

poor Mildred! what will become of you? Burwood! Sterner!"

"Aye, aye, we are ready!" responded the deep voices of the two next in command, as they hurried upon deck.

"Call up the hands!"

"Shall we stand to our guns!"

"There's no help for it. Scarlett's vessel rounds the promontory, and Captain Netherby is bearing down upon us from Yarmouth roads. Courage, lads, there is no escape. But to surrender!—Let us do, or die!"

"And the lady?" said Burwood, glancing at Mildred, who, pale as a marble statue, leant against the companion. "Her presence will unman us all."

"Right! Man the boat with two trusty hands. Yourself be one, Lawrence. And lay to at a safe distance until the danger is past. If all should go wrong run her ashore and fly for your lives. Away! not another word."

"Farewell, my love! My last forlorn hope," he cried, clasping Mildred to his heart. "If we never meet again, remember that I died blessing you."

No word broke from the pale convulsed lips of Mildred Rosier. She yielded herself passively up to the Captain's orders. In less time than it has taken me to write these few brief sentences, she was in the boat and at some distance from the hostile vessels.

"Shall I put you on shore, Miss Rosier?" said young Burwood, after a quarter of an hour's sharp rowing.

"Are we in any danger?"

"Not from this point, but my presence may be required in the lugger. Under the brow of yon tall cliff, you will be perfectly safe, and in case of our failure, you can easily regain your home. Ha! 'tis too late!" he cried, dropping the oars, and rising up in the boat. "They are already engaged."

The first discharge of their guns awoke the long echoes of the lonely cliffs. Mildred felt as if her brains were on fire; she knelt down in the stern of the boat, and rested her head upon her supporting hands, while her whole soul seemed to look through the eager eyes, whose strained glance was fixed with agonized intensity upon the hostile vessels. In a few minutes clouds of smoke hid them from her view; but anon from out the heart of that dense black shroud, the frequent flash and stunning roar of their guns, told that the work of death went on; that neither had yet yielded to a conquering foe. At length, a long wild cry, followed by a stunning bursting sound, which threw showers of red fiery particles

high up into the clear blue heavens, burst upon the sight of the terror stricken girl.

"By Jove! its all up!" cried Burwood. "That was his last shift, rather than yield himself a prisoner to a merciless foe."

Mildred sprang from her kneeling position, and shaded her eyes with the back of her hand, in order to see more clearly. Just then a heavy cloud floated over the face of the moon, and threw the objects of her intense solicitude into deep shadow, and when it again left the silver orb in undisturbed possession of the azure vault of heaven, no vessel was to be seen upon the waters but the sloop of war, commanded by Captain Netherby, which was bearing down towards the spot that had witnessed the death struggle of the once fearless Christian, and his ferocious opponent, Lieutenant Scarlett.

"What is the day of the month?" murmured Mildred, as she sank down in the bottom of the boat, and covered her face with her hands.

"The tenth of September!"

"Rachel's prophesy has come to pass, and me!—what will become of me?"

CONCLUSION.

YEARS passed away. The great conqueror of the nineteenth century had ended his career upon the lonely ocean rock. The nations, impoverished by war, and weary of slaughter, had resumed the labours of the plough and loom, and rested in peace.

Old Gardner, that notable antiquary, had been laid in his last home between his two wives. After commemorating the honor of one, and the virtue of the other, in sundry quaint lines carved upon their humble monuments, he summed up the whole by the following couplet, which forms the epitaph for his own:

"Belwixt Honor and Virtue hero doth lie,
The remains of old Antiquity."

Friendly reader, if you imagine this to be a conceit of my brain, go read it for yourself. You will find the black slab, which covers the remains of the historian of Dunwich, in the burying ground belonging to the beautiful old church, dedicated to St. Edmund at Southwold. Many a time have I mused and moralized over it, while listening to the deep music of the ocean waves, that wash the base of the cliff upon which this noble edifice has for many an age been a landmark to the fisher's home-returning bark.

Widow Barnham married a rich corn merchant from London, and with her daughter removed from the old city. Mrs. Rosier resigned the possession of the Brook Farm, for a quiet nook in the