

forsake her masculine employments, and feel a relish for more feminine pursuits."

He spoke with much earnestness, until perceiving that Juliet regarded him with a sad and searching glance, the color rushed to his pale cheek, he hesitated, became embarrassed, and finally stopped.

"When I first saw Mary Mathews," said Juliet, "she was very beautiful, and as blithe as a bird. For the last few weeks, a melancholy change has taken place in the poor girl, which grieves me to witness. Her cheek has lost its bloom; her step its elasticity. Her dress is neglected. Her garden, in which she took such delight, is overrun with weeds, and her whole appearance indicates the most poignant grief. When I question her upon the subject, she answers me with tears. Tears, which seem so unnatural for one of her disposition to shed. Perhaps, Mr. Anthony," she continued, with great earnestness, "you can give me some clue to discover the cause of her distress?"

Before Anthony could reply, he was called upon by his uncle, to decide some difficult point in his game at backgammon, and Godfrey, who had been a painful observant listener to the conversation, slipped into his vacant seat, and replied to Miss Whitmore's interrogatories in a careless tone.

"I know very little, Miss Whitmore, of the gossip of the village. The person of the young woman to whom you allude, is not unknown to me; but to her private history I am a perfect stranger. My cousin, Anthony, will be able to give you the information you require, for he takes a deep interest in all that concerns this pretty rustic.

What made poor Juliet's cheek at that moment so very pale? Why did she sigh so deeply, and drop a conversation she had commenced with such an apparent concern for the person who had formed the subject of it. Love may have its joys—but oh! how painfully are they contrasted with its doubts and fears. She had suffered the serpent to coil around her heart, and for the first time felt its venomous sting. Anthony returned to his seat, but he found his fair companion unusually cold and reserved. A few minutes after, she complained of headache, and left the room, to return no more that evening.

That night Juliet wept herself to sleep. "Was it not more than evident," she said to herself, that this poor girl was in love with Anthony Hurdlestone, and could she consent to add another pang to a heart already deeply wounded? No, she would banish him from her thoughts, would never make him the subject of her day dreams again. She wished that she had never seen him—had never heard the rich tones of his mellow voice, or suffered the glance of his dark serious eyes to penetrate to her soul. Ah, Juliet! enjoy while thou can'st, thy troubled slumbers. Thou must yet awake to weep.

Was the object of her dreaming thoughts more happy than herself? Alas, no! insulted by his

cousin and friend, and at war with himself, Anthony could not sleep. Hour after hour, found him pacing his chamber with restless steps, striking his heart against the fetters that bound him, and striving in vain to be free. The very idea that he was the son of the miser—that he must blush for his father wherever his name was named, was not the least of his annoyances.

Was it possible that a girl of Juliet's poetic temperament could love the son of such a man? And as he pressed his hands against his aching brow, he wished that he had been the son of the poorest peasant upon his rich parent's vast estate.

He did not appear at the breakfast table, and when summoned to dinner he was met by Godfrey, the glow of pleasure mantling his richly tinted cheeks.

"Why, Godfrey, my boy," said the Colonel, regarding him with parental pride, "what have you been doing with yourself all the morning?"

"Making love to Miss Whitmore!" said his son; "and upon my word, sir, she is the most charming and accomplished girl in the world. She sings and plays divinely too. Her personal charms I might have withstood; but that voice has taken me by surprise. You know I was always a devout worshipper of sweet sounds. The old Captain has asked me to bring over my flute to accompany his daughter on the piano. I have no doubt that we shall get on delightfully together."

"Well, this is hardly fair, Godfrey. You promised Anthony to start fair, in attempting to win the good graces of the lady, and now you are trying to throw him altogether into the back ground."

"Ah! my dear sir, that was all very well in theory; but I found myself unable to reduce it to practice. I tell you, Anthony, that I am over head and ears in love with Miss Whitmore; and if you wish to die a natural death, you must not attempt to rival me with the lady."

"And what will become of poor Mary?"

Godfrey flashed back upon him an angry glance. "How can you name that peasant in the same breath with Miss Whitmore?"

"I only followed your example. A few days ago, you preferred the simple graces of the country girl to the refined lady."

"My taste is improving, you see," said Godfrey, filling his glass to the brim; "and here, in the sparkling juice of the grape, let all remembrance of my boyish love be drowned."

Anthony sighed, and sunk into a fit of abstraction, while Colonel Hurdlestone joined his son in a bumper to the health of the lady.

In spite of Godfrey's avowal, Anthony could not bring himself to regard Juliet Whitmore with indifference; nor did he consider it any breach of honour, endeavouring to make himself agreeable in her eyes. His attentions, though less marked than