## Literature, &c.

THE SMUGGLER. BY MISS PARDOE.

It wat on a dark and storing November evening in the year 1832, that in a small cottage situated under a high cliff, near Folkestone, in Kent, the family of Jacob Horton, an industrious old fisherman, were collected round a blaz-ing fire of mingled coal and driftwood, awaiting the hour of supper. The cottage consisted on-ly of three rooms, which were floored with bick; but there was an air of neatness and comfort about the whole aspect of the place, which made it cheerful in spite of the poverty of

Jacob Horton was a hale and hearty veteran, who had braved the winds and waves during the best portion of a century, and struggled manfully with want and temptation throughout the same period. At the age of thirty he had married the daughter of a neighbor, more remarkable for her modest demeanor and careful housewifery, than for either beauty or that spe-cies of coquetish village wit which is apt to captivate men of less prudent and steady ples. He had been rewarded for his good sense by the untiring and uncomplaining industry of his wife, who, far from being weak enough to repine at the hardships to which they were both occasionally subjected, only became more fertile in expedients, and more energetic in exertion, whenever a season of trial overteok them. The approval and affection of her husband were recompense sufficient to the good dame, whatever might be her deprivations; and they were ungrudgingly and cordially expressed, for Jacob cordially appreciated the cheerfulness of spirit and alacrity of will with which every concession was met by the honest hearted helpmate; and whenever he returned thanks to Providence for the prudence and industry of the mother of his children, he did not fail to do so equally for the unselfish and willing nature with which they were coupled. Nothing enhances the virtue of doing your duty, like the doing it in every circumstance as if it were its own re-

For many years the worthy couple were childless; and both Jacob and Sarah were weak enough to repine at this dispensation, and to believe that they should be both happier and more comfortable had they a family; forgetting that if it required a struggle to support themselves during the winter months, when the bitter weather rendered the avecations of Jacob at once more dangerous and less profitable, while it necessarily exacted a greater outlay for their narrow housekeeping, every addition to their little circle must only tend to increase their difficulties The fisherman dwelt on the delight which it would be to him to have a son, whom from his earliest infancy he would train to the adventurous pursuit that he himself followed; who, even as a boy, could accompany him in his now lonely fishings under the bright summer moonlight; and who, when grown to manhood might be at once his friend, his comrade and his hope. The mother, with all a woman's unselfish and outgushing tenderness, lingered over the picture of a smiling infant nestling on her bosom, or springing in all the gleefulness of infancy in her arms, or crawling over the well sanded floor, within reach of her watchful eye, while she plied her needle on her wheel. This was her first picture of regret; and then, true to the timid instinct of her sex, she willingly skipt over the next few years of peril and of toil, in order to image to herself the child who had been the plaything of her womanhood, grown up to man's estate, and become the prop and solace of her age. Alas! how frequently does the selfishness of human nature lead parents to overlook the fact, that Heaven often denies in mercy the yearning desire which renders them impatient under its wise and beneficent de-At length joy visited their humble home, for

Sarah became the mother of a boy, whose ex-treme beauty soon grew into the proverb of the hamlet. A proud man was Jacob then, when he spread his sail, and threw back a parting glance at Sarah and his child, as they upon the shingley beach to see him start; and a proud woman was his wife when, on her homeward way, she was stopped by some warm hearted neighbour, anxious to steal a kiss from the laughing crowing infant whom she fisherman might have encountered during the day, he was never too weary to sport with the gamesome child when he returned to his home at night; and the boy was scarcely four vears old, ere, on a calm summer's noon, would row him out to sea, and flinging him from the boat, and then springing after him, encourage him to make companionship with an element upon which so much of his future life was destined to be passed. This vigorous mode of training was fer some time strongly deprecated by the mother; but as it was pursued day after day without any evil result, she suffered herself to be laughed out of her fears; and this the more readily, as she knew the fondness of Jacob for his boy; and was herself once more in a situation calculated to divert her anxieties in some degree from her first born.

Another son completed the happiness of Horton, and an unusually profitable season led him to declare that the infant had brought a The remark was prophetic blessing with it. But having now given our readers an insight into the fisherman's past career, we will at once revert to the narrow hearth beside which we first brought him under notice.

On the evening already mentioned, it was surrounded by five individuals. The warmest settle was occupied by Jacob himself, whose loose trowsers and short jacket of coarse blue cloth, were surmounted by a venerable and be-nevolent countenance, about which his long

hair, as white and as glittering as moonlight, fell in masses so profuse, as to indicate, that to him years had brought no decrease of strength. He was busied in repairing a herring net, and at hrs feet, pursuing the same task, sat a fine young man of about twenty, whose large deep blue eyes, chesnat hair, and manly countenance were the very types of frank and good humored In form he was robust and proportioned; and his laugh, which on ordinary occasions was frequent, revealed teeth so dazzlingly white, that they gave an air of joyousness to his whole appearance. The mother who was a goodly specimen of comely old age, was far more attractive with her silver locks smoothly banded beneath her snow white cap, her decent dress of linsey woolsey, and her clean coarse apron, than would have been many a decayed beauty, who in loosing her per-sonal charms, had also lost that proper self pride which prevents the faded coquette from degenerating into a slattern. Sarah Horten had un-consciously achieved that most difficult feat for a woman—she had grown old gracefully; and now as she plied her wheel in the full blaze of the cheerful fire, had there not hung a deep shadow of care upon her brow, she might have served as a model of calm and contented age. Near her, and also facing the fire, sat a young and pretty women of eighteen or nineteen, before whom stood a similar industry; but the monotonous hum of the matron's steadily volving wheel was not echoed by that of thefair creature at her side. It is true that the thread of flax was between her slender fingers; and that a foot, whose beautiful proportions were only too apparent in the faded finery of a helless slipper, originally far too delicate and costly for the condition of its wearer, rested upon the treadle; but neither foot nor finger were in motion. The girl sat bending forward, with her uncombed ringlets falling in a cloud over her face; and her cap, which had long lost its purity of tint, and which was profusely tricked out with a gaudy colored ribbon, pushed carelessly backward; while her naturally beautiful figure was marred and rendered even unsightly the unwomanly want of decency perceptiby the unwomanly want of decency percepti-ble in the arrangements of her clothes. It was easy to see that her gown, her apron, and even the shawl that she had flung about her shoulders, had all once been of the most showy description; but that, their first freshness faded, she had made no effort to replace by neatness the gayety of their original appearance.

It was a melancholy sight : for and lovely woman, whatever be her station in life, however high or however humble, loses her self value, and yields to an habitual indolence which prompts her not only to disregard her natural advantages, but even to sully them by a want of neatness and common order, there must be something hollow or cankered at her heart; something perverted or unworthy in her nature; or a carelessness of consequences, and a recklessness of the future, calculated to produce the most unhappy and dangerous re-

Her eyes were fixed upon the fifth individual of the group, who occupied a settle opposite to that of the old man. It was the child of pray-ers and tears—the first born of the Hortons. The lonely infant had advanced from a laughing and handsome boy, into a man of such surpassing beauty, that, had the soul within been worthy of the shape in which it was inshrined, earth would scarcely have contained his prototype; but young as he was, for he had barely numbered five and twenty years, evil passions and unholy dispositions had given a character of his countenance which negatived all its attraction. His finely arched eyebrows almost met above his nose, from the scowl which lowered upon his brow; and there was a savage and sneering rigidity about his mouth, that in his moments of violence, repelled alike sympathy and affection Yet there were times when these foul signs of a satanic nature were for a while effaced; and during those brief and infrequent intervals there was a haughty power about the beauty of the youth which fearful as it was, better suited to some high born noble than to the son of a poor fisherman, failed not in its effect on all with whom master spirit, for good or for evil land, alas! he had not chosen "the better part."

At the moment in which we have introduced him to the reader, he was engaged in sharpening the blade of a large clasp knife, which he was industriously grinding on both edges, and forming it into a point. Between his knees he held the stone necessary to the operation; and occasionally a gesture of impatience escaped him, as some temporary impediment occurred At his feet lay curled up a wiry, crop cared terrier, blind of an eye; one of those suspicious looking brutes whom an honest man shrink from claiming, although it might be va luable bosh for its courage and attachment. I is singular how much moral character may b remarked in degs. How opposed is the bold yet gentle bearing of the Newfoundland, the dobold cility of the spaniel, the fine instinct of the sporting dog, and, above all, the stealthy carriage of the coarse coated, sharp eyed, snarling terrior of the vagrant and the idle Jacob Horron, had he been consulted upon the subet, would not have given house room to the ill looking and worse tempered animal at eis hearth; but the son had been too long accus-tomed to set the inclinations of the father at defiance, for such a trifle as this to be mooted between them.

There had been silence in the cottage for several minutes, which was at length broken by the old man, whose eyes, as he raised them from his employment, fell on his elder son. A deep sigh escaped him; and he shook his gray head mournfully, as he said in a tone rather of sorrow than rebuke, "I wish I could see you working on the nets, by boy, instead of making that knife look fitter to commit murder with. than to serve as a tool for an honest man."

"Maybe you would," was the sullen reply;

" but I leave needles and spinning wheels to the women. They don't suit me."

And how do you expect to use such a knife as that will be, if you go on grinding it for another half hour?" asked his father, in the same subdued voice in which he had first spoken.

"I thought you said just now that it would be for murder," answered the young man, withdo for murder,' out looking up, or desisting for an instant from his occupation.

"Nay, nay, my dear Richard," interposed the meek old women; "don't talk so to your father. He only spoke out of his love for

you,"
"Why you are so savage, Dick ?" asked the young woman, in a sharp wiry voice; "no one

will take you for either a boy or a woman."

"Hold your tongue, Mary," was the answer, as the young man looked up, and glanced fierce-ly at her. "If I'm obliged to be baited by my father, I won't sit here to be twitted by my

"Nonsense, my dear lad," again interposed the anxious mother; " the poor thing meant no

She'd better be minding her wheel than preaching to me," said Horton; "but if she can do nothing e'se, she can hold her tongue; I suppose that wont interfere with her

"It becomes you to blame me, don't it?" laughed the girl bitterly; " you, who promised me, when I married you, that though, maybe, your parents were poor, I should have a house of my own, and the best of clothes and food! And what have you done for me? Here I am in your father's hovel, wearing the rags of the things I was married in, and upon stale bread and fish! I, who could have had Geoffrey Maston the miller, and ate the best of meat every day in the week, if I saw fit. And you reproach me with idleness Didn't vou tell me should never put my hand to work? And didn't you entice me away from a comfortable home, only to make me a beggar ?

Richard Horton sprang to his feet with clenched hands, suffering both the knife and the stone to fall to the floor; while the terrier, barely escaping a wound from the one or the other, bounded into the centre of the room with a quick short bark, and then stood motionless, with the poor remain of ears that he posed fiercely cocked, and his solitary eye turned like a ball of five upon his master, as if waiting until he should indicate a victim. The quailing mother had sunk back in her chair but the fair young creature who had provoked the storm, rendered desperate by disappoint ment, did not even alter her position: while cre another word could be spoken, or a blow struck, the old man stood erect, and stretching

out his nervous arm:
"Peace!" he shouted with the voice of a stentor; " the first who offers violence to his own blood beside this hearth shall earn my How now, Richard Horton; is it come ta this? Pity, rather than punish, the poor weak girl you have token to your bosom, and sworn to cherish and protect. Have more respeet for the gray hairs of your mother, than to strike a blow under her very eyes. Have more respect for yourself, than to raise your hand egainst a woman. For shame, for shame, my son! Let us rather sit down in fellowship and love, and advise together how we may mend the evils she complains of, than brawl and fight, as if we were drunkards in a beer shop.

"It was quiet enough till I was baited like a bull," violently replied the young man. "Am I to blame that everything I have put my hand to has gone wrong isnee the black marriage with a slutternly girl? Is it my fault that I can't dress her like the squire's wife feed her as farmer Thomson crams his turkeys? Have not I braved storms, and darkness, and ail, and a felon's death, over and over again, to satisfy her selfish vanity? And must I be bullied out of my life because I've failed? No, I say, no! Let her look to it; for when my day of luck comes, it shall be a heavy day for

her."
"Richard." said the old man, solemnly, as he pressed him back to his seat; let us have no more of this. Mary was wrong, very wrong; but she's young, and didnt think of waat she was saying. She only spoke in idleness."

I'll be sworn she did, as she does everything else," said young Horton, with bitterness. Look at her now, and show me, if you can, a that uatidy slattish woman sitting by your fireside, what's left of the smart active g Isn't it enough to make a lost my liberty to. man desperate—to turn him into a savage?"
"My son," interposed the old fisherman,

" there was one thing wanting to make Mary a good wife, and that was example. You her from a station of life where she couldn't be fit for the hardships of a poor man's helpmate. You wouldn't be persuaded that your netts and boat wouldn't keep her as she had been accustomed to be kept; and you mustn't blame her now, if it don't answer."

" I never meant to keep her by such paltry

means," was the sullen remark.
"I tear not, indeed," sighed the unhappy
father; "and it is just upon that subject that I want to talk to you. Be persuaded, my boy be persuaded, while there is yet time, to leave off the wretched trade you have got among ; return to your old calling, and your father's heart. You may still be poor, but you'll offend no longer against the laws of God and man."
"Why, is there any commandment that says we shan't land the brandy, or the tobacco, or

the dry goods that we've honestly paid for, whenever and wherever we please? No; the free-trader isn't a thief; he's honestly down his money for the articles, and he's a right to do as he wil with them." " Richard," exclaimed the old man in a tone

Archard, exciaimed the old man in a long of auguish, "you're a madman, and you'll bring yourself to the gallows"

"Who knows but I may, if I live long emough," was the flippant answer; "but at all free!" events, I shall have many a good spree first, and show the stuff that I'm made of, instead of many a good spree first, pulling through life like a coward or a fool.

"Peace, I say once more," cried his father angrily; "I will have no such prison talk under an honest roof; so throw aside this wicked norsense, and tell me like a reasonable being if you can, what course of life you're deter mined on; for if you intend to follow up the trade you've commenced, you shan't bring suspicion and disgrace on your father's house, poor as it may be."

"I can't go on starving," said the young man sullenly, "and what's more, I won't. There's plenty of gold in the country, and he that can win it, ought to wear it. Why should a man sit down quietly, and let the great folks put their heel upon his head, and crush him? or labor night and day to pamper the pride of a set of upstarts, who will grind out his youth and his strength, while he toils to earn a few pence, which must be wrong from the niggards at last, when he can put a bold heart upon the matter, and gain gold by his own courage ?"

"Because the pence that are honestly earned will bring a blessing with them; and the gold that's got by stealth, with an uneasy conscience, and a constant fear of punishment, can only bring sorrow," said old Horton. Don't talk to me of courage, and a bold heart; true courage doesn't sheak about in the darkness, ment to make sure of its own safety by lence, and even murder. Let me tell Richard, that the boy sitting here at my has shown twice the courage that you have He has withstood temptation, and done his duty, while you've been running your neck in danger, and grieving your parent's hearts.

glancing at his brother with a contemptions leer; and he turns a pretty leer; and he turns a pretty penny by his bold deeds; doesn't he? Why, I suppose he may make a matter of five shillings a-week, when he sets himself at it?"

"And he makes them like an henest lad, Dick," said the old map. "Ned has no need to shirk when he sees a blue cout on the beach as he runs the boat ashore. Take care that, noor as his account. poor as his earnings may be, he isn't obliged to

we'll talk about that to-morrow: so give me my supper, mother, or I must be off without

Mrs. Horton obeyed without comment, b with a heavy heart; and the frugal meal was not yet over when a shrill whistle sounded from without, and Richard started to his feet; while the dog, basily which the dog, hastily bolting a morsel of fish which his master had just flung to him, rushed across the kitchen, and began to scratch against the door, as though he was a scratch against the door, as though he wanted to open it, and es-

cape into the free air.
"Richard, my son! my son! at least stay at the air." home to-night," cried Jacob, rising from his scat at the table, and placing himself between the young man and the doorway: "In pity to my gray hairs, listen to me for once. know, why, Richard—for I am but a poor ignorant old man, and I'm afraid to give a wrong name to the terror that's upon me—but if you as if I should get over all my sorrows if you only stay at home to-night."

"I can't father: we expect a cargo, and I must help to run it. I shan't be able to show my face again if I shirk; and I wouldn't give twopence for my life if once the lade take their heads that I mean to peach. so saying, young Horton strove gently to get his father aside; but Jacob would not be so re-

pulsed.
"Listen to me, Richard," he persisted "you were the first-born of our heerls, and would you break them now? I do implere you are now? you, even on my knees, do not go forth night." And as he uttered these words solemnity which even smote upon the stuborn spirit of him to whom they were addressed, the old man seal of his unold man sank on the floor at the feet of his unhappy son, and clung wilely to his knees. Young Horton turned away his faec, while he endeavored to loosen the strong grasp in which he was held; and with averted eyes continued his attempt to argue his agonized father out of an opposition which he had already resolved an opposition which he had already resolved should be useless.

"Get up, get up, father," he said impatiently
"this is no moment for child's play: go I mus,
so it's of no use making me waste my time.
However, let you see this case, and then However, let me see this cargo run, and we'll talk about what can be done afterwards.

Mind, I don't say that I'll give it up, but perhaps I may; for it's true enough that I'did promise Mary a place of her own, and a power of mise Mary a place of her own, and a power of word; only I don't choose to be told of it at word; only I don't choose to be told of it at word; only I don't choose to be told of it at word; only I don't choose to be told of it at word; only I don't choose to be told of it at word; only I don't choose to be told of it at word; only I don't choose to be told of it at word; only I don't choose to be told of it all that I'm above the law, and a match for the all that I we'll talk about what can be done alterward.

At this moment another whistle, shriller than At this moment another whistle, shrifler that the first, but less sustained, rang out upon the night sir; and by a violent exertion of strength night sir; and by a violent exertion of strength old man's grasp, who, by the suddenness of the motion was flung forward on his face, and the motion was flung forward on his face, and gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs of the first hair fathetically gray hairs of the first hair fathetically gray hairs own fault he was and muttering, "Twas his own fault he was and muttering," Twas his own fault he was a first hair fathetically gray hairs own fault he was a first hair fathetically gray hair so was fathetically gray hair so was fathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically gray had gray he had gray

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