

a night for unlading, (i. e. smuggled goods), and that now it was a very small business.

The ignorance of the people in those "good old times" was something extraordinary. There are one or two well authenticated stories of the Mayor of the place, who could hardly read, much less write, which are amusing. On one occasion, having an official letter handed to him, he tried in vain to decipher it, and on some one, who it seems knew a little more than himself, looking over his shoulder, and discovering that he was holding it upside down, the dignity of the Mayor was greatly offended and he exclaimed "may not the Mayor of F. read his letters which way he pleases?"

The same worthy, or a worthy successor, during the period of the peninsular war, having received an order in manuscript, that no *beacon* was to be *fired* after 10 o'clock at night, read it, that no *bacon* was to be *fried*, and report says that he actually arrested some respectable dame for daring to disobey the regulations of the war department, before the mistake was discovered.

But the mental and intellectual darkness, as is invariably the case, found only a correspondence in darkness of deeds, two or three of which I will relate as far as memory serves me.

One summer's evening information was given that a noted pirate had been seen hovering about during the day, and that in all probability he intended to land a cargo somewhere on the coast at night. The revenue cutter was manned and started in the direction indicated; the information proved correct, and the schooner came within sight, in the moonlight, of the object of her search nearing the coast.

The smuggler was on the alert, and, surmising mischief, straightway stood out to sea. Then commenced a race most determined. The cutter gained on the smuggler, and the cargo was thrown overboard. But still it gained. For more than an hour the chase was kept up and they were preparing to board, when suddenly the flying vessel disappeared. The master was a desperate man, he had killed with his own hand more than one coast guard, and he knew that death was certain in case of his capture; he therefore chose the dreadful expedient of drowning himself and all on board. Not one of the crew, twelve in number, survived; most of them leaving families to bemoan their loss.

One other instance I remember, the facts are no doubt exaggerated, but the story, in the main, is certainly true. A lieutenant in the coast guard service was waylaid one night as he was going his rounds; seven men fired at him from their place of concealment, and he fell. The savages, not content with what they had done, reloaded their pistols, walked close up to him as he lay on the ground, and discharged them at the prostrate form, one of them remarking "we have paid him off this time." The explanation of their conduct, as also of the remark, is this.

Some time before this murderous attack, the lieutenant in question had captured single handed a noted smuggler, one who boasted of the number of men he