men who constituted this  
company, numbering without their  
leader full sixteen, were robust,  
swarthy seamen,—the greater por-  
tion of them distinguished by the  
dark olive complexion and curling  
black hair which denoted their ori-  
gin in Portugal or other parts of  
the south of Europe. Several wore  
rings in the ears and on the fingers,  
and a knife securely under a leathern  
sheath. Their only attendant was  
Kate of Warrington, who grudgingly  
answered the frequent call for  
fresh potations, as the revellers  
washed down their coarse mirth  
with draughts of brandy and usque-  
baugh.

Cocklescraft sat, somewhat elevated  
above the rest, at the head of  
the board, where, without carous-  
ing as deeply as his sailors, he  
clamorous applause. A witness,  
rather than a partaker of his un-  
couth wassal, was The Cripple,  
who, having matters of account to  
settle with several of the crew be-  
fore they took their departure, had  
now swung himself into a corner  
where, with a lighted fagot stuck in  
a crevice of the wall, he alternately  
gave his attention to a pouch con-  
taining his papers of business; and  
to the reverend of his un-  
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settle with several of the crew be-  
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a crevice of the wall, he alternately  
gave his attention to a pouch con-  
taining his papers of business; and  
to the reverend of his un-  
couth wassal, was The Cripple,

"Bowsie it, lads!" exclaimed  
Cocklescraft, as he brandished a cup  
in his hand; "drain dry to the  
Eccalfador!—our merry little frigate  
shall dance to-morrow on the green  
wave,—so, do honor to the last night  
we spend ashore. Remember, we  
have a reckoning to settle before  
we depart, with the gods of this  
St. Mary's. Are you all ready to  
follow me in an exploit of rare devil-  
ry?—Speak, boys!"

"Ay, ready, Master Captain!"  
was the response in a general  
shout.  
This outbreak roused The Cripple,  
who, lifting his head from the paper,  
which at that moment he was perus-  
ing, and looking upon the crew, was  
spectacles upon the crew, was heard  
to mutter upon the shout subsided  
—"As ready as wolves to suck the  
blood of lambs. How can they be  
else under thy nursing, Dickon?"

"Ha old dry bones, art thou  
awake? By St. Iago! I thought  
that thy leaden eyelids, Rob, had  
been sealed before this. Ho, lads,  
bring Master Robert Swale forward  
—we shall treat him as becomes a  
man of worship!—upon the table  
with him, boys."

The face of The Cripple grew in-  
stantly red, as a sudden flash of  
passion broke across it. He drop-  
ped the paper from his hand and  
drew his dagger;—then, with a  
compressed lip and kindling eye,  
spoke out—"By St. Romuald! the  
man that dares to lay hand on me  
to move, there is not my pleasure to  
go, shall leave as deep a blood stain  
on this floor as flows from the veins  
of Paul Kelly. Who are you, Dickon  
Cocklescraft, that you venture to  
bait me with your bullies?"

"How now, Master Rob?" ex-  
claimed the skipper, as he rose from  
his seat and approached The Crip-  
ple. "Wouldst quarrel with friends?  
'Twas but in honest reverence, and  
not as against your will, that I  
would have had thee brought to the  
table. Come, old comrade, we will  
not be ruffled when we are to part  
so soon. What would you have,  
good Rob?"

"These bills shall be first paid by  
your drinking roysters before they  
go to sea," replied The Cripple,  
some what appeased by the skipper's  
manner. "Here are items of sun-  
dry comforts supplied,—meat and  
drink and lodging;—and here are  
services of Mistress Kate both in  
making and mending;—here for  
trampling down my corn, and for  
killing—"

"Pshaw—a fig's end for your  
trappings and killings, and all this  
rigmarole of washing and mending!"  
interrupted Cocklescraft. "I would  
be sworn your conscience has un-  
dercharged your commodity;—so,  
there is enough to content you for  
the whole," with good usury to the  
back of it, he said, putting a well-  
stored purse of gold into Rob's  
hand. "You have ever been too  
modest in your dealings, friend  
Robert of the Trencher,—when you  
get older you will know how to in-  
crease your gear by lawful gain."

"A hang-dog—a scape-grace—a  
kill-cow—a devil's babe in swad-  
ding bands of iniquity, thou art,  
Child Dickon!" said Rob, laughing  
with that bitter salt laugh that gave  
to his countenance the expression of  
extreme old age. "Thou dost not  
lack, with all thy wickedness, an  
open hand. I have ever found thee  
ready with thy gold. It comes  
over the devil's back,—Dickon, ha,  
ha!—over the devil's back, young-  
ster,—and it goes,—you know the  
proverb. This closes accounts, so  
now for your humor, lads, I will  
pledge you in a cup."

ing all the time upon his sallow fea-  
tures.  
"Fill me a glass of that wine of  
Portugal," said Rob, as soon as he  
found himself in the centre of the  
company. "Here, boys," he added  
when the wine was put in his hand,  
"here is success to your next ven-  
ture, and a merry meeting to count  
your gains."

"Amn to that!" shouted Cockles-  
craft. "Our next venture will be a  
steeple upon the doves of St. Mary's."  
And a merry meeting will it be  
when you count your gains," inter-  
posed the harsh voice of Kate of  
Warrington. "Robert Swale will  
keep the reckoning of it."  
"Peace, old woman," said Cock-  
lescraft, sharply; "your scolding  
croaking is ever loudest when least  
welcome."

"Fill for me," cried out Roche  
del Carmine, in his Portuguese ac-  
cent. "I will pledge the captain  
and our company, with His Lord-  
ship's Secretary;—we owe him a  
debt which shall be paid in the coin  
of the Costa Rica."

"Bravo,—A la savanna, perroco!  
Huza, boys,—about to that!" clam-  
ored Cocklescraft, at the top of his  
voice. "Drink deep to it, in token of a  
deep vengeance! I thank you, Master  
Roche, for this remembrance. Now,  
comrades, you have but half an hour  
left before you must depart to bring  
down the brigantine to the mouth of  
the creek. A pipe and a glass  
more—and then away; so, to it  
roundly, and make profit of your  
time!—Tobacco, Mistress Kate,—  
fill Master Swale's pipe first, and  
then mine;—make the bottle stir,  
my merry men all!"

Having thus given a new spur to  
the revelry of the board, the skip-  
per, unasked, broke forth with a  
smoking song familiar to the tavern  
haunters of that era.

"Tobacco's a musician,  
And in a pipe daintiest,  
It descends in a cress,  
Through the organ of the nose,  
With a relish that invites,  
This makes me sing, Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,  
Ho, boys, sound I loudly,  
Earth never did breed  
Such a jovial crew  
Whereof to boast so proudly."

"The cackle of a wild goose, the  
screech of a kingfisher in foul weath-  
er, hath more music in it, Dickon  
Cocklescraft, than this thou call'st  
singing," said Rob. "I would  
counsel thee stick to thy voca-  
tion, Master Shark, of  
drinking and throat-cutting, and  
leave this gentle craft of music-  
making to such as have no heart to  
admire thy virtues. Ha, ha!"—he  
paused a moment to indulge his  
laughter. "When a galliard of your  
kidney, dashed with such goblin of  
juices as went into the milk that  
fed you, has a conceit to be merry,  
the fire-crackling of roof trees and  
the clashing of steel are the fittest  
melody for his mirth. Dickon, try  
no more ditties, thou wilt never  
make a living by the art."

"By St. James! I have sung at  
more honorable feasts than it ever  
fell to your lot to partake of. Ay,  
and lady-songs, too,—and been ap-  
plauded for my voice, old goblin of  
the Bowl! Have I not sung at the  
back of Sir Harry Morgan's chair,  
in the great hall of the Governor of  
Chagres, in the Castle St. Lawrence,  
when we made feast there after the  
sack of the place?"

"Truly," replied The Cripple;  
"whilst the hall streamed with  
blood, and the dead corpse of the  
Governor was flung like rubbish  
into a corner, instead of to the Po-  
tomac? Faith, I believe it is for  
have heard my Lord has a store-  
house there, where he collects his  
customs—and this, by what I see  
around me, must be some such place.  
Well, Patuxent or Potomac, I care  
not which—most heartily is the roof  
welcome for, beyond this, I venture  
not again to-night. I would I might  
see the keepers here! Surely, they  
are not far off, for their flagons  
are left behind,—and not a drop  
neither for here I find good drink-  
ing ware, which to my poor spent  
frame, is no boon to be despised. I  
greet you, honest nectar," he said,  
as he poured out some wine and  
drank it off, you come at a good  
time, and with a smack your dainty  
wine-bibbers was not of. Heigho!  
was over man so weary? I shall  
stretch me down on these coarse  
wrappings. And there good cas-  
sock, you have done me faithful ser-  
vice to-night; before the fire I  
spread you out to dry, and in this  
corner make my bed."

As these muttered ruminations  
escaped the Secretary's lips, he col-  
lected the remnants of bags and  
rough cloths that had formerly serv-  
ed to envelop items of merchandise,  
in a heap on one side of the fire-  
place near the wall; and spreading  
his wet surcoat in rows of the live  
embers which he had now renovated  
with some billets of wood that lay  
at hand, he flung his exhausted frame  
upon his hastily gathered bed, and  
in a few moments was locked in a  
sleep that might have defied the  
clamor of a marching host.

Here we leave him, whilst we turn  
to the hut of The Cripple.  
The skipper, intending to meet his  
men as soon as they should despatch  
the business upon which they were  
sent, and desirous to snatch a short  
repose in the interval of their ab-  
sence, had thrown himself immedi-  
ately after entering Rob's cabin, up-  
on a couch of the skins of wild ani-  
mals, which the woman of Warring-  
ton had spread for him; Rob had  
withdrew into his own apartment,  
and the crew, having now discharg-  
ed their household cares, hastened  
over the bank to her solitary lodge.  
For some time The Cripple remain-  
ed in an abstracted self-communion,  
Continued on Fourth Page.

As Albert Verheyden approached  
nearest to the light that had broken  
upon his view and cheered his foot-  
step, he was able to discern the dim  
outline of a building of ample di-  
mensions, obscurely traced on the  
eastern horizon, now relieved of that  
background of forest which had  
hitherto circumscribed his vision.  
The rain still continued to fall in a  
soft and steady drizzle, through  
which a feeble diffused light barely  
sufficed to show that the moon, now  
entering on her second quarter,  
struggled to assert her dominion  
over the night. The waves, rolling  
in upon the sand with a ceaseless  
and sharp monotony, apprised him  
of the proximity of a broad expanse  
of water, and he had accordingly  
little doubt that he had now reached  
the shore of the Potomac—some-  
where, as he conjectured, in the  
neighborhood of the cabin of Simon  
Fluke, whither he supposed his steps  
had unknowingly tended through  
the long and perplexed circuit of his  
bewildered journey.

When within an hundred paces of  
the light, he found his further pro-  
gress on horseback embarrassed by  
a somewhat precipitous bank, which  
induced him to alight and make the  
rest of his way on foot, leaving his  
horse attached to the drooping limb  
of the tree under which he had dis-  
mounted. With eager step he ad-  
vanced to the house, and on reach-  
ing the door, knocked loudly for ad-  
mission.

"Good people," he exclaimed, as  
repeated his knocks, "arouse for the  
sake of a benighted wanderer who  
had lost his way in the wood. Pray  
you give me admittance."  
There was no answer; and finding  
that upon knocking he had not the  
door open to his thrust, he entered  
without further ceremony. The en-  
trance of a large fire glowed on the  
hearth; a solitary iron lamp, sup-  
plied with the fat of some animal,  
instead of oil, burned with a flicker-  
ing flame, upon the middle of a  
coarse table, over which cups and  
cans, glasses and bottles were strewn  
in disorder; pipes lay scattered  
around, and the coarse hempen cov-  
ers of bales and cordage of broken  
packages lumbered up the corners  
of the room. As the Secretary raked  
up the glowing coals and warmed  
himself before the welcome fire, it  
was with an air of wonderment, that  
he cast his eyes around this strange  
and uncouth place, and lost himself  
in the attempt to conjecture whither  
his erring fortune had conducted him.

"Here have been dwellers," he  
said, "and recently; but whither  
have they fled? Can I have so far  
lost my way as to have straggled to  
the Potomac, instead of to the Po-  
tomac? Faith, I believe it is for  
have heard my Lord has a store-  
house there, where he collects his  
customs—and this, by what I see  
around me, must be some such place.  
Well, Patuxent or Potomac, I care  
not which—most heartily is the roof  
welcome for, beyond this, I venture  
not again to-night. I would I might  
see the keepers here! Surely, they  
are not far off, for their flagons  
are left behind,—and not a drop  
neither for here I find good drink-  
ing ware, which to my poor spent  
frame, is no boon to be despised. I  
greet you, honest nectar," he said,  
as he poured out some wine and  
drank it off, you come at a good  
time, and with a smack your dainty  
wine-bibbers was not of. Heigho!  
was over man so weary? I shall  
stretch me down on these coarse  
wrappings. And there good cas-  
sock, you have done me faithful ser-  
vice to-night; before the fire I  
spread you out to dry, and in this  
corner make my bed."

As these muttered ruminations  
escaped the Secretary's lips, he col-  
lected the remnants of bags and  
rough cloths that had formerly serv-  
ed to envelop items of merchandise,  
in a heap on one side of the fire-  
place near the wall; and spreading  
his wet surcoat in rows of the live  
embers which he had now renovated  
with some billets of wood that lay  
at hand, he flung his exhausted frame  
upon his hastily gathered bed, and  
in a few moments was locked in a  
sleep that might have defied the  
clamor of a marching host.

Here we leave him, whilst we turn  
to the hut of The Cripple.  
The skipper, intending to meet his  
men as soon as they should despatch  
the business upon which they were  
sent, and desirous to snatch a short  
repose in the interval of their ab-  
sence, had thrown himself immedi-  
ately after entering Rob's cabin, up-  
on a couch of the skins of wild ani-  
mals, which the woman of Warring-  
ton had spread for him; Rob had  
withdrew into his own apartment,  
and the crew, having now discharg-  
ed their household cares, hastened  
over the bank to her solitary lodge.  
For some time The Cripple remain-  
ed in an abstracted self-communion,  
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