## THE PROGRESS OF THE WIND.

"Up reased midst anow and icy sleet,
With swar catting Reen replete,
And similal with penetrating power,
Comed when gathering atorm doth lower
As swift sent messenger before
With whirl and rush, a fiend the more,
In never friendly warning come,
But pitliess to pierce and numb
Till wintry winding sheets soon wrap the victims o'er.

"And there behold a mansion bright, whence sounds of mirth and glowing light Outpour, and wealth seems to dety My hercest blast more subtle I Harp sweetest music for the dance, And with Æolian chords enhance Surrounding joys; each selfish mind To other's woe and suffering bllind, And steel the heart when pleading pity would entrance.

"Where flickering fades the scanty flame, And shudder man at thy grim name. In dread despair, Oh. Poverty! With stealthy tread I follow thee. And when the maddened, sching brain Thou rack'st with thought of wrongs again, When dying lipsiast form a curse The mortal scenes I quick disperse And haste the soul to Him who doth eternal

"Hark! thunderous, surging billows break, "Hark! thunderous, surging billows break, Sweep back and seething course retake, New strength to gain, 'tis mine to hur! Mid showered spray and foam crests cur! The straining wreck on hidden rock, Join with the crashing timbers' shock, And to my helpless victims' view Spread gilttering hopes, and thrill them through When coming death with rescue's phantasy doth mock.

"Now speed I on and see, arise
The sun-warmed hills 'neath southern skies,
While soft balms ingering in the air
Seem some protecting charm to bear
Toward favored man, and ever vie
To rob my strength, till scarce can I
Tear from the gay-hued flowers life,
But all relentless in the strife
Tis left to court the end and as unconquered
die."

## HENRIETTA TEMPLE

Lady Ionia, you must know Lady Armine she is like you; she is one of my favorites. Now then, there all of you go together. I will not have anybody stay here except my niece. This is my niece,' Lady Bellair added, pointing to a young lady seated by her side; I give this party for her.'
General Faneville, my lady.

'You are very late,' said Lady Bellair. I dined at Lord Rochfort's,' said the gen-

eral, bowing. 'Rochforts! Oh! where are they? where are the Rochforts? they ought to be here. I must, I will see them. Do you think Lady Bochfort wants a nursery governess? Because I have a charming person who would just suit her. Go and find her out, General,

and enquire; and if she do not want one, find out some one who does. Ask Lady Maxbury. There, go, go.'

'Mr. and Miss Temple, my Lady.'

'Oh, my darling!' said Lady Bellair, 'my real darling! sit by me. I sent Lady Ionia away, because I determined to keep this place for you. I give this party entirely in your honor, so you ought to sit here. You are a

good man,' she continued, addressing Mr. Temple; but I can't love you so well as your daughter"
I should be too fortunate, said Mr. Tem-

ple, smiling. I knew you when you ate pap, said Lady Bellair, laughing.

Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, my lady Lady Bellair assumed her coldest and haughtiest glance. Mrs. Montgomery appeared more gorgeous than ever. The splen-der of her sweeping train almost required a page to subport it; she held a bouquet which might have served for the centre-piece of a dinner-table. A slender youth, rather distinguished in appearance, simply dressed, with a rose-bud just twisted into his black coat, but whose person distilled odors whose essence might have exhausted a conservatory,

lounged at her side. May I have the honor to present to your ladyship Lord Catchimwhocan,' breathed forth Mrs. Montgomery, exulting in her compa-

nion, perhaps in her conquest. Lady Bellair gave a short and ungracious nod. Mrs. Montgomery recognised Mr. and Miss Temple. 'There, go, go,' said Lady Bellair, interrupting her, nobody must stop here; go and see the wonderful man in the

Lady Bellair is so strange, whimpered Montgomery, in an apolegetical whisper to speak. Miss Temple, and she moved away, covering her retreat by the grace ul person of Lord

Catchimwhocan. 'Some Irish guardsman, I suppose,' said Lady Bellair. 'I never heard of him; I hate guardsmen.'

Rather a distinguished-looking man, I think, said Mr. Temple.
Do you think so? said Lady Bellair, who

was always influenced by the last word. 'I will ask him for Thursday and Saturday. I think I must have known his grandfather. uses musk; she puts me in mind of the Queen of Sheba, said the little lady, laughing, all pay you, you shall be satisfied. precious stones and frankincense. I quite 'I thought she was quite one of your favor-

ites, Lady Bellair?' said Henrietta Temple, rather maliciously.

A Bath favorite, my dear; a Bath favorite. I wear my old bonnets at Bath, and use my new friends; but in town I have old friends and new dresses.'

Lady Frederick Berrington, my lady.' Oh! my dear Lady Frederick, now I will give you a treat. I will introduce you to my sweet, sweet friend, whom I am always talking to you of. You deserve to know her; you will taste her; there, sit down, sit by her, and talk to her, and make love to her.'

'Lady Womandeville, my lady.'
'Ah! she will do for the lord; she loves a lord. My dear lady, you come so late, and yet I am always so glad to see you. I have such a charming friend for you, the handsomest, most fashionable, witty person, quite Miss Temple, very earnestly; 'do not speak captivating, and his grandfather was one of in that tone of sacrifice. There is no need of my dearest friends. What is his name? what is his name? Lord Catchimwhocan. Mind, I introduce you to him, and ask him to

your house very often.' Lady Womandeville smiled, expressed her delight, and moved on.

Lord Montfort, who had arrived before the Temples, approached the ottoman. 'Is the duchess here?' enquired Henrietta,

as she shook hands with him. 'And Isabella,' he replied. Henrietta rose

and taking his arm, bid adieu to Lady Bellair.
'God bless you,' said her ladyship, with great emphasis. 'I will not have you speak

to that odious Mrs. Floyd, mind.'

When Lord Montfort and Henrietta succeeded in discovering the duchess, she was in the conservatory, which was gaily illuminand in whom the traces of a beauty once distinguished were indeed still considerable, and her companion, an extremely pretty person, in the very bloom of girlhood. Lord Montfort and Henrietta were immediately intro-

Miss Grandison. After the scene of the morning, it was not easy to deprive Miss Temple of surprising; she was even desirous of becoming acquainted with Miss Grandison, and she congratulated herself upon the opportunity which had so speedily offered itself to gratify her wishes. The duchess was perfectly delighted with Lady Armine, whose manners were fascinating; between the families there was some connection of blood, and Lady Armine, too, had always retained a lively sense

of the old duke's services to her son. Henrietta had even to listen to enquires made after Ferdinand, and she learnt that he was slowly recovering from an almost fatal illness, that he could not endure the fatigues down the room, apparently in protound of society, and that he was even living at an meditation. At length he said, 'Rest assured, hotel for the sake of quiet. Henrietta watched the countenance of Katherine, as Lady Armine gave this information. It was serious, but not disturbed. Her grace did not separate from her new friends the whole evening and they parted with a mutually expressed wish that they might speedily and often meet. The duchess pronounced Lady Armine the most charming person she had ever met; white, on the other hand, Miss Grandison was warm in her admiration of Henrietta Temple and Lord Montfort, whom she thought quite worthy even of so rare a prize.

Between the unexpected meeting with Captain Armine in the morning and the evening assembly at Bellair House, a communication had been made by Miss Templeto Lord Montfort, which ought not to be quite unnoticed. She had returned home with his mother and himself, and her silence and depression had not escaped him. Soon after their arrival they were left alone, and then Henrietta said, 'Digby, I wish to speak to you!'
'My own!' said Lord Montfart, as he seat-

ed himself by her on the sofs, and took her

Mis Temple was calm; but he would have been a light observer who had not detected her surpressed agitation.

Dearest Digby,' she continued, 'you are so generous and so kind, that I ought to feel no reluctance in speaking to you upon this subject; and yet it pains me very much.' She hesitated. 'I can only express my sympathy with

any sorrow of yours, Henrietta,' said Lord Montfort. 'Speak to me as you always do, with that frankness which so much delights

Let your thoughts recur to the most painful incident of my life, then,' said Henrietta. 'If you require it,' said Lord Montfort, in a serious tone.

'It is not my fault, dearest Digby, that a single circumstance connected with that unhappy event should be unknown to you. I wished originally that you should know all. I have a thousand times since regretted that your consideration for my feelings should ever have occasioned an imperfect confidence between us; and something has occurred today which makes me lament it bitterly.'

'No, no, dearest Henrietta; you feel too keenly,' said Lord Montfort. 'Indeed, Digby, it is so,' said Henrietta

very mournfully. Speak, then, dearest Henrietta.'

'It is necessary that you should know the name of that person who once exercised an influence over my feelings which I never affected to disguise to you.' 'Is it indeed necessary?' enquired Lord

Montfort. 'It is for my happiness,' replied Henrietta. 'Then, indeed, I am anxious to learn it.'

'He is in this country,' said Henrietta, 'he is in this town: he may be in the same room with you to-morrow; he has been in the same room with me even this day.' 'Indeed!' said Lord Montfort.

'He bears a name not unknown to you,' said Henrietta, 'a name, too, that I must teach myself to mention, and yet -Monttord rose and look a pencil and sheet of paper from the table, 'Write it,' he inquired turning to Henrietta. said in a kind tone.

Henrietta took the pencil, and wrote. 'ABRINE.'

'The son of Sir Ratcliffe?' said Lord Mont-

fort.
'The same,' replied Henrietta. You heard then of him last night?' en-

quired her companion.

'Even so; of that, too, I was about to

'I am aware of the connection of Father Glastonbury with the Armine family,' said Lord Montfort, quiety.

There was a dead pause. At length Lord Montfort said, 'Is there anything you wish me to do?

'Much,' said henrietta. 'Dearest Digby,' she continued, after a moment's hesitation, 'do not misinterpret me; my heart, if such a heart be worth possessing, is yours. I can never forget who solaced me in my misery ; I can never forget all your delicate tenderness. I must tell him not to go about with that Digby. Would that I could make a return horrid woman. She is so very fine, and she to you more worthy of all your goodness; but if the grateful devotion of my life can re-

> He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.
> It is of you, and of your happiness that I can alone think,' he murmured.

> 'Now let me tell you all,' said Henrietta, with desperate firmness. 'I have done this person great injustice.'

'Hah!' said Lord Montfort. 'It cuts me to the heart,' said Henrietta. 'You have then misconceived his conduct?' enquired Lord Montfort.

'Utterly.' 'It is indeed a terrible situation for you,' said Lord Montfort; 'for all of us,' he added,

in a lower tone. 'No, Digby; not for all of us; not even for myself; for if you are happy I will be. But for him, yes! I will not conceal it from you,

I feel for him. 'Your destiny is in your own hands, Hen-

rietta.'

'No, no, Digby; do not say so,' exclaimed sacrifice; there shall be none. I will not, I do not falter. Be you firm. Do not desert me in this moment of trial. It is for support I speak; it is for consolation. We are bound together by ties the purest, the holiest. Who shall sever them? No! Digby, we will be happy; but I am interested in the destiny of this unhappy person. You, you can assist me in rendering it more serene; in making him, perhaps, not less happy than ourselves.'

iort 'Oh, that you would not!' exclaimed Miss Temple. 'You are so good, so noble! You would sympathize even with him. What other man in your situation would?'

'I would spare no labor,' said Lord Mont-

What can be done?

'Listen: he was engaged to his cousin even on that fatal day when we first met; a lady ated with colored lamps among the shrubs. with every charm and advantage that one Her grace was conversing with cordiality would think could make a man happy; with a lady of very prepossessing appearance, young, noble, and beautiful; of a most amiable and generous disposition, as her subsequent conduct has proved; and of great wealth.

'Miss Grandison?' said Lord Montfort. 'Yes; his parents looked forward to their | himself really mounted, and riding by the side

with anxiety. The Armines, with all their princely possessions, are greatly embarrassed from the conduct of the last head of their her equanimity; after that shock, no incident from the conduct of the last head of their connected with the Armine family could be house. Ferdinand himself has, I grieve to say, inherited too much of his grandfather's imprudent spirit; his affairs, I fear, are terribly involved. When I knew him, papa was, as you are aware, a poor man. This marriage would have cured all; my Digby, I wish it to take place.' 'How can we' fect it?' asked Lord Mont-

fort. Become his friend, dear Digby. I always think you can do anything. Yes! my only trust is in you. Oh! my Digby, make us all

happy. Lord Montfort rose and walked up and Henrietta, that to secure your happiness nothing shall ever be wanting on my part. I will see Father Glastonbury on this subject. At present, decrest, let us thing of lighter things.'

It was on the morning after the assembly at Bellair House that Ferdinand was roused from his welcome slumbers, for he had passed an almost sleepless night, by his servant bringing him a note, and telling him that it had been left by a lady in a carriage. He opened it, and read as tollows :--

Silly, silly Captain Armine! why did you not come to my Vauxhall last night? I wanted to present you to the fairest damsel in the world, who has a great fortune too; but that you don't care about. When are you going to be married? Miss Grandison looked charming, but disconsolate without her knight. Your mother is an angel, and the Duchess of --- is quite in love with her. Your father, too, is a worthy man. I love your family very much. Come and call upon poor old doting bedridden H. B who is at home every day from two to six to receive her friends. Has charming Lady Armine got a page? I have one that would just suit

her. He teases my poor squirrel so that I am obliged to turn him away; but he is a real treasure. That fine lady, Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, would give her ears for him; but I love your mother much more, and so she shall have him. He shall come to her to night. All the world takes tea with H. B. on Thursday and Saturday.'

One o'clock!' said Ferdinand. 'I may as well get up and call in Brook-street, and save my mother from this threatened infliction. Heigho! Day after day, and each more miserable than the other. How will this end?"

When Ferdinand arrived in Brook-street, he went up stairs without being announced, and found in the drawing-room, besides his mother and Katherine, the duchess, Lord Montfort, and Henrietta Temple.

The young ladies were in their riding-habits. Henrietta appeared before him, the same Henrietta whom he had met, for the first time, in the pleasaunce at Armine. Retreat was impossible. Her grace received Ferdinand cordially, and reminded him of old days. Henrietta bowed, but she was sitting at some distance with Miss Grandison, looking at some work. Heroccupation covered her confusion. Lord Montfort came forward with extended hand.

'I have the pleasure of meeting an old

friend, said his lordship.

Ferdinand just touched his lordship's finger, and bowed rather stifly; then, turning to his mother, he gave her Lady Beliair's note. It concerns you more than myself, he observed.

'You were not at Lady Bellair's last night, Captain Armine,' said her grace. 'I never go anywhere,' was the answer.

'He has been a great invalid,' said Lady Armine. Where is Father Glastonbury, Ferdinand?

said Lady Armine. 'He never comes near us.' He goes every day to the British Museum. 'I wish he would take me,' said Katherine.

have never been there. Have you?' she 'I am ashamed to say never,' replied Henrietta. 'It seems to me that London is the

city of which I know nothing. · Ferdinand,' said Katherine · I wish you would go with us to the Museum some day. Miss Temple would like to go. You know Miss Temple,' she added, as if she of course supposed he had not that pleasure.

Ferdinand bowed; Lord Montfort came forward, and turned the conversation to Egyptian antiquities. When a quarter of an hour had passed, Ferdinand thought that he might now withdraw.

Do you dine at home, Katherine, to-day he enquired. Miss Grandison looked at Miss Temple;

the young ladies whispered. 'Ferdinand,' said Katherine, 'what are you going to do?'

Nothing particular.' We are going to ride, and Miss Temple

wishes you would come with us.' I should be very happy, but I have some business to attend to. Dear Ferdinand, that is what you always

say. You really appear to me to be the most busy person in the world.' Pray come, Captain Armine, said Lord

Montfort. Thank you; it is really not in my power, His hat was in his hand; he was begging her grace to bear his compliments to the duke, when Henrietta arose from her seat, and, comup to him, said, 'Do, Captain Armine, come with us; I ask you as a favor.'

That voice! Oh! it came o'er his ear like the sweet south; it unmanned him quite. He scarcely knew where he was. He trembled from head to foot. His color deserted him, and the unlucky hat fell to the ground; and yet she stood before him, awaiting his reply, calm, quite calm, serious, apparently a little anxious. The Duchess was in earnest conversation with his mother. Lord Montfort had walked up to Miss Grandison, and was engaged in arranging a pattern for her. Ferdinand and Henrietta were quite unobserved. He looked up; he caught her eye; and then he whispered, 'This is

hardly fair.' She stretched forth her hand, took hat, and laid it on the table; then, turning to Katherine, she said in a tone which seemed to admit no doubt, ' Captain Armine will ride with us;' and she seated herself by Lady Armine.

The expedition was a little delayed by Ferdinand having to seud for his horse; the others had, in the meantime, arrived. Yet this half-hour, by some contrivance, did at length disappear. Lord Montfort continued taking to Miss Grandison. Henrictta remained seated by Lady Armine. Ferdinand revolved a great question in his mind, and it was this: Was Lord Montfort aware of the intimate acquaintance between himself and Miss Temple? And what was the moving principle of her present conduct? He conjured up a thousand reasons, but none satisfied him. His curiosity was excited, and, instead of regretting his extracted promise to join the cavalcade, he rejoiced that an opportunity was thus afforded him of perhaps solving a problem in the secret of which he now began to feel extremely interested. And yet in truth when Ferdinand found

duced to these ladies, as Lady Armine and union with delight, not altogether unmixed of Henrietta Temple once more, for Lord

Montfort was very impartial in his attentions to his fair companions, and Ferdinand continually found himself next to Henrietta, he really began to think the world was bewitched, and was almost sceptical whether he was or was not Ferdinand Armine. The identity of his companion was so complete; Henrietta Temple in her riding-habit was the very image most keenly impressed upon his memory. He looked at her and stared at her with a face of curious perplexity. She did not, indeed, speak much; the conversation was always general, and chiefly maintained by Lord Montfort, who, though usually silent and reserved, made on this occasion successful efforts to be amusing. His attention to Ferdinand too was remarkable; it was impossible to resist such genuine and unaffected kindness. It smote Ferdinand's heart that he had received his lordship's first advances so ungraciously. Compunction rendered him now doubly courteous; he was even once or

twice almost gay. The day was as fine as a clear sky, a warm sun, and a western breeze could render it. Tempted by so much enjoymeni, their ride was long. It was late, much later than they expected, when they returned home by the green lanes of pretty Willesden, and the Park was quite empty when they emerged from the Edgware-road into Oxford-street.

'Now the best thing we can all do is to dine in St. James'-aquare,' said Lord Montfort. 'It is ten minutes past eight. We shall just be in time, and then we can send messages to Grosvenor-square and Brook-street. What say you, Armine? You will come, of course?

'Thank you, if you would excuse me. 'No, no; why excuse you?' said Lord Montfort; 'I think it shabby to desert us now, after all our adventures.

Really you are very kind, but I never dine 'Dine out! What a phrase! You will not

meet a human being; perhaps not even my father. If you will not come, it will spoil everything. 'I cannot dine in a frock,' said Ferdinand

I shall, said Lord Montfort, and these ladies must dine in their habits, I suspect. Oh! certainly, certainly, said the ladies.
Do come. Ferdinand, said Katherine. 'I ask you as a favor,' said Henrietta, turn ing to him and speaking in a low voice.

Well, said Ferdinand, with a sigh. 'That is well,' said Montfort; 'now let us trot through the Park, and the groom can call in Grosvenor-square and Brook-street, and gallop after us. This is amusing, is it not?"

WHEN Ferdinand found himself dining in St. James'-square, in the very same room where he had passed so many gay hours during that boyish month of glee which proceded his first joining his regiment, and then looked opposite him and saw Henrietta Temple, it seemed to him that, by some magical process or other, his life was acting over again, and the order of the scenes and characters had, by some strange mismanagement, got confused. Yet he yielded himself up to the excitement which had so unexpectedly influenced him; he was inflamed by a species of wild delight which he could not understand, nor stop to analyse; and when the duchess retired with the young ladies to their secret conclave in the drawing-room, she said, 'I like Captain Armine very much; he is so full of spirit and imagination. When we met him this morning, do you know, I thought him rather stiff and fine. I regretted the bright boyish flow that I so well recol-

lected, but I see I was mistaken.' Ferdinand is much changed,' said Miss Grandison. 'He was once the most brilliant person, I think, that ever lived; almost too brilliant; everybody by him seemed so tame. But since his illness he has quite changed. I have scarcely heard him speak or seen him smile these six months. There is not in the whole world a person so wretchedly altered. He is quite a wreck. I do not know what is the matter with him to-day He seemed once almost himself.

'He indulged his feelings too much, perhaps,' said Henrietta; 'he lived, perhaps, too much alone, after so severe an illness.

'Oh, no! it is not that,' said Miss Grandison, it is not exactly that. Poor Ferdinand! he is to be pitied. I fear he will never be

happy again.' Miss Grandison should hardly say that, said the duchess, 'if report speaks truly.' Katherine was about to reply, but checked

herself. Henrietta rose from her seat rather suddenly and asked Katherine to touch the piano.

The duchess took up the ' Morning Post!' Poor Ferdinand! he used to sing once so beautifully, too! said Kathertne to Miss Temple in a hushed voice. 'He never sings now. 'You must make him,' said Henrietta.

Miss Grandison shook her head. 'You have influence with him; you should

exert it,' said Henrietta. 'I neither have, nor desire to have, influence with him,' said Miss Grandison. 'Dear est Miss Temple, the world is in error with respect to myself and my cousin; and yet I ought not to say to you what I have not thought proper to confess even to my aunt.' Henrietta leant over and kissed her fore-

head. 'Say what you like, dearest Miss Grandison; you speak to a friend, who loves you, and will respect your secret.' The gentlemen at this moment entered the

room, and interrupted this interesting conver-'You must not quit the instrument, Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort, seating him-self by her side. Ferdinand fell into conversation with the duchess; and Miss Temple

was the amiable victim of his grace's passion 'Captain Armine is a most agreeable person,' said Lord Montfort.

ust speaking of Ferdinand,' she replied, 'and I was lamenting his sad change.' 'Severe illness, illness so severe as his, must for the moment change anyone; we

Miss Grandison rather stared. 'We were

shall soon see him himself again.' 'Never,' said Miss Grandison mournfully. You must inspire him, said Lord Montfort. 'I perceive you have great influence

with him.' 'I give Lord Montfort credit for much acuter perception than that,' said Miss Grand-

Their eyes met; even Lord Montfort's dark vision shrank before the searching glance of Miss Grandison It conveyed to him that his purpose was not undiscovered.

But you can exert influence, if you please,' said Lord Montfort. 'But it may not please me,' said Miss Gran-

dison. At this moment Father Glastonbury was announced. He had a general invitation, and was frequently in the habit of paying an evening visit when the family were disengaged. When he found Ferdinand, Henrietta, and Katherine, all assembled together, and in so strange a garb, his perplexity was wondrous. The tone of comparative ease, too, with which Miss Temple addressed him, completed his confusion. He began to suspect that some critical explanation had taken place. He looked around for information.

'We have all been riding,' said Lord Montfort.

'So I perceive,' said Father Glastonbury.

And as we were late for dinner, took refuge here, continued his lordship.

I observe it, said Father Glastonbury.

Miss Grandison is an admirable musician,

She is an admirable lady in every respect, said Father Glastonbury. Perhaps you will join her in some canzonette ; I am so stupid as not to be able to sing.

I wish I could induce Captain Armine.' He has left off singing,' said Father Glastonbury mournfully. 'But Miss Temple?' added Father Glastenbury, bowing to that ladv.

'Miss Temple has left off singing too,' said

Lord Montfort, quietly.

'Come, Father Glastonbury,' said the duchess, 'time was when you and I have sung together. Let us try to shame these young folks.' So saying her grace seated herself at the piano, and the gratified Father Glastonbury summoned all his energies to ac-

company her. Lord Montfort seated himself by Ferdinand. You have been severely ill, I am sorry to

'Yes: I have been rather shaken. 'This spring will bring you round.'

So everyone tells me. I cannot say I feel its beneficial influence. 'You should,' said Lord Montfort.

age we ought to rally quickly.'
'Yes! Time is the great physician. I cannot say I have much more faith in him than in the spring.'

Well, then, there is Hope; what think you of that?' I have no great faith,' said Ferdinand,

affecting to smile. Believe, then, in optimism,' said Henrietta Temple, without taking her eyes off the cards. 'Whatever is, is best.'

That is not my creed, Miss Temble,' said Ferdinand, and he rose and was about to retire. 'Must you go? Let us all do something to-morrow!' said Lord Montfort, interchanging a glance with Henrietta. The British Museum; Miss Grandison wishes to go to the

British Museum. Pray come with us.' 'You are very good, but——'
'Well! I will write you a little note in the morning and tell you our plans,' said Lord Montfort. 'I hope you will not desert us.'

Ferdinand bowed and retired; he avoided catching the eye of Henrietta. The carriages of Miss Temple and Miss Grandison were soon announced, and, fatigued with their riding-dresses, these ladies did not

long remain. To-day has been a day of trial, said Henrietta, as she was about to bid Lord Montfort farewell. 'What do you think of affairs? I saw you speaking to Katherine. What do you think?

I think Ferdinand Armine is a formidable rival. Do you know I am rather jealous? 'Digby! can you be ungenerous?' 'My sweet Henrietta, pardon my levity. I

spoke in the merest playfulness. Nay, he continued, for she seemed really hurt, 'say good night very sweetly.' 'Is there any hope?' said Henrietta.

'All's well that ends well,' said Lord Montfort, smiling; 'God bless you.' Father Glastonbury was about to retire, when Lord Montfort returned and asked him to come up to his lordship's own apartments, as he wished to show him a curious antique

carving. 'You seemed rather surprised at the guests you found here to-night,' said Lord Montfort

when they were alone. Father Glastonbu:y looked a little confused. 'It was certainly a curious meeting all things considered,' continued Lord Montfort; Henrietta has never concealed anything of the past from me, but I have always wished to spare her details. I told her this morning I should speak to you upon the subyou here

'It is a painful history,' said Father Glas-

tonbury. As painful to me as anyone, said his lo ship; 'nevertheless, it must be told. When tion with her triumphant prosperity, and redid you first meet Miss Temple?"

his chair. I took her for Miss Grandison.' And Father Glastonbury now entered into a complete history of everything that had oc-

'It is a strange, a wonderful story,' said Lord Montfort, and you communicated everything to Miss Grandison?

Everything but the name of her rival. To that she would not listen. It was not just, she said, to one so un ortunate and so unhappy.' · She seems an admirable person, that Miss

Grandison,' said Lord Montfort. 'She is indeed as near an angel as anything earthly can be,' said Father Glastonburv 'Then it is still a secret to the parents?' 'Thus she would have it,' said Father Glas-

tonbury. 'She clings to them, who love her indeed as a daughter; and she shrank from the desolation that was preparing for them.' 'Poor girl!' said Lord Montfort, 'and poor Armine! By heavens, I pity him from the bottom of my heart.'

'If you had seen him as I have,' said Father Glastonbury, 'wilder than the wildest Bed-lamite! It was an awful sight.' 'Ah! the heart, the heart,' said Lord Mont-fort; 'it is a delicate organ, Father Glastonbury. And think you his father and mother

suspect nothing?' 'I know not what they think,' said Father Glastonbury, ' but they must soon know all.' And he seemed to shudder at the thought.

'Why must they?' asked Lord Montfort. Father Glastonbury stared 'Is there no hope of softening and subduing all their serrows?' said Lord Montfort; 'cannot we again bring together these young and

'It is my only hope,' said Father Glastonbury, and yet I sometimes deem it a foriorn one. 'It is the sole desire of Henrietta,' said Lord Montfort: 'cannot you assist us? Will you

enter into this conspiracy of affection with

parted spirits?'

I want no spur to such a righteous work. said Father Glastonbury, 'but I cannot conceal from myself the extreme difficulty. Ferdinand is the most impetuous of human beings. His passions are a whirlwind; his volition more violent than becomes a suffer-

ing mortal.' You think, then, there is no difficulty but

with him? 'I know not what to say,' said Father Glastonbury; 'as appears the temperament of Miss Grandison, she has heroic qualities. Oh! what have I not seen that admirable young lady endure! Alas! my Digby, my dear lord, few passages of this terrible story are engraven on my memory more deeply than the day when I revealed to her the fatal secret. Yet, and chiefly for her sake, it was my duty.'

'It was at Armine?' 'At Armine. I seized an opportunity when we were alone together and without fear of being disturbed. We had gone to view an old abbey in the neighborhood. We were seated among its ruins, when I took her hand and

endeavoured to prepare her for the fatal in-

telligence. "All is not right with Ferdinand," she immediately said; "There is some mystery. I have long suspected it." She listened to my recital, softened as much as I could for her sake, in slience. Yet her paleness I never can forget. She looked like a saint in a niche. When I had finished, she whispered me to leave her for some short time, and I walked away, out of sight indeed, but so near that she might easily summon me. I stood alone until it was twilight, in a state of mournful suspense that I recall even now with anguish. At last I heard my name sounded, in a low yet distant voice, and I looked round and she was there. She had been weeping. I took her hand and pressed it, and led her to the carriage. When I approached our unhappy home, she begged me to make her excuse to the family, and for two or three days we saw her no more. At length she sent for me, and told me she had been revolving all these sad circumstances in her mind, and she felt for others more even than for herself; that she forgave Ferdinand. and pitied him, and would act towards him as a sister; that her heart was distracted with the thoughts of the unhappy young lady, whose name she would never know, but that if by her assistance I could effect their union, means should not be wanting, though their source must be concealed; that for the sake of her aunt, to whom she is indeed passion-ately attached, she would keep the secret, until it could no longer be maintained; and that in the meantime it was to be hoped that health might be restored to her cousin, and Providence in some way interfere in favor of this unhappy family.'

'Angelic creature!' said Lord Montfort. So young, too; I think so beautiful. Good God! with such a heart what could Armine

desire? 'Alas!' said Father Glastonbury, and he shook his head. 'You know not the love or Ferdinand Armine for Henrietta Temple. It a wild and fearful thing: it passeth human

comprehension.' Lord Montfort leant back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. After some minutes he looked up and said in his usual placid tone, and with an unrufiled brow, Will you take anything before you go. Father Glastonbury?

FERDINAND returned to his hotel in no very good humor, revolving in his mind Miss Temple's advice about optimism,. What could she mean? Was there really a conspiracy to make him marry his cousin, and was Miss Temple one of the conspirators? He could scarcely believe this, and yet it was the most probable deduction from all that had been said and done. He had lived to witness such strange occurrences, that no event ought now to astonish him. Unly to think that he had been sitting quietly in a drawing-room with Henrietta Temple, and she avowedly engaged to bemarried to another person who was present; and that he, Ferdinand Armine, should be the selected companion of their morning ride, and be calmly invited to contribute to their daily amusement by his social presence? What next? If this were not an insult, a gross, flagrant, and unendurable outrage, he was totally at a loss to comprehend what was meant by offended pride. Optimism, indeed! He felt far more inclined to embrace the faith of the Manichee! And what a fool was he to have submitted to such a despicable, such a degrading situation! What infinite weakness not to be able to resist her influence, the influence of a woman who had betrayed him! Yes! betrayed him. He had for some period reconciled his mind to entertain the idea of Henrietta's treachery to him. Softened by time, atoned for by long suffering, extenuated by the constant sincerity of his purpose, his original imprudence, to use his own phrase in describing his misconduct, had gradually ceased to figure as a valid and sufficient cause for her behavior to ject, and that is the reason why I have asked him. When he recollected how he had loved this woman, what he had sacrificed for her, and what misery he had in consequence entailed upon himself and all those dear to him : when he contrasted his present perilous situa membered that while he had devoted himself 'I shall never forget it,' said Father Glas- to a love which proved false, she who had detonbury, sighing and moving very uneasily in serted him was, by a caprice of fortune, absolutely rewarded for her fickleness; he was enraged, he was disgusted, he despised himself for having been her slave; he began even to hate her. Terrible moment when we first dare to view with teelings of repugnance the being that our soul idolised! It is the most awful of revelations Westart back in horror, as if in the act of profanation.

Other annovances, however, of a less ethereal character, awaited our hero on his return to his hotel. There he found a letter from his lawyer, informing him that he could no longer parry the determination of one of Captain Armine's principal creditors to arrest him instantly for a considerable sum. Poor Ferdinand, mortified and harassed, with his heart and spirit alike broken, he could scarcely refrain from a groan. However, some step must be be taken. He drove Henrietta from his thoughts, and, endeavoring to rally some of his old energy, revolved in his mind what desperate expedient yet remained. His sleep was broken by dreams of bailing, and a vague idea of Henrietta Temple triumphing in his misery; but he rose early, wrote a diplomatic note to his menacing creitor, which he felt confident must gain him ime, and then, making a careful, for when a man is going to try to borrow money it is wise to look prosperous, he took his way to a quarter of the town where lived a gentleman with whose brother he had had some previous dealings at Malta, and whose acquaintance he had

made in England in reference to them. It was in that gloomy quarter called Goldensquare, the murky repose of which strikes so mysteriously on the senses after the glittering bustle of the adjoining Regent-street, that Captain Armine stopped before a noble yet now dingy mansion, that in old and happier days might probably have been inhabited by his grandfather, or some of his gay friends. A brass plate on the door informed the world that here resided Messrs Morris and

Levison, following the not very ambitious

suers of that somewhat humble trade could

calling of coal merchants. But if all the pur-

manage to deal in coals with the same dexterity as Messrs. Morris and Levison, what very great coal merchants they would be! The ponderous portal obeyed the signal of the bell, and apparently opened without any human means; and Captain Armine, proceeding down a dark yet capacious passage, opened a door, which invited him by an inscription on ground glass that assured him he was entering the counting house. Here seve- si ral clerks, ensconced within lofty walls of the darkest and dullest mahogany, were busily employed; yet one advanced to an aperture in this fortification and accepted the card which the visitor offered him. The clerk surveyed the ticket with a peculiar glance; and then, begging the visitor to be seated, disappeared. He was not long absent, but soon invited Ferdinand to follow him. Captain Armine was ushered up a noble staircase, and into a saloon that once was splendid. The celling was richly carved,

of its once gorgeous embellishment in the faint forms of faded deities and the traces of Continued on Third Page.

and there still might be detected the remains