

"That cannot 'be the daughter of a rude and ignorant smuggler," thought Augustus, "and how should such a creature be connected with them?" He noted the elegance of her form, and his imagination again began to dream. The mystery of his situation deepened around him, and he gazed anxiously on the thick and folded veil that concealed her features.

"Wilt thou amuse the poor gentleman with a song, love," said Harry, "for I fear he has but a dull time on't."

Fanny took the harp which stood in the corner—she touched the trembling chords—she commenced a Scottish melody; and, as Augustus listened to the music of her clear and silvery voice, blending with the tones of the instrument, it

"Came o'er the ear like the sweet south  
Breathing upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour."

It seemed the sweetest strain to which he had ever listened; and romance and mystery lent it their magic. His eyes kindled at the sounds—and when Harry saw the change that was produced on him, he was well pleased to observe it, and he was proud also of his daughter's performance, and, in the simplicity and fullness of his heart, he said—

"Thou mayest amuse the gentleman with thy music every day, child, or thou mayest read to him, to make him as comfortable as we can; only he must ask thee no questions, and thou must answer him none. But I can trust to thee."

From that moment, Augustus no longer wearied for the days of his captivity to pass away; and he retired to rest, or rather to dream of the veiled songstress, and to conjure up a thousand faces of youth and beauty which might be like her face—for he doubted not but her countenance was as lovely as her form was handsome; and he pictured lark eyes where the soul beamed, and the athen hair waved on the snowy temples, with the soft blue eyes where affection smiled, and the flaxen tresses were parted on the brow; but he knew not which might be like hers on whom his imagination dwelt.

Many days passed; and during a part of each, Fanny sat beside him to beguile his solitude. She read to him; they conversed together—and the words which fell from her

lips surprised and delighted him. She also taught him the use of the harp, and he was enabled to play a few tunes. He regarded her as a veiled angel, and his desire to look upon her features each day became more difficult to control. He argued, that it was impossible to love one whose face he had never seen—yet, when she was absent from his side, he was unhappy until her return; she had become the one idea of his thoughts—the spirit of his fancies; he watched her fair fingers as they glided on the harp—his hand shook when he touched them, and more than once he half raised it to untie the thick veil which hid her features from him.

But, while such feelings passed through his mind, others of a kindred character had crept into the bosom of Fanny, and she sighed when she thought that, in a few weeks, she would see him no more, that even her face he might not see, and that her name he must never know—and fears for her father's safety mingled with the feelings which the stranger had awakened in her bosom. She had beheld the anxiety that glowed in his dark eyes—she had listened to his impassioned words—she felt their influence; but duty forbade her to acknowledge that she felt it.

Eight weeks had passed—the wounds of Augustus had nearly healed—his health was restored, and his strength returned, and Harry said that, in another week, he might depart—but the announcement gave no joy to him to whom it was addressed. His confinement had been robbed of its solitariness, it had become as a dream in which he delighted, and he could have asked but permission to gaze upon the face of his companion to endure it for ever. About an hour after he received this intelligence, Fanny entered the apartment. He rose to meet her—he took her hand, and they sat down together. But her harp lay untouched—she spoke little—he thought she sighed, and he, too, was silent.

"Lady," said he, anxiously, still holding her hand in his, "I know not where I am, nor by whom I am surrounded—this only I know, that you, with an angel's care, have watched over me, that you have restored me to health, and rendered confinement more grateful than liberty; but, in a few days, we must part—part, perhaps, for ever—then, before I go, grant me but one request—let me look upon the face of her whose remembrance