

The Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, November 6, 1828.

No. 45

VOL. LXXXIII.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
Jonas Green,
CROWN-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

**Fresh and Splendid
VELVET CLOTHS.**

GEORGE WATKINS,
Merchant Tailor,
Just returned from Philadelphia
and Baltimore, with a
Large Stock of Goods,
In his line, consisting of
one of the best Velvet Cloths, and
an assortment of Cassimeres,
and a variety of
VESTINGS,
Of the latest fashions, with an
assortment of
Ladies, Gloves, Collars & Suspenders,
of which he will sell low for Cash
on punctual payment in moderate terms.
Sept. 18.

The Committee

Appointed to prepare the Annual
Report for the Young Men's Bible So-
ciety of Baltimore, being desirous of
obtaining accurate information rela-
tive to the Bible operations of our
State since the first of December last,
respectfully requests each Bible Soci-
ety to forward to Mr. WILLIAM L.
HILL, the Corresponding Secretary
for Society, an account of their pro-
ceedings up to the 15th November,
our annual Meeting will be held
next after that time, and it is highly
essential that these statements should
be received in time to enable us to
make up the report.
Societies in Montgomery, Prince
George's, Charles and Saint Mary's
counties, will please make their re-
ports to Mr. J. COYLE, Jr. Secretary
of the Washington City Bible So-
ciety.
Editors throughout the State
earnestly requested to publish the
report.
Oct. 30.

In Chancery,

October 24, 1828.
Ordered, that the sale of the real
estate of Amasa Linthicum, made
and reported by the trustee, Hezekiah
Linthicum, be ratified and confirm-
ed, unless cause be shown to the con-
trary, on or before the 24th day of
December next, provided a copy of this
order be inserted once in each of three
consecutive weeks in some newspaper,
before the 24th day of November
next. The Report states the amount
due to be \$1865 00.
True copy,
Test, Ramsay Waters,
Reg. Cur. Can.

Notice.

The Commissioners of the Tax for
Anne Arundel county, will meet at the
Court House in the city of Annapolis,
on Tuesday the 25th day of November
next, for the purpose of hearing ap-
plications and making transfers &c.
By order, R. J. Cowman, Clk.
Oct. 30.

NOTICE.

The Levy Court of Anne Arundel
County, will meet at the Court House
in the city of Annapolis, on the fourth
day in November next, for the pur-
pose of settling with the supervi-
sors of the public roads.
By order,
Wm S. Green, Clk.
Oct. 30.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order from the or-
dinary court of Anne Arundel county,
the subscriber will offer at public sale,
on Thursday the 13th day of Novem-
ber next, at the late residence of Wil-
liam Pitt Watkins, deceased, on Elk
Lane,
The Personal Estate
of said deceased, consisting of Horses,
Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, a valuable yoke
of Oxen, Corn, Pooder, Rye, Oats,
Lard, and Kitchen Furniture, and
various Utensils, &c.
TERMS OF SALE.
All the sums of twenty dollars and up-
wards, a credit of six months will be
allowed, the purchaser giving bond,
with security, with interest from the
day, and twenty dollars the cash to be
paid. Sale to commence at twelve
o'clock.
Thos. W. Watkins, adm'r.
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NECESSARY.

From the New England Weekly Review.
THE REV. ABEL BLISS.
'O, the desolation of the widowed heart.'
IN 1733.
The Rev. Abel Bliss,
Was pastored a little flock
Some twenty miles from this,
Who lived a single life until,
The fire of youth had fled—
And had no woman near him
Save one that made his bed.
A sober reverend gentleman,
Full of Greek and Latin;
He always wore a powdered wig,
And breeches made of satin;
And seldom went abroad except
To funeral or to wedding,
And at the latter always staid,
At least until the bedding;
Of course he was, the object of
The wiles of every spinster,
And all the store of Cupid's arts
Were practised on the minister,
But still he kept his single state,
Unmoved by their importation,
And passed the zenith of his life
In acts of grave devotion.
One hundred pounds a year was all
His humble salary,
And half of this he always spent
In deeds of charity—
He loved to weep with those that weep—
To sooth the pang of grief,
E'en at the grave he plucked the thorn
And gave the heart relief.
In 1739,
When forty years of age,
He lost his best parishioner,
Good Deacon Joel Pigeon,
Who died and left a pretty wife,
A pair of children, and
At least a thousand acres of
The very best of land.
There was a splendid funeral,
For he was rich—and Deacon,
And for each noble virtue, he
Was as a lighted beacon—
The pious all were there, for he
Was ever a friend of theirs,
And every body else, because,
Such funerals were scarce.
His lonely widow in her weeds,
Stood up beside the bier,
And on his ashy brow she dropt
Full many a scalding tear—
And as they lowered him in the grave,
And drew the cords apart,
A pang of bitter anguish wrung
Her desolated heart.
A rending sob burst from her lips,
As dust was shovelled in,
And Rev. Mr. Bliss was moved
To sooth the grief within,
He prest her hand, and whispered her,
"Be comforted my dear,"
The widow Pigeon was Mrs. Bliss
In less than half a year.

implements' (clapping his hand upon
his pistols that stuck in his belt.)
The other villain was yet young
in the trade of infamy, in which
vicious examples more than inclination
had confirmed him; and although he
often remonstrated against joining in
the depredations of his brutal compan-
ions, yet in this case, as in others,
he was obliged to yield obedience to
superior power, or meet, at their
hands, the fate which his conscience
sometimes told him was his due.
Sinking into a gloomy silence he
slowly followed Mendez, until they
arrived in the vicinity of the house
of Monsieur Dumain, where we
leave them for the present, and
change the scene to the interior of
the mansion.
Near the fire place sat a man, ap-
parently about 45 years of age,
wrapped in an evening gown, of a
morose and forbidding aspect, who
from his querulous complaints, and
frequent groans, seemed to be in
great bodily pain. Near him at a
little table, sat a graceful female, in
the bloom of youth, who, as often as
she raised her eyes from the perusal
of her book, fixed them on the suffer-
er with the deepest expressions of
sorrow, which heightened the interest
of her beautiful face, while, with a
voice of tenderness, she proffered
him those attentions which are so
grateful in the hour of sickness or
sorrow.
Jean St. Aubin was the son of an op-
ulent tradesman in the neighbourhood of
Rochelle. Young, susceptible and ar-
dent, he was generous to a fault. In
relieving the distressed, he scarcely in-
quired whether the object was worthy
or not. It was enough, that they need-
ed assistance. Altho' his wealth might
have afforded him the enjoyments of
the city, yet he preferred a country resi-
dence, as hunting was his favourite am-
usement, sometimes pursuing the
chase with his gay companions, and at
others, with his dog and gun, enjoying
a solitary stroll in the forest. One af-
ternoon, finding that he had widely dis-
gressed from his usual path, he was re-
solved to inquire his way at the first
house that should appear. This hap-
pened to be the mansion of Monsieur
Dumain. On knocking at the door, it
was opened by the lovely being whom
we have just described. Astonishment
at seeing such exquisite beauty in these
retired shades, kept Jean for a moment
silent; blushing at his ardent gaze, she
inquired his wishes. In a voice tremu-
lous with emotion, he told her that he
had lost his way; and being greatly fati-
gued with his walk, requested the fa-
vour of some slight refreshment, and
permission to rest himself awhile.
On entering, he was struck not only with
the air of comfort, but of taste, which
appeared in the apartment—not a single
superfluous article of furniture was
there, but all was neat and in the most
perfect order.
"Do you live here alone, fair lady?"
inquired Jean.
"My father and myself are the only
occupants, besides an old domestic,"
said she, requesting him to be seated.
Never had he beheld so interesting a
creature, and while he was zealously
endeavouring to advance his acquaint-
ance, by conversing on various topics,
a heavy footstep was heard on the stair.
Hastening to the door, she opened it,
and introduced, as her father, Monsieur
Dumain. St. Aubin rose, and offering
his hand, briefly told the accident
which had procured for him the plea-
sure of their acquaintance; and gallantly
aided, glancing at Annette, that he
hoped it would long continue.
"Reserve your compliments for more
polished ears," said his host; "our ac-
quaintance may be pleasing to one, and
not both; time determines these things.
Annette, prepare some tea."
This reception was rather a damp
to the ardent spirit of our young enthu-
siast, who had already pictured to him-
self many scenes of future happiness,
which he hoped to enjoy in the society
of the fair Annette. In short day after
day found him a constant visiter at the
cottage, and although Annette listened
with the artlessness of innocence to the
expressions of his love, yet her father's
brow was ever darkened by a frown
whenever they met. He had heard of
the wealth of St. Aubin, and suspected
him of dishonourable views towards his
daughter, who was now his only earth-
ly comfort; and one evening, without
giving him an opportunity of exculpating
himself from these views, and rudely for-
bidding him the house, closed the door
in his face! In the heat of passion,
and wounded pride, St. Aubin swore
vengeance upon his unaccountable host, as
he retreated through the gate, which
was closed by the old domestic, at the
command of his master, with orders not
to admit him again.

This event happened at that precise
point of time which brought the two Pi-
rates to the dwelling of Dumain. St.
Aubin was at this instant resting against
a tree, reflecting on what course to pur-
sue in order to obtain a future interview
with Annette, when these men hastily
passed him, and entered the house. Al-
lured by the report of a pistol, and
breathless with fear for the safety of
Annette, he was rushing forward, when
his arm was immediately seized with a
powerful grasp, and a rough voice whis-
pered in his ear—"Speak not—stir not—
or you are a dead man!" At this in-
stant an agonized shriek from Annette
burst upon his ear! Nerved with super-
human strength, he broke from the vil-
lain who held him, and ran towards the
house; he was, however, pursued, and
struck to the earth, just as he entered
the gate, with a force which he could
not resist, and again threatened with
death, if he attempted to escape. The
other, in the meantime, had succeeded
in securing Monsieur Dumain and his
daughter, and having pillaged their
dwelling of every thing that was valu-
able, came forth heavily laden with the
fruits of his lawless enterprise, and con-
ferring an instant with his comrade in a
low voice, he immediately struck into
the path that led to the sea shore. St.
Aubin expected death; but the firm
grip of the ruffian was all he suffered—
when suddenly a smothered flame burst
from the window of the lower apart-
ment.
"In the name of God!" cried Jean in
a voice of agony, "release me, and I
forgive you."
Losing his grasp, with the velocity
of lightning, the villain darted into the
path which his companion had taken,
and disappeared in an instant. On
rushing into the house, he found Dumain
and his daughter confined by cords, and
unable to move. While the flames were
spreading around them, just as he had
effected the release of Annette, the old
man emerged from his hiding place to the
assistance of his master, who loudly
charged St. Aubin with having plun-
dered and fired his dwelling! At this
horrid accusation, the unfortunate youth
started, then sunk, overpowered by the
variety of his feelings, upon a chair.
"Well may your courage fail you now,"
said Dumain, "for your escape is im-
possible!" and springing upon him with
the fury of madness, he called on the
old man, who possessed a stout athletic
frame, to assist in securing him and
raising the cry of murder. In a few
minutes the room was filled with per-
sons, who, having subdued the flames,
bound the ill-fated St. Aubin, and, not-
withstanding his protestations of inno-
cence, hurried him to the nearest jail,
where he was confined for the night.
Next morning, he was carried before a
magistrate, and there charged by Mon-
sieur Dumain as a robber and an incendi-
ary. Blinded by passion, and believing
that the young man was the perpetu-
ator of this deed, and anxious to sur-
render the guilty to justice, he proceed-
ed to swear to his identity, as the man
who bound him. From his daughter no
positive evidence could be drawn, she
having fainted at the entrance of the
robber. She could not, however, but
remember, though much against her
will to do so, that on quitting the house
he had sworn vengeance against her
father! To this was added the strong-
est evidence of the old domestic, and on
this point the scale of justice was bal-
anced—Jean St. Aubin was condemned
to die! A deep shriek of utter misery,
which seemed almost to have riven her
frame, burst from the lips of Annette,
and gasping for breath, she sunk into a
momentary forgetfulness of this appal-
ling scene. To this state succeeded
that melancholy oblivion of mind, which
feels its sorrows in the deprivation of a
beloved object, but is conscious of no
more.
We now return to the pirates, who,
as soon as they reached their vessel,
weighed anchor, and made sail; but a-
midst their fiendish carousals a storm
arose, and after experiencing the ut-
most extremity of human suffering, they
were wrecked on a lone and desolate
shore, not very distant, however, from
the place where the robbery was com-
mitted. All but one perished, and that
one was the companion of Mendez.
Struck by the signal interposition of
heaven, with a heart softened by the
perils which he had escaped, for the
first time the hardened criminal bowed
his knee to Deity. The Dew of heav-
en fell upon the withered seeds which
virtue had implanted in his soul, and a
sincere repentance nourished them into
bloom; and he resolved in future to do
right, and repair, as far as was in his
power, all the ill he had done; and in-
tend to do right is the actual dawn of
virtue.
The day of St. Aubin's execution
drew near. He had no hope for par-
don, and therefore prepared for death!
But the thought of Annette—to be thus
separated from her was worse than
death! Yet, conscious of innocence, he
was resolved to meet his fate. The
hour of execution arrived, and as he
was advancing with a firm step towards
the scaffold, a folded paper was thrust
into his hand. It contained these words:
"Engage yourself with the priest as
long as possible; and when the moment
of your liberation arrives, you will see
a handkerchief waved above the crowd
in front of the scaffold."
The fearful hour came; and after
commending himself to heaven, he cast
a bewildered gaze over the vast forest
of heads, while a silence, as awful as
that which precedes the devastating
earthquake, pervaded the scene. Sud-
denly he caught the promised signal!—
and the thrilling hope of life and liber-
ty faintly played around his ice-circled
heart. The executioner now ap-
proached, but waving him aside, he
motioned to his confessor to draw near,
determined to protect his existence
while there was room for hope. At
this instant the shrill sound of a trum-
pet was heard!—"Pardon! Pardon!
Reprieve! Reprieve!" were re-echoed
among the multitude with most lively
demonstrations of joy—so much had
his modest demeanor and apparent in-
nocence interested the people in his
behalf. The companion of Mendez,
on his return to Rochelle, had heard
of the execution that was to take place,
and curiosity had prompted him to in-
quire the particulars, which, when re-
lated to him, he formed the noble reso-
lution of saving the life of the innocent
St. Aubin, even at the expense of his
own!

From the New-York Evening Post.
The following is taken from the
Pennsylvanian, a well conducted
weekly paper, devoted principally to
literature, and although occasionally
introducing political topics, yet al-
ways treating them with great mo-
deration and decorum. We take it
for granted therefore that the particu-
lars related in the article below are
unquestionably authentic, and we re-
commend it to the sober consideration
of the slanderers of Gen. Jack-
son's character.
CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE
A young Missionary from the
Dutch Reformed Church, while on
his way some years ago to his station
among some of the western Indians,
fell sick near Nashville, Tennessee.
His funds were small, and the Classis
of Albany, or thereabouts, from
which he came, were slow in their
remittance. His money soon went
away for medicine and boarding; his
horse followed; and after a while he
had little remaining of the things of
this world but a relapsed bilious fe-
ver, and a scanty pair of saddle bags.
He called his landlord and announce-
d his condition; his remnant of
clothing, he said, would scarcely de-
fray the expenses of his burial, and
if he continued longer a living in-
mate of the tavern, it must be with-
out the hope of compensation to
those around him. The innkeeper
was embarrassed; for his own slender
means did not invite to the exer-
cise of costly hospitality; yet his
conscience refused to turn the sick
stranger from his house. A plan at
last struck him for the relief of both
parties: "You must be carried," he
said, "to the Hermitage, to General
Jackson."

THE PIRATES;

OR,

ERRORS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

On a cold, cloudy night in Novem-
ber, a solitary sail-boat approached the
extremity of a point of land,
which stretched into the sea, near
the harbour of Rochelle, which hav-
ing attained, two men leaped on shore,
and secured the boat at the landing.
They were pirates, and had come on
shore in search of provisions, and o-
ther plunder for their half famished
comrades. The moon which occasi-
onally burst from the dense clouds
that darkened the scene, shone full
upon their savage forms, which ac-
corded with the wild gloom that sur-
rounded them, and disclosed their
vessel, lying at anchor, in the dis-
tance.
The strictest silence had been ob-
served by both, until they had
reached a spot where they thought
themselves secure when one exclaim-
ed: "Mendez, think ye any one is
abroad to night?"
"Abroad! No, unless his errand
be the same as ours; in which case
we must hook him for a brother, or
send him to sup with Davy Jones—
that's all. Hark ye! the fiends are
at work there!" pointing to the fore-
rest, "it's one of the devil's own tunes
they are getting up! We shall have
a storm to weather in ten minutes!"
"Ay, that we shall," cried the o-
ther; "and as I don't half like this
job, suppose we return? I thought
I heard a footstep—"
"Pshaw! it's only the echo of your
own!"
"I can't help wishing," rejoined the
other, "that we could get our living in an
honest way."
"Avast there! none of your preach-
ing!" said Mendez, "I'm none of
your white livered loons, who when
they begin a bold enterprise, shrink
from its completion. Why, consider,
man! We may get provisions enough
to serve you starving dogs for a fort-
night, and fit us for another boat—
and who knows but we may get some
of the shiners? It's a close fisted old
curmudgeon, they say, that we've
got to call on to-night, with plenty
of shot in his locker! If he has so,
we'll soon lighten him of his load.
So now come on—we've both got the

NEWS.

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"Do you live here alone, fair lady?"
inquired Jean.
"My father and myself are the only
occupants, besides an old domestic,"
said she, requesting him to be seated.
Never had he beheld so interesting a
creature, and while he was zealously
endeavouring to advance his acquaint-
ance, by conversing on various topics,
a heavy footstep was heard on the stair.
Hastening to the door, she opened it,
and introduced, as her father, Monsieur
Dumain. St. Aubin rose, and offering
his hand, briefly told the accident
which had procured for him the plea-
sure of their acquaintance; and gallantly
aided, glancing at Annette, that he
hoped it would long continue.
"Reserve your compliments for more
polished ears," said his host; "our ac-
quaintance may be pleasing to one, and
not both; time determines these things.
Annette, prepare some tea."
This reception was rather a damp
to the ardent spirit of our young enthu-
siast, who had already pictured to him-
self many scenes of future happiness,
which he hoped to enjoy in the society
of the fair Annette. In short day after
day found him a constant visiter at the
cottage, and although Annette listened
with the artlessness of innocence to the
expressions of his love, yet her father's
brow was ever darkened by a frown
whenever they met. He had heard of
the wealth of St. Aubin, and suspected
him of dishonourable views towards his
daughter, who was now his only earth-
ly comfort; and one evening, without
giving him an opportunity of exculpating
himself from these views, and rudely for-
bidding him the house, closed the door
in his face! In the heat of passion,
and wounded pride, St. Aubin swore
vengeance upon his unaccountable host, as
he retreated through the gate, which
was closed by the old domestic, at the
command of his master, with orders not
to admit him again.

This event happened at that precise
point of time which brought the two Pi-
rates to the dwelling of Dumain. St.
Aubin was at this instant resting against
a tree, reflecting on what course to pur-
sue in order to obtain a future interview
with Annette, when these men hastily
passed him, and entered the house. Al-
lured by the report of a pistol, and
breathless with fear for the safety of
Annette, he was rushing forward, when
his arm was immediately seized with a
powerful grasp, and a rough voice whis-
pered in his ear—"Speak not—stir not—
or you are a dead man!" At this in-
stant an agonized shriek from Annette
burst upon his ear! Nerved with super-
human strength, he broke from the vil-
lain who held him, and ran towards the
house; he was, however, pursued, and
struck to the earth, just as he entered
the gate, with a force which he could
not resist, and again threatened with
death, if he attempted to escape. The
other, in the meantime, had succeeded
in securing Monsieur Dumain and his
daughter, and having pillaged their
dwelling of every thing that was valu-
able, came forth heavily laden with the
fruits of his lawless enterprise, and con-
ferring an instant with his comrade in a
low voice, he immediately struck into
the path that led to the sea shore. St.
Aubin expected death; but the firm
grip of the ruffian was all he suffered—
when suddenly a smothered flame burst
from the window of the lower apart-
ment.
"In the name of God!" cried Jean in
a voice of agony, "release me, and I
forgive you."
Losing his grasp, with the velocity
of lightning, the villain darted into the
path which his companion had taken,
and disappeared in an instant. On
rushing into the house, he found Dumain
and his daughter confined by cords, and
unable to move. While the flames were
spreading around them, just as he had
effected the release of Annette, the old
man emerged from his hiding place to the
assistance of his master, who loudly
charged St. Aubin with having plun-
dered and fired his dwelling! At this
horrid accusation, the unfortunate youth
started, then sunk, overpowered by the
variety of his feelings, upon a chair.
"Well may your courage fail you now,"
said Dumain, "for your escape is im-
possible!" and springing upon him with
the fury of madness, he called on the
old man, who possessed a stout athletic
frame, to assist in securing him and
raising the cry of murder. In a few
minutes the room was filled with per-
sons, who, having subdued the flames,
bound the ill-fated St. Aubin, and, not-
withstanding his protestations of inno-
cence, hurried him to the nearest jail,
where he was confined for the night.
Next morning, he was carried before a
magistrate, and there charged by Mon-
sieur Dumain as a robber and an incendi-
ary. Blinded by passion, and believing
that the young man was the perpetu-
ator of this deed, and anxious to sur-
render the guilty to justice, he proceed-
ed to swear to his identity, as the man
who bound him. From his daughter no
positive evidence could be drawn, she
having fainted at the entrance of the
robber. She could not, however, but
remember, though much against her
will to do so, that on quitting the house
he had sworn vengeance against her
father! To this was added the strong-
est evidence of the old domestic, and on
this point the scale of justice was bal-
anced—Jean St. Aubin was condemned
to die! A deep shriek of utter misery,
which seemed almost to have riven her
frame, burst from the lips of Annette,
and gasping for breath, she sunk into a
momentary forgetfulness of this appal-
ling scene. To this state succeeded
that melancholy oblivion of mind, which
feels its sorrows in the deprivation of a
beloved object, but is conscious of no
more.
We now return to the pirates, who,
as soon as they reached their vessel,
weighed anchor, and made sail; but a-
midst their fiendish carousals a storm
arose, and after experiencing the ut-
most extremity of human suffering, they
were wrecked on a lone and desolate
shore, not very distant, however, from
the place where the robbery was com-
mitted. All but one perished, and that
one was the companion of Mendez.
Struck by the signal interposition of
heaven, with a heart softened by the
perils which he had escaped, for the
first time the hardened criminal bowed
his knee to Deity. The Dew of heav-
en fell upon the withered seeds which
virtue had implanted in his soul, and a
sincere repentance nourished them into
bloom; and he resolved in future to do
right, and repair, as far as was in his
power, all the ill he had done; and in-
tend to do right is the actual dawn of
virtue.
The day of St. Aubin's execution
drew near. He had no hope for par-
don, and therefore prepared for death!
But the thought of Annette—to be thus
separated from her was worse than
death! Yet, conscious of innocence, he
was resolved to meet his fate. The
hour of execution arrived, and as he
was advancing with a firm step towards
the scaffold, a folded paper was thrust
into his hand. It contained these words:
"Engage yourself with the priest as
long as possible; and when the moment
of your liberation arrives, you will see
a handkerchief waved above the crowd
in front of the scaffold."
The fearful hour came; and after
commending himself to heaven, he cast
a bewildered gaze over the vast forest
of heads, while a silence, as awful as
that which precedes the devastating
earthquake, pervaded the scene. Sud-
denly he caught the promised signal!—
and the thrilling hope of life and liber-
ty faintly played around his ice-circled
heart. The executioner now ap-
proached, but waving him aside, he
motioned to his confessor to draw near,
determined to protect his existence
while there was room for hope. At
this instant the shrill sound of a trum-
pet was heard!—"Pardon! Pardon!
Reprieve! Reprieve!" were re-echoed
among the multitude with most lively
demonstrations of joy—so much had
his modest demeanor and apparent in-
nocence interested the people in his
behalf. The companion of Mendez,
on his return to Rochelle, had heard
of the execution that was to take place,
and curiosity had prompted him to in-
quire the particulars, which, when re-
lated to him, he formed the noble reso-
lution of saving the life of the innocent
St. Aubin, even at the expense of his
own!

THE PIRATES;

OR,

ERRORS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

On a cold, cloudy night in Novem-
ber, a solitary sail-boat approached the
extremity of a point of land,
which stretched into the sea, near
the harbour of Rochelle, which hav-
ing attained, two men leaped on shore,
and secured the boat at the landing.
They were pirates, and had come on
shore in search of provisions, and o-
ther plunder for their half famished
comrades. The moon which occasi-
onally burst from the dense clouds
that darkened the scene, shone full
upon their savage forms, which ac-
corded with the wild gloom that sur-
rounded them, and disclosed their
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