EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown."
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

MEDICAL & CHIRURGICAL FACULTY OF MARYLAND.—At the Annual Convention of the Faculty, held on the 2d June, 1828, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Dr. Robt. Goldsborough, of Queen Anne's *President.*
" R. S. Steuart, *Orator.*
" John Fonerden *Recording Secretary.*
" John Buckler, *Corresponding Secretary.*
" Wm. W. Handy, *Treasurer.*

MEDICAL BOARD.
Examiners for the Western Shore.

Dr. W. Donaldson, Dr. R. S. Steuart,
J. Buckler, M. S. Baer,
P. Macaulay, T. E. Bond,
W. Fisher.

Examiners for the Eastern Shore.

Dr. E. Martin, Dr. P. Wroth,
J. M. Anderson, T. Thomas,
T. Denny.

CENSORS
For the City of Baltimore.

1st Ward,	Dr. H. Johnson.
2d do	J. Allender.
3d do	J. L. Yeates.
4th do	J. B. Taylor.
5th do	A. Alexander.
6th do	R. W. Hall.
7th do	R. S. Steuart.
8th do	G. S. Gibson.
9th do	M. S. Baer.
10th do	H. W. Baxley.
11th do	J. H. O'Donovan
12th do	
City of Annapolis	Dr. J. Ridgley, D. Claude.
Frederick City	Dr. J. Bear, W. B. Tyler.
Chestertown	Dr. P. Wroth,
Caroline County	Dr. G. Martin, C. Tilden.
Hartford do	Dr. W. Dalam, T. Worthington.
Kent do	Dr. E. Scott, M. Brown.
Cecil do	Dr. —— Parker, J. W. Veazy,
Worcester do	Dr. J. S. Spence, J. S. Martin.
Talbot do	Dr. N. Hammond, S. T. Kemp.
Somerset do	Dr. S. K. Handy, H. Highland.
Dorchester do	Dr. W. Jackson, F. Phelps.
Baltimore do	Dr. H. Goldsborough C. Byrne.
A. Arundel do	Dr. J. Hopkins, A. Riggs.
Calvert do	Dr. —— Hungerford, —— Blake.
St. Mary's do	Dr. —— Stone, W. J. Edlin.
Charles do	Dr. W. Weems, W. Queen,
P. Georges do	Dr. B. I. Semmes, C. Duvall.
Montgomery do	Dr. O. Willson, W. P. Palmer.
Frederick do	Dr. W. Willis, J. W. Dorsey.
Washington do	Dr. W. Hammond, W. W. Hitt.
Allegany do	Dr. J. M. Lawrence, S. P. Smith.
Q. Anne's do	Dr. J. Crane, R. Goldsboro' jr.

The following gentlemen have been admitted members of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty, since the 4th June 1827.

Thos. W. Bond, L. M; Sam'l. Harper, M. D; Wm. H. Wailes, L. M; Silas Larsh, M. D; Hugh McCulloh, L. M; Isaac Cole, M. D; Jeremiah B. Stubbs, M. D; Edward W. Carrere, M. D; John H. Clarke; Ed. Y. Goldsborough, M. D; W. Cole; W. H. Claggett, L. M; Wm. Tyler, L. M; Saml. Miller, L. M; Samuel McKeehan, L. M; W. L. Horton, L. M; Wilson W. Kolb, M. D; John Broome, M. D; Daniel S. Forney, M. D; Adolphus Dunan, M. D; Howard Kennedy, M. D; F. R. Willis, M. D; H. M. Robertson, M. D; Thomas J. Davis, M. D; John Berry, M. D, Thomas S. Herbert, M. D; Charles R. Jackson, M. D; James Fisher, M. D; Samuel H. Caldwell, M. D; Horatio G. Grieves, M. D; Henry Diffenderffer, M. D; John H. Owings, M. D; H. W. Johnson, M. D; Edw. Schwartz, M. D; Joseph Iglehart, M. D; W. H. Grimes, M. D; G. W. Chalmers, M. D; Nathan R. Smith, M. D; James Aitken, M. D; David King, M. D; D. M. Cass, M. D; J. W. Adreon, M. D.

After the election of officers at the Annual Convention of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, held on the 2d inst. the following resolution, offered by Dr. G. S. Gibson, of Baltimore, was adopted and ordered to be printed.

Whereas the prevailing public opinions, that the *habitual* and moderate use of distilled spirits is conducive to health, supports the strength and vigor of the body, and protects against disease, are frequent causes of their *intemperate* use; and whereas it is a duty of this Faculty to use every means in their power to improve the health of mankind, by the correction of erroneous medical opinions—Therefore,

Resolved, by the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland in Convention assembled, That as in the opinion of the Faculty, the *habitual* use of ardent spirits is never necessary to promote health, to protect against infectious or contageous diseases, or to sustain the human system under the fatigues of labor, we do earnestly recommend to every member of this Faculty to abstain from, and by every means in his power to discourage their use.

J. FONERDEN, Rec. Sec.

Baltimore, June 6—14, 1828. 4w

☞The Fredericktown Herald and Easton Gazette will please publish the above 4 times.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS are cautioned against buying of Uriah Medford, or his agent, a certain negro man called JOE, & a negro woman called LEAH, as they do not belong to him, and he cannot give sufficient title to them—and I am determined to prosecute any person who may purchase them of him.

CHARLES LECOMPTE (of C.)

New-Market, Dorset co. June 14 3w

AN AMERICAN TALE.

The memorable campaign had commenced, which ended in the capture of the British army, and emancipated these United States from the mother country. Cornwallis, Leislie, and the Philips were concentrating their forces to subjugate Virginia: while La Fayette, the honored friend of America, was straining every nerve to save the country, whose cause he had so heartily and generously espoused, from the hand of the spoiler.

These dreadful notes of preparation reached even to the quiet shades of Indian Spring Valley. Langhorne did not wish to hear them, but they would be heard; and his devotion to the fair Quaker was soon put to bitter proof. A few of Basil's neighbors assembled to pay their respects to the friends who had taken refuge at his house, on the invasion of the British, and as 'To arms! to arms!' was not more the cry of belted warriors, than of rustic swains, of high born lady, than of country maid, this little party breathed nothing but defiance to the foe. A lively girl, after several sly hints, that the Captain was quite recovered of his wound, completed the badinage indulged, by singing the following couplets, from a song which had just then made its appearance.

"While all around
We hear no sound,
But War's terrific strain,
The drum demands
Our Patriot bands,
And chides each tardy swain.

Our country's call,
Arouses all
Who dare be brave and free,
My love shall crown
That youth alone,
Who saves himself and me."

'Captain Langhorne has left the service—Miss Bell,' said a young volunteer, with a cockade in his hat as big as a pan cake. 'He is done with these matters; but if a poor ensign might serve the turn, I know one who will stand a shot for you; and now I think of it, I saw Colonel Monroe yesterday, he sent his compliments to you Captain.'

'I am to join Mercer's troop to-morrow,' said another, 'if the captain has any commands for him.'

Alexander did not eye the physician more eagerly, than did Nancy Noland and Basil the poor Captain.

'He minds not these silly worldlings,' thought Nancy.

'He is but a lost man, if he does,' thought Basil, 'so far as regards his love at least.'

Langhorne's countenance indicated nothing that could lead them to suppose he would leave his mistress; and the fair damsels, who only waited to reward their hardy deeds, until they should have performed them, took their leave.

A severe trial now awaited him. The young company had scarcely departed, when a trooper gaily caparisoned mounted on a superb charger, and armed to the teeth, alighted at the door, & inquired for Capt. Langhorne.

Langhorne had just renewed his solicitations to Nancy for their immediate marriage, and had used so many arguments in favour of it, that with real modesty, but with unbounded affection, she suffered him to prevail, and the next day but one was fixed for the performance of the ceremony. Such was the situation of the young lovers when the Captain was summoned to attend the soldier, who, after making the military obeisance, handed him the following letter:

'I am delighted to hear my dear Langhorne, that your foot is again in the stirrup—I write from your own house, where I have this moment called, expecting, not having seen or heard from you, to find you still on your back.

'I am glad you resigned the commission you held. It makes way for the appointment in Weedon's brigade,—which I now send you, at his request. I saw yesterday your friend Simmonds. The fellow out of cold blood and false heart refuses to turn out. He pestered me with some disjoined chat, about your turning quaker. I could divide myself and go to buffets for having listened to such a dish of skimmed milk. See to have his horse pressed as you come along.

'But my good friend, what has taken you to Indian Spring Valley at this bustling time. Surely you have no hopes of bringing the broad brim of its owner into the field, though some of your men, who were with you in the affair at old Noland's, tell me Basil is a stout fellow and brave, and I shall not be surprised to see him in a steel cap. These times would rouse the heart of a Leverot. You may be surprised to find me in the saddle again. But General —— has removed all my scruples on the subject of the Monmouth affair; and indeed, what scruples of honour, conscience or religion can exist on this subject, when the foot of the merciless invader presses the soil which gave us birth? Adieu—You will have a noble parcel of fellows to command. Even now they stand like grey hounds in the slip, straining upon the start.'—You are not the man to let their mettle cool.

'Expecting to see you in three days at farthest, I am, dear Langhorne, yours.

'P. S. I had given my letter, (I open it to add this) to my orderly with directions to find you immediately, when some surmises which have reached my ear, induce me to request you to meet me to-morrow, at the place Johnson will mention to you. Langhorne as you value your honour and my friendship, meet me!'

'Will you take some refreshment, and have your horse fed?' said Langhorne, with an air of abstraction and indecision.

'My orders' said the trooper, 'were to return instantly, with your honour's answer.—The Colonel will be at the Buck Tavern at twelve precisely. Will your honour meet him there at that hour?'

Langhorne started as he felt Nancy's hand on his arm. 'May I see the letter,' she said, in the soothing accents of love and friendship, 'which appeared to give thee so much concern?'

'I can scarcely wish as yet,' he replied, 'that you should see it—that is, until I make up my mind as to what answer to make it. The vile British, Nancy, you know—are pouring into our states in every direction, and I am written to by an esteemed and long valued friend'

To come and imbrue thy hands again in their blood,' said she, interrupting him—'and thou wilt go—yes Charles, I see it in thy flushed cheek and agitated voice—yes thou wilt go. Oh infirm of purpose! Why didst thou dissemble with a poor forlorn girl, who has so few friends in this world? She can little afford to recal her fondest affections from one so valued—so—'

He was about to renew his protestations of sincerity, and his abhorence of the practice of war, when he was interrupted by the trooper.

'I await your honour's commands. My orders were to despatch and return.'

'One moment my good fellow, said Langhorne. Nancy, I will meet my friend, and so fully satisfy him that I cannot with honour join the brigade, that—

'Thou canst not, without dishonour,' returned she, 'refuse to join it, according to his, and then, I fear thy view of the subject—Charles, though thou go out from among us—'

'But I have not as yet, said Langhorne, 'determined to go.'

'If thou hast one doubt on the subject, said she, 'thou hast deceived me,' and she entered the house and retired to her room.

Willing to be offended at her abrupt manner, Langhorne seized the opportunity which this momentary scene of displeasure afforded him, to tell the trooper, that he would meet his friend Colonel —— at the time and place appointed.

'Charles Langhorne,' said Basil at breakfast next morning, 'has gone to meet a friend on business of importance, and will return at 6 o'clock this evening at farthest.'

'Did he leave a letter,' said Nancy, endeavouring to speak with composure.

'No letter,' was the answer, 'but a positive assurance of speedy return.'

From motives of true delicacy and real feeling, Basil absented himself from the house during the greater part of the day, and Nancy was left alone. 'How expectation and uncertainty lead the wings of Time,' repeated the poor girl, as she wandered from room to room; —'and yet why should I wish the time to arrive in which I can no longer live.'

The clock, after a long, long day, struck six.

'I will neither be untrue or unkind,' she said as she turned her eyes from the road as she heard the sound of the departed hour. 'I will for his sake, suffer myself to hope one hour longer;—and then, oh, then, she exclaimed, clasping her hands, 'I must remember him only in my prayers.'

The hour passed—the night closed & Nancy Noland with a convulsive shiver, resigned the hope of ever again meeting Charles Langhorne. At the very moment she was endeavouring to bear as became her, the afflictive dispensation, a horseman was heard rapidly to approach. 'O how I wronged him,' she exclaimed, as she sprang forward to meet, not Langhorne, but his servant bearing a letter. It appeared to have been written in a moment of great agitation, arising from the conflict which raged within him between his love and his sense of honour and duty.

It contained assurance of his inviolable attachment, his unbounded love, but ended with the information, that such an appeal had been made to him, that she herself in the event of his refusal to arm himself in defence of his country, must have despised him.

'It is my deserved reward,' said Nancy; 'it is only my deserved reward, for going out from among my people. On what a sandy foundation did I build.—He! he one of God's converts! No, no—he was one of my converts. Never, oh! never let her look for happiness who depends on that change which is effected in the habits and disposition of a lover, by other means than by the sanctioning influence of the Holy spirit leading into all truth Least of all, let her trust to the evanescent power of her own charms.'

Nothing could exceed the delicate manner in which Basil Roberts bore himself under these trying circumstances towards his fair guest, or the considerate regard which he paid to her feelings.

Several weeks passed away, and though the country rang with the clash of arms, he cautiously avoided any mention of the numerous reports, which daily reached him, concerning the operation of the contending forces. But this silence could no longer be preserved. The storm of war was rolling onward, and the thunder which had hitherto growled at a distance, was now about to burst over Indian Spring Valley.

"We must remove to our Aunt Betsey's," said Basil; "she lives in an out of the way corner; and, as her house is large withal, I think we will even venture upon her.' A small body of horse was perceived, even as Basil was speaking, to march over the brow of the hill; and Nancy, vanquishing all reluctance to brave the inhospitable Aunt, proposed their instant departure.

This retreat had been selected by many inhabitants of the valley—and when Basil and Nancy arrived, they found to their astonishment and regret, the old lady's house already crowded. Little reason had the persons who sought refuge in this secluded spot to congratulate themselves fortunate in their search for a place of safety; for, contrary to all calculation on the subject, it proved to be in the very line of the American army's march, and the British were pressing warmly on their heels

Removal, however, until the following morning, was deemed inexpedient, and as the young females, for of such the party was chiefly composed, were sitting round the dimly lighted and every way uncomfortable room—the sudden rush of horses feet were heard. The riders halted at the door—and ere the terrified and screaming damsels could escape from their seats amid the jingling of spurs—the heavy tramp of horsemen's boots—the trunding of swords and words of manage to the horses at the door an officer entered, and requested in a polite manner, that accommodation for the night might be afforded the Marquis de la Fayette.

Terror of the British gave instant place to the most intense curiosity to see the great friend of America, and even the lively sallies and fine compliments of the elegant young Frenchman, who had immediately followed the officer, could not subdue the impatience to see him enter.—He had amused the girls greatly by his answers to their inquiries. What sort of a man was a Marquis? when (in the midst of a keen encounter of wits between him and the young lady we have mentioned, a Miss Bell,) a trumpet was sounded; and an officer of distinction, well known in that district, stepped hastily up to the young gallant exclaiming with great animation, "My Lord Marquis, that is Langhorne, and he has done the deed—made clean work of it, my Lord—cut up the whole party, to a man, at least so says his orderly."

"Ah! moncher Langhorne, j'efais sur que vens le feriez dans une maniere comme il faut."

"You may indeed say that, my Lord; after such a march too—fell in with them about 4 this afternoon, dashed at them at once and made root and branch work of it, I warrant. Johnson says the whole detachment was cut to ribbons in less than half an hour; but see my Lord, here is the man himself.'

Miss Bell had not ceased her exclamations of surprise, terror and delight at the idea of freedom she had used with the great Marquis, when Chas. Langhorne entered.

"Oh Miss Nancy!" she said, 'see there is another instance of my imprudence. The last time I saw that gentleman to think how I dared to jeer him about his resignation, and now my stars and garters! only look at him—see how composed he looks as he is telling how he killed the English, and seems to think no more of it than if they had been so many woodcocks, and then the great Marquis so well pleased, shaking and squeezing his hand at every word, and the officers all in such glee at the news. Do but look Miss Ann Noland do, bless you now, look if you ever saw any thing so interesting. He has told what he had to say, and has flung his horseman's cap on the table, and now he leans against the wall, one hand resting on his monstrous sword. Don't he seem almost spent!—What can make him so melancholy though!'

The garrulous young lady might have saved her breath. Nancy Noland saw it all, and that which drew every eye on her lover with feelings of admiration and respect; filled her with horror and unaltered regret.

'Oh!' she cried in the bitterness of her heart, "how with all this combination against him can he fail to love the praise of men more than the praise of God—and, alas! at what a price does he purchase it!'

The success which had attended the enterprise entrusted to Langhorne still engaged the attention and conversation of the officers, when the Marquis taking him aside, asking him if he would not think him very unreasonably exacting, if he had required him to undertake another most important service on the following morning.

"You, of all men, my lord Marquis," said Langhorne, "can never ask what an American should not, at least, try to perform—you to whom we owe such a boundless debt of gratitude. Still less, my Lord, should we be backward to perform that duty to ourselves which you are ever ready to engage in for us."

'And for myself,' said the Marquis, solemnly, 'and for myself. The victorious Americans will achieve the glorious adventure in which they have engaged, their toils—their liberty will be secured. But Langhorne, my poor oppressed country what will be her fate in the great struggle which I foresee she will before long make for freedom."

"Alas! I fear the arm of the oppressor will prove too strong for her. Yes my friend' I am fighting in my own cause, and happily, when weary with the storm of fate, and sick with witnessing evils which I cannot cure, I will return to this my adopted country, and lay my aged bones near you."

"And when you do return," said Langhorne, "you will be received with a shout of such joyous welcome, as will cause you to forget you were not born in a land which is so truly yours"

The Marquis demanded the attention of his officers, and they left the room, nor did Langhorne know he had been in the presence of Nancy Noland.

The correct information which Basil had not an opportunity of acquiring, as to the probable scene of contest and disturbance, determined him to return to Indian Springs Valley as the safest rest. He therefore set out early on the following morning, with Nancy and the greater part of the young company, assembled at aunt Betsey's.

They had reached a hill commanding the view of a bridge which they had been cautioned to attempt to gain at an early hour, when they found they were too late; a party of the British were in possession; for by means of it a considerable detachment of their army was that day to pass the river.

Basil and his division of non-combatants were about to retrace their steps when a body of horse passed them at full speed. On gaining the brow of the hill and perceiving the enemy the trumpet sounded, and they rushed down on the charge.

This was a scene from which it was impossible that Basil and his party could turn their eyes; and they watched the event with feelings which can be more easily imagined than described.

The British on the first appearance of the horse, had thrown themselves into a hollow square, for the ground being entirely open at the bridge, there was nothing to prevent their being surrounded. The attacking party had advanced almost on the point of their bayonets ere they fired. For some moments the whole contest was excluded from the view of the persons on the hill. At length, horses with riders ran from the spot—as the smoke rolled away in volumes, it was all one wide scene of confusion —the gleam of the flashing broad-sword was first seen—then men, horses muskets bayonets all mingled together. Shouts and shrieks were heard:—and after an agonizing suspense of ten minutes, all was hushed. The bridge was fired the British stretched on the plain. Pressing on at the head of his troops, Nancy had recognized Charles Langhorne. The battle was over, our countryman victorious, and our little party pacific as it was shared in the joy of the conquerers, Alas! they were also deeply to share in their sorrows.

'I will but hear that he survives,' said Nancy —'only tell me so much—I wish to hear nothing of his glory as you call it.' Basil who had returned from the bloody spot only replied by desiring her to be composed.

'He is not killed,' cried Nancy, with a shriek that thrilled through every heart. If there is one spark of life I will go to him, I will not be staved.'

'It cannot avail,' said Basil with the deepest emotion—'he is gone.'

'I was not prepared,' said Nancy—'I was not' her utterance was impeded; after an ineffectual attempt to articulate; her eyes closed and she lost in insensibility the present scene of anguish.

Little remains to be said—Nancy had but one friend—that friend was undeviatingly true to her. For months he respected her sorrows and yielded all his wishes to her feelings. She had lost her lover, but she valued her friend and in due time saw fit to reward his constancy; she married Basil Roberts with a full understanding that she would never forget Charles Langhorne.

CROSSING THE LINE AND SHAVING.

"There it is at last," said the midshipman of the watch to a young Irish cadet, who was standing near him on the poop of an outward bound East Indiaman; "there it is at last." 'What is it?' asked the young soldier. 'The line to be sure—the equinoctial line, which we have all been so anxiously looking out for.' 'Ah, now, —sure you don't *mane* to persuade me that you can see it?'—'Take my glass then, and look out yonder about a point on the lee bow, and persuade yourself whether you can see it or not.' The young Irishman had no sooner put his eye to the tube, than he exclaimed, 'Sure there is a line yonder: I do not see it without the glass, but it cannot be very far off.' 'No, it is not, very far off,' said the Midshipman laughing heartily; 'it is all in your eye, Pat. Do you remember the story of the fly on the clergyman's spectacles? Look at the glass.' On examination Pat found a *hair* sticking horizontally across the lower lens of the telescope, which had been fixed there by the mischievous Midshipman.

The sun was just setting—the clouds were tinged with all the gorgeous hues of a tropical sky, assuming every variety of strange and grotesque appearance, and the water reflected back the image of the heavens, if possible, with increased splendour. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but the glassy undulating surface of the sea, tremulously rippled here and there under the partial influence of the *cat's paw*,* which played over it. The ship was gliding slowly over the smooth expanse of water—her large sails flapping heavily against the masts as the sea rose and fell, and her smaller canvass just swelling with the breeze and lending its feeble aid to urge her onwards.—Groups of passengers were lounging up & down the quarter-deck and poop, or leaning over the hammock-nettings, admiring the beauties of the evening while the ship's musicians were doing all in their power to murder time and harmony for their amusement. The seamen were in high glee, for the quarter-master had heard the officer of the forenoon watch report the latitude at noon to the captain 2 deg. N.; and they knew that Neptune would soon make his appearance. Just as the increasing dusk of evening began to render objects indistinct and obscure the lookout on the forecastle called out, 'A light right ahead, Sir!'—'Very well my boy; keep your eye upon it, and let me know if we near it,' said the officer of the deck. In a short time the man exclaimed, 'The light is close aboard of us, Sir;' and immediately a loud confused roaring noise was heard, and a Stentorian voice bawled out, 'Ho! the ship ahoy!'—'Hollo!' said the officer. 'What ship is that?' 'The Heavitree.' 'What my old friend Captain Blowhard? He is welcome back again. Tell him, his old friend Neptune means to pay him a visit to morrow at ten o'clock, and hopes he will warn his children to have their chins in readiness for his razor. Good night.' 'Good night.' 'Won't you go forward and see Neptune's car,' said the young Midshipman to our friend Pat; it is worth your while to look at the old boy whisking along at the tail of half a score of dolphins, with a poop light, as big as the full moon blazing over his stern: you can see him quite plain from the forecastle.' —'Sure, I'll go see the fun whatever it is,' said Pat, and off they ran, followed by about a dozen of the poop loungers,—the reefers soon disappeared under the galley deck, while the cads rushed upon the forecastle, where they had hardly effected a safe landing, when splash—splash splash—bucket after bucket of water came down upon their heads from the foretop; and loud shouts of laughter from all parts of the ship indicated the general joy at witnessing the astonishment and discomfiture of the gulpins. In the meantime, Neptune's car, in the shape of a lighted tar barrel, went slowly astern casting an unsteady flickering light on the sails and rigging as it passed, and was seen floating in the ship's wake, till its dwindling flame disappeared in the distance, like a star sinking beneath the horizon.

The character of the scene was completely altered since the final disappearance of the sun below the horizon. A brilliant moon shone clearly in a bright and cloudless sky, her bright beams riding on a path of liquid silver over the sea, while the gigantic shadow of the ship seemed to be skimming its way to the myriads of glittering stars, reflected from the thickly studded heaven.

No sooner were the decks washed in the morning, than the 'active note of preparation' was heard among the eager sailors, who had been for weeks anticipating the pleasures of that day. The jolly boat full to the gunwale, was ready to answer the purpose of a comfortable bathing tub, and a party coloured pole erected over it, with a sign purporting that this was Neptune's easy shaving-shop. A screen was drawn across the fore part of the waist, to conceal the operation of the actors in the approaching ceremony. All was bustle and animation: the carpenters gang converting an old gun-carriage into a triumphal car; the gunner preparing flags for its decoration; his mate busy with his paint brush bedaubing the tars who were to act as sea horses; and the charioteer preparing and putting on Neptune's livery. At length all was ready for the reception of the king of the sea.

'On deck there!' cried the man at the mast head. 'Hollo!' replied the Captain of the watch. 'A strange sail in sight, right ahead, Sir.' 'Very well my boy, can you make out what she is?'—'She looks like a boat Sir.' The officer made his report to the Captain, who desired to be informed when the boat was near the ship. Among the apparently joyous group on the poop, many a white cheek was now seen to belie the loud laughter of its owner. 'We are nearing the boat fast, Sir!—and the Captain made his appearance on deck to reconnoitre the approaching stranger. 'Ho! the ship ahoy!' cried a loud voice; 'lay your maintopsail to the mast, and give us a rope for the boat.' 'Forecastle there! A rope for the boat. Let go the main-topbowline! Afterguard! square the main-yard!" bawled the officer of the deck, repeating the captain's orders.

A bugle note was now heard, and Neptune made his appearance over the ship's bows. He was dressed in sheep-skins, with a flaxen beard descending to his waist, and a trident in his hand, with a fine fish sticking on the prongs.—After he had descended to the waist, the screen we have before mentioned was withdrawn, and the procession moved on. First came the ship's band, fantastically dressed for the occasion, & playing 'Rule Britannia,' with might and main; next followed the triumphal car, decorated with various coloured flags, in which were seated Neptune, Amphitrite and Triton; and immediately in the rear followed the suite, consisting of the barber, doctor, scribe, and about a dozen party-coloured demi-gods acting as water bailiffs. Previous to the outset of the procession, all those unfortunates who had never crossed the line, were driven below; the gratings were laid on fore and aft, and sentries stationed at the hatchways to prevent an escape. On came the pageant: Neptune looked as majestic as his trident and sheepskins could make him. Amphitrite, with the assistance of a little red paint, and oackum locks, and arrayed in some of the cast-off robes of some of the lady passengers, was a passable representation of a she monster:—the barber brandished his razors—the scribe displayed his list, and looked vastly knowing, with his three-cornered hat, floured wig, pen behind his ear, and ink-horn dangling at his buttonhole; the horses pranced as uncouthly, and looked as unlike sea-horses, as possible; and the coachman, proud of his livery and shoulder-knots, cracked his whip, d——d his horses for lubbers, and contrived, by dint of singing out 'hard a-port' to his horses, to weather the after hatchway, and then bear up round the capstan, where with a graceful 'pull up' of the reins, very much like 'a strong pull at the main-brace,' and a 'vast there' to his obedient cattle, be stopped the car.

The captain was waiting under the poop awning to receive Mr. Neptune, and an interesting conversation commenced, too long to be inser

*Light and fitful airs.

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