

ton, he placed proper guardians over his property, and joined her, and I now find him here in New York in that capacity.

The Fame had been in three or four days, and was discharging cargo. It was a sultry day, and the crew, who had been hard at work all the morning, were eating their dinner in the fore-castle. Capt. Jones was walking backward and forward on the quarter deck, smoking, and Charles Best was seated on the quarter deck, with his jacket off, his eyes fixed intently upon the deck, and evidently in a deep study.

"Is the Captain on board?" inquired a soft and melodious voice at the gangway, which caused Charles to start from his seat and turning to gaze upon the querist, for a moment he was utterly paralyzed.

The person who had propounded this question was a young lady apparently about twenty years of age, handsomely attired, and possessed of charms that defy description. Her small straw hat, but half concealed the finest head of glossy black hair in the world, which played in many ringlets over a neck and shoulders of surpassing form and whiteness. Her forehead was high, white and smooth as the Parian marble, her eyes were large and dark, and they darted forth an expression perfectly undefinable. Her voice was so wild and singular, yet so beseeching, that no one could hear it unmoved.

"Is the Captain on board?" she repeated, and the gruff Captain and his young officer passed their eyes over her surpassing charms, (but with very different emotions.)

"Yes, madam," bluntly responded

Captain Jones, walking towards the fair querist, puffing his cigar, "they call me captain, for the want of a better," and he started at her with a low, loose air, that tempted Charles to knock him down.

"Will you marry me sir?" she added, without changing her voice.

"Well I'm shot if that aint a good one! Marry you? Why, my dear, I've got a wife in London, now, but I don't mind marrying you as long as I stay in port."

The proud, beautiful lip of the lovely girl curled with prouder scorn, her bright eye flashed with redoubled brilliancy as she gazed for one single instant on the boor, who could not withstand that glance, but shrunk abashed at his own impudence, puffing his cigar with an ardor that seemed to draw his cheeks almost together, he retired to his cabin.

The beauty turned to Charles, who had drawn close to the parties, while the above brief colloquy was held, with his bright intelligent eyes fixed upon her face, while she was speaking. One look sufficed to convince her that he was no second Captain Jones, and she at once propounded that ominous question, "Will you marry me?" at the same time casting down her eyes and trembling violently. Charles gazed upon the lovely being who thus boldly preferred this singular request, but his lips refused to utter one word.

"Must I go farther, sir, or will you marry me? Oh, God is there no hope!" and the fair creature buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Charles felt his spirit of romance rising strong within him, and fast getting the advan-