

"I shall feel too much humiliated by his deplorable aberration of intellect to feel the least inclination to mirth. I would to God that I could learn to love him as a father; but, since my last visit to Ashton, I feel my heart hardened against him. A dislike, almost amounting to loathing, has usurped the place of that affection which nature ever retains for those who are bound together by kindred ties."

"If you were more accustomed to witness his eccentricities, you would be less painfully alive to their absurdity. Use reconciles us to almost any thing. If you were to inhabit the same house with Mark Hurdlestone, and were in the habit of constantly listening to his arguments on the love of money, you might perhaps fall in love with hoarding too."

"Impossible! Avarice always produces a reaction in the minds of those who witness it. The son of a miser is generally a spendthrift."

"With some exceptions," said Frederick Wildegrave, with a smile. "But, really, when he pleases, Anthony, your father can be a sensible, agreeable companion; and quite the gentleman. The other day, I had a long chat with him, partly upon business, partly from curiosity; I wanted to buy from him an odd angle of ground, about half an acre, that made an awkward bite into a favorite field. I went to him, and, knowing his habits, I offered him at once the value of the lot. He saw that I wanted the land, and he trebled the price. I laughed at him—and we held a long palaver of about two hours, and never came one inch the nearer. At length I pulled out my purse and counted the gold down upon the table. There is the money, I said. You know that I have offered you the full value of the land. You can take it or leave it."

"The sight of the gold acted upon him like the loadstone upon the needle. He began counting over the pieces; his fingers stuck to them. One by one, they disappeared from my sight, and when all were gone, he held out his hand, and begged for one guinea more. I put the pen into his hand, and the paper before him; he sighed heavily, signed the receipt, and told me that I was a prudent young man—that I must succeed in the world, for I knew as well as he did, the value of money. He then entered upon subjects of more general interest, and I was so much pleased with his talents and general information, that I invited myself to come over, and spend an evening with him. The old fox took the alarm at this. He told me that he was quite a recluse, and never received company; but that some evening, when I was alone, he would step in, and take a cup of coffee with me—a luxury, which, I believe, he has never allowed himself for the last twenty years."

The conversation of the young men was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Grant. Young Wildegrave entered upon the purport of his visit; and the

Rector, who had to support a very large family, upon limited means, readily consented to the removal of Anthony to Ashton. The morning was spent in packing up, and, after dinner, Anthony, not without deep regret, bade adieu to his friendly host, and sighed a last farewell to N—. As he and his friend rode slowly past the Lodge, he turned an anxious gaze towards the house. Why did the color flush his cheek, and the hand tremble that held the reins, as he turned his head away? Juliet was standing in the balcony; but she was not alone. A tall figure was beside her—that figure was Godfrey Hurdlestone; and the sight of him, at such a time, and so situated, sent a pang of anguish through the heart of the young lover. Yet, even then, he could not believe that his cousin would prevail with the lady—that vice could ultimately triumph over virtue. Frederick Wildegrave marked the deep dejection into which his companion had fallen; and rightly concluded that some lady was in the case. "Poor fellow!" thought he, "has he, to add to his other misfortunes, been indiscreet enough to fall in love? Wishing to ascertain if his suspicions were correct, he began to question him about the inhabitants of the Lodge; and soon drew from the frank and confiding Anthony the history of his unhappy passion, and the unpleasant circumstance which had closed Captain Whitmore's doors against him.

"Well, Anthony," he exclaimed, as his cousin ceased speaking, "it must be acknowledged that you are an unlucky dog. The sins of your father appear to cast a shadow upon the destinies of his son. Yet, were I in your place, I should write to Captain Whitmore, and clear up this foul stigma that your treacherous kinsman has suffered to rest upon your character."

"No," said Anthony, "I cannot do it. Let him enjoy the advantage he has gained. I swore to his dear father, to be a friend to his son—to stand by him through a good and ill report; and though his cruel duplicity has destroyed my happiness, I never will expose him to the only man who can befriend him in his present difficulties."

"Your generosity savors a little too much of romance," said Frederick; "Godfrey is unworthy of such a tremendous sacrifice."

"That does not render my obligation to his father less binding. Forbearance on my part becomes a virtue, and my present self denial is not without its reward."

Frederick Wildegrave thought his companion a noble creature; and could Anthony have looked into his heart, he would have been doubly convinced that he was in the right. They now struck into a lonely cross country road; and half an hour's smart driving brought them to Wildegrave's residence. It was a pretty farm house, surrounded by extensive orchards, and a large upland meadow, as smooth as a bowling green. Anthony was charmed with the