

So away, get ready, lad—set out as quick as thee can—few are astir yet. I wou't wait on thee, and thou won't wait on me; but whoever comes first to Felton Brig, shall place two bits o' stones about the middle, on the parapet I think they ca' it; but it is the dyke on each side o' the brig I mean, ye know. Put them on the left hand side in gaun' along, down the water; or if they're there when ye come up, ye'll ken that I'm afore ye. So get ready, lad—quick as ever ye can. Tell the awd man naething about what ye want wi' the horse—the feller that know onything about thir things the better. And ye, lads, will be upon the look-out; and, if we can get the lugger run in here, have a'thing in readiness."

"No fear o' that, master," said they.

"Well, Sir," said Ned, "I'll be ready in a trap-stick, but I know the awd chap will kick up a sang about lendin' his horse."

"Tell him I'll pay for it, if ye break its legs," said Harry.

The crew of the boat laughed, and some of them said—"Nobody will doubt that, master—you are able enough to do it."

It must be observed, that, since Harry had ceased to go regularly to sea, and when he was really considered to be a rich man, the crew of his boat began to call him *master*, notwithstanding his sou'-wester and canvass kilt. And now that it was known to them, and currently rumoured in Embleton, that he was part proprietor of a lugger, many of the villagers began to call Fanny, Miss Teasdale; and it must be said, that, in her dress and conversation, she much nearer approximated to one that might be styled *Miss*, than to a fisherman's daughter. But when the character and education of her mother are taken into account, this will not be wondered at.

It would be uninteresting to the reader to describe the journey of Harry and Ned Thomson to Blyth; before they arrived at Felton, Harry had overtaken Ned, and they rode on together.

On arriving at Blyth, they stopped at the door of an individual who was to receive forty kilderkins of Hollands from the lugger, and a quantity of tobacco. It is well known to be the first duty of an equestrian traveller to look after his horse, and to see that it is fed; but, in this instance, Harry forgot the established rule—the horses were given in charge of a girl to take them to a stable, to see them fed, or otherwise, and Harry has-

tened into the house, and breathlessly inquired of its owner—"I hope to heaven, Sir, ye have heard nothing of the Swallow?"

[The lugger was called the "Swallow," from the carpenter in Cuxhaven, who built her, having warranted that she "would fly through the water."] ]

"Why, nothing," replied Harry's brother smuggler; "but we shall be on the look-out for her to night."

"So far well," said Harry; "but I hope you have no fear of any King's lobsters being upon the coast, or rats ashore?"

"I don't think we have anything to fear from the cutters," said the other; "but I won't answer for the spies on shore; there are folk wi' us here, as weel as wi' ye, that canna see their neighbours thrive, and haud their tongue; and I think some o' them hae been gaun ower often about wi' the spy-glass this day or tow."

"Then," said Harry, "the lugger doesna break bulk here, nor at Embleton outh—that's flat. Get ye a boat ready, neighbour, and we maun off and meet her, or ye may drink sma' yill to your venture and mine."

"It is growing tow stormy for a boat to venture out," answered the other.

"Smash man!" rejoined Harry; "wad you sit here on your hunkers, while your capital is in danger o' being robbed frae ye as simply as ye would snuff out a candle, and a' to escape a night's doukin'? Get up, man—get a boat—we maun to sea—we maun meet the lugger, or you and I are done ma—clean ruined a'thegither. I hae risked the better part o' my bit Fanny's fortune upon this venture, and, Heaven! I'll suffer death ten thousandfold afore I see her brought to poverty; see get a boat—get it—and if ye daurna gang out, and if nane o' your loll-daur gang, Ned and me here will gang out tow sel's."

"Surely ye wad be mad, Harry, to attempt such a thing in an open boat to-night," said the Blyth merchant.

"Mad, or no mad," answered Harry, "I hae said it, and I am determined. There's nae danger yet wi' a man that knows how to manage a boat. If ye gang pullin' through thick and thin, through main strength, and for bare life, as many o' the folk upon our coast dee, then there is danger—but there's nae use for the like o' that. It isna enough to manage an oar; you must know how to humour the sea, and to manage a wave—Dinna think I've been at sea mair than thirty years without knowin something about the