Famine—By Act of Parliament.

Head towards Bristol—stern to Cork—
The steamer "Juno" ploughs the brine!
Hear how the struggling engines work!
The "Juno" is dipped past the water line!
Ho! open the furnaces—shoot the coals,
Stokers! we're loaded deep to-night,
Ho! the hull is crammed with eggs and corn,
And butter is firkins white and tight!
Ho! stir up the great fires roaring bright:
The skipper's in a black mood to-night,
Fearing the "Juno" may tarry late,
Because of the weight of her glorious freight!

Laid out in the shroud of the Winter night,
Carbery stretches behind—away
From Kinsale Head to the Galley light,
From the Galley Head to Bantry Bay.
And the Hunger and Fever meet and greet,
And steal down each lane, and every street
Of Skibbereen, and break each door
Where the children lie on the sodden floor,
And the Hunger and Fever each of them smiles,
For Death grasps "Carbery's hundred Isles!"

Fireless, foodless, naked, lone,
Saddened, maddened, the peasant lies—
Burning with Fever and pain, *Mavrone*,
The peasant starves, and the peasant dies!
While "Ho!" the stokers roar again,
"Open the furnaces hot and bright,
The captain's brow is dark to-night;
Fearing the 'Juno' may tarry late,
Because of the weight of her glorious freight"—
Bright corn and butter going, I trow,
Away to pay the landlord's rent,
While the people fall round Skibbereen,
And Skull and Ballydehob, I ween,
And Clonakilty, and Rineen,
With hunger and fever and famine spent!

"Ease her!"—"that's so"—"stop her now—
Ho! let her swing on that taut stern line:
Ahoy! throw that hawser from the bow
'Till we moor this brave ship 'Juno' mine!
Ho! open the gangways—get to work,
Donkey-engine man, hoist away
The butter and corn we brought from Cork,
Out on the width of Bristol Quay,
And drive the lowing cows ashore,
For the 'Juno's' passage is safely o'er."

Hunger o'er "Carbery's hundreds Isles"
Woe dwelling in Carbery's homesteads dear,
Whence the golden butter, and bursting corn,
And lowing cattle was sent, I swear,
And the bright rooms blaze in Paris afar,
And in London the landlord has feasted—laughed,
And his wife's hair gleams with many a star
Of diamonds, while sweetly, bar, by bar,
The music throbs, and the wine is quaff'd!

* * * * * *

Uncover Thy Holy Face, O Lord—
Turn it to us, and sheathe Thy sword
Look down on this land, O tender Face,
And pity the woes of Thy faithful race!
Lord, *our* Bondage is sorer still
Than Thy people's in Egypt, dark and dree,
Our Taskmaster's whips are bitterer still
Than theirs—*our* homes are darker still;
Oh, if it seems good to Thy Holy Will—
Holiest, if it seems meet to Thee—
Dead us with Fire through *our* Red Sea!

P. O'C. MACL.

February 1st, 1880.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

'It was the luckiest thing in the world,' he would say, 'that poor Sir Temple was my grandfather's godson, not only because in all probability it obtained us his fortune, but because he bore the name of Temple; we shall settle down in Yorkrhire scarcely as strangers. we shall not be looked upon as a new family, and in a little time the whole affair will be considered rather one of inheritance than bequest. But, after all, what is it to me! It is only for your sake, Digby, that I rejoice. I think it will please your family. I will settle everything immediately on Henrietta. They shall have the gratification of knowing that their son is about to marry the richest heiress in England.'

The richest heiress in England! Henrietta Temple the richest heiress in England! Ah! how many feelings with that thought arise! Strange to say, the announcement of this extraordinary event brought less joy than might have been supposed to the heiress herself.

It was in her chamber and alone, that Henrietta Temple mused over this freak of destiny. It was in vain to conceal it, her thoughts recurred to Ferdinand. They might have been so happy! Why was he not true? And perhaps he had sacrificed himself to his family, perhaps even personal distress had driven him to the fatal deed. Her kind feminine fancy conjured up every possible extenuation of his dire offence. She grew very sad. She could not believe that he was false at Ducie; oh, no! she never could believe it! He must have been sincere, and if sincere, oh! what a heart was lost there! What would she not have given to have been the means of saving him from all his sorrows' She recalled his occasional melancholy, his desponding words, and how the gloom left his brow and his eye brightened when she fondly prophesied that she would restore the house. She might restore it now; and now he was another's, and she, what was she? A slave like him. No longer her own mistress, at the only moment she had the power to save him. Say what they like, there is a pang in balked affection, for which no wealth, power, or place, watchful indulgence, or sedulous kindness, can compensate. Ah! the heart, the heart!

Miss Grandison had resolved upon taking a house in London for the season, and had obtained a promise from her uncle and aunt to be her guests. Lady Armine's sister was to join them from Bath. As for Ferdinand, the spring had gradually restored him to health, but not to his former frame of mind. He remained moody and indolent, incapable of exertion, and a prey to the darkest humors; circumstances however occurred, which rendered some energy on his part absolutely necessary. His creditors grew importunate, and the arrangement of his affairs or departure from his native land was an alternative now inevitable. The month of April, which witnessed the arrival of the Temples and Lord Montfort in England, welcomed also to London Miss Grandison and her guests. A few weeks after, Ferdinand, who had evaded the journey with his family, and who would not on any account become a guest of his cousin, settled himself down at a quiet hotel in the vicinity of Grosvenor-square; but not quite alone, for almost at the last hour Father Glastonbury had requested permission to accompany him, and Ferdinand, who duly valued the society of the only person with whom he could converse about his broken fortunes and his blighted hopes without reserve, acceded to his wish with the greatest satisfaction.

A sudden residence in a vast metropolis, after a life of rural seclusion, has without doubt a very peculiar effect upon the mind. The immense population, the multiplicity of objects, the important interests hourly impressed upon the intelligence, the continually occurring events, the noise, the bustle, the general and widely-spread excitement, all combine to make us keenly sensible of our individual insignificence; and those absorbing passions that in our solitude, fed by our imagination, have assumed such gigantic and substantial shapes, rapidly subside, by an almost imperceptible process, into less colossal proportions, and soon invested as it were with a mere shadowy aspect. As Ferdinand Armin jostled his way through the crowded streets of London, urged on by his own harassing and inexorable affairs, and conscious of the impending peril of his career, while power and wealth dazzled his eyes in all directions, he began to look back upon the passionate past with feelings of less keen sensation than heretofore, and almost to regret that a fatal destiny or his impetuous soul had entailed upon him so much anxiety, and prompted him to reject the glittering cup of fortune that had been proffered to him so opportunely. He sighed for enjoyment and repose; the memory of his recent sufferings made him shrink from that reckless indulgence of the passions, of which the consequence had been so severe.

It was in this mood, exhausted by a visit to his lawyer, that he stepped into a military club and took up a newspaper. Caring little for politics, his eye wandered over, uninterested, its pugnacious leading articles and tedious parliamentary reports; and he was about to throw it down when a paragraph caught his notice which instantly engrossed all his attention. It was in the 'Morning *Post*' that he thus read:

'The Marquis of Montfort, the eldest son of the Duke of——, whose return to England we recently noticed, has resided for several years in Italy. His lordship is considered one of the most accomplished noblemen of the day, and was celebrated at Rome for his patronage of the fine arts. Lord Montfort will shortly be united to the beautiful Miss Temple, the only daughter of the Right Honourable Pelham Temple. Miss Temple is esteemed one of the richest heiresses in England, as she will doubtless inherit the whole of the immense fortune to which her father so unexpectadly succeded; Mr. Temple is a widower, and as no son. Mr. Temple was formerly our minister at several of the German Courts, where he was distinguished by his abilities and his hospitality to his travelling countrymen. It is said that the rent-roll of the Yorkshire estates of the late Sir Temple Devereux is not less than 15,000*l*, per annum. The personal property is also very considerable. We understand that Mr. Temple has purchased the mansion of the Duke of——, in Grosvenor-square. Lord Montfort accompanied Mr. Temple and his amiable daughter to this country.'

What a wild and fiery chaos was the mind of Ferdinand Armine when he read this paragraph. The wonders it revealed succeeded each other with such rapidity that for some time he was deprived of the power of reflection. Henrietta Temple in England! Henrietta Temple one of the greatest heiresses in the country! Henrietta Temple about to be immediately married to another! His Henrietta Temple, the Henrietta Temple whom he adored, and by whom he had been worshipped! The Henrietta Temple whose beautiful lock of hair was at this very moment on his heart! The Henrietta Temple for whom he had forfeited fortune, family, power, almost life!

O Woman, Woman! Put not thy trust in woman! And yet, could he reproach her? Did she not believe herself trifled with by him, outraged, deceived, deluded, deserted? And did she, could she love another? Was there another to whom she had poured forth her heart as to him, and all that beautiful flow of fascinating and unrivalled emotion? Was there another to whom she had pledged her pure and passionate soul? Ah, no! he would not, he could not believe it. Light and false Henrietta could never be. She had been seen, she had been admired, she had been loved; who that saw her would not admire and love? and he was the victim of her pique, perhaps of her despair.

But she was not yet married. They were, according to these lines, to be soon united. It appeared they had travelled together; that thought gave him a pang.

Could he not see her? Could he not explain all? Could he not prove that his heart had ever been true and fond? Could he not tell her all that had happened, all that he had suffered, all the madness of his misery: and could she resist that voice whose accents had once been her joy, that glance which had once filled her heart with rapture? And when she found that Ferdinand, her own Ferdinand, had indeed never deceived her, was worthy of her choice affection, and suffering even at this moment for her sweet sake, what were all the cold-blooded ties in which she had since involved herself? She was his by an older and more ardent bond. Should he not claim his right? Could she deny it?

Claim what? The hand of an heiress. Should it be said that an Armine came crouching for lucre, where he ought to have commanded for love? Never! Whatever she might think, his conduct had been faultless to her. It was not for Henrietta to complain. She was not the victim, if one indeed there might chance to be. He had loved her, she had returned his passion; for her sake he had made the greatest of sacrifices, forfeited a splendid inheritance, and a fond and faithful heart. When he had thought of her before, pining perhaps in some foreign solitude, he had never ceased reproaching himself for his conduct, and had accused himself of deception and cruelty; but now, in this moment of her flush prosperity, 'esteemed one of the richest heiresses in England' (he ground his teeth as he recalled that phrase), and the affianced bride of a great noble, (his old companion, Lord Montfort, too; what a strange thing is life!) proud, smiling, and prosperous, while he was alone, with a broken heart and worse than desperate fortunes, and all for her sake, his soul became bitter; he reproached her with want of feeling; he pictured as void of genuine sensibility; he dilated on her indifference since they had parted; her silence, so strange, now no longer inexplicable; the total want of interest she had exhibited as to his career; he sneered at the lightness of her temperament; he cursed her caprice; he denounced her infernal treachery; in the distorted phantom of his agitated imagination she became to him even an object of hatred.

Poor Ferdinand Armine! it was the first time he had experienced the maddening pangs of jealousy.

Yet how he had loved this woman! How he had doted on her! And now they might have been so happy! There is nothing that depresses a man so much as the conviction of bad fortune. There seemed, in this sudden return, great wealth, and impending marriage of Henrietta Temple, such a combination, so far as Ferdinand Armine was concerned, of vexatious circumstances; it would appear that he had been so near perfect happiness and missed it, that he felt quite weary of existence, and seriously meditated depriving himself of it.

It so happened that he had promised this day to dine at his cousin's; for Father Glastonbury who was usually his companion, had accepted an invitation this day to dine with the noble widow of his old patron. Ferdinand, however, found himself quite incapable of enfering into any society, and he hurried to his hotel to send a note of excuse to Brook street. As he arrived, Father Glastonbury was just about to step into a hackney-coach, so that Ferdinand had no opportunity of communicating his sorrows to his friend, even had he been inclined.

When Father Glastonbury arrived at the mansion of the good old duchess, he found nobody in the drawing-room but a young man of distinguished appearance, whose person was unknown to him, but who nevertheless greeted him with remarkable cordiality. The good Father Glastonbury returned, with some confusion, his warm salutation.

'It is many years since we last met, Father Glastonbury,' said the young man. 'I am not surprised you have forgotten me. I am Digby; perhaps you recollect me?'

'My dear child! My dear lord! You have indeed changed! You are a man, and I am a very old one.'

'Nay! my dear sir, I observe little change. Believe me, I have often recalled your image in my long absence, and I find now that my memory has not deceived me.'

Father Glastonbury and his companion fell into some conversation about the latter's travels, and residence at Rome, in the midst of which their hostess entered.

'I have asked you, my dear sir, to meet our family circle,' said her grace, 'for I do not think I can well ask you to meet any one who love you better. It is long since you have seen Digby.'

'Father Glastonbury did not recognise me, grandmama,' said Lord Mentfort.

'These sweet children have all grown out of your sight, Father Glastonbury,' said the duchess; 'but they are very good. And as for Digby, I really think he comes to see his poor grandmother every day.'

The duke and duchess, and two young daughters, were now announced.

'I was so sorry that I was not at home when you called, Father Glastonbury,' said his grace; 'but I thought I should soon hear of you at grandmama's.'

'And, dear Father Glastonbury, why did you not come up and see me?' said the younger duchess.

'And, dear Father Glastonbury, do you remember me?' said one beautiful daughter.

'And me, Father Glastonbury, me? I am Isabella.'

Blushing, smiling, bowing, constrained from the novelty of his situation, and yet now and then quite at ease when his recalled a familiar voice, dear Father Glastonbury was gratified and happy. The duke took him aside, and they were soon engaged in conversation.

'How is Henrietta to-day, Digby?' enquired Isabella. 'I left her an hour ago; we have been riding, and expected to meet you all. She will be here immediately.'

There was a knock, and soon the drawing-room door opened, and Miss Temple was announced.

'I must make papa's apologies,' said Henrietta, advancing and embracing the old duchess. 'I hope he may get here in the evening: but he bade me remind your grace that your kind invitation was only provisionally accepted.'

'He is quite right,' said the old lady; 'and indeed I hardly expected him, for he told me there was a public dinner which he was obliged to attend. I am sure that our dinner is a very private one indeed,' continued the old lady with a smile. 'It is really a family party, though there is one member of the family here whom you do not know, my dear Miss Temple, and whom I am sure, you will love as much as all of us do. Digby, where is——'

At this moment dinner was announced. Lord Montfort offered his arm to Henrietta. 'There, lead the way,' said the old lady; 'the girls must beau themselves, for I have no young men to-day for them. I suppose man and wife must be parted, so I must take my son's arm; Father Glastonbury, you will hand down the duchess.' But before Father Glastonbury's name was mentioned Henrietta was half-way down stairs.

The duke and his son presided at the dinner. Henrietta sat on one side of Lord Montfort, his mother on the other. Father Glastonbury sat on the right hand of the duke, and opposite their hostess; the two young ladies in the middle. All the guests had been seated without Father Glastonbury and Henrietta recognising each other; and, as he sat on the same side of the table as Miss Temple, it was not until Lord Montfort asked Father Glastonbury to take the wine with him, that Henrietta heard a name that might well indeed turn her pale.

Glastonbury! It never entered her head at the moment that it was Father Glastonbury whom she had known. Glastonbury! what a name! What dreadful associations did it not induce! She looked forward, she caught the well-remembered visage; she sunk back in her chair.

But Henrietta Temple had a strong mind; this was surely an occasion to prove it. Father Glastonbury's attention was not attracted to her; he knew, indeed, that there was a lady at the table called Henrietta, but he was engrossed with his neighbors, and his eye never caught the daughter of Mr. Temple. It was not until the ladies rose to retire that Father Glastonbury beheld that form which he had not forgotten, and looked upon a lady whose name was associated in his memory with the most disastrous and mournful moments of his life. Miss Temple followed the duchess out of the room, and Father Glastonbury, perplexed and agitated, resumed his seat.

But Henrietta was the prey of emotions far more acute and distracting. It seemed to her that she had really been unacquainted with the state of her heart until this sudden apparition of Father Glastonbury. How his image recalled the past! She had schooled herself to consider it all a dream; now it lived before her. Here was one of the principal performers in that fatal tragedy of Armine. Father Glastonbury in the house, under the same roof as she? Where was Ferdinand? There was one at hand who could tell her. Was he married? She had enjoyed no opportunity of ascertaining it since her return; she had not dared to ask. Of course he was married; but was he happy? And Father Glastonbury, who, if he did not know all, knew so much. How strange it must be to Father Glastonbury to meet her? Dear Father Glastonbury! She had not forgotten the days when she so fondly listened to Ferdinand's charming narratives of all his amiable and simple life! Dear, dear Father Glastonbury, whom she was so to love! And she met him now, and did not speak to him, or looked upon him as a stranger; and he, he would, perhaps, look upon her with pity, certainly with pain. O Life! what a heart-breaking thing is life! And our affections, our sweet and pure affections, fountains of such joy and solace, that nourish all things, and make the most barren and rigid soil teem with life and beauty, oh! why do we disturb the few of their sweet waters, and pollute their immaculate and salutary sources! Ferdinand, Ferdinand Armine, why were you false?

The door opened. Father Glastonbury entered, followed by the duke and his son. Henrietta was sitting in an easy chair, one of Lord Montfort's sisters, seated on an ottoman at her side, held her hand. Henrietta's eye met Father Glastonbury's; she bowed to him,

'How your hand trembles, Henrietta!' said the young lady.

Father Glastonbury approached her with a hesitating step. He blushed faintly, he looked exceedingly perplexed. At length he reached her, and stood before her, and said nothing.

'You have forgotten me, Father Glastonbury,' said Henrietta; for it was absolutely necessary that some one should break the awkward silence, and she pointed to a chair at her side.

'That would indeed be impossible,' said Father Glastonbury.

'Oh, you knew Father Glastonbury before,' said the young lady. 'Grandmamma, only think, Henrietta knew Father Glastonbury before.'

'We were neighbors in Nottinghamshire,' said Henrietta, in a quick tone.

'Isabella,' said her sister, who was seated at the piano, 'the harp awaits you.' Isabella rose, Lord Montfort was approaching Henrietta, when the old duchess called to him.

Henrietta and Father Glastonbury were alone.

'This is a strange meeting, Father Glastonbury,' said Henrietta,

What could poor Father Glastonbury say? Something he murmured, but not very much to the purpose. 'Have you been in Nottinghamshire lately?' said Henrietta.

'I left it about ten days back with——,' and here Father Glastonbury stopped, 'with a friend,' he concluded.

'I trust all your friends are well,' said Henrietta,' in a tremulous voice.

'No; yes; that is,' said Father Glastonbury, 'something better than they were.'

'I am sorry that my father is not here,' said Miss Temple; 'he has a lively remembrance of all your kindness.'

'Kindness, I fear,' said Father Glastonbury, in a melancholy tone, 'that was most unfortunate.'

'We no not deem it so, sir;' was the reply.

'My dear young lady,' said Father Glastonbury, but his voice faltered as he added, 'we have had great unhappiness.'

'I regret it,' said Henrietta. 'You had a a marriage, I belive, expected in your family?'

'It has not occured,' said Father Glastonbury.

'Indeed!'

'Alas! madam,' said her companion, 'if I might venture indeed to speak of one whom I will not name, and yet——'

'Pray speak, sir,' said Miss Temple, in a kind, yet hushed voice.

'The child of our affections, madam, is not what he was. God, in His infinite mercy, has visited him with great affliction.'

'You speak of Captain Armine, sir?'

'I speak of our broken-hearted Ferdinand I would I could say yours. O Miss Temple he is a wreck.'

'Yes! yes!' said Henrietta in a low tone.

'What he has endured,' continued Father Glastonbury, 'passes all description of mine. His life has indeed been spared, but under circumstances that almost make me regret he lives.'

'He has not married!' muttered Henrietta.

'He came to Ducie to claim his bride, and she was gone,' said Father Glastonbury; 'his mind sunk under the terrible bereavement. For weeks he was a maniac; and though Providence spared him again to us, and his mind, thanks to God is again whole, he is a victim of profound melancholy, that seems to defy alike medical skill and worldly vicissitude.'

'Digby, Digby!' exclaimed Isabella, who was at the harp, 'Henrietta is fainting.' Lord Montfort rushed forward just in time to seize her cold hand.

The room is too hot,' said one sister.

'The coffee is too strong,' said the other.

'Air,' said the young duchess.

Lord Montfort carried Henrietta into a distant room. There was a balcony opening into a garden. He seated her on a bench, and never quitted her side, but contrived to prevent anyone approaching her. The women clustered together.

'Sweet creature!' said the old duchess, 'she often makes me tremble; she has but just recovered, Father Glastonbury, from a long and terrible illness.'

'Indeed!' said Father Glastonbury.

'Poor dear Digby,' continued her grace, 'this will quite upset him again. He was in such high spirits about her health the other day.'

'Lord Montfort?' enquired Father Glastonbury.'

'Our Digby. You know that he is to be married to Henrietta next month.'

'Holy Virgin!' muttered Father Glastonbury; and, seizing advantage of the confusion, he effected his escape.

It was still an early hour when Father Glastonbury arrived at his hotel. He understood, however, that Captain Armine had already returned and retired. Father Glastonbury knocked gently at his door, and was invited to enter. The good man was pale and agitated. Ferdinand was already in bed. Father Glastonbury took a chair, and seated himself by his side.

'My dear friend, what is the matter?' said Ferdinand.

'I have seen her, I have seen her!' said Father Glastonbury

'Henrietta! seen Henrietta?' enquired Ferdinand.

Father Glastonbury nodded assent, but with a most rueful expression of countenance.

'What has happened? what did she say?' asked Ferdinand in a quick tone.

'You are two innocent lambs,' said Father Glastonbury, rubbing his hands.

'Speak, speak, Father Glastonbury.'

'I wish that my death could make you both happy,' said Father Glastonbury; 'but I fear that would do you no good.'

'Is there any hope?' said Ferdinand.

'None!' said Father Glastonbury. 'Prepare yourself, my dear child, for the worst.'

'Is she married?' enquired Ferdinand.

'No; but she is going to be.'

'I know it,' said Ferdinand.

'Father Glastonbury stared,

'You know it? what! to Digby?'

'Digby, or whatever his name may be; damn him.'

'Hush! hush!' said Father Glastonbury.

'May all the curses——'

'God forbid,' said Father Glastonbury, interruping him.

'Unfeeling, fickle, false, treacherous——'

'She is an angel,' said Father Glastonbury, 'a very angel. She has fainted, and nearly in my arms.'

'Fainted! nearly in your arms! Oh! tell me all, tell me all, Father Glastonbury,' exclaimed Ferdinand, starting up in his bed with an eager voice and sparkling eyes. 'Does she love me?'

'I fear so,' said Father Glastonbury.

'I fear!'

'Oh, how I pity her poor innocent heart!' said Father Glastonbury.

'When I told her of all your sufferings——'

'Did you tell her? What then?'

'And she herself has barely recovered from a long and terrible illness.'

'My own Henrietta! Now I could die happy,' said Ferdinand.

'I thought it would break your heart,' said Father Glastonbury.

'It is the only happy moment I have known for months,' said Ferdinand.

'I was so overwhelmed that I lost my presence of mind,' said Father Glastonbury. 'I really never meant to tell you anything. I do not know how I came into your room.'

'Dear, dear Father Glastonbury, I am myself again.'

'Only think,' said Father Glastonbury; 'I never was so unhappy in my life.'

'I have endured for the last four hours the tortures of the damned,' said Ferdinand, 'to think that she was going to be married, to be married to another; that she was happy, proud, prosperous, totally regardless of me, perhaps utterly forgetful of the past; and that I was dying like a dog in this cursed caravanserai! O Father Glastonbury! nothing that I have ever endured has been equal to the hell of this day. And now you have come and made me comparatively happy. I shall get up directly.'

Father Glastonbury looked quite astonished; he could not comprehend how his fatal intelligence could have produced effects so directly contrary from those he had anticipated. However, in answer to Ferdinand's reiterated enquiries, he contrived to give a detailed account of everything that had occurred, and Ferdinand's running commentary continued to be one of of constant self-congratulation.

'There is, however, one misfortune,' said Ferdinand, 'with which you are unacquainted, my dear friend.'

'Indeed!' said Father Glastonbury, 'I thought I knew enough.'

'Alas! she has become a great heiress!'

'Is that it?' said Father Glastonbury.

'There is the blow,' said Ferdinand. 'Were it not for that, by the soul of my grandfather, I would tear her from the arms of this stripling.'

'Stripling!' said Father Glastonbury. 'I never saw a truer nobleman in my life.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Ferdinand.

'Nay, second scarcely to yourself! I could not believe my eyes,' continued Father Glastonbury. 'He was but a child when I saw him last; but so were you, Ferdinand. Believe me, he is no ordinary rival.'

'Good-looking?'

'Altogether of a most princely presence. I have rarely met a personage so highly accomplished, or who more quickly impressed you with his moral and intellectual excellence.'

'And they are positively engaged?'

'To be married next month,' replied Father Glastonbury.

'O Father Glastonbury! why do I live?' exclaimed Ferdinaud; 'why did I recover?'

'My dear child, but just now you were comparatively happy.'

'Happy! You cannot mean to insult me. Happy! Oh, is there in this world a thing so deplorable as I am!'

'I thought I did wrong to say anything,' said Father Glastonbury, speaking as it were to himself.

Ferdinand made no observation. He turned himself in his bed, with his face averted from Father Glastonbury.

'Good night,' said Father Glastonbury, after remaining some time in silence.

'Good night,' said Ferdinand, in a faint and monrnful tone.

Wretched as he was, the harsh business of life could not be neglected; Captain Armine was obliged to be in Lincola's Inn by ten o'clock the next morning. It was on his return from his lawyer, as he was about to cross Berkeley-square, that a carriage suddenly stopped in the middle of the road, and a female hand apparantly beckoned to him from the window. He was at first very doubtful whether he were indeed the person to whom the signal was addressed, but as on looking around there was not a single human being in sight, he at length slowly approached the equipage, from which a white handkerchief now waved with considerable agitation. Somewhat perplexed by this incident, the mystery was, however, immediately explained by the voice of Lady Bellair.

'You wicked man, said her little ladyship, in a great rage. 'Oh! how I hate you! I could cut you up into minced meat; that I could. Here I have been giving parties every night, all for you too. And you have been in town, and never called on me. Tell me your name. How is your wife? Oh! you are not married. You should marry; I hate a *ciderant jeune homme*. However, you can wait a little. Here, James, Thomas, Peter, what is your name, open the door and let him in. There get in, get in; I have a great deal to say to you.' And, Ferdinand found that it was absolutely necessary to comply.

'Now, where shall we go?' said her ladyship; 'I have got till two o'clock. I make it a rule to be at home every day from two till six, to receive my friends. You must come and call upon me. You may come every day if you like. Do not leave your card. I hate people who leave cards. I never see them; I order all to be burnt. I cannot bear people who leave bits of paper at my house. Do you want to go anywhere? You do not! Why do not you? How is your worthy father, Sir Peter? Is his name Sir Peter or Sir Paul? Well, never mind, you know whom I mean. And your charming mother, my favourite friend? She is charming; she is quite one of my favourites. And were not you to marry? Tell me why have you not? Miss, you know whom I mean, whose grandfather was my son's friend. In town are they? Where do they live? Brook-street! I will go and call upon them. There, pull the string, and tell him where they live?

And so, in a few minutes, Lady Bellair's carriage stopped opposite the house of Miss Grandison.

'Are they early risers?' said her ladyship; 'I get up every morning at six. I dare say they will not receive me; but do you show yourself, and then they cannot refuse.'

In consequence of this diplomatic movement Lady Bellair effected an entrance. Leaning on the arm of Ferdinand, her ladyship was ushered into the morning-room, where she found Lady Armine and Katherine.

'My dear lady, how do you do? And my sweet miss! Oh! your eyes are so bright, that it quite makes me young to look upon them! I quite love you, that I do. Your grandfather and my poor son were bosom friends. And, my dear lady, where have you been all this time? Here have I been giving parties every night, and all for you; all for my Bath friends; telling everybody about you; talking of nothing else; everybody longing to see you; and you have never been near me. My dinner-parties are over; I shall not give any more dinners until June. But I have three evenings yet; to-night, you must come to me to-night, and Thursday, and Saturday; you must come on all three nights. Oh! why did you not call upon me? I should have asked you to dinner. I would have asked you to meet Lord Colennade and Lady Ionia! They would have just suited you; they would have tasted you! But I tell you what I will do; I will come and dine with you some day. Now, when will you have me? Let me see, when I am free? So saying, her ladyship opened her little red book, which was her inseperable companion in London. 'All this week I am ticketed; Monday the Derricourts, dull, but then he is a duke. This day I dine with Bonmot; we have made it up; he gives me a dinner. Wednesday, Wednesday, where is Wednesday? General Faneville, my own party. Thursday, the Maxburys, bad dinner, but good company. Friday, Waring Cutts, a famous house for eating; but that is not in my way; however, I must go for he sends me pines. And Saturday, I dine off a rabbit, by myself, at one o'clock, to go too see my dear darling Lady St. Julians at Richmond. So it cannot be this or next week. I will send you a note; I will tell you to-night. And now I must go, for it is five minutes to two. I am always at home from two till six; I receive my friends; you may come every day, and you must come to see my new squirrel; my darling, funny little grandson gave it me. And, my dear miss, where is that wicked Lady Grandison? Do you ever see her, or are you enemies? She has got the estate, has not she? She never calls upon me. Tell her she is one of my greatest favorites. Ch! why does not she come? I should have asked her to dinner; and now all my dinners are over till June. Tell me where she lives, and I will call upon her to-morrow.'

So saying, and bidding them them all farewell very cordially, her ladyship took Ferdinand's arm and retired.

Captain Armine returned to his mother and cousin, and sat an hour with them, until their carriage was announced. Just as he was going away, he observed Lady Bellair's little red book, which she had left behind.

'Poor Lady Bellair, what will she do?' said Miss Grandison; 'we must take it to her immediately.'

'I will leave it,' said Ferdinand, 'I shall pass her house.'

Bellair House was the prettiest mansion in the May Fair. It was a long building, in the Italian style, situate in the midst of gardens, which, though not very extensive, were laid out with so much art and taste, that it was very difficult to believe that you were in a great city. The house was furnished and adorned with all that taste for which Lady Bellair was distinguished. All the reception rooms were on the ground floor, and were all connected. Ferdinand, who remembered Lady Bellair's injunctions not to leave cards, attracted by the spot, and not knowing what to do with himself, determined to pay her ladyship a visit, and was ushered into an octagon library, lined well-laden dwarf cases of brilliant volumes, crowned with no lack of marble busts, bronzes, and Etruscan vases. On each side opened a magnificent saloon, furnished in that classic style which the late accomplished and ingenious Mr. Hope first rendered popular in this country. The wings, projecting far into the gardens, comprised respectively a dining-room and a conservatory of considerable dimensions. Isolated in the midst of the gardens was a long building, called the summer-room, lined with Indian matting, and screened on one side from the air, merely by Venetian blinds. The wall of this chamber were almost entirely covered with caricatures and prints of the country seats of Lady Bellair's friends, all of which she took care to visit. Here also were her parrots, and some birds of a sweeter voice, a monkey, and the famous squirrel.

Lady Bellair was seated in a chair the back of which was much higher than her head; at her side was a little table with writing materials, and on which also was placed a magnificent bell, by Benvenuto Cellini, with which her ladyship summoned her page, who, in the meantime, loitered in the hall.

'You have brought me my book!' she exclaimed, as Ferdinand entered with the mystical volume. 'Give it me, give it me. Here I cannot tell Mrs. Fancourt what day I can dine with her. I am engaged all this week and all next, and I am to dine with your dear family when I like. But Mrs. Fancourt must choose her day, because they will keep. You do not know this gentleman,' she said, turning to Mrs. Fancourt. 'Well, I shall not introduce you; he will not suit you: he is a fine gentleman, and only dines with dukes.'

Mrs. Fancourt consequently looked very anxious for an introduction.

'General Faneville,' Lady Bellair continued, to a gentleman on her left, 'what day do I dine with you? Wednesday. Is our party full? You must make room for him; he is my greatest favorite. All the ladies are in love with him.'

General Faneville expressed his deep sense of the high honor; Ferdinand protested he was engaged on Wednesday; Mrs, Fancourt looked very disappointed that she had thus lost another opportunity of learning the name of so distinguished a personage.

There was another knock. Mrs. Fancourt departed. Lady Maxbury, and her daughter, Lady Selina, were announced.

'Have you got him?' asked Lady Bellair, very eagerly, as her new visitors entered.

'He has promised most positively,' answered Lady Maxbury.

'Dear, good creature!' exclaimed Lady Bellair, 'you are the dearest creature that I know. And you are charming,' she continued, addressing herself to Lady Selina: 'if I were a man, I would marry you directly. There now, he (turning to Ferdinand) cannot marry you, because he is married already; but he should, if he were not. And how will he come?' enquired Lady Bellair.

He will find his way,' said Lady Maxbury.

And I am not to pay anything?' enquired Lady Bellair.

'Not anything,' said Lady Maxbury.

'I cannot bear paying,' said Lady Bellair. 'But will he dance, and will he bring his bows and arrows? Lord Dorfield protests 'tis nothing without the bows and arrows.'

What, the New Zealand chief, Lady Bellair?' enquired the general.

Have you seen him?' enquired Lady Bellair, eagerly.

Not yet,' replied the gentleman.

'Well then, you will see him to-night,' said Lady Bellair, with an air of triumph. He is coming to me to-night.'

Ferdinand rose, and was about to depart.

You must not go without seeing my squirrel,' said her ladyship, 'that my dear funny grandson gave me; he is such a funny boy. You must see it, you must see it,' added her ladyship, in a peremptory tone. 'There, go out of that door, and you will find your way to my summer-room, and there you will find my squirrel.'

The restless Ferdinand was content to quit the library, even with the stipulation of first visiting the squirrel. He walked through a saloon, entered the conservatory, emerged into the garden, and at length found himself in the long summer-room. At the end of the room a lady was seated, looking over a book of prints; as she heard a footstep she raised her eyes, and Ferdinand beheld Henrietta Temple.

He was speechless; he felt rooted to the ground: all power of thought and motion alike deserted him. There he stood, confounded and aghast. Nor indeed was his companion less disturbed. She remained with her eyes fixed on Ferdinand with an expression of fear, astonishment, and distress impressed upon her features. At length Ferdinand in some degree rallied, and he followed the first impulse of his mind, when mind indeed returned to him; he moved to retire.

He had retraced half his steps, when a voice, if human voice indeed it were that sent forth tones so full of choking anguish, pronounced his name.

'Captain Armine!' said the voice.

How he trembled, yet mechanically obedient to his first impulse, he still proceeded to the door.

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