

To Death. Thou art very near me, Death, dark angel of death, I welcome thee with my last breath, Listen, then, and hear me.

"See there, Maria," Maria uttered, "Shad and Tiffle! wonder she should have that boy with her, and how strangely she is dressed. What will mamma say?"

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

The estates of the family, on their restoration, had not been entailed; but until Sir Ferdinand had no head of the house had descended unimpaired; and unimpaired, so far as he was concerned, Sir Ratcliffe determined they should remain.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE.

"I'm sure on't," sniffed Shad. "She's a-sitting back in her chair, with her face blue, and her mouth open, and her eyes a-staring."

The gates of the castle were thrown open, the entrance was lined with the Dane retainers. Gathering before them stood welcoming friends; Mr. and Lady Adelaide Lester and their children, Wilfred and Edith, Colonel and Miss Bordillon, Miss Dane and others.

"Lady Adelaide and myself have come to the resolution of parting with you, Tiffle. We have not been satisfied with you for some time, but suffered you to remain until Miss Lester's marriage was over."

"Here's wishing of your lordships every happiness in life, and the same to your lordship's lady," cried the false and brassy Tiffle.

"What have you done in the way of mischief?" returned Mr. Lester. "Ask your own conscience. But for your unwholesome and wicked doings, I should never have been opposed to my son in the manner I have."

"The best thing that could be done with Shad would be to send him to a reformatory; the next best place for him would be a school," returned Lord Dane.

"I am ready and willing to rescue him from the temptation to evil, if you refuse, and then allow Shad to run into the evil to break the law, I shall surely punish him."

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"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyst on Colman's Genuine Mustard.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Lord Dane, in the surprise of the moment. "Look Maria!"

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by careful application of the one property of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many a doctor's bill."

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"I wish, my dear, to see you, said Lady Armine, 'some one approaches.' 'No, no, my love, rise; it is a gentleman.' 'Who can it be?' said Sir Ratcliffe, rising; 'perhaps it is your brother, love. And no, it is, it is Father Glastonbury.'"

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ected a limit. Sometimes you wandered in those arched and winding walks, dear to pensive spirits; sometimes you emerged on a plot of turf, blazing in the sunshine, a small and bright savannah, and gazed with wonder on the group of black and mighty cedars that rose from its centre, with their sharp and spreading foliage. The beautiful and the vast blended together; and the moment after you had beheld with delight a bed of geraniums or of myrtles, you found yourself in an amphitheatre of Italian pines. A strange exotic perfume filled the air; you trod on the flowers of other lands; and shrubs and plants, that usually are only trusted from their conservatories, like satins from their jalousies, to sniff the air and recall their bloom, here learning from hardship the philosophy of endurance, had struggled successfully, even in native and unpruned luxuriance. Sir Ferdinand, when he resided in Armine, was accustomed to fill these pleasure grounds with macaws and other birds of gorgeous plumage; but these had fled with their master, all but some swans which still floated on the surface of a lake, which marked the centre of this paradise.

In the remains of the ancient seat of his fathers, Sir Ratcliffe Armine and his bride now sought a house. The principal chamber of Armine Place was a large irregular room, with a low but richly-carved oak roof, studded with achievements. This apartment was lighted by the oriel window we have mentioned, the upper panes of which contained some ancient specimens of painted glass, and having been fitted up by Sir Ferdinand as a library, contained a collection of valuable books. From the library you entered through an arched door of glass into a small room, of which, it being much out of repair when the family arrived, Lady Armine had seized the opportunity of gratifying her taste in the adornment. She had hung it with some old-fashioned pe-green damask, that exhibited to advantage several copies of Spanish paintings by herself, for she was a skilful artist. The third and remaining chamber was the dining room, a somewhat gloomy chamber, being shadowed by a neighbouring chestnut. A portrait of Sir Ferdinand, when a youth, in a Venetian dress, was suspended over the old-fashioned fire-place; and opposite hung a fine hunting piece by Schneiders. Lady Armine was an amiable and accomplished woman. She had enjoyed advantage of a foreign education under the inspection of a cautious parent; and a residence on the Continent, while it had afforded her many graces, had not, as unfortunately sometimes is the case, divested her of those more substantial though less showy qualities of which a husband knows the value. She was pious and dutiful; her manners were graceful, for she had visited courts and mixed in polished circles, but she had fortunately not learnt to affect insensibility as a system, or to believe that the essence of good breeding consists in showing your fellow-creatures that you despise them. Her cheerful temper soiced the constitutional gloom of Sir Ratcliffe, and indeed had originally won his heart, even more than her remarkable beauty; and while at the same time she loved a country life, she possessed in a lettered taste, in a beautiful and highly cultivated voice, and in a scientific knowledge of music and of painting, all those resources which prevent retirement from degenerating into loneliness. Her foibles, if we must confess that she was not faultless, endeared her to her husband, for her temper reflected his own pride, and she possessed the taste for splendour which was also his native mood, although circumstances had compelled him to stifle its gratification.

Love, pure and profound, had alone prompted the union between Ratcliffe Armine and Constance Grandison. Doubtless, like all of her race, she might have chosen amid the wealthiest of the Catholic nobles and gentry one who would have been proud to have mingled his life with hers; but with a soul not insensible to the splendid accidents of existence, she yielded her heart to one who could repay the rich sacrifice only with devotion. His poverty, his pride, his dangerous and hereditary gift of beauty, his mournful life, his illustrious lineage, his reserved and romantic mind, had at once attracted her fancy and captivated her heart. She shared all his aspirations and sympathised with all his hopes; and the old glory of the house of Armine, and its revival and restoration, were the object of her daily thoughts, and often of her nightly dreams.

With these feelings Lady Armine settled herself at her new home, scarcely with a pang that the whole of the park in which she lived was let out as grazing ground, and only trusting, as she beheld the groups of ruminating cattle, that the day might yet come for the antlered tenants of the bowers to resume their shady dwellings. The good man and his wife who hitherto had inhabited the old Place, and shown the castle and the pleasure to passing travellers, were, under the new order of affairs, promoted to the respective offices of serving-man and cook, or butler and housekeeper, as they styled themselves in the village. A maiden brought from Grandison to wait on Lady Armine completed the establishment, with her young brother, who, among numerous duties, performed the office of groom, and attended to a pair of beautiful white ponies which Sir Ratcliffe drove in a phaeton. This equipage, which was remarkable for its elegance, was the especial delight of Lady Armine, and certainly the only piece of splendor in which Sir Ratcliffe indulged. As for neighborhood, Sir Ratcliffe, on his arrival, of course received a visit from the rector of his parish, and, by the courteous medium of this gentleman, he soon occasioned it to be generally understood that he was not anxious that the example of his rector should be followed. The intimacy, in spite of much curiosity, was of course respected. Nobody called upon the Armines. This happy couple, however, were too much engrossed with their own society to require amusement from any other sources than themselves. The honeymoon was passed in wandering in the pleasure grounds, and in wondering at their own marvellous happiness. Then Lady Armine would sit on a green bank, and sing her choicest songs, and Sir Ratcliffe would sit beside her, and listen to her speeches softer even than sermons. The management of their dwelling occupied the second month; each day witnessed some felicitous yet economical alteration of her creative taste. The third month Lady Armine determined to make a garden.

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been educated at a college of Jesuits in France, and had entered at an early period of life, in the service of the Catholic Church, whose communion his family had never quitted. A college young Glastonbury had been alike distinguished for his assiduous talents and disposition for the exercise of his discipline. His was one of those minds to which refinement is natural, and which learning and experience never deprive of simplicity. Apparently hesitations were not violent; perhaps they were restrained by his profound piety. Next to his devotion, Father Glastonbury was most remarkable for his taste. The magnificent temples in which the mysteries of the Deity he worshipped were celebrated, developed the latent predisposition for the beautiful, which became almost the master sentiment of his life. In the inspired and inspiring paintings that crowned the altars of the churches and the cathedrals in which he ministered, Father Glastonbury first studied art; and it was as he gazed along the solemn shade of those Gothic aisles, gazing on the brave graining of the vaulted roofs, whose deep and sublime shadows so beautifully contrasted with the sprinkling shrines and the delicate chandeliers below, that he first imbibed that passion for the architecture of the middle ages that afterwards led him on many a pleasant pilgrimage with no better companions than a wallet and a sketch-book. Indeed, so sensible was Glastonbury of the influence of the early and constant scenes of his youth on his imagination, that he was wont to trace his love of heraldry, of which he possessed a remarkable knowledge, to the emblazoned windows that perpetuated the memory and the achievements of many a pious founder.

When Father Glastonbury was about 21 years of age, he unexpectedly inherited from an uncle a sum which, though by no means considerable, was for him a sufficient independence; and as no opening in the service of the Church at this moment afforded itself, which he considered it a duty to pursue, he determined to gratify that restless feeling which seems inseparable from the youth of men gifted with fine sensibilities, and which probably arises in an unconscious desire to quit the common-place and to discover the ideal. He wandered on foot throughout the whole of Switzerland and Italy; and, after more than three years' absence, returned to England with several thousand sketches, and a complete Alpine Hortus Siccius. In the next seven years the life of Father Glastonbury was nearly equally divided between the duties of his sacred profession and the gratification of his simple and elegant tastes. He resided principally in Lancashire, where he became librarian to a Catholic nobleman of the highest rank, whose notice he had first attracted by publishing a description of his Grace's residence, illustrated by his drawings. The duke, who was a man of fine taste and antiquarian pursuits, and an exceedingly benevolent person, sought Father Glastonbury's acquaintance in consequence of the publication, and from that moment a close and cherished intimacy subsisted between them.

In the absence of the family, however, Father Glastonbury found time for many excursions; by means of which he at last completed drawings of all our cathedrals. There remained for him still the abbey and the ministers of the West of England, a subject on which he was very eloquent. Father Glastonbury performed all these excursions on foot, armed only with an ash staff which he had cut in his early travels, and respecting which he was superstitious; so that he would have no more thought of journeying without his stick than most other people without their hat. Indeed, to speak truly, Father Glastonbury has been known to quit a house occasionally without that necessary appendage, for, from living much alone, he was not a little absent; but instead of piquing himself on such eccentricities, they ever occasioned him mortification. Yet Father Glastonbury was an universal favourite, and ever a welcome guest. In his journeys he had no want of hosts; for there was not a Catholic family which would not have been hurt had he passed them without a visit. He was indeed a rarely accomplished personage. An admirable scholar and profound antiquary, he possessed also a considerable practical knowledge of the less severe sciences, was a fine artist, and no contemptible musician. His pen, too, was that of a ready writer; if his sonnets be ever published, they will rank among the finest in our literature.

Father Glastonbury was about 30 when he was induced by Lady Barbara Armine to quit a roof where he had passed some happy years, and to undertake the education of her son Ratcliffe, a child of 8 years of age. From this time Father Glastonbury in a great degree withdrew himself from his former connexions, and so completely abandoned his previous mode of life, that he never quitted his new home. His pupil repaid him for his zeal rather by the goodness of his disposition and his unblemished conduct, than by any remarkable brilliancy of talents or acquisitions; but Ratcliffe, and particularly his mother, were capable of appreciating Glastonbury; and certain it is, whatever might be the cause, he returned their sympathy with deep emotion, for every thought and feeling of his existence seemed dedicated to their happiness and prosperity.

So great indeed was the shock which he experienced at the unexpected death of Lady Barbara, that for some time he meditated assuming the cowl; and if the absence of his pupil prevented the accomplishment of this project, the plan was only postponed, not abandoned. The speedy marriage of Sir Ratcliffe followed. Circumstances had prevented Glastonbury from being present at the ceremony. It was impossible for him to retire to the cloister without seeing his pupil. Business, if not affection, rendered an interview between them necessary. It was equally impossible for Father Glastonbury to trouble a bride and bridegroom with his presence. When, however, three months had elapsed, he began to believe that he might venture to propose a meeting to Sir Ratcliffe; but while he was yet meditating on this step, he was anticipated by the receipt of a letter containing a warm invitation to Armine.

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon in June. Lady Armine was seated in front of the Place looking towards the park, and busied with her work; while Sir Ratcliffe, stretched on the grass, was reading to her the last poem of Scott, which they had just received from the neighbouring town.

prepared to love you as much as myself. O my dear Glastonbury, you have no idea how happy I am. She is perfect angel. 'I am sure of it,' said Father Glastonbury seriously.

Sir Ratcliffe hurried his tutor along. 'Here is my best friend, Constance,' he eagerly exclaimed. 'Lady Armine rose and welcomed Father Glastonbury very cordially. 'You presence, my dear sir, has, I assure you, been long desired by both of us,' she said, with a delightful smile.

'No compliments, believe me,' added Sir Ratcliffe. 'Constance never pays compliments, she fixed upon your own room herself. She always calls it Father Glastonbury's room.' 'Ah! madam,' said Father Glastonbury, laying his hand very gently on the shoulder of Sir Ratcliffe, and meaning to say something felicitous, 'I know this dear youth well; and I have always thought whoever could claim this heart should be counted a very fortunate woman.'

'And such the possessor esteems herself,' replied Lady Armine, with a smile.

Sir Ratcliffe, after a quarter of an hour or so had passed in conversation, said: 'Come, Father Glastonbury, you arrived in a good time, for dinner is at hand. Let me show you to your room. I fear you have had a hot day's journey. Thank God we are together again. Give me your staff; I will take care of it; no fear of that. So, this way. You have seen the old Place before? Take care of the step. I say, Constance,' said Ratcliffe, in a suppressed voice, and running back to his wife, 'how do you like him?'

'Very much indeed.' 'But do you really?' 'Really, truly.' 'Angel!' exclaimed the gratified Ratcliffe.