

tage of reason and judgment. A thousand ill-defined thoughts rushed through his brain. A lovely young maiden was before him—perhaps—before he had time to form another conjecture, the lady had half turned to leave the vessel.

"Stop, lady, stop—your request is very, very singular. Let me ask you one question: are you in distress?"

"Oh, God! do not deem me crazy. Distress! if you knew but half—but no more. Will you marry me?"

"I know not who you are, or what you are. Can I not serve you in some other way? I have money, plenty, if——"

"Out upon that—I want no money. I am not what I seem—indeed, indeed I am not."

"I believe it, indeed—but surely, you should not be so rash. You may repent a resolution formed so——"

"Talk not to me of repenting, sir, and do not waste my time, but answer—Will you marry me? I would not dally thus with any other but yourself,——"

"I will?" exclaimed Charles passionately. "There is that about you that tells me you are not what I had first deemed you—and that I at least will never rue my part of the adventure.—Wait a moment, and I will be with you."

He retired into the cabin, and in a few moments he re-appeared dressed in his best *sailor clothes* a round jacket and blue trowsers.

"Come lady, whoever you are I will abide the event."

Having called a coach, and placed her in it, they drove to the house of a friend of Charles's, where they were

shown into a room, and the moment they were alone, the lady threw herself upon a sofa, but she neither sobbed nor wept, nor appeared in the least affected by the extraordinary novelty of her situation. Charles said not a word, but seated himself beside her, awaiting her motions.

"Sir," said she, rising, "whoever you are, I am sure I may now trust you. I know you are no common sailor—and, if I am not much deceived, neither of us will ever have cause to deplore this hasty step. I am not what I seem. Trust me now, and in a few hours I will explain all. Believe me, serve me now, and you will never repent it. Suffice it now, for me to say my name is Ellen Chiffney; and sir, as soon as you are ready, let us have the ceremony performed. We must be married at once, for if I am discovered, he would force me——"

"No no, Ellen, not so. I have the charge of you now, and I intend no one shall use, or even speak of force towards you, so rest easy on that score."

Ellen thanked him with a look so full of gratitude and regard, that he could not forbear, and feeling that he was rapidly getting in love, he snatched one kiss from her ruby lips, and stood off again, mute and downcast, as though sorry for the trespass.

She made no remark upon this, but tendering him with a large roll of bills, said:—

"Here, sir, go and provide yourself with all you require, and hast, oh haste, for I am in terror every moment until I have a legal protector."

"Thank you, Ellen," said Charles,