"No!" said Harry, sternly; "would'st tamper with my child's heart, when her trusting in thee would place my life in thy power? Say no more—I won't hear thee," he continued, again raising the pistol in his hand.

Augustus, finding expostulation vain, submitted to have his eyes bound up—and as the smuggler was leading him from the house, the bitter sobs of Fanny reached his ear: he was almost tempted to burst from the grasp of his conductor and rush towards her; but, endeavoring to suppress the tumult of his feelings, he exclaimed aloud—

"Forget me not, dear Fanny!—we shall meet again."

"Never!" whispered Harry in his ear.

The smuggler's horse stood ready at the door. In a moment he sprang upon the saddle—(if saddle it could be called)—and taking Augustus by the hand, placed him behind him: and at a word spoken the well-trained animal started off, as though spurs had been dashed into its side. For several hours they galloped on, but in what direction Augustus knew not, nor wist he from whence he had been brought: at length the smuggler suddenly drew up his horse, and exclaimed—"Dismount!"

Augustus obeyed, but scarce had his feet touched the ground, when Harry, crying "Farewell," dashed away as an arrow shot from a bow—and before the other could unfasten the handkerchief with which his eyes were bound up, the horse and its rider were invisible.

It was drawing towards gray dawn, and he knew neither where he was nor in what direction to proceed: he remembered also that he was without money—but there was something heavy tied in a corner of the handkerchief, which he yet held in his hand: he examined it, and found ten guineas, wrapt in a scrap of paper, on which some words seemed to be written: he longed for day, that he might be enabled to read them, and as the light increased, he deciphered, written with a trembling hand—

"You may need money—think sometimes of me!"

"Heaven bless thee, my unknown Fanny!" cried he; "whoever thou art—never will I think of any but thee."

I need not tell about his discovering in what part of the country the smuggler had left him—of his journey to his father's house in Devonshire, or his relation of what had befallen him; nor how he dwelt upon the remembrance of Fanny, and vainly endeavoured to trace where her residence was, or to discover what was her name beyond Fanny.

He was appointed to the command of a cutter, and four years passed from the period of the scenes that had been described, when, following in pursuit of a smuggling vessel, he again arrived upon the coast of Northumberland. Some of his crew, who had been on shore, brought him information that the vessel was delivering her cargo near Embleton, and ordering two boats to be manned, he instantly proceeded to the land. They came upon the smugglers—a scuffle ensued, and one of Captain Hartly's men was stabbed by his side with a clasp knife, and fell dead at his feet; and he wrenched the knife from the hand of the murderer, who, with his companions, effected his escape without being discovered.

But day had not yet broken when two constables knocked at the door of Harry Teasdale, and demanded admission. The servant-girl opened the door—they rushed into the house, and to the side of the bed where he slept. They grasped him by the shoulder, and exclaimed—

"You are our prisoner!"

"Your prisoner!" replied Harry, "for what, neighbours?"

"Weel dow ye knaw for what," was the answer.

Harry sprang upon the floor, and in the excitement of the moment, he raised his hand to strike the officers of the law.

"You are only making things worse," said one of them; and he submitted to have handcuffs placed upon his wrists.

Fanny sprang into the room, exclaiming—

"My father!—my father!" and flinging her arms around his neck—"Oh! what is it? —what is it?" she continued, breathless, and her voice choked with sobbing—"what do they say that you have done?"

"Nothing, love, nothing," said he, endeavouring to be calm—"it is some mistake, but some one shall answer for it."

His daughter's arms were forcibly torn from around his neck; and he was taken before a