

once he went many miles to visit her—and how Eleanor Macdonald, forsaking the refinements of the society on which she was a dependent, became the wife of the Northumbrian fisherman. But it is not of Harry's younger days that I am now about to write. Throughout sixteen happy years they lived together; and though, when the tempests blew, and the storms raged, while his skill was on the wave, she often shed tears for his sake, yet, though her education was superior to his, conduct and conversation never raised a blush to her cheeks. Harry was also proud of his wife, and he shewed his pride, by spending every moment he could command at her side, by listening to her words, and gazing on her face with delight. But she died, leaving him an only daughter as the remembrancer of their loves; and to that daughter she had imparted all that she herself knew.

Besides his calling as a fisherman, and his adventures as a smuggler on sea, Harry also made frequent inland excursions. These were generally performed by night, across the wild moor, and by the most unfrequented paths. A strong black horse, remarkable for its swiftness of foot, was the constant companion of his midnight journeys. A canvass bag, fastened at both ends, and resembling a wallet, was invariably placed across the back of the animal, and at each end of the bag was a keg of brandy or Hollands, while the rider sat over these; and behind him was a large and rude portmanteau, containing packages of tea and tobacco. In his hand he carried a strong riding-whip, and in the breast pocket of his greatcoat two horse pistols, always laden and ready for extremities. These journeys frequently required several days, or rather nights, for their performance; for he carried his contraband goods to towns fifty miles distant, and on both sides of the Border. The darker the night was, and the more tempestuous, the more welcome it was to Harry. He saw none of the beauties in the moon, on which poets dwell with admiration. Its light may have charms for the lover, but it has none for the smuggler. For twenty years he had carried on his mode of traffic with uninterrupted success. He had been frequently pursued; but his good steed, aided by his knowledge of localities, had ever carried him beyond the reach of danger; and his *stow holes* had been so secretly and so cunningly designed, that no one but himself was able to discover them, and informations against him always fell to the ground.

Emboldened by long success, he had ceased to be a mere purchaser of contraband goods upon the sea, and the story became current that he had bought a share of a lugger, in conjunction with an Englishman then resident at Cuxhaven. His brother fishermen were not all men of honour; for you will find black sheep in every society, and amongst all ranks of life. Some of them had looked with an envious eye upon Harry's run of good fortune, and they bore it with impatience; but now, when he fairly, boldly, and proudly stepped out of their walk, and seemed to rise head and shoulders above them, it was more than they could stand. It was the lugger's first trip; and they, having managed to obtain intelligence of the day on which she was to sail with a rich cargo, gave information of the fact to the commander of a revenue cutter then cruising upon the coast.

I have mentioned that Harry was in the habit of wandering along the coast with a telescope under his arm. From the period of his wife's death, he had not gone regularly to sea, but let others have a share of his boats for a stipulated portion of the fish they caught. Now, it was about day break, on a morning in the middle of September, that he was on the beach as I have described him, and perceiving the figure of the cutter on the water, he raised his glass to his eye, to examine it more minutely. He expected the lugger on the following night, and the cutter was an object of interest to Harry. As day began to brighten, he knelt down behind a sand bank, in order that he might take his observations, without the chance of being discovered; and while he yet knelt, he perceived a boat pulled from the side of the cutter towards the shore. At the first glance he descried it to be an Embleton coble, and before it proceeded far, he discovered to whom it belonged. He knew that the owner was his enemy, though he had not the courage openly to acknowledge it, and in a moment the nature of his errand to the cutter flashed through Harry's brain.

"I see it!—I see it all!" said the smuggler, dashing the telescope back into its case, "the low, the skulking coward, to go blab upon a neighbour! But I've have the wae therguage o' both o' them, or any name's n. Harry Teasdale."

So saying, he hastened home to his house—he examined his cutlas, his pistols, the bullets, and the powder. "All's right," said the smuggler, and he entered the room where