

and slowly raising himself, so as to bring his eyes on a level with the window glass, he took a deliberate survey of the inside, which the drawn curtains, and a candle burning on a table within, easily enabled him to do. After apparently satisfying his curiosity, he drew back, and hastily returned to the road.

"I saw her!" exclaimed he, when they were out of sight and hearing of the house on their way back; "the arch jade! Now I'll have my own, or, by St. George, I'll die in the attempt. The little vixen is as beautiful as ever. Ah! it was that incomparable form which first ravished my eyes. But, alas! that crime should be suffered to conceal itself under so much outward perfection! that the brightest gems should thus turn out to be but dross!"

"She is certainly a very handsome girl," said Juet, "and it's a pity she is what she is. Poor Bantwick! I feel for *him*, for he loves her as he does his own life."

"Ah! it's little happiness that remains to him in this life then!" rejoined the stranger, emphatically.

"But how do you intend now to proceed?"

"I shall let you know *that* in proper time, my good friend. For the present there is not much to be done," answered the stranger, as they arrived at the door of the hotel.

Soon after the stranger had retired to his room for the night, Mr. Pestley was seen by Juet to enter his room, and after a conference of about an hour's duration, to come out and return home. This circumstance struck him as something remarkable; but he said nothing.

The next day rumour was busy in spreading abroad from mouth to mouth throughout the whole village, how that Emily Dartmouth had admitted a young man into her sleeping room through the window, in the dead hour of the night, and darkly hinting about a former love intrigue, private marriage, &c. &c.

However agreeable to a certain portion of the inhabitants of the village this startling news undoubtedly was, it greatly surprised some of the sober and thinking part, how it could have got abroad so quickly after the transpiring of the act, as it pointed to the stranger as the guilty paramour, and he arrived in the place only the day before the thing was known to every man, woman, and child in the village; and this circumstance struck none more forcibly than it did the honest-hearted Juet. He knew that no one but himself was acquainted with what transpired the last night besides the stranger; and as the strictest secrecy was enjoined upon him in regard to it, he could not see how it could be known, except from the stranger himself: nor could he divine the reason of his divulging the thing so soon, if it were not to forward some purpose besides what he had declared to him: again, the rumour went far beyond the actual truth. He was, there-

fore, satisfied that something more was intended against the girl than the stranger had avowed to him, and this too, (as he had before suspected), not of an honourable nature. He at once, then, made up his mind what to do. Chauncey Bantwick was a good friend of his, with whom he had been brought up from childhood. He knew that he loved Emily to distraction; and his warm nature prompted him, notwithstanding his engagement to the stranger, to reveal the whole circumstances of the case to him, and consult with him what was best to be done. He therefore went immediately to Chauncey's room, and related to him the whole.

"This is a sad business!" exclaimed Bantwick, when his friend had finished his relation. "What is to be done, Juet? Do you think the fellow has really got a certificate of marriage, as he pretends?"

"I can't say as to that," replied Juet; "he would not let me see the papers opened, saying it was no use to me; but this much I can say for certainty, he had a packet of papers, sealed, and pieces of red tape hanging from both ends of it—this I saw with my own eyes; and d—n me if he didn't declare upon his word and honour that it contained a bona fide certificate of marriage of himself with Emily Dartmouth, and he swore he would have the false girl, dead or alive."

"What could have been his object in going to the window of Emily's room last night?" demanded Chauncey, greatly perplexed.

"D—n, if I know," replied Juet, shrugging up his shoulders, and spitting significantly on the floor. "He said it was only to reconnoitre; but I think he intends to carry her off by main force. If so, it'll be over my dead body that he'll do it, notwithstanding he reckons on my assistance in his cowardly undertaking, for I never will forsake you, Chance."

"That's like yourself, Juet," said Bantwick, pleased at Juet's devotedness to his cause.

"He thinks me his friend," continued Juet, gratified with Chauncey's approbation, "and see here is his bribe," producing the shining gold coin; "but I'll let him know he don't buy 'Old News' so easily. I shall stick by my old friends and fellow inhabitants, for all conniving with foreign rascals to overreach them; but in the mean time you know I must keep the right side of the rogue so as to watch his movements, and I'll let you know, Chance, all that happens."

"Do, Juet, do. Be watchful, and you never shall repent your kindness. The fellow may be right, but I cannot believe it—I will not believe it until I have the most positive proof. I know Emily Dartmouth too well to believe her such a woman. At all events let us watch the movement of things. Do you dog the fellow and get all out of him you can, and I will endeavour to learn all I can at the party tonight; and as it is now near the time I