Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

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CONDITIONS:

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance—or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

SHERIFFALTY.

George W. McClellan,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his FRIENDS and the PUBLIC generally, for placing him on the return with the present SHERIFF, at a former election; and respectfully solicits their *votes* and *interest*, for the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,

at the ensuing ELECTION. Should he be honored with their confidence by being elected to that Office, no exertion shall be wanting on his part, faithfully to discharge the duties of that important trust.

Gettysburg, Jan. 25, 1836. te-43

SHERIFFALTY.

To the voters of Adams county.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

AT the request of a number of my friends, I announce myself to your consideration as a CANDIDATE for the

NEXT SHERIFFALTY,

and most respectfully solicit your support. Should I be honored with your successful approbation and favor, it shall be my first wish and aim to discharge the duties of that office with fidelity and humanity.

JOHN JENKINS.

Gettysburg, Feb. 1, 1836. te-44

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Independent Voters of Adams co.:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I offer my self to your consideration as a Candidate for the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,

at the ensuing Election. Should I be elected, I pledge myself that I will perform the duties of that Office with fidelity and impartiality.

JAMES McILHENY.

[Mountjoy tp.] Feb. 22, 1836. te-47

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of Adams County:

Once more, Fellow-Citizens, I offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate for the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,

and respectfully solicit your support. If you elect me, I, as is customary, most cheerfully pledge myself to discharge the duties faithfully. Your obedient Servant,

MICHAEL C. CLARKSON.

February 22, 1836. te-47

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Independent Voters of Adams Co.:

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration for the office of

SHERIFF,

at the next GENERAL ELECTION. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected I will discharge the duties of the office faithfully.

Your obedient Servant,

WM. TAUGHINBAUGH.

Petersburg, (Y. S.) Feb. 29, 1836. te-48

SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and Independent Citizens of Adams County:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I offer myself for the SHERIFF'S OFFICE, at the next election—and should I be so fortunate as to succeed, I pledge my word and honor to serve with honesty, without respect to persons.

ABRAHAM MUMMA.

Franklin tp., March 7, 1836. te-49

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Independent Voters of Adams Co.:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,

And respectfully solicit your support. If you elect me I most cheerfully pledge myself to discharge the duties faithfully.

Your obedient Servant,

GEORGE MYERS.

New-chester, March 7, 1836. te*-49

SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and Independent Voters of Adams County:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Through kind persuasion from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the office of

SHERIFF,

at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes; and should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I would pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with care and fidelity.

WM. ALBRIGHT.

Conowago tp., March 7, 1836. te-49

THE GARLAND.

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

FOR THE STAR AND BANNER.

TO ATH.

Aye! speed thee on thy gay career
With pleasure's laughing train;
I do not ask a sigh or tear,
I would not give thee pain.
The heart thou fain would'st sacrifice,
Is one as proud as thine;
But speak thou not of broken ties,
The change was never mine.

The love that thus can lightly part,
Nor feel the last adieu,
Could ne'er have deeply touch'd the heart,
Or prompted worship true.
Then roam in other scenes, and bow
To other eyes than mine,
And when again thou plight'st a vow,
May truer words be thine.

I pledge thee in "a health" as free
As thou hast drank my own;
A "colder" love I would not see,
As "honest" *might* be known.
I would not have thee die of scorn,
Although it might be mine,
To think that I so long have borne
With love so *false* as thine. M. S.

☞*Who can be the author of this tremendous attack upon the Boarding Schools?*

MY AUNT.

BY HOLMES.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is broader than her life—
For life is but a *span*.

My aunt—my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost grey;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—Grand Papa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinch'd her feet, they sing'd her hair,
They screw'd her up with pins—
O! never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
By day-light, lest some rapid youth
Might follow on the track.
Ah! said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?

Alas! no chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me,
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

VARIETY.

In the district of Appein, in Silesia, a woman, aged 100 years, hung herself lately. All her family having been successively conveyed to the tomb, she laboured under the idea that God had forgotten to call her out of the world.

ECONOMY IN FUEL.—There is a prodigious waste of coal, occasioned by the width of the opening in the grates, by which a large portion of the heat escapes up the chimney. The best remedy is a register so contrived as to diminish the draft after the fire is ignited. A single bar of iron will answer the purpose of diminishing the aperture, and any one who will take the trouble of trying the experiment, will be astonished at the additional heat thrown into the room by one of extraordinary thickness. A bar of iron that will cost twenty-five cents, will produce twenty per cent more heat.

A salute of 100 guns was fired at Buffalo, New York, on the 27th ult. as a demonstration of the pleasure felt by the citizens on the passage of the bill re-chartering the U. S. Bank.

A FIRST RATE HATCHER.—A Poughkeepsie paper states, that Miss G—P——, of Dutchess county, N. Y. has this season obtained from 12 hens, 72 dozen eggs and 105 chickens. Her management was by copious feeding to induce all the hens to lay whenever she wished them to instead of setting, and to place the chickens under the care of one hen in a coop. Miss G—P—— is equal to an Egyptian oven. What a prize such a girl would be to any husband that delights in a numerous progeny.

PRINCE OF WALES AND MAJOR NORTH.—North was an aid-de-camp to the Baron Steuben, Inspector General of the Revolutionary Army. After the peace, he made a trip to England, where, being a sensible, witty young man, he was introduced into good company. At a party, where the Prince of Wales was present, (the King then laboring under his first malady) Major North was called on for a toast. Forgetful, for a moment, of that propriety which had distinguished him, he unguardedly proposed, "A speedy coronation to the Prince of Wales." The Prince instantly discharged his glass of wine in the Major's face; who, with great self possession and ready humor, threw his own in the face of the next guest, exclaiming pass it round—'tis the Prince's sentiment." Thus was a serious beginning turned into a jocular end.

TO MAKE GOLD COLORED VARNISH.—Bruise separately four ounces of lacca, as much gamboge, as much dragon's blood, as much arnotto, and one ounce of saffron. Put each of these in a spirit of wine. Digest them in the sun or in a moderate heat for a fortnight. Mix them with clear varnish of sandarac according to the tint required.—Four ounces of aloes, dissolved in a quart of spirits will also be a good addition to the above ingredients, and give more command over the tint.

HINTS TO HOUSE KEEPERS.—Boiling codfish in hard water makes fish firmer. Soap should be cut up in pieces that it may get hard. A little wet whiting will get ink out of boards. A little white wax will clear starch nicely. To take grease spots out of woollen cloths, wash them in gall and water. Milk will take ink out of paints.

A man in Ohio was pursued, lately, by a black snake. All at once it occurred to him, just as the reptile was preparing to jump at his throat, to run around a small birch tree, which stood in his path as tight as he could spring; he did so, till he'd got the creature in a SNARL, when stopping suddenly, he threw a back somerset, and the snake trying to follow him, tied himself in a HARD KNOT. Can you swallow that?

A few days ago, a lady residing at Worksop, lost her boa, and on returning to seek it, inquired of a country woman if she had seen a boa, "No ma'am," said the woman "I did'nt see it or *any other pigs.*"

THE HORSE.—In the centre of Asia has been discovered, it is said, the primitive breed of the horse, which far excels that of the Arabian race known in Europe.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE THREE CUTTERS.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "JAPHET."]

CHAPTER VI. CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

The next morning, about an hour after breakfast was finished, Mrs. Lascelles entered the cabin pretending to be in the greatest consternation and fell on the sofa, as if she were going to faint.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" exclaimed Cecilia, who knew very well what was coming.

"Oh, the wretch! he has made such proposals."

"Proposals! what proposals? what! Lord Blaney?" cried Miss Ossulton.

"Oh, he's no lord; he's a villain and a smuggler: and he insists that we shall both fill our pockets full of lace, and go on shore with him."

"Mercy on me! then it is no hoax after all; and I've been sitting down to dinner with a smuggler!"

"Sit down, madam! if it were to be no more than that—but we are to take his arm up to the hotel. Oh, dear! Cecilia, I am ordered on deck, pray come with me."

Miss Ossulton rolled on the sofa, and rang for Phœbe; she was in a state of great alarm.

A knock at the door.

"Come in," said Miss Ossulton, thinking it was Phœbe; when Pickersgill made his appearance.

"What do you want, sir? go out, sir! go out directly, or I'll scream."

"It is no use screaming, madam; recollect that all on board are at my service. You will oblige me by listening to me, Miss Ossulton. I am as you know, a smuggler, and I must send this lace on shore. You will oblige me by putting it into your pockets, or about your person, and prepare to go on shore with me. As soon as we arrive at the hotel, you will deliver it to me, and I then shall reconduct you on board of the yacht. You are not the first lady who has gone on shore with contraband articles about her person.

"Me, sir, go on shore in that way? no, sir, never! what will the world say? the Hon Miss Ossulton walking with a smuggler! No, sir, never!"

"Yes, madam, walking arm-and-arm with a smuggler: I shall have you on one arm, and Mrs. Lascelles on the other; and I would advise you to take it very quietly, for, in the first place, it will be you who smuggle, as the goods will be found on your person, and you will certainly be put in prison, for, at the least appearance of insubordination, we run and inform against you; and further, your niece will remain on board as a hostage for your good behaviour, and if you have any regard for her liberty, you will consent immediately.

Pickersgill left the cabin, and shortly afterwards Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles entered, apparently much distressed. They had been informed of all, and Mrs. Lascelles declared, that, for her part, sooner than leave her poor Cecilia to the mercy of such people, she had made up her mind to submit to the smuggler's demands. Cecilia also begged so earnestly, that Miss Ossulton, who had no idea that it was a trick, with much sobbing and blubbering, consented.

When all was ready, Cecilia left the cabin; Pickersgill came down, handed up the two ladies, who had not exchanged a word with each other during Cecilia's absence; the boat was ready alongside, they went in, and pulled on shore. Every thing succeeded to the smuggler's satisfaction. Miss Ossulton, frightened out of her wits, took his arm; and, with Mrs. Lascelles on the other, they went up to the hotel, followed by four of his boat's crew. As soon as they were shown into a room, Corbett, who was already on shore, asked for Lord B., and joined them. The ladies retired to another apartment, divested themselves of their contraband goods, and, after calling for some sandwiches and wine, Pickersgill waited an hour, and then returned on board. Mrs. Lascelles was triumphant; and she rewarded her new ally, the smuggler, with one of her sweetest smiles. Community of interest, will sometimes make strange friendships.

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUSION.

We must now return to the other parties who have assisted in the acts of this little drama.—Lord B., after paddling and paddling, the men relieving each other in order to make head against the wind, which was off shore, arrived about midnight at a small town in West Bay, from whence he took a chaise on to Portsmouth, taking it for granted that his yacht would arrive as soon as if not before himself, little imagining that it was in possession of the smugglers. There he remained three or four days, when, becoming impatient, he applied to one of his friends who had a yacht at Cowes, and sailed with him to look after his own.

We left the Happy-go-lucky chased by the revenue cutter. At first the smuggler had the advantage before the wind; but, by degrees, the wind went round with the sun, and brought the revenue cutter to leeward; it was then a chase on a wind, and the revenue cutter came fast up with her.

Morrison perceiving that he had no chance of escape, let run the ankers of brandy, that he might not be condemned; but still he was in an awkward situation, as he had more men on board than allowed by act of parliament. He therefore stood on, notwithstanding the shot of the cutter went over and over him, hoping that a fog or night might enable him to escape; but he had no such good fortune, one of the shot carried away the head of his mast, and the Happy-go-lucky's luck was all over. He was boarded and taken possession of; he asserted that the extra men were only passengers: but, in the first place, they were dressed in seamen's clothes; and, in the second, as soon as the boat was aboard of her, Appleboy had gone down to his gin toddy, and was not to be disturbed. The gentlemen smugglers therefore passed an uncomfortable night; and the cutter going to Portland by daylight before Appleboy was out of bed, they were taken on shore to the magistrate. Hautaine explained the whole affair, and they were immediately released and treated with respect; but they were not permitted to depart until they were bound over to appear against the smugglers, and prove the brandy having been on board. They then set off for Portsmouth in the seamen's clothes, having had quite enough of yachting for that season, Mr. Ossulton declaring that he only wanted to get his luggage, and then he would take care how he put himself again in the way of the shot of a revenue cruiser, or of sleeping a night on her decks.

In the meantime, Morrison and his men were locked up in the jail, the old man, as the key was turned on him, exclaiming, as he raised his foot in vexation, "That cursed blue pigeon!"

We will now return to the yacht.

About an hour after Pickersgill had come on board, Corbett had made all his arrangements and followed him. It was not advisable to remain at Torquay any longer, through fear of discovery; he, therefore, weighed the anchor before dinner, and made sail.

"What do you intend to do now, my lord?" said Mrs. Lascelles.

"I intend to run down to Cowes, anchor the yacht in the night; and an hour before daylight have you in my boat with all my men. I will take care that you are in perfect safety, depend upon it, even if I run a risk. I should, indeed, be miserable, if, through my wild freaks, any accident should happen to Mrs. Lascelles or Miss Ossulton."

"I am very anxious about my father," observed Cecilia. "I trust that you will keep your promise."

"I always have hitherto, Miss Ossulton; have I not?"

"Ours is but a short and strange acquaintance."

"I grant it; but it will serve for you to talk about long after. I shall disappear as suddenly as I have come—you will neither of you, in all probability, ever see me again."

The dinner was announced, and they sat down to table as before; but the elderly spinster refused to make her appearance; and Mrs. Lascelles and Cecilia, who thought she had been frightened enough, did not attempt to force her. Pickersgill immediately yielded to these remonstrances, and, from that time, she remained undisturbed in the ladies' cabin, meditating over the indignity of having sat down to table, of having drank wine, and been obliged to walk on shore, taking the arm of a smuggler, and appear in such a humiliating situation.

The wind was light, and they made but little progress, and were not abreast of Portland till the second day, when another yacht appeared in sight, and the two vessels slowly neared, until in the afternoon they were within four miles of each other. It then fell a dead calm—signals were thrown out by the other yacht, but could not be distinguished, and, for the last time, they sat down to dinner. Three days' companionship on board of a vessel, cooped up together, and having no one else to converse with, will produce intimacy; and Pickerskill was a young man of so much originality and information, that he was listened to with pleasure. He never attempted to advance beyond the line of strict decorum and politeness; and his companion was equally unpresuming. Situated as they were, and feeling what must have been the case had they fallen into other hands, both Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles felt some degree of gratitude towards him; and, although anxious to be relieved from so strange a position they had gradually acquired a perfect confidence in him, and this had produced a degree of familiarity, on their parts, although never ventured upon by the smuggler. As Corbett was at the table, one of the men came down and made a sign. Corbett shortly after quitted the table and went on deck. "I wish, my lord, you would come up a moment, and see if you can make this flag out," said Corbett, giving a significant nod to Pickersgill. "Excuse me, ladies, one moment," said Pickersgill, who went on deck.

"It is the boat of the yacht coming on board," said Corbett; "and Lord B. is in the stern-sheets with the gentleman who was with him."

"And how many men in the boat?—let me see—only four. Well, let his lordship and his friend come: when they are on the deck, have the men ready in case of accident; but if you can manage to tell the boat's crew that they are to go on board again, and get rid of them that way, so much the better. Arrange this with Adams, and then come down again—his lordship must see us all at dinner."

Pickersgill then descended, and Corbett had hardly time to give his directions and resume his seat, before his lordship and Mr. Stewart pulled up alongside and jumped on deck. There was no one to receive them but the seamen and those whom they did not know. They looked around in amazement; at last his lordship said to Adams, who stood forward,

"What men are you?"

"Belong to the yacht, ye'r honor."

Lord B. heard laughing in the cabin: he would not wait to interrogate the men; he walked aft, followed by Mr. Stewart, looked down the skylight, and perceived his daughter and Mrs. Lascelles with, as he supposed, Hautaine and Ossulton.

Pickersgill had heard the boat rub the side, and the sound of the feet on deck, and he talked the more loudly that the ladies might be caught by Lord B. as they were. He heard their feet at the skylight, and knew that they could hear what passed; and at that moment he proposed to the ladies that as this was their last meeting at table, they should all take a glass of champagne to drink to "their happy meeting with Lord B." This was a toast which they did not refuse.—Maddox poured out the wine, and they were all bowing to each other, when his lordship, who had come down the ladder, walked into the cabin, followed by Mr. Stewart.

Cecilia perceived her father; the champagne dropped from her hand—she flew into his arms, and burst into tears.

"Who would not be a father, Mrs. Lascelles?" said Pickersgill, quietly seating himself, after having first risen to receive Lord B.

"And pray, whom may I have the honor of finding established here?" said Lord. B. in an angry tone, speaking over his daughter's head, who still lay in his arms, "By Heavens, yes!—Stewart, it is the smuggling captain dressed out."

"Even so, my lord," cried Pickersgill. "You abandoned your yacht to capture me; you left these ladies in a vessel crippled for want of men: they might have been lost. I have returned good for evil by coming on board with my own people, and taking charge of them. This night I expected to have anchored your vessel in Cowes, and have left them in safety."

"By the ——" cried Stewart.

"Stop, sir, if you please," cried Pickersgill; "recollect you have once already attacked one who never offended. Oblige me by refraining from intemperate language; for I tell you I will not put up with it. Recollect, sir, that I have refrained from that, and also from taking advantage of you when you were in my power. Recollect, sir, also, that the yacht is still in possession of the smugglers, and that you are in no condition to insult with impunity. My lord, allow me to observe, that we men are too hot of temperament to argue, or listen cooly. With your permission, your friend, and my friend, and I, will repair on deck, leaving you to hear from your daughter and that lady all that has passed. After that, my lord, I shall be most happy to hear any thing which your lordship may please to say."

"Upon my word—" commenced Mr. Stewart.

"Mr. Stewart," interrupted Cecilia Ossulton, "I request your silence; nay, more, if ever we are again to sail in the same vessel together, I *insist* upon it."

"Your lordship will oblige me by enforcing Miss Ossulton's request," said Mrs. Lascelles.

Mr. Stewart was dumfounded, no wonder, to find the ladies siding with the smuggler.

"I am obliged to you, ladies, for your interference," said Pickersgill; "for, although I have the means of enforcing conditions, I should be sorry to avail myself of them. I wait for his lordship's reply."

Lord B. was very much surprised. He wished for an explanation; he bowed with *hauteur*. Every body appeared to be in a false position; even he, Lord B., somehow or another, had bowed to a smuggler.

Pickersgill and Stewart went on deck, walking up and down, crossing each other without speaking, but reminding you of two dogs who both are anxious to fight, but have been restrained by the voice of their masters. Corbett followed, and talked in a low tone to Pickersgill; Stewart went over to leeward to see if the boat was still alongside, but it had long before returned to the yacht. Miss Ossulton had heard her brother's voice, but did not come out of the after-cabin; she wished to be magnificent; and, at the same time, she was not sure whether all was right, Phœbe having informed her that there was nobody with her brother and Mr. Stewart, and that the smugglers still had the command of the vessel. After a while, Pickersgill and Corbett went down forward, and returned dressed in the smugglers' clothes, when they resumed their walk on the deck.

In the mean time, it was dark; the cutter flew along the coast: and the Needles' lights were on the larboard bow. The conversation between Cecilia, Mrs. Lascelles, and her father, was long. When all had been detailed, and the conduct of Pickersgill duly represented, Lord B. acknowledged that, by attacking the smuggler, he had laid himself open to retaliation; that Pickersgill had shown a great deal of forbearance in every instance; and, after all, had he not gone on board the yacht she might have been lost, with only three seamen on board. He was amused with the smuggling and the fright of his sister; still more, with the gentlemen being sent to Cherbourg; and much consoled that he was not the only one to be laughed at. He was also much pleased with Pickersgill's intention of leaving the yacht safe in Cowes harbor, his respect to the property on board, and his conduct to the ladies. On the whole, he felt grateful to Pickersgill; and where there is gratitude, there is always *good will.*

"But who can he be?" said Mrs. Lascelles; "his name he acknowledges not to Pickersgill; and he told me confidentially that he was of good family."

"Confidentially! my dear Mrs. Lascelles," said Lord B.

"Oh, yes! we are both his confidants. Are we not, Cecilia?"

"Upon my honor, Mrs. Lascelles, this smuggler appears to have made an impression which many have attempted in vain."

"Mrs. Lascelles did not reply to that remark, but said, "Now, my lord, you must decide; and I trust you will—to oblige us—treat him as he has treated us, with the greatest respect and kindness."

"Why should you suppose otherwise?" replied Lord B.; "it is not only my wish, but my interest, so to do. He may take us over to France to-night, or any where else. Has he not possession of the vessel?"

"Yes," replied Cecilia; but we flatter ourselves that we have *the command.* Shall we call him down, papa?"

"Ring for Maddox. Maddox, tell Mr. Pickersgill, who is on deck, that I wish to speak with him, and shall be obliged by his stepping down into the cabin."

"Who, my lord? What! *him?*"

"Yes, *him,*" replied Cecilia, laughing.

"Must I call him, my lord, now, miss?"

"You may do as you please, Maddox; but recollect, he still is in possession of the vessel," replied Cecilia.

"Then, with your lordship's permission, I will; it's the safest way."

The smuggler entered the cabin; the ladies started as he appeared in his rough costume, with his throat open, and his loose black handkerchief. He was the *beau-ideal* of a handsome sailor.

"Your lordship wishes to communicate with me?"

"Mr. Pickersgill, I feel that you have had cause of enmity against me, and that you have behaved with forbearance. I thank you for your considerate treatment of the ladies; and I assure you, that I feel no resentment for what has passed."

"My lord, I am quite satisfied with what you have said; and I only hope that, in future, you will not interfere with a poor smuggler, who may be striving, by a life of danger and privation, to procure subsistence for himself, and, perhaps, his family. I stated to these ladies my intention of anchoring the yacht this night at Cowes, and leaving her as soon as she was in safety. Your unexpected presence will only make this difference, which is, that I must previously obtain your lordship's assurance that those with you will allow me and my men to quit her without molestation, after we have performed this service."

"I pledge you my word, Mr. Pickersgill, and I thank you into the bargain. I trust you will allow me to offer some remuneration."

"Most certainly not, my lord."

"At all events, Mr. Pickersgill, if, at any other time, I can be of service, you may command me."

Pickersgill made no reply.

"Surely, Mr. Pickersgill——"

"Pickersgill! how I hate that name!" said the smuggler, musing. "I beg your lordship's pardon—if I may require your assistance for any of my unfortunate companions——"

"Not for yourself, Mr. Pickersgill?" said Mrs. Lascelles.

"Madam, I smuggle no more."

"For the pleasure I feel in hearing that resolution, Mr. Pickersgill," said Cecilia, "take my hand and thanks."

"And mine," said Mrs. Lascelles, half crying.

"And mine, too," said Lord B., rising up.

Pickersgill passed the back of his hand across his eyes, turned round, and left the cabin.

"I'm so happy!" said Mrs. Lascelles, bursting into tears.

"He's a magnificent fellow," observed Lord B.—"Come, let us all go on deck."

"You have not seen my aunt, papa."

"True; I'll go in to her, and then follow you."

The ladies went upon deck. Cecilia entered into conversation with Mr. Stewart, giving him a narrative of what had happened. Mrs Lascelles sat abaft at the taffrail, with her pretty hand supporting her cheek, looking very much *a la Juliette.*

"Mrs. Lascelles," said Pickersgill, "before we part, allow me to observe, that it is *you* who have induced me to give up my profession——"

"Why me, Mr. Pickersgill?"

"You said that you did not like it."

Mrs. Lascelles felt the force of the compliment. "You said, just now, that you hated the name of Pickersgill; why do you call yourself so?"

"It was my smuggling name, Mrs. Lascelles."

"And now, that you have left off smuggling, pray what may be the name we are to call you by?"

"I cannot resume it, till I have not only left this vessel, but shaken hands with, and bid farewell to, my companions; and by that time, Mrs. Lascelles, I shall be away from you."

"But I've a great curiosity to know it, and a lady's curiosity must be gratified. You must call upon me some day and tell it me. Here is my address."

Pickersgill received the card with a low bow; and Lord B. coming on deck, Mrs. Lascelles hastened to meet him.

The vessel was now passing the bridge at the Needles, and the smuggler piloted her on. As soon as they were clear and well inside, the whole party went down into the cabin, Lord B. requesting Pickersgill and Corbett to join him in a parting glass. Mr. Stewart, who had received the account of what had passed from Cecilia, was very attentive to Pickersgill, and took an opportunity of saying, that he was sorry that he had said or done any thing to annoy him. Every one recovered his spirits; and all was good humor and mirth, because Miss Ossulton adhered to her resolution of not quitting the cabin till she could quit the yacht. At ten o'clock the yacht was anchored. Pickersgill took his leave of the honorable company, and went in his boat with his men; and Lord B. was again in possession of his vessel, although he had not a ship's company. Maddox recovered his usual tones, and the cook flourished his knife, swearing that he should like to see the smuggler who would again order him to dress cutlets *a-l' ombre Chinoise.*

The yacht had remained three days at Cowes, when Lord B. received a letter from Pickersgill, stating that the men of his vessel had been captured, and would be condemned, in consequence of their having the gentlemen on board, who were bound to appear against them, to prove that they had sunk the brandy. Lord B. paid all the recognizances, and the men were liberated for want of evidence

It was about two years after this that Cecilia Ossulton, who was sitting at her work-table in deep mourning for her aunt, was presented with a letter by the butler. It was from her friend, Mrs. Lascelles, informing her that she was married to a Mr. Davenant, and intended to pay her a short visit on her way to the Continent. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant arrived the next day; and when the latter introduced her husband, she said to Miss Ossulton, "Look, Cecilia dear, and tell me if you have ever seen Davenant before."

Cecilia looked earnestly "I have, indeed," cried she at last, extending her hand with warmth; "and happy am I to meet with him again."

For in Mr. Davenant she recognized her old acquaintance, the captain of the Happy-go-lucky, Jack Pickersgill, the smuggler.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

HENRY CLAY.

The Albany Evening Journal contains two communications relative to this great man—which we think are of more import than a casual reader would imagine.

We consider Henry Clay one of the most dangerous Free Masons in the Union. We have not yet forgotten his insulting letter to the Anti-Masonic Committee of Indiana.—For ourselves, we shall use our best endeavors to unmask Free Masonry, notwithstanding Henry Clay has forbidden our interference with the handmaid.—[*Phil. Sun.*

GREAT MEETING IN UNION TOWN, PA.—The meeting at Union Town, Fayette County, Pa. on Saturday the 20th ult, is said to have been the largest political meeting ever held in that county. About six hundred persons—comprising a large portion of the bone and sinew of the county—were in attendance. The meeting was composed of men of all parties; and resolutions approving of the internal improvement and bank bill, lately passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature, were adopted unanimously.—Fayette county is a staunch old Jackson county, of the keystone State; but the result of this great county meeting would seem to prove that the people of western Pennsylvania are not at all disposed to be "bamboozled" by the catch words of the Globe, against this Pennsylvania measure, or terrified by its thunders.—*Balt. Pat.*

JOSEPH RITNER.—The administration of this gentlemen, who is the first western and first Anti-Masonic Governor, seems destined to be ranked as the most distinguished which we have ever had in this Commonwealth. It has so far manifested a truly fostering and paternal spirit towards all interests and all classes of society. The Relief Bill alone will immortalize the first year of his administration, as the Declaration of Independence did the 4th of July, 1776.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

The Globe continues to assail the Bank of the United States. Its editor knows that he is in debt to the Bank, and viper like, he has, ever since he became indebted, been endeavoring to destroy the institution. If Blair possessed a particle of honesty or honor, he would first pay what he owes, and *then* assail the Bank. There is no novelty in the case, however. It is a characteristic of blackhearted ingratitude to hate that to which it is indebted.—*Philad. Inquirer.*

THE RELIEF BILL.—The information received from all parts of the State relative to the relief bill, is truly gratifying to those of its friends who sustained it in defiance of personal threats and party denunciation.—Its enemies cannot long disguise the fact that a great majority of the people, of all parties are in favor of the measure. It has passed like electricity amongst the people, and awakened more interest than any measure that has been agitated for years. Since the final passage of the bill, letters of approbation are rolling in full of "Glory." We think the Legislature ought to give a vote of thanks to Gen. Jackson for vetoing the bill that passed Congress in 1832, as it put FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS into the pockets of the tax payers of Pennsylvania. Huzza for the Veto.—*Pa. Tel.*

PRINTER'S RIGHTS.—Mr. N. P. Willis, the poet, it is said, has a *new work, in press.*—Boston Gazette.

The work alluded to, will probably be published *in sheets.*—Troy Budget.

If published at all, SMALL CAPS will, no doubt be, frequently used.[Jacksonville Gaz.

The above work will probably be followed by "*Nursery Tales.*"—Sunday News.

And then look out for *squalls.*—Miner's Journal.

Wonder if Mr. Willis will be able to do his own *press work.*—Lewistown Gaz.