

the wary smugglers she gave them no alarm, and Starlight Tom, to keep up appearances, on arriving at the Goodwin, gave his vessel too, intending to wait until the night should close in, and then, under its protecting shade, to steal across the channel for his destined port.

It is necessary now to notice the movements of the cutter so recently alluded to, as it had a baneful influence upon the future fate of the galley and her crew.

The repeated success of Starlight Tom in running guineas to France had become so notorious that orders had been secretly given from head quarters to catch the contrabandist at all hazards, but fortune had always favored him; in vain had the captains of the revenue-cruisers exhausted all their cunning to entrain him in their hands; so secret and proud had all his actions been they always proved abortive; and it was only on his return from a successful trip that the cut-witted officers knew that another freight of gold had slipped through their fingers; but one traitor in the council is more to be feared than a score of enemies in the field, and treachery had sealed the doom of Starlight Tom. He was betrayed.

The captain of "The Speculation," for so was the cutter named, had received notice from a portuz of the smugglers, that a cargo of guineas was intended to be run that night, and consequently, when the galley put off from the beach, he knew she was "The Blue-Eyed Maid," and that her freight was gold; and overjoyed at the prospect of taking the richly loaded vessel, he could barely refrain from steering at once towards her. But the cooler counsel of his mate advised him to let her get into deep water before he made the attempt, well knowing if the smugglers had the least suspicion of his intended approach, they would ply their oars and escape for the galley in a light wind and smooth sea could not catch her at defiance. Still as the night closed in, it became necessary to obtain a closer position, so as to keep her in view. "The Speculation" was accordingly insensibly stripped of her canvas, sail after sail, until she lost her headway, and the tide gradually drifted her towards the unsuspecting smugglers. This cautious mode of proceeding, although fraught with wisdom, was to the feverish imagination of the revenue captain a work of ages; but as he approached the galley, an indication of a freshening breeze soothed his impatience, for the cutter, in opposition to her victim, required a strong wind to force her rapidly through the sea.

"Get your arms ready, men," he almost shouted with joy, at the prospect of taking so rich a prize; "I know Starlight Tom too well to suppose he will allow us to pass him of his guineas without a blow, so let us be ready. Hal! what, he is suspicious of our company already! By Heaven! he's running up his mainsail, and, as I'm a sinner, if the cunning rascal isn't steering for the sand." In an instant the captain of "The Speculation" comprehended the intention of the smugglers, and half mad with rage and disappointment, he thundered out to his men, "Hoist the peak of the mainsail, hoist there, at the throat, halyards, hoist away! pack the canvas on her, or you rascal vagabond will get clear away with his gold mine in spite of us."

The game had now commenced in earnest: it appeared the vigilance of the galley's crew had warned them of the slow approach of "The Speculation." The wary contrabandists had not allowed their previous success to rob them of their circumspection, and further admonished by the freshening breeze, they hoisted their sail and stood in towards the shoals of the sands, where the heavier cutter, on account of her draught of water, could not follow; and, hoping to overtake her before she reached that place of comparative safety, "The Speculation" was forced through the water by her disappointed captain at her greatest speed; but it was soon evident that Starlight Tom would reach the protecting shallows without molestation, and having thus unmasked the intentions of his enemy, he determined to try a dangerous mode of ultimate escape, but one which, from its danger, promised to be successful.

It is essential, clearly to understand the following manoeuvres, to state that the Goodwin Sand at certain periods of the tide is intersected by narrow channels, or, as they are locally named, "Swathways," being, in fact, small salt-water rivulets, having a depth of water varying with the state of the tide, in which small boats can navigate across from deep water to deep water; but, as the nature of the Goodwin is that of a constantly shifting sand, these channels or "swathways," are liable to change their direction also.

The ready intelligence of the smuggler, therefore, told him when "The Speculation" commenced an active chase aided by a freshening breeze, that the only chance of escape consisted in running into one of these "swathways," and if possible, to cross the sand, by which stratagem an impassable barrier would be placed between him and his pursuer; judging, from the state of the tide, that it would be impossible to force a vessel with a draught of water equal to "The Speculation," through the intricate and shallow winding of the sands.

In sporting phrase, the game had now fairly run to earth; and the revenue-captain had the mortification of witnessing Starlight Tom and his golden cargo enter one of these narrow channels, and, in a serpentine course, worn his way into the very heart of the Goodwin; he was further tortured with the knowledge that if success crowned his bold attempt, an uninterrupted sea was open to him for France. Tantalized by the dilemma in which he was placed, he saw from the deck of "The Speculation" the slow but certain progress of the galley up the "swathway;" at times she appeared to stick fast, but the crew leaped into the water, and the light vessel thus relieved of her weight, and further assisted by their strength, was lifted, forced and drawn within a few hundred feet of the opposite side of the sand, and the deep clear blue of the main ocean was distinctly visible; but there her further progress was impeded, the channel dwindled away gradually, becoming narrower and shallower, until finally it was impossible to force the boat another inch. She was in a *cul-de-sac*.

The situation of "The Blue-Eyed Maid" appeared irretrievable; to advance was impossible, and if she attempted to return down the channel she would run into the hands of her enemy, and to remain upon the sands for any length of time was certain death to all on board. Never at any period of his dangerous career, did the contrabandist more require his skill and judgment, and Starlight Tom was not the man to despair, he would have commanded in any station of life; cool, taciturn, and brave, the effects of discipline were visi-

ble in all his actions; a becoming severity was usually maintained in his deportment, and most implicit obedience was shown by his attentive crew. It was his pride to perform the most daring feats in imposing silence, but it was a silence that exhibited the calmness of strength—the ruling influence of wisdom; he permitted no unseasonable advice from those under his command, and as he was always the first to step into the hip of danger, he enforced by example the duty of others, without a prompt—without a murmur.

"Hold," said he, as his willing crew strived to urge the boat over the sand towards the sea; "it is useless labour, we have done all men can do; we must now arm, for while life remains in me, the captain of that cruiser shall never touch one of those guineas. What say you, my boys, are you willing to fight, or do you wish to serve the King?"

The looks which the excited smugglers gave their leader were significant enough to such a man as Starlight Tom who, feeling convinced he had eight resolute men to back him, prepared to defend the treasure entrusted to his care at the expense of his life.

Much as the revenue-captain desired to take the smuggling galley and her costly cargo, he felt it was impossible at present from the deck of "The Speculation;" she was out of the range of his guns, and he hesitated to launch his boat and follow her up the "swathway." He knew Starlight Tom and his sinewy crew too well not to have a wholesome dread of grappling such men in a hand-to-hand fight, when under the maddening influence of desperation; he had other views which promised to be more safe, and which would take the galley and her crew at a disadvantage. As soon, therefore, as he saw her further progress up the "swathway" was impeded, with the ready tact of a sea-man he guessed the cause, and at once determined to surround the point of the Goodwin to its other side, judging that as the galley was nearly across he should then be able to approach sufficiently near to bring the smugglers within the range of his guns, and, under their protection, to land his small boat, and rifle "The Blue-Eyed Maid" in comparative safety.

The plan of operation was open to one objection, it left the mouth of the channel open for a retreat; but as the tide was rapidly falling, he reasoned that that which was difficult of performance half-an-hour past, would soon be impossible, and like all active-minded men he conceived and put his plan into execution promptly; and filling the cutter's sails he shaped his course for the opposite side of the sand.

The manoeuvre did not escape the attention of the wary smugglers; they penetrated the design of his shot would be at a glance saw how deadly the effect of his shot would be upon them in their exposed situation, and the only course the left for their adoption was retreating their passage down the "swathway;" and although "The Speculation" sufficient time to sail round the head or spit of the sand, before they attempted to force the galley towards deep water.

The only part of "The Blue-Eyed Maid" visible on board of the revenue-cruiser was her mast, the hull being hid from their view by the slightly raised banks of the narrow channel; the smugglers, therefore, unshipped it, the better to mask their motions; they threw every article out of the boat not necessary for their safety, even the bags of guineas were slung round the neck of the men who, stationing themselves round the sides of the lightened vessel, commenced their downward passage. The distance to the mouth of the "swathway," being about a mile in a strait direction; but the winding of the channel made it about one-third more.

Stripped to the waist, the brawny smugglers heaved and toiled, and foot by foot the grating keel was dragged along the surface of the stubborn sand, and at last, with great labour she was brought near the opening into deep water. So far their progress had been unseen from the deck of the cutter, but the protecting banks gradually falling away as they approached the sea, the success of their labours was suddenly unveiled to the astonished gaze of the captain of the revenue-cruiser, who once more saw his prey slipping through his fingers, for by the operations just described the parties had only changed sides, the impassable Goodwin was still between them. Nothing daunted, however, that persevering effort saw intuitively he must go round the head of the sand again; and once more the graceful vessel, obedient to the impulse of those commanding her, flew with increased velocity over the tract she so recently had passed, for the wind which had been gradually rising during the manoeuvres, had reached a pitch which mariners call a summer's gale.

With the freshening breeze and rising sea, the aspect of affairs had changed, and Starlight Tom saw that all attempts to reach Gravelines must be abandoned, and the only chance of saving the guineas consisted in a rapid flight to Deal. Meanwhile "The Speculation" was flying through the sea towards the spot where the smugglers were straining every nerve to launch "The Blue-Eyed Maid."

"With a will, men!" shouted Starlight Tom; "all together, heaven there she goes—again so!" and cheering on his men, once more she was afloat, but not until their enemy had arrived at that distance which their own iron nerves told them was too near to be pleasant. Shipping their mast with nimble fingers, they turned her bows towards the town, and staggering under a large mainsail, away she dived over the coming of the seas, "The Speculation," a crowd of canvas above and foam below, plunging along directly in her wake, about a mile behind, in hot pursuit.

Onwards came the cruiser, swooping before the breeze, but she was built to stand the rude buffets of the wind and sea in their angry moods, and gained upon the delicately moulded "Blue-Eyed Maid" rapidly; and by the time they had reached within a mile of the town, was near enough to try the effect of her small-arms. The sea was running fearfully high for such a band as the smugglers to contend with, and the spray flew from the crest of the waves like a snow drift; however, the rolling of the sea, and the unsteadiness of the mark, rendered their shot harmless, but this could not last long, as every minute lessened the distance between the two vessels, and shortly after, as the galley was driven almost on end by a huge sea, bang went a gun and a shot whistled amongst the smugglers; still not a word came from the fugitives; again, and again, the bullets from "The Speculation," flew with fearful effect in the midst of them, and blood began to flow freely from several of the men. Still they held on their course, regardless of the shot, steered by the resolute Starlight Tom.

The two vessels were now near enough to be within hail,

and the hoarse summons of the revenue-captain was heard, commanding them to surrender; the sound of his enemy's voice was so close, that even Starlight Tom involuntarily turned his head to assure himself of the reality, and thereby discerning his grinning face as he was in the act of running home his gun to have another shot at him; he saw that in a few minutes, unless he complied he would be either shot or run down. He addressed his men as follows:

"The chance is against us," said he; "you all know your duty under circumstances like the present. If you are prepared, out with your knives, but wait for the command!" The men soon grasped their knives, anxiously keeping their eyes upon their leader, who appeared to await the intimation of avoiding the revenue-cruiser, for shaping the course of his own boat, he allowed "The Speculation" to range alongside, and then, when the captain was about to jump aboard "The Blue-Eyed Maid" to claim her as his prize, the stern command of Starlight Tom was heard in loud derision above the gale itself. "Cut their throats, my men, and disappoint him of his hope!"

With an alacrity, quickened by a hatred of the man who had caused them so much toil, the knives of the contrabandists gleamed before the eyes of the astonished captain, when each smuggler seized his heap of gold severed the neck of the leather bag, and poured the glittering coins into the sea, and thus in an instant he saw twenty thousand guineas vanish from his grasp; and Starlight Tom, feeling that with the loss of the treasure he had nothing to fear from the revenue-cruiser, he permitted his boat to be boarded without offering the least resistance.

Notwithstanding Starlight Tom had foiled the revenue-captain and hulked his enemy of a prize which would have enriched him for life, yet was he from that hour a fallen man; he had failed with his employers, and like greater men, he could not brook adversity; for grief is a burden which the broadest shoulders are the least capable of bearing, and conscience often pricks sharper in the bluntest men—thus it was with him. After beheading his boat he appeared, as my informant said, "bewildered;" and taking a lingering look at his lovely "Blue-Eyed Maid," condemned and useless as she lay upon the shingle, he seemed to think "his occupation was gone;" and shortly after he was seen by one of his old associates walking away from the town on the Dover road, and from that hour his fate is a mystery, for he was never heard of again.

He is, however, occasionally recalled to the memory of the present race of boatmen when the wind and tide casts ashore a stray coin from the glittering heap he flung into the sea; but it must not be said that they positively affirm the spade guineas, sometimes found on the beach, to be the same as he cast away; but in the absence of better demonstrations, the reader, by the laws of reason, is requested to adopt the most probable conjecture as the *hair-apparent* truth.

I have since discovered that spade guineas were so called in consequence of the royal arms being contained in a shield, which bears a resemblance to a pointed spade.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The European correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser*, writing from Strasburg, after describing the monument of Marshal Saxe, in the Church of St. Thomas, executed by Pigalle, by order of Louis XV., makes the following reflections: "Nations who enshrine their great and good men in durable marble, in effect perpetuate their lives upon earth, and cause their influence to be felt, in a considerable degree, as if they continued to exist among men. Their lips of stone, with the aid of such a shure only of imagination as a view of them, will always inspire, will forever read sermons on the true uses of life, and speaks in thunder tones of the sublimity of a martyr's sacrifice to truth—a patriot's devotion to country. And who can fail of being made better by coming within the influence of such preachers as these, whose lives, and it may be, whose deaths, have infused into their words a pathos which goes directly to the heart."

It is only in the long shadows of these ancient cathedrals, that one can conceive the world to be growing old. Nature herself exhibits few or no marks of age or decay. If by any convulsion the current of a river is dimmed up, it presently finds another outlet. If the devastating flame or flood lay the forest in ashes or overwhelm the plain with ruin, new oaks and pines spring up in the places of the old, and the chaplain laughs again in the sunshine with grain and flowers as green and gay as ever. But with the works of man, or, as green and gay as ever. Everything which belongs to him "smells of mortality." Even the shadow of the Pyramids grows less from century to century, and when they fall, they fall never to rise again. These stately churches bear the marks of the rain, hail, tempests, and violence of man, which have beaten on their brave towers from age to age. When I have been sitting

"In these deep solitudes and awful cells, Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells, And ever-musing melancholy reigns."

I imagine that I hear the retreating footsteps of past ages echoing through their long-drawn aisles. But the men who erected them, or the many generations who have, one after another, trod their sculptured pavements. The ashes of those who first caused incense to ascend and envelope with its cloudy canopy the groined arch and dated column, have long since rested in peace within the vaults beneath. I walk softly along, for I tread upon the very tombs of the good and noble dead, and look round through the dim cathedral light, made more obscure by these pious exhalations, on places where they once stood and breathed, with feelings of awe, as if their spirits might suddenly burst upon my vision. Though nurtured far from these sacred shrines, and instructed in a different faith, I do not disdain to visit them, and am not ashamed to feel my heart swell with better emotions, when it is thus surrendered to the strong influences of the place and hour.

THE EXPRESS.—From accounts which have been received from Boston it would appear that the express which started from Halifax upon the arrival of the *Hibernia*, arrived at Boston in 33 hours 29 min. We must get up a Railroad from Halifax to Indian Point immediately. The New York publishers and Merchants will find the capital.—*Halifax Times*.

We observe by the *Halifax Papers* that the Hon. Alex. Stewart has been appointed personally to the Office of Minister of the Rella, vacant by the death of the Hon. S. G. W. Archibald.

THE NAVY OF THE LAKES OF CANADA.—A large increase in this arm of the public service will take place in the Spring. Iron steamers, in pieces, will be imported from England and put together at the Dockyard in Kingston.

An Editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied: "owing to a crowd of other matter, I am unable to make room for it."

FIELD OF BATTLE AFTER THE BATTLE.—Arriving on the field of battle, we were permitted to move about. We were astonished to see the ground so full of slain soldiers. A total suspension of place of that noisy gaiety so characteristic of Irish soldiers; the most obdurate or rattle-brained soldier, sunk at once into a pensive sadness; and for some time spoke not a word. Before us lay the appalling sight of upwards of 600 men dead, and mostly stark naked, having, as we were informed, been stripped by the Spaniards during the night; these bodies disfigured with dirt and clotted blood, and torn with deadly gashes inflicted by the bullet, bayonet, sword, or pike, that had terminated their mortal existence. Those who had been killed outright appeared merely in the pallid sleep of death, while others, whose wounds had been less suddenly fatal, from the agonies of their last struggle, exhibited a fearful distortion of features. Near our arms was a small stream almost choked with the bodies of the dead, and, from the deep traces of blood on its myriads, it was evident that many of them had crawled thither to allay their thirst. The water-couling stream were so deeply dyed that it seemed actually to run blood. A few perches distant was a draw-well, about which were collected several hundreds of those severely wounded, who had crept or been carried thither. They were sitting, or lying, in the puddle, and each time the bucket reached the surface with its scanty supply there was a clamorous and heart-rending confusion; the cries for water resounding in at least ten languages, while a kindness of feeling was visible in the manner this beverage was passed to each other. Turning from this painful scene of human misery, we again strolled amongst the mangled dead. The bodies were seldom scattered about, as witnessed in former battles, but lying in rows or heaps; in several places whole subdivisions of soldiers appeared to have been ordered to form a tremendous charge or volley.—*Maxwell's Pen-and-Ink Sketches*.

The eccentric, but brilliant, John Ruskin, once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice: "Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is as you go!"

"Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriff's constables.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with a manly front, and you have no fear of those who meet you. You will not have to cross the highway to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your finger at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one. It seems to us, sometimes, that we can almost tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." When he does succeed in getting out an abortion—he appears frightened, and looks as though he expected it would be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearth-stone.

John Randolph was right.

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS.—Some people have a horror of housebreakers. A strong fellow in a fustian jacket, with a piece of crape over his face, and a pistol in his hand, is certainly a disagreeable visitor to a country gentleman in the middle of a dark night of December; the house whisper conveying a delicate allusion to your money bags, or your life, is far from a pleasing method of carrying on a conversation; and therefore without descending to any more minute particulars, and plunging myself upon any personal immunity from such visitations on the score of having no house, I agree at once that a house-breaker is a detestable character, and worthy of all condemnation. A murderer, also, I am not at all disposed to vindicate. A knife forced into the stomach of an elderly gentleman in a half-sleepy state after a bottle of old port—a razor scientifically inserted through the ear-hole of a black trunk in the garret—are disagreeable objects of contemplation to the philanthropic mind; and I therefore at once coincide in the fervent execration in which the murderer is held by every person I have conversed with on the subject, except the students of anatomy, and two or three popular authors of the conclusive school. But there is a miscreant for whom I have no commiseration; a wretch, compared with whose atrocities housebreaking becomes meritorious, and murder innocent; before whose negro-like blackness, to borrow the language of Charles Phillips—the darkness of annihilation becomes as white as snow; whose benediction is a curse; whose breath is a pestilence; whose name is hell; over whose sunless memory shall settle the configuration of a fury, and whose soul shall shudder beneath appalling convulsions of a fathomless doom for ever. After this description need I say that I mean the unfortunates who neglect to pay his *NEWSPAPER BILL*.—*Blackwood*.

CONGRESS.—The speeches in the Senate, since our last, have been important. Mr. Webster spoke in favour of adopting the line of 49 degrees. With this he thought the majority of the people of the United States would be satisfied; and he thought too that England would meet them on that basis. The following passage contains the essential part of his argument:

"The Government of the United States has never offered any line south of 49, (with the navigation of the Columbia,) and it never will. It believes all concerned to regard this as a settled point. As to the navigation of the Columbia, permanently or for a term of years, that is all matter for parallel matter as the general line of boundary, and not to be departed from for any line further south. As to all straits, and sounds, and islands, in the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Columbia, these are fair subjects for treaty stipulation. If the general basis be agreed to, all the rest, it may be presumed, may be accomplished by the exercise of a spirit of fairness and ability."

On Thursday, Gen. Cass once more addressed the senate in a war speech; that out Herold all his former efforts. He seemed to dwell with delight on the prospects of war—declared that peace was impossible, and contended that it would not require the half of ten years, nor the half of 200,000 men to bring England to terms, and dictate peace in her own capital. War with Great Britain seems to be a monomania with this gentleman. It appears to haunt his imagination by day and by night, whether he be in Paris, Washington or Michigan. He has an old grudge, too, against Lord Brougham, who certainly did serve him out one fine day in the House of Lords, relative to his interference in the right of search treaty on the coast of Africa. This speech of Mr. ex-Chancellor, Gen. Cass referred to in his own Tuesday, recapitulating some of the choice expressions applied to him by his lordship. Now if Gen. Cass cherishes his hatred to England, in consequence of the harsh expressions of Lord Brougham, would it not be better to call his lordship out, and settle the matter in single combat, rather than involve the two nations in the war? Col. Sibthorp we have no doubt would act as second to one party, and Mr. Allan to the other.

LIBEL CASE.—The Editor of the Boston Traveller having spoken of Mr. John J. Davis of Salem as "a brawling political politician" was prosecuted for libel; the jury acquitted him.

THE COLLECTIONS IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE in one week of last month were about \$800,000; an amount almost beyond precedent.—*Exchange Paper*.