BY THE SUIR!

Let me rest! let me rest by the stream near the wildwood,
Oh! friends, let me sleep by its placid, clear wave;
It is meet that the anthems which gladdened my childhood
Should swell their sweet numbers above my Let me rest on the soil of our beautiful mother—
The land for whose weal I have travailed so long, And there shall the Suir, all repinings vain smother. With the harmonies rare of its rich, Irish song!

Oh! bright, flowing river! Oh! dear flowing Oh! origin, howard river!

Tiver!

Through ages unnumbered you've swept thro' the glen;
Oh! glad, flowing river! Oh! gay, roving Your music awakens my dreamings again.

I dream of the Past, and its many-hued story—
Of heroes and martyrs whose names we revere;
Of bards and of sages, whose wisdom-trove, hoary, Was treasured in shrines by that stream, spark-

was treasured in surines by that stream, spara-ling clear!

And as heroes undaunted and martyrs un-shrinking
Gave sages and bards golden themes to indite,
So even to me, though life's current is sinking,
Their memories are clad in a yestment of

Oh! sad, dreaming river! Oh! glad, speaking river!
Meander for aye while the wild breezes rave!
Oh! stream of the wildwood, which freshened my childhood,
My lullaby sing, and my resting place lave!

There let me repose near the stream in the wildwood,
Whose face mirrors purely the beauty of God!
Oh! there let me sleep as of old in my child-hood, Where scent shedding mignonettes spring from

where seem sheading inignoneties spring the sod!
And the friends I have treasured—the people I cherished
With a love and a trust fated e'er to endure—
With a pride in the Past, though its glories have perished.

And the flag of the Stranger waves over the

Oh! fairy-like river! Oh! sweet, rythmic river!
In the imple of nature my requiem sing!
Oh moss-bordered river! Oh! caim, flowing Bright dreamings of heaven your soft volces JAMES JOSEPH GAHAN,

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

Ferdinand looked a little confused. 'The truth is, he replied, 'I have not risen at all. I could not sleep; why, I know not; the evening, I suppose, was too happy for so commonplace a termination; so I escaped from my room as soon as I could do so without dis-turbing your household; and I have been bathing, which refreshes me always more than Weil, I could not resign my sleep, were it

only for the sake of my dreams.' · Pleasant I trust they were. · Rosy dreams

and slumbers light are for ladies as fair as

'I am grateful that I always fulfil the poet's wish; and what is more, I wake only to gather roses; see here!

She extended to him a flower. 'I deserve it,' said Ferdinand, 'for I have not neglected your first gift;' and he offered her the rose she had given him the first day of his visit. 'Tis "hrivolog, he added, 'but still very sweet, at least to ma.

'It is mine now,' said Henrietta Temple. 'Ah! you will throw it away.'

'Do you think me, then, so insensible?" 'It cannot be to you what it is to me,' replied Ferdinand.

'It is a memorial,' said Miss Temple Of what, and of whom? enquired Ferdinand.

'Of friendship and a friend.' 'Tis something to be Miss Temple's friend.'

I am glad you think so. I believe I am yain, but certainly I like to

'Then you can always gain your wish with-

out an effort.' 'Now I think we are very good friends, said Miss Temple, 'considering we have known each other so short a time. But then

papa likes you so much.' 'I am honored as well as gratified by the kindly dispositions of so agreeable a person as Mr. Temple. I can assure his daughter that the feeling is mutual. Your tather's

opinion influences you? In everything. He has been so kind father, that it would be worse than ingrati-

tude to be less than devoted to him.' 'Mr. Temple is a very enviable person. But Captain Armine knows the delight of a parent who loves him. I love my father as

you love your mother.' 'I have, however, lived to feel that no person's opinion could influence me in everything; I have lived to find that even filial

beam, compared with-'See! my father kisses his hand to us from the window. Let us run and meet him.'

THE last adieus are bidden; Fordinand is on his road to Armine, flying from the woman he is betrothed. He reined in his horse as I believe; but I was not thinking of that sort he entered the park. As he slowly approached his home, he could not avoid feeling, that after so long an absence, he had not treated Father Glastonbury with the kindness and consideration he merited. While he was torturing his invention for an excuse for distance; and riding up and dismounting, he joined that faithful friend. Whether it be that love and falsehood are, under any circumstances, inseparable, Ferdinand Armine, whose frankness was proverbial, found himself involved in a long and confused narrative of a visit to a friend, whom he had unexpectedly met, whom he had known abroad, and to whom he was under the greatest ob ligations. He even affected to regret this temporary estrangement from Armine after so long a separation, and to rejoice at his escape. No names were mentioned, and the unsuspicious Father Glastonbury, delighted again to be his companion, inconvenienced him with no cross-examination. But this was only the commencement of the system of degrading deception which awaited him.

Willingly would Ferdinand have devoted all his time and feelings to his companion; but in vain he struggled with the absorbing passion of his soul. He dwelt in silence upon the memory of the last three days, the most eventful period of his existence. He was moody and absent, silent when he should have spoken, wandering when he should have listened, hazarding random observations instead of conversing, or breaking into hurried and inappropriate comments; so that to any worldly critic of his conduct he would have appeared at the same time both dull and excited. At length he made a desperate effort | property, often our best.' to accompany Father Glastonbury to the picconversation of the lady of his heart; he to me a year? stood entranced before the picture of the Turk-

a thousand times, that there was no portrait of Henrietta Armine.

'I would sooner have a portrait of Henrietta Armine than the whole gallery together, said Ferdinand.

Father Glastonbury stared. Father Glastonbury, he continued, with an air of remarkable excitement, 'let us have a wager upon it. What are the odds? Will there ever be a portrait of Henrietta Armine. portrait of Henrietta Armine to our gallery?" 'She died very young,' remarked Father

Glastonbury.

But my Henrietta Armine should not die young, said Ferdinand. She should live, breathe, smile; she-

Father Glastonbury looked very confused. allusion to his secret passion relieved and gratified the overcharged bosom of Ferdinand. He pursued the subject with enjoyment. Anybody but Father Glastonbury might have thought that he had lost his senses, he laughed so loud, and talked so fast about a subject which seemed almost nonsensical but the good Father Glastonbury ascribed these obullitions to the wanten spirit of youth, and smiled out of sympathy, though he knew not why, except that his pupil appeared happy.

At length they quitted the gallery : Father Glastonbury resumed his labors in the hall, where he was copying an escutcheon; and after hovering a short time restlessly around his tutor, now escaping into the garden that he might muse over Henriet's Temple undisturbed, and now returning, for a few minutes to his companion, lest the good Father Glastonbury should feel mortified by his neglect, Ferdinand broke away altogether and wandered far into the pleasaunce.
He came to the green and shady spot where

he had first beheld her. There rose the cedar spreading its dark form in solitary grandeur, and holding, as it were, its state among its subject woods. It was the same scene, almost the same hour; but where was she? He waited for her form to rise, and yet it came not. He shouted Henrietta Temple, yet no fair vision blessed his expectant sight. Was it all a dream? Had he been but lying beneath these branches in a rapturous trance, and had he only woke to the shivering dulness of reality? What evidence was there of the existence of such a being as Henrietta Temple? If such a being did not exist. of what value was life? After a glimpse of Paradise, could be breathe again in this tame and frigid world? Where was Ducie? Where were its immortal bowers, those roses of supernatural fragrance, and the celestial melody of its halls? That garden, wherein he wandered and hung upon her accents; that wood, among whose shadowy boughs she glided like an antelope; that pensive twilight, on which he had gazed with such subdued emotion; that moonlight walk, when her voice floated, like Ariel's, in the purple sky; were these all phantoms? Could it be that this morn, this very morn, he had beheld Henrietta Temple, had conversed with her alone, had bidden her a soft adieu? What, was it this day that she had given him this rose?

He threw himself upon the turf, and gazed upon the flower. The flower was young and beautiful as herself, and just expanding into haps, after all his foolish fears and all his perfect life. To the fantastic brain of love there seemed a resemblance between this rose and her who had culled it. Its stem was tall, its countenance was brilliant, an aromatic essence pervaded its being. As he held it in stifled by the commonplace, we are on the his hand, a bee came hovering round its brink of stepping into the adventurous. If charms, eager to revel in its fragrant levelithe beenway, when suddenly it succeeded in so young and bold. It was evident that he Temple than her voice. It was a rare voice, alighting on the rose. Jealous of his rose, Ferdinand, in his haste, shook the flower, and the fracile head fell from the stem!

A feeling of deep melancholy came over him, with which he found it in vain to struggle, and which he could not analyse. He rose, and pressing the flower to his heart, he walked away and rejoined Father Glastonbury, whose task was nearly accomplished. out enquiring after Miss Temple, he con-Ferdinand sected himself upon one of the high cases which had been stowed away in lating to her which interested and charmed the hall, folding his arms, swinging his legs. and whistling the German air which Miss Temple had sung the preceding night.

'That is a wild and pretty air,' said Father Glastonbury, who was devoted to music. 'I never heard it before. You travellers pick up choice things. Where did you find it?

I am sure I cannot tell, my dear Father Glastonbury: I have been asking myself the same question the whole morning. Sometimes I think I dreamt it.'

A few more such dreams would make you a rare composer,' said Father Glastonbury, smiling.

'Ah! my dear Father Glastonbury, falking love, and God knows mine was powerful of music, I know a musician, such a musician, enough, is after all, but a pallid moonlight a musician whom I should like to introduce you to above all persons in the world.' 'You always loved music, dear Ferdinand; 'tis in the blood. You come from a musical

stock on your mother's side. Is Miss Grandison musical? 'Yes, no, that is to say, I forget; some comwhom he adores, to meet the woman to whom | monplace accomplishment in the art she has, of thing; I was thinking of the lady who

taught me this ;;;! 'A lady!' said Father Clastonbury. 'The Uerman ladies are highly cultivated. Yes the Germans, and the remen especially, have a remarkably fine musical taste, his conduct he observed his old tutor in the rejoined Ferdinand, recovering from his blunder I like the Germans very much, said Father

> O! my dear Father Glastonbury. should hear it sung by moonlight.'

Glastonbury,' and I admire that air.'

'Indeed!' said Father Glastonbury. (N'es; if you could only hear her sing it by moonlight, I venture to say, my dear l'ather Glastonbury, that you would confess that all you had ever heard, or seen, or imagined, of enchanted spirits floating in the air, and filling the atmosphere with supernatural sympronies, was realized.'

'Indeed!' said Father Glastonbury, 'a most eccomplished performer, no doubt! Was she

issional? Who? inquired Ferdinand.

Your songstress.' Professional! oh! ah! yes! No! she was not a professional singer, but she was fit to be one; and that is an excellent idea, too; for I would sooner, atter all, be a professional singer, and live by my art than marry against my inclination, or not marry according to it.'

'Marry !' said Father Glastonbury, rather astonished; 'what, is she going to be married against her will? Poor devoted thing! Devoted, indeed!' said Ferdinand; 'there

is no greater curse on earth.' Father Glastonbury shook his head. 'The affections should not be forced,' the old man added; 'our feelings are our own

Ferdinand fell into a fit of abstraction; ture gallery and listen to his plans. The scene indeed was not ungrateful to him, for it possible that I have been away from Armine

'You are very kind to say so, my Ferdinish page, and lamented to Father Glastonbury | and,' said Father Glastonbury.

an excuse for quitting Father Glastonbury; man engaged with his ideas is insensible of but to eat is as impossible as to sleep, for a fatigue. Ferdinand found himself at the Park man who is really in love. He took a spoon-ful of soup, and then jumping up from his slight stroll, he had already rambled half I wonder if there ever will be a portrait of chair, he walked up and down the room, Henrietta Armine. Come now, my dear thinking of Henrietta Temple. Then tomorrow occurred to him, and that other lady that to-morrow was to bring. He drowned the thought in a bumper of claret. Wine, mighty wine! thou best and surest consola-tion! What care can withstand thy inspiring I am quite fantastic to-day. You are smiling tion! What care can withstand thy inspiring at me. Now do you know, if I had a wish influence! from what scrape canst thou not, certain to be gratified, it should be to add a for the moment, extricate the victim! Who can deny that our spiritual nature in some degree depends upon our corporal condition? A man without breakfast is not a hero; a hero well fed is full of audacious invention. Everything depends upon the circulation. Let but the blood flow freely, and a man of imagination is never without resources. A So strange is love, that this kind of veiled fine pulse is a talisman; a charmed life; a balance at our bankers. It is good luck; it is eternity; it is wealth. Nothing can withstand us; nothing injure us; it is inexhaustible riches. So felt Ferdinand Armine, though on the verge of a moral precipice. To-morrow! what of to-morrow? Did tomorrow daunt him? Not a jot. He would wrestle with to-morrow, laden as it might be with curses, and dash it to the earth. It should not be a day; he would blot it out of the calendar of time; he would effect a moral eclipse of its influence. He loved Henrietta Temple. She should be his. Who could prevent him? Was he not an Armine? Was he not the near descendant of that bold man who passed his whole life in the voluptuous indulgence of his unrestrained volition! Bravo! he willed it, and it should be done. Everything yields to determination. What a fool! what a miserable craven fool had he been to have frightened himself with the flimsy shadows of petty worldly cares? He was born to follow his own pleasure; it was supreme: it was absolute; he was a despot; he set everything and everybody at defiance: and, filling a huge tumbler to the health of the great Sir Ferdinand, he retired, glorious

> On the whole, Ferdinand had not committed so great an indiscretion as the reader, of course shocked, might at first imagine. For the first time for some days he slept, and slept soundly. Next to wine, a renovating slumber perhaps puts us in best humor with our destiny. Ferdinand awoke refreshed and sanguine, full of inventive life, which soon developed itself in a flow of improbable conclusions. His most rational scheme, however, appeared to consist in winning Henrietta Temple, and turning pirate, or engaging in the service of some distant and dis-turbed state. Why might he not free Greece, or revolutionise Spain, or conquer Brazila? Others had embarked in these bold enterprises; men not more desperate than himself and not better qualified for the career. Young, courageous, a warrior by profession, with a name of traditionary glory throughout the courts of Christendom, perhaps even remembered in Asia. he seemed just the the individual to carve out a glorious heritage with his sword. And as for his parents, they were not in the vale of years: let them dream on in an easy obscurity, and maintain themselves at Armine until he returned to redeem his hereditary domain. All that was requisite was haps, after all his foolish fears and all his petty anxiety, he might live to replace upon her brow the ancient coronet of Tewesbury! Why not? The world is strange; nothing bappens that we anticipate: when apparently he married Miss Grandison, his career was

as an emperor.

Not be: He rose, he mounted his herse, and galloped over to Ducie Common. Its very aspect melted his heart. He called at the cottages he had visited two days before. Withtrived to hear a thousand circumstances rehim. In the distance rose the woods of Ducie; he gazed upon them as if he could never withdraw his sight from their deep and silent forms. Oh, that sweet bower! Why was there any other world but Ducie? All his brave projects of war, and conquest, and imperial plunder, seemed dull and vain now. He sickened at the thought of action. He sighed to gather roses, to listen to songs sweeter than the nightingale, and wander for

ever in moon-lit groves. He turned his horse's head; slowly and sorrowfully he directed his course to Armine. Had they arrived? The stern presence of reality was too much for all his slight and glittering visious. What was he, after all? This future conqueror was a young officer on leave, obscure except in his immediate circles with no inheritance, and very much in debt; awaited with anxiety by his affectionate parents, and a young lady whom he was about to marry for her forture! Most impotent epilogue to a magnificent reverie!

The post arrived at Armine in the afternoon. As Ferdinand, nervous as a child returning to school, tardily regained home, he recognized the approaching postman. Hah! a letter! What was its import? The blessing of delay? ot was it the herald of their instantarrival? Pale and sick at heart, he tore open the hurried lines of Katherine. The maiden aunt had stumbled while getting out and with her all its mischances a transient of a pony phaeton, and experienced a serious accident; their visit to Armine was necessarily postponed. He read no more. The color returned to his cheek, reinforced by his heart's liveliest blood. A thousand thoughts, thousand wild hopes and wilder plans, came over him.

Here was, at least, one interposition in his favor; others would occur. He felt fortunate. He rushed to the tower, to tell the news to Father Glastonbury. His tutor ascribed his agitation to the shock, and attempted to console him. In communicating the intelligence, he was obliged to finish the letter; it expressed a hope that, if their visit were postponed for more than a day or two, Katherine's dearest Ferdinand would return to Bath.

Ferdinand wandered forth into the park to enjoy his freedom. A burden had suddenly fallen from his frame; a cloud that had haunted his vision had vanished. To-day, that was so accursed, was to be marked now in his calender with red chalk. Even Armine pleased him; its sky was brighter, its woods more vast and green. They had not arrived; they would not arrive to-morrow, that was certain; the third day, too, was a day of hope. Why! three days, three whole days of unexpected, unhoped-for freedom, it was charity! What might not happen in three days! For three days he might fairly remain in expectation of fresh letters. It could not be anticipated, it was not even desired, that he should instantly repair to them. Come, he would forget this curse, he would was associated with the existence and the only two days? Do you know it really seems, be happy. The past, the future, should be nothing; he would revel in the auspicious

present. Thus communing with himself, he saun-

Ir is difficult to describe the restlessness of tered along, musing over Henrietta Temple, Ferdinand Armine. His solitary dinner was and building bright castles in the air. A way to his beloved. It was a delicious afternoon; the heat of the sun had long abated; the air was sweet and just beginning to stir; not a sound was heard, except the last blow of the woodman's axe, or the occasional note of come joyous bird waking from its siesta. Ferdinand passed the gate; he entered the winding road, the road that Henrietta Temple had so admired; a beautiful green lane with banks of flowers and hedges of tall trees. He strolled along, our happy Ferdinand, indefinite of purpose, almost insensible, whether he were advancing or returning home. He plucked the wild flowers, and pressed them to his lips, because she had admired them : rested on a bank, lounged on a gate, cut a stick from the hedge, traced Henrietta Temple in the road, and then turned the words into Henrietta Armine, and so, he at length, stared at finding himself on Ducie Common.

Beautiful common! how he loved it! How familiar every tree and rustic roof had become to him! Could he ever forget the morning he had bathed in those fresh waters! What lake of Italy, what heroic wave of the midland ocean, could rival in his imagination that simple basin! He drew near the woods of Ducie, glowing with the setting sun. Surely there was no twilight like the twilight of this land! The woods of Ducie are entered. He recognised the path over which she had glided; he knelt down and kissed that sacred earth. As he approached the pleasure grounds, he turned off into a side path that he might not be perceived; he caught, through a vista, a distant glimpse of the mansion. The sight of that roof wherein he had been so happy; of that roof that contained all that he cared for or thought of in this world, overcame him. He leant

against a tree, and bid his face.

The twilight died away, the stars stole forth, and Ferdinand ventured in the spreading gloom of night to approach the mansion. He threw himself upon the turf, and watched the chamber where she lived. The windows were open, there were lights within the room, but the thin curtains were drawn, and concealed the inmates. Happy, happy chamber! All that was bright and fair and sweet were concentrated in those charming walls!

The curtain is withdrawn; an arm which cannot be mistaken, pulls back the drapery. Is she coming forth? No, she does not; but he sees, distinctly he sees her. She sits in an old chair that he had often praised; her head rests upon her arm, her brow seems pensive; and in her other hand she holds a volume that she scarcely appears to read. Oh! may he gaze upon her for ever! May this celestial scene, this scraphic hour, never pass away. Bright stars! do not fade; thou summer wind that playest upon his brow, perfumed by her flowers, refresh him for ever; beautiful night be for ever the canopy of a scene so sweet and still; let existence glide away in gazing on you delicate and tender

Dreams of fantastic love; the curtain closes; a ruder band than hers has shut her from his sight! It has all vanished; the stars seem dim, the autumnal air is dark and harsh; and where he had gazed on heaven, a bat flits wild and fleet. Poer Ferdinand, unhappy Ferdinand, how dull and depressed our brave gallant has become! Wasit her father who had closed the curtain? Could he himself, thought Ferdinand, have been observed?

Hark! a voice softer and sweeter than the night breaks upon the air. It is the voice of his beloved; and, indeed, with all her singular and admirable qualities, there was not ness. More than once had Ferdinand driven | closed; a most unnatural conclusion for one anything more remarkable about Henrietta | Temple had quitted Ducie yesterday morning must marry Henrietta Temple; and then? so that in speaking, and in ordinary conversa-Why then something would happen totally tion, though there was no one whose utterance "Mexpected and unforeseen. Who could doubt was more natural and less unstudied, ii forcibly affected you. She could not give you greeting, bid you an adieu, or make a routine he had been bold enough in the course of his remark, without impressing you with her power and sweetness. It sounded like a bell, sweet and clear and thrilling; it was astonishing what influence a little word uttered by this woman, without thought, would have upon those she addressed. Of such fine clay

is man made. That beautiful voice recalled to Ferdinand all his fading visions; it renewed the spell which had recently enchanted him; it conjured up again all those sweet spirits that had a moment since hovered over him with their auspicious pinions. He could not indeed seo her; her form was shrouded, but her voice to think himself a very great fool; at any reached bim; a voice attuned to tenderness. even to love; a voice that reached his ear, further. He was clearly premature; he would melted his soul, and blended with his whole existence. His heart fluttered, his pulse beat high, he sprang up, he advanced to the window! Yes! a few paces alone divide them; a single step and he will be at her side. His hand is outstretched to clutch the curtain, his courage vanished with its inspiration. For a moment he lingered, but his heart misgave him, and he stole back to his solitude.

What a mystery is Love! All the necesas day and night divide Time, lose all their influence over the lover. He is a spiritualized slumber in an imaginary paradise. The cares of the world do not touch him; its most stirring events are to him but the dusty incidents of the bygone annals. All the fortune of the world without his mistress is misery; dream. Revolutions, earthquakes, the you to come to see a lone maiden, she conchange of governments, the fall of empires, are to him but childish games, distasteful to any preparation. I cannot endure to be sepaa manly spirit. Men love in the plague, and rated from him, and this is almost the only forget the pest, though it rages about them. time that he refused my solicitation to ac-They bear a charmed life, and think not of company him. But he must travel far and then they die without a pang, like zealots for their persecuted creed. A man in love wanders in the world as a somnambulist, with eyes that seem open to those that watch him, yet in fact view nothing but their own inward

Oh! that night at Ducie, through whose long hours Ferdinand Armine, in a tumult of enraptured passion, in its lawns and groves, feeding on the image of its enchanting mistress, watching the solitary light in her chamber that was to him as the phares to a mariner in a tumultuous voyage! The morning, the grey cold morning, came at last; he had outwatched the stars, and listened to the waking birds. It was no longer possible to remain in the gardens unobserved; he regained the common.

What should he do? whither should he wend his course? To Armine? 'Oh'! not to Armine; never could be return to Armine without the heart of Henrietta Temple. Yes! on that great venture be had now resolved; on that mighty hazard all should now be staked. Reckless of consequences, one yast object now alone sustained him. Exvast object now alone sustained him. istence without her was impossible! Ay! a day, a day, a single, a solitary day, should not elapse without his breathing to her his passion, and seeking his fate from her lark eyes.

He strolled along to the extremity of the common. It was a great table land, from ple?' enquired Ferdinand.

whose boundary you look down on small rich valleys; and into one of these, winding his way through fields and pastures, of which the fertile soil was testified by their vigorous hedgerows, he now descended. A long, low. farmhouse, with gable ends and ample porch, an unipue building that in old days might have been some manorial residence, attracted his attention. Its picturesque form, its angles and twisted chimneys, its porch covered with Jessamine and eglantine, its verdant homestead, and its orchard rich with ruddy fruit, its vast barns and long lines of ample stacks, produced altogether a rural picture complete and cheerful. Near it a stream, which Ferdinand followed, and which, after a devious and rapid course, emptied itself into a deep and capacious pool, touched by the early sunbeam, and grateful to the swimmer's eye. Here Ferdinand made his natural toilet; and afterwards slowly returning to the farm-house, sought an agreeable refuge from the sun in its fragrant porch.

The farmer's wife, accompanied by a pretty daughter with downcast eyes, came forth and invited him to enter. While he courteously refused her offer, he sought her hospitality. The good wife brought a table and placed it in the porch, and covered it with a napkin purer than snow. Her viands were fresh eggs, milk warm from the cow, and bread she had herself baked. Even a lover might feed on such sweet food. This happy valley and this cheerful settlement wonderfully touched the fancy of Ferdinand. The season was mild and sunny, the air scented by the flowers that rustled in the breeze, the bees soon came to rifle their sweetness, and flights of white and blue pigeons ever and anon skimmed But an acquaintance, as I am, only an acalong the sky from the neighboring gables that were their dovecotes. Ferdinand made a salutary, if not a plenteous meal; and when the table was removed, exhausted by the fatique and excitement of the last four-andwenty hours, he stretched himself at full length in the porch, and fell into a gentle and dreamless slumber.

Honrs elapsed before he awoke, vigorous indeed, and wonderfully refreshed; but the sun lt was a beautiful hand that was extended to him; a beautiful hand is an excellent ishment, as he moved, there fell from his thing in woman; it is a charm that never breast a beautiful nosegay. He was charmed palls, and better than all, it is a means of fas-with this delicate attention from his hostess, cination that never disappears. Women or perhaps from her pretty daughter with those downcast eyes. There seemed a refine-ment about the gift, and the mode of its offer-or ceased to enchant. The expression of the ing, which scarcely could be expected from hand, too, is inexhaustible; and when the these kind yet simple rustics. The flowers, eyes we may have worshipped no longer flash too, were rare and choice; geraniums such as or sparkle, the ringlets with which we may are found only in lady's bower, a cape jessa-have played are covered with a cap, or worse, mine, some musky carnations, and a rose that | a turban, and the symmetrical presence which seemed the sister of the one that he had borne from Ducie. They were delicately bound together, too, by a bright blue riband, fastened | ished; the hand, the immortal hand, defying by a gold and turquoise pin. This was most strange; this was an adventure more suitable still triumphs; and small, soft, and fair, by an to a Sicilian palace than an English farmhouse; to the gardens of a princess than the clustered porch of his kind hostess. Ferdinand gazed at the bouquet with a glance of blended perplexity and pleasure; then he en-tered the farm-house, and made enquiries of luxuriant than Helen's of Troy, a cheek pink his hostess, but they were fruitless. The as a shell, and breaking into dimples like a pretty daughter with the downcast eyes was there too; but her very admiration of the gift, so genuine and unrestrained, proved,, if testimony indeed were necessary, that she was not his unknown benefactor; admirer, he would tended skein. have said; but Ferdinand was in love, and Now this modest. All agreed no one, to their knowledge had been there; and so Ferdinand, his new friends in as much perplexity as

It was about two hours before sunset that Captain Armine summoned up courage to call up Ducie Bower. He inquired for Mr. Temple, and learned to his surprise that Mr. for Scotland.

'And Miss Temple?' said Ferdinand.

'Is at home, Sir,' replied the servant. Ferdinand was ushered into the saloon. he was not there. Our hero was very nervous; walk from the farm-house, and indulged in a thousand imaginary conversations with his mistress; but, now that he was really about to meet her, all his fire and fancy deserted him. Everything occurred to him inauspi-cious to his suit; his own situation, the short time she had known him, his uncertainty of the state of her affections. How did he knew she was not engaged to another? why should she not be betrothed as well as himself? This contingency had occurred to him before, and yet he had driven it from his thoughts. He began to be jealous; he began rate, he resolved not to expose himself any call to-morrow or next day; to speak to her

now was certainly impossible. The door opened; she entered, radiant as the day! What a smile! what dazzling teeth! what ravishing dimples! her eyes flashed like summer lightning; she extended -, when suddenly the music ceased. His to him a hand white and soft as one of those doves that had played about him in the morning. Surely never was anyone endued with such an imperial presence. So stately, so majestic; and yet withal so simply gracious; sities and habits of our life sink before it. full of such airy artlessness, at one moment Food and sleep, that seem to divide our being she seemed an empress, and then only a beautiful child; and the hand and arm that seemed fashioned to wave a sceptre, in an inbeing, fit only to live upon ambrosia, and stant appeared only fit to fondle a gazelle, or pluck a flower.

'How do you do?' she said; and he really funcied she was going to sing. He was not yet accustomed to that marvellous voice. It broke upon the sileuce, like a silver bell just touched by the summer air. It is kind of tinued; 'papa has descried me, and without destruction until it touches their idol, and quickly. My nucle has sent for him; he is very unwell, and papa is his trustee. There is business; I do not know what it is, but I dara say not very agreeable. By the bye, I hope Lady Armine is well?

'My papa has deserted me,' said Ferdinand, with a smile. 'Theyhave not yet arrived, and some days may yet clapse before they reach Armine

Indeed'l I hope they are well. 'Yes; they are well.'

'Did you ride here?'

No. 'You did not walk?'

I hardly know how I came; I believed I walked.'

You must be very tired; and you are standing! pray sit dowu; sit in that chair; you know that is your favorite chair.' And Ferdinand seated himself in the very chair in which he had watched her the pre-

ceding night. 'This is certainly my favorite chair,' he said; 'I know no seat in the world I prefer to this.'

Will you take some refreshment? I am sure you will; you must be very tired. Take some hock; papa always takes hock and soda water. I shall order some bock and soda water for you.' She rose and rang the bell in spite of his remonstrance.

And have you been walking, Miss Tem-

I was thinking of strolling now,' she replied, but I am glad that you have called. for I wanted an excuse to be idle.

An hour passed away, nor was the cenversation on either side very brilliantly supported. Ferdinand seemed dull, but, indeed, was only recody, revolving in his mind many strange incidents and feelings, and then turning for consolation in his perpiexities to the

enchanting vision on which he still could gaze. Nor was Miss Temple either in her usually sparkling vein; her liveliness seemed an effort; she was more constrained, she was less fluent than before. Ferdinand, indeed, rose more than once to depart; yet still he remained. He lost his cap; he looked for his cap; and then again seated himself. Again he rose, restless and disquieted, wandered about the room, looked at a picture, plucked a flower, pulled the flower to pieces. 'Miss Temple,' he at length observed,' I am

afraid I am very stupid!'

Because you are silent?' · Is not that a sufficient reason?'

'Nay! I think not; I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels bound to talk because he is my companion. The whole day passes sometimes without papa and rayself exchanging fifty words; yet I am very happy; I do not feel that we are dull;' and Miss Temple pursued her work which she had previously taken up.

· Ah! but I am not your papa; when we are very intimate with people, when they interest us, we are engaged with their teelings, we do not perpetually require their ideas. quaintance, a miserable acquuintance, unless I speak or listen, I have no business to be here; unless I in some degree contribute to the amusement or the convenience of my companion, I degenerate into a bore.'

I think you are very amusing, and you may be useful if you like, very;' and she offered him a skein of silk, which she requested him to hold.

It was a beautiful hand that was extended

carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, in our sonnets has reminded us so oft of antelopes and wild gazelles, have all, all vanalike time and and care, still vanquishes, and airy attitude, a gentle pressure, or a new ring. renews with untiring grace the spell that bound our enamored and adoring youth!

But in the present instance there were eyes luxuriant than Helen's of Troy, a cheek pink May morning into sunshine, and lips from which stole forth a perfume sweeter than the whole conservatory. Ferdinand sat down on a chair opposite Miss Temple, with the ex-

'Now this is better than doing nothing!' she said, catching his eye with a glance half-kind, half-arch. 'I suspect, Captain Armine, cherishing his beautiful gift, was fain to quit that your melancholy originates in idleness. 'Ah! if I could only be employed every day in this manner!' ejeculated Ferdinand.

'Nay! not with a distaff; but you must do something. You must get into l'arliament.' 'You forget that I am a Catholic,' said Fer-

dinnad. Miss Temple slightly blushed, and talked rather quickly about her work; but her companion would not relinquish the subject. I hope you are not prejudiced against my

faith,' said Ferdinand. Prejudiced! Dear Captain Armine, do not I feel it is wrong that matters of taste should mingle with matters of belief; but, to speak the truth, I am not quite sure that Howard, as an Armine, who was a Protestant, like myself, would quite please my fancy so much as in their present position, which, if a little in-

convenient, is very picturesque.' Ferdinand smiled. My great grand-mother was a Protestant, said Ferdinand, Margaret Armine. Do you think Margaret a pretty name?'

Queen Margaret! yes a fine name, I think; barring its abbreviation.

I wish my great grandmother's name had not been Margaret,' said Ferdinand, very seri-

Now, why should that respectable dame's baptism disturb your fancy?' enquired Miss-Temple. 'I wish her name had been Hemietta,' re-

plied Ferdinand. 'Henrietta Armine. You know there was a Henrietta Armine once?"

'Was there?' said Miss Temple rising. Our skein is finished. You have been very good. I must go and see my flowers. Come. And as she said this little word, she turned her fair and finely-finished neck, and looked over her shoulder at Ferdinand with an arch expression of countenance peculiar to her. That winning look, indeed, that clear, sweet voice, and that quick graceful attitude, blended into a spell which was irresistible. His heart yearned for Henrietta Temple, and rose at the bidding of her voice.

From the conservatory they stepped into the garden. It was a delicious afternoon; the sun had sunk behind the grove, and the air, which had been throughout the day somewhat oppressive, was now warm, but mild. At Ducie there was a fine old terrace facing the western hills, that bound the valley in which the Bower was situate. These hills, a ridge of moderate elevation, but of picturesque form, parted just opposite the terrace, as if on purpose to admit the setting sun, like inferior existences that had, as it were, made way before the splendor of some mighty lord or conqueror. The lofty and sloping bank which this terrace crowned was covered with rare shrubs, and occasionally a group of tall trees sprang up among them, and broke the view with an interference which was far from ungraceful, while plants spreading forth from large marble vases, had extended over their trunks, and sometimes, in their play, had touched even their topmost brauches. Retween the terrace and the distant hills extended a tract of pasture land, green and wellwooded by its rich hedge-rows; not a roof was visible, though many farms and hamlets were at hand; and, in the beart of a rich and populous land, here was a region where the shepherd or the herdsman was the only evidence of human existence. It was thither, a grateful spot at such an hour, that Miss Temple and her companion directed their steps. The last beam of the sun flashed across the flaming horizon as they gained the terrace; the hills, well wooded, or presenting a bare and acute outline to the sky, rose sharply defined in form; while in another direction some more distant elevations were pervaded with a rich purple tint, touched sometimes, with a rosy blaze of soft and flickering light. The whole scene, indeed, from the humble pasture-land that was soon to creep into dark-

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