

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

VOL. 7--NO. 3.]

GETTYSBURG, Pa., MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1836.

[WHOLE NO. 315.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRESH SUPPLY OF Spring Goods!

THOMAS J. COOPER,
DOTH respectfully inform his old customers, and the public generally, that he has just received a NEAT ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, CONSISTING AS FOLLOWS:—CLOTHS, CASSIMETS, SILKS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, SHOES, AND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Holloware, Iron and Lumber. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH and Country Produce. March 28, 1836. 3t-52

NEW & CHEAP GOODS

SAMUEL WITHEROW,
INFORMS his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business at the old stand of MILLER & WITHEROW, and has just returned from the city with A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, CONSISTING OF EVERY VARIETY OF Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c. &c. ALL of which he is determined to sell cheap for CASH or Country Produce. April 4, 1836. 3t-1

New Goods.

THE subscriber having returned from the Cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, offers to the Public a FRESH AND NEAT ASSORTMENT OF CHINTZES, LAWNS, PLAIN MUSLINS, AS SORTED PRINTS, AND GINGHAMS, TOGETHER WITH A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Gentlemen's Summer Stuffs, and will open in a few days an entire assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS—which he will respectfully invite the Public to call and examine.

CHARLES F. HIMES. April 4, 1836. 3t-1

New Goods!

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just received, and now offers for Sale, on the most pleasing terms, AS LARGE A STOCK OF

GOODS

as has ever been offered to the Public in this place CONSISTING OF Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Edge Tools, Queensware, Bar Iron, Holloware, &c. &c. WITH ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE IN HIS LINE OF BUSINESS.

The public are invited to call and examine—and having a LARGE STOCK OF FANCY GOODS, Ladies, particularly, are invited to call. April 11, 1836. 3t-2

P. S. All accounts of an old standing would be thankfully received, as I am in want of money. G. A.

BOOTS & SHOES.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF **BOOTS AND SHOES**

Just received and for sale by **J. GILBERT,** Gettysburg. Having made arrangements at home for that purpose, **BOOTS AND SHOES** can be made to order in a workmanlike manner and at the shortest notice. April 4, 1836. 3t-1

LIST OF LETTERS,

REMAINING in the York Springs Post Office, Adams county, Pa. 1st day of April, 1836.

Jacob Baum,	Levi Johnson,
John Biteman,	Sam'l Morthland,
Sam'l Burkholder,	Charles M'Elwee,
Matthew J. Clark,	Joseph Miller,
Joseph Carl,	John Majors,
Richard Cole,	John Nicholas,
Wm. Chronister,	George Rockey,
Sylvanus Day,	Peter Rhodes,
Wm. C. Dunlop,	Nathan Starnes,
John Earheart,	Joseph Stouffer,
Dr. T. T. Estes,	Wm. Schriver,
Abm Griffith,	Lewis Shaeffer,
Philip Group,	John A. Sutz,
Jonathan Golden,	Dr. Daniel Sheffer,
John Hutton,	Andrew Trostle,
Geo. L. Hale,	Jacob Wolford,
John Harman,	John Wagner,
Gabriel Jacobs,	Conrad Woner.

H. WIERMAN, P. M. Petersburg, (Y. S.) April 4, 1836. 3t-1

Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by **DAVID ECKER** his Trustees, under a voluntary assignment for the benefit of his Creditors, hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his Estate, to call and make payment, and all persons having claims, to present them properly authenticated for settlement, on or before the 1st day of July next, to **SAMUEL S. FORNEY**, in the Borough of Gettysburg.

The HOUSE and FRONT SHOP, together with the GARDEN, will be rented for a time, on reasonable terms.

SAMUEL S. FORNEY, Trustees. **JOSEPH LATSHAW,** Trustees. April 11, 1836. 3t-2

Take Notice Creditors,

THAT we, the undersigned, Trustees of **JOHN FICKES**, an habitual drunkard, of Huntington township, Adams County, have appointed to meet said Fickes' Creditors on Saturday the 7th day of May next, in the afternoon, at the house of Moses Myers, in Petersburg, York Springs, for the purpose of distributing the moneys remaining in our hands of said Fickes' Estate among his Creditors in proportion to their demands. Witness our hands, this fourth day of April, 1836.

JOHN WOLFORD, Trustees. **HARMAN WIERMAN,** Trustees. April 11, 1836. 3t-2

Notice is hereby Given,

TO all Legatees and others concerned that the Administration Accounts of the deceased persons herein mentioned, will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation and allowance, on Monday the 25th day of April next.

The Account of **Eve Shultz** and **George Frysinger**, Administrators of **John Shultz**, deceased.

The Account of **Michael Bevenawer** and **Philip Fleshinan**, Executors of **Peter Bevenawer**, dec'd.

—ALSO—
The Guardianship account of **Sampson S. King**, Esq. Guardian of the minor children of **Adam Livingston**.

JAS. A. THOMPSON, Register. Register's Office, Gettysburg, March 28, 1836. 3t-52

CONSUMPTION.

Indian Specific,

FOR the prevention and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, and diseases of the Breast and Lungs, prepared by **Doct. CLARKSON FREEMAN**, of the city of Lancaster.

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 diseases; also particular directions respecting diet and regimen, 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 authorities 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. 1v-29

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by **S. S. KING**, Esq. his Trustees, under a voluntary assignment for the benefit of his creditors, hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his Estate, to call and make payment, and all persons having claims, to present them properly authenticated for settlement, on or before the 20th day of May next, to either of the undersigned residing in the Borough of Gettysburg.

The fees due to **S. S. King**, Esq. on his Dockets having also been assigned to the subscribers, they have been placed in the hands of **S. R. RUSSELL**, Esq. for collection, with directions to bring suits for all that shall remain unpaid after the above mentioned time. Those concerned will do well to attend to this and save costs.

T. C. MILLER, Trustees. **D. M. SMYSER,** Trustees. March 28, 1836. 3t-52

Trial List for April Term, 1836

David H. Eckert vs. George Heagy.
Daniel Gilbert vs. Bernhart Hoffman.
B. Gilbert, use of Robert Smith, vs. Nicholas Do-trick, garnishee of Jas. Hendricks.
Matthew Dobbin vs. Bank of Gettysburg.
Thomas M'Knight vs. Conrad Snyder, Ex'r. of Mary Spangler, dec'd, and garnishee in a Foreign Attachment with Adam Spangler.
Peter Trostle vs. Peter Beecher.
Abraham Trimmer vs. Peter Aughenbaugh.
FOR ARGUMENT.
Supervisors of Conowingo township vs. Michael Kitzmiller.
Philip Kohler vs. Andrew Linch.
Samuel Neely, Assignee of Thomas Neely vs. J. Fickes. April 4, 1836. 3t-3

THE GARLAND.

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

THE FAMILY MEETING.

[The following lines, by **CHARLES SPAUGH**, on the occasion of the accidental meeting, a few evenings since, of all the surviving members of a family, the father and mother of which (one eighty-three, the other eighty years old,) have lived in the same house fifty-three years.]

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear,
Each chair is filled, we're all at home,
To-night let no cold stranger come;
That not after thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found—
Bless them the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all—here.

We're not all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who throng'd, with us, this ancient hearth,
And save the long of us to view.
How like life through the mist of years,
Each well-remember'd face appears;
We see them as in times long past,
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
Their're round us, as they were of old—
We're not all here.

We are all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded form to view.
How like life through the mist of years,
Each well-remember'd face appears;
We see them as in times long past,
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
Their're round us, as they were of old—
We're not all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear—
This may not long of us be said,
Soon must we join the gather'd dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
O, then, that wisdom may we know,
That yields to peace his bow;
So in the world to peace be bliss;
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—here!

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Family Mansion of the Bonapartes, at Ajaccio.

"The house of the Bonapartes, at Ajaccio, was the handsomest edifice in that town; for the Bonapartes do not date from Napoleon, notwithstanding all that has been asserted by the enemies of the name. The family was one of the oldest, most considerable and illustrious of the country, even before it had been distinguished from the other patrician races of Corsica by the splendour of an imperial throne. Its nobility is traced up to a period in which it is hidden by the darkness of time. They show in the archives of Ajaccio a register, by which the popular opinion on this point is confirmed. It is a record of a city meeting, which dates from the thirteenth century. At that time, the people were neither Genoese nor French, but true Corsicans, strenuously asserting their independence against the aggressions of the former. At this meeting, twelve lords were chosen by the people to command the militia—there were three Bonapartes among these select men."

Thus spoke the Signor Berettoni, as we were sailing through the beautiful gulf of Ajaccio, and cast anchor before that city, which rises from the shore like an amphitheatre. Here everything is Italian, and more especially the inhabitants.

"Look at those delightful houses! Is not our Ajaccio a fine town?"

"Most assuredly! but the house of houses, that which we have made a pilgrimage expressly to visit, the most remarkable of its houses, where is that?"

"I understand you—let us leave the quay, and follow this winding and narrow street." Signor Berettoni was like all his countrymen; once mention to him the name of Napoleon, to flatter his national pride, which is a species of self-love, and you can get him to do anything. So he undertook to be our pilot through the streets of the Corsican capital.

"All that you have just seen," said my guide, as we quitted the vast avenue of the quay, "was not in existence, fifty years ago; and when France sent her first governor to the island, the house we are now going to visit was the best in the town; the family which inhabited it—you know that family, of course?"

"What! the Bonaparte family?"

"Look straight forward—that building is its mansion."

This announcement roused us suddenly from meditative ecstasy, into which we had been plunged, by the glorious associations necessarily connected with the name of Napoleon, and by the spot whither we had come. General B., who accompanied us on this historical pilgrimage, could scarcely breathe, so strongly was he agitated.

"What! that yellow house, with newly-painted green jealousies?"

volunteered his services as our guide. Old General B. could scarcely believe his eyes; he actually trembled with emotion, for, I believe, the first time in his life; tears trickled down his cheeks, and showed the nature of the feelings, by which he was influenced.

We entered the house with that species of religious veneration, with which one is impressed on the threshold of a temple; we were about to inspect and touch with our hands the cradle of the greatest man of modern times.

"I have to apologize, gentlemen, for the form and fashion of my furniture, which is, no doubt, different from that now in vogue at Paris, and, as you have just left that city, it no doubt looks odd to you. It was, however, in the newest and best taste in 1818, and I bought it myself there, when I formed one of a deputation, to which honor I was called by the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and perhaps by the unconscious spell which is reflected by an illustrious name. An emperor's uncle may speak of being a deputy, without being looked upon as a bonstour."

We were amused by his discourse, which we took care not to interrupt.

"I perceive your impatience," said he, compressing his lips, as if to hide an ironical smile. "You are all anxious to see my curiosities and antiquities! But, if you will have the kindness to walk still higher up stairs, you shall have a sight of them by-and-by."

General B. could scarcely contain his wrath at hearing this careless indifference, and almost disdainful allusion to circumstances, which the veteran imperial trooper regarded with fanaticism, and an scorn of which he considered sacrilege. The old man did not notice his looks, and went on:

"In the meantime, this was the apartment of my very august and gracious sister, her majesty, the empress mother: a generation of kings was born, played and grew up here; and the greater portion of Europe was furnished with sovereigns from this little room. Talking of rooms, this is the one where the most famous of the brothers passed his infancy, and here he lived and slept until the governor's kind interest and patronage procured his reception at the military academy at Brienne. Will you now walk up stairs?"

We entered the garret. Do not be scandalized; a year or two later I saw the costly and gorgeous cradle of the king of Rome, put out of sight in another garret of the arch-ducal palace of Maria-Louisa at Parma.

"Stop," said the old gentleman; "look at that old chair, and that walnut-tree table.—He used to sit in that chair, and it was at that table that he learned his A B C. There is some difference between these worn-out articles and the gilded furniture of his cabinet at the Tuilleries."

The general respectfully kissed this table, or rather its remains, for it was mutilated and cut in such a manner that it could hardly stand upright.

"You see that my visitors leave their marks behind them," remarked the proprietor to the house, with a sneer which quite petrified us; "you can do the like, if you choose to take the trouble."

The general took advantage of the permission with the haste and fervour of a soldier's devotion. We carried off a considerable quantity of this precious relic; and valuable, indeed, it was, if the preciousness of a relic is to be estimated by the feelings its contemplation excites. Two or three months afterward, these two pieces of furniture had followed their other parts all over the continent, to the great despair of the English tourists and curiosity-hunters.

A fortnight after our expedition to the house in Ajaccio, the sloop beat its course to the island of Elba, and sailing along the shores of Rio Longone, glittering with iron rocks, we anchored in front of the city of Porto Ferrajo, which seems ready to be crushed by the weight of the superincumbent mountains. The Elbese boats, with their cargoes of vegetables for Leghorn and Plombino, and the fishing-smacks, filled with the rich supplies of that part of the Mediterranean, saluted, as they past, the French flag which had now become their own. The captain lowered his boat, and in five minutes, we trod the soil of the island of Elba, the first jail of the illustrious prisoner of Europe. What an immense distance—what a deep gulf there is between the house in Ajaccio, and this in Porto Ferrajo, which, to common eyes, seem to be in so close a juxtaposition! Brienne, Toulon, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, the Tuilleries, the Kremlin of Moscow, Fontainebleau, and the island of Elba—what a starting-point—what resting-places—what a sad termination! From the house in Ajaccio, Bonaparte rushed forth to conquer the throne of France, and to subjugate Europe; from the house in Porto Ferrajo, Napoleon escaped to be conquered at Waterloo, and to die at Longwood!

Clerical Oratory.

SPEAKING of clerical oratory, bide me think of an event I witnessed lately in an Episcopal convective. The morning service had been said—the rich tones of the organ were melting away into silence—when the speaker arose, and named his text, in these simple words: "Jesus wept." He spoke in a strain of touching simplicity; he pointed the sorrows of the Saviour at the death of Lazarus—and he described in beautiful language the propriety of his grief, by enlarging upon that inevitable condition of mortality which causes all to grieve. By and by I heard a faint moan. A young and tender-hearted mother, who had but a few

weeks before buried a blooming daughter, the darling of her love, overcome by her feelings, had fainted away. But it was no boisterous or harrowing language, that thus stirred within her the holy fountains of a mother's affection. It was the words of simplicity that fell upon her ear, and trembled in her bosom.

The circumstance revived in my mind the memory of a sermon—the offspring of untutored genius—which I heard in early youth. The preacher was an unlettered woodsman, but he spoke with correctness—with eloquence. The occasion was the funeral of a child. The boy, a lad of four or five years old, lay on the bier before him; his fair cheeks had not lost their rosy red, and his little form, so decently composed in the white garments of the grave, looked far too dainty for the earth to cover. The speaker took his text from the touching story of Gehazi and the Shunammite. I forgot the place where it is to be found. "And he said to the mother.—Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child? And she answered, It is well." He went on to show his hearers, that in the case before them, it was "well for the child," and beautifully did he prove it. My heart swells yet, at the mere remembrance of that sermon. "Mother," he said, "do you mourn for the child that has fallen like a blossom from your arms? Weep not, for it is well. He has escaped the darkness of earthly sorrow—the clouds that day by day would have rolled gradually over his spirit—the crosses of existence—the gloom that follows after that golden age, ere the life of life begins to fail and fade—he has missed all these, and in that 'better country' where his Father and our Father smiles upon him his innocent spirit is at rest. Fond mother! distrust not thy God. Lift thy heart warm prayer to him in the night-watches; and as thou implorest consolation, thou mayest ask thy God—'Is it well with my child?' and soft as heavenly numbers sweet as the music of an angel's lyre, he will answer, 'It is well.'"

The Tenor of the Gospel of Peace.
I.—The way to Heaven is revealed in four words—"Acquaint thyself with God."
II.—The guide to that way is three—"search the Scriptures."
III.—The privilege afforded in that way in four—"Call upon thy God."
IV.—The spirit of this divine doctrine is three—"Faith, hope, Charity."
V.—The essence of it is comprised in six—"Love to God, love to man."
VI.—The mode of our salvation is six—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."
VII.—The means of obtaining it in eight—"Repentance toward God, faith in his dear son."
VIII.—The duty enjoined hereby in three—"Follow after Righteousness."
IX.—The result of our doing so, in six—"Peace which the world cannot give."
X.—The issue of that result, in two—"ETERNAL LIFE!"

VARIETY.

THE ART OF HEEL-ING.

It is a most surprising thing,
That people who are fond of dealing
With those whose art is that of heeling,
Will not be cautious, lest they spring
Upon them, at the very time
"Twas least expected!
Had they, I fear, would have to rhyme
A subject, who was unprepared
Against a wild practitioner, who made
Unnumbered hits at the blood-letting trade.
A fine young nag, whose name was Norry,
Stood by a fence, to mouth the air
Like others, who have time to spare;
Good food she had, if she would go;
She was no sorry nag—no! no!
It was her owner who was sorry.

She had a very interesting tail,
From which her owner often took—
To make a fish-line for the brook—
Some shining extract; but the trick grew stale;
And the nag thought it was enough to work,
And so resolved, when he came there
For the same ends, to treat him as a Turk
Would one who pluck'd the Prophet's hair.
Well, he did come, and set about to cull
From look some choice selections; but the nag
Laid her correcting hoof upon his scull;
Which made his cranium ruffled as a crag.
If every plagiarist was thus
Tried by the soundness of his brain,
They'd all become so tremulous,
That few, if any, would remain;
And we need seldom be engaged revealing
The wound inflicted, and the art of heeling.

Accustom yourself to submit on all and every occasion, and on the most minute, no less than on the most important circumstances of life, to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good.—This will give decision, tone, and energy to the mind, which, thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat, and honor from repulse. Having acquired this invaluable habit of rational preference, and just appreciation, start for that prize that endureth for ever; you will have little left to learn. The advantages you will possess over common minds, will be those of the veteran over the recruit.

"SIX SLIM SLICK SAPLINS."
It is gravely asserted by some that there is no Yankee in the land that can, upon the first trial, "of a cold frosty morning," pronounce these words in quick succession, without making a blunder—"Six Slim Slick Saplins." Try it.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD JOKE.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Sun communicates the following anecdote.
While at breakfast table on board one of the Providence steamers, a few days since, he sat opposite an elderly gentleman, who seemed quite partial to a dish of boiled eggs which was set before him. The old man cracked one and applied it to the organ of his olfactories. "I cannot endure a stale egg," observed he, at the same time laying it on the cloth by the side of his plate, and

taking another from the dish. This second egg and a third was also condemned in the same way, the old gentleman quietly remarking that it was too early in the season to procure fresh eggs in plenty. The fourth proved a good one, and the old gentleman commenced his breakfast. He was a slow eater, and by the time he had finished his egg, with its accompaniments, not another one could be had from any part of the table. Rather than go hungry, the old gentleman bethought himself that though the eggs which lay by the side of his plate were "not over fresh," still, perhaps, he could find one among them that was eatable. On overhauling the lot, he selected one which seemed to relish very well. Not having yet finished his meal, the second and third egg, which he had laid aside, were further examined, approved of, and as far as they went served to complete the old man's breakfast, quite to his own satisfaction, and much to the chagrin of one or two rubicund visaged gentlemen, who sat near, and who did not appear to relish the joke at all.

A lady who kept her house extremely nice, but woefully neglected her person, in matters of cleanliness, observed a gentleman visitor looking about very anxiously, inquired what he sought. "Why madam," replied he, "your house is so nice that I cannot find a place to spit." "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the good woman, "in the dirtiest place you can find." "Excuse me," said her guest, for if I should, madam, I should spit in your face!"

A REAL GENTLEMAN!

He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

Is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered or insulting remarks.

Pays punctually for his newspapers.

Never pries into other persons' affairs.

Does never, under any circumstances speak ill of a woman.

Never cuts an acquaintance, who has met with a reverse of fortune; and

He always pays the postage on his letters of business.

PHARMACOPŒIE.

A physician stopped at the shop of a country apothecary and inquired for a *pharmacopœie*.

"Sir," said the apothecary, "I know of no such FARMER living about these parts!"

HUMOROUS.

THE ENCHANTED HAT.

A British sailor, who had just returned from a long and successful cruise, and was paid off, hastened to London in order to rid himself of his hard earned gold, which literally burned in his pockets. Jack was a seaman every inch of him, and became completely miserable, after a three weeks absence from his beloved element. In vain had he entered into all the dissipation and extravagance of the metropolis, *come-at-able* by one of his class. His cash appeared to be inexhaustible. His old habits now returned upon him with such a force, that to sea he must go again. Accordingly, he shipped on board an elegant brig bound to the United States ports; (a general peace having restored to him his freedom of will) and was ordered to join her at Gravesend on a given day. Jack continued his endeavors to render himself penniless, until that day was so near at hand that it was impossible for him to be a man of his word, without the aid of the stage coach. He however prayed to Neptune for a head wind, and took it about—cause why—he preferred the pedestrian to the vehicular mode of travelling. He journeyed along, *solus cum sola*, until the dinner hour arrived, when his stomach giving him some broad hints that it needed a reinforcement of *timber*, he stopped at the first inn which presented itself, and called for the best dinner the bill of fare afforded, a pint of brandy, and a bottle of port. Not that Jack liked wine, but he had a cumbersome balance in his pocket, which impeded his walking. The waiters stared at him like stuck pigs, but stood so motionless as though they had been petrified, until he jingled his purse, which was well stored with what an Englishman delights to look upon—yellow boys. There is no letter of introduction to travelling companions, equal to the ready rhino. Jack was speedily served—ate and drank to his heart's content, and called for his bill. It was brought, and a pretty exorbitant one it was. He was about to discharge it, when a brilliant thought struck him, and he requested to see the keeper of the inn. Boniface made his appearance when Jack, in the fullness of his wisdom, told him that he wished to pay him double. Do you see as how shipmate, this here is the thing—I am bound to Gravesend on a cruise to America, but have out-stayed my time in Lunnon: now if so be, the ship has sailed, I must be put in hachy, how to get back, and my lower works suffer for want of provision; so I want to pay you double, and I means to pay every body double as I goes along, and then I besure not to starve when I travels this road again. But how will I know you, in case the ship has left you? enquired the landlord. Is that all, quoth Jack; here then is my hat—when I calls, I'll put it on my left hand and twirl it with my right—once—twice—three—and you'll be sure to remember me. The necessary orders were given to the servants—Jack paid double, and continued to do so until he reached the place of destination and found the vessel gone, *surprised*. He remained at Gravesend till the penny was expended, and set out for Lunnon.