

DAMAGED

MATERIAL

871120

May then surround  
The darksome tomb—  
Hope on.

Dutchman. Already was the song of  
gratitude and thanksgiving ascending  
to heaven for their deliverance, when a

lows:—  
"I have never before hesitated to  
make any sacrifice that my dearest moth-

is had a mind to use you for con-  
By bringing this man here, you  
perhaps, broken up a snug little  
of 'draw' and spiled a first rate

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And with her light  
Our friends grow cold;  
Though frosts may blast  
Each opening tower.

vessel would weather it out, and no fur-  
ther alarm was given through the night;  
finally day dawned, but opened on a  
gloom, thick and portentous: it seemed

"Frederic Mayeroff?" she exclaim-  
ed, inquiringly.  
"The very same," he replied; know-

ing on in Beck's tavern.  
"A tip-top game, your honor  
Aleck, brightening up; "had as  
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