

As he thus sat, the very picture of despair, a soft tap on the shoulder aroused him, and wildly looking up, the laughing, good-humoured Mrs. Cotts and the demure Miss Tontine, again stood before him.

"My dear Mr. Bantwick," said the first, addressing him with an exciting smile on her lip, "you appear in no very social mood tonight. I hope you are not thus going to spend your time, and leave the ladies to take care of themselves, as you did at Mrs. Bartel's ball?" and assuming a playful mood, she continued, "By the bye, have you been introduced to Mr. Pestley's friend, yet? He seems to be a very sensible young man; but, poor fellow! if the story be true about him and Emily, he must have been greatly abused by her; but I can't believe it; indeed, I should be loath to admit such a disgrace upon my sex."

Chauncey would have given worlds to have been out of the sound of Mrs. Cotts' voice; but he saw no way of ridding himself of her, and he resigned himself to his fate. Assuming as composed a manner as he could, he answered, "I certainly have not had the honor of an introduction to the gentleman."

"That is because you were so late in," returned Mrs. Cotts, "and if he were not now particularly engaged, I would have you made acquainted with him at once;" then turning to Miss Tontine, she enquired, "what do you imagine is Mr. Marston's special business with the Dartmouths, in that room so long? He seems to be very much engaged about something, and I should judge, from Emily's manner, that there was something on the tapis not so agreeable to her as might be; indeed, I shall be almost persuaded soon to believe the rumor, for as I know——"

"It certainly does look suspicious," said Miss Tontine, with a peculiar expression of countenance.

"And only see there!" exclaimed Mrs. Cotts, feigning great astonishment, and pointing her delicate white finger to where the trio sat.

Chauncey looked up—Marston had placed his hand on Emily's shoulder and leant his head towards hers, as if pouring into her ear some tender words of entreaty or love whilst she displayed signs of being more violently agitated than ever.

"Who can longer doubt?" cried Mrs. Cotts, drawing on a serious countenance, as if abandoning all hopes of Emily's innocence.

"I declare it's too true!" exclaimed Miss Tontine, turning her face scornfully from them.

Bantwick could hear no more. He seized his hat and springing to his feet, rushed wildly from the room. Walking rapidly home, he cast himself into his bed, and gave loose to the most violent emotions. He spent the night in feverish excitement; sometimes addressing to his beloved Emily the ten-

derest epithets, then again calling down all the curses of heaven upon her devoted head.

Morning dawned without sleep coming to his relief. To rid himself of his tormenting thoughts, he arose as soon as the first appearance of day was visible in the east, went down to the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him, rode off; he neither knew nor cared whither, so that he might gain some relief to his aching head.

It was a beautiful morning. The cool, refreshing breeze strengthened his shattered nerves and revived his desponding spirits. He gradually calmed down into a state of settled, gloomy resignation of mind, as his faithful steed bore him rapidly along the road.

About nine o'clock in the morning, it chanced that Mr. Pestley took his carriage, and picking up his friend Marston, set off on a morning ride. As they proceeded along the road, they overtook, as if by accident, Miss Dartmouth, walking to her school. With great politeness, Mr. Pestley urged her to get in and ride, as they intended passing by the school house, and it was some distance there. She at first declined, but after much persuasion, allowed herself to be helped into the carriage. As they advanced a few steps and were passing a house, Mr. Pestley seemed to recollect, all at once, that he had very urgent business with its owner; and excusing himself, alighted and told Marston to call for him when he returned.

Marston now engaged Emily in conversation; and put forth a great deal of wit and humor to please her and attract her attention. In this he succeeded to his mind; for she, viewing him as her friend, and the companion of her parents in their last moments, enjoyed, without reserve, his witty sallies; and talked and laughed with him as merrily, as the happy, buoyant spirit of youth and innocence could make her.

Thus engaged, she did not observe that they had passed the school house and were going at a rapid pace beyond. They had proceeded some distance, when the tramp of horses' feet were heard on ahead, advancing with great speed towards them. Emily looked out, and saw Chauncey Bantwick, on his foaming steed, under full head way, near at hand. The eyes of the lovers met; and the piercing look and unnatural wildness of that of Mr. Bantwick, startled Emily. She uttered a faint shriek, and fell back towards Marston; who to play his part the better at this favourable moment, gently put his arm around her waist and tenderly enquired if she were ill. As both parties for a moment slackened their horses' speed in passing each other, Bantwick gave Marston a look of fiery indignation and deep felt injury; which was returned by Marston, by one of exultation, and malicious defiance. But all this was the work of a moment; the carriage whirl-