

Lady Seton.—A mother, in her children's cause, fears nothing,
And needs not thanks—
A woman, in her country's cause,
Can dare what man dare!

[*They start up.*]

Sir Alex.—What!—my Matilda!

Richard.—My mother!

Henry.—Ha! my mother!

Lady Seton.—Joy, joy, my sons—your mother's done her duty!

And joy, my husband, we have saved our honor.

Sir Alex.—Matilda, thou hast ta'en my heart anew,

And with it, too, my words!

Provost Ramsay.—The like o' this!--I may weel say, what, in the universal globe, tempted me to be a bachelor? [*Exeunt.*]

Note.—In the foregoing Dramatic Tale, I have not followed the popular tradition that the sons of Seton were executed, as the story is improbable, and is not countenanced by contemporary history. A skull, however, to which tradition gives a marvelous history, and which is affirmed to be that of one of the Setons, has been for some years in possession of the writer.

THE SMUGGLER.

The golden days of the smuggler are gone by; his hiding places are empty; and, like Othello, he finds his "occupation gone." Our neighbours on the other side of the herring pond now bring us *dry bones*, according to the law, instead of *spirits*, contrary to law. Cutters, preventive boats, and Border rangers, have destroyed the *trade*—it is becoming as a tale that was told. From Spittal to Blyth—yea, from the Frith of Forth to the Tyne—brandy is no longer to be purchased for a trifle; the kilderkin of Holland gin is no longer placed at the door in the dead of night; nor is a yard of tobacco to be purchased for a penny. The smuggler's phrase, that the "*cow has calved*,"* is becoming obsolete. Now, smuggling is almost confined to crossing "the river" here, and there the "ideal line by fancy drawn;" to Scotland saying unto England—"Will you taste?" and to England replying, "Cheerfully, sister." There was a time, however, when the clincher-built lugger plied her trade as boldly,

* A phrase, signifying that a smuggling vessel had delivered her cargo.

and almost as regularly, as the regular coaster, and that period is within the memory of those who are yet young. It was an evil and a dangerous trade; and it gave a character to the villagers on the sea coasts, which, even unto this day, is not wholly effaced. But, in the character of the smuggler, there was much that was interesting—there were many bold and redeeming points. I have known many; but I prefer at present giving a few passages from the history of one who lived before my time, and who was noted in his day as an extraordinary character.

Harry Teasdale was a native of Embleton near Bamborough. He was the sole owner of a herring boat and a fishing coble; he was also the proprietor of the house in which he lived, and was reputed to be worth money—nor was it any secret that he had obtained his property by other means than those had dock hand-line and the herring-net. Harry, at the period we take up his history, was between forty and fifty years of age. He was a tall, thin man, with long sandy hair falling over his shoulders, and the colour of his countenance was nearly as rosy as the brandy in which he dealt. But, if there was the secrecy of midnight in his calling, his heart and his hand were open as mid-day. It is too true that money always begets the outward show of respect for him who possesses it, though in conduct he may be a tyrant and in capacity a fool; but Harry Teasdale was respected, not because he was reputed to be rich, but because of the boldness and warmth of his heart, the readiness of his hand, and the clearness of his head. He was the king of fishermen, and a prince of smugglers, from Holy Island to Hartpool. Nevertheless, there was nothing unusual in his appearance. Harry looked like his occupation. His dress (save where disguise was necessary) consisted in a russet glazed sou'-wester, the flap of which covered his shoulders, half covering his long sandy hair. Around him was a coarse open *monkey* or *peé* jacket, with a Guernsey frock beneath, and a sort of canvass descending below the knee; and his feet were cased in a pair of sea boots. When not dressing his hand-lines, or sorting his nets, he might generally be seen upon the beach with a long telescope under his arm. Harry was possessed of more of this world's substance than his brother fishermen, so was there a character of greater comfort and neatness about his house. It consisted