

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 green grave.

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 disturbing your household; and I have been bathing, which refreshes me always more than slumber.'

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.

It is difficult to describe the restlessness of Ferdinand Armine. His solitary dinner was an excuse for quitting Father Glastonbury; but to eat is as impossible as to sleep, for a man who is really in love.

tered along, musing over Henrietta Temple, and building bright castles in the air. A man engaged with his ideas is insensible of fatigue. Ferdinand found himself at the Park gate that led to Ducie; intending only a slight stroll, he had already rambled half way to his beloved.

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 herbage, he now descended.

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