

three rooms; but it also bore the distinguishing marks of a smuggler's habitation. At the door hung the hand-line, the hooks, and creel; and, in a corner of Harry's sleeping room, a "keg" was occasionally visible; while over the chimney piece hung a cutlass and four horse pistols, and in a cupboard, there were more packages of powder and pistol bullets than it became a man of peace to have in his possession. But the third room, which he called his daughter's, contained emblems of peace and happiness. Around the walls were specimens of curious needle work, the basket of fruit and of flowers, and the landscape—the "*sampler*," setting forth the genealogy of the family for three generations, and the age of her whose fair hands wrought it. Around the window, also, carefully trained, were varieties of the geranium and the rose, the bigonia and cressula, the aloe and the ice-plant, with others of strange leaf and lovely colouring. This Harry called his daughter's room—and he was proud of her. She was his sole thought, his only boast. His weather-beaten countenance always glowed, and there was something like a tear in his eyes, when he spoke of "my Fanny." She had little in common with the daughter of a fisherman; for his neighbours said that her mother had her gift for anything, and that Harry was worse than her mother had been. But that mother was no more, and she had left their only child to her widowed husband's care; and, though as he appeared, never was there a more tender or more anxious parent, never had there been a more affectionate husband. But I may here briefly notice the wife of Harry Teasdale, and his first acquaintance with her.

When Harry was a youth of one and twenty, and as he and others of his comrades were one day preparing their nets upon the sea-banks, for the north herring-fishing, a bitter hurricane came suddenly away, and they observed that the mast of a Scotch smack, which was then near the Fern Isles, was carried overboard. The sea was breaking over her and the vessel was unmanageable; but the wind being from the north-east, she was drifting towards the shore. Harry and his friends ran to get their boat in readiness, to render assistance, if possible. The smack struck the ground between Embleton and North Sunderland, and being driven side-on, the billows, which were dashing over her, formed a sort of break-water, which rendered less dangerous for a boat to put off to the

assistance of the passengers and crew, who were seen clinging in despair to the flapping ropes and sides of the vessel. Harry's coble was launched along the beach to where the vessel was stranded, and he and six others attempted to reach her. After many ineffectual efforts, and much danger, they gained her side, and a rope was thrown aboard.—Amongst the smack's passengers, was a Scottish gentleman, with his family, and their governess. She was a beautiful creature, apparently not exceeding nineteen; and as she stood upon the deck, with one hand clinging to a rope, and in the other clasping a child to her side, her countenance alone, of all on board, did not betoken terror. In the midst of the storm, and through the raging of the sea, Harry was struck with her appearance. She was one of the last to leave the vessel; and when she had handed the child into the arms of a fisherman and was herself in the act of stepping into the boat, it lurched, the vessel rocked, a sea broke over it, she missed her footing, and was carried away upon the wave. Assistance appeared impossible. The spectators on the shore, and the people in the boat, uttered a scream. Harry dropped the helm, he sprang from the boat, he buffeted the boiling surge, and, after a hopeless struggle, he clutched the hand of the sinking girl. He bore her to the boat—they were lifted into it.

"Keep the helm, Ned," said he addressing one of his comrades who had taken his place; "I must look after this poor girl—one of the seamen will take your oar." And she lay insensible, with her head upon his bosom, and his arm around her waist.

Consciousness returned before they reached the shore and Harry had her conveyed to his mother's house. It is difficult for a sensitive girl of nineteen to look with indifference upon a man who has saved her life, and who risked his in doing so; and Eleanor Macdonald (for such was the name of the young governess) did not look with indifference upon Harry Teasdale. I might tell you how the shipwrecked party remained for five days at Embleton, and how, during that period, love rose in the heart of the young fisherman, and gratitude warmed into affection in the breast of Eleanor—how he discovered that she was an orphan, with no friend, save the education which her parents had conferred on her, and how he loved her the more, when he heard that she was friendless and alone in the world—how the tear was on his hardy cheek when they parted—how more than