

ed on its way, and Bantwick, from this moment abandoning all hopes of his adored Emily's innocence, and maddened with despair, put spurs to his horse's flanks and galloped home, more dead than alive.

This occurrence aroused Emily to the fact that they had passed the school house. She became alarmed, and told Marston to return, pointing out to him the house. She now regretted exceedingly that she had consented to get into the carriage, and, for the first time, began to suspect foul play. Chauncey's absence the last evening, his strange appearance to day, and the singular circumstance that she was actually riding off, after school hours, with a perfect stranger, whither she knew not, all struck her as remarkable.

Marston observed the state of her mind, and did not deem it prudent to increase her suspicion by refusing to comply with her request. He, therefore, turned his horse, and after taking a circuitous rout through several streets, as if to show his companion as much as possible, at length set her down at the door of her school house, and drove back to Pestley.

Bantwick arrived home under the greatest excitement, and rushing up to his room, seized a pen and wrote the following note:—

"MADAM!—Circumstances too plainly show that rumour is for once true. Else why your intimacy with that stranger, both last evening and today? Such conduct cannot be excused. You need not, therefore, attempt explanation. You have ruined me forever! Why did you swear to be mine, when your heart was already another's, and bound by the ties of wedlock? But enough! I shall go distracted! My head reels—a dizzy sickness seizes me! Farewell!

C. B.

This letter he handed to a servant, and directed him to have it left at Miss Dartmouth's room; then casting his sinking frame upon his bed, he abandoned himself to the most violent paroxysms of rage and despair. Some time thus passed away, until the inmates of the house, alarmed at his not appearing, as usual, at his meals, went to his room, when they found him so wild, and his talk so incoherent, that they called in his friends, and immediately sent for a physician. Pestley and Cotts attended on the instant, and discovering that their partner was deranged, availed themselves of the opportunity to strike a finishing blow to their projects. They hastily prepared a paper, (the nature of whose contents will appear in the sequel,) and persuaded their crazy partner to place his signature to it.

They had barely time to accomplish this business when the physician, accompanied by Mr. Bantwick's father, made his appearance. The physician, after examining his patient according to the

strict rules of his art, pronounced him under the influence of a brain fever; and after consultation with his father, it was determined, before doing any thing for him, to remove him to his father's house, where he might receive better attention than he could expect at a boarding house. He was, therefore, at once removed, and placed under a proper course of treatment.

When Emily Dartmouth returned from her school that night, oppressed with the foreboding feelings which had haunted her all day long, the first object that met her view, on entering her room, was Chauncey's letter. Seizing it with trembling eagerness, she broke the seal and read. Her countenance was the index of consternation and alarm, as she proceeded; when she arrived at the end a loud scream burst from her laboring breast, and she fell heavily to the floor in a swoon.

At this moment Calista happened to be passing her door, and hearing the noise, rushed into her apartment; and, observing her situation, loudly called for assistance. Her cries brought up Albert, and most of the inmates of the house, to her aid. They raised her from the floor and placing her on the bed, used every means in their power for her recovery. In a few seconds the rolling of her eyeballs and the heavy heaving of her breast, gave signs of returning life.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to know what was going on, she desired all to leave her room except her brother and Calista. As soon as they were gone, she pointed to the open letter, which, till then, had lain unnoticed on the floor, and said, "Oh Albert! what can all that mean? Surely I am the victim of some dark intrigue?" And then clasping her hands in agony, she exclaimed, "My God! deliver me out of the power of those who seek my destruction, for thou knowest my innocence!"

Albert took up the paper and hastily ran over its contents; during which the indignant flashes from his countenance, as the color rapidly went and came on his manly cheek, indicated the powerful feelings that were at work in his breast. When he had finished reading the letter, he stood for a moment in deep thought, the while pressing his forehead with the palm of his hand, as if to assist his mind to penetrate some dark, indefinable subject. He was struck with the impression that some impending catastrophe was about to burst upon them, through the influence of Marston, but of what nature he could not fully conjecture. At length he said, "I am perplexed to know what the rumor to which this letter alludes is. Can you inform us, my dear Calista?"

Miss Bartel, who till then had been completely absorbed in the interest of the scene, desired to know the contents of the letter, and after reading it, said: