

determined to grant him no further immunity from punishment. The story was almost beyond belief. Here was a man who appeared a kind husband, an affectionate father, a good neighbour, a respectable member of society, and yet his daily business had been to entrap and ruin those who were too young or too miserable to resist temptation. He had educated his own child at a distance from all contact with evil, had imbued her with the strictest principles of honour and rectitude, yet the greater part of his life had been spent in seducing the children of others from the paths of honesty, for many were the youth of both sexes, who, after being induced by him to pass the false bills (which he sold, but never issued himself), were now expiating in a prison, the guilt which he had first instigated, and then denounced.

"I cannot narrate the sickening detail of all that occurred during the next few weeks.—Juliet clung to the belief of her father's innocence, but anguish of mind had confined her to a bed of sickness, and a few pencilled words which were exchanged between us every evening, limited our intercourse. I suppose I might have asserted the privileges of a betrothed lover, and been allowed to watch beside her couch of suffering, but the tumult of my feelings was such, that I rather dreaded such painful interviews. In one of her notes, written just before the trial, she begged me to attend it, and bring her the first tidings of his acquittal, for of that result she did not permit herself to doubt. I obeyed her wishes only in part. I was present in court—I heard the terrible words which pronounced him *guilty!* and sentenced him to imprisonment at *hard* labour for *fourteen years!* It was a frightful scene. The old man, with his silvery hair and mild countenance, was a study for an artist; as he looked sorrowfully upon his judges. He listened to his fearful doom in silence—a bitter smile crossed his quivering lip, and bowing to the court, he said in a low, clear voice, 'I thank you, gentlemen; I did not think, 'till now, that I had so many years to live.' A murmur ran through the apartment as he was led away, and even those who looked upon him as a hardened sinner, could not choose but pity the grey haired criminal.

"I had promised to bear the tidings to Juliet, but though I knew the anxiety with which she was awaiting me, I dared not enter the abode of such unutterable wretchedness. The next morning I received a note from her:

'Come to me,' she said, 'come, and let me

find justice at your hand, since it is banished from the hearts of men. Tell me only that you are convinced of the integrity of my beloved father, and I will become your wife—even in the midst of all my agony I will become your own true and loving wife, and we will flee far from this cruel land, to some place where peace may yet abide.'

"I obeyed her summons, but all of human suffering and grief was concentrated in that dreadful meeting. Fully convinced of her father's innocence, Juliet had never dreamed that the mere suspicion of such a stain upon his name had raised an insuperable barrier between us. Overwhelmed with grief for his cruel fate, she had never reflected how deeply her own was involved in it. She seemed to consider our union only *deferred* until the first violence of her sorrow should have subsided. Gradually the truth broke upon her mind. In the trustfulness of her guileless and loving nature, she was long insensible to my vague intimations of a future fraught with still deeper anguish. Her head was resting on my bosom, her arms were about my neck at the very moment when my lips revealed to her the fatal necessity of a final separation between us.—Kindly—tenderly as the truth was communicated to her, it yet came upon her like a thunderbolt. She rose from my embrace, and looked in my face with such an expression of pleading sorrow in her eyes, that my heart was wrung; but she uttered not a word as she slowly turned from me, and entered an adjoining room. She closed the door behind her, but I could hear the agonized sobs, and convulsive breathing, which told of the overpowering emotion which she was suffering. She was deaf to all my entreaties to be permitted to speak one moment with her, and bidding me leave the house if I valued her future peace, I dared not disobey. On the following morning I received this letter from her:

'This is the last, Henry—you will never receive another letter from me. Why did you come to trouble the calm current of my life? Yours has been a vain, selfish, wicked love, Henry; you know nothing of such deep affection as lives within my heart. I could follow you through shame and through sorrow, strong in my own purity and integrity, but you—you cannot take to your bosom the daughter of misfortune—the victim of man's injustice. Go, Henry—forget me if you can; yet no—I will not pass like a shadow from your thoughts; you will remember me while life remains to you, but I will be not like the one dark cloud upon your sunny path. When I am dead, you will think of me with mournful tenderness.—What have I to live for? my father I shall never see again; he will go down to a felon's grave, and I am alone—alone upon the earth.