

or onything that has a' name on't, maun be taken out o' the room. It winna dow for onybody but you and me ever to see him, or to wait on him; and, when we do, he maunna be allowed to see either yur face or mine; but I will put my awd mask on, that I used to wear at night sometimes when there was onything particular to dow, and I thought there wad be danger in the way; and," continued he, as the doeing parent rose in his bosom, "it wadna be *chancy* for him to see my Fanny's face at ony rate; and when ye maun have your features so concealed, that, if he met you again, he wadna know ye. Now, hinny, ye'll attend to a' that I've said—for ye remember your father's life depends on't—and we maun be as kind to the lad as we can, and try to bring him about as soon as possible, to get clear on him."

Fanny promised to obey her father's injunctions; but fears for his safety, and the danger in which he was placed, banished every other thought. The "*sampler*," every-thing that could lead the stranger to a knowledge of the name of his keepers, or of the place where he was, was taken out of the room.

Harry, muffling up his face, returned to the apartment where the wounded man was, and, supporting him on his arm, he led him to that which he was to occupy. He then took the bandage from his eyes, and, placing him on the bed; again desired him to keep himself easy, and wished him "good morning," for day was now beginning to dawn.

The name of our smuggler's wounded prisoner was Augustus Hartly. He was about twenty-four years of age, and the son of a gentleman of considerable property in Devonshire; and, at the period we speak of, he was in expectation of being removed from his situation as second officer of the brig, and promoted to the command of a revenue cutter. The wounds which he had received on the deck of the lugger were severe, and had reduced him to a state of extreme feebleness; but they were not dangerous. He knew not where he was, and he marvelled at the treatment he experienced; for it was kind, yea, even roughly courteous, and unlike what he might have expected from the hands of such men as those into whose power he had fallen. Anxiety banished sleep; and when the risen sun lighted up the chamber where he lay, he stretched forth his hand and drew aside the curtains, to ascertain whether the appearance of the apartment would in any way

reveal the mystery which surrounded his situation. But it rather increased it. In the window were the flowers—around the walls the curious needle-work; the furniture was neatly arranged—there was an elegance over all; and, to increase his wonder, in a corner by the window, was a small harp, and a few pages of music lay upon a table near him.

"Surely," thought Augustus, "this cannot be the habitation of a half uncivilized smuggler; and yet the man who brought me here seemed such."

He drew back his head upon his pillow, to seek the explanation in conjectures which he could not otherwise obtain; and while he lay conjecturing up strange fancies, Harry, with the mask upon his face, his hair tied up and concealed, and his body wrapt in a greatcoat, entered the room.

"Well, how art thou now, lad?" said the smuggler, approaching the bed; "dost think ye could take breakfast yet?"

Augustus thanked him, but the appearance of Harry in his strange disguise increased his curiosity and anxiety.

Harry withdrew, and again returned with the breakfast; and though an awkward waiter, he was an attentive one. Few words passed between them for the questions which Augustus felt desirous to ask, were checked by the smuggler, saying—"Now, my canny lad, while here I maun lay an embargo on you asking ony questions, either at me or onybody else. Ye shall be taken gud care on—if ye want onything, just tak that bit stick at your bed-side, and gie a rap on the floor, and I'll come to ye. Ye shall want for naething, and, as soon as ye are better, ye shall be at liberty to gang where ye like. But I maun caution ye again, that ye are to ask na questions."

Augustus again thanked him, and was silent.

At the end of eight days, he was able to rise from his bed, and to sit up for a few hours. Harry now said to him—

"As thou will be dull, belike thou wilt have nae objections to a little music to cheer thee."

Thus saying, he left the room, and, in a few minutes, returned with Fanny. He was disguised as before, and her features were concealed by several folds of black crape, which covered head and face, after the fashion of a nun. She curtsied with a modest grace to the stranger as she entered.