THE SMUGGLER'S REVENGE.

A SEASIDE YARN.

Come list a while unto a greybeard's story.—*Old Play.*
A fearful tale—the truth were worse.—*P. B. Shelley.*

In the year 179—, some five miles from the place where I am now writing, lived John Brown, the son of a substantial yeoman-farmer, and the hero of the tale I am now about to tell—a fine, jovial, open-hearted young fellow was he in those days, handsome enough to turn the heads of half the girls within an afternoon's ride of his father's homestead where but for his restless dislike of any settled mode of life, he might perhaps have been now leading a tranquil old age. But the life of a farmer had no charms for him "A life of excitement for me!" said the willful young man to his father's remonstrance; "none of your hum-drum, stay-at-home, fire-side happiness for Jack Brown." And, so thinking, he soon joined a band of smugglers, who at that time infested this coast. In those days smuggling was not only more common but less disreputable than now. France being almost closed to fair traders by war, those who required such fripperies as muslins, and the like, or such creature comforts as Cognac, were obliged—if they studied economy—to buy them in the cheapest market: and this was in the hands of the smugglers, who at that time formed no inconsiderable proportion of England's maritime population. Young Brown, who from his childhood had been used to the sea, in a short time from the opening of this narrative had, by his energy and aptness for command, elicited warm praises from his brother smugglers, and was speedily elected captain of as "rakish" a looking lugger, called the *Petrel*, as ever baffled a King's cruiser. Once in every week or two the *Petrel* brought in the much coveted muslins and silks for the ladies, and the Cognac, &c., for their liege lords, who, however much they might reprobate smugglers and smuggling in public, had not the least objection to become purchasers in private of the smuggler's wares, at far lower rates than they could have purchased them of the fair traders as by law protected and recognized.

Among Brown's intimate companions was an old schoolfellow, who had joined him in his contraband cruises, a man of two or three and twenty, by name George Gilbert, the son of a gentleman in reduced circumstances, and who, having been wild at college, to which by his father, at great personal inconvenience, he had been sent, for he was a youth of promise, in expectation of then doing something good for himself, had some months returned home, and growing tired of family reproaches, and having too much spirit to wish to live as a pensioner on paternal good nature, had joined the *Petrel's* adventurers. Brown and he were friends, yet never were two men more utterly dissimilar in mind and body. By the side of the genial Jack Brown, the quiet, saturnine George Gilbert made a poor figure—yet there was more in him than a stranger would have supposed—as the smugglers discovered. Stern in feature, with a face whereon a smile seldom beamed—and then it was a smile more unpleasant than any frown—with nothing genial about it—cold as moonlight—a smile of mingled bitterness and contempt, George Gilbert, nevertheless, was emphatically the brain of the *Petrel's* crew. He it was who planned for others to execute. Whenever a cool, calculating spirit, a keen eye and indomitable perseverance were required, George Gilbert was the man who furnished them; whenever a dashing enterprise was to be carried out by a strong nerve, a reckless heart and an iron hand, then Jack Brown was truly "Jack at a pinch." Little wonder then if, with two such men banded together in one cause, the *Petrel* soon became famous for successful cruises and hair-breadth escapes—or that her crew, who were all bound together in a kind of partnership, soon were in a good way to realize a handsome livelihood by their nefarious practices in spite of the revenue.

Now, although it is by no means my intention to dose my readers with too much sentimentality in these veritable chronicles, still I suppose I should be lessening whatever interest my story may possess, by omitting such love matters as are necessary to that story's development.

Let me be brief, however.

Jack Brown wooed and won as pretty a girl as ever wore a contraband silk dress, or kissed a handsome young smuggler—Kate Furness. It was likewise surmised at the time that George Gilbert—though he had never shown any feeling of interest when Brown announced his engagement to his lady love—had at one time been a suitor for Kate's hand. Scandal said that she had not treated the young man fairly—that, though she had up to a certain period encouraged his addresses, the moment Brown appeared on the field she had slighted Gilbert in a manner undeserved—for, however harsh and unamiable in other respects might have been the character of George Gilbert, he loved her with all that deep—I had well nigh said—stern attachment of which such natures—and such only—are capable. Just before she had formally declined his suit, he had lead a steadier life, and had promised, if she would only offer him an object in view, that he would go to London and there make use of his talents to retrieve the past, and brighten the future. But, no—Brown was a handsome, dashing, young sailor, and poor George was a man destitute of such advantages, and, consequently, was, like many a better man by many a more foolish girl, jilted. And so, like a sensible man, for a time he bore the blow in silence, and endeavored to make the best of it. True, she had deceived him, and then as coldly undeceived him, and then given him for his pains a sneer and his *congee*. No matter: pride would enable him to bear it, and for a while pride did.

One evening, as he was strolling homeward along the cliff, he saw the two lovers, Brown and his affianced, sitting among the bushes in a loving *tete-a-tete*. Having no wish to play the part of a listener, he was turning away, when he heard his name mentioned. He had been more than man if he had not paused awhile *then*. Involuntary he listened, and soon verified in his own person the old proverb, that "listeners hear no good of themselves;" for Kate was just then telling Brown the issue of poor Gilbert's unsuccessful suit, adding thereto sundry facetious comments of her own, which went like swords through the heart of the proud man who heard every word then spoken, and never forgot or forgave one—and Jack Brown, with a horse-laugh, said, "Poor Devil!" till he roared again. Little thought fickle Kate Furness, that pleasant evening, of the fearful consequences that would ensue from those foolish words of her, spoken, after all, in merry jest, but taken by one of the listeners in fierce revengeful earnest—little thought she how a moment had alienated from her the faithful heart that had loved her for years. Little thought Brown how his coarse laugh, in which there was not the least particle of ill-nature, had severed a friendship that had existed from childhood between himself and his old school fellow, Gilbert; turning the friend into a deadly enemy henceforward—But it was so, From that hour Gilbert hated Kate and Brown with all the intensity which belongs to temperaments like his.

Still, Gilbert and Brown sailed together as heretofore, till one day as they were cruising off Jersey, a few hasty words between the two led to a quarrel—blows were exchanged, and the combatants were separated by their crew. Directly they landed, Gilbert demanded satisfaction on the spot, and Brown, after a few well meant but vain attempts at reconciliation, took his ground and shot his *quondam* friend through the arm. At his own request Gilbert was left behind in St. Heliers, and the *Petrel* sailed home. His wound, which was a simple flesh wound, rapidly healed, and from that time his connection with the *Petrel* ceased. But he had formed his plan already to crush his hated rival.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPECIE IN FRANCE.—The specie in circulation in France in the time of Colbert, in 1661, was 600,000,000f; in 1700 it was 800,000,000f; in 1754, 1,600,000,000f; under Necker, 2,000,000,000f; in 1803, 2,800,000,000f; in 1828, 2,713,000,000f; in 1852, 2,585,000,000f; and at present it exceeds 6,000,000,000f. France has more specie than England, Rusia, or Germany, including Austria, and four times as much as is in the United States.

—One of the Washington correspondents of the New York *Herald*, says that Steidman and Binks are attempting to sell out to Wendall for 230,000. They estimate their position to be worth that amount, as they have not a type or sheet of paper in the way of "*material.*"

The Pittsburgh Post.

JAMES P. BARR, Editor and Proprietor.

PITTSBURGH:

SATURDAY MORNING::::::JANUARY 30.

STATE CONVENTION.—At a meeting of the Democratic State Committee, held at Buehler's Hotel, Harrisburg, January 19, 1858, it was

Resolved, That the next Democratic State Convention be held at Harrisburg, on the 4th day of March next.

Pursuant to the above resolution, Delegates from the several Senatorial and Representative districts of the State will convene in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at the Capitol, on THURSDAY, March 4th, 1858, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to nominate candidates for Judge of the Supreme Court and Canal Commissioner, and for the transaction of such other business as pertains to the authority of such convention.

C. R. BUCKALEW, Chairman.

J. N. HUTCHINSON,
R. J. HALDEMAN, } Secretaries.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

Under the present method of the administration of Police Law in this city, personal liberty is less sacredly regarded in Pittsburgh, than it is in St. Petersburg. One of the most valuable and sacred of human rights is almost daily disregarded and outraged in our midst. It is right and proper, as well as legal, that the criminal, who has no respect for the rights of others, should be confined, both to prevent his farther encroachments upon society, and to punish him for the evil he may have already done: but the system of "summary conviction," and commitment to prison for every minor grade of offences, which has obtained among our magistracy of late years, is a despotic power which it is contrary to the theory of our government and institutions to entrust to the hands of a single individual. Ours is a land of laws, and when an individual is to be punished for a breach of these laws, it should be done "legally and in order," and not according to the judgment—perhaps caprice—of any one man. We are speaking of a system, and in what we have to say we do not wish any magistrate of the city, to consider our remarks as personal or invidious. In a large city, the magisterial duty is one of great responsibility and he is not a good citizen who in any manner interferes with the proper administration of justice; but there are rights of the individual which are entitled to respect. Each day we see in the local columns of the daily papers such items as "committed ten days for disorderly conduct," "sent up thirty days for vagrancy," and the like. Now what do these things mean when analyzed. We will illustrate by some actual occurrences which have come under our own observation, omitting names from motives of obvious propriety. One night last summer a young countryman came down the Monongahela as a hand on a flat boat. Landing in the middle of a warm summer night, and being a perfect stranger in the city, the young man wandered along the wharf and finally lay down under the bridge and went to sleep. He was found by a police officer and arrested. He was examined before a magistrate, and admitted that he had neither money nor employment, and was committed to the common jail as a vagrant, for thirty days. His offence was poverty. Another: A few months since a very worthy mechanic of the Borough of Birmingham—a quiet, temperate, industrious man—came to the Dimond market on Saturday evening, to obtain supplies for his family. His basket filled, he went to the omnibus stand at the corner of Market and Fourth streets, on his return home. A newsboy—one of that pertinacious race who press their sales at all times, and places, and under all circumstances—ran under his feet as he was handing his basket to the driver and prevented him. The youngster would not get out of the way, notwithstanding repeated requests to do so, and the man quietly placed his basket upon the pavement, seized the peripatetic newsvender by the leg and arm, and "chucked" him down upon the sidewalk. In turning he accidentally struck the boy's head against the vehicle. Young America yelled as though the life was departing from him, jumped up and ran to a magistrate, made a complaint backed with sobs and tears. An officers was sent to arrest the offender who placed his basket upon the omnibus, and like a good citizen proceeded to the magistrate's office. The boy kept up his howling as though he had been half killed, and the facts were admitted as we have stated them. Here, if there was any offence, it was that of assault and battery, and it was the magistrate's duty to have held the prisoner to answer at court, where he would probably have been fined six cents and the costs. But this obviously legal course was not pursued. The man was committed to jail for thirty days for "disorderly conduct." At this time this man had a situation at thirty-five dollars a month with a family to support, and could have given any reasonable amount of bail for his appearance to answer any charge which might be brought against him. He sent to the magistrate to know what his fine was, but there had been no fine imposed; he had been "committed." Finally after two or three days imprisonment, the matter was represented to the magistrate in a rather different light and the prisoner was discharged upon the payment of a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs. The old French "*lettres de cachet*" could not have been more effectual in depriving the citizen of his personal liberty than such a course of proceeding as this.

These commitments for "disorderly conduct" are the most arbitrary things in the world. The term as made to cover every grade of offence. We recollect to have seen a man discharged from imprisonment on a *habeas corpus*, who had been sent over by a magistrate in Allegheny city for *refusal to pay his water rent*. We have seen slander cases, in which the District Court alone has jurisdiction tried, adjudged and punished before an alderman. We have seen scores of cases, where the charge of false pretences has been made to collect an ordinary debt, (about which perhaps an extraordinary quantity of lies had been told,) where the defendants have been imprisoned most unjustly. We have known houses of unfortunate and degraded women pounced upon in the dead hour of the night, when every inmate was asleep, and all arrested and sent up from five to thirty days apiece for "disorderly conduct." We have known an ignorant and drunken servant girl ejected without force from a respectable man's house, and that man arrested and taken a prisoner before a magistrate and made to pay costs in advance before being discharged on bail, which he tendered. We have known misfortune, poverty, misrepresentation, and accident, as well as vice and crime, be the cause of summary conviction and commitment to jail. It is unfortunately the poor, the ignorant and the improtected who suffer most often from this arbitrarily exercised magisterial power. Those who have money to employ a lawyer, can at least secure the right of trial by jury, if they are charged with any offence. The upright and honest magistrate who thus construes crime, or vice, or immorality for the sake of bringing it within his own power of ultimate disposal, undoubtedly thinks he is doing the public service, but there are certain legal rights of personal liberty, to the enjoyment of which the veriest vagrant in the land is entitled, and that magistrate best does his duty who, without constituting himself a censor of public morals, obeys and executes the laws as he finds them, and does not attempt to prevent or make law to meet cases which may be brought before him.

OUR LIBEL CASE.

We furnish simply to-day the proceedings of a rather extraordinary case of libel instituted against us by a valuable citizen of Westmoreland county. We will shortly pay attention to the merits of the case, since it has been brought so closely to our attention, and endeavor to rescue the reputation of a much injured boy from oblivion or merited contempt, since we are forced to personalities we shall defend ourselves to the bitter end.

WHAT IS CONGRESS DOING?

Hasty legislation is ever to be appreciated, but we think that no one will deny that the the present congress, is a "deliberative body." It has now been nearly two months in session, and except some joint resolutions relating to the pay of members, passed about Christmas time, and the bill authorizing the issue of the new Treasury notes, we recollect no positive act of legislation which has been accomplished. The greater portion of the time has been taken up with speeches,—speeches—speeches. There are a great variety of subjects of urgent importance which must soon be acted upon, and some of them demand prompt action. One of these is to take measures to repress the rebellion in Utah. If the army is to be augmented—a necessity which exists, aside from the difficulties in Mormondom, it should be done at once, for the time for making preparations for sending reinforcements to our army in Utah is already growing short. It is time for Kansas speeches to cease for a while, we have had our fill of them; it is time for politicians to "rest from their labor," in "reading each other off," or in embarrassing the administration; it is time that Congress gave at last a portion of its time and attention to the public service. Let them do so or the people will hold them accountable.

An old gentleman, who thinks our modern system of education, somewhat erroneous, paid us a visit on Friday, and left a paper in our hands of which the following is a copy. The writer shows that time is wasted in filling young heads with the learning of Greece and Rome, and seems to think a good practical English education more desirable and useful than a superficial acquaintance with the writings of Virgil and Homer. Although his views will doubtless give offence to doating parents, learned pedagogues and aspiring pupils, we are inclined to look upon them as sensible and just, and therefore insert them in the columns of the *Post*.

Omnibus Sketches—No. 1.

A few days since I found myself in an omnibus, riding to a neighboring village. In public conveyances of this kind, an excellent opportunity is afforded for observing our fellows and noting their peculiarities. On the occasion alluded to, seated immediately opposite me were two bright looking girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age. They had books in their hands, and were evidently returning from school. Among their books, I observed that each had a copy of Virgil, printed in the original language. I ventured to inquire into the nature of their studies, and was much suprised to hear that, among other difficult branches, not a little of their time was spent in endeavoring to acquire some knowledge of the ancient classics.

My surprise over, I concluded that the little girls before me were precocious, otherwise their parents and teachers would not allow them to pursue such studies. I also reasonably inferred that they were finished English scholars, else they would not consume their time and rack their brain in attempting to translate the graceful prose and harmonious verse of Cicero and Virgil.

With such reflections, and presuming somewhat on my gray hairs and advanced years, I asked one of my youthful companions if she liked the lectures of Dr. Blair. She replied that she had never heard them—she lived too far out of town to go in at night! Of the other I asked, "How many parts of speech are there in the English language?" "Eleven, I think," was the answer. I made the necessary correction, when she replied, "*Mebby* (may-be) you're right, but it's so long since I studied English grammar, that I've forgotten all about it. On further inquiry I ascertained that these little girls wasted two hours daily in rendering good Latin into abominable English.

But, thought I, if my young friends are ignorant of their native tongue, their domestic education has not been entirely neglected. They are certainly able to knit, to sew and to prepare a nice roast for dinner. I was again mistaken. They could not darn a sock or sew a button on their brother's shirt—they could not boil an egg or cook a steak. Of everything pertaining to home they were profoundly ignorant, and while their fond, but short-sighted parents were endeavoring to strengthen and cultivate their intellects, they, alas, were neglecting their best interests, or receiving knowledge, which, through life, must be unavailable.

What, thought I, can Latin boil a potato? Can it make a pudding or hem a handkerchief, or conceal a rent in my pantaloons or stockings? Can Latin smooth my pillow, or sympathize with me in my misfortunes, or prove a ministering angel when pain and anguish rend my brow? Surely not. Why, then, consume time and waste health in acquiring that which is comparatively useless? Why remain ignorant of the duties which belong to home, the performance of which renders life delightful? The tyrant Fashion demands it, and it is sanctioned by a custom more honored in the breach than the observance. Boys and girls who should be "rolling hoop" or "jumping the rope" are shut up in close rooms and compelled to con Latin Grammars and translate Esop's Fables, and at an age when they should be acquiring the rudiments of a good English education, we find them racking their brains in a vain attempt to render in intelligible terms the noble productions of Virgil and Homer.

When I was a boy we were not permitted to attempt anything beyond our capacity. We first mastered the alphabet—then learned to spell and read, and, as our minds expanded, our studies were enlarged. Now, boys and girls begin where they should end, and after acquiring a superficial knowledge of the ancient classics, must, in order not to appear ridiculous, go back and study the language in which Shakspeare and Milton are immortal. *Vanitas vanitatum! Omnia vanitas!*

RUSTIC.

[Correspondence of the Morning Post.]

FROM HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, January 28, 1858.

There is an insignificantly small amount of work before the Legislature, up to this time, and of course an equally small amount transacted. If the "borer's" occupation is not gone it is because it has not arrived. This class I may remark in this connection is not as numerous as in former years; and those of them who are here only stay for a few days and then leave for a time to drum up business. It is rather up-hill work, and will be particularly unprofitable to the man who pays the borer for his unhallowed services. If a bill is correct, it will pass without any of that kind of leverage; if it is not, saltpetre wont save it in the two houses, as constituted this winter. Your castigation of the Lobby member in the *Post* a few days since, was well merited and made some of them squirm.

Judge Wilkins read in place a bill this morning to incorporate the Orizaba Iron Works of Allegheny county. It requires men to take out a license in only one place, as ought to be the case instead of leaving it ambiguous as it is now.

In the House, Mr. Irwin presented two petitions—one from certain of the citizens of Pittsburgh, and another of property holders in Maddock's alley—against widening of said alley. Mr. Foster, a petition from the Board of Trade of Pittsburgh for limiting bank dividends to 8 per cent. and the contingent fund to 10 per cent. of the capital stock—thus sustaining the bill the Colonel introduced some time ago, which I noticed.

Some days since the Senate and House passed an act authorizing the borough of Scranton, Luzerne county, to anticipate its next years income, by issuing bills of credit to that amount without limiting the denomination of each bill. Hence, if the borough chose it might issue a batch of 25 cent shin-plasters, controvention of the act of assembly, and in violation of the public weal So thought Governor Packer, and therefore he sent in his first veto message to day, disapproving the act. He will have to exercise his just right in this particular often, if greater care is not taken in passing bills. On the question whether the veto should be sustained, there was a unanimous vote in the affirmative upon a call of the yeas and nays.

There was a nice little Kansas episode this afternoon. An opposition member from Crawford offered resolutions on the subject, the preamble of which was couched in nearly the exact words of Secretary Cass' instructions to Governor Walker. On motion of Mr. Calhoun, they were referred to a special committee of three. There was, however, considerable manoeuvering to get them on the second reading, that members might spread themselves in a speech, or a dozen perhaps. But it failed and the vote taken did not indicate any thing in their favor, nor any thing against them.

PAXTON.

VARIOUS THINGS.

—The last number of the Brownsville *Times*, gives us a specimen of "devillishe talle walkinge," which recently took place up the Monongahela. A woman accompanied by her husband, who styled himself "the wild deer," commenced the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty consecutive hours, which, it is said, she accomplished, although we consider that part somewhat dubious. But on Monday morning last, about 3 o'clock the "Wild Deer" and the fast "Doe" made tracks from their hotel leaving a large unpaid bill. Hurd, of the *Clipper*, gave her a "big puff," and she left.

—The poor house of Fayette County was damaged by fire last week.

—The Boat Yard of Col. James A. Ekin of Elizabeth, has resumed work, having secured the contract for a Missouri boat. This yard was the last on the Monongahela to quit work owing to the "pressure of the times," and has been the first to resume.

—Miss Avonia Jones, is playing at St. Louis

—A lad of nineteen years was lately married, in the town of Grand View, Missouri, to a maiden of the ripe age of seventy-eight.

—The New Hampshire *Patriot* contains the following paragraph:—"A correspondent informs us that Rev. Obediah Smith, of Fremont, well known in that vicinity as a brawling Kansas shrieker, was on Wednesday last brought before a magistrate charged with triple crime upon his own daughter; and on testimony of his wife and daughter, was committed to jail to await his trial at the next term of the criminal court."

GAS IN CALCUTTA.—Calcutta has recently been lighted with gas. The effect on the natives is thus described in a letter from the engineer of the gas company:—"The astonishment of the natives was, indeed, very great; even among the better informed the inquiry was, 'Sir, will you be so kind to us tell us how the lamp burns without a wick.' Among the lower orders, there was an impression that it could be made to blow them all up; that the Governor-general had a key at the government house, by turning which he could at his pleasure blow up the whole city. At such a critical time you may depend we did not take the trouble to disabuse their minds of the idea; indeed, we rather strengthened it; nor could we get a native on any consideration even to touch a lamp-post, for fear it should explode. They are now, however, getting more familiar with it, though the lamp lighters are still followed by a crowd, especially when we light up a new street or district."

WHAT IT IS DOING FOR THE SICK.—Wm. Schuchman, Esq., the well known Lithographer, says; "I have frequently used Boerhave's Holland Bitters, and find it invariably relieves indigestion and debility."

Rev. Samuel Babcock says: "I found special relief from its use, for a severe headache, with which I had long suffered."

J. W. Woodwell, Esq., says: "I have used Boerhave's Holland Bitters myself, and recommended it to others, knowing it to be just what it is represented."

Alderman Jonathan Neely, of Lower St. Clair township, says: "I have derived great benefit from its use for weakness of the stomach and indigestion."

Jas. M. Murphy says: "After several physicians had failed, Boerhave's Holland Bitters removed the pain from my heart and side, arising from indigestion."

The editor of the Kittanning *Free Press* says: "After one of the best physicians in this place had failed, Boerhave's Holland Bitters cured me of the worst form of dyspepsia."

Francis Felix, the only manufacturer of the "Original Extract of Coffee," says: "I know that your Holland Bitters is one of the best medicines in the world for a disordered stomach and liver."

Dr. Ludwig, editor of the *Fackel*, Baltimore, pronounces it a medicine deserving the confidence of the public.

Dr. Ehrbart, the leading German physician of Pennsylvania has prescribed it frequently during the last three years, with marked success, in debilitated states of the digestive organs, or of the system generally.

The manager of Ballou's Vinegar Factory says: "I used it myself, and was therefore induced to try its effects upon my wife, (troubled with the great debility common to all of a consumptive habit,) and really it is doing her more good than anything she has ever taken."

Caution!—Be careful to ask for *Boerhave's Holland Bitters.* Sold at $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5, by the sole Proprietors, Benjamin Page, Jr., & Co., corner of Third and Smithfield streets, and Druggists, generally.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.