

the many, but of the multitude against the few. It is a sort of guerilla warfare, innumerable bandits roving about singly or in small parties, to elude the vigilance of detachments sent to restrain them. This is actually the case in smuggling. More desperate characters, probably, have never been found than the smugglers of the early part of the nineteenth century; and having passed my boyhood in a favorite haunt of those defrauders of the revenue, on the English Channel, I pur- pose giving a slight sketch of the town and its inhabitants, followed by a few incidents, which I learned from some of the older inhabitants, connected with the "business" as they called it.

At the foot of chalk cliffs averaging about a hundred and fifty feet in height, lies a small harbour built of piles, to which a stone pier has of late years been added. On the side remote from the sea, underneath the cliff, is a street of irregular wooden houses; some rising to the proportions of five or six storeys, used as sail lofts, drying houses, &c., others being not much more than huts. Most of these are coated with tar, to protect them from the weather, which gives them a dark, gloomy appearance, strongly in contrast with the back ground of chalk. The interior even of those which are fitted up as dwellings is hardly less gloomy, the unpainted woodwork, being almost as dark, from the effect I suppose of the dirt and smoke of a long series of years, as if the external application had been used also internally. But there is a darker storey yet, viz. the under ground, where no light is admitted. This street I am told is entirely connected by secret passages, which also communicate with caves dug out of the cliffs, where were stored in former days the goods the smugglers were fortunate enough to land without detection. The entrance to one of these passages I saw myself, concealed by a large panel which slid aside on touching a spring, under the following circumstances. Returning one day from a search for fossils, as I passed the harbour, a sailor accosted me, with an inquiry as to the contents of a bag which I was carrying. I opened it and showed him some of my best specimens, whereupon he said "if you will come with me, I will show you some worth looking at." I readily consented, and followed him into a small house of the class described; he closed the door, and going to a corner of the room, removed a panel. I looked into the darkness, and asked if that was a cellar. "Yes" said he, "its a cellar where you might easy lose yourself." I said no more, for it reminded me of the "descensus averni," and dark Styx without any shade of Elysium beyond, and I felt considerably relieved, when, having looked with apparent interest at the fossils taken from this dark hole, and made one or two remarks which were no doubt most foolish, I found myself again in the street; for the dark deeds currently reported of these men of the sea floated across my mind in a very uncomfortable manner, and the vestiges of creation were forgotten in my anxiety (*e vestigio*) to escape.

On entering into conversation with the original inhabitants (for in my time the place was greatly changed, and was fast becoming a fashionable watering place) they would invariably complain, notwithstanding the enormous charges for pleasure boats, &c., that times were hard; for that formerly they could get a guinea

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