

pect me to yield to your wishes, you must try other means. Such cowardly threats as these only give birth to contempt. Nay, they do more, they tempt me to do all in my power to resist them. Trust to my honour, and I promise you that I will not leave the house. Lock me up but for one hour, and if I do not find some means to break the lock, my name is not Rosier."

Who could doubt the truth which her words were meant to convey, as she stood there before him, with her bright, flashing eyes, bent sternly upon him; her fair locks thrown back from her high, clear brow, and the glow of injured innocence burning upon her cheek? The young seaman felt that she was in earnest, that it would be madness to oppose her wishes by force, but naturally of a masterful disposition, he thought that it would be unpardonably weak to yield up his newly claimed authority to a wilful girl. Besides, like many of his calling, he courted contradiction, and loved to exercise by the domestic hearth, the overbearing pride displayed upon the quarter-deck. He therefore sternly ordered her to her chamber, muttering in her hearing, as she quitted the room, that her "minion should not escape his vengeance."

For hours Mildred sat by the window in her own room that fronted the sea, with her head bent down and her hand pressed tightly over her lips, in sullen and intense musing. Unused as she had been from her infancy, to severity or opposition, it was natural that her temper had hitherto been unruffled and serene as the summer heavens; but the events of the past few months had called up shade after shade of anxiety and care, until a huge mass of black clouds darkened with their sombre hues the bright promise of her morning sky. A restless, proud feeling, was nursed in her heart. She wished to be her own mistress; to decide her own destiny. She could not endure the control of others, and the treatment she had that morning received, had fixed her in the resolution she had more than half formed, of yielding to the importunities of her lover, and leaving forever with him, her home and country. But how was this to be accomplished? What chance had she now of meeting him again? All her movements would be watched by her brother, and she would not be allowed a ramble in the garden unattended. She looked at the window—it was no great height from the ground, but if she could make her escape that way, to whom could she fly for protection? Her lover had left the coast. She must wait, patiently for some tidings from him, and then bide her time. Could she but find means to make her situation known to him, she knew that he would soon open up a way of escape. "Yes," she cried, exultingly, "we will defeat all

his arbitrary measures. My brother may lock doors. He must secure windows also, for I will never submit to be his slave."

CHAPTER XVIII.

O! can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be :
Your mother's home, and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me ?
Across the wide and stormy sea,
To trace our foaming track;
And know the wave that bears us on,
Will never bear us back ?

For several days young Rosier's anger burned fiercely against his sister; particularly as there were not wanting many officious persons in the village to magnify her imprudence, and blacken in a ten-fold degree, the character of her unfortunate lover. Among the foremost of these busy meddlers, ranked Lieutenant Scarlett, who indulged his hatred to the smuggler, by endeavouring to exasperate the brother against his obstinate and beautiful sister. With this person Sydney contracted a great intimacy, and as he was able, by the help of a stick, to walk abroad, he was a daily visitor at the Brook Farm. Mildred's dislike to this man was so great, that during his visits she generally confined herself entirely to her own chamber; only appearing to take her place at the tea table, and not even then, until sternly ordered so to do by her brother.

Of Captain Tasker, no tidings had been heard since his escape from the Priory, and Mildred, a prey to intense anxiety and domestic disquiet, yielded herself up to despondency. The bloom faded from her cheek, her finely rounded form lost its contour, her springing step its elasticity, and the once sparkling, healthy girl, looked the image of despair.

This change was evident to all who beheld her but her brother, and he either would not or could not observe the painful alteration, which his unkindness had made in his once blooming sister.

Mr. Strong beheld this with deep commiseration, and more than once accused himself of being the cause of her grief. The fate of Charlotte Stainer, haunted him. "What!" he exclaimed, "if this poor girl should be driven to commit the same crime! She has more pride and mental courage, than that unhappy victim; but she is more headstrong. Oh! that her mother would see the necessity of removing her from this place."

He saw Mrs. Rosier—he spoke to her earnestly upon the subject. He pointed out the change which had taken place in Mildred's appearance, and he implored the mother to rescue her child from the evils which surrounded her. Mrs. Ro-