

tone, "I know and feel, that that dreadful Godfrey is the murderer. Remember Mary Mathews. How strong was the circumstantial evidence against him. Yet he was innocent—innocent! Poor Anthony."

The Captain, who now felt the most tender sympathy for the state of mind into which this afflicting news had thrown his child, was willing to soothe, if possible, her grief.

"If he is innocent, it will be proved upon the trial. We will hope for the best."

"It will be proved!" said Juliet, sitting upright, and looking her father earnestly in the face. "I am so confident of his innocence, that I cannot shed one single tear. Ah! we are drawing near home," she said with a sigh; "dear home. Why did I leave it? There is something pure and holy in the very air of home. See, papa, there is the church spire, peeping from among the trees—the dear elm-trees. We shall have time to think here—to hope—to pray. But who is that woman lying along the bank? She is ill, or dead."

"Perhaps she is intoxicated," said Miss Dorothy.

"It is, Yes—it is Mary Mathews!" said Juliet. "Good heavens! what brings her here?"

"No good, you may be sure," said the Captain. "Oh! stop the carriage, dear papa, and let us speak to her; she may know something of the murder?"

"You are right, Juliet. Let us ask her a few questions." They both got out of the coach, and hurried to the spot, where Mary, overcome with fatigue and fever, lay by the road side, no longer alive to her own danger, or conscious of surrounding objects. She was put into the carriage, greatly to the indignation of Miss Dorothy, and conveyed to the Lodge. A medical attendant was called in, and Juliet, in the interest she felt in the poor sufferer, for a while forgot her own poignant grief. On entering the parlor she found Frederick Wildegrave in close conversation with her father, and from him they learned a circumstantial detail of the fatal transaction.

"And do you think, Mr. Wildegrave, that he committed the murder?" asked the anxious Juliet.

"Alas! my dear young lady, I know not what to think."

"Have you seen him since his imprisonment?"

"I have not. Many sorrows have confined me to home. This business has had a strong effect upon the weak nerves of my poor sister. She is, I fear, dying, and she expressed so strong a desire to see you once more, Miss Whitmore, that I hope you will not deny her urgent request."

"Juliet is in ill health," said her father. "If she could be excused this trying scene, it would be better for her."

"Poor, pretty Clarissa! And she is ill—in dying!" said Juliet, speaking unconsciously aloud.

"This dreadful business has killed her—and she wishes to see me? Yes, I will go."

"My child, you know not what you are about to undertake," said the old man, rising. "It may be the death of you."

"Dear papa, I am stronger than you think. I have borne a worse sorrow. You must let me go."

"Well, please yourself, Julie; but I fear, Mr. Wildegrave, that she will sink under the shock."

Frederick, however, was anxious that his sister should be gratified; and he continued to urge the request until the Captain yielded to his entreaties. Before she set out upon her melancholy visit, Juliet strongly recommended the unconscious Mary Mathews to the care of aunt Dorothy—then kissing her father, and begging him not to be uneasy upon her account, she accepted Mr. Wildegrave's escort to Ashton.

During their journey she found that Frederick was acquainted with Anthony's attachment to her, and the tender and generous sympathy that he expressed for the unhappy young man won from his fair companion her confidence and friendship. He was the only being whom she had ever met, to whom she could speak of Anthony without reserve, and he behaved to her like a brother in the dark hour of her doubt and agony.

The night was far advanced when they arrived at Milbank. Clarissa was sleeping, and the physician thought it better that she should not be disturbed. The room allotted to Miss Whitmore's use was the one which had been occupied by Anthony. Every thing served to remind her of its late tenant. His books—his papers—his flute, were there. His own portfolio, containing the little poems, he so much admired, was lying upon the table, and within it a bunch of flowers—of wild flowers—which she had gathered for him upon the heath, near his uncle's park. But what paper is that attached to the faded nosegay? It is a copy of verses. She knows his hand-writing, and trembles as she reads:—

"Ye are withered, sweet buds,—but Love's hand can portray

On memory's tablets, each beautiful hue;

And retail to my bosom the long happy day,

When she gathered ye, fresh sprinkled over with dew.

Ah! never did garland so lovely appear,

For her warm lip had breathed on each delicate flower;

And the pearl on each leaf, was less bright than the tear,

That gleamed in her eyes, in that rapturous hour.

"Ye are withered, sweet buds! but in memory ye bloom;

Nor can nature's stern edict your loveliness stain.