## THERE LITTLE CHILDREN, BY LIZZIE WARD O'REILLY.

"Want is rampant in this direction. It is not an uncommontalining torse a who'e family of emaclated children; once plump and rosy, unsable to rise forwant of rose, while the mother wrings her hands distractedly o ser them. In the control of the c

Three little children danced in the sun Near Cliffen far famed and old Common State of the Sun Near Cliffen far famed and old Common State of the Sun Had hair like burnisher gold.

The land their father a trod.

And dear to the hearts that gave them birth Were those golden girts from God.

Three little children asieep and at rest.
Children of "Dermot the Fair,"
But all the gold that Dermot possessed
Was the gold in his children's hair.
He had given his heart to his own loved land.
His sweat to the dear old sod;
Nor thought him poor while he held in his hand Three golden gifts from God.

Three little children sick unto death,
Three little heads lying low,
Three little wasted ones dying for dearth
Of the good that should equally flow.
Three little children crying for bread,
Three little lives scarce begun,
Three little weary ones wall to be f.d.
Three feeble lives almost run.

For Want has shadow'd the cool clear air, His footprints are black on the land; He jooked on the children of "Dermot the

Fair,"
That juyous golden-haired band.
He breathed on the cheeks of rosy hue,
And the limbs of cherub mould
Had shrivelled away as he ouward flew—
But left their locks of Gold.

a;

Three little children wail to be fed.
"Soon, O soon!" the mother cried.
"Brice over she giveth them kisses for bread,
Then layeth them side by side.
And orawling her way to the the calm clear

night, Shorabed her weak hands to the sky. Not thus," she cried with her feeble might, " Not thus can I see them die!"

"Not thus, while plenty floodeth the earth And glad neth the sen'rous heart Not thus shall the mother that gave them birth See the joys of her life depart. Three golden links to earth from Heaven Thou gavest one by one.

Thou gavest one by one.

Thou gavest one heart that grief has riven,
Send succor—e'er life be gone!"

"Not thus, not thus." Let us cohe her thought
We stop not to think of the misery wrought,
We stop not to think of the misery wrought,
Nor cavil while they ask for bread.
Then scatter thy corn with a generous hand
The highways of want amid,
Nor wait—till the locks of that bright haired
hand

hand
Are under the committed.
—So. Boston, FEE. 22nd.

## HENRIETTA TEMPLE

Me, no! exclaimed Miss Temple in great agitation.

Perfectly true. It is the terrible recollection of that dreadful adventure that overcomes me when I see our dear triend here, because I feel it must be love. I was in hopes it was his cousin. But it is not so; it must be something that has happened abroad. Love alone ean account for it. It is not his debts that would so overpower him. What are his debts? I would pay them myself. It is a heartrending business. I am going to him. How I tremble!

'Hew good you are!' exclaimed Miss Temple, with streaming eyes. I shall ever be grateful; I mean, we all must. Oh! do go to him, go to him directly; tell him to be happy.

'It is the song I ever sing,' said the Count. I wish some of you would come and see him, or send him a message. It is wise to show him there are some who take interest in his existence. Now, give me that flower, for instance, and let me give it to him from you.'

'He will not care for it,' said Miss Temple. Try. It is a fancy I have. Let me bear

Miss Temple gave the flower to the Count, who rode off with his prize.

It was about eight o'clock; Ferdinand was sitting alone in his room, having just parted with Father Glastonbury, who was going to dine in Brook-street. The sun had set, and you. yet it was scarcely dark enough for artificial light, particularly for a person without a pursuit. It was just that dreary dismal moment when even the most gay grow pensive, if they be alone. And Ferdinand was par-ticularly dull; a reaction had followed the excitement of the last eight-and-forty hours, and he was at this moment feeling singularly disconsolate, and upbraiding himself for being so weak as to permit himself to be influenced by Mirabel's fantastic promises and projects, when his door flew open, and the Count, full dressed, and graceful as a Versailles Apollo stood before him.

Cherami! I cannot stop one minute. dine with Fitzwarrene, and I am late. I have done your business capitally. Here is a pretty flower! Who do you think gave it me? She did, pardy. On condition, however, that I should bear it to you, with a message; and what a message! that you should be happy.' 'Nonsense, my dear Count.'

It is true; but I romanced at a fine rate for it. It is the only way with women. you must endure even this! She thinks we have known each other since the Deluge. Do not betray me. But affected calmness, as he seated himself by her my dear fellow, I cannot stop now. Only, side, listen to me; I am not a harsh parent; and seeking her society, and amusing her, and thus attempting to regain your influence, as we talked of last night; mind suicide is the system, To-morrow I will tell you all. She has fall in love with you afterwards. That will never do. So we must work upon her fears, her generosity, pity, remorse, and so on. Call upon me to-morrow morning, at half-past boy coming to me at one, who is in a scrape. At half-past two, cher, cher Armine, we will talk more. In the meantime, enjoy your flower; and rest assured, that it is your own fault if you do not fling the good Montfort in | anguish. a very fine ditch.'

The Count Mirabel proceeded with his projects with all the ardour, address, and audacity of one habituated to success. By some means or orther he contrived to see Miss fort; Lord Montfort, my friend, the man I Temple almost daily. He paid assiduous court love most in the world; the most generous, to the duchess, on whom he had made a favor- the most noble, the most virtuous, the most able impression from the first: in St. James' square he met Mr. Temple, who was partial to | hand freely, under circumstances which, even the society of a distinguished foreigner. He if be did not possess every quality that ought was delighted with Count Mirabel. As for Miss Grandison, the Count absolutely made her his confidant, though he concealed this Falter one jot and I whistle you off for ever. bold step from Ferdinand. He established You are no more daughter of mine. I am as his intimacy in the three families, and even firm as I am fond; nor would I do this, but his intimacy in the three families, and even firm as I am fond; nor would I do this, but mystlified Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine so that I know well I am doing rightly. Yes! completely that they imagined he must be take this Armine once more to your heart, some acquaintance that Ferdinand had made abroad; and they received him accordingly as one of their son's oldest and most cherished friends. But the most amusing circumstance of all was that the Count, who even in business never lost eight of what might divert or ing herself at his feet. Ohl do not say so; interest him, became great friends with Father Glastonbury, Count Mirabel comprehended and appreciated that good man's cha-

racter.
All Count Mirabel's efforts were directed to restore the influence of Ferdinand Armine save you. over Henrietta Temple; and with this view

idea of his absent friend on that lady's sus-ceptible heath! His virtues, his talents, his accomplishments, his sacrifices; but above all, his mysterious sufferings, and the fatal and which the Count was convinced awaited him, wers placed before her in a light so vivid that they engrossed her thought and imagination. She could not resist the fascina-tion of talking about Terdinand Armine to Count Mirabel. He was the constant subject of their discourse. All her feelings now

of their discourse. An her seeings now clustered round his image. She had quite abandoned her old plan of marrying him to his cousin. That was desperate. Did she regret it? She scarcely dared urge to herself this secret question; and yet it seemed that her heart, too, would break were Ferdinand another's. But, then, what was to become of him? Was he to be left desolate? Was he indeed to die? And Digby, the amtable, generous Digby; ah! why did she ever meet him? Unfortunate, unhappy woman! And yet she was resolved to be firm; she could not falter; she would be the victim of her duty even if she died at the altar. Almost I have done him great injury. He is good she wished that she had ceased to live, and pune; indeed, he is; if you knew all, then the recollection of Armine came back to you would not doubt it. He was ever faithduty even if she died at the altar. Almost her so vividly! And those long days of passionate delight! All his tenderness and all his truth; for he had been true to her, always the victim. If you meet him, be gentle to had he been true to her. She was not the him, sir; for, indeed, if you knew all, you person who ought to complain of his conduct. And yet she was the person who alone punished him. How different was the generous conduct of his cousin! She had pardoned all: she sympathized with him, she sorrowed for him, she tried to soothe him. She labored to unite him to her rival. What must he think of herselt? How hard-hearted, how selfish must the contrast prove her! Could he indeed believe now that she had ever loved him? Oh, no! he must despise her. He must believe that ahe was sacrificing her

heart to the splendor of rank. Oh! could be believe this! Her Ferdinand, her romantic Ferdinand, who had thrown fortune and power to the winds but to gain that very heart! What a return had she made him! And for all his fidelity he was punished; lone, disconsolate, forforn, overpowered by vulgar cares, hear-broken, meditating even

harrowing. She hid her face in the pillow of the sofa on which she was seated, and wept bitterly. She felt an arm softly twined round her

waist; she looked up, it was her father. 'My child,' he said, 'you are agitated.' 'Yes; yes, I am agitated,' she said, in a low

'You are unwell.'

Worse than unwell" 'Tell me what ails you, Henrietta.' Grief for which there is no cure.

'Indeed! I am greatly astonished.' His daughter only sighed.

'Speak to me, Henrietta. Tell me what has happened.' 'I cannot speak; nothing has happened;

have nothing to say. 'To see you thus makes me quite unhappy, said Mr. Temple; 'if only for my sake, let me know the cause of this overwhelming

'It is a cause that will not please you. Forget, sir, what you have seen.' 'A father cannot. I entreat you tell me.

If you love me, Henrietta, speak.' Sir, sir, I was thinking of the past.' · Is it so bitter.?"

'Ah! that I should live,' said Miss Tem-Henrietta, my own Henrietta, my child, I beseech you tell me all. Something has occurred; something must have occurred, to revive such strong feelings. Has, has--I know not what to say, but so much happens that surprises me; I know, I have heard, that you have seen one who once inflamed your feelings, that you have been thrown in unexpected contact with him; he has not, he has

not dared— 'Say nothing harshly of him,' said Miss Temple wildly;

· My daughter!' 'Ay! your daughter, but still a a woman. Do I murmur? Do I complain? Have I urged you to compromise your honor? I am ready for the sacrifice. My conduct is yours,

but my feelings are my own.' 'Sacrifice, Henrietta! What sacrifice? I have heard only of your happiness; I have thought only of your happiness. This is a

'Father, forget what you have seen; forgive what I have said. But let this subject drop for ever.'

'It cannot drop here. Captain Armine prefers his suit?' continued Mr. Temple, in a tone of stern enquiry.

What if he did? He has a right to do 'As good a right as he had before. You

are rich now, Henrietta, and he perhaps would be faithful.

'O Ferdinand!' exclaimed Miss Temple, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, 'and

'Henrietta,' said Mr. Temple in a voice of mind, all is changed. Instead of being gay, you cannot upbraid me with insensibility to your feelings. They have ever engrossed my thought and care; and how to gratify, and when necessary how to soothe them, has long been the principal occupation of my life. If a firm mind and a high spirit, which she you have known misery, girl, you made that blinks is principle. If we go upon the tack misery yourself. It was not I that involved of last night, she will marry Montfort, and you in secret engagements and clandestine correspondence; it was not I that made you, you, my daughter, on whom I have lavished all the solicitude of long years, the dupe of the first calculating libertine who dared to two; not before, because I have an excellent | trifle with your affections, and betray your

heart. 'Tis false,' exclaimed Miss Temple, interrupting him; 'he is as true and pure as I am; more, much more, she added, in a voice of

'No doubt he has convinced you of it,' said Mr. Temple, with a laughing sneer. 'Now, mark me,' he continued, resuming his calm tone, 'you interrupted me; listen to me. You are the betrothed bride of Lord Montgifted of human beings. You gave him your to secure the affections of a woman, should bind you to him with an unswerving faith. and you receive my curse, the deepest, the sternest, the deadliest that ever descended on

a daughter's head.' rible words. Indeed, indeed, my heart is breaking. Pity me, pity me; for God's sake, pity me.

'I would do more than pity you; I would

'It is not as you think,' she continued, with

know not what has taken place between us. Helias not breathed it to human being. He has absented himself from his home that we might not meet.

You must marry Lord Montfort at once. Oh! my father, even as you like. But do not curse me; dream not of such terrible things; recall those fearful words; love me, love me; say I am your child. And Digby, I am true to Digby. But, indeed, can I recall the past; can I alter it? Its memory overcame me. Digby knows all; Digby knows we met; he did not curse me; he was kind and gentle. Oh! my father!'
'My Henrietta,' said Mr. Temple, moved

my child! Oh! my father, I will do all you wish but speak not again as you have done of Ferdinand. We have done him great injustice;

would pity him.'

Ir we pause now to take a calm and comprehensive review of the state and prospects of the three families, in whose feelings and fortunes we have attempted to interest the reader, it must be confessed that, however brilliant and satisfactory they might appear on the surface, the elements of discord, gloom, and unhappiness might be more profoundly discovered, and might even be held as rapidly stirring into movement. Miss Temple was the affianced bride of Lord Montfort, but her heart was Captain Armine's; Captain Armine in the estimation of his parents, was the pledged husband of Miss Grandison, while he and his cousin had, in fact, dissolved their engagement. Mr. Temple more than suspected his daughter's partiality for Ferdinand. Sir Ratcliffe, very much surprised at seeing so little of his son, and resolved that the marriage should be no further delayed, was about to precipitate confessions, of which he did not dream, and which were to shipwreck all the hopes of his life. The Count Mirabel and Miss Grandison were both engaged in an active conspiracy. Lord Montfort alone was calm, and, if he had a purpose to conceal, inscrutable. All things, however, foreboded a crisis.

Sir Ratcliffe, astonished at the marked manner in which his son absented himself from Brook-street, resolved upon bringing him to an explanation. At first, he thought there might be some lovers' quarrel; but the demeanor of Katherine, and the easy tone in which she ever spoke of her consin, soon disabused him of this fond hope. He consulted his wife. Now, to tell the truth, Lady Armine, who was a shrewd woman, was not without her doubts and perplexities, but she would not confess them to her husband. Many circumstances had been observed by her which filled her with disquietude, but she had staked all her hopes upon this cast, and she was of a sanguine temper. She was leading an agreeable life. Katherine appeared daily more attached to her, and Lady Armine was quite of opinion that it is always very injudicious to interfere. She endeavored to persuade Sir Ratcliffe that everything was quite right, and she assured him that the season would terminate, as all seasons ought to ter-

minate, by the marriage.

And perhaps, Sir Ratcliffe would have followed her exemple, only it so happened that as he was returning home one morning, be met his son in Grosvenor-square.

Why, Ferdinand, we never see you now, said Sir Ratcliffe. 'Oh! you are all so gay,' said Ferdinand.

'How is my mother?' She is very well. Katherine and herself have gone to see the balloon, with Lord Montfort and Count Mirabel. Come in,' said Sir

Ratcliffe, for he was now almost at his door. The father and son entered. Sir Ratcliffe walked into a little library on the ground

floor, which was his morning room. We dine at home to-day, Ferdinand,' said Sir Ratcliffe. 'Perhaps you will come.'

'Thank you, sir, I am engaged.' 'It seems to me you are always engaged. For a person who does not like gaiety, it is

odd. 'Heigho!' said Ferdinand. 'How do you like your new horse?'

Ferdinand, I wish to speak a word to you, said Sir Ratcliffe. 'I do not like ever to interfere unnecessarily with your conduct; but the anxiety of a parent will, I think, excuse

the question I am about to ask. When do you propose being married? Oh, I do not know exactly. 'Your grandfather has been dead now, you now much more than a year, I cannot help thinking your conduct singular. There is nothing wrong between you and Katherine,

is there? Wrong, sir?' Yes, wrong? I mean, is there any misun-derstanding? Have you quarrelled?

'No, sir, we have not quarrelled; we fectly understand each other.' · 1 am glad to hear it, for I must say I think your conduct is very unlike that of a lover. All I can say is, I did not win your mother's heart by such proceeding!

'Katherine kas made no complaint of me,

Certainly not, and that surprises me still more.'

Ferdinand seemed plunged in thought. The silence lasted some minutes. Sir Retcliffe took up the newspaper; his son leant over the mantle-piece, and gazed upon the empty fireplace. At length he turned around and said, 'Father, I can bear this no longer; the engagement between Katherine and myself is dissolved.

Good God! when and why?' exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe, the newspaper falling from his. Long since, sir; and ever since I loved

another woman, and she knew it.'
'Fordinand! Fordinand!' exclaimed the

unhappy father; but he was so overpowered that he could not give utterance to his thoughts. He threw himself in a chair, and wrung his hands. Ferdinand stood still and silent, like a statue of Destiny, gloomy and over him which the initiated in such cereinflexible.

'Speak again,' at langth said Sir Ratcliffe. Let me hear you speak again. I cannot be-lieve what I have heard. Is it indeed true that your engagement with your cousin has been long terminated?

Ferdinand nodded assent. Your poor mother!' exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe. This will kill her.' He rose from his possible.' seat, and walked up and down the room in great agitation.

I knew all was not right, he muttered to to himself. 'She will sink under it; we must all sink under it. Madman! you know not what you have done! 'It is in vain to regret, sir; my sufferings

have been greater than yours.'
She will pardon you, my boy,' said Sir Ratcliffe, in a quicker and kinder tone. 'You he omitted no op ortunity of impressing the streaming eyes; indeed it is not. He has have lived to repent your impetuous folly;

preferred his suit, he has urged no claim. He has behinved in the most delicate, the most honourable, the most considerate manning. He has thought only of my situation. He met me ther, your mother has great influence with by socident. My friends are his friends. They her; she will exercise it, she will interfere, you are very young, all will yet be well. It is impossible for me to marry Katherine

Grandison, as for yourself to do it, sir,' said Ferdinand, in a tone of calmness. 'You are not married to another?" In faith Tam bound by a tie which I can

never breek. And who is this person? 'She must be nameless, for many reasons.'
'Ferdinand,' said Sir Ratcliffe, 'you know not what you are doing: My life, your mother's, the existence of your family, hang upon your conduct. Yet, yet there is time to prevent this desolation. I am controlling my

emotions; I wish you to save us, you, all!
Throw yourself at your cousin's feet. She is oit-hearted; she may yet be yours!

Dear father, it cannot be, 'Then, then, welcome ruin,' exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe, in a house voice. 'And,' he continued, pausing between every word, from the difficulty of utterance, if the conviction that you have destroyed all our hopes, rewarded us for all our affection, our long devotion, by blasting every fond idea that has ever illumined our sad lives, that I and Constance, poor fools, have clung and clung to; if this conviction can console you, sir, enjcy

Ferdinand I my son, my child, that I never have spoken an unkind word to, that never gave me cause to blame or check him, your mother will be home soon, your poor, poor mother. Do not let me welcome her with all this misery. Tell me it is not true; recall what you have said; let us forget these harsh words, reconcile yourself to your cousin; let us be happy.'

Father, if my heart's blood could secure your happiness, my life were ready; but this cannot do.

'Do you know what is at stake? Everything. All, all, all! We can see Armine no more; our home is gone. Your mother and myself must be exiles. Oh! you have not

thought of this.' Ferdinand hid his face; his father em-boldened urged the fond plea. You will save us, Ferdinand, you will be our preserver? It is all forgotten, is it not? It is a lovers' quarrel, after all?"

Father, why should I trifle with your feelings? why should I feign what can never be? This sharp interview, so long postponed, ought not now to be adjourned. Indulge no hopes, for there are none.

Then by every sacred power I revoke every blessing that since your birth I have poured upon your head. I recall the prayers that every night I have invoked upon your being. Great God! I cancel them. You have betrayed your cousin; you have deserted your mother and myself; you have first suilled the honor of our house, and now you have destroyed it. Why were you born? What have we done that your mother's womb should produce such a curse? Sins of my father, they are visited upon me! And Father Glastonbury, what will Father Glastonbury say? Father Glastonbury, who sacrificed his fortune for

Father Glastonbury, knows all, sir, and has always been my confidant.' 'Is he a traitor? For when a son deserts

me, I know not whom to trust.' 'He has no thoughts but for our welfare, sir. He will convince you, sir, I cannot marry

my cousin.' Boy, boy! you know not what you say. Not marry your cousin! Then let us die. It

were better for us all to die.' My father! Be calm I beseech you; you have spoken harsh words; I have not deserted you or my mother; I never will. If I have wronged my cousin, I have severely suffered, and she has most freely forgiven me. She is my dear friend. As for our house; tell me, would you have that house preserved at the cost of my happiness? You are not the father I supposed, if such indeed be your wisb.'

'Happiness! Fortune, tamily, beauty, youth, a sweet and charming spirit, if these will not secute a man's happiness, I know not what might. And these I wished you to possess. Sir, it is in vain for us to converse upon this subject. See Father Glastonbury, if you will. He can at least assure you that neither my feelings are light nor my conduct hasty. I will leave you now.'

Ferdinand quitted the room; Sir Rateliffe did not notice his departure, although he was not maware of it. He heaved a deep sigh, and was apparently plunged in profound thought.

Ir must be confessed that the affairs of our friends were in a critical state : everyone interested felt that something decisive in their respective fortunes was at hand. And yet, so vain are all human plans and calculations. that the unavoidable crisis was brought about by an incident which no one anticipated. It so happened that the stormy interview between Sir Ratcliffe and his son was overheard by a servant. This servant, who had been engaged by Miss Grandison in London, was a member of a club to which a confidential clerk of Messrs. Morris and Levison belonged. In the ensuing evening, when this worthy kuight of the shoulder-knot just dropped out for an hour to look in at this choice society, smoke a pipe, and talk over the affairs of his mistress and the nation, he announced the important fact that the match between Miss Grandison and Captain Armine was 'no go,' which, for his part, he did not regret, and he thought his mistress ought to look higher. The confidential clerk of Messrs. Morris and Levison listened in silence to this important intelligence, and communicated it the next morning to his employers. And it so happened that a very few days afterwards, as Ferdinand was lying in bed at his hotel, the door of his chamber suddenly opened, and an individual, not of the most prepossessing appearance, being much marked with the smallpox, reeking with gin, and wearing top-boots and a belcher handkerchief, rushed into his room and enquired whether he were Captain Armine.

'The same,' said Ferdinand. 'And pray, gir, who are you?" 'Don't wish to be unpleasant,' was the

answer, 'but, sir, you are my prisoner.'
There is something exceedingly ignoble in an arrest; Ferdinand felt that sickness come monies must experience. However, he rallied, and inquired at whose suit these proceedings were taken.

Mesars, Morris and Levison, sir. · Cannot I send for my lawyer and give

The bailiff shook his head. 'You see, sir, you are taken in execution, so it is im-

· And the amount of the debt ?' 'Is 2.800%, sir.'

Well, what am I to do? Why sir you must go along with us. We will do it very quietly. My follower is in a hackney-coach at the door, sir. ' You can just step in as pleasant as possible. I suppose you would like to go to a house, and then you can sends for your friends, you know.

Well, if you will go down stairs, I will come to you.

Cant les you out of The bailiff grinned. my eight sir.'

Why, I cannot dress if you are here

things pleasant. I can stand outside, sir; but you must be quick.
Fordinand, rang for his servant. When Louis clearly understood the state of affairs, he was anxious to throw the balliff out of the window, but his master prevented him. Father Glastonbury had gone out some two hours; Ferdinand sent Louis with a message to his family, to say he was about leaving town for a few days; and impressing upon him to be careful not to let them' know in Brook-street what had occurred, he completed his rapid toilet and accompanied the sheriff's This confinement was dreadful; it began to officer to a hackney-coach that was prepared for him. As they jogged on in allence, Ferdinand revolved in his mind how it would be most ad-

visable for him to act. Any application to finitely disgusted him. He walked up and his own lawyer was out of the question. That had been tried before, and he felt assured that there was not the slightest chance of tolerable. A gaol must be preferable to this. that gentleman discharging so large a sum, especially when he was aware that it was only a portion of his client's liabilities; he ting solitude, he was confident he should go thought of applying for advice to Count Mirabel er Catchimwhocan, but with what again. view? He would not borrow the money of them, even if they would lend it; and as it was, he bitterly reproached himself for Captain Armine. 'I really am quite sick of it. having availed himself so easily of Mr. Bond What, can I do?' Sharpe's kind offices. At this moment, he could not pursuade himself that his conduct had been honourable to that gentlemnn. He had not been frank in the exposition of his situation. The money had been advanced under a false impression, if not absolutely borrowed under a false pretence. He cursed Uatchimwhocan and his levity. The honour of the Armines was gone, like everything else that once belonged to them.

The result of Ferdinand's reflections was, that he was utterly done up; that no hope or chance of succour remained for him; that his career was closed ; and not daring to contemplate what the consequences might be to his miserable parents, he made a desperate effort to command his feelings.

Here the coach turned up a dingy street, leading out of the lower end of Oxford street, and stopped before a large but gloomy dwelling, which Ferdinand's companion informed him was a spunging-house. 'I sup-pose you would like to have a private room, sir; you can have every accommodation here,

sir, and feel quite at home, I assure you.' In pursuance of this suggestion, Captain Armine was ushered into the best drawingroom, with barred windows, and treated in the most aristocratic manner. It was evidently the chamber reserved only for unfortunate gentlemen of the utmost distinction. It was amply furnished with a mirror, a lootable, and a very hard sofa. The walls were hung with old-fashioned caricatures by Bunbury; the fire-irons were of polished brass; over the mantle-piece was a portrait of the master of the house, which was evidently a speaking likeness, and in which Captain Armine fancied he traced no slight resemblance to his friend Mr. Levison; and there were also some sources of literary amusement in the room, in the shape of a Hebrew Bible and the Racing Calendar.

Atter walking up and down the room for an hour, meditating over the past, for it seemed hopeless to trouble himself any further with the future. Ferdinand began to feel faint, for it may be recollected that he had not even breakfasted. So pulling the bell-rope with such force that it fell to the ground, a funny little waiter immediately appeared, awed by the sovereign ring, and having, indeed, ro-ceived private intelligence from the bailiff that the gentleman in the drawing-room was a regular nob.

reader, that of all the great distinctions in and a good day's business, too. Friends will ite none perhaps is more important than that which divides mankind into the two great sections of Noss and Shobs. It might seem at the first glance, that if there were a place in the world which should level all distinctions, it would be a debtors' prison. But this would be quite an error. Almost at the very moment that Captain Armine arrived at his sorrowful hotel, a poor devil of a tradesman who had been arrested for fifty pounds, and torn from his wife and family, had been forced to repair to the same asylum. He was introduced into what is styled the coffee-room, being a long, low unfurnished sanded chamber, with a table and benches; and being very anxious to communicate with some friend, in order, if possible, to effect his release, and prevent him-self from being a bankrupt, he had continued meekly to ring at intervals for the last half hour in order that he might write and forward his letter. The waiter heard the coffeeroom bell ring, but never dreamed of noticing it, though the moment the signal of the private room sounded, and sounded with so much emphasis, he rushed up stairs, three steps at a time, and instantly appeared before our hero; and all this difference was occasioned by the simple circumstance, that Captain Armine was a Nob, and the poor tradesman a Snob.

'I am hungry,' said Ferdinand. 'Can I get anything to eat at this damned place?'

What would you like, sir? Anything you choose, sir. Mutton chop, rump steak, weal cutlet? Do you a fowl in a quarter of an hour; roast or boiled, sir? 'I have not breakfasted yet; bring me some

breakfast. 'Yes, sir.' said a little waiter. 'Tea, sir' Coffee, eggs, toast, buttered toast, sir? Like any meat, sir? Ham, sir? Tongue, sir? Like

'Anything, everything, only be quick.' 'Yes, sir,' responded the waiter. 'Beg pardon, sir. No offence, I hope, but custom to pay here, sir. Shall be happy to accommodate you, sir. Know what a gentleman

'Thank you, I will not trouble you,' said Ferdinand; 'get me that note changed.' Yes, sir,' replied the little waiter, bowing

very low as he disappeared. Gentleman in best drawing-room wants breakfast. Gentleman in best drawing-room wants change for a ten-pound note. Breakfast immediately for gentleman in best drawingroom. Tes, coffee, toast, ham, tongue, and devil. A regular nob!

Ferdinand was so exhausted that he had postponed all deliberation as to his attention until he had breakfasted; and when he had breakfasted, he felt dull. It is the consequence of all meals. In whatever light he viewed his attairs, they seemed inextricable. He was now in a spunging house, he could not long remain here, he must be soon in a gaol: A gaol ! What a bitter termination of all his great plans and hopes! What a situation for one who had been betrothed to Henrietts Temple! He thought of his cousin, he thought of her great fortune, which might have been his. Perhaps at this moment they were riding together in the Park. In a few days all must be known to his father. ... He did not doubt of the result. Armine would immediately be sold, and his father and mother, with the wretched wreck of their fortune, would re-tire to the Continent. What a sad vicissitude. And he had done it all; he their only

child, their only hope, on whose image they had lived, who was to restore the house. He why, I cannot dress if you are here. The balliff examined the room to see if dreadful sight. His poor fifther, his fond there were any mode of escape; there was no mother, he was quite sure their hearts door but the entrance; the window offered no chance. Well, sir, he said 'I likes to do things pleasant. Tean stand outside, sir; but you must be quick.

Ferdinand, rang for his servant. When Ferdinand, rang for his servant. When looked at the bars of his windows, it was a since! O Henristia! why did we ever meet? That fatal, fatall morning to The cedar tree rose before him, he recalled, he remembered everything. And poor Glastonbury it was a miserable end. He could not disguise it from himself, he had been most imprudent, he had been mad. And yet so near happiness, perfect, perfect happiness! Henrietta might have been his and they might have been so happy! press upon his nerves. No occupation, not the slightest resource. He took up the Racing Calendar, he threw it down again. He knew all the caricatures by heart, they indown the room till he was so tired that he flung himself on the hard sofa. It was in-There must be some kind of wretched amuse. ment in a gifol; but this ignoble, this humiliamad if he remained here. He rang the bell

'Yes, sir,' said the liltle waiter. This place is intolerable to me, said

The waiter looked a little perplexed 'I should like to go to gaol at once, said Ferdinand. (Lord | sir!' said the little waiter

'Yes! I cannot bear this,' he continued ; shall go mad.' Don't you think your friends will call

soon, sir?' 'I have no friends,' said Ferdinand. hope nobody will call.'

No friends!' said the little waiter, who began to think Ferdinand was not such a nob as he had imagined. 'Why, if you have no friends, sir, it would be best to go to the Fleet, think.

By Jove, I think it would be better. 'Master thinks your friends will call, I am sure.

'Nobody knows I am here,' said Ferdinand 'Oh!' said the little waiter, 'you want to let them know, do you, sir ?' 'Anything sooner; I wish to conceal my

disgrace.'

'O sir! you are not used to it; I dare say you were never nabbed before?' 'Certainly not.'
'There it is; if you will be patient, you

will see everything go well.'
'Never, my good fellow; nothing can go 'O sir! you are not used to it. A regular nob like you, nabbed for the first time, and for such a long figure, sir, sure not to be diddled. Never knowed such a thing yet. Frienc's sure

to stump down, sir.' 'The greater the claim, the more difficulty in satisfying it, I should think, said Fer-

dinand. Lord! no, sir; you are not used to it. It is only poor devils nabbed for their fifties and hundreds that are ever done up. A nob was never nabbed for the sum you are, sir, and ever went to the wall. Trust my experience.

I never knowed such a thing. Ferdinaud could scarcely refrain from a smile. Even the conversation of the little

waiter was a relief to him. 'You see, sir,' continued that worthy, 'Morris and Levison would never have given you such a deuce of a tick unless they knowed your resources. Trust Morris and Levison for that. You done up, sir! a nob like you, that Morris and Levison have trusted for such a tick! Lord! sir, you don't know nothing about it. I could afford to give them fifteen And here, perhaps, I should remind the shillings in the pound for their debt myself,

stump down, sir, trust me Well, it is some satisfaction for me to know that they will not get a farthing.' Well, sir,' said the incredulous little functionary, 'when I find Morris and Levison lose two or three thousand pounds by a nob who is nabbed for the first time, I will

pay the money myself, that is all 1 know.' Here the waiter was obliged to leave Ferdinand, but he proved his confidence in that gentleman's fortunes by his continual civility, and in the course of the day brought him a stale newspaper. It seemed to Ferdinand that the day would never close. The waiter pestered him about dinner, eulogising the cook, and assuring him that his master was famous for champagne. Although he had no appetite, Ferdinand ordered dinner in order to ensure the occurrence of one incident. The champagne made him drowsy; he was shown to his room; and for awhile he forgot his

cares in sleep.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE began once more to droop. This change was not unnoticed by her constant companion Lord Montfort, and yet he never permitted her to be aware of his observation. All that he did was still more to study her amusement; if possible, to be still more considerate and tender. Miss Grandison, however, was far less delicate; she omitted no opportunity of letting Miss Temple know that she thought Henrietta was very unwell, and that she was quite convinced Henrietta was thinking of Ferdinand. Nay! she was not satisfied to confine these intimations to Miss Temple; she impressed her con-viction of Henrietta's indisposition to Lord Montfort, and teased him with asking his

opinion of the cause. What do you think is the cause, Miss Grandison? said his lordship, very quietly. Perhaps London does not agree with her; but then, she was ill before she was in

the country; and it seems to me to be the same

illness. I wonder you do not notice it, Lord Montfort. A lover to be so insensible, I am surprised!' It is useless to notice that which you can-

not remedy. Why do you not call in those who can offer remedies?' said Miss Grandison. 'Why not send for Sir Henry?

I think it best to leave Henrietta alone, said Lord Montfort. Do you think it is the mind, then? said

Miss Grandison. 🖙 It may be, said Lord Montfort. 'It may be! Upon my word, you are very

I am not indifferent, Miss Grandison. There is nothing that I would not do for Henrietta's welfare. H. H. A. St. A. artis Ohlyes, there is; there is something,

said Miss Grandison, rather maliciously. · You are really an extraordinary person Miss Grandison, said Lord Montfort. can you mean by so strange an observation?" I have my meaning but I suppose may have a mystery as well as, anybody

soft distant acoustions. A mystery, Miss Grandison? not a single individual in the three families who has not a mystery, except myself; but I have found out something, I feel quite easy have found out something to the how; we are all upon an equality.

You are a strange person.

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