

"Juliet," said her father, again turning towards her. "Would you like to visit London?"

"I have no great wish to see it, papa, particularly at this beautiful season of the year."

"I think it necessary for you to go. You have seen so little of the world that you have suffered yourself to be interested in the first good looking, gentlemanly young fellow, that found it his interest to pay you a few useless compliments. The best way to cure these idle fancies, is to go to London. You will see other men. You will learn to know your own power, and all these idle fancies will be forgotten. Aunt Dorothy, what say you to the trip?"

"Oh, Sir, I am quite agreeable. Juliet wants a little polishing. She is horribly countrified. When shall we prepare for the journey?"

"Directly. Her aunt Seaford will be delighted to have you with her. This little shy Julee is the old lady's heir; but she seems quite indifferent to her good fortune."

"I never covet great wealth," said Juliet, sighing deeply. "Mark Hurdlestone is an awful example to those who grasp after riches. I do not anticipate this London visit, but I will go to please you."

"There's a dear good girl!" said the fond old man, kissing her cheek. "I wish I could see the roses blush upon this pale face. You look so like your mother, Julee, you make my heart ache. Ah! just so thin and pale she looked before I lost her. You must not leave your poor old father, in this cold-hearted world alone."

Juliet flung her arms round his neck, and wept upon his bosom. "Do not make my heart ache, dear papa, or I know not how soon we may part," she whispered. "You once loved poor Anthony. For my sake love him still."

"She will forget him," said the Captain, looking fondly after her as she left the room. "She will forget him in London."

And to London they went. Juliet was received by her rich aunt, with the most lively demonstrations of regard, who felt proud of introducing into its gay scenes, a creature so beautiful. Admired for her great personal attractions, and courted for her wealth, Juliet soon found herself the centre of attraction to a large circle of friends. But, oh! how rapid and tasteless to the young lover of nature, were the artificial manners and unmeaning flatteries of the world. The voice of love breathed into her ears by interested admirers, shocked and disgusted her simple taste, and made her thoughts turn continually to the one adored object; he whose candid and honest bearing, had won her heart; whose spirit had been poured forth at the same shrine; whose soul had drank inspiration from the same sacred fount; and whose sympathies and feelings were in perfect unison with her own. How could she forget him, whilst mingling in scenes so ungenial to her own pursuits? Was he not brought

every hour nearer to her thoughts? Was she not constantly drawing contrasts between him, and the worldly beings by whom she was surrounded? Did not his touching voice thrill more musically in her mental ear, when the affected, ostentatious tones, of the votary of fashion and pleasure, tried to attract her attention, by a display of his knowledge and breeding? There was a want of reality in all she heard and saw, that struck painfully upon her heart; and, after the first novelty of the scene had gone off, she began to pine for the country. Her step became less elastic; her cheek grew yet paler; and the anxious father began to fear for the health of his child.

"I am sick of this crowded place—of these artificial people," she said. "I shall die here. Let me return to the country." Frightened at the alteration in her appearance, the Captain promised to grant her request. Her aunt gave a large party the night before they were to leave town; and Juliet, to please her kind relation, exerted herself to the utmost to appear in good spirits.

"There has been a shocking murder committed in your neighbourhood, Miss Whitmore," said the gentleman with whom she had been dancing, as he led her to a seat. "Have you seen the papers?" "No," said Juliet carelessly. "I seldom read these accounts, they are so shocking; and we read them too much as matters of mere amusement, without reflecting sufficiently upon the awful guilt which they involve."

"This is a very dreadful business, indeed," said her companion. "Perhaps you may know something of the parties?"

"Not very likely," returned Juliet. "We lead such a secluded life at the Lodge, that we are strangers to most of the families in the neighborhood."

"You have heard of the eccentric miser, Mark Hurdlestone?"

"Who has not?" said Juliet, starting, and turning pale. "Surely he has not been murdered?"

"Yes—and by his own son."

"His son!—Oh, not his son! His nephew, you mean?"

"His son—Anthony Hurdlestone. The heir of his vast wealth."

He spoke to a cold ear—Juliet had fainted.

How did that dreadful night pass over the hapless maiden? It did pass, however; and on the morrow she was far on her journey home.

"I never thought he could be guilty of a crime like this," said the Captain, to his sister, as she sat opposite to him in his travelling carriage. His arm encircled the slender waist of his daughter, her pale cheek rested upon his bosom. But no tear lingered in the long, dark, drooping eyelashes. Juliet was stunned—but she had not wept.

"He is not guilty! she cried in a passionate