

and dread that Charlotte held her ears, while Mildred extended along the heathly height, watched from an angle of the cliff, the fatal strife. "He falls!" she cried, in a loud whisper. "The lieutenant falls! His men rush forward to defend him. Thank God! the smugglers are victorious. Hark, that long loud whistle tells their triumph. See, my noble Josiah is in the boat on her return to the cutter."

"Oh! jovial he sits 'mong his gallant crew,
With the helm left in his hand;
And he whistles about to his boys in blue
While his eye's upon Galloway's strand."

"And the poor lieutenant?" asked Charlotte.

"He is not killed. He is sitting upon the beach, supported by old Svein. He is wounded in the leg. I should think not dangerously, for he shakes his fist at Captain Tasker, with an air of defiance. I fear, however," she said, drawing back with a shudder, "that some of his men are dead. I see several bodies extended upon the beach. Oh! 'tis an ugly sight. Dear Charlotte, let us go home." The excitement was over. The reaction which succeeded produced a sudden change, which Charlotte had not anticipated. Mildred staggered a few paces forward, and fell senseless to the ground.

"Alas! what is to be done," sighed Charlotte, as she raised her friend's head upon her knees, and began to chafe her wrists and temples. "The sun is sinking; no house is near; we are alone in the vicinity of armed men, and the night is stealing fast upon us. Dear, imprudent Mildred, I know not what will become of us."

As she ceased speaking a dog bounded upon her, leaping and barking in the most outrageous manner. "Hollo, dear Rollo!" exclaimed Charlotte, returning his caresses, "what do you do here? Oh! would that you could help us?"

"Will not his master do as well?" asked a deep, manly voice. "Charlotte, my Charlotte!—this is indeed an unexpected blessing."

"You see, Lewis, how I am situated. My poor young friend has fainted. There is a spring some where near at hand. Can you bring her a drink of water?"

"I will try my best," said Chatworth; "a little sprinkled upon her face and hands, will revive her," and emptying the powder from his flask, he sprang down the cliff.

It was some minutes before he returned; they seemed hours to Charlotte, so fearful was she of being found alone with her lover. Before he reappeared, Mildred had recovered her senses, and was sitting upright upon the ground, crying and laughing by turns, at the uneasiness which she had occasioned her friend.

"Now, Charlotte, do not look so dismal, but thank me and your good stars, for affording you an interview with your lover. Well, he is a long time gone. I hope that the smugglers have not carried him off with them as a trophy of their victory."

"He is here," said her friend. "I fear it will prove an unfortunate meeting for us both."

"Nonsense!" returned Mildred. "Your predestination is of a very partial character. It always ensures evil, but never embraces the good. If there be any truth in your doctrine, this meeting was made in heaven."

"Ah! Miss Rosier, be my good angel, and plead for me," said Lewis, who had overheard Mildred's speech. "Convince her that Nature, who formed her both fair and good, never intended her to waste her excellent gifts upon the desert air. Persuade her to renounce her fatal vow, and render the man who adores her, happy."

"I could not make you happy, Lewis, whilst I acted in direct opposition to my father's wishes, because I should be unhappy myself. Ah! if you love me, Lewis, do not speak to me upon this painful subject."

"Your heart is no longer mine," returned Chatworth, gloomily. "Love seeks, at all hazards, the welfare of the beloved; but you drive me to desperation, and doom me to misery."

"Lewis, Lewis! if you could see my heart, and could know the dreadful struggle which is going on there, you would pity, not upbraid me. You know I love you."

"You love your father better?"

"Alas! alas! How often do I pray to love him more. Am I not taunted and reviled all the day long for the fatal passion I feel for you? Am I not told that you are my idol? That you stand between me and my God. Ah! woe is me—is it not true? Have I not laid my lacerated and bleeding heart upon the altar of duty; and am I not commended with my own hand to fire the pile? When the broken heart is at peace—when the grass grows green upon my grave—then—and not till then—will you know how deeply I loved you."

She covered her face as she ceased speaking. Tears streamed freely through her slender fingers, while her whole frame shivered with agony. Lewis was on his knees, beside her. He spoke not, but his silence was painfully audible. Charlotte suffered her arms to enclose her waist, her head sank upon his bosom; her whole soul seemed to dissolve itself in tears. Mildred turned away to conceal her own emotion. She almost envied them that blessed hush of feeling. It was a luxury to these unhappy lovers thus to weep—to pour silently into each other's hearts, a language