

What say you—had you not better sail upon another tack ?

Off with you, you saucy chip, don't you think we understand our own business? Are we—bound upon a voyage which has the countenance of the great and the wise—to be piloted by a wretched bum-boat ?

We are no bum-boat but a *LIFE BOAT*, and have already picked up many of your crew and passengers, whom you had dropped overboard, and never stopped to look after. Pray gallant St. George, will you tell us how much your squadron expend annually on charity, and how much in jollification in honor of the saints, &c. ?

Here Tom Swillgrog !

Aye, aye, Sir !

Cast off that rascally Boat, and if they still hold on, drop a twelve pound shot through her bottom, and send her to Davy's locker.

You can't do it, Captain. But remember we have warned you of the danger of this coast, and of the absurdity of your annual celebrations in the name of philanthropy, where shipwrecks of sobriety and decency, and the liability to a final wreck of body and soul are often incurred. We now part with you, hoping you will either change your course, or that your crews will suffer so much by desertion as to lay up the squadron in ordinary, to be afterward re-fitted and manned under better regulations.

We shall renew our cruise in another latitude next trip. Till then, my hearty lads and winsome lasses, we must "belay the slack."

JACK ARMWELL, *Coxswain*.

Pigeoning.

BY THE COXSUAIN.

In the language of gambling houses, or as they are not unfrequently designated *HELLS*, *Pigeons* are inexpe-

perienced persons whom the scoundrels and black-legs expect to pluck, that is, to rob. Now this plucking process is seldom attempted unless the *Pigeon* has been induced to drink freely first, for under the excitement of wine a feeling of confidence, or more properly of recklessness, is induced, which disarms the judgment and lays open the true character. High stakes are then more readily put down and played for with one invariable result, viz: *victimization*. Gambling and drinking are therefore cousin Germans, and many a poor fellow has found to his cost that he has been over-matched by them.

Apropos of plucking ; sometime ago we read a story of an old lady who kept some half score of turkies, with the intention of fattening them for the winter market. Opposite to her house there lived a dealer in ardent liquids, and upon a certain occasion he drew off the liquor from a cherry-brandy cask and threw the cherries out of doors. Well the poor turkies in their simplicity gobbled up the cherries, and in due course became quite intoxicated. The old lady, not knowing the facts, was very much surprised to find her birds dropping down one after another, apparently lifeless, until the whole flock were prostrate. Believing them dead, she thought that their feathers at least might be saved, and accordingly she denuded them of a great portion of their covering, throwing the carcasses in a corner. Early in the morning, however, she was much surprised at hearing an unusual racket among her late plucked gobblers, and to her surprise saw them strutting about in their dishabille, uttering most melancholy cries of *Quit, Quit, Quit* ; but it was too late—they should have cried quit before, and would have got quit without the loss of their plumes.