

got beyond him ; and when there was a smuggler in the Solway, who more active than Bill ? He was barely nineteen, poor fellow, when he made the country too hot to hold him. I remember the night as well as if it were yesterday. The Cat-maran lugger was in the Frith, d'ye see, a little below Caerlaverock ; and father and Bill, and some half-dozen more of our men, were busy in bumping the kegs ashore, and hiding them in the sand. It was a thick, smuggy night : we could hardly see fifty yards around us ; and on our last trip, master, when we were down in the water to the gunwale, who should come upon us, in the turning of a handspike, but the revenue lads from Kirkcudbright ! They hailed us to strike, in the devil's name. Bill swore he wouldn't. Flash went a musket, and the ball whistled through his bonnet. Well, he called on them to row up, and up they came ; but no sooner were they within half-oar's length, than, taking up a keg, and raising it just as he used to do the putting-stone, he made it spin through their bottom as if the planks were of window glass, and down went their cutter in half a jiffy. They had wet powder that night, and fired no more bullets. Well, when they were gathering themselves up as they best could, — and, goodness be praised ! there were no drownings amongst them, — we bumped our kegs ashore, hiding them with the others, and then fled up the country. We knew there would be news of our night's work ; and so there was ; for before next evening there were advertisements on every post for the apprehension of Bill, with an offered reward of twenty pounds.

“Bill was a bit of a scholar, — so am I, for that matter, — and the papers stared him on every side.

“‘Jack,’ he said to me, — ‘Jack Whyte, this will never do : the law's too strong for us now ; and if I don't make