VOL. 6--NO. 47.]

GBTTISBURG. PA., MONDAY. FBBRUARY 99, 1386.

[WHOLE NO. 307.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Phrenakosmian Society

Pennsylvania College. HIS Society will celebrate its fifth Anniversary in the Presbyterian Church,

Several addresses, with appropriate music, FREEMAN, of the city of Lancaster. may be expected. The Citizens of Gettysburg, and the Public generally are respectfully invited to attend.

P. WILLIARD, S. WAGNER,

C. L. BAKER, J. M. STEVENSON,

S. A. MILLER. Committee of Arrangement.

Gettvsburg, Jan. 25, 1836. GETTYSBURG GUARDS.

ATTENTION! VOU will Parade in front of the College, on Monday the 22d inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M. precisely. Each member provided with 10 rounds Blank Cartridges. ROBERT MARTIN, O. S.

February 8, 1836. CITIZENS wishing to Dine with the GUARDS on said day, are requested to leave their names with JAs. A. Thompson, Esq. or with either of the Committee of Arrangement.

SAMUEL S. McCREARY, WM. MILLER, ROBERT MARTIN, Committee of Arrangement.

CELEBRATION.

PETERSBURG, Feb. 12th, 1836. Mr. MIDDLETON-You will please give notice of a CELEBRATION, on the 22d inst, in Petersburg, (Y. S.) where there will be several appropriate Addresses delivered; and also a DINNER will be had on the occasion at the House of DANIEL MILLERS.

JONAS JOHN, JAMES BRANDON. SAMUEL A. McCOSH, Committee of Arrangements.

Feb. 15, 1836. FRESH DRUGS

.equedoldam SUPPLY just received and for sale at A the Drug store of

DR. J. GILBERT. Where can be had all kinds of Essences, Steer's Opodeldoc, Liquid Opodeldoc, Worm Tea, Balsam De Malta, Balsam of Life, &c.

&c. by the dozen. December 28, 1835.

FOR RENT.

THE Subscriber offers for RENT, from by making use of those Indian remedies. the 1st of April next, the HOUSE at present occupied by Mr William

M'Clelland, situated in West York Street, one door West of Mr. Forry's Tavern. S. S. SCHMUCKER.

Gettyshurg, Dec. 21, 1835. Notice to Collectors.

TENHE Commissioners of the County being in need of all the money they can avail themselves of this spring, would particularly request all the COLLECTORS to be diligent in collecting and paying up their arrearages on or before the first day of April generally.

er indulgence. By order of the Board of Commissioners. J. GILBERT, Treasurer. February 1, 1836.

Estate of John Kugler, dec'd. ALL persons indebted to the Estate of JOHN KUGLER, late of Germany township, Adams county, Pa. deceased, are hereby requested to come forward and make set. tlement-and those having claims against said Estate are also requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

The Executrix resides in Germany township, and the Executor in Mountjoy tp. CATHARINE KUGLER, Ex'x.

JACOB KELLAR, Ex'r. January 18, 1836.

Estate of Henry Snyder, dec'd. A LL persons indebted to the Estate of HENRY SNYDER, late of Frank. lin township, Adams county, Pa. deceased, are hereby requested to come forward and lare; nineteen for twenty dollare; fifty for fifty against said Estate are also requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement, on or before the 1st of April next.

The Administrator resides in Franklin township, Adams county, Pa. HENRY WALTER, Adm'r.

February 1, 1836. Estate of John Miller, dec'd. ALL persons indebted to the Estate of JOHN MILLER, Sen. late of Germany Plaster of Paris. township, Adams county, Par deceased, are hereby requested to come forward and make settlement—and those having a mine against or 40 Tons of Plaster FOR SALE at the subscriber's Mill,

same, properly authenticated, for settlement. The Administrator resides in Mountjoy township.

JACOB KELLAR, Adm'r. February 8, 1836. 61 - 45GETTYSBURG TROOP.

ATTENTION! VOU will parade in Gettysburg, on the 22d of February next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. precisely, in full Uniform, with 10

Blank Cartridges. F. DIEHL, Capt. February 1, 1836.

CONSUMPTION.

Indian Specific,

OR the prevention and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, and diseases of the Breast and on Monday February 22d, at 61 o'clock. Lungs, prepared by Doct. CLARKSON

BILL OF DIRECTION,

Accompanying each bottle of the Specific, pointing out in a conspicuous manner, all the symptoms in the different stages of these distressing diseares; also particular directions respecting diet and regiment, and how patients are to conduct through every stage until health is restored-for vain and useless would be the prescriptions of the ablest physicians, accompanied by the most powerful and useful medicines, if the directions are not faithfully adhered to.

The public are informed that the depositions of 287 persons have been taken, before proper authorites in the city of Lancaster, all completely cured in the most desperate cases of consumption, some of which are detailed in the bills accompanying each bottle.

The price of each bottle of Indian Specific is \$1, and each envelope of the genuine Specific is signed by Dr. Clarkson Freeman, and the initials, C. F. on the seal of each bottle. None can be genuine without his signature, a base composition having been attempted to be imposed on the public by a counterfeit imitation of this extraordinary article.

For sale at the drug store of Dr. J. GILBERT.

Gettysburg, Oct. 19, 1835.

To the Afflicted.

DR. J. CARPENTER.

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN, OULD respectfully inform the inhabit

lic generally, that he resides at the house of Esther and Elizabeth Carpenter, in said township. two miles north of Emmittsburg, and two and an half miles south of David Eiker's mill, where calls from patients will receive prompt attenion. Having studied with a celebrated INDI AN DOCTOR, who is very noted for his performing remarkable cures, and who has no superior in curing chronic diseases, and having likewise pursued a regular course of Medical Studies, and believing that Butanic Medicines are superior to every other kind, he would therefore invite the attention of those who are afflicted with chronic disease, and can obtain no relief from other sources-believing that he can give general satisfaction to those who may

see proper to employ him. The diseases to which he would invite public tf-39 attention are,

this disease may find relief in a very short time Likewise those who are troubled with the Liver Complaint, Dropsey, Asthma or Phthisic, E. pilepsy or Falling Fits, Female Debility, and Female Complaints in general, Fever and Ague, and Fevers generally; Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Gravel and Stone, Rheumatism, and Piles. These ti-38 troublesome complaints can be relieved in a short time.

Cancers will be cured without caustic or the knife. Those laboring under this disease may find relief in a very short time, and if the disesse is not too far advanced, a permanent cure. Likewise, Inflammation and Ulceration of the bones, Mortification, Lock Jaw, White Swelling and Fever Sores, Scald Head, Fellons and Sores

Term next. Those Collectors who are two for family use. Also Thompsonian Medicines years in arrears, cannot expect much longprepared for family use. Likewise a general assortment of MEDICINES, (prepared upon the true Indian principle) for the following diseases, which I will sell at as moderate prices as any other medicine sold at the spothecary's shops for the same diseases-viz: For Coughs, Pain in the breast and side, or stomach, stitch or pain to the back, palpitation of the heart. spitting of blood, head ache, pain in the head, catarrh snuff, snuff for the nose bleed, Dysentary or bloody flux, Fever and Ague, &c

J. CARPENTER. November 2, 1835.

The Weekly Metrepolitan.

A GENERAL Literary, Historical, Congresional and Miscellaneous Journal, published at Washington, D. C., in all its departments aims at the highest character. Printed with good clear whole of it being devoted to valuable and interesting reading matter.

Terms.-One dollar and a half per annum, in advance.

Four papers will be sent to the order of any person acting as agent for the collection of subscribers, enclosing five dollars; nine for ten dol make settlement-and those having claims dollars. The enclosures by mail at the risk of the Editors. The receipt of a number of the paper will be a sufficient receipt for the money

> Postmasters, booksellers, and, in general, all persons interested in the success of such an enerprise, are respectfully requested to act us a gents for the METROPOLITAN, the above terms being of the most liberal character. All letters to be addressed (free of postage) to

LANGTREE & O'SULLIVAN. Georgetown, D. C.

supply themselves.

on Marsh creek, at the low rate of \$9 PER next Spring, will do well to call soon and

GRAIN will be taken in exchange for

January 18, 1836.

Early York Cabbage Seed, FOR sale at the Drug Store of

DR. J. GILBERT. Gettysburg, Jan. 18, 1836.

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd, From various gardens cull'd with care."

SONG.

I'll deck with gems my gay attire, And haste where pleasure dwell;
I'll twine the rose-land round the lyre,
That sounds my last farewell.
O'er changing faith and broken ties
Who will may mourn and pine,
But where lora lovers pour their sighs,
I'll pour the anarking wine. I'll pour the sparkling wire.

For what though one has proved untrue, There's many a beauty yet,
And he that's baffled by the blue
May bow before the jet.
So welcome, welcome hall or heath,
And welcome shower or shine, And wither there, thou willow wreath, Thou never shall be mine!

And Lady fair, a health to thee And Lady lair, a nealth to thee
A health in brimming gold—
And store of lovers after me
As honest—and less cold.
My hand is on my bugle horn, My boat is on the brine-If ever gallant died of scorn, I shall not die of thine?

FROM THE MOBILE CHRONICLE. "O, THE JUNIPER TREE!" The toper sat in his laudlord's chair,

The toper sat in his landlord's chair,
In a heavy sleep he merged all care;
If dreamt of the juleps and cocktails that passed
Ilis gullet that morning so sleek and so fast.
The toper beheld in his joyous pride
The Brandy and Gin bottles close by his side,
And they, with their labels, seemed to be
The stars of his rubicund destiny.

O, the Juniper Tree!
O, the Juniper Tree!

"I am weary of dozing," the toper soon cried;
"A cocktail I'll have, and I can't be denied;
And landlord be sure to have plenty of mint,
I'll be drunk before night or the devil's in't."
A julep soon followed the cocktail's track
And Brandy and water too close at its back,
And the Toper soon found the Elysium of Earth
Was the solest bricks on the landlord's hearth.
On the Junpor Trees O, the Jumper Tree!

At length his vexed wife, with an oaken stick, TANIC PHYSICIAN,
OULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Liberty township, and the Puberally, that he resides at the house of and Elizabeth Carpenter, in said township.

The parts to which poets now rarely anuae Were treated by her most outrageously rude;
O sad was his fate in her 'vengeful mood,
She tore all his hair out as fast as she could;
She kicked him down stairs at the risk of his pate And this was, and this was the poor Toper's fate.

O, the Juniper Tree! Disturbed his gav snores with a terrible lick; The parts to which poets now rarely allude

THE REPOSITORY.

THE THREE CUTTERS.

[DY THE AUTHOR OF "JAPHET."]

CHAPTER II-CUTTER THE SECOND. READER, have you ever been at Portsmouth? If you have, you must have been delighted with the riew from the saluting battery; and, if you have not, you had better go there as soon as you can. From the saluting battery you may look up the harbor, and see much of what I have described at Plymouth: the scenery is different; but similar arsenals and dock-yards, and an equal portion of our stupendous navy, are to be found there. And Consumption - Those who are afflicted with you will see Gosport on the other side of the har bour, and Sally Port close to you; besides a grea many other places, which, from the saluting battery, you cannot see. And then there is the Southsea Beach to your left. Before you, Spithead, with the men-of-war, and the Motherbank, crowded with morchant vessels;-and there is the buoy, where the Royal George was wrecked, and where she still lies, the fish swumming in and out of her cabin windows; but that is not all; you can also see the Isle of Wight,-Ryde, with its long wooden pier, and Cowes, where the yachts water " In fact, there is a great deal to be seen at Portsmouth as well as at Plymouth; but what I wish you particularly to see, just now is a vessel holding fast to the buoy, just off the saluting bat-She is a cutter; and you may know that

she belongs to the Preventive Service by the number of gigs and galleys which she has hoisted up all round her. She looks like a vessel that was about to sail with a cargo of boats. Two on deck, one astern, one on each side of her. You observe that she is printed black, and all her boats are white. She is not such an elegant vessel as the yacht, and she is much more lumbered up. She has no haunches of venison over the stern; but I think there is a leg of mutton, and some cabbages hanging by their stalks. But revenue cutters are not vachts. You will find no turtle or champagne; but, nevertheless, you will, perhaps, find i joint to carve at, a good glass of grog, and a

bearty welcome. Let us go on board. You observe the guns are iron, and painted black, and her bulwarks are painted red: it is not a very becoming colour; but hen it lasts a long while, and the dock-yard is not very generous on the score of paint-or lieutenants of the navy troubled with much spare cash She has plenty of men, and fine men they are; all dressed in red flannel chirts, and blue trousers; some of them have not taken off their canvass of tarpawling petticoats, which are very usoful to type, on a large sheet of fine white paper, the them, as they are in the boats night and day, and in all weathers. But we will at once go down into the cabin, where we shall find the licutenant who commands her, a master's mate and a midshipman. They have each their tumbler before them, and are drinking gin-toddy, hot, with sugar -capital gin, too, 'bove proof; it is from that small anker, standing under the table. It was one that they forgot to return to the custom-house when they made their last seizure. We must in-

troduce them. The elderly personage, with grizzly hair and whiskers, a round pale face, and a somewhat red nose (being too much in the wind will make the nose red, and this old officer is very often "in the wind," of course from the very nature of his profession,) is a Lieutenant Appleboy. He has serv. ed in every class of vessel in the service, and done the duty of first-lieutenant for twenty years; he is now on promotion—that is to say, after he ha taken a certain number of tubs of gin, he will be rewarded with his rank as commander. It is a pity that what he takes inside of him does not count, for he takes it morning, noon, and night.-He is just filling his fourteenth glass; he always keeps a regular account, as he never exceeds his minety three or ninety four, when I was in the limited number, which is seventeen: then he is exactly down to his hearings.

master's mate's name is Tomkins; he has served his six years three times over, and has now TON. Those who may want the article by outgrown his ambition, which is fortunate for him, as his chances of promotion are small. He prefers a small vessel to a large one, because he is not obliged to be so sarticular to his dress-and looks for his lieutenantcy whenever there shall be another charity promotion. He is fond of soft bread, for his teeth are all absent without leave; he pre fers porter to any other liquor, but he can drink his glass of grog, whother it be based upon rum, brandy, or the liquor now before him.

Mr. Smith is the name of that young gentle been intending to mend it these last two months, kan largely before, he was, like him, not quite an but is too lazy to go to his chest for another. He clear in his discrimination: "It has a queer twang | again for India, and with two cargoes of opium, he tf-42 has been turned out of half the ships in the sor- sur; Smith, what is it?"

vice for laziness; but he was born so-and therefore it is not his fault. A revenue cutter suits him, she is half her time hove to; and he has no bjection to boat service, as he sits down always in the stern sheets, which is not fatiguing. Creeping for tubs is his delight, as he gets over so little ground. He is fond of grog, but there is some trouble in carrying the tumbler so often to his mouth; so he looks at it, and lets it stand. He says little, because he is too lazy to speak. He has served more than eight years; but as for passing-it has never come into his head. Such are the three persons who are now sitting in the cabin

of the revenue-cutter, drinking hot gin-toddy. "Let me see, it was, I think, in ninety three or ninety-four. Before you were in the service, "May-be, sir; it's so long ago since I entered

that I can't recollect dates, -- but this I know, that my aunt died three days before." "Then the question is when did your aunt din?" "Oh! she died about a year after my uncle." "And when did your uncle die?"

"I'll be hanged if I know !" "Then, d' ye see, you've no departure to work from. However, I think you cannot have been in the service at that time. We were not quite so particular about uniform as we are now." Then I think the service was all the better for

it. Nowadays, in your crack ships, a mate has It was my first watch, and, just now, it struck one to go down in the hold or spirit room, and after whipping up fifty empty casks, and breaking out twenty full ones, he is expected to come on the said Mr. Appleboy, who was not a little put out; quarter deck as clean as if he was just come out "and, Mr. Tompkins, let me know as soon as it's of a bandbox '

as the outward man goes, and iron dust is soon brushed off. However, as you say, perhaps a litle too much is expected; at least, in five of the kins; and so did Mr. Smith, who had no idea of ships in which I was first lieutenant, the captain keeping the middle watch because the cook was was always hauling me over the coals about the drunk and had filled up the kettle with ealt wamidshipmen not dressing properly, as if I was their ter. As for what happened in ninety-three or dry nurse. I wonder what Captain Prigg would minety-four, I really would inform the reader if have said, if he'd seen such a turn-out as you, Mr. I knew, but I'm afraid that that most curious sto-Smith, on his quarter deck."

* I should have had one turn, out more," drawled

"With your out at-elbows jacket, there, heh!" continued Mr. Appleboy. Smith turned up his elbows, looked at one and then at the other; after so fatiguing an operation,

"Well, where was I? Oh! it was about ninety. three or ninety four, as I said, that it happened-Tomkins, fill your glass, and hand me the sugar, how do I get on? This is No. 15," said Appleboy, counting some white lines on the table by him; and taking up the piece of chalk, he marked one more line on his tally. "I don't think this so good a tub as the last, Tomkins, there's a twang about it-a want of juniper-however, I hope we shall have better luck this time. Of course, you

know we sail to morrow." "I presume so, by the leg of mutton coming on

"True-true-I'm regular-as clock-work. After being twenty years a first-lieutenant, one gets a little method—I like regularity. Now the admiral has never omitted asking me to dinner once, every time I have come into harbour, except this time. I was so cortain of it, that I never ex sected to sail, and I have but two shirts clean in onsequence " "That's odd, isn't it? and the more so, because

he has had such great people down here, and has been giving large parties every day."
"And yet I have made three seizures, besides sweeping up those thirty-seven tubs."

"I swept them up." "That's all the same thing, yonker. When you've been a little longer in the service, you'll find out that the commanding officer has the merit of all that is done-but you're green yet. Let me see, where was I? Oh! It was about ninety three or ninety-four, as I said. At that time I was in the Channel fleet-Tomkins, I'll trouble you for the hot water-this water's cold. Mr. Smith, do me the favor to ring the bell-Jem, some hot

"Please, sir," said Jem, who was barefooted, as well as bareheaded, touching the lock of hair on his forehead, "the cook has capsized the kettlebut he has put more on !

"Capsized the kettle! hah!-very well-we'll talk about that to morrow. Mr. Tompkins, do me the favor to put him in the report; I may forget it. And pray, sir, how long is it since he has out more on?"

"Just this moment, sir, as I came aft." "Very well, we'll see to that to morrow:-you bring the kettle aft as soon as it is ready. I say, Mr. Jom, is that fellow sober?"

"Yees, sir, he he sober as you he." "It's quite astonishing what a propensity the common sailors have to liquor. Forty odd years have I been in the service, and I've never found any difference: I only wish I had a guinea for every time that I have given a fellow seven-water grog during my servitude as first licutenant, I uldu't call the king my cousin. Well, if there's no hot water we must take luke warm-it won't do to heave to. By the L-d Harry! who would have thought it?—I'm at No. 16!-let me countves! surely I must have made a mistake. - A fact. by heaven!" continued Mr. Appleboy, throwing the chalk down on the table. "Only one more the chalk down on the table. glass, after this-that is if I have counted rightmay have seen double."

Yes," drawled Smith. "Well, never mind-Let's go on with my story. It was either in the year ninety three or ninety-four, that I was in the Channel fleet—we were then a breast of Torbay."

"Here be the hot water, sir," cried Jem, putting the kettle down on the deck. Fory well, boy. By the by, has the jar butter come on board?" "Yes, but it be broke all down the middle; I

tied him up with a rope yarn." "Who broke it, sir? 'Coxswain says as how he did'nt." "But who did, eir?"

"Bill Jones gave it to me, and I'm sure as how I did'nt. "Then who did, sir, I ask you?"

"I think it be Bill Jones, sir," 'cause he's fond of butter, I know, and there be very little left in "Very well, we'll see to that to-morrow mor-

ning. Mr. Tomkins, you'll oblige me by putting the butter jar down in the report, in case it should slip my memory. Bill Jones, indeed, looks as it His name is Jack Pickersgill. You perceive, at butter would'nt melt in his mouth-never mind Well it was as I said before-it was in the year Channel fleet; we were then off Turbay, and had just taken two reefs in the topsails. Stop. before I go on with my story, I'll take my last glass—I think it's the last; let me count—yes, by heavens I make out sixteen, well told! Nover mind, it shall be a stiff one. Boy, bring the kettle, and mind you don't nour the hot water into my shoes, as you did the other night. There, that will do. Now, Tomkins, fill up yours; and you, Mr. Smith: let us all start fair, and then you shall have my story—and a very curious one it is, I can tell you I wouldn't have believed it myself, if I hadn't seen

it. Hillon! what this? Confound it! what's the matter with the toddy? Heh, Mr. Tompkins?" Mr. Tompkins tasted, but, like the lieutemant, nan, whose jacket is so out at the elbows; he has he had made it very stiff; and, as he had also taSmith took up his glass, trated the contents: "Salt Water," drawled the midshipman. "Salt water! so it is, by heavens!" cried Mr.

Appleboy.
"Salt as Lot's wife!-by all that's infamous!" ried the master's mate. "Salt water, sir!" cried Jem, in a fright-ex-

water. Very well sir-very well!" "It warn't me sir," replied the boy, making up

"Not sir, but you said the cook was subor." "Ho was not so very much disguised, sir," re-

"Oh! very well-never mind. Mr. Tompking n case I should forget it, do me the favor to put the kettle of salt water down in the report. scoundrel! I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but there's no means of having any mere gin-toddy,-but never mind, we'll see to this to-morrow. can play at this; and if I don't salt-water their grog, and make them drink it, too, I have been twenty years a first-lieutenant for nothing—that's all. Good night, gentlemen; and," continued the Ho ought to be called the sailing master, for, al-

"Yes," drawled Smith, "but it's not my watch;

"You'll keep the middle watch then, Mr. Smith" daylight. Boy, get my bed made. Salt water. "Well, there's plenty of water alongside, as far | by all that's blue! However we'll see to that tomorrow morning."

Mr. Appleboy then turned in; so did Mr. Tompry is never to be handed down to posterity.

The next morning, Mr. Tompkins, as usual, forgot to report the cook, the jar of butter, and the kettle of salt-water; and Mr. Appleboy's wrath had long been appeased before he remem. Morrison, shall we have dirt?" bered them. At daylight the lieutenant came on dock, having only slept away half of the sixteen, gin toddy. He rubbed his gray eyes, that he might peer through the gray of the morning; the fresh breeze blow about his grisly locks, and cooled his rubicund nose. The revenue cutter, whose name was the "Active," cast off from the buoy; and, with a fresh breeze, steered her course for

CHAPTER III .- CUTTER THE THIRD. Reader! have you been to St. Maloes? If you have, you were glad enough to leave the hole; and if you have not, take my advice, and do not give yourself the trouble to go and see that or any other French port in the Channel. There is not one worth looking at. They have made one or two artificial ports, and they are no great things; there is no getting out or getting in. In fact, they have no harbors in the Channel, while we have the finest in the world; a peculiar dispensa. tion of Providence, because it knew that we should want them, and France would not. In France, what are called ports are all slike, nesty narrow holes, only to be entered at certain times of tide and certain winds; made up of basins, and back-waters, customs-houses, and cabarots; just fit for smugglers to run into, and nothing |

Now, in the dog-hole called St. Maloes there

s some pretty land, although a great deficiency

of marine scenery. But never mind that: stay at home, and don't go abroad to drink sour wine because they call it Bordeaux, and oat villanous trash, so disguised by cooking that you cannot possibly tell which of the birds of the air, or beasts dream.' of the field, or fishes of the sen, you are cramming down your throat. "If all is right, there is no occasion for disguise," is an old saying; so depend upon it, that there is something wrong, and that you are cating offsi, under a grand French They eat every thing in France, and name. would serve you up the head of a monkey who has died of the small pox, as singe a-la petite verole—that is, if you did not understand French; if you did, they would call it, tete d'amour a.l' E. thiopique, and then you would be even more puzzled. As for their wine, there is no disguise in that-it's half vinegar. No, no! stay at home: you can live just as cheaply, if you choose; and then you will have good ment, good vegetables, good ale, good heer, and a good glass of grogand what is of more importance, you will be in good company. Live with your friends, and don't make a fool of yourself.

I would not have condescended to have noticed this place had it not been that I wish you to observe a vessel which is lying along the pier wharf with a plank from the shore to her gunnel. It is low water, and she is aground, and the plank dips down at such an angle, that it is a work of danger to go either in or out of her. You observe that there is nothing very remarkable in her. She is a cutter, and a good sea-boat, and sails well before the wind. She is short for her breadth of beam, and is not armed. Smugglers do not arm now-the service is too dangerous; they effect their purpose by cunning, not by force Novertheless, it requires that smugglers should be good seamen, smart active fellows, and keenwitted, or they can do nothing. This vessel has not a large carge in her, but it is valuable. She has some thousand yards of lace, a few hundred pounds of tea, a few bales of silk, and about forty ankers of brandy—just as much as they can land in one boat. All they ask is a heavy gale, or a thick fog, and they trust to themselves for suc

There is nobody on board except a boy; the crew are all up at the cabaret, settling their little accounts of every Jescription—for they smuggle both ways, and every man has his own private venture. There they are all, fifteen of them, and fine looking fellows, too, sitting at that long table. They are very morry, but quite sober, as they are lo sail to night. The captain of the vessel (whose name, by-the

by is the "Happy-go lucky," the captain christened her himself) is that fine-looking young man, with dark whiskers, meeting under his throat .once, that he is much above a common sailor in appearance. His manners are good, he is renarkably handsome, very clean, and rather a dandy in his dress. Observe, how very politely he has just settled accounts; he beats Johnny heavens | Crapadd at his own weapons. And then there is an air of command, a feeling of conscious superi ority about Jack; see how he treats the landlord de haut en bas, at the same time that he is very civil. The fact is, that Jack is of a very good, old family, and received a very excellent education: but he was an orphan, his friends were poor, and could do but little for him; he went out to India as a cadet, ran away, and served in a schooner which smuggled opium into China, and then came home. He took a liking to the employment, and is now laying up a very pretty little sum: not that he intends to stop; no, as soon as he has enough to fit out a vessel for himself, he intends to start will return, be truste, with a handsome fortung, but of angels.

and reassume his family name. Such are Jack's intentions; and, as he eventually means to reap-pear as a gentleman, he preserves his gentlemanly nabits; he neither drinks, nor chews, nor smokes. He keeps his hands clean, wears tings, and sports a gold snuff-box; notwithstanding which, Jack is one of the boldest and best of sailors, and the men pecting a salt eel for suppor.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Appleboy, tossing the contents of the tumbler in the boy's face,—"salt lace is his own speculation, and, if he gets it in safe, he will clear some thousands of pounds. A certain fashionable shop in London has already

agreed to take the whole off his hands. That short, neatly made young man, is the second in command, and the companion of the captain He is clever, and always has a remedy to propose when there is a difficulty, which is a great quality in a second in command. His name Corbett. He is always merry-half sailor, half tradesman; knows the markets, runs up to London, and does business as well as a chapman

-lives for the day, and laughs at to-morrow. That little punchy old man, with long grav hair and fat face, with a nose like a note of interrogation, is the next personage of importance. lioutenant, in a severe tone, "you'll keep a sharp look-out, Mr. Smith—do you hear, sir?"

though he goes on shore in France, off the English coast he never quits the vessel. When they leave her with the goods, he remains on board; he is always to be found off any part of the coast where he may be ordered; holding his position in defi-ance of gules and tides, and foge: as for the revenue-vessels, they all know him well enough, but they cannot touch a vessel in ballast, if she has no more men on board than allowed by her tonnage. He knows every creek, and hole, and corner, of the coast; how the tide runs in-tide, halftide, eddy, or current. That is his value. His

name is Morrison You observe that Jack Pickersgill has two excellent supporters in Corbett and Morrison; his other men are good seamen, active, and obedient, which is all that he requires. I shall not particularly introduce them.

"Now you may call for another litre, my lade, and that must be the last; the tide as flowing fast, and we shall be affect in half an hour, and we have just the breeze we want. What d'ye think,

"I've been looking just now, and if it were any other month in the year I should say, yes; but a taste of the seventeenth sult water glass of there's no trusting April, captain. Howsomever, oddy. He rubbed his gray eyes, that he if it does blow off, I'll promise you a fog in three hours afterwards." "That will do as well Corbett, have you set-

"Yes, after more noise and charivari than a panic in the stock exchange would make in Engand. He fought and squabbled for an hour, and

I found that, without some abatement, I never should have settled the affair."
"What did you let him off?" "Seventeen sous," roplied Corbett laughing. "And that satisfied him?" enquired Pickersg H. MYcs-it was all he could prove to be a surfaires two of the knives were a little rusty. But he will always have something off; he could not be happy without. I really think he would commit

suicide, If he had to pay a bill without a deduce "Let him live," replied Pickersgill. "Jeanette. bottle of Volnay, of 1811, and three glasses."

Jeannate, who was the fille de cabaret, soon ppeared with a bottle of a wine, seldom called

or, except by the captain of the Happy go-lucky. "You sail to night?" said sho, as she placed the bottle before him. Pickerskill nodded his head. "I had a strange dream," said Jeannette: "I thought you were all taken by a revenue cutter. and put into a cachot. I went to see you, and I

did not know one of you again-you were all changed." "Very likely, Jeannette-you would not be the first who did not know their friends again when in misfortune. There was nothing strange in your

"Mais, mon Dieu! je ne suis pas comme ca,

"No,that you are not, Jeannotte; you are a good girl, and some of these fine days I'll marry you," said Corbett. "Doit etre bien beau ce jour-la, par example," oplied Jeannette, laughing; "you have promised

to marry me every time you have come in these

last three years."

"Well, that proves I keep to my promise, any how." Yes; but you never go any farther." "I can't spare him, Jeannette, that is the real

truth "said the captuin; "but wait a little-in the mean time, here is a five franc-piece to add to "Merci bien, monsieur le capitaine; bon voyage!" Jeannette held her finger up to Corbett, saying, with a smile, "mechant!" and then quitted the

"Come, Morrison, help us to empty this bottle, and then we will all go on board." "I wish that girl wouldn't come here with her nonsensical dreams," said Morrison, taking his seat; "I don't like it. When she said that we should be taken by a revenue cutter, I was looking

at a blue and a white pigeon sitting on the wall

opposite; and I said to myself, now if that he a

varning, I will see: if the blue pigeon flies away

first, I shall be in juil in a wook; if the white, I shall be back here. "Well?" said Pickeregill, laughing. "It wasn't well," answered Morrison tossing off his wine, and putting the glass down with a

deep sigh; "for the cursed blue rigeon flew away "Why, Morrison, you must have a chicken heart to be frightened at a blue-pigeon," said Corbett, laughing, and looking out of the window; "at all events, he has come back again, and there

he is sitting by the white one.! "It's the first time that ever I was called chicker hearted," replied Morrison, in wrath, "Nor do you deserve it, Mortison," teplied Pickersgill; "but Corbett is only joking."

"Well, at all events I'll try thy luck in the same

way, and see whether I am to be in jail: I shall ake the blue pigeon as my bad omen, as you did." The sailors and Captain Pickersgill all ross and went to the window, to ascertain Corbatt's fortune by this new species of augury. The blue pigeon lapped his wings, and then he sidled up to the white one; at last, the white pigeon flew off the wall and settled on the roof of the adjacent ho "Bravo! white pigeon," said Corbett; "I shall be here again in a week." The whole party, laughing, then resumed their sent; and Morrison's countenance brightened up. As he took the glass of wine poured out by Pickersgill, he said, "Here's he takes off his but to that Frenchman, with whom your health, Corbett; it was all nonsense, after all -for, d'ye see, I can't but put in fail without you are. We all sail in the same boat, and when you leave me, you take with you every thing that own condomn the vessel—so here success to got trip."

"We will all drink that foast, my lade, and then on board," said the captain; "here's success to our The captain rose, as did the mates and men, drank the toast, turned down the drinking resist on the table, hastened to the wharf, and, in half an

nour, the Happy-go-lucky was clear of the post of St. Maloes. TO BE CONTINUED.

TEARS-That weakness which weeps for a fallen race is the tenderness not of women.