

mistress of the whole art of angling—it is such a quiet, contemplative amusement. The clear stream—the balmy air—the warbling of happy birds—the hawthorn hedge-rows and flowery banks, by which you are surrounded, make you alive to the most pleasing impressions; and amidst sights and sounds of beauty, you never reflect that you are acting the part of the destroyer. I have given up the gentle craft—but I still think it a strangely fascinating sport.”

“I should be sorry to see you so engaged,” said Anthony. “I never could bear to witness so soft a hand employed in taking away life.”

“You, too, have learnt the art of flattery,” said Juliet, reproachfully. “When will your sex, in speaking to ours, learn to confine themselves to simple truth?”

“When the education of woman is conducted with less art, and they rise superior to the meanness of being pleased with falsehood,” said Anthony. “What I said just now was but the simple truth. I admit that it was said to please, and I should indeed be grieved if I thought that I could possibly have given offence.”

“A very heinous crime, indeed!” said Juliet, laughing, “and deserving a very heavy punishment. What shall it be?”

“Another lecture from those lips,” said Anthony. “Remember, I did not say sweet lips.”

“Worse and worse,” said Juliet. “To complain to a gentleman of flattering is to make him pay a dozen compliments, to atone for the first offence.”

The young people’s *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by Miss Dorothea, who hated to hear any one talk but herself, asking Mr. Anthony, “If it were true that he was studying for the Church?” Upon his replying in the affirmative, she continued: “Your father, Mr. Anthony, is determined to let nothing go out of the family. One would have thought that you could have afforded to have lived like an independent gentleman.”

Anthony coloured deeply, as he replied:

“My choice of a profession, madam, was not so much in accordance with my father’s wishes as my own.”

“Well, I must say that I think it a strange choice for a young man of fortune,” returned the ill-natured old maid.

“I made choice of that mode of life, madam, in which I hoped to be of most use to my fellow-creatures,” returned Anthony, proudly. “The fortune which you allude to may never be mine.”

“Yes, yes; I see you are determined to look out for the main chance,” continued his tormentor.

“But to do you justice, young man, I think nature meant you for a parson.”

This speech was received with a loud laugh from Godfrey, who secretly enjoyed poor Anthony’s mor-

tification, and who had successfully wormed himself into Miss Dorothy’s good graces, by paying her some judicious compliments, in which the graces of her person and her youthful appearance, were not overlooked.

“By the bye, Tony,” he said, “you have received a letter from your father, and never told me one word about it. Was it kind?”

“Better than I expected,” said Anthony. “But why discuss these matters in public?”

“Public! Are we not among friends?” said Godfrey, continuing his indelicate interrogatories. “Did he offer to advance a sufficient sum to settle you in life?”

“No, he did not!” returned Anthony, proudly.

“Astonishing! What excuse can he give for such unreasonable conduct?”

“The old one, I suppose,” said Colonel Hurdlestone—“Poverty!”

“Ha! ha! ha!” roared Godfrey.

“Godfrey Hurdlestone!” said Anthony, with much severity of look and tone; “how can such a melancholy instance of human weakness awaken your mirth?”

“Is it not enough to make one laugh, when an old fellow, rich enough to pay off the national debt, refuses to provide for his son, and suffers him to live upon the bounty of another?”

Anthony felt the oft repeated insult. At such a moment it was almost too much for him to bear; nor did it escape Juliet, as he replied, in a calm, low voice:

“Godfrey, I understand you. You need say no more upon that subject. You know that I am but too painfully alive to the obligation, and you must ungenerously take this opportunity of reminding me of it. It shall one day be repaid.”

He rose to take leave.

“Come, sit down,” said Juliet, in a persuasive tone; I am sure your cousin meant no offence. Delicacy of mind,” she whispered, “is not always an inherent quality; we should pity and forgive those who are destitute of it.”

“I will do anything to please you,” returned Anthony. And Godfrey, pale with anger and disappointment, saw him resume his seat.

“I have provided a little treat for my friends, of strawberries and cream,” continued Juliet; “they are the first of the season, and were presented to me by that strangely interesting girl, Mary Matthews. How I regret that her father’s injudicious method of bringing her up, should so completely have unsexed a girl, whom nature formed to be an ornament to her humble station.”

“Mary is a pretty girl,” said Anthony; “and her failings are the result of the peculiar circumstances in which she has been placed. With such a kind mistress as Miss Whitmore, to counsel her, I feel assured that she might soon be persuaded to