# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

### TRELAND AS SHE IS. (AN IMITATIVE BALLAD.)

2

THE ENQUIRY. Is she dying? will she die? \_\_\_\_\_Teil me--teil me, friend of hers! Tell me-tell me, inent of iters Bave we cause to weep or sight Is the death glare in her eye? Can no human aid be nigh? Tell me of this end of hers!

Must her pale cheek paler grow ? And the healthful air around ? Must her life blood case to flow ? Is her life pulse beatl g low ? Van she find no place to go. Where some healing baim is found ?

Are her friends so cold and few, That no belping hand is nigh? Shail her lovers stand in view, O'er her white brow heetlo dew? Are they false—or are they tue? Is the dear one grand to die?

Has consumption's ghastly hand, Laid its ic, clutch on her? Has some fever's burning brand, By some breath of terror faun'd— Ur some spectre of tha' band Placed a killing touch on her?

Or, perchance the air is chiff, That is taking life from her? Toll me-te.l me of the ill? What is it we should fulfil?--And we'll do it with a will -To crase this strife from her?

Has her glorious heauty fled-And will ne'er return for her? Are her hopes and feelings dead? Have her joys and lovings bood? Are there none her cause 10 wed? Are there none who burn for her?

#### THE ANSWER.

She is dying—ah ! to die, Sad it is, indeed, for her. Thousands then would yield a sigh— But too late the bootless cry— It would be a living lie— And of little need to her!

It is not consumption's power. That is failing in t on her! It is not the fever's hour :-Darker tempests seem to lower :-Fading slowiy like the flower, Famine's breath has pass'd on her!

Wouldst thou that she might arise, From that couch of death of hers? Seek beneath the stranger skies, Where the wealth of millions lies, Cease not in your enterprise, "Till you save this breath of hers!

Ask her sons on foreign strand,-Ask of them an als for her! Speak to them of native land,-Bear to them her mild command,-Ah, your work is great and grand,-Thousands shall be paid for her!

Tell them of the fertile vale, with her, Where they loved to roam with Tell them how the poison'd gale, Swells the emigration sail. Bearing on a pi-reing wail : Tell them of their home with her!

Then her sons will rise in might, Sons that still have love for her: Shewing in the Natiou's sight, How in darkuessus in light. They can hold affections bright Aided from Above for her !

### JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Laval University, Quebec, January 22nd, 1880.

## **HENRIETTA TEMPLE**

And she had bid him leave her. Leave her! Henrietta Temple had bid him leave her | Did he live ? Was this the same world in which a few hours back he breathed, and blessed his God for breathing? What had happened? What strange event, what miracle had occurred, to work this awful, this portentous change? Why, if she had known all, if she had suddenly shared that sharp and perpetual woe ever guawing at his own secret heart, even amid his joys ; if he had revealed to her, if anyone had betrayed to her his distressing secret, could she have said more? Why! it was to shun this, it was to spare himself this horrible catastrophe, that he had involved himself in his agenising, his inextricable difficulties. Inextricable they must be now; for where, now, was the inspiration that before was to animate him to such great exploits? How could he struggle any longer with his fate? How could he now carve out a destiny? All that remained for him now was to die; and, in the madness of his sensations, death seemed to him the most desirable consummation. The temper of a lover is exquisitely sensitive. Mortified and miserable, at any other time Ferdinand, in a fit of harassed love, might have instantly quitted the presence of a mistress who had treated htm with such unexpected and such undeserved harshness But the thought of the morrow, the mournful conviction that this was the last opportunity for their undisturbed communion, the recollection that, at all events, their temporary separation was impending; all these considerations had checked his first impulse. Besides, it must not be concealed that more than once it occurred to him that it was utterly impossible to permit Henrietta to meet her father in her present mood. With her determined spirit and strong emotions, and her difficulty of concealing her feelings ; smarting, too, under the consciousness of having parted with Ferdinand in anger, and of having treated him with injustice; and, therefore, doubly anxious to bring affairs to a crisis, a as my father is concerned. I have not conscene in all probability would instantly ensue, and Ferdinand recoiled at present from the consequences of any explanations. Unhappy Ferdinand! It seemed to him wrung his hands in despair ; his mind seemed looked at Henrietta; her face was still pale, her eyes fixed upon the decaying embers of the fire, her attitude unchanged. Either she was unconscious of his presence, or she did not choose to recognise it. What were her thoughts? Still of her father? Perhaps she contrasted that fond and faithful friend of her existence, to whom she owed such an incalculable debt of gratitude, with the acquaintance of the hour, to whom, in a moment of insanity, sho had pledged the love that could alone repay it. Perhaps, in the spirit of self-torment, she conjured up against this too successful stranger all the menacing spectres of suspicion, distrust, and deceit; recalled to her re-collection the too just and too frequent tales of man's impurity and ingratitude; and tortured herself by her own apparition, the merited victim of his harshnoss, his neglect, or his desertion. And when she had at the same time both shocked and alarmed her fancy by these distressful and degrading images exhausted by these imaginary vexations, and cager for consolation in her dark despondency, she may have recurred to the yet innocent cause of her sorrow and apprehension, and perhaps accused herself of cruelty and in-justice for visiting on his head the mere consequences of her own fitful and morbid temper. She may have recalled his unvarying tenderness, his unceasing admiration; she sion to marry his daughter, without showing may have recollected those impassioned ac- to him that I am prepared with the means of tenderness, his unceasing admiration; she cents that thrilled her heart, those glances of | maintaining a family, is little short of madrapturous affection that fixed her eye with fas- ness. He would be offended with me he cination. She may have conjured up that form over which of late she had mused in a trance of love, that form bright with so much cliffe. Much, you know, unfortunately, I canbeauty, beaming with so many graces, adorned | Lot offer your father; but still, sweet love, with so much intelligence, and hallowed by | there must at least be an appearance of proevery romantic association that could melt vidence and management. We must not dis the heart or mould the spirit of woman ; she | gust your father with our union.' may have conjured up this form, that was the

god of her idolatry, and rushed again to the altar in an ecstasy of devotion. The shades of evening were fast descending,

the curtains of the chamber were not closed the blaze of the fire had died away. The flickering light fell upon the solemn conntenance of Henrietta Temple, now buried in the shade, now translently illumined by the fitful flame.

On a sudden he advanced, with a step too light even to be heard, knelt at her side, an l, not venturing to touch her hand, pressed his lips to her arm, and with streaming eyes, and in a tone of plaintive tenderness, murmured, What have I done?'\_

She turned, her eyes met his, a wild expression of fear, surprise, delight, played over her countenance; then, bursting into tears, she threw her arms round his neck, and hid her face upon his breast.

He did not disturb this effusion of her suppressed emotions. His throbbing heart responded to her tumultuous soul. At length, when the strength of her passionate affections had somewhat decreased, when the convulsive sobs had subsided into gentle sighs, and | sideration for a parent's feelings.' ever and anon he felt the pressure of her sweet lips sealing her remorseful love and her charming repentance upon his bosom, he

'Dearest Ferdinand, you are too good, too kind, too faultless, and I am very wicked.'

Taking her hand and covering it with kisses, he said in a distinct, but very low voice, Now tell me, why were you unhappy?'

'Papa,' sighed Henrietta, 'dearest papa that the day should come when I should grieve to meet him!

"And why should my darling grieve?" said Ferdinand.

'I know not; I ask myself, what have I done? what have I to fear? It is no crime to love; it may be a misfortune; God knows that I have almost felt to-night that such it was. But no, I never will believe it can be either wrong or unhappy to love you.' 'Bless you, for such sweet words,' replied Ferdinand. If my heart can make you

happy, felicity shall be your lot.' 'It is my lot. I am happy, quite happy,

and grateful for my happiness." And your father, our father let me call him (she pressed his hand when he said this,) he will be happy too?'

' So I would hope.'

'If the fulfilment of my duty can content him,' continued Ferdinand, 'Mr. Temple shall not repeat his son-in-law.' 'On! do not call him Mr. Temple: call

him father. I love to hear you call him father.'

"Then what alarms my child ?" 'I hard'y know,' said Henrietta in a hesitating tone. "I think, I think it is the suddenness of all this. He has gone, he comes again; he went, he returns; and all has happened So short a time, too, Ferdinand. It is life to us; to him, I fear,' and she hid her face, 'It is only ----- a fortnight.'

We have seen much of each other, and known more of each other, in this fortnight, than we might have in an acquaintance which had continued a life.'

"That's true, that's very true. We feel this, Ferdinand, because we know it. But papa will not feel like us; we cannot expect him to feel like us. He does not know my Ferdinand as I know him. Papa, too, though the dearest, kindest, fondest father that ever lived, though he has no thought but for my happiness and lives only for Lis daughter, papa naturally is not so young as we are. He is, too, what is called a man of the world. He has seen a great deal; he has formed his and more judicious than papa. No person is | mand over his head; and, while te was himmore considerate. But there are characters so | self conscious that not in the wide world. into their general calculations, and such is yours, Ferdinand.' Here Ferdinand seemed plunged in thought, but he pressed her hand, though he said nothing. 'He will think we have known each other too short a time,' continued Miss Temple. 'He will be mortified, perhaps alarmed, when I inform him I am no longer his.'

Dear me; This, then, is what I propose; that, as to-morrow we must comparatively be separated I should take advantage of the next few days, and get to Bath. and bring affairs to some arrangement. Until my return I would advise you to say nothing to your father.'

'How can I live under the same roof with him, under such circumstances ?' exclaimed Miss Temple; 'now can I meet his eye, how can I speak to him with the conscious a secret engagement, with the recollection that, all the time he is lavishing his affection upon me, my heart is yearning for another, and that, while he is laying plans of future companionship, I am meditating, perhaps, an eternal separation l'

"Sweet Henrietta, listen to me one moment. Suppose I had quitted you last night for Bath merely for this purpose, as indeed we had once thought of, and that your father had ar-

rived at Ducie before I had returned to make my communication; would you style your silence, under such circumstances, a secret engagement? No, no, dear love; this is an abuse of terms. It would be a delicate con-

O Ferdinand! would we were united, and no cares?

'You would not consider our projected dared to say, 'Oh! my Henrietta, you did not dou't your Ferdinand?' on the next day to communicate to you our position. Is it any more a secret engagement because tix or seven days are to elapse before this communication takes place, instead of one? My Henrietta is indeed fighting with shadows!'

> 'Ferdinand, I cannot reason like you ; but I feel unhappy when I think of this.

Dearest Henriettal feel only that you are loved. Think, darling, the day will come when we shall smile at all these cares. All will flow smoothly yet, and we shall all yet live at Armine, Mr. Temple and all.' 'Papa likes you so much, too, Ferdinand, I

should be miserable if you offended him.' Which I certainly should do if I were not to speak to Sir Ratcliffe first.'

· Do you, indeed, think so?

'Indeed I am certain.'

But cannot you write to Sir Ratcliffe, Ferdinand? Must you really go? Must we, indeed, be separated ? I cannot believe it : it is inconceivable; it is impossible; I cannot endure it.'

'It is, indeed, terrible,' said Ferdinand. This consideration alone reconciles me to the necessity; I know my father well; his only answer to a communication of this kind would be an immediate summons to his side. Now, is it not better that this meeting should take place when we must necessarily be much less together than before, than at a later period, when we may, perhaps, be constant compunions with the sanction of our

parents?' 'O Ferdinand ! you reason, I only feel.'

Such an observation from one's mistress is rather a reproach than a compliment. It was made, in the present instance, to a man whose principal characteristic was, perhaps, a too dangerous susceptibility : a man of profound and violent passions, yet of a most sweet and tender temper; capapble of deep reflection, yet ever acting from the impulse of sentiment, and ready at all times to sacrifice every consideration to his heart. The prospect of separation from Henrietta, for however short a period, was absolute agony to him; he found difficulty in conceiving existence without the influence of her perpetual presence ; their parting even for the night was felt by him as an onerous deprivation. The only process, indeed, that could at present prepare and console him for the impending sorrow, would have been the frank indulgence of the opinions on man and life. We cannot expect | feelings which he called forth. Yet behold that he will change them in your, I mean in him, behold this unhappy victim oi circumour favour. Men of the world are of the stances, forced to deceive, even for happiness, world, worldly. I do not think they are al. the being whom he idolised; compelled at ways right; I do not myself believe in their this hour of anguish, to bridle his heart, lost infallibility. There is no person more clever he should loose for a fatal instant his com-

"Little knows he our misery,' said Henrietta. 'It seemed strange, when I felt my mind, that there could be anything so calm and mechanical in the world.'

Ferdinand was slient. He felt that the bour of departure had indeed arrived, yet he had not courage to move. Henrietta, too, did not speak. She reclined on the sofa, as it were, exhausted, and placed her handkerchief over her face. Ferdinand leant over the fire. He was nearly tempted to give up his project, practised circumspection ; there was so much confess all to his father by letter, and await his decision. Then he conjured up the dreadful scenes at Bath, and then he remembered that, at all events, to-morrow he must not aptaking his little mistress in his arms, as he pear at Ducie. 'Henrietta!' he at length said.

'A minute, Ferdinand, yet a minute,' she exclaimed in an excited tone; 'do nut speak, I am preparing mysalf."

He remained in his leaning posture ; and in a few moments Miss Temple rose and said, 'Now, Ferdinand, I am ready." He looked round. Her countenance was quite pale, but fixed and calm.

'Let us embrace,' she said, 'but let us say nothing.'

He pressed her to his arms. She trembled. He imprinted a thousand kisses on her cold ple! The lady, my lady, my charming friend, Mrs. Floyd! To be sure so; why did nut you say so belore? But she has got two lips; she received them with no return. Then she said in a low voice, 'Let me leave the room first;' and, giving him one kiss upon his forchead, Henristia Temple disappeared.

When Ferdinand with a sinking heart and a staggering step quitted Ducie, he found the night so dark that it was with extreme difficulty he traced, or rather groped, his way through the grove. The absolute necessity of watching every step he took in some degree diverted his mind from his painful meditations. The atmosphere of the wood was so close, that he congratulated himself when he had gained its skirts; but just as he was about to emerge upon the common, and was looking forward to the light of some cottage as his guide in this gloomy wilderness, a flash of lightning that seemed to cut the sky in twain, and to descend like a flight of fiery steps from the highest heavens to the lowest earth, revealed to him for a moment the whole broad bosom of the common, and showed to him that nature to-night was as disordered and perturbed as his own heart. A clap of thunder, that might have been the herald of Doomsday, wake the cattle from their slumbers, which began to moan and low to the rising wind, and cluster under the trees, that sent forth with their wailing branches sounds scarcely less dolorous and wild. Avoiding the woods, and striking into the most open part of the country, Ferdinand watched the progress of the tempest.

For the wind had now risen to such a beight that the leaves and branches of the trees were carried about in vast whirls and eddies, while the waters of the lake where in serener hours Ferdinand was accustomed to bathe, were lifted out of their bed, and inundated the neighboring settlements. Lights were now seen moving in the cottages, and then the forked lightning, pouring down at the same time from oppposite quarters of the sky, exposed with an awful distinctness, and a fearful splendor, the wide-spreading scene of danger and devastation.

Now descended the rain in such overwhelming torrents, that it was as if a water-spout had burst, and Ferdinand gasped for breath beneath the oppressive power; while the blaze of the variegated lightning, the crash of the thunder, and the roar of the wind, all simultaneously in movement, indicated the fulness of the storm. Succeeded then that strange lull that occurs in the heart of a tempest, when the unruly and disordered elements pause, as it were, for breath, and seem to concentrate their energies for an increased and final exp'osion. It came at last; and the very earth secmed to rock in the passage of the hurricane.

Exposed to all the awful chances of the storm, one solitary being alone beheld them without terror. The mind of Ferdinand Armine grew calm, as nature became more disturbed. He moralised amid the whirlwind. He contrasted the present tumult and distraction with the sweet and beautiful screnity which the same scene had presented when a short time back, he first beheld it. Ilis love, too, had commenced in stillness and in sunshine; was it, also, to end in storm and in destruction?

simplicity of her costume, her little plain "Fine by degrees, and beautfully less !

white slik bonnet, her gray slik dress, her spron, her grey mittens, and her Cinderells to airy nothingness, and so rather vanish than shoes, all admirably contrasted with the vast expire.

and flaunting spiender of her companiou, not less than her ladyship's small yet exquisitely It was the fashion to say that her ladyship had no heart ; in most instances an unmean. proportioned form, her highly-finished ex-ing phrase; in her case certainly an unjust tremities, and her keen sascastio grey eye. one. Ninety years of experience had assuredly one. Ninety years of experience had assuredly able acutances; but Lady Bellair's feelings were still quick and warm, and could be even profound. Her fancy was so lively, that her attention was soon engaged; her taste so refined, that her affection was not so easily obtained. Hence she acquired a character for caprice, because she repented at leisure those first impressions which with her were irresistible; for, in truth, Lady Bellair, though she had nearly completed her century, and had passed her whole life in the most artig. cial circles, was the very creature of impulse. Her first homage she always declared was paid to talent, her second to beauty, her third to blood. The favored individual who might combine these three splendid qualifications, was, with Lady Bellair, a nymph or a demigod. As for mere wealth, she really despised it, though she liked her favorites to be rich.

Her knowledge of human nature, which was considerable, her acquaintance with human weaknesses, which was univalled, were not thrown away upon Lady Bellair. Her ladyship's perception of character was fine and quick, and nothing delighted her so much as making a person a tool. Capable, where her heart was touched, of the finest sympathy and the most generous actions, where her feelings wire not engaged she experienced no compunction in turning her companions to account, or, indeed, sometimes in honoring them with her intimacy for that purpose. But if you had the skill to detect her plots, and the courage to make her aware of your conaciousness of them, you never displeased her, and often gained her friendship. For Lady Bellair had a fine taste for honor, and when she chose to be candid, an indulgence which not rare with her, she could dissect her own character and conduct with equal spirit and impartiality. In her own instance it cannot be denied that she comprised the three great qualifications she so much prized; for she was very witty; had blood in her veins, to use her own expression; and was the prettiest woman in the world, for her years. For the rest, though no person was more highly bred, she could be very impertinent; but if you treated her with servility, she absolutely oathed you.

Lady Bellair, after the London season, always spent two or three months at Bath, and then proceeded to her great grandsons the present viscount's, seat in the north, where he remained until London wis again attractve. Part of her domestic diplomacy was employed each year, during her Bath visit, in discovering some old friend, or making some new acquaintance, who would bear her in safety, and save her harmless from all expenses and dangers of the road, to Northumberland; and she displayed often in these arrangements talents which Talleyrand might have envied. During the present season. Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, the widow of a rich East Indian, whose intention it was to proceed to her estate in Scotland at the end of the autumn, had been presented to Lady Bellair by a friend well acquainted with her ladyship's desired arrangements. What an invaluable acquaintance at such a moment for Lady Bellair! Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, very tich and very anxious to be fashionable, was intoxicated with the flattering condescension and anticipated companionship of Lady Bel-Inir. At first Ludy Bellair had quietly suggested that they should travel together to Northumberland. Mrs. Montgomery Floyd was enchanted with the proposal. Then Ludy Bellair regretted that her servant was very ill, and that she must send her to town immediately in her own carriage; and then Mrs. Montgomery Floyd insisted, in spite of he is not dead. Oh! there he is. Has Miss the offers of Lady Bellair, that her ladyship should take a seat in her carriage, and would My page has not got a feather, but | not for an instant hear of Lady Bellair de-Floyd a brilliant perspective of the noble lords and wealthy squires whose splendid seats, under the auspices of Lady Bellair, they were to make their resting-places during their progress; and in time Lady Bellair, who had a particular fancy for her own carriage. proposed that her servants should travel in that of Mis. Montgomery Floyd. Mrs. Montgomery Floyd smiled a too willing assent. It ended by Mrs. Montgomery Floyd's servants travelling to Lord Bellair's, where their mistress was to meet them, in that lady's own carriage, and Lady Bellair travelling in her own chariot with her own servants, and Mrs. Montgomery Floyd defraying the expenditure of both expeditions.

Then do not inform him,' said Ferdinand. She started.

'Let me inform him, continued Ferdinaud, giving another turn to his meaning, and watching hor countenance with an unfaltering eyo.

Dearest Ferdinand, always prepared to bear overy burthen !' exclaimed Miss Temple. | we have been so happy !' How generous and good you are! No, it would be better for me to speak first to my father. My soul, I will never have a secret from you, and you, I am sure, will never have one from your Henrietta. This is the truth; I do not repent the past, I glory in it; I am yours, and I am proud to be yours. Were the he was so good." past to be again acted, I would not falter. But I cannot conceal from myself that, so far ducted myself towards him with frankness, with respect, or with kindness. There is no fault in loving you. Even were he to regret, he could not blame such an occurrence ; but that he had never known misery before. He he will regret, he will blame, he has a right both to regret and blame, my doing more than to desert him. Suddenly he stopped; he love you; my engagement, without his advice, his sanction, his knowledge, or even his Suspicion !

'You take too refined a view of our situation,' replied Ferdinand, ' Why should you not spare your father the pain of such a communication, if painful it would be? What has passed is between ourselves, and ought to bo between ourselves. If I request his permission to offer you my hand, and he yields his consent, is not that ceremony enough ?'

'I have never concealed anything from papa,' said Henrietts, 'but I will be guided by you.'

'Leave, then, all to me,' said Ferdinand ; be guided but by the judgment of your own Ferdinand, my Henrictta, and believe me all will go right. I will break this intelligence to your father. So we will settle it?' he continued erquiringly.

' It shall be so.'

'Then arises the question,' said Ferdinand, when it would be most advisable for me to to make the communication. Now your father, Henrietta, who is a man of the world, will of course expect that, when I do make it, I shall be prepared to speak definitely to him upon all matters of business. He will think, otherwise, that I am trifling with him. To go and request of a man like your father, a shrewd, experienced man of the world like Mr. Temple, permis-'Oh! how can he be disgusted?'

rare, that men of the world do not admit them | perhaps, existed a man who was sacrificing more for his mistress, obliged to endure, even from her lips, a remark which seemed to impute to him a deficiency of teeling.'

And yet it was too much ; he covered his eyes with his hand, and said, in a low and broken voice, 'Alas my Henrietta, if you knew all, you would not say this!'

'My Ferdinaud,' she exclaimed, touched by that tender and melancholy tone, 'why, what is this ? you weep ! What have I said, what have I done? Dearest Ferdinand, do not do this.' And she threw herself on her knees before him, and looked up into his face with scrutinising affection.

He bent down his head, and pressed his lips to her forehead. 'O Henrietta !' he exclaimed,

'And shall be, my own. Doubt not my word, all will go right. I am so sorry, I am so miserable, that I made you unhappy tonight. I shall think of it when you are gone. I shall remember how naughty I was. It was so wicked, so very, very wicked; and

"Gone! what a dreadful word! And shall we not be together to-morrow, Henrietta? Oh! what a morrow! Think of me, dcarest. Do not let me for a moment escape from your memory.'

'Tell me exactly your road; let me know write to me on the road ; if it be only a line, only a little word; only his dear name; only Ferdinand !'

'And how shall I write to you? Shall I direct to you here?'

Henrietta looked perplexed. 'Papa opens the bag every morning, and every morning you must write, or I shall die. Ferdinaud, what is to be done?'

I will direct to you at the post-office. You must send for your letters.'

'I tremble. Believe me, it will be noticed. It will look so, so, so, so clandestine.'

"I will direct them to your maid. She must be our confidant.

Ferdinand!

"Tis only for a week."

O Ferdinand! Love teaches us strange things.'

'My darling, believe me, it is wise and well. Think how desolate we should be without constant correspondence. As for myself, I shall write to you every hour and, unless I hear from you as often, I shall believe only in evil!

·Let it be as you wish. God knows my heart is pure. I pretend no longer to regulate my destiny. I am yours, Ferdinand. Be von responsible for all that affects my honor or my heart.'

A precious trust, my Henrietta, and dearer to me than all the glory of my ancestors.' The clock sounded eleven. Miss Temple rose. It is so late, and we in darkness here! What will they think ? Ferdinand, sweetest, rouse the fire. I ring the bell. Lights will come, and then.....' Her voice faltered. 'And then.....' echoed Fordinand. He took up his guitar, but he could not command

his voice. "Tis your guitar,' said Henrictta; 'I am happy that it is left behind.'

The servant entered with lights, drow the curtains, renewed the fire, arranged the room, and withdrew.

It was about three weeks after Ferdinaud Armine quitted Ducie that Mr. Temple entered the breakfast-room one morning, with an open note in his hand, and told Henrietta to prepare for visitors, as her old friend, Lady Bellair, had written to apprise him of her intention to rest the night at Ducie, on her way. 'She brings with her also the most charm-

ing woman in the world,' added Mr. Temple, with a smile. 'I have little doubt Lady Bellair deems

her companion so at present,' said Miss Ten ple, 'whoever she may be ; but at any rate, I shall be glad to see her ladyship, who is certainly one of the most amusing women in the world.'

This announcement of the speedy arrival of Lady Bellair made some bustle in the household of Ducie Bower; for her ladyship was in every respect a memorable character, and the butler who had remembered her visits to Mr. exactly where you will be at every hour; Temple before his residence at Ducie, very much interested the curiosity of his fellowservants by his intimations of her ladyship's eccentricities.

'You will have to take care of the parrot, Mary,' said the butler : 'and yon, Susan, must look after the page. We shall all be well cross-examined as to the state of the establishment; and so I advise you to be prepared. truth.

In the course of time, a handsome travelling chariot, emblazoned with a viscount's coronet, and carrying on the seat behind a portly man-servant and a lady's maid, arrived at Ducie. They immediately descended, and assisted the assembled household of the Bower to disembark the contents of the chatoo well acquainted with Lady Beliair's character to appear at the critical moment. First came forth a stately dame, of ample proportions and exceedingly magnificent attire. being dressed in the extreme of gorgeous fashion, and who, after being lauded on the marble stops, was for some moments absorbed in the fluttering arrangement of her plumage ; smoothing her marcon pelisse, shaking the golden riband of her emerald bonnet, and adjusting the glittering pelerine of point device, that shaded the fall of her broad but wellformed shoulders. In one hand the stately dame lightly swuug a bag that was worthy of holding the Great Scal itself, so rich and so alaborate were its materials and embroidery ; and in the other she at length took a glass. which was suspended from her nock by a chain-cable of gold, and glunced with a flashing eye, as dark as her ebon curls and as brilliant as her well-rouged cheek, at the surrounding scono.

The green parrot, in its sparkling cage, followed next, and then came forth the prettiest. liveliest, smallest, best-dressed, and, stranger than all, oldest little lady in the world, Lady Bellair was of child-like nature, and quito erect, though many years of ago ; the tasteful

feather? he shall have one, because he was not fraying, under such circumstances, any porsmothered. Here! woman, who are you? smothered. Here! woman, who are you? tion of the expense. Lady Bellair held out The housenaid. I thought so. I always to the dazzled vision of Mrs. Montgomery know a housemaid You shall take care of my page. Take him at once, and give him some milk and water; and, page, be very good, and never leave this good young woman, unless I send for you. And, woman, good young woman, perhaps you may find an old feather of Miss Temple's page. Give it to

The expression of her countenance now, how-

ever, was somewhat serious. An arrival was

an important moment that required all her

to arrange, so much to remember; and so

The portly serving-man had advanced, and,

would a child, had planted her on the steps.

And then her ladyship's clear, shrill, and now

'Here! where's the butler? I don't want

you, stunid (addressing her own servant), but

the butler of the house, Mister's butler;

what is his name, Mr. Twoshoes' butler; I

cannot remember names. Oh 1 you are there

are you? I don't want you. How is your mas-

ter? How is your charming lady? Where is the parrot? 1 don't want it. Where's the lady? Wby don't you answer? Why do you

stars so? Miss Temple! no! not Miss Tem-

names. Why don't you say both names?

My dear,' continued Lady Bellair, addressing

her travelling companion, 'I don't know your

name. Tell all these good people your names ;

your two names! I like people with two

names. Tell them, my dear, tell them; tell them your name, Mrs. Thingatob, or what-

Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, though rather an-

noyed by this appeal, still contrived to com-

ply with the request in the most dignified

manner : aud all the servants bowed to Mrs.

To the great satisfaction of this stately

dame, Lady Bellair, after scanning everything

and everybody with the utmost scrutiny, in-

dicated some intention of entering, when sud-

4 Man, there's something wanting. I had

three things to take charge of. The parrot

and my charming friend; that is only two

There is a third. What is it? You don't

know! Here, you man, who are you? Mr.

Temple's servant. I knew your master when

be was not as high as that cags. What do

you think of that ?' continued her ladyhsip,

with a triumphant smile. 'What do you

laugh at, sir?' Did you ever see a woman

ninety years old before? That I would wager

you have not. What do I want? I want something. Why do you tease me by not remembering what I want? Now, I knew a

gentleman who made his fortune by once re-

membering what a very great man wanted.

But then the great man was a minister of

state, instead of an old woman nincty years of

age, you would contrive somehow or other to

find out what I wanted. Never mind, never

mind. Come, my charming friend, let me

take your arm. Now I will introduce you to

the prettiest, the dearest, the most innocent

and charming lady in the world. She is my

greatest favorite. She is always my favorite

You are my favorite, too; but you are only

my favorite for the moment. I always have

two favorites ; one for the moment, and one

that I never change, and that is my Henti-

etta Temple. You see I can remember ber

name, though I couldn't yours. But you are

a good creature, a dear good soul, though you

live in a bad set, my dear a very bad set in-

deed ; vulgar people, my dear ; they may be rich, but they have no ton. This is a fice

place. Stop, stop,' Ludy Bellair exclaimed, stamping her little foot and shaking her little

arm, 'Don't drive away : I remember what it

was. Gregory! rnn, Gregory! It is the

and I told him to lie under the seat. Poor

dear boy 1. He must be smothered. I hope

page!

There was no room for him behind,

ever it is, Mrs. Thingalob Twoshoes.

Montgomery Floyd.

denly she turned round :

much to observe.

rather tretful voice was heard.

this good little boy, because he was not smothered.'

THE Viscountess Dowager Bellair was the last remaining link between the two centurics. Herself born of a noble family, and distinguished both for her beauty and her wit, she had reigned for a quarter of a century the favorite subject of Sir Joshua; had flirted with Lord Carlisle, and chatted with Dr.

Johnson. But the most remarkable quality of her ladyships destiny was her preservation. Time that had rolled on a century since her birth, had spared alike her physical and mental powers. She was almost as active in body, and quite as lively in mind, as when

seventy years before she skipped in Marylcbone Gardens, or puzzled the gentlemenof the Tuesday Night Club at Mrs. Cornely's masquerades. Those wonderful seventy years indeed had passed to Lady Bellair like one of those very masked balls in which she had formerly sparkled; she had lived in a perpetual crowd of strange and brilliant characters. All that had been famous for beauty,

rank, fashion, wit, genius, had been gathered round her throns: and at this very hour a fresh and admiring generation, distinguished for these qualities, cheerfully acknowledged her supremacy, and paid to her their bomage. Her ladyship is a rum one, and that's the The heroes and heroines of her youth, her middle lite, even her old age, had vanished ;

builliant orators, profound statesmen, inspired bards, ripe scholars illustrious warriors; beauties whose dazzling charms had turned the world mad; choice spirits, whose flying words or whose fanciful manuers made every saloon smile or wouder, all had disappeared. She had witnessed revolutions in every counriot; but Mr. Temple and his daughter were | try in the world; she remembered Brighton a fishing-town, and Manchester a village; she had shared the pomp of nabots and the profasion of loan-mongers; she had stimulated the early ambition of Charles Fox, and had sympathised with the last aspirations of George Canning; she had been the confident of the loves alike of Byron and Alfieri; had worn mourning for General Wolfe, and given a festival to the Duke of Wellington; laughed with George Selwyn, and smilled at Lord Alvanley had known the first macaroni and the last dandy; remembered the Gunnings, and introduced the Sheridans! But she herself was unchanged; still restless for novelty, still anxiously watching the entrance on the stage of some new stream of characters, and indefatigable in attracting the notice of everyone not bear anything that is ugly; unless it is whose talouts might contribute to her entertainment, or whose attention might gratify her vanity. And, really, when one recollected Lady Bel-

lair's long career, and witnessed at the same time her diminutive form and her unrivalied vitality, he might almost be tempted to believe, that if not absolutely immortal, it was at least hor strange destiny not so much vulgarly to die, as to grow like the heroine of the fairy tale, each year smaller and smaller,

LADY BELLAIR really loved Henrictta Temole. She was her prime and her permanent favorite, and she was always lamenting that Henricita would not come and stay with her in London, and marry a duke. Ludy Bellair was a great matchmaker. When, therefore, she was welcomed by the fair mistress of Ducie Bower, Lady Bellair was as genuine as she was profuse in her kind phrases. 'My sweet, sweet young triend,' she said, as Henrietta bowed her head and offered her lips to the little old lady, fit is something to have such a friend as you. What old woman has such a sweet friend as 1 have! Now let me look at you. It does my heart good to see you. I feel younger. You are handsomer than over, I declare you are. Why will you not come and stay with me, and let me find you a husband? There is the Duke of Derandale, he is in love with you already ; for l do nothing but talk of you. No, you should not marry him, he is not good enough. He is not good enough. He is not refined. love a duke, but I love a duke that is refined more. You shall marry Lord Fitzwarrene. He is my favorite ; he is worthy of you. You laugh; I love to see you laugh. You are so fresh and innocent ! There is your worthy father talking to my friend Mrs. Twoshoes; a very good creature, my love a very worthy soul, but no ton; I hate French words, but what other can I use ; and she will wear gold chains which I detest. You never wear gold chains I am sure. The Duke of--- would not have me, so I came to you,' continued her ladyship, returning the saluttion of Mr. Temple. (Don't ask me if I am tired; I am never tired. There is nothing I hate so much as being asked whether I am well; I am always well. There, I have brought you a charming

friend; give her your arm; and you shall give me yours, said the old lady, smiling, to Henrietta; 'We make a good contrast; I like a good contrast, but not an ugly one. I cana very ugly man indeed, who is a genius and very fashionable. I liked Wilkes, and I liked Curran ; but they were famous, the best company in the world. When I was as young as you, Lady Lavington and I always hunted in couples, because she was tall, and I was called the Queen of the Fairies. Not that I was very pretty, but I was always with pretty women, and at last the men began to think that 1 was pretty too.

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