

the purpose of maintaining a regal state in a kingdom which we shall never see? Are our rights, as human beings,—our privileges, as citizens, to be wrested from us?—But I am wrong, dearest—very wrong to talk thus to you. Yet do not tempt me, Melicent, to betray my heart's honour. No, no, you will not; for should I yield, you—Melicent—you would be one of the first to execrate my treason."

"I do not well understand these things," returned she, after listening attentively to his short harangue. "But you are—you must be in danger here. Whither will you go for safety, Ezekiel; and how am I to ascertain that you are free, and in security?"

"Have no fear for me, dearest," answered the young seaman; "but think how best I may serve you in the hour of peril that is approaching. Oh, Melicent! give me but the right to call you mine, and that commander of the Gaspar—"

"Is here to answer for himself," exclaimed the lieutenant, turning the point, and suddenly appearing before them. "Miss Hargood will pardon my interrupting so interesting a conversation," (bowing with mock deference) "but I have a duty to perform. That fellow by your side (Ezekiel's face flushed crimson), has made an outbreak from the lodging I provided for him.—(He drew a pistol from his vest)—Surrender, sir, or, by heaven, you shall have the contents of this through your head!"

"I can meet you on your own terms, lieutenant," returned Ezekiel, proudly; and in an instant, snatching a similar weapon from his breast; "yet I thirst not for your blood, therefore, seek not mine!"

"Forbear—forbear?" shrieked Melicent; "Mr. D—you have no right to haunt my steps—I am, and will be free."

"Granted, Miss Hargood," answered the officer, ceremoniously raising his hat, and bowing. "Your path to the cottage is unimpeded, some of my men shall attend you." He shouted "Gaspar!" and in an instant half-a-dozen stout seamen swung round the point, and ranged themselves in the rear of their commander. "Men," added he, addressing them, and pointing to Ezekiel, "there is your prisoner!"

"They must capture him first, I presume," said Hopkins, proudly; "no catchee, no habee," is an old Negro saying; and it is odd to me if I do not make it true. Miss Hargood, let me entreat you to return home. One of those brave men, whose obedience to orders show them to be worthy sons of the ocean, will see you safe. Fear nothing for me."

"Mr. D—! Ezekiel! I cannot leave you thus!" remonstrated Melicent, half sinking with emotion and alarm. "Go, Ezekiel, and trust to my word." Ezekiel inclined his head, and pointed to his opponents. "Mr. D—stand back, and do not impede his way."

"Mine is a hard duty, Miss Hargood, which compels me to refuse the request of a lady," answered the lieutenant, with much composure, "especially a lady whom I one day hope to call my wife."

A fierce flash shot from the dark eyes of Ezekiel, but he offered no answer, and, the next moment, an elderly lady made her appearance round the point, followed by a concourse of armed men. Ezekiel knew the mother of his Melicent in the person of the female, and he saw his cousin in the party who had unperceived followed her. Now, Mr. D—," said he, "the fortune of war is against you, and you have no alternative but to surrender, for I cannot believe you would peril the lives of those gallant men against such odds. Believe me, sir," he added, solemnly, "you will want them soon."

Mortified and humbled at being thus entrapped, the lieutenant felt the true force of his rival's observation. He was no coward, and would have suffered death rather than have yielded, but his men were precious in his eyes. "You have doubled upon me, young man," said he, "but I will not give up my arms."

"Your sword you are welcome to keep, and would to God that it were drawn in more honourable employ than persecuting those who speak your father-tongue! Your

ammunition, however, must be taken away, for as you look upon us as lawless, so you would not give your word to refrain from firing when we depart; and believe me, sir, it would pain my heart to think I had been the cause of death even to you, who have sought my life.—Disarm them, shipmates, and take away their cartridges; knock the powder out of the pans, and dip the muskets overboard."

The order was punctually obeyed, as Ezekiel and Melicent stood whispering apart. He took a white scarf from off her shoulder, and bound it round his arm—he placed a ring upon her finger, and raised the hand to his lips, and they bade "farewell;" then, proudly saluting the lieutenant and Mrs. Hargood, he placed himself at the head of his friends;—two whale boats rounded the point, and received them, and their sinewy arms made the swift vessels fly over the yielding element.

The last words that Hopkins uttered when passing the lieutenant were, "Sir, we shall meet again."

"It will be a sad meeting for you, my lad," returned he, as soon as the boats shoved off; then, turning to Mrs. Hargood, "Madam, I am truly sorry that you should have witnessed my discomfiture, but—"

"Talk not of your own personal inconvenience, Mr. D—," replied the lady; "it is the degradation which has fallen on his majesty's sacred colours that troubles me, sir. Oh, Melicent, Melicent!—had your father lived—"

"Pardon me, lady," said the lieutenant, as he offered her his arm to return to the cottage; "Miss Hargood, I believe, is in no way to blame in this transaction; and it grieves me that so fine a young man should be in any other place than the deck of a man-of-war. Thither he must be sent, and I make no doubt, with a smart captain, would become a good seaman, and faithful subject."

Melicent felt the taunt, but deemed it prudent to say nothing, and the remainder of their walk was in silence. The lieutenant left them at the cottage-door, and hastened on board his vessel under a hope, as there was a fresh breeze, of catching the whale-boats, but it was dark before he reached the shore; and so much time had elapsed when he got to the schooner, that all pursuit was hopeless, and he stood out to sea.

Several months elapsed, and Melicent's heart sickened at hearing no tidings of Ezekiel. The lieutenant had made frequent calls, and his manners had assumed more tenderness and respect, as his observations made him better acquainted with the young lady and her determination to enjoy a will of her own. His visits, however, were viewed with suspicion by the respectable portion of the neighbourhood, who strongly entered into the spirit of the times; whilst the poorer classes, though constantly partaking of the bounty of Mrs. Hargood, no longer esteemed the gifts that came from the hands of a royalist. Melicent was, consequently, much alone, and her days became so monotonous, that even the society of the lieutenant grew less irksome—nay, even relieved the dullness which hung around the cottage. Mrs. Hargood suffered more severely than her daughter, for being strongly attached to the royal cause, and nervous and irritable in temperament, she felt every indignity offered to the former as a personal insult to herself, till, at last, a severe attack of illness confined her altogether to her room; and the indefatigable, and now really attentive officer, was the only one who adhered to them in trouble. Still he vainly importuned the maiden to look upon him in another character than simply that of friend; all his assurance of kindness and protection were unavailing to alter her mind—she remained firm in her attachment to Hopkins, though his long absence was a source of deep affliction. For hours would she stand upon the beach, with a glass that had belonged to her deceased father, looking at every craft that appeared upon the coast.

Towards the close of the afternoon of the 9th July, 1772, two vessels were seen standing in from sea, towards Providence; the nearest was a lovely little cutter, that skimmed the water like a duck, and her spread of milk-white canvass aloft seemed like an immense silvery

cloud attached to a small black speck—the one more distant was the Gaspar schooner, carrying on a taut press in chase. Both had their colours flying, and a shot from the latter sometimes dashed up the spray a-head of the cutter, and, at other times, came dancing alongside; but she still pursued her course, utterly regardless of the thunder of the schooner, or the close approach of her bolts. Numbers thronged to the beach to watch the exciting spectacle, and, as the cutter continued rapidly to near them, there were secret whisperings, and mysterious communications amongst the sear, in, young and old; whilst every flash that proclaimed the discharge of a gun, was viewed with the utmost anxiety, as if the shot had been directed at themselves.

Melicent could not but be sensible that something extraordinary was going on, for her nautical knowledge had already pointed out to her the relative position of the two vessels; but what caused her the most surprise was to find herself an object for much closer scrutiny than she could well account for; her glass however soon solved the problem, for, as the cutter hugged the wind in-shore, persons and things became more clearly defined on board of her. The atmosphere was lucidly clear, the breeze was steady on the smooth water, and the man at the cutter's tiller was watching his sails, with the practised eye of one who knew well the peculiarities of his lively craft. But there was also another man kneeling, or stooping by the runner, with a glass in his hand, which was pointed directly at Melicent—a sudden and unaccountable tremor shook her frame, so that she could hardly steady the telescope; but it passed away, and again she looked—the man stood upright for a moment, and waved aloft something white. An instinctive impulse induced Melicent to answer the communication with her handkerchief—the signal was instantly returned from the cutter, and the man disappeared. All this had passed without one thought that the surrounding throng had witnessed the transaction, for Melicent's heart was flying, on the wings of hope, towards the little vessel that came bounding along the mimic waves, dashing the feathery spray over her bows, and leaving under her stern a track of hissing foam. Onward, too, came the schooner—and the fair girl could distinguish the lieutenant holding on by the main rigging, and watching, with the keen penetration of a seaman, the motions of the flying cutter. A secret conviction crossed her mind, that both her lovers were before her, as declared enemies to each other. The fact, for an instant, shook her fortitude, and she gazed round as if to search for some corroborative truth; and she found it, for all eyes were fixed upon her, yet none approached, as it was unknown which of the two she favoured, and this division of opinions gave rise to numerous disputes amongst them, which she heard not.

Nearer and nearer came the pursued and the pursuer, and stronger grew the excitement amongst the assembled crowds upon the beach; nor could the shots which fell at no great distance from them, (so close were the two craft,) drive any one away. Suddenly the cutter came right up into the wind's eye; her sails trembled, and were worse than useless; still she shot a-head as if nothing could impede her way, and thus she continued, till her progress was nearly arrested; when again paying off gracefully, her canvas once more swelled in the breeze, and a loud and tumultuous burst of applause ascended from the seamen on the shore, which soon ceased, and the same breathless attention prevailed—the gaze being now eagerly directed at the schooner as it had previously been to the cutter.

This was incomprehensible to Melicent—her very spirit sank within her when she witnessed the manœuvre of the cutter, and some one loudly uttered near her. "It is all over with him now, and he'll be caught at last." The shot from the schooner was rending the cutter's sails, and the lieutenant was coming up with his rival hand over hand, when, in an instant, a check was given to the Gaspar's speed, and the next, she was fixed hard and fast upon the narrow bank, through a gully of which the cutter had passed when she luffed up into the wind. It was a desperate experiment, but it succeeded, and the lieutenant had fallen into the snare thus laid for him.