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Tales of the Coast Guard....Calf Love.

It may be as well to observe at starting, that the slight, unpretending sketches I am about to jot down of a few rough adventures in the Preventive Service of this country, will present no fancy pictures of high-souled, dashing smugglers, such as I have seen spouting heroics at minor theatres—rollicking gentlemen, who abound in all the first rate virtues of generosity, daring, gallantry, and skill, slightly clouded, if at all, by an irresistible propensity for defrauding the revenue—more, it is usually made to appear, for the fun or dash of the thing, or to rig out amiable sweethearts or devoted wives with expensive nick-nacks, than for any liking for the, in the main, idle and skulking life of the professional smuggler. I never ran alongside any such gentry; but then it is right to state that my experience was confined to about one hundred miles or thereabouts of the southern coast of England, and those heroes, if fancy, are only to be found, if at all, in latitudes frequented by their relatives—the horse-marines.

The fellows I now and then overhauled were of quite another stamp, and seldom sailors either, at least not of the true salt water lick; handy enough in a boat, no doubt, but with much better land than sea-legs, as many an unsuccessful shore-chase has but too frequently proved to my entire conviction. I am speaking of between thirty and forty years ago, at which time your genuine sea-dog but little relished such a hide-and-seek along shore life, especially if any thing better could be had; and it can, I should think, be hardly otherwise in these days of steam revenue cruisers, admirably organized coast guard, reduced duties, and, consequently, consumpuve profits. Thus much hinted by way of warning to readers of a romantic taste, I proceed with the narrative of my first adventure in the revenue service, prefacing it with a brief chapter of my earlier history, without which it would be nearly, if not altogether, unintelligible.

My name is Warneford—at least it is not very unlike that—and I was born at Itchen, a village distant in those days about a mile and a half, by land and ferry, from Southampton. How much nearer the, in I hear and read, rapidly increasing town has since approached, I cannot say, as it will be twenty nine years next year since I finally quitted the neighborhood. The village, at that time chiefly inhabited by ferry and fishermen, crept in a straggling sort of way up a declivity from the margin of Itchen river, which there reaches and joins the Southampton estuary, till it arrives at Pear Tree Green, an eminence commanding one of the finest and most varied land and water views the eye of man has, I think, ever rested upon.

My father, a retired Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, was not a native of the place, as his name alone would sufficiently indicate to a person acquainted with the then Itchen people—almost every one of whom was either a Dible or a Draper—but he had been many years settled there, and Pear Tree Churchyard contained the dust of his wife and five children—I and my sister Jane, who was a year older than myself, being all of his numerous family who survived their childhood. We were in fair circumstances, as my father, in addition to his half pay, possessed an income of something above £100 a year. Jane and I were carefully, though of course not highly or exquisitely educated; and as soon as I had attained the warrior age of fifteen, I was dispatched to sea to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me; and not many weeks after joining the ship to which I was appointed, I found myself, to my great astonishment, doubling the French line at the Nile—an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed away before I had an opportunity of revisiting home; and it was with a beating as well as joyful heart, and light elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Itchen. I need hardly say that I was welcomed by Jane with tears of love and happiness. It was not long, however, before certain circumstances occurred which indeed my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short. I have before noticed that the aborigines of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Drapers. Well, it happened that among the former was one Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fisherman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright-haired gipsy, about two years younger than myself, but somewhat tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners—which latter quality, by the by, must have come by nature, for but little education of any kind had fallen to her share. She was, it may be supposed, the belle of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers; but they all vanished in a twinkling, awe-struck by my uniform, and especially by the dangling dirk, which I occasionally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moonculf that I was, felt, as it is termed, deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty! It must have been her personal graces alone—her conversation it could not be—which thus entranced me; for she, with some difficulty, and then in reply only, and in monosyllables; but she listened divinely, and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Itchen and Netley Abbey, gazed with such enchanting eloquence in my face as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time, that it is very possible I might be sooner or later entrapped into a ruinous marriage—not by her, poor girl! she was I am sure, as guileless as infancy, but by her parents, who were scheming, artful people—had not my father discovered what was going on, and, in his rough way, dispelled my silly day-dreams at once and forever.

The church-yard at the summit of Pear-Tree Green, it used to be commonly said, was that in which Gray composed his famous "Elegy," or at all events that which partially inspired it. I know not if this be correct; but I remember thinking, as I sat one fine September evening by the side of Ellen Dible, upon the flat wooden railing which then fenced it, that the tradition had great likelihood. The broad and tranquil waters of the Southampton and Itchen rivers—bounded in the distance by the New Forest, with its wavy masses of varying light and shade, and on the left by the leafy woods, from out of which I often think the gray ruins of the old abbey must in these days look grimly and spectre-like forth upon the teeming, restless life, which mocks its hoary solitude—were at the full of a spring-tide. It was just, too, at the hour of "parting day;" and as the sun-tipped spires of the Southampton churches faded gradually into indistinctness, and the earlier stars looked out, the curfew, mellowed by distance into music, came to us upon the night air, which gently stirred fair Ellen's glossy ringlets, as she, with her bonnet in her hand—for our walk had tired her—looked with her dove-innocent, transparent eyes in mine, while I repeated Gray's melodious lines. The Elegy was concluded, and I was rapturizing even more vehemently than was my wont, when, whack! I received a blow on my shoulder, which sent us both off the rail; for Ellen held me by the arm, and it was quite as much as I could do to keep my feet when I reached them. I turned fiercely round, only to encounter the angry and sardonic countenance of my father.

"I'll have no more of this nonsense, Bob," he gruffly exclaimed. "Be off home with you, and to-morrow, I'll see you safe on board your ship, depend upon it. As for this pretty minx," he continued, addressing Ellen, who so trembled with confusion and dismay that she could scarcely tie her bonnet strings, "I should think she would be better employed in mending her father's shirts, or darning her brother's stockings, than in gossiping her time away with a brainless young lubber like you."

I was of course awfully incensed, but present resistance, I knew, was useless; and after contriving to exchange a mute gesture with Ellen of eternal love, constancy and despair, we took our several ways homewards. Before 12 o'clock the next day I was posting to Gosport, accompanied by my father, but not till I had obtained, through the agency of my soft-hearted sister, a farewell interview with Ellen, when we of course made fervent vows of mutual fidelity—affirmed and consecrated at Ellen's suggestion by the mystical ceremony of breaking a crooked sixpence in halves—a moiety to be worn by each of us about our necks, as an eternal memorial and pendant protest against the flinty hearts of fathers.

This boyish fancy faded but slowly and lingeringly away with the busy and tumultuous years which passed over my head, till the peace of 1815 cast me an almost useless sea-waif upon the land, to take root and vegetate there as I best might upon a lieutenant's half pay. My father had died about two years before, and the hundred a year he left us was scarcely more than sufficient for the support of my sister, whose chances of an eligible marriage had vanished with her comeliness, which a virulent attack of small pox had utterly destroyed, though it had in nothing changed the patient sweetness of her disposition, and the gentle, loving spirit that shone through all its disfiguring scars and seams. I had never heard directly from Ellen Dible, although during the first months of separation I had written to her many times; the reason of which was partially explained by a few lines in one of Jane's letters, announcing Ellen Dible's marriage—it seemed under some kind of moral compulsion—to a person of her own grade, and their removal from Itchen. This happened about six months after my last interview with her. I made no further inquiries, and Jane, thinking the subject might be a painful one, it happened that, by a kind of tacit understanding, it was never afterwards alluded to between us.

The utter weariness of an idle, shore life, soon became insupportable, and I determined to solicit the good offices of Sir Joseph Yorke with the Admiralty. The gallant Admiral had now taken up his permanent residence near Hamble, a village on the river of that name, which issues into the Southampton water not very far from opposite Calshot Castle. Sir Joseph was drowned there about eight or nine years after I left the station. A more perfect gentleman, let me pause a moment to say, or a better seaman, than Sir Joseph never, I believe, existed; and of a handsome, commanding presence too—"half way up a hatchway" at least, to use his own humorous self-description, his legs scarcely corresponding in vigorous outline to the rest of his person.

He received me with his usual frank urbanity, and I left him provided with a letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, the ultimate and not long delayed result of which was my appointment to the command of the Rose revenue cutter, the duties attached to which consisted in carefully watching, in the interests of his Majesty's customs, the shores of the Southampton river, the Solent Sea, the Wight, and other contiguous portions of the seaboard of Hants and Dorset.

The ways of smugglers were of course new to me; but we had several experienced hands on board, and as I zealously applied myself to the study of the art of contraband, I was not long in acquiring a competent knowledge of the traditional contrivances employed to defraud the revenue. Little of interest occurred during the first three or four weeks of my novel command, except that by the sharpened vigilance of our look-out, certain circumstances came to light, strongly indicating that Barnaby Diaper, the owner of a cutter-rigged fishing vessel of rather large burthen, living near Hamble Creek, was extensively engaged in the then profitable practice of running moonshine, demurely and industriously as, when ashore, he appeared to be, everlastingly mending his nets, or cobbling the bottom of his smack's boat. He was a hale, wiry fellow, this Barnaby—Old Barnaby, as he was familiarly called, surnames in those localities being seldom used—with a wooden stolidity of countenance which utterly defied scrutiny, if it did not silence suspicion. His son, who was a partner in the cutter, lived at Weston, a beautifully situated hamlet between Itchen and Netley. A vigilant watch was consequently kept upon the movements of the Barnabys, father, son, and grandson—this last a smart, precocious youngster I understood of about 16 years of age, by which family trio the suspicious *Blue-eyed Maid* was with occasional assistance, manned, sailed and worked. Very rarely, indeed, was the Blue-eyed Maid observed to be engaged in her ostensible occupation. She would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly return, and always, we soon came to notice, on the nights when the Rose happened to be absent from the Southampton waters.

We had missed her for upwards of a week, when information reached us that a large lugger we had chased without success a few nights previously, would attempt to run a cargo at a spot not far from Lymington, soon after midnight. I accordingly, as soon as darkness had fallen, ran down and stood off and on, within signal distance of the shore-men, with whom I had communicated, till dawn, in vain expectation of the promised prize. I strongly suspected that he had been misled, but on rounding Calshot Castle, all doubt was extinguished, for there sure enough was the vessel, riding lightly at anchor. The cargo, whatever it might have been, was already landed, or otherwise disposed of—Old Barnaby, whom I knew by sight, and his two descendants, whom I had not before seen, busily engaged swabbing the cutter's deck, and getting matters generally into nautical ship-shape. The son a good deal resembled the old man, except that his features wore a much more intelligent and good-humored expression; and the boy was an active, bold-eyed, curly headed youngster, whose countenance, but for a provoking sauciness of expression apparently habitual to him, would have been quite handsome. I thought I had seen his face somewhere before, and he, I noticed, suddenly stopped from his work, on hearing my name, and looked at me with a smiling but earnest curiosity. The morning's work had, I saw, been thoroughly performed; and as I was in no humor for a profitless game of cross questions and crooked answers, I, after exchanging one or two colloquial courtesies, in which I had by no means the advantage, returned to the *Rose*, more than ever satisfied that the interesting family I had left represented would probably repay the closest watchfulness and care.

On the evening of the same day, the *Blue-eyed Maid* again vanished; a fortnight slipped by and she had not reappeared; when the *Rose*, having slightly grazed her bottom in going over the shifting shingle at the northwest of the Wight, went into Portsmouth harbor to be examined. Some of her copper was found to be stripped off; there were other trifling damages; and two or three days would elapse before she could be got ready for service. This interval I spent with my sister. The evening after I arrived at Itchen, Jane and I visited Southampton, and accompanied an ancient female acquaintance residing in Bugle street—a dull, grass-grown place in those days, whatever it may be now—to the theatre in, I believe, the same street. The performances were not over till near twelve o'clock, and after escorting the ladies home, I wended my way towards the Sun Inn on the quay, where I was to sleep—my sister remaining for the night with our friend.

The weather, which had been dark and squally an hour or two before, was now remarkably fine and calm; and the porter of the inn telling me they should not close the house for some time longer, I strolled toward the Platform Battery, mounted by a single piece of brass ordnance overlooking the river, and pointed meaningly toward the village of Hythe. The tide was at the full, and a faint breeze slightly rippled the magnificent expanse of water which glanced and sparkled in the bright moon and starlight of a cloudless autumn sky. My attention was not long absorbed by the beauty of the scene, peerless as I deemed it; for unless my eyes strangely deceived me, the Blue-eyed Maid had returned, and quietly anchored off Weston. She appeared to have but just brought up; for the mainsail, three new patches in which chiefly enabled me to recognize her, was still flapping in the wind, and it appeared to me—though from the distance, and the shadow of the dark background of woods in which she lay, it was difficult to speak with certainty—that she was deeply laden. There was not a moment to be lost, and fortunately, just in the nick of time, a boat with two watermen approached the platform steps. I tendered them a guinea to put me on board the smack off Weston—an offer which they eagerly accepted; and I was soon speedily over the water to her. My uniform must have apprised the Barnabys of the nature of the visit about to be paid them; for when we were within about a quarter of a mile of their vessel, two figures, I easily recognized to be old Barnaby and his grandson, jumped into a boat that had been loading alongside, and rowed desperately for the shore, but at a point considerably further up the river, toward Itchen. There appeared to be no one left on board the Blue-eyed Maid, and the shore-confederates of the smuggler did not show themselves, conjecturing, doubtless, as I had calculated they would, upon my having plenty of help within signal call. I therefore determined to capture the boat first, and return with her to the cutter. The watermen, excited by the chase, pulled with a will, and in about ten minutes we ran alongside the Barnabys' boat, jumped in, and found her loaded to the gunwales with brandy kegs.

The boy Barnaby, I was glad to hear a day or two afterwards, had not accompanied his father and grandfather in the last trip made by the Blue-eyed Maid, and had consequently escaped the fate which had so suddenly overtaken them, and for which it appeared that the smuggling community held me morally accountable. This was to be expected; but I had too often and too lately been familiar with death at sea in every shape, by the rage of man, as well as that of the elements, to be more than slightly and temporarily affected by such an incident; so that all remembrance of it would probably have soon passed away, but for an occurrence which took place about a month subsequently. One of the officers of the shore-force received information that two large luggers, laden with brandy and tobacco from Guernsey, were expected the following night in some point of the coast between Hamble and Weston; and that as the cargoes were very valuable, a desperate resistance to the coast-guard, in the event of detection, had been organized. Our plan was soon arranged. The Rose was sent away with barely enough men to handle her, and with the remainder of the crew, I, as soon as night fell, took up a position above Netley Abbey. Two other detachments of the coast-guard were posted along the shore at intervals of about a mile, all, of course, connected by signal-men not more than a hundred yards apart. There was a faint starlight, but the moon would not rise till near midnight; and from this circumstance, as well as from the state of the tide, we could pretty well calculate when to expect our friends, should they come at all. It was not long before we were quite satisfied, from the stealthy movements of a number of persons about the spot, that the information we had received was correct. Just after eleven o'clock a low, peculiar whistle, taken up from distance to distance, was heard; and by placing our ears to the ground, the quick jerk of oars in the rollocks was quite apparent. After about five minutes of eager restlessness, I gave the impatiently expected order; we all emerged from our places of concealment, and with cautious but rapid steps advanced upon the by this time busy smugglers. The two luggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two and three gallon kegs, with which they speeded off to the carts in waiting at a little distance. There were also about twenty fellows ranged as a guard, all armed as efficiently as ourselves. I gave the word; but before we could close with the astonished desperadoes, they fired a pistol volley, by which one seaman, John Batley, a fine, athletic young man, was killed, and two others seriously wounded. This done, the scoundrels fled in all directions, hotly pursued, of course. I was getting near one of them, when a lad, who was running by his side, suddenly turned, and raising a pistol, discharged it at my head. He fortunately missed his mark, though the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly close. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my great surprise, I had almost written dismay, discovered that he was young Barnaby! It was not a time for words, and hastily consigning the the boy to the custody of the nearest seaman, with a brief order to take care of him, I resumed the pursuit. A bootless one it proved. Favored by their numbers, their perfect acquaintance with the hedge and ditch neighborhood, the contrabandists all contrived to escape. The carts also got off, and our only captures were the boy, the luggers, which there had been no time to get off, and their cargoes, with the exception of the few kegs that had reached the carts.

The hunt after the dispersed smugglers was continued by the different parties who came in subsequently to our brush with them, so that after the two wounded seamen were carried off on litters, and a sufficient guard left in the captured boat, only two men remained with me. The body of John Batley was deposited for the present in one of the luggers, and then the two sailors and myself proceeded forward to Itchen with the prisoner, where I intended to place him in custody for the night.

The face of the lad was deadly pale, and I noticed that he had been painfully affected by the sight of the corpse; but when I addressed him, his expressive features assumed a scornful, defying expression. First, ordering the two men to drop astern out of hearing, I said: "You will be hanged for your share in this night's work, young man, depend upon it."

"Hanged!" he exclaimed in a quick, nervous tone; "hanged! You say that to frighten me! It was not I who shot the man! You know that; or perhaps," he added with a kind of hysterical cry, "perhaps you want to kill me as you did father."

"I have no more inclination, my poor boy," I answered, "to injure you than I had to harm your father. Why, indeed, should I have borne him any ill-will?"

"Why should you? Oh, I know very well!"

"You know more than I do, then; but enough of this folly. I wish, I hardly know why, to save you. It was not you, I am quite aware, that fired the fatal shot, but that makes no difference as to your legal guilt. But I think if you could put us on the track of your associates, you might yourself escape."

The lad's fine eye perfectly lightened with scorn and indignation: "Turn informer!" he exclaimed. "Betray them that loved and trusted me! Never—if they could hang me a thousand times over!"

I made no answer, and nothing more was said till we had reached and were passing the Abbey ruins. The boy then abruptly stopped, and with quivering voice, whilst his eyes filled with tears, said: "I should like to see my mother."

"See your mother! There can be no particular objection to that; but she lives further on at Weston, does she not?"

"No, we have sold off, and moved to Aunt Diaper's, at Netley, up yonder. In a day or two we should have started for Hull, where mother's father's brother lives, and I was to have been 'prenticed to the captain of a Greenlander; but now," he continued with an irrepressible outburst of grief and terror, "Jack Ketch will, you say, be my master, and I shall be only 'prenticed to the gallows."

"Why, if this be so, did your mother permit you to join the lawless desperadoes to whom you owe your present unhappy and degraded position?"

"Mother did not know of it; she thinks I am gone to Southampton to inquire about the day the vessel sails for Hull. Mother will die if I am hanged!" exclaimed the lad, with a renewed burst of passionate grief; "and surely you would not kill her."

"It is not very likely I should wish to do so, considering that I had never seen her."

"Oh, yes—yes, you have!" he sharply rejoined.

"Then perhaps you do not know. Untie or cut these cords," he added, approaching close to me and speaking in a low, quick whisper. "give me a chance; mother's girl's name was Ellen Dible."

Had the lad's fettered arm been free, and he had suddenly dealt me a blow with a knife or dagger, the stroke could not have been more sharp or terrible than these words conveyed.

"God of mercy!" I exclaimed, as the momentarily arrested blood again sped through my heart with reactive violence, "can this be true?"

"Yes, yes—true, quite true!" continued the boy, with the same earnest look, and low, hurried speech. "I saw, when your waistcoat flew open in the struggle just now, what was at the end of the black ribbon. You will give me a chance, for mother's sake, won't you?"

A storm of grief, regret, remorse, was sweeping through my brain, and I could not for a while make any answer, though the lad's burning eyes continued fixed with fevered anxiety upon my face.

At last I said—paused rather: "I cannot release you—it is impossible; but all that can be done—all that can—can legally be done, shall be."

The boy's countenance fell, and he was again deadly pale.

"You shall see your mother," I added. "Tell Johnson where to seek her; he is acquainted with Netley." This was done, and the man walked briskly off upon his errand.

"Come this way," I said, after a few minutes reflection, and directing my step towards the old ruined fort, by the shore, built, I suppose, as a defence to the abbey against pirates. There was one flight of steps to the summit, and no mode of egress save by the entrance from which they led. "I will relieve you of these cords while your mother is with you. Go up to the top of the fort. You will be unobserved, and we can watch here against any foolish attempt to escape."

"Fairly caught at last, old fellow!" I exclaimed exultingly, in reply to the maledictions he showered on us. "And now pull the boat's head round, and make for the Blue-eyed Maid, or I'll run you through the body."

"Pull her head round yourself," he suddenly rejoined, as he rose from the thwart and unshipped his oar. "I's bad enough to be robbed of one's hard earnings without helping the thieves to do it."

His refusal was of no consequence; the watermen's light skiff was made fast astern, and in a few minutes we were pulling steadily towards the still motionless cutter. Old Barnaby was fumbling among the tubs in search, as he growled out, of his pea-jacket; his hopeful grandson was seated at the stern whistling the then popular air of the "Woodpecker" with great energy and perfect coolness; and I was standing with my back towards them in the bow of the boat, when the stroke oarsman suddenly exclaimed, "What are you at with the boats' painter, you young devil's cub?" The quick mocking laugh of the boy, and the words, "Now, grand-father, now!" replied to him. Old Barnaby sprang into the boat which the lad had brought close up to the stern, pushing her off as he did so with all his strength; and then the boy, holding the painter or boat rope, which he had detached from the ring it had been fastened to, in his hand, jumped over the side; in another instant he was hauled out of the water by old Barnaby, and both were seated and pulling lustily, and with exulting shouts, round in the direction of the Blue-eyed Maid, before we had recovered from the surprise which the suddenness and completeness of the trick we had been played excited. We were, however, very speedily in vigorous chase, and, as the wind, though favorable and evidently rising, was still light, we had little doubt of success, especially as some precious minutes must be lost to the smuggler in getting under way, neither jib nor fore-sail being as yet set. The watermen bent fiercely to their oars; and heavily laden as the boat was, we were beginning to slip freely through the water, when an exclamation from one of the men announced another and more perilous trick that the Barnabys had played us. Old Barnaby, in pretending to fumble about for his jacket, had contrived to unship a large plug expressly contrived for the purpose of sinking the boat whenever the exigencies of their vocation might render such an operation advisable; and the water was coming in like a sluice. There was no help for it, and the boat's head was immediately turned towards the shore. Another vociferous shout rang in our ears as the full success of their scheme was observed by the Barnabys, replied to of course by the furious but impotent execrations of the watermen. The boat sank rapidly, and we were still about a hundred yards from the shore when we found ourselves splashing about in the water, which fortunately was not more than up to the armpits of the shortest of us, but so full of strong and tangled seaweed, that swimming was out of the question; and we had to wade slowly and painfully through it, a step on a spot of more than usually soft mud plunging us down every now and then over head and ears. After reaching the shore and shaking ourselves, we found leisure to look in the direction of the Blue-eyed Maid, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her glide gracefully through the water as she stood down the river, impelled by the fast-freshening breeze, and towing the watermen's boat securely at her stern.

There were no means of pursuit, and after indulging in sundry energetic vocables, hardly worth repeating, we retreated in savage discomfiture towards Weston, plentifully sprinkling the grass and gravel as we slowly passed along; knocking up the landlord of a public house, and turning in as soon as possible, happily exchanged our dripping attire for warm blankets and clean sheets, between the soothing influence of which I, for one, was soon sound asleep.

Day had hardly dawned when we were all three up, and overhauling the mud and weeds (the tide was quite gone out) for the captured boat and tubs. They had vanished utterly; the fairies about Weston had spirited them away while we slept, leaving no vestige whatever of the spoil, to which we had naturally looked as some trifling compensation for the night's mishap and the loss of the watermen's boat, to say nothing of the sousing we had got. It was a bad business, certainly, and my promise to provide my helpmates with another boat, should their own not be recovered, soothed but very slightly their sadly ruffled tempers. But lamentations were useless, and, after the lugubrious expression of a dismal hope for better luck next time, we separated.

This pleasant incident did not in the least abate my anxiety to get once more within hailing distance of the Barnabys; but for a long time my efforts were entirely fruitless, and I began to think that the Blue-eyed Maid had been permanently transferred to another and less vigilantly watched station, when a slight inkling of intelligence dispelled that fear. My plan was soon formed, and caused it to be carelessly given out on shore that the Rose had sprung her bowsprit in the gale a day or two before, and was going the next afternoon into Portsmouth to get another. In pursuance of this intention, the Rose, soon after noon, slipped her moorings and sailed for that port; remained quietly there till about nine o'clock in the evening, and then came out under close-reefed storm canvas, for it was blowing great guns from the northward, and steered for the Southampton river. The night was as black as pitch, and but for the continuous and vivid flashes of lightning, no object more than a hundred yards distant from the vessel could have been discerned. We ran up abeam of Hythe, without perceiving the object of our search, then tacked, stood across to the other side, and then retraced our course. We were within a short distance of Hamble river, when a prolonged flash threw a ghastly light upon the raging waters, and plainly revealed the Blue-eyed Maid, lying to under the lee of the north shore, and it may be about half a mile ahead of us.

Unfortunately she saw us at the same moment, and as soon as way could be got upon her she luffed sharply up, and a minute afterwards was flying through the water in the hope of yet escaping her unexpected enemy. By edging away to leeward I contrived to cut her off effectually from running into the Channel by the Needles passage; but, nothing daunted, she held boldly on, apparently attempting to reduce an inch of canvas, although, from the press she carried, fairly buried in the sea. Right in the course she was steering, the Donegal, a huge eighty-gun ship, was riding at anchor off Spithead. Old Barnaby, who I could discern by his streaming white hairs, was at the helm, in his anxiety to keep as well to windward of us as possible, determined, I suppose, to pass as closely as he prudently could under the stern of the line-of-battle ship. Unfortunately, just as the little cutter was in the act of doing so, a furious blast of wind tore away her jib as if it had been cobweb; and pressed by her large mainsail, the slight vessel flew up into the wind, meeting the Donegal as the huge ship drove back from a strain which had brought her half way to her anchors. The crash was decisive, and caused the instant disappearance of the unfortunate smuggler. The cry of the drowning men, if they had time to utter one, was lost amid the raging of the tempest; and though we threw overboard every loose spar we could lay hands on, it was with scarcely the slightest hope that such aid would avail them in this wild sea. I tacked as speedily as possible, and repassed the spot; but the white foam of the waves as they leaped and dashed about the leviathan bulk of the Donegal, was all that could be perceived, eagerly as we peered over the surface of the angry waters. The Rose then stood on, and in little more than an hour afterwards, was safely anchored off Hythe.

Ten minutes had not elapsed, when the mother, accompanied by Johnson, and sobbing convulsively, appeared. Roberts hailed her, and after a brief explanation, she ascended the steps with tottering but hasty feet, to embrace her son. A quarter of an hour, she had been told, would be allowed for the interview.

The allotted time had passed, and I was getting impatient, when a cry from the summit of the fort or tower, as if for help to some one at a distance, roused and startled us. As we stepped out of the gateway, and looked upwards to ascertain the meaning of the sudden cry, the lad darted out and sped off with surprising speed. One of the men instantly snatched a pistol from his waist belt, but at a gesture from me, put it back. "He cannot escape," I said. "Follow me, but use no unnecessary violence." Finding that we gained rapidly upon him, the lad darted through a low narrow gateway, into the interior of the abbey ruins, trusting, I imagined, to baffle us in the darkness and intricacy of the place. I just caught sight of him as he disappeared up a long flight of crumbling, winding steps, from which he issued through a narrow aperture upon a lofty wall, some five or six feet wide, and overgrown with grass and weeds. I followed in terrible anxiety, for I feared that in his desperation he would spring off and destroy himself. I shouted loudly to him for God's sake to stop. He did so within a few feet of the end of the wall. I ran quickly towards him, and as I neared him he fell on his knees, threw away his hat, and revealed the face of—Ellen Dible!

I stopped, bewildered, dizzy, paralyzed. Doubtless the mellowing radiance of the night softened or concealed the ravages which time must have imprinted on her features; for, as I gazed upon the spirit beauty, she upturned, beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which an hour before I could not have believed possible. The men hailed repeatedly from below, but I was too bewildered, too excited, to answer; their shouts, and the young mother's supplicating sobs (she seemed scarcely older than when I parted from her) sounded in my ears like the far-off cries and murmurs of a bewildering, chaotic dream. She must have gathered hope and confidence from the emotion I doubtless exhibited, for as soon as the confusion and ringing in my brain had partially subsided, I could hear her say, "You will save my boy, my only son, for my sake, you will save him?"

Another shout from the men below demanded if I had got the prisoner. Ay, ay, I mechanically replied, and they immediately hastened to join us.

"Which way, which way is he gone?" I asked, as the seamen approached.

She instinctively caught my meaning; "by the shore to Weston," she hurriedly answered; "he will find a boat there."

The men now came up; "the chase has led us astray," I said, "look there!"

"His mother, by jingo!" cried Johnson; "they must have come clothes."

"Yes; the boy is off to—to Hamble, I have no doubt. You both follow in that direction; I'll pursue by the Weston and Itchen road."

The men started off to obey this order, and as they did so, I heard her broken murmur of "Bless you, Robert, bless you." I turned away, faint, reeling with excitement, muttered a hasty farewell, and with disordered steps and flaming pulse hurried homeward. The mother I never saw again; the son, at whose escape from justice I thus weakly, it may be, criminally, connived, I met a few years ago in London. He is the captain of a first class ship in the Australian trade, and a smarter sailor I think I never beheld. His mother is still alive, and lives with her daughter-in-law at Chelsea.

REMARKABLE CURE.—Dr. Fryer, the celebrated Indian Doctor, has the credit of achieving some remarkable cures. We were shown the other day a slave belonging to the Old Levee Steam Cotton Press, Third Municipality, who, we were informed, had been cured of consumption, or rather disease of the liver and lungs, with fever of the bowels. He was discharged on the 23d March, after being confined to his bed for many months. The negro appeared perfectly restored. We also saw, at the same time, a negro who had been cured of a severe cancer by Dr. Fryer. [Editors Louisiana State Republican, Lafayette, May 28, 1851. may29 d&Wtf

NEW GOODS—P. W. WOODLIEF, No. 13 Chartres street, has just received per steamships Wakefield Scott, Union and Empire City, and by the sailing packets from New York, Boston and Havre, an assortment of fashionable and desirable FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, beautiful in extent, variety and exclusive style, which he now offers WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, to his numerous patrons at very reduced prices. The stock consists in part of the following, viz:

Super Brochè Antique Silks;
Colored Ammure Silks;
Striped Taffeta Silks
High col. plain Poult de Soie;
Black Brocade Poult de Soie;
Extra rich and emdr'd do;
Changeable and Chene do;
Embroid'd Damask and plain Poult de Soie;
Extra rich changeable and Sultanaleon Poult de Soie;
Small plain high colored do., for misses;
Marcellines and Florentes, of every shade and color;
White and colored Satins;
A few pieces superior heavy black and colored watered Poult de Soie;
Colored Silk Velvets;
Rich Chené Satin striped and plain Cashmere d' Ecosse;
French and English Merinos.
Mousselines de Laines and Alpacas, solid colors, of every variety of shade;
Plain, striped and plaid Poplins;
Superior black and col'd plain and figured Canton Crapes;
A large assortment of white and col'd emb'd and plain Crape Shawls, some extra rich;
Merino Cashmere and heavy silk do. Shawls;
☞ P. W. W. would especially call the attention of factors and planters to his stock of goods for their use. It is very complete and the articles have been selected with great care and judgment., the result of long experience in that particular line. oct 17

STRAW AND SILK GOODS,
44 Camp street, up stairs.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his city and country customers that he has just received a choice and complete assortment of BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY ARTICLES in general, which he offers at very low prices for cash or approved city paper.
oct 8m|p ISAAC SAWIN, 44 Camp st., up stairs.

NEW MUSIC STORE,
93 *Camp street, three doors below Poydras.*

THE public is respectfully invited to call and examine the large, splendid and complete stock of PIANO FORTES, MUSIC and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, at the above establishment, consisting in part of—
Grand Piano Fortes, from J. Pleyel & Co., Henri Herz, T. Gilbert & Co., and the best of other makers.
Semi-Grand Pianos, from Henri Herz and Pleyel.
Piccolo Pianos and Pianinos, from Herz.
Square Pianos, from Gilbert, Dunham, Wm. Hall & Son, Gale, and others.
The splendid prize Piano, from Wm. Hall & Son, Broadway, New York.
Melodeons from 4 to 6 octaves.
Parlor Organs, in rich carved cases.
The Harmonious Orchestra, or Organized Piano.
New style of Guitars, of rich and varied patterns, some of Tomas' make.
Hooks' Pianos.
Improved Accordeons, warranted not to get out of tune.
Brass Instruments, from double bass to alto—together with a full assortment of Music, new and old.
Mr. GREEN is now the chief clerk in charge of the establishment, and will be at all times ready to wait on his numerous friends.
A room has been fitted up for the especial use of the ladies, where they can always try or have tried their music before purchasing. [6m Ip] W. T. MAYO.

PONTCHARTRAIN RAILROAD.
REDUCTION OF PRICES.
Excursion Ticket to and from the Lake 25 cents only.
NEW ORLEANS,
MILNEBURG AND LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.
PONTCHARTRAIN RAILROAD COMPANY.
Fall and Winter Arrangement for Departure of the Cars, commencing October 1, 1851.
THE CARS LEAVE

The Lake:		New Orleans:	
At ..... 6 o'clock	A. M.	At half-past	6 o'clock A. M.
At ..... 7 "	"	At	8 " "
At ..... 9 "	"	At	10 " "
At ..... 11 "	"	At	12 M.
At ..... 1 "	P. M.	At	2 " P. M.
At ..... 3 "	"	At	4 " "
At half-past 4	"	At	5 " "
At half-past 6	"	At	8 " "
At half-past 9	"	At	9 " "
At half-past 11	"	At	9 " "

On Sunday the Cars leave every hour.
☞ An Omnibus leaves Canal and Chartres street every quarter of an hour for the Depot.
☞ A Horse Car will leave the City end every morning at 5 o'clock, and the Lake end every evening at 5 o'clock.
J. W. SMITH, Superintendent.
New Orleans, September 26, 1851. m|sat|1 Ship

New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad.

CARROLLTON LINE—Departure of Trains.
Horse Cars—Half-past 6 A. M., quarter-past 9 and half-past 11 P. M.
Steam Trains—6 A. M., and every hour afterwards until 5 P. M. inclusively in summer, and until quarter past 7 in winter.
FROM CARROLLTON:
Horse Cars—8 A. M., 3 and 10 P. M.
Steam Trains—7 A. M., and every hour afterwards until 7 P. M., inclusively in summer, and until half-past 6 P. M. in winter.
Fare—15 cents. Children under 12 years and servants 10c.
☞ Summer arrangements commence on the third Monday in February and end on second Monday in November.

Lafayette Line.
These cars run to and from the Depot, No. 18 Baronne street
DEPARTURE OF CARS:
winter, from Lafayette 8¾ 7¾
" Depot, 18 Baronne st.....7 5¾
In summer, from Lafayette 8 7¾ 8
" Depot, 18 Baronne st.....6¾ 7¾ 8
After which the cars leave each end every fifteen minutes until 9 o'clock P. M.
Thus, at 8¾, 9, 10 and 11 P. M., from the Depot.
At 8, 8½, 9 and 10½ P. M., from Lafayette.
Fare—10 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.
☞ Note—Special Night Cars for parties, balls, meetings, etc., supplied when required. m|fill 1y.

FURNITURE—FURNITURE.—The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of ladies and housekeepers generally to a large and well selected stock of FURNITURE, which he offers at the cheapest over offered in this city, consisting in part of Mahogany and Walnut Chairs, Sofas, Divans, Ottomans, Marble Top Centre Tables, Card Tables; Mahogany, Rosewood and Walnut Bedsteads; Mahogany and Walnut Bureaus, Marble Top Bureaus and Wash Stands, Marble Top Sideboards, Extension Dining Tables, Clocks and Time-Pieces, Hair and Mess Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Looking Glasses, together with a large lot of common Furniture.
☞ A call is respectfully solicited from those in want of any goods in their line. H. GREEN & CO.
H. Green, Joe. B. Hubbard, } 137 Poydras, bet. St. Charles and Carondelet streets.
oct 8m|d&W

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Stolen, on the night of the 31 instant, from a house on Canal street, a GOLD DUPLEX WATCH, H. & W. Bashill (London) makers, No. 8130, gold face, black hands, and double case; on the inside of the outer case an old family relic, the above reward will be paid, and no questions asked. Jewelers and Pawnbrokers, as well as others, are specially requested not to buy the lost watch. Apply to [oct] JOHN TOOLE, 13