

keep an uncommon sharp look-out. Come, my little Spanish Jockey o' Norfolk; put your best leg foremost, hoist all sail, and let's bear down on that full-blown craft, Bob Rowlie, of the Mermaid inn."

The speaker gave his companion a blow on the back, at this passage in his discourse, that sent him reeling, as well it might; and then, with a coarse laugh, sprang, with more agility than might have been expected from his looks, over the wet, shingly, slippery beach, towards the high road.

He was a man of some forty-five or fifty years of age, short, brawny, and muscular, though not stout, with an extremely large head, set on an extremely short neck, which made up in thickness what it wanted in length. A complexion like unvarnished mahogany, with a low, retreating forehead; a pair of sharp, keen, glittering, hawk-like eyes, gleaming from under thick, scowling brows; a grim, resolute mouth, expressive of the most unflinching do-or-die determination, made up a face that would hardly be associated, in female minds, with the idea of love at first sight. This eloquent frontispiece was rendered still more attractive by a perfect forest of underbrush and red hair generally; indeed, there was considerably more hair about his countenance than there seemed any real necessity for; and his tarpaulin hat crowned a head adorned with a violent mat of hair of the same striking color. The gentleman was dressed in an easy, off-hand style, that completely set at defiance all established civilized modes, with nothing about him, save his sailor's hat, to betoken he was a seaman. Yet such he was, and a captain, too: Captain Nicholas Tempest, commander of the Fly-by-Night, at your service, reader.

A greater contrast to the gentleman just described than his companion, could hardly have been found, search the wide world over. He was a slender lad, of not more than sixteen or seventeen apparently, with a face that would have been feminine in its exquisite beauty, but for the extreme darkness of the complex-