

dacity to declare openly tonight, whether you would be pleased to render him a similar answer," and Calista, with an arch smile, looked keenly into Miss Dartmouth's face for an answer.

"Really, Miss Bartel, if you are *determined* to go on in this way you will force me to leave you: so good night," and Emily darted out of the room, though with a smile on her countenance, and a blush mantling her forehead, which gave a better answer to her tormentor's enquiries than any words could have done.

The fact was, Emily Dartmouth was herself not far from being in love. Her first meeting with Chauncey produced an impression which was greatly increased by her second interview at the ball. His handsome exterior, modest deportment and manly bearing, did not fail to have their effect upon her young and innocent heart; and it had required a strong effort over her natural feelings to bring herself to deny his visits, after Pestley had succeeded in making her believe that he was an unprincipled man. Now that she had learned the falsity of these representations, and Chauncey's character again shone out brighter than ever, her former feelings returned with redoubled ardour; and, although she would not acknowledge to herself that she was in love, still it was evident that the tender passion was insensibly stealing over her. At all events, she refused to rest that night full of pleasing anticipations; and withal, impatient to see the day that should bring about a reconciliation.

When Mr. Bantwick arose the next morning after meeting the ladies as before related, and whilst mechanically putting on his clothes, his mind being occupied as usual with his gloomy prospects, a servant entered the room and handed him a letter. Chauncey examined the superscription very attentively for a moment, then broke the seal and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Feeling that something is due you from myself and sister, by way of apology for our conduct towards you of late, I hasten to say, that, having been grossly deceived in regard to your character, by a person high in the public esteem, we were led into that course of conduct towards you, which you have no doubt painfully noticed, and for which we now feel the most unfeigned sorrow. Our ardent desire is to renew your acquaintance, if you, after what has happened, can feel free to forgive the injury we have unintentionally done your feelings, and may think us worthy your regard.— Hoping to see you soon, I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"A. DARTMOUTH.

"Saturday evening, — 179—."

Chauncey read this letter over and over again, and weighed well its contents in every point of view. The more he studied, the more he became convinced that some dark intrigue had been going on against him, and that it was through this means that the

Dartmouths had been turned against him. This thought rejoiced him exceedingly, as it showed him that there might yet be a possibility of his gaining the hand of Miss Dartmouth. He therefore banished every other thing from his mind, and with a glad-some heart set about making preparations to comply with the closing part of the letter, "their wish to see him soon." He shaved off his neglected beard, had his hair dressed in the latest style of fashion, and ordering his best suit of clothes, made his toilette with the nicest care, then sallied forth, with a lightness of step and a buoyancy of spirit, strikingly in contrast with his sad walk and mournful feelings the night before.

Arrived at Mr. Bartel's, he, with a palpitating heart, knocked lightly at the door. In a moment or two he heard light footsteps tripping softly along the passage way, and his heart beat still more violently when the door opened, and Emily Dartmouth stood before him, in all the morning bloom of virgin beauty and innocence. With an easy grace, she politely invited him into the parlour, and handing him a chair, said:

"My brother is out just now, but he will return immediately. In the mean time you can amuse yourself with this book," putting into his hand a late annual, "or —."

"I thank you," stammered Chauncey, for his bashfulness, and the embarrassment incident, I suppose, to almost all lovers when on the point of making a first declaration of their tender passion to their adored, almost choked his utterance, "I thank you, Emily, I did not—that is—I was not in a hurry to see your brother, nor am I much inclined to read at present."

Here Mr. Bantwick had to stop and get breath, and Emily, in much confusion, said:

"Perhaps then you would like to walk until Albert returns?"

"By no means, my dear Emily, unless you will favour me with your company," said Chauncey, a little recovered from his first shock.

Miss Dartmouth made no answer, but cast her eyes to the floor and blushed deeply. Chauncey continued:

"I have just now received a note from your brother, informing me of the cause of my being so coolly received by you of late. You cannot imagine my happiness at finding it was nothing worse that drove me from your presence, since I flatter myself there is yet a hope that I may be allowed to pay my court to so much loveliness and beauty, as no other but yourself possesses, dearest Emily." As Mr. Bantwick delivered himself of this bold speech, he summoned his courage up to a point which enabled him to draw his chair close beside Emily's, and to take her hand in his, which, though not withdrawn as it had been from Pestley's touch on a similar occasion, yet trembled like an aspen leaf,