

fact; we used to have some hard goings in with Latin—Latin, you know, is one of the languages of the dead?" here the speaker looked knowingly at Juet, who looked as knowingly at him; "but dead or no dead, we used to wear the bell in the class."

The stranger now turned several times round, then walked backwards and forwards a few paces in front of the hotel with great dignity, to the no small admiration of the by-standers, who by this time were deeply impressed with the belief that he must be some very learned personage; and in this they were greatly confirmed, as he continued his rapid enquiries and remarks.

"That is a very fine house there on the corner—the color too—I fancy green much, it is so classical—who might occupy that pleasant dwelling, my good friend?" said he, addressing Juet.

"Squire Bantwick," replied Juet, "father of the one who trades with Mr. Pestley; he is very rich, and—"

"Bantwick! Bantwick!" quickly exclaimed the stranger, the sound of the name appearing to strike him sensibly; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned short round, and pointing his cane in another direction, continued, "but whose is that farm house yonder at the outskirts of the village? That is a delightful situation, surely—so romantic—and every thing around so nice and comfortable. Farming business is the best after all—one can be so independent and contented. I have cursed myself a thousand times, that I had not been a farmer instead of following my present profession."

"Yes," replied Juet, eager and determined at length to be heard, "yes, you are right, sir, about farming—I'm a farmer myself, and own as handsome a homestead, about a mile out of the village, here, as ever man set foot on to; and if you are a lover of romance, (as I presume from your remarks you are,) you will find enough of it, I'll be bound. But I'd almost forgot to answer your question—that house you see yonder by the large elm tree, is Mr. Bartel's—and a right honest farmer he is too, I can say that much for him, with a good heart," and Juet again hitched up his coat round his neck with a peculiar motion, blew his nose, and spit on the ground significantly.

"No doubt of it," rejoined the traveller, compelled at length by Juet's peculiar manner and animated gestures to take notice of what he said, "no doubt of it at all, sir, and as you seem to be a clever fellow, you would oblige me by accompanying me in a walk around your village, to show me its curiosities. It will occupy but a few moments, and when we return, you shall have with me a bottle of the best the inn affords."

Juet gladly agreed to this proposition, not only because the reward offered was a tempting one, but because he saw in it an opportunity to display his communicative powers of speech. He, therefore, after

again going through with the indispensable manœuvre of hitching up his shoulders, and the stranger flourishing his cane in the air, they both started off, mutually pleased with each other.

They took the circuit of the village; Juet all the while pointing out to his companion's notice every thing worthy of comment, and eloquently expatiating upon persons and things around them.

The traveller at length, as if satisfied of his man, began to make minute inquiries into the situation and circumstances of various individuals of the village, and gradually, and almost insensibly, (so smooth was he in his language, and so artful were his questions), drew from Juet the whole history of events attending Chauncey and Emily's love. He then, as they drew near the lake shore, invited him to sit down with him in a retired spot, saying that he had something to communicate to him of importance.

When they had withdrawn from the view of the passers-by, the stranger, assuming a mysterious look, in a grave voice thus addressed Juet:

"You may be somewhat surprised at my inquisitiveness, but to be frank with you—for I know I can be frank with you—I say then, to be frank with you, I knew all about this love affair before you told me a word; but how I came by this knowledge I am not at liberty at present to reveal, and I should not have troubled you with the subject at all, had it not been that I had a strong desire for a confirmation of the facts, previous to my taking the steps which I am about to do to recover my right. Now that I am satisfied beyond a doubt of the facts, I see no other way for me to do but to proceed on my disagreeable business, for it is disagreeable, let me assure you, what I have to do; but it must be done nevertheless. And now harkee, Mr. Juet, this Miss Emily Dartmouth, who has caused so much stir about here by her beauty and worth, is no other than my own lawful wife! You start, sir, but it is true. Our parents were near neighbours: hers were rich and proud, mine were poor and despised; but love is not bound by riches or poverty. From being frequently together, whilst in youth, an attachment sprung up between us which grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength; and when we came to riper years, we were anxious to consummate our happiness by marriage. But Emily's father forbade the match, and banished me from her presence. Our distress was extreme, until we found means of eluding the old man's guard, and stealing nightly and secret meetings. It was during one of these blissful assignations that I prevailed on her to elope with me. It was dreadful for her to think of it, but love prevailed, and we took advantage of one dark night to make our escape. We fled to the nearest minister, who united us in holy wedlock, when we retired to a secluded part of the country,