

gave up his purse containing 15 louis d'ors. The traveller's wealth consisted in a few crowns. "Well, sir, in that case bid you to part with your boots also," replied the plunderer off without further ceremony, and found in them 100 louis.

During this operation, one of the band perceived a strong in the clothes of the unfortunate Gentleman, "Holla, we have got cried their leader; "leave him have his money; poor devil, he c without it." In fact, they returned him fifty louis, and rode off temptuous laugh at the scented traveller.

At another time they stopped a diligence, in which were three and a lady; the former were plundered as usual, but when they the latter to search her, "What, gentlemen!" said she, with extra presence of mind, and in a tone of the greatest confidence, "is it that Frenchmen can insult a woman?" "Certainly not, madame," reply: "we only request the favour of a salute." They kept then w the lady came off at the expense of about half a dozen kisses.

On a similar occurrence, a Swede happened to be in the diligence, came to his turn, he appeared surprised and said, in a cool expostulation, "I am a foreigner, gentlemen, and I travel in this country under protection of the honour of the French." Upon this, they demanded port, and finding it correct, they returned it, saying, with the utmost ness, "Go in, sir: you have not confided to French honour in vain."

In another diligence thus attacked was a merchant of Toulouse, w 4000 livres in gold about him; when he got out he threw the robbers containing three or four livres in copper money, adding, in his Gascon "if you had but come a quarter of an hour sooner you would have found hundred louis d'ors in my possession. His bedi garde d'ore (pet d'honneur, together with his apparent gasconade made the robbers laughter cracking some jokes upon him, they suffered the poor devil to take purse again unmolested.

A LETTER

From a Sailor to his Sweet-heart.

DEAR KITT.—What's the use of your backing and filling, if you mean to join convey and sail over life's ocean with me to the port of happiness. You well know the trim of my ship, and seldom see her head draw more water than she can steer with; and I will give you my word, providing we let go love's anchor before the priest, that I will back my main-top-sail, or raise tack or sheet for the fairest girl now a

The stores I have on board will be sufficient to carry us through age, allowing we should ship one or two during the passage, and never come upon short allowance while we steer by the compass of economy.

But you must remember, dear Kitt, to keep a bright look out under Should the shoals of poverty make their appearance, you must sing c I may tack ship in season. I hope 'twill never be said that I was w on the shoals of misfortune by the misconduct of my mate; but I'll you, Kitt, if you obey my orders, I will pilot you to the port of Conte

You are welcome to overhaul my old logbook, and see if I ha'n't the honest course to get thus far distant in life, and never but once was in the bay of Misfortune; and that was owing to the sun of intelligence ad long been beclouded, which caused me to stand in for a stack at stood high on an ill-tempered hill, which I took to be a light-h the Comfort. The wind was then blowing a hard gale from the po geeful, and squally, and a head beat sea of envy running; 'twas t ge us to ride at anchor; and especially under the guns of Fort Malic keep a constant fire on me; however, Kitt, I boxed off by double n hoop windlass, and heaving the anchor of sincerity to the bow of sheet home at the same time the three top-sails of prudence, whic soon ed by the breadth of resolution, and I happily cleared off, the the gratification to take the latitude and longitude of the place, an others the dangers, who might stand in for that hay stack, which I above the port of Bliss.

I have w dear Kitt, given you an abstract from my log book you see. I leave too, don't wait for another broadside, for yo not which I shall steer, and probably, this will be the last affe shot that y may get from

JACK BOWL