

suppose that is what you mean, Master Teasdale?"

Harry nodded his head, and quietly drew his pistols from the breast-pocket of his great-coat; and then added—

"Now, lads, this is a bad job, but we must try to make the best on't, and, we hae gone thus far," (and he discharged a pistol at the cutter as he spoke,) "ye know it is o' nae use to think o' yielding—it is better to be shot than hanged." In a few minutes the firing of the cutter was returned by the lugger, from two large guns and a number of small arms. Harry, in the midst of the smoke and flame of the action, and the havoc of the bullets, was as cool and collected as if smoking his pipe upon the beach at Embleton.

"See to get the helm repaired, la! as fast as ye can," said he to the carpenter, while in the act of reloading his pistols; "let us fight away, but mind ye yur wark."

Harry's was the philosophy of courage, mingled with the calculations of worldly wisdom.

The firing had been kept up on both sides for the space of half-an-hour, and the decks of both were stained with the blood of the wounded, when a party from the brig, headed by her first mate, succeeded in boarding the lugger. Harry seized a cutlass, which lay unsheathed by the side of the companion, and was the first who rushed forward to repel them.

"Out o' my ship, ye thieves!" cried he, while, with his long arm, he brandished the deadly weapon, and, for a moment, forgot his habitual discretion. Others of the crew instantly sprang to the assistance of Harry, and, after a short, but desperate encounter, the invaders were driven from the deck leaving their chief mate, insensible from wounds, behind them.

The rudder being repaired, so as to render her manageable, the lugger kept up a sort of retreating fight until night set in, when, as Harry said, "she gave the cutter the slip like a knotless thread."

But now a disagreeable question arose amongst them, and that was, what they should do with the wounded officer, who had been left as a prize in their hands—though a prize that they would much rather have been without. Some wished that he might die of his wounds, and so they would get rid of him, for they were puzzled how to dispose of him in such a way as not to lead to their detection, and place their lives in jeopardy. Har-

ry was on his knees by the side of the officer, washing his wounds with Riga balsam, of which they had a store on board, and binding them up, when one desperate fellow cut short the perplexity and discussion of the crew, by proposing to fling their prize over-board.

On hearing the brutal proposal, Harry sprang to his feet, and hurling out his long bony arm, he exclaimed—"Ye savage!" and, dashing his fist in the face of the ruffian, lolled him to the deck.

The man (if we may call one who could entertain so inhuman an idea by the name of man) rose, bleeding, growling, and muttering threats of revenge.

"Ye'll blab, will ye?" said Harry, eying him fiercely—"threaten to dow it again, and there's the portion that's waiting for yur neck!"—and, as he spoke, he pointed with his finger to the cross-tree of the lugger, and added, "and ye know that the same reward awaits ye, if ye set yur weelfaur'd face ashore!—Out o' my sight, ye 'scape-the-gallows."

For three days and nights, after her encounter with the brig, the lugger kept out to sea; and, on the fourth night, which was thick, dark, and starless, Harry resolved to risk all; and, desiring the skipper to stand for the shore, all but run her aground on Embleton beach. No light was hoisted, no signal given. Harry held up his finger, and every soul in the lugger was mute as death. A boat was lowered in silence, and four of the crew being placed under the command of Ned Thompson, pulled ashore. The boat flew quickly, but the oars seemed only to kiss the water, and no sound, audible at a distance of five yards, proceeded from their stroke.

"Now, pull back quietly, mates," said Ned, "and I'll be aboard wi' some o' wur awn felks in a twinkling."

It was between one and two in the morning, and there was no outward sign amongst the fishermen of Embleton that they were on the alert for the arrival of a smuggler. The party who gave information to the cutter having missed Harry for a few days, justly imagined that he had obtained notice of what they had done; and also believed that he had ordered the cargo to be delivered on some other part of the coast, and they, therefore, were off their guard. Ned, therefore, proceeded to the village; and, at the houses of certain friends, merely gave three