

"No, Huntingdon, you would not do that, even if our son were an unworthy reprobate, instead of a generous, gifted, high-spirited boy. You would not see your own child, the heir of the Huntingdons, the hope of our house, bowed down by poverty and shame."

"You are right, Isabel, you are right. By Jove, I would not, for though he is a graceless young dog, he has talent and wit enough if he only chose to exert them, and as to spirit, his chief fault is, that he has rather much of it."

Charmed with having won her weak-minded husband to so favourable a train of mind, Lady Huntingdon dropped the conversation, and discoursed on whatever other topics she fancied most likely to interest him, for, as the reader will remember, "the bills had yet to be paid." The evening seemed to her interminable, yearning as she was for the society of her child, but it was necessary to amuse and propitiate lord Huntingdon, so she remained in the drawing-room till he gave the signal for her release, by stretching himself, with a sleepy yawn, on the sofa, when she joyfully hurried up to her son's apartment. Disregarding the humorous injunction of "stay out," with which he replied to her request for admittance, she entered and found him seated at a table, half a dozen lights burning in different directions, earnestly engaged in the task of attaching an artificial fly to a bait. Two splendid dogs lay at his feet, while a third, a favorite little terrier, was enthroned on the table, divided between the cares of snapping at the heap of artificial flies before him and mangling the corners of a costly gilt annual.

"Augustus," said the new comer, in a reproachful though gentle tone, "I think you might spare at least one hour from your engrossing amusements to devote to your parents."

"Mother, just come here," exclaimed the young man, whose ear had not even caught the import of her preceding words, "come here, and tell me, did you ever see any thing so splendid as this bait? Oh! these flies are worth double their weight in gold! I'll have glorious sport to-morrow."

"What! another day from home?" rejoined lady Huntingdon, as she drew a chair and seated herself near him.

"To be sure. Why, God bless my soul! mother, what else do you think brings me down here except such sport, or an extra degree of ferocity on the part of my duns?"

"I believe you, indeed, my most affectionate son," was the bitter reply. "Were I incapable of being of farther service to you, I should not be troubled often with your visits."

"Why, what is wrong now, mother?—you look as black as a thunder cloud. Tell me, can you with any degree of reason, desire, hope or expect, that a gay, happy young fellow of nineteen, will shut himself up a whole day in an empty, desolate barrack of a house, with two old twadling—I beg your pardon, with two most respectable (but it comes to the same thing) and sensible individuals, who are more than double his age. Why the idea is most unreasonable, nay, 'tis a positive absurdity."

Lady Huntingdon sighed heavily, but her son was again engrossed with his former occupation, so the sigh, as well as the expression of pain, that flitted across her features, escaped him. At length, struck by her unusual taciturnity, he rejoined:

"I say, mother, cheer up like a dear old lady, and do not sit there as silent as Ponto. You complain of the little time I devote to you, and yet, here we are, and here we are likely to remain for another hour, without interchanging a single word. If you must be coaxed into good humour, like a spoiled child, why, I promise you the first rainy morning all to yourself. I will wind silk, sing duets—shew you separately all my unpaid bills, in short, do anything that you wish, to divert you."

Consoled by even this slender promise, lady Huntingdon's spirits soon regained their usual tone, and whilst he pursued his task with unabated vigour, the mother and son continued to converse long together—Augustus himself, his plans and projects, their principal theme. At length lady Huntingdon rose.

"I must leave you, my darling child, though I could remain for hours yet, but your father may feel annoyed at my absence, and 'tis impolitic to vex him just now. For my sake, promise me to be down in time for breakfast to-morrow, and to bestow a little more attention on your dress. Do, my dear, dear boy, and smooth back those glossy curls of yours." She fondly stroked them as she spoke with her white hand, and after imprinting a kiss on his open handsome brow, left the room.

Young Huntingdon worked assiduously for another hour, and then carefully putting away his implements, flung himself on his couch, where he was soon anticipating, in dreams, the morrow's coming sports.

Somewhat regardful of his mother's request of the preceding night, he contrived to make his appearance at breakfast before the meal was entirely over, and she was farther gratified by the glossy smoothness with which his brown locks were arranged. The instant the repast was con-