

ed lashes, and fell like rain over her garments. Oh love and guilt—how dreadful is your struggle in the human heart! Like Satan, after his first transgression, the divine principle, although degraded from its former beauty and excellence, retains its sovereign power, and appears little less than the "Archangel ruined."

"Poor Mary," sighed Juliet. "Thy sin has indeed found thee out; I thank God that the man I loved was not guilty of this moral murder."

"Leave me, Miss Juliet," said Mary, regaining her self-possession. "Leave me to my own sorrow. Oh! would I could die, and forget it all. But I dare not die. Hateful as life has become I am too wicked to look upon death. Do not weep for me—your tears will drive me mad. Do not look at me so—it makes me hate you. Do not ask me to go to the Lodge—for I will not go!" she continued, springing to her feet and clenching her hands. You cannot force me to obey you—I am my own mistress still!" and, springing past Miss Whitmore, she was lost amongst the trees. Juliet drew a freer breath. She turned round, and beheld her father.

What in the name of heaven are you doing here in the rain, Juliet?" said the Captain. "And where is Mr. Godfrey?"

"Take me home, papa," said the poor girl flinging herself into his arms, and sobbing upon his shoulder—"I will tell you all by and by. I cannot tell you here."

#### CHAPTER XV.

Whate'er thou hast to say, speak boldly out—  
Confront me like a man—I shall not start,  
Or shiver, or turn pale. My hand is firm,  
My heart is firmer still; and both are braced,  
To meet the hour of danger.

About a mile and a half from the village of Ashton, at the head of an obscure cross road, seldom traversed but by waggoners and their teams, or the day laborer going to and fro from the surrounding farms, to his work, there stood, a little back in a field, a low public house, whose sign board merely contained the following blunt announcement of the owner's calling:—"Table Beer,  
Sold here."

The master of this elegant house of entertainment was a notorious poacher, called Old Strawberry, and his cottage, for it deserved no better name, was the nightly resort of all the wicked and idle fellows in the neighborhood. The indoor accommodations consisted of two rooms below, and two attics above, and a long, low, lean-to, which ran the whole length of the back of the house.

The front rooms were divided into a sort of bar, which served for cooking as well as drinking. A rude bench ran all round this apartment, which was separated from the fire by a huge screen; behind which, a red faced, greasy looking middle aged

woman, held despotic sway, and dispensed as many oaths as she did pots of beer.

The other room was designated the parlour. It contained a long oak dining table, a dozen well polished elm chairs, an old fashioned varnished clock, and a huge cupboard in a corner, whose gaily painted doors were left purposely open, in order to display Dame Strawberry's store of real chancy cups and saucers, long necked bottles, and long legged ale glasses. Then, there was a side table, decorated with a monstrous tea-board, on which was portrayed, in all the colors of the rainbow, the Queen of Sheba's memorable visit to the immortal wisdomship of Solomon. Various pictures made gay the white-washed walls, amidst which most conspicuously shone the history of the prodigal son, represented in six different pictures, in all of which the prodigal figured in the character of a fop of the reign of the first George, his dress consisting of a cocked hat, powdered, full-bottomed wig, sky blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, yellow knee breeches, silk stockings, high heeled shoes, and ruffles at the wrists. Then there were the four seasons, quaintly represented by four damsels, who all stared upon you, with round goggle eyes, and flushed red faces, as if they were intended to personify the different stages of drunkenness.

Over the mantel shelf hung a looking-glass in a carved wooden frame, darkened by the rubbing and polishing of years, the top of which was graced with a profusion of peacock's feathers, and bunches of the pretty scentless flowers called Love everlasting. A couple of guns, slung to the ceiling, an old cutlass in its iron scabbard, and a very suspicious looking dirk, completed the equipment of the tea parlor. The lean-to, which attracted little attention, contained a large pantry and wash-house, and a room infinitely better furnished than the one just described—with a carpeted floor, and a dozen painted cane chairs, and several card tables. In this room, a tall drooping girl was busily employed wiping the dust from the furniture, and placing the cards and dice upon the tables. Sometimes she stopped, and sighed heavily, looking upwards, and pressing her hand upon her head, with a wild and hopeless glance. Then ever and anon wiping away the tears that trickled down her cheeks, with the corner of her apron.

The door was suddenly flung back, with a noise that made the poor girl start, as the broad person of Mrs. Strawberry filled up the opening. "Mary Mathews!" she called at the top of her voice, "what are you dawdling about there? Do you think I hire galls at a shilling a week, to do nothing? Just trump to the kitchen, and wash them potatoes for supper. I don't want no fine ladies here—not I. I've can tell you, if your brother warn't a good customer, it is not another hour that I'd keep sich a useless, lazy beast."