STISHN CCELO FIDELIS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

To Death.

Julia

2

Thou art very, very near me, Death, dark angel of death, I welcome thee with my last breath, Listen, then, and hear me. They have wronged thee in all ages, They call thee a tyrant storn. Thy healing touch they spurn Tho' flercest angulan rages.

2

They understand. not the healing Thou bringest—the wonderful calm The peace—the heavenly balm Thou pourest on sorest feeling.

They look on me with sorrow, And, hiding their faces, weep. They know that I shall sleep In thy cold arms to-morrow.

My mother's heart is breaking To think of my early doom, Decay, dissolution-the tomb-The pain of the lost forsaking.

But thou, O death, shalt take me, As tenderly to thy breast As she when in cradied rest, And naught shalt thou suffer to wake n

Let her think of a mound of roses, Fragmant and fair, and white, Making a bower of delight That o'er a tired sleeper closes.

Sweet shall be that slumber, Sweet shall be that sumser, where feathery mosses creen, Painless, and calm, and deep. Thro' years and years without number. E. C. M.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE.

"I'm sure on't," sniffed Shad. "She's asitting back in her chair, with her face blue, and her mouth open, and her eyes a-staring. I wondered as she didn't screech at me to get up; so I lay abed, and when I went to her her face was like that. And, because I Tiffle. "Though I have been shamefully comes and tells, I'm kicked at and my hair tored out."

"Please, sir, hadn't I better go back with him, and see what it really is?" asked Tifile, as mild now as milk.

"I think you had," replied Mr. Lester, "but step in here an instant first. Shad, you sit down there," added he, pointing to a chair in the hall. Tiffic went in, and closed the door.

" Lady Adelaide and myself have come to the resolution of parting with you, Tible. We have not been satisfied with you for some time, but suffered you to remain until Miss Lester's marriage was over. You will quit the hall this day month."

Tiffle turned her face, growing livid with surprise and anger, from her master's to Lady Adelaide's; both looked calmly resolute. "To pa-pa-part with mel" gasped Tiffle.

"What have I done?"

"What have you done in the way of mischief?" returned Mr. Lester. "Ask your own conscience. But for your underhand plots and wicked doings, I should never have been opposed to my son in the manner I have. A servant, who peers into private places, and listens behind doors and hedges, will no longer suit Danesheld Hall."

"I!--I listen behind hedges!" shrieked Tifile; "when do I go out to listen? It's a lie."

"Tifile! how dare you speak so before your lady? If you have not listened behind hedges yourself, you have taken care that your respectable friend, Mr. Shad, should do it. What is the nature of the connection or relationship between you and Shad?" abruptly concluded Mr. Lester.

The question seemed to drive Tiflle wild. A connection between her and Granny Bean's brat, Shad, she raved, who dared to insinuate it?

"It is of no consequence," replied Mr. Lester. "Remember that you are out of the house this day month. And let me recommend you to drop your favorite employment --- looking and listening--- before you try for a situation in another family."

HENRIETTA TEMPLE there, Maria." Shad and Time!" Maria attered. wonder she should have that boy with her. And how strangely she is dressed ! What will mamma say ? "As to her having Shad with her, I have a strong suspicion that that has more right to be with her than with anybody else," said Lord Dane. "What do you mean, William?" mamma şay 💯

Lord Dane only laughed, and there was no time to pursue the theme, for the crowd grew 'denser.

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 Bordillion, Miss Dane and others. It was the last appearance of Wilfred Lester and his wife. In a day or two they were to depart from town, an excellent appointment under the Government having been obtained for him through the Dane interest.

The carriage drew up, and as Lord Dane stepped from it there was a flourish of trumpets, and a new and stately flag shot up from the center turret, to wave majestically over the castle. The beams of the departing sun shone upon it, and acclammations rent air.

A few hasting greetings to relatives, and then William turned his final bows of thanks to the crowd. He was interrupted by a yellow bonnet, which had pushed through the ranks and planted itself before him.

"Here's wishing of your lordships every happiness in life, and the same to your lordship's lady," curtaied the false and brassy used and abused, and turned out of my place since your lordship's departure, I'm not one to bear malice, and says I to Shad. We'll go up with the rest, and offer our kingretilations this onspicious day to Lord and Lady

Dane. "Lord and Lady Dane beg to thank you," was William's response, somewhat coldly spoken.

"And I've taken up my residence in the cottage which was Granny Bean's having accumulated enough for a small indepindince," answered Tifile. "And if I can serve your lord or ladyship in anyway, I shall be gratified to do it."

"Have you taken to Shad, as well as to the cottage ?" pursued William.

Not being "Yes, my lord, I have. ashamed to acknowledge in the faces of inemies that he's mine," was the assured response

"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 promised the boy I would do something for him, and he must be rescued from his present vagabond life, if he is to escape utter ruin. I am ready to place him at an industrial school, where he will be taught to earn a living, and where what good may be in him will be brought out.

" And it's with thanks to your lordship's intintions, but I don't intind to do myself the pleasure of accepting them," spoke Tiffle, in a tone of resentment "" Shad's no more a vagabond than other folks, and he'll stop and have his abode with me, and no powershall tear us apart."

Shad melted into tears and whined out a chorus, one eye turned up to Lord Dane, the other down to Tifile. He'd do almost anything his lordship wanted of him, that he couldn't leave his dear mother Mrs. Tiffle.

" Very well said Lord Dane to Tiffle. " T 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 Then out broke Tiffle, her rage mastered her, and she was as a very fiend let loose. I shall surely punish him. And mark her and she was as a very fiend let loose. I shall have him watched. I shall suffer her and she was a very fiend let loose. I shall have him watched. I shall suffer her and she was a very fiend let loose. I shall have him watched. I shall suffer her and she was a very fiend let loose. I have him watched. I shall suffer her and she was a very fiend let loose. I have him watched her approved by the father, he was soon after her and she was the she was soon after her approved by the father approved by the she was soon after her and she was the she was soon after her approved by the father approved by the she was soon after her approv

VELES. BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISBAELI.

The estates of the family, on their restoration, had not been entailed; but; until Sir Ferdinand no head of the house had abused the confidence of his ancestors, and the vast possessions of the house of Armine had descended unimpaired; and unimpaired, so far as he was concerned, Sir Ratcliffe determined they should remain. Although, by the sale of the estates, not only the encumbrances and liabilities might have been discharged, but to sniff the air and recall their bloom, here himself left in possession of a moderate inde-pendence, Sir Ratcliffe at once resolved to durance, had struggled successfully even part with nothing. Fresh sums were raised for the payment of the debts, and the mortgages now consumed nearly the whole rental of the lands on which they were secured. Sir Batcliffe obtained for himself only an annuity of three hundred per annum, which he pre-sented to his mother, in addition to the small portion which she had received on her first marriage; and for himself, visiting Armine Place for the first time, he roamed for a few days with sad complacency about that magnificent demesne, and then, taking down from the walls of the magnificent hall the sabre with which his father had defeated the Imperial host, he embarked for Cadiz, and shortly after his arrival obtained a commis-

sion in the Spanish service. Although the hereditary valour of the Armines had descended to their forlorn representative, it is not probable that, under any circumstances, Sir Ratcliffe would have risen to any eminence in the country of his temporary adoption. His was not one of those minds born to command and to create; and his temper was too proud to serve and to solicit. His residence in Spain was not altogether without satisfaction. It was during this sojourn that he gained the little knowledge of life and human nature he possessed and the creed and solemn manners of the land harmonized with his faith and habits. Among these strangers, too, the proud young Englishman felt not so keenly the degradation of his house; and sometimes, though his was not the fatal gift of imagination, sometimes he indulged in day dreams of its rise. Unpractised in business, and not gifted with that intuitive quickness which supplies experience and often baffles it, Ratcliffe Armine who had not quitted the domestic hearth even for the purpose of education, was yet fortunate enough to possess a devoted friend ; and this was Father Glastonbury, his tutor, and confessor to his mother. It was to him that Sir Ratcliffe intrusted the management of his affairs, with a confidence which was deserved; for Father Glastonbury sympathised with all his feelings, and was so wrapped up in the in polished circles, but she had fortunately glory of the family, that he had no greater ambition in life than to become their historiographer, and had been for years employed in amassing materials for a great work dedicated to their celebrity.

When Ratcliffe Armine had been absent about three years his mother died. Her death was quite unexpected. She had not fulfilled two-thirds of the allotted period of the Psulmist, and in spite of many sorrows she was still beautiful. Glastonbury, who communicated to him the intelligence in a letter, in which he vainly attempted to suppress his own overwhelming affliction, counselled his immediate return to England, if but for a season; and the unhappy Ratcliffe followed his advice. By the death of his mother, Sir Ratcliffe Armine became possessed, for the first time, of a small but still an independent income; and having paid a visit, soon after his return to his native country, to a Catholic nobleman to whom his acquaintance had been of some use when travelling in Spain, he became enamoured of one of his daughters,

tected 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 youtself in an am-phitheatre of Italian pines. A strange exotio 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 sultanas from their jalousies, against northern winters, and wantoned now 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's but these had fled away 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 oaken roof, studded with achievements. This apartment was lighted by the oriel window we have mentioned, the upper panes of which con-tained some ancient specimens of painted glass, and having been fitted up by Sir Ferdi-

nand 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 pea-gread 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 neigh-bouring 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 women. 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 manuers were graceful, for she had visited courts and mixed 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 solaced the constitutional gloom of Sir Rat-

cliffe, 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 tion. Yet Father Glastonbury was an univer- sources so numerons that they were sure he one who would have been proud to have min- | sal favourite, and ever a welcome guest. In

dreams

been educated at a college of Jesuits in France, and had entered at an early iperiod of life, in and had entered at an early iperiod of life in the service of the Catholic Onden whose communion his family had never quitted. At college young Histonbury had been alike distinguished for histassiduous talents and for the externe beneviolence of his disposition. His was one of those minds to which refine-ment is batural, and which learning and experience never deprive of simplicity. Apparently his passions were not violent ; perhaps they were restrained by his profound piety. Next to his devotion, Father Glaston-bury 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 this heart should be counted a very fortunate art; and it was as he glided along the solemn shade of those Gothic aisles, gazing on the brave groining of the vaulted roots, whose deep and sublime shadows so beautifully contrasted with the sprinkling shrines and the delicate chantries 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 have seen the old Place before? Take care of his imagination, that he was wont to trace his the step. I say, Constance,' said Ratcliffe. in love of heraldry, of which he possessed a re-markable knowledge, to the emblazoned win-wife, 'how do you like him ?' dows that perpetuated the memory and the

achievements of many a pious founder. When Father Glastonbury was about 21 years af 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 Siccus. 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 had not been long a guest at Armine before Sir principally in Lancashire, where he became Ratcliffe and his lady could not refrain from 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 among them. His benevolent and placid duke, who was a man of fine taste and antiquarian pursuits, and an exceedingly bene- the entire affection which he evidently volent person, sought Father Glastonbury's acquaintance in consequence of the publica- name, and for everything that related tion, and from that moment a close and cherished intimacy subsisted between them.

In the absence of the family, however, remained for him still the abbeys and the minsters of the West of England, a subject on which he was very eloquent. Father Glastonbury performed all these excursions on foot, armed been known to quit a house occasionally with-

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

seriously. Sir Ratcliffe hurried his intor along. 'Here

a my best triend, Constance, he eagerly ex. claimed, if Lady Armine rose and welcomed f ather Glaston bury very cordially. (Your pre-sence, my dear sir has, I assure you, been long desired by both of us, she said, with a delight ful smile. ful 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." -Ahl madam,' said Father Glastonbury, lay. ing 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

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

Sir Ratcliffe, alter 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

'Very much indeed.'

- 'But do you really ?'
- "Really, truly."

'Angel!' exclaimed the gratified Ratcline.

LIFE is adventurous. Events are perpetually occurring, even in the calmness of domestic existence, which change in an instant the whole train and tenor of our thoughts and feelings, and often materially influence our fortunes and our character. It is strange, and sometimes as profitable as it is singular, to recall our state on the eve of some acquaintance which transfigures our being; with some man whose philosophy revolutionises our mind; with some woman whose charms metamorphose our career. These retrospective meditations are fruitful of self-knowledge.

The visit of Father Glastonbury was one of those incidents which, from the unexpected results that they occasion, swell into events. He mutually communicating to each other the gratification they should feel could Father Glastonbury be induced to cast his lot temper, his many accomplishments, and entertained for everybody that bore the to the fortunes of Armine, all pointed him out as a friend alike to be cherished and to be valued. Under his auspices the garden Father Glastonbury found time for many ex- of the fair Constance soon flourished ; his cursions; by means of which he at last com- | taste guided her pencil, and his voice accompleted drawings of all our cathedrals. There panied her lute. Sir Ratcliffe, too, thoroughly enjoyea his society; Glastonbury was with him the only link, in life, between the present and the past. They talked over old times : ogether; and sorrowful recollections lost their only with an ashen staff which he had cut in bitterness, from the tenderness of his sympa-his early trazels, and respecting which he thetic reminiscences. Sir Ratcliffe, too, was was superstitious; so that he would have no | conscious of the value of such a companion more thought of journeying without his stick than most other people without their hat. In-deed, to speak truth, Father Glastonbury has way. He was aware that young people, and out that necessary appendage, for, from living much alone, he was not a little absent; but times to being alone; and his friends, in his instead of piquing himself on such eccen- absence, never felt that he was neglected, betricities, they ever occasioned him mortifica- | cause his pursuits were so various and his rewas employed and amused.

gled his life with hers; but, with a soul not his journeys he had no want of hosts; for In the pleasaunce of Armine, at the termin insensible to the splendid accidents of exist- there was not a Catholic family which would ation of a long turfen avenue of purple In the pleasaunce of Armine, at the termin-

She abused her master, she insulted Lady Adelaide. The servants came flocking in astonishment, and Mr. Lester put her out of the house there and then, paying her on the spot the balance of her wages due. She bestowed some benedictions, more loud than holy, upon the hall, as she flounced out of it, pulling Shad with her.

Sure enough Granny Dean was dead. Tiffly took up her residence in the hut, announcing that she should remain in it for the future, and boasting that she had well feathered her nest, and could live in comfort. What was to become of Shad? people asked. But, alas! that young gentleman turned out to be the offspring of Tiffle. It came to light through some recent revelations of Granny Bean's. Tiffe at first denied it with glowing indignation, but when she found her denial was only laughed at, then she turned upon them and brazened it out.

" Well, he was ; and she was proud of him, thera!" Well she might be, for he was the very image of herself.

The sun was sinking beyond the sea on one of the evenings in June, its last rays illumining a busy scene. What could be going on at Danesheld? It seemed as though all its population had dressed themselves in gala clothes, and had turned out to crowd the heights. Anxiously were their eyes directed to the farther extremity of the road; and as a carriage wound round the corner iuto view, symptoms of excitement arose. It was a chariot and four, its panels bearing the Dane arms and coronet. Inside it sat Lord Dane and his wife. They were returning from their bridal tour. Simultaneously with the sight of the chariot to the crowd, came the sight of the crowd to the inmates of the chariot.

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

No need to ask long what it was, or why they had assembled there, for the low murmured tones of greeting grew into deep and heartfelt shouts-" Welcome home to Lord and Lady Dane!" The carriage advanced at a foot-pace; it could not get on quicker, unless it had crushed the people; and Lord Dane bowed on all sides, the frank smiles on his handsome face pleasing the shouters as much as the bows.

"William, I do believe that everybody is here I" exclaimed Maria, as rich and pcor high and low, were caught sight of in turn "There's your friend, Ben Beecher."

Lord Dane looked out till he caught his eye and gave him an especial smile and bow all to himself. Ben reddened with pride.

"And there's Sophie, William! Do look! She is shaking her bandkerchief! And there's Mr. Apperly shouting himself hoarse. How kind they all are !"

Maria stopped, for at that moment a lovely bonquet was dashed into the carriage, nearly catching her on the cheek. She took it up, laughed, and leaned forward.

Thank you, thank you, Sophie!" for it had come from Mrs. Ravensbird.

A few paces more, and Lord Dane, taking his wife's hand, pointed to a certain spot where stood two people, somewhat apart from each other. A woman in a gay, new scarlet shawl, and gay yellow bonnet. with pink bows inside, and a young gentleman in a suit of corduroy, ornamented with fancy metal buttons,

better think it over, Tifile; and remember that the boy has a soul to be saved."

William turned, and faced the crowd, standing bare-headed, his wife upon his arm. They were cheering themselves deaf. He bowed his acknowledgements, he smiled his thanks; to those immediately around, he spoke them. It was a scene worth depicting. The stately old castle and its waving flag; the hundreds gathered before it in their homage and affection; and the fine young chieftain standing there free and noble, his face lighted by the slanting beams of the sun. As they gazed on his earnest, thoughtful eves, and his brow of intellect ; on his serene features, and the unmistakable expression stamped on themgoodness-they felt that Danesheld, in its lord, would possess a friend. Maria leaned on him, her cheeks blushing, and her eyes wet. Perhaps there was scarcely a dry sye in the crowd, as the last cheers went up-"Long life, peace, and blessing on Lord and Lady Dane!

THE END.

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Lord Grandisan.

AFTER his marriage Sir Ratcliffe determined to reside at Armine. In one of the largest parks in England there yet remained a fragment of a vast Elizabethan pile, that in old days bore the name or Armine Place. When Sir Ferdinand had commenced building Armine Castle, he had pulled down the old mansion, partly for the sake of its site and partly for the sake of its materials. Long lines of turretted and many-windowed walls, tall towers, and lofty arches, now rose in picturesque confusion on the green ascent where heretofore old Sir Walsingham had raised the fair and convenient dwelling, which he justly deemed might have served the purpose of a loag posterity. The hall and chief staircase of the castle and a gallery alone were fin-ished; and many a day had Sir Ferdinand passed in arranging the pictures, the armour, and choice rarities of these magnificent apart-

ments. The cest of the building was a mere shell; nor was it in all parts even roofed in. Heaps of bricks and stone and piles of timber appeared in every direction; and traces of the sudden stoppage of a great work might be observed in the temporary saw-pits still remaining, the sheds for the workmen, and the kilns and furnaces, which never had been removed. Time, however, had stained the neglected towers with an antique tint, and had permitted many a generation of summer birds to build their sunny nests on all the coignes of vantage of the unfinished walls, had exercised a mellowing influence even on these rude accessories, and in the course of years they had been so drenched by the rain, and so buffeted by the wind, and had become so covered with moss and ivy, that they rather added to than detracted from the picturesque character of

the whole mass. A few hundred yards from the castle, but situate on the same verdant rising ground, and commanding, although well sheltered. an extensive view over the wide park, was the fragment of the old Place that we have noticed. The rough and undulating rent which marked the severance of the building was now thickly covered with ivy, which in its gamesome luxuriance had contrived also to climb up a remaining stack of tall chimneys, and to spread over the covering of the large oriel window. This fragment contained a set of pleasant chambers, which, having been occupied by the late baronet, were of course furnished with great taste and comfort; and there was, moreover, accommodation sufficient for a small establishment. Armine Place, before Sir Ferdinand, unfortunatety for his descendants, determined in the eighteenth century on building a feudal castle, had been situate in famous pleasure-grounds, which extended at the back of the mansion over a spice of some hundred acres. The grounds in the immediate vicinity of the buildings had of course suffered severely, but the far greater portion had only been neglected; and there

were some indeed who deemed, as they wandered through the arbor-walks of this enchanting wilderness, that its beauty had been enhanced even by this very neglect. It seemed like a forest in a beautiful romance ; a green and bowery wilderness where Boecacciou would have loved to woo, and Watteau to paint. So artfully had the walks been

planned, that they seemed interminable, not was there a single point in the whole pleasaunce where the keenest eve could have deence, 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

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 antiered tenants of the bowers to resume their shady dwellings. The good man and his wife who hitherto had inhabited the rather by the goodness of his disposition and old Place, and shown the castle and the pleanew 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, perperity. formed 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 cer-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 intimation, 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 wendering at their own marvellous happiness. Then Lady Armine would sit on a green bank and sing her choicest songs, and Sir Ratcliffe repaid her for her kindness by speeches softer even than serenades. The arrangement of their dwelling occupied the second month ; each day witnessed some felicitous yet economical alteration of her creetive The third month Lady Armine deter-

taste. mined to make a garden. 'I wish,' said her affectionate husband. as he toiled with delight in her service, 'I wish, my dear Constance, that Father Glastonbury was here; he was such a capital gardener.' 'Let us ask him, dear Ratcliffe; and, perhaps, for such a friend we have already allewed too great a space of time to elapse without sending an invitation.

Why, we are so happy,' said Sir Ratcliffe, smiling ; 'and yet Father Glastonbury is the best creature in the world. I hope you will like him, dear Constance.' 'I am sure I shall, dear Ratcliffe. Give me

that geranium, love. Write to him to-day; write to Father Glastonbury to-day.'

ADRIAN GLASTONDURY was a younger son of

not have been hurt had he passed them with- | beeches, there was a turreted gate, flanked by out a visit. He was indeed a rarely accom- round towers, intended by Sir Ferdinand for plished personage. An admirable scholar and one of the principal entrances of his castle. profound antiquary, he possessed also a considerable practical knowledge of the less severe sciences, was a fine artist, and no con- | ing staircase in one of the towers ; the other temptible 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 Uarbara 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 his unblemished conduct, than by any remarksaunce to passing travellers, were, under the jable brilliancy of talents or acquirements; but | cliffe. 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 pros-

So great indeed was the shock which he ex perienced at the unexpected death of Lady Barbara, that for some time he meditated assumming the cowl; and if the absence of his pupil prevented the accomplishment of tainly the only piece of splendor in which 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 sunshiny 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.

'Ratcliffe, my dear,' said Lady Armine, some one approaches.'

'A tramper, Constance?'

' No, no, my love ; rise ; it is a gentlemen.' 'Who can it be?' said Sir Ratcliffe, rising; perhaps it is your brother, love. An! no, it is, it is Father Glastonbury !' And at these words he ran forward, jumped over the iron hurdle which separated their lawn from the park; nor stopt his quick pace until he reached a middle-aged man of very prepossessing appearance, though certainly not unsullied by the dust, for assuredly the guest had travelled far and long.

cliffe, embracing him, and speaking under the upon him, maintained on the whole his influence of an excitement in which he rarely | courage. indulged, 'I am the happiest fellow alive. How deed centred in the education of the little do you do? I will introduce you to Constance Ferdinand. At ten years of age he was one of an old but decayed English family, He had | directly. She is dying to know you, and quite ! those spirited and at the same time docile

Over the gate were small but convenient chambers, to which you ascended by a windwas a mere shell. It was sunset; the long vista gleamed in the dying rays, that shed also a rich breadth of light over the bold and baronial arch. Our friends had been examining the chambers, and Lady Armine, who was a little wearied by the exertion, stood opposite the building, leaning on her husband and his friend.

'A man might go far, and find a worse dwelling than 'that portal,' said Glastonbury, musingly. Methinks life might glide away pleasantly enough in those little rooms, with one's books and drawings, and this noble avenue for a pensive stroll."

I wish to heaven, my dear Glastonbury. you would try the experiment,' said Sir Rat-

'Ah! do, Mr. Glastonbury,' added Lady Armine, ' take pity on us!'

At any rate, it is not so dull as a cloister, added Sir Ratcliffe; 'and say what they like, there is nothing like living among friends.'

"You would find me very troublesome,' replied Glastonbury, with a smile ; and then, turning the conversation, evidently more from embarrassment than distaste, he remarked the singularity of the purple beeches.

Their origin was uncertain; but one circumstance is sure : that before another month had passed, Father Glastonbury was tenant for life of the portal of Armine Castle, and all his books and collections were safely stowed and arranged in the rooms with which he had been so much pleased.

The course of time for some years flowed happily at Armine. In the second year of their marriage Lady Armine presented her husband with a son. Their family was never aiterwards increased, but the proud father was consoled by the sex of his child for the recollection that the existence of his line depended upon the precious contingency of a single life. The boy was christened Ferdinand. With the exception of an annual visit to Lord Grandison, the Armine family never quitted their home Necessity as well as taste in-duced this regularity of life. The affairs of Sir Ratcliffe did not improve. His mortgagees were more strict in their demands of interest than his tenants in payment of the rents. His man of business, who had made his fortune in the service of the family, was not wanting in accommodation to his 'client;' but he was a man of business; he could not sympathize with the peculiar feelings and fancies of Sir Ratcliffe, and he persisted in seizing every opportunity of urging on him the advisability of selling his estates. However, by strict economy and temporary assistance from his lawyer, Sir Ratcliffe, during the first ten years of his marriage, managed to carry on affairs; and though occasional embarrassments sometimes caused him fits of gloom and despondency, the sangaine spirit of his wife, and the confidence in the destiny of their 'My dear Glastonbury,' exclaimed Sir Rat. | beautiful child which she regularly enforced All their hopes and joys were in-