

Up rose the shout again, as the sheets and tacks of the schooner were let go, and the sails, freed from restraint, flapped fiercely in the breeze. "I told you he'd be caught!" exclaimed the same voice which Melicent had before heard, "and there he is, boys, hard and fast, every nail an anchor—my eyes! but Ezekiel's a clever chap." The cutter stood on unharmed towards Providence, and the crowd dispersed. Melicent, however, continued on the look-out, and observed a small boat quit the cutter with two men, and she quickly returned to the cottage. The darkness of evening had already closed in when she entered her mother's apartment, and without saying one word of Hopkins, she communicated the lieutenant's mishap. Heavy was the mortification and chagrin of the worthy lady, but still she expressed the most sanguine hopes that, with so able and clever a commander, the schooner would soon be afloat again, and at day-light they should see her as gay as usual, with her colours flying and sails nicely trimmed. Mrs. Hargood knew not that she had grounded at the very top of a full tide, and could not be released till the ensuing one returned.

Obscurity veiled the face of nature as Melicent, arrayed in a dark dress, hastened to the cove. All was silent except the wash of the receding waters upon the rocks; and all was loneliness, relieved only by the reflection of the gorgeous stars upon the bosom of the deep. Still occasionally might be heard the voice of the seamen on board the schooner, as if engaged in some laborious duty, but the distance was too great for the eye to trace her situation. Suddenly the light fall of oars, as they struck the liquid waves, was heard. Melicent concealed herself from view as a boat emerged from the gloom; some one sprang on to the shore, and the little bark again retreated behind the projecting point. Melicent heard the well known clap of the hands by way of signal; but, fearful of deception, she did not move, till a voice, which filled her soul with trembling ecstasy, uttered in a low and mournful sound, "She is not here." Another clap, and Melicent was in his arms.

"My own—my faithful love!" exclaimed Ezekiel, pressing her to his heart, "do I hold you once more in my embrace? May the God who knows the secrets of the spirit search mine and witness its over-dowing gratitude!" "Ezekiel, you have been long absent," said she, "and I have poured forth my fervent petitions to Heaven for your safety. We are now restored to each other, and here upon this spot, rendered sacred by endearing recollections, here let us thank the Great Being who heard and answered my humble prayers."

Together they knelt at the footstool of Omnipotence, and, with sweet communion of heart, did their praises and thanksgiving ascend before the throne of grace, an acceptable offering to the Deity. They arose, and Ezekiel explained that, notwithstanding the forbearance he had shown to the lieutenant, the latter had offered large rewards for his apprehension, so that he was compelled to make a distant voyage; but, on his return, he was again placed in peril;—so unmitigated was the persecution against him. Under these circumstances, Mr. Hancock had fitted out the cutter for him to trade amongst the West India islands, and he was running down to Providence to take in a light cargo, as well as for the purpose of seeing Melicent, when the schooner hove in sight and fired at him to bring to; which, for obvious reasons, he did not dare to comply with—the chase took place, and events occurred such as have already been described. Many of the seamen on the shore knew the cutter and who was master of it, and he had reasons to believe that the lieutenant was not ignorant of the fact of his rival's proximity. Melicent informed him of the illness and gradual decay of her mother—the unremitted visits and kind attentions of Mr. D—, the conduct of their neighbours, and her consequent lonely situation. Ezekiel heard it with deep regret, and their meeting, though gratifying to their natural love, was one of melancholy feeling.

"Melicent," said Hopkins, "the lieutenant's command is ended—the schooner will never quit you bank till the wild waves of the ocean carry the shattered hull into

deeper water. I should not think, my love, what your situation must be if deprived of your only parent, and I not at hand to protect you. Yet," added he, after a short pause, "what protection can I afford, who am myself an out-law, with the price of blood upon my head?" "And who has done this, Ezekiel?" inquired she with assumed firmness, whilst every limb shook with terror.

"It is the lieutenant's doing," returned he sorrowfully; "but it is part of his duty, and I can only blame him for hunting me down with a ferocity that is inconsistent with the conduct of one who professes to be a Christian—yet here is his excuse, Melicent," added he, taking her hand between his own; "and truly it is one of surpassing power."

"I am yours, Ezekiel, and yours only," said Melicent, as she bowed her head upon his shoulder. "I am ready to share your dangers and become your wife; but cannot quit my mother whilst life remains."

"Nor would I wish you, dearest, nor is it requisite," returned he: "let but the minister of the holy word unite us; I shall then be certain, that as my wedded wife, you will have such protection thrown around you as will at all times be a strong defence from danger." He added, proudly, "I am not rich, Melicent, nor am I destitute—hush—" whispered he, "there is the noise of oars and—perhaps I am betrayed." He put a silver whistle to his lips, and blew it loud and shrill, but no answer was returned. "Melicent," said he, "let me see you in safety to the cottage; those are my enemies—it is a man-of-war's boat, and pulling this way."

"You're right for once," exclaimed a figure that became dimly visible near the projecting point, as Ezekiel and his fair companion advanced. "You pass not this way."

"And by what authority do you dare obstruct the passage?" demanded Hopkins.

"By the orders of my commander," answered the man. "Caspars, ahoy!" he shouted, and was immediately responded to, "Here away, my boys—here away."

"Melicent," whispered Ezekiel, "with these brave men you are safe—they are only executing their duty. But I must away—fear not for me. If I delay, we may never meet again, and if I depart, a few hours hence you shall see me a triumphant man, and then—" The boat's bows grated on the beach, he pressed her once more to his heart. "Advance boldly to meet them," whispered he, and quitting her side, she saw him ascend the craggy face of the rock as the schooner's people joined their shipmates—she heard a heavy splash in the water—a shriek escaped her as the seamen gathered round—"He is drowned," said she, "he is lost!—for the love of heaven, save him!"

"Escaped again, by all that's unlucky!" said the man who assumed the office of superior: "away to the boat, men! away! and lady, you'll please haul your wind along with us; for the skipper's orders was to bring aboard every body I could find at the cove."

"At your peril remove me!" exclaimed Melicent; "your commander has no right to deprive me of my liberty; nor will I go."

"No use talking, my lady," said the man, "obey orders; if you break owners, that's my way. Do your duty, you lubbers, and do it gently, or mayhap you may see how many tails the cat has got, although the pennant is little more than half-mast."

In a moment Melicent was raised from the ground in the arms of a couple of sturdy seamen, and hurried into the boat—the sound of oars was heard—"Stretch out, my men!" shouted the coxswain; and the crew bent to the bold and nervous stroke. A small object was seen ahead—there was the luminous track of a boat, and the occasional sparkling of the broken water caused by rowing. "Give way, lads—stretch out together," roared the coxswain, "we shall have them yet!"

Boldly and swiftly was the schooner's boat propelled through the yielding element,—they were close to the shore, and in a few minutes got alongside the tiny chase

but she floated along, then oars were gone, and Melicent recognised the little shell from which Ezekiel had landed at the cove. Vexed and disappointed, the oars were ordered the punt and pulled off to the schooner, upon fearfully heeling over from the falling of the tide, and all hands were employed in getting out shores and preventing her against her going lower. The lieutenant had been aware that Hopkins commanded the cutter, and when the latter came through the wily stragem he had planned, Melicent supposed that he would make his escape to the cove. Now he could not quit the schooner himself, he despatched his coxswain to bring a board of rowers, who should find upon the spot, and Melicent was satisfied that the coxswain had undertaken to remain for the place, and that Ezekiel was to be made to effect his escape.

The meeting between Melicent and Mr. D— was of the most conciliatory nature. From the condition the schooner was in, she afforded no asylum to Melicent, and could the lieutenant again spare the boat to land her, besides, his mind was more easy on her account, and she was with him, and he knew his rival could not approach her. He felt confident if the weather remained moderate, of floating his vessels on the return of the tide, thus it would only amount to a little inconvenience to her, after all, and the alarm of her mother might soon be allayed by the knowledge of her daughter's safety. Melicent argued differently;—she well knew the feeble state her mother was in, and she trembled for the consequences, but there was no alternative. The fate of Ezekiel weighed heavy on her heart, though she cherished a hope that the mysterious words he had uttered referred to their soon meeting again.

About midnight the tide was at its lowest, and the schooner, with all her top-hamper down, and herself shored up with spars, lay nearly high and dry, and had been made on deck for Melicent, and which she vainly endeavoured to find repose. Four balls (two of which the middle watch had just been struck, when she was stationed on the look-out forward hailed, "Boat ahoy," but no answer was returned. "Boat ahoy," repeated he, and then a voice was heard, "Boat ahoy, what want help?" "Ay, ay!" shouted she, "I cannot get along side yet—my boat is sprung, and I am out, but I've no boat large enough to carry me, and we shall want a good purchase to be made of the confounded bank."

"You will, indeed," solemnly uttered a voice that thrilled upon Melicent's ear in the silence of the night—she knew it well—it was the voice of Ezekiel Hopkins. "What could he want?" rushed upon her mind, and then the words he had uttered at the cove—"the lieutenant's command is ended—the schooner will never quit you bank," came like a prophetic warning of she knew not what.

To be Continued.

VULGAR PRONUNCIATION.—One of the peculiarities of vulgar English pronunciation is to put the letter *r* at the end of words ending with a vowel. Some of the inhabitants of London, if they had to speak the following sentence, "A fellow broke the window, and hit Isabella on the elbow, as she was playing a sonata on the piano," would give it in the following manner, "A fellow broke the window, and hit Isabellar on the elbow," as she was playing a sonator on the pianor." Others adopt the contrary plan, and leave out the *r* as often as they can. These are magistrates of high pretensions to education, and would say, "The conduct of the prisna" and his general character render it propa that he should no be a memba' of this community."

Equally glaring is the taking away of *r* from places where it is required, and giving it where its absence is desirable. The termination of words ending in *ing* with a *r*, as *some think*, is not less incorrect or less disagreeable. It is worth while occasionally to point out these errors, many must be disposed to correct them, on being made aware of their existence.