THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

A STRANGE LOVE.

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I clasped her, struggling, to my breast: I whispered love unknown; One kiss upon her lips I pressed— And she was all my own.

I loved her with a love profound E'en Death could ne'er destroy-And yet I must confess I found

My bliss had some alloy. One eve I saw her, unaware, Upon a fellow's lap, He olaliming kisses ripe and rare— I did not like the chap.

She has some faults (as have we all), And one I hoped to throttle— She had, alas, what I must call A weakness for the bottle.

One morn I met her ere was made Her toilette, and beneath An old straw hat her laugh betrayed My darling had no teeth.

Unconscious of my presence, she, With artiess antics rare, Tore off her bat and-Gracious me !-Her head was minus bair.

But love is founded on a rock, And mighty in its might, For 1 could learn, without a shock, She could not read nor write.

She could not dance nor sing a tone, And scarcely could converse; But what cared L-she was my own For better or for worse.

Oh! how I loved her-I confessed Devotion, and you, may be, Would do the same if you possessed Another such a baby.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

BY THE

RIGHT HON. B. DISBAELI.

'But suppose we do not quit England. Suppose we buy a small estate and live at home.'

'A small estate at home! A small, new estate! Bought of a Mr. Hopkins, a great tal-low-chandler, or some stocking-jobber about to make a new flight from a lodge to a park. Oh no ! that would be too degrading.'

'But suppose we keep one of our own manors?

'And be reminded every instant of every day of those we have lost; and hear of the wonderful improvements of our successors I should go mad?

"But suppose we live in London?"

'Where?

'I am sure I do not know; but I should think we might get a nice little house somewhere.'

'In a suburb! a fitting lodgment for Lady Armine. No! at any rate we will have no witnesses to our fall."

But could not we try some place near my father's ?

'And be patronized by the great family with whom I had the good fortune of being connected. No! my dear Constance, I like your father very well, but I could not stand his eleemosynary haunches of venison, and great baskets of apples and cream-cheeses sent with the housekeeper's duty.'

But what shall we do, dear Ratcliffe?" 'My love, there is no resisting fate. We must live or die at Armine, even if we starve.

'Perhaps something will turn up. dreamt the other night that dear Ferdinand married an heiress. Suppose he were? What do you think ?'

"Why, even then, that he would not be as lucky as his father. Good night, love!'

The day after the conversation in the library to which Father Glastonbury had been an unwilling listener, he informed his friends that.it was necessary for bim to visit the metropolis; and as young Ferdinand had never yet seen London, he proposed that he supply, at first seemed to attract considerable should accompany him. Sir Ratcliffe and and not very friendly notice; but when a mal-Lady Armine cheerfully assented to this pro- ignant half-pay officer, in order to revenge position : aud as for Ferdinand, it is difficult to describe the delight which the anticipation of his visit occasioned him. The three days that were to elapse before his departure did not seem sufficient to ensure the complete packing of his portmanteau; and his excited manner, the rapidity of his conversation, and the restlessness of his movements were very diverting. 'Mamma! is London twenty times bigger than Nottingham? How big is it then? Shall we travel all night? What o'clock is it now? I wonder if Thursday will ever come? I think I shall go to bed early, to finish the day sooner. Do you think my cap is good enough to travel in? I shall buy a hat in London. I shall get up early the very first morning, and buy a hat. Do you think my uncle is in London? I wish Augustus were not at Eton, perhaps he would be there. I wonder if Father Glastonbury will take me to to the play. I'd give anything to go to the play. I should like to go to the play and St. quite full. Paul's! What fun it will be dining on the road !' It did indeed seem that Thursday would never come; yet it came at last. The travelcoach; so they bid their adieus the previous eve. As for Ferdinand, so fearful was he of losing the coach, that he scarcely slept, and was never convinced that he was really in The Admiralty; oh! let me see the Admirtime, until he found himself planted in alty! The Horse Guards! Oh! where, breathless agitation outside of the Dart light | where? Let us set our watches by the Horse post coach. It was the first time in his life that he had ever traveled outside of a coach. He felt all the excitement of expanding experience and advancing manhood. They whirled along ; at the end of every stage Ferdinand followed the example of his fellowtrravellers and dismounted, and then with sparkling eyes hurried to Father Glastonbury, who was inside, to inquire how he sped. Capital travelling, isn't it, sir? Did the ten miles within the hour. You have no idea what a fellow our coachman is; and the guard, such a fellow our guard! Don't wait here a moment. Can I get anything for you? We dine at Mill-field. What fun ! Away whirled the dashing Dart over the rich plains of our merry midland; a quick and dazzling vision of golden corn-fields and lawny pasture land; farmhouses embowered in orchards and hamlets shaded by the straggling members of some vast and ancient forest. Then rose in the distance the dim blue towers, or the graceful spire, of some old cathedral, and soon the spreading causeways announce their approach to some provincial capital. The coachman flanks his leaders. who break into a gallop; the guard sounds his triumphant bugle ; the ceach bounds over the noble bridge that spans a stream covered with craft; public buildings, guildballs, and county gaols rise on each side. Rattling through many an inferior way they at length emerged into the High Street, the observed of all observers, and mine host of the Red Lion, or the White Hart, followed by all his waiters, advances from his portal with a smile to receive the gentlemen passengers.' 'The coach stops here half an hour, gentlemen; dinner quite ready!' 'Tis a delightful sound. And what a din-

What gelatinous veal pies! What colossal hams! Those are evidently prize cheeses And how invigorating is the perfume of those various and variegate | pickles! Then the bustle emulating the plenty; the ringing of bells, the clash of thoroughfare, the summon-ing of ubiquitous waiters, and the all-pervading feeling of omnipotence, from the guests, who order what they please, to the landlord, who can produce and execute everything they can desire. 'Tis a wondrous sight. Why should a man go and see the pyramids and cross the desert, when he has not belield York Minster or travelled on the road!

. . . .

Our little Ferdinand amid all this novelty heartily enjoyed himself, and did ample justice to mine host's good cheer. They were place, and, wearied by the air and the excitement of the day, he soon fell soundly asleep. Several hours had elapsed, when, awaking

from a confused dream in which Armine and all be had lately seen were blended together, he found his fellow-travellers slumbering, and the mail dashing along through the illuminated streets of a great city. The streets were thickly thronged. Ferdinand stared at the magnificence of the shops blazing with lights, and the multitude of men and vehicles moving in all directions. The guard sounded his bugle with treble energy, and the coach suddenly turned through an arch entrance into the court-yard of an old-fashioned inn. His fellow-passengers started and rubbed their eyes. 'So! we have arrived, I suppose, grumbled one of these gentlemen, taking off his night-

cap. 'Yes, gentlemen, I am happy to say our journey is finished,' said a more polite voice; and a very pleasant one I have found it. Porter, have the goodness to call me a coach.

And one for me,' added the gruff voice. 'Father Glastonbury,' whispered the awe

struck Ferdinand, 'is this London?' 'This is London; but we have yet two or three miles to go before we reach our quarters. I think we had better alight and look after our luggage. Gentlemen, good evening!' Father Glastonbury bailed a coach, into which, having safely deposited their portmanteau, he and Ferdinand entered; but our young friend was so entirely overcome by his feelings and the genius of the place, that he was quite unable to make an observation. Each minute the streets seemed to grow more spacious and more brilliant, and the multitude more dense and more excited. Beautiful buildings, too, rose before him; palaces, and churches, and streets, and squares of imposing architecture; to his inexperienced eye and unsophisticated spirit their route appeared a never-ending triumph. To the hackneycoachman, however, who had no imagination, and who was quite satiated with metropolitan experience, it only appeared that he had had an exceeding good fare, and that he was jogging up from Bishopsgate Street to Charing Cross.

When Jarvis, therefore, had safely deposited his charge at Morley's Hotel, in Cockspur Street, and extorted from them an extra shilling, in consideration of their evident rustication, he bent his course towards the Opera House; for clouds were gathering, and, with the favor of Providence, there seemed a chance about midnight of picking up some helpless beau, or desperata cabless dandy, the choicest victim, in a midnight shower, of these public conveyencers.

The coffee-room at Morley's was a new scene of amusement to Ferdinand, and he watched with great diversion the two evening papers portioned out among twelve eager quidnance, and the evident anxiety which they endured and the nice diplomacies to which they resorted, to obtain the envied journals. The entrance of our two travellers so alarmingly increasing the demand over the said, 'I heard you were here, and I would come. This shall be a holiday for us all. Why, Father, you bury yourselt alive !' 'Mr. Armine,' said the Duchess, pointing to

Ferdinand. "Mr. Armine, how do you do? Your grandfather and I were well acquointed. I am glad to know his grandson. I hope your father, Sir Ratcliffe, and Lady Armine are well. My dear Father Glastonbury, I hope

you have come to stay a long time. You must dine with us every day. You know we are very old-fashioned people; we do not go much into the world; so you will always find us at home, and we will do what we can

to amuse your young friend. Why, I should soon again whirling along the road; but at think he was about the same age as Digby sunset, Ferdinand, at the instance of Father Is he at Eton? His grandfather was. Is he at Eton? His grandfather was. I Glastonbury, availed himself of his inside shall never forget the time he cut off old Barnard's pig-tail. He was a wonderful man. poor Sir Ferdinand! he was indeed.'

While his Grace and Father Glastonbury maintained their conversation, Ferdinand conducted himself with so much spirit and propriety towards the rest of the party, and gave them euch a lively and graceful narrative of all his travels up to town, and the wonders he had already witnessed, that they were quite delighted with him ; and, in short. from this moment, during his visit to London he was scarcely ever out of their society, and every lay became a greater favorite with them. His letters to his mother, for he wrote to her almost every day, recounted all their successful efforts for his amusement, and it seemed that he passed his mornings in a round of sight-seeing, and that he went to the play every night of his life. Perhaps there never existed a human being who at this moment more thoroughly enjoyed life than Ferdinand

Armine. In the meantime while he thought only of amusement, Father Glastonbury was not inattentive to his more important interests; for the truth is that this excellent man had introduced him to the family only with the hope of interesting the feelings of the Duke in his behalf. His Grace was a man of a generous disposition. He sympathized with the recital of Father Glastonbury as he detailed you will not, you cannot deny this last favor I to him the unfortunate situation of this youth, spring from so illustrious a lineage, and yet cut off by a combination of unhappy circumstances from almost all those natural sources

whence he might have expected support and countenance. And when Father Glastonbury. seeing that the Duke's heart was moved, added know not what to say; I know not what to that all he required for him, Ferdinand, was a commission in the army, for which his parents were prepared to advance the money, his Grace instantly declared that he would exert all his influence to obtain their purpose.

Father Glastonbury was, therefore, more after the conversation which we have mentioned, his noble friend informed him, with a smile, that he believed all might be arranged, provided his young charge could make it convenient to quit England at once. A vacancy had unexpectedly occurred in a regiment just ordered to Malta, and an ensigncy had been promised to Ferdinand Armine. Father Glassacrificed a fourth part of his moderate inde-Royal Fusiliers.

Ir was arranged that Ferdinand should join his regiment by the next Mediterranean packet, which was not to quit Falmouth for a fortnight. Father Glastonbury and himself, therefore, lost no time in bidding adieu to their kind friends in London, and hastening to Armine. They arrived the day after the Gazette. They found Sir Ratcliffe waiting for them at the town, and the fond smile and cordial embrace with which he greeted

appeared. 'My dear, dear Glastonbury,' he pended a portrait of Lady Barbara, which she said, I heard you were here, and I would had bequeathed him in her will. The foor was covered with so many boxes and cases that it was not very easy to steer a course when you had entered. Father Glastonbury, however, beckoned to his companion to seat himself in one of his two chairs, while he uplocked a small cabinet, from a drawer of which he brought forth a paper.

'It is my will,' said Father Glastonbury, the table

'Nay, I wish you, my dear friend, to peruse it, for it concerns yourself.'

'I would rather learn its contents from yourself, if you positively desire me.' replied Sir Ratcliffe. 'I have left everything to our child,' said Father Glastonbury: for thus, when speaking to the father alone, he would often style the

eon. 'May it be long before he enjoys the bequest,' said Sir Ratcliffe, brushing away a tear ; ' long, very long.'

'As the Almighty pleases,' said Father Glastonbury, crossing himself, 'But living or dead, I look upon all as Ferdinand's, and hold myself but the steward of his inheritance, which I will never abuse.'

'0! Father Glastonbury, no more of this I pray; you have wasted a precious life upon our forlorn race. Alas! how often and how keenly do I feel, that had it not been for the Armine for some time converse, as if she were name of Armine your great talents and good- | all this time trying the fortitude of her mind, ness might have gained for you an enviable and accustoming herself to a catastrophe portion of earthly felicity; yes, Father Glastonbury, you have sacrificed yourself to us.'

'Would that I could!' said the old man with brightening eyes and an unaccustomed energy of manner. Would that I could! rooms to the place, for the dinner hour was at would that any act of mine, I care not what, hand, joined them, and they entered their could revive the fortunes of the house of Armine. Honored for ever be the name, which with me is associated with all that is great and glorious in man, and (here his voice faltered, and he turned away his face) exquisite and enchanting in woman !

'No, Ratcliffe!' he resumed, 'by the memory of one I cannot name, by that blessed and saintly being from whom you derive your life, ask, I entreat, I supplicate you to accord me; me, who have ever eaten of your bread, and whom your roof hath ever shrouded !'

'My friend, I cannot speak,' said Sir Ratcovering his face with his right hand; 'I feel.'

Father Glastonbury advanced, and gently took his other hand. 'Dear Sir Ratcliffe,' he | that they were celebrating some anniversary observed, in his usual calm, sweet voice, 'if I of domestic joy. It seemed rather a birth-have erred you will pardon me. I did believe day feast than the last social meeting of Ferdinand's sword. I am very superstitious observed, in his usual calm, sweet voice, 'if I that, after my long and intimate connection | those who had lived together so long, and about that sword, and while you have it I am gratified than surprised when, a few days with your house; after having for nearly forty years sympathized as deeply with all your fortunes as if, indeed, your noble blood flowed in these old veins; after having been honored on your side with a friendship which has been the consolation and charm of my existence; indeed, too great a blessing; I did believe, more especially when I reminded myself of the unrestrained manner in which I tonbury gratefully closed with the offer. He had availed myself of the advantage of that friendship, I did believe, actuated by feelings pendence in the purchase of the commission which perhaps I cannot describe, and and the outfit of his young friend, and had thoughts to which I cannot now give utterthe supreme satisfaction, ere the third week ance, that I might venture, without offence, of their visit was completed, of torwarding a upon this slight service; av, that the offering Gazette to Armine, containing the appoint- might be made in the spirit of most respectment of Ferdinand Armine as Ensign in the ful affection, and not altogether be devoid of favor in your sight'

'Excellent, kind-hearted man!' said Sir Ratcliffe, pressing the hand of Father Glastoubury in his own ; 'I accept your offering in the spirit of perfect love : believe me, dearest friend, it was no feeling of false pride that for a moment influenced me; I only felt-'

"That in venturing upon this humble service I deprived myself of some portion of my means of livelthood: you are mistaken. When I cast my lot at Armine I sank a portion of my capital on my life; so slender are Father Glastonbury more than repaid that my wants here, and so little does your dear

asked himself if he had not inherited the energies with the name of his grandshire, and if their exertion might not yet revive the glories. on me; think, dearest mother, how much] of his line. He felt within him alike the power and the will; and while he indulged in magnificent revenes of fame and glory and heroic action, of which career, indeed, his approaching departure was to be the commencement, the association of ideas led his recollection to those beings from whom he was about to depart. His fancy dropped like a bird of paradise in full wing, tumbling exhausted in the sky; he thought of his innocent and happy boyhood, of his father's

thoughtful [benevolence, his sweet mother's gentle assiduities, and Father Glastonbury's devotion : and he demanded aloud, in a voice pers to me we shall yet be very happy.' of anguish, whether fate could not indeed supin these calm and beauteous bowers with such beloved companions.

His name was called; it was his mother's voice. He dashed away a desperate tear, and and father were walking together at a little distance.

'Ferdinand,' said Lady Armine, with an air of affected galety. . we have just been settling that you are to send me a gazelle from Malta.' And in this strain, speaking of slight things, yet all in some degree touching upon the mournful incident of the morrow, did Lady which she was resolved to meet with for-

titude. While they were walking together, Father Glastonbury, who was hurrying from his home together. It was singular at dinner, too, in what excellent spirits everybody determined to be. The dinner also, generally a simple repast, was almost as elaborate as the all you have said. Good night, my beloved demeanor of the guests, and, although no one | child; my darling child, good night. I shall felt inclined to est, consisted of every dish and delicacy which was supposed to be a favorite with Ferdinand. Sir Ratcliffe, in general so grave, was to-day quite joyous, and produced a magnum of claret which be had himself discovered in the old cellars, and of which even Father Glastonbury, an habitual waterdrinker, ventured to partake. As for Lady Armine, she scarcely ever ceased talking; cliffe, throwing himself back in the chair and she found a jest in every sentence, and seemed only uneasy when there was silence. Ferdinand, of course, yielded himself to the apparent spirit of the party ; and, had a stranger been present, he could only have supposed loved each other so dearly.

But as the evening drew on their hearts began to grow heavy, and every one was glad that the early departure of the travellers on the morrow was an excuse for speedily retiring.

'No adiens to-night !' said Lady Armine with a gay air, as she scarcely returned the mournful tone, 'we have nought else to think habitual embrace of her son. 'We shall be of but of meeting. I fear it is very late. all up to-morrow.

So wishing his last good night with a charged heart and faltering tongue, Ferdinand Armine took up his candle and retired to his chamber. He could not refrain from exercising an unusual scrutiny when he had entered the room. He held up the light to the old accustomed walls, threw a parting glance of affection at the curtains. There was the glass vase which his mother had never omitted each day to fill with fresh flowers, and the counterpane that was her own handiwork. He kissed it; and, flinging off his clothes, was glad when he was surrounded with darkness and buried in his bed.

There was a gentle tap at his door. He started.

his mother's voice.

Ere he could reply he heard the door open, and observed a tall white figure approaching from the groves. From the green knoll on which he stood he beheld the clustering vil-

Mother, dearest mother, think of my father; think how much his hopes are placed have to do. All now depends on me, you know. I must restore our house.

O! Ferdinand, I dare not express the thoughts that rise upon me; yet I would say that, had I but my child; I could live in peace; how, or where, I care not.

Dearest mother, you unman me'

· It is very wicked. I am a fool. I never, no! never shall I pardon myself for this | night, Ferdinand.'

'Sweet mother, I beseech you calm your. self. Believe me we shall indeed meet very soon, and somehow or other a little bird whis-

But will you be the same Ferdinand to me ply a lot more exquisite than to pass existence as before? Ay! There it is, my child. You will be a man when you come back, and be ashamed to love your mother. Promise me now,' said Lady Armine, with extraordinary energy, 'promise me, Ferdinand, you will alcame forth with a smiling tace. His mother | ways love me. Do not let them make you ashamed of loving me. They will joke, and jest, and ridicule all home affections. You are very young, sweet love, very, very young, and very inexperienced and susceptible. Do not let them spoil your frank and beautiful nature. Do not let them lead you astray. Remember Armine, dear, dear Armine, and those who live there. Trust me, oh ! yes, indeed believe me, darling, you will never find friends in this world like those you leave at Armine.

'I know it,' exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eves; 'God be my witness how deeply I feel that truth. If I forget thee and them, dear mother, may God indeed forget me.'

'My Ferdinand, said Lady Armine, in a calm tone, 'I am better now, I hardly am sorry that I did come now. It will be a consolation to me in your absence to remember not come down to-morrow, dear. We will not meet again ; I will say good-bye to you from the window. Be happy, my dear Ferdinand, and as you say indeed, we shall soon meet Eight-and forty weeks! Why what again. are eight-and-forty weeks? It is not quite a year. Courage, my sweet boy! let us keep up each other's spirits. Who knows what may yet come from this your first venture into the world? I am full of hope. I truet you will find all that you want. I packed up everything myself. Whenever you want anything write to your mother. Mind, you have eight packages; I have written them down on a card and placed it on the hall sure you will succeed. I have ever thought that had he taken it with him to France all would have gone right with him. God bless, God Almighty bless you, child. Be of good heart. I will write you everything that takes place, and, as you say, we shall soon meet. Indeed, after to-night,' she added in a more Your father will be surprised at my absence.' She rose from his bed and walked up and down the room several times in silence ; then again approaching him, she folded him in her arms and quitted the chamber without again speaking.

THE exhausted Ferdinand found consolation in sleep. When he woke the dawn was just breaking. He dressed and went forth to look, for the last time, on his hereditary woods. The air was cold, but the sky was perfectly clear, and the beams of the rising sun soon spread over the blue heaven. How fresh and glad, and sparkling was the surrounding stems! With what enjoyment did he inhale the soft and renovating breeze! 'Are you in bed, my Ferdinand?' inquired The dew quivered on the grass, and the carol of the wakening birds, roused from their slumbers by the spreading warmth, resounded

ner! What a profusion of substantial delicacies! What mighty and iris-tinted rounds of the kindness with which they all welcomed beef! What vast and marble veined ribs! Father Glastonbury. The Duke himself soon

himself for the restless watchfulness of his man for all his exertions. neighbor, a political doctor of divinity,

offered the journal, which he had long finished, to Father Glastonbury, and it was declined, the general alarm visibly diminished. Poor Father Glastonbury had never looked | ent that Sir Ratcliffe had something on his into a newspaper in his life, save the County | mind of which he wished to disburden him-Chronicle, to which he occasionally contributed a communication, giving an account of Glastonbury was unwilling to aflord him an the digging up of some old coins, signed Antiquarius; or of the exhumation of some fossil remains, to which he more boldly appended his initials.

Ferdinand slept well, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, himself and his fellow-traveller set out on their peregrinations. Young and sanguine, full of health and enjoyment, innocent and happy, it was with difficulty that Ferdinand could restrain his spirits as he mingled in the bustle of the extended both her hands to Father Glastonsee St. Paul's! I wonder if he will take me streets. It was a bright sunny morning, and bury. 'Deeds, not words, must show our although the end of June, the town was yet

shall ever be able to get over. Is this the

fullest part of the town, sir? What a fine day, sir! How lucky we are in the weather! We drive over to Nottingham to meet their that? Northumberland House! Is it the clearing his throat, and filling his glass at the Duke of Northumberland's? Does he live same time, that Sir Ratcliffe said to his rethere? How I should like to see it! Is it maining guest. very fine? Who is that? What is this? Guards. The guard of our coash always sets his watch by the Horse Guards. Father Glastonbury, which is the best clock, the Horse Guards, or St. Paul's? Is that the Treasury? Can we go in? That is Downing Street, is it? I never heard of Downing Street. What do they do in Downing Street? Is this Charing Cross still, or is it Parliament Street? Where safe in your hands?' Sir Ratcliffe paused for less sky. But if he had been dutiful and does Charing Cross end, and where does Par- | a reply. liament Street begin? By Jove, I see West-

minster Abbey !' After visiting Westminster Abbey and the two Houses of Parliamont, Father Glastonbury, looking at his watch, said it was now time to call upon a friend of his who lived in

St. Jame's Square. This was the nobleman with whom early in life, Father Glastonbury had been connected, and with whom and whose family he had become so great a favorite, that, notwithstanding his retired life, they had never permitted the connection entirely to subside. During the very few visits which he had made to the metropolis, he always called in St. James's Square, and his reception always assured him that his remem-

brance imparted pleasure. When Father Glastonbury sent up his name he was instantly admitted, and ushered up stairs. The room was full, but it consisted only of a family party. The mother of the Duke, who was an interesting personage, with fine grey hair, a clear blue eye, and a soit voice, was surrounded by her great-grand-children, who were at home for the Midsummer holidays, and who had gathered together at her rooms this morning to consult upon amusements. Among them was the heir presumptive of the house, a youth of the age of Ferdinand, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was difficult to meet a more amiable and follow him. They accordingly entered his agreeable family, and nothing could exceed

There was, notwithstanding, a perceptible

degree of constraint both on the part of the baronet and his former tutor. It was evidself; and it was equally apparent that Father opportunity. Under these rather awkward circumstances, it was perhaps fortunate that Ferdinand talked without ceasing, giving his father an account of all he had seen, done, In spite of the strange clatter in the streets, and heard, and of all the friends he had made. from the good Duke of-----to that capital fellow the guard of the coach.

They were at the park gates : Lady Armine was there to meet them. The carriage stopped: Ferdinand jumped out and embraced his mother. She kissed him, and ran forward and feelings,' she said, and the tears glittered in her beautiful eyes; Father Glastonbury with Is this Charing Cross, sir? I wonder if we a blush pressed her hand. After dinner, during which Ferdinand recounted all his adventures, Lady Armine invited him, when she rose, to walk with her in the garden. It was

My dear Father Glastoubury, you cannot suppose that I believe that the days of magic have returned. This commission, both Constance and myself feel, that is, we are certain, that you are at the bottom of it all. The commission is purchased. I could not expect the Duke, deeply as I feel his generous kindness, to purchase a commission for my son ; I could not permit it. No! Father Glastonbury ! and here Sir Ratcliffe became more animated, you could not permit it, my honor is | life had glided along, reflecting only a cloud-

'On that score my conscience is clear,' replied Father Glastonbury. 'It is then, it must be then as I suspect,' re-

joined Sir Ratcliffe. 'I am your debtor for this great service.'

'It is easy to count your obligations to me, said Father Glastonbury, 'but mine to you and yours are incalculable.'

'My dear Father Glastonbury.' said Sir Batcliffe, pushing his glass away as he rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. I may be proud, but I have no pride for you, I owe you too much; indeed, my dear friend, there is nothing that I would not accept from you, were it in your power to grant what you would desire. It is not pride, my dear Father pride that prompts this explanation; but, but, had I your command of language I would explain myself more readily; but the truth is, I. I-I cannot permit that you should suffer for us, Father Glastonbury, I cannot indeed. Father Glastonbury looked at Sir Ratcliffe steadily; then rising from his seat he took the baronet's arm, and without saying a word walked slowly towards the gates of the castle where he lodged, and which we have before described. When he had reached the steps of the tower he withdrew his arm, and saying, Let me be pionecr,' invited Sir Ratcliffe to

chamber. It was a small room lined with shelves of books, except in one spot, where was sus-

lady permit me to desire, that, believe me, I have never yet expended upon myself this apportioned income : and as for the rest. it is. as you have seen, destined for our Ferdinand. Yet a little time and Adrian Glastonbury must be gathered to his fathers. Why, then, aloud deprive him of the greatest gratification of his remaining years? the consciousness that, to be really serviceable to those he loves, it is

not necessary for him to cease to exist." 'May you never repent your devotion to our house ?' said Sir Ratcliffe, rising from his scat. 'Time was we could give them who served us something better than thanks; but, at any rate, these come from the heart.

Is the meantime, the approaching departture of Ferdinand was the great topic of interest at Armine. It was settled that his father should accompany him to Falmouth, where he was to embark; and that they should pay a visit on their way to his grandfather, whose seat was situate in the west of England. This separation, now so near at hand, occasioned Lady Armine the deepest affliction ; but she struggled to suppress her emotion. Yet often, while apparently busied with the common occupations of the day, the tears trickled down her cheek : and often she rose from her restless seat, while surrounded by those she loved, to seek the solitude of her chamber and indulge her overwhelming sorrow. Nor was Ferdinand less sensible of the bitterness of this separation. With all the excitement of his new prospects, and the feeling of approaching adventure and fancied independence, so flattering to inexperienced youth, he could not forget that his had been a very happy home. Nearly seventeen years of an innocent existence had passed, undisturbed by

a single bad passion, and unsullied by a single action that he could regret. The river of his happy, if at this moment of severe examination his conscience were serene, he could not but feel how much this enviable state of mind was to be attributed to those who had, as it were, imbued his life with love; whose nevervarying affection had developed all the kindly feelings of his nature, had anticipated all his wants, and listened to all his wishes : had assisted him in difficulty and guided him iu doubt; had invited confidence by kindness, and deserved it by sympathy; had robbed instruction of all its labor, and discipline of all

its barshness. It was the last day; on the morrow he was to quit Armine. He strolled about among the mouldering chambers of the castle, and a host of thoughts and passions, like clouds in a Glastonbury; do not mistake me; it is not stormy sky, coursed over his hitherto serene and light-hearted breast. In this first great struggle of his soul some symptoms of his latent nature developed themselves, and, amid the rifts of the mental tempest, occasionally he caught some glimpses of selfknowledge. Nature, that had endowed him with a fiery imagination and a reckless courage, had tempered those dangerous, and, hitherto, those undeveloped and untried gifts, with a heart of infinite sensibility. Ferdinand Armine was, in truth, a singular blending of the daring and the soft; and now, as he looked around him and thought of his ilextraordinary man, of whose splendid and

Lady Armine, without speaking, knelt down by his bedside and took him in her arms. She buried her face in his breast. He felt her tears upon his heart. He could not move; he could not speak. At length she sobbed

'May our Father that is in heaven bless you, my darling child; may He guard over you; may he preserve you!' Very weak was her still, solemn voice. 'I would have spared you this, my darling. For you, not for myself, have I controlled my feelings. But I knew not the strength of a mother's love. Alas! what mother has a child like thee? O! Ferdinand, my first, my onlyborn; child of love and joy and happiness, that never cost me a thought of sorrow; so kind, so gentle, and so dutiful must we, oh! Ferdinand. must we indeed part ?'

'It is too cruel,' continued Lady Armine, kissing with a thousand kisses her weeping child. 'What have I done to deserve such misery as this? Ferdinand, beloved Ferdinand, I shall die.'

'I will not go, mother, I will not go,' wildly exclaimed the boy, disengaging himself from his father standing by the carriage, which was her embrace and starting up in his bed. already packed. Ferdinand ran into the Mother, I cannot go. No, no, it never can be good to leave a home like this.'

'Hush! hush! my darling. What words are those? How unkind, how wicked it is of me to say all this! Would that I had not come! I only meant to listen at your door a minute, and hear you move, perhaps to hear you speak, and like a fool, how naughty of me! never, never shall I forgive myself ; like a miserable fool I entered.'

'My own, own mother, what shall I say what shall I do? I love you, mother, with all my heart and soul and spirit's strength ; I love you, mother. There is no mother loved as you are loved !

"Tis that that makes me mad. I know it. Oh ! why are you not like other children, Ferdinand? When your uncle left us, my father said, 'Good bye,' and shook his hand; and he he scarcely kissed, he was so glad to leave his home; but you-to-morrow; no, not to-morrow. Can it be to-morrow?

Mother, let me get up and call my father, and tell him I will go.

Good God! what words are these? Not go! 'Tis all your hope to go; all ours, dear child. What would your father say were he to hear me speak thus? Oh! that I had not entered! What a fool I am "

'Dearest, dearest mother, believe me we shall soon meet.

'Shall we soon meet? God! how joyous will be the day.'

'And I-I will write to you by every ship.' 'Oh! never tail, Ferdinand, never fail.'

'And send you a gazelle, and you shall call it by my name, dear mother.'

'Darling child!'

'You know I have often stayed a month at grandpapa's, and once six weeks. Why eight times six weeks, and I shall be home again.'

'Home! home again! eight times six weeks ; a year, nearly a year! It seems eternity. Winter, and spring, and summer, and winter again, all to pass away. And for sevenlustrious and fallen race, and especially of that teen years he has scarcely been out of my sight. Oh! my idol, my beloved, my darruinous career, that man's own creation the ling Ferdinand, I cannot believe it; I cannot surrounding pile, seemed a fitting emblem, he believe that we are to part.'

lage of Armine, a little agricultural settlement formed of the peasants alone who lived on the estate. The smoke began to rise in blue curls from the cottage chimneys, and the church clock struck the hour of five. It seemed to Ferdinand that those laborers were

far happier than he, since the setting sun would find them still at Armine: happy, happy Armine!

The sound of carriage wheels roused him from his reverie. The fatal moment had arrived. He hastened to the gate according to his promise, to bid farewell to Father Glaston-The good old man was up. He bury, pressed his pupil to his bosom, and blessed him with a choking voice.

'Dearest and kindest friend! murmured

Father Glastonbury pleced round his neck a small golden crucifix that had belonged to Lady Barbara. Wear it next your heart, my child,' said he; 'it will remind you of your God, and of us all.' Ferdinand quitted the tower with a thousand blessings.

When he came in sight of the Place, he saw house to get the card which had been left on the hall table for him by his mother. He ran over the list with the old and faithful domes-

tic; and shook hands with him. Nothing now remained. All was ready. His futher was seated. Ferdinand stood a moment in thought.

Let me run up to my mother, sir?" 'You had better not, my child,' replied Sir Ratcliffe, 'she does not expect you. Come, come along.'

So he slowly seated himself, with his eyes fixed on the window of his mother's chamber; and as the carriage drove off the window opened, and s hand waved a white handkerchief. He saw no more; but as he saw it he clenched his hand in agony.

How different was this journey to London from his last! He scarcely spoke a word. Nothing interested him but his own feelings. The guard and the coachman, and the busile of the inn, and the passing spectacles of theroad, appeared a collection of impertinences. All of a sudden it seemed that his boyish feelings had deserted him. He was glad when they arrived in London, and glad that they were to stay in it only a single day. Sir Ratcliffe and his son called upon the Duke; but, as they had anticipated, the family had quitted town. Our travellers put up at Hatch-ett's, and the fellowing night started for Exeter in the Devonport mail. Ferdinand arrived at the western metropolis having interchanged, with his father scarcely a hundred sentences. At Exctor, after a night of most welcome rest, they took a post-chaise and proceeded by a cross-road to Grandison. When Lord Grandison, who as yet was perfectly unacquainted with the revolutions in the Armine family, had clearly comprehended that his grandson had obtained a commission without either troubling him for his interest, or putting him in the disagreeable predicament of refusing his money, there were no bounds to the extravagant testimonials of his affection, both towards his son-in-law and his grandson. He seemed quite proud of such relations; he patted Sir Ratoliffe on his back, asked a thousand questions about his darling

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