

were standing under the great arch of the principal gateway which led to the Priory, when a man in a carrier's frock passed through into the enclosure, and threw, as he passed, a sidelong glance of peculiar meaning upon the young lady and her companion.

"Who is that man? Do you know him, Miss Rosier?" said Captain Netherby.

"I did not observe him," returned Mildred.

"He seemed to know us. His looks and his dress do not at all correspond. Perhaps we shall overtake him."

At this moment they were rejoined by Lieutenant Rosier. They all three entered the ruins, and no more was said of the man who had attracted the captain's notice.

"Look, Captain Netherby, this is the place that that scoundrel, Christian, used as a place of concealment. Will you come down these steps and examine it?"

"I will remain here," said Mildred, seating herself upon a piece of a fallen column. "I love not such gloomy recesses."

The captain sprang down into the vault. The next moment the carrier stood beside Mildred.

"Now, Mildred, now! Now or never!" and rushing down the stone stairs, he crushed to the heavy iron bound door, and securing bolt and bar, he left the naval officers to tell their wrongs to the silent dead; as, with a check flushed with the excitement of victory, Christian again presented himself before the astonished girl.

"Hurrah! well and fairly won! Come, my beloved! lose no time in bewailing the incarceration of these true blues; their noisy vorifications will not fail to attract the observation of some sympathizing jack tar. Our path lies across those ocean waters. My boat rocks in the surf beneath the cliff. Why this hesitation?" he continued, grasping her hand. "Why these tears? Has Mildred forgotten her vow. Has she ceased to love her Fredwald?"

"Oh! no. But I cannot. I dare not go with you. How can I leave my mother—my poor mother, without one parting kiss—one parting word? No! no—it is impossible!"

"Give me your hand, Mildred." She placed them both within his own. "Now raise those sweet blue eyes once more to mine." Again, those dark powerful eyes looked into her soul. She strove to withdraw her glance, but like a bird caught in the snare of the fowler, she struggled in vain. The clear sky, the autumnal tinted earth, the ocean expanse, faded from her sight, and she lay in his arms in the same deep mesmeric sleep which had once before enchaîned her faculties in old Rachel's cabin.

The harvest moon was shining down in cloud-

less glory upon that shallow, stormy bay, so celebrated as having been the scene of the great naval engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, commanded by James, Duke of York, and Admiral de Ruyter, when Mildred Rosier returned to a state of consciousness, and found herself reposing upon a couch of cloaks, spread upon the deck of a small vessel which lay at anchor under the shadow of a high headland, near Orford Ness.

"Where am I?" was her first hurried question.

"Safe!" was the answer conveyed to her in soft deep accents, known but too well.

"Ah! Christian. You have betrayed me," sighed Mildred, again closing her eyes to shut out the beaming glance which had the power to rob her of volition.

"All stratagems are fair in love and war. What is the heinous offence which I have committed? I have emancipated you from the slavery of a tyrannical brother, and made you mistress of yourself, and of my destinies. We only await the springing up of a favoring breeze to waft us forever from these shores, so fatal to my safety and your peace. I shall run our light craft into Cherbourg in a few hours. Our passage from thence is already secured in a fine merchant vessel for New York; and I have wealth which will ensure our happiness in that land of freedom."

"And have I trod for the last time my native shores?"

"Am I not also an exile, Mildred?"

"And shall I behold my dear mother no more?"

"All your affections, dearest Mildred, must concentrate in me."

"Ah! woe is me," sobbed Mildred; "for I have sinned, and violated the most holy of nature's laws."

A dark frown for a moment contracted the brow of the smuggler. It passed away and better feelings again prevailed.

"Mildred," he said; "if you do indeed repent of having given your affections to one so unworthy, if you feel no inclination to become his good angel, and lead him back by your gentle influence into the paths of virtue and peace, that boat shall convey you back to your mother's dwelling in safety. Yea, if I lost my life in achieving it."

"No, Fredwald, we will never part. I will go with you to that distant land; and our fortunes, whether for good or ill, from this hour are united forever."

As she spoke a shot bounded along the deep, and with a loud shriek she started from his supporting arms.

"The Philistines are upon us!" he cried. "My