The Old Year.

- The years in swift procession move
 Before old father Time;
 And sad their cycles sometime prove,
 And halting as my rhyme:
 But still for aye they pass along
 With smiles and whilom tear—
 They chant a never creasing song.
 Those changelal, passing years:
- They sing of moments, brightly sweet,
 When heart responds to heart,
 When treasured, loved ones eager meet,
 Alas! how oft to part!
 They sing of all the cherished hours,
 The soul renember long,
 When fancies, gerlanded with flowers,
 In welcome numbers throng!
- They sing a mother's tenderness—
 They sing a father's care—
 They sing a sister's purest kiss—
 They sing a brother's prayer!
 They sing a true friends earnes! word,
 Dispelling darksome fears—
 The deepest depths of soul are stirred
 While sing the passing years!
- And one is dying—yet he sings—
 His voice is quavering now—
 To all he loved the old year clings,
 Though wrinkled is his brow!
 He brought us many moments dear
 In bright, successive train,
 So, tender treat the dear old year,
 And soothe his dying pain!
- He wove for us in golden threads
 The woof we dearly prize,
 Which o'er our souls a glory sheds,
 And gladdencth our eyes!
 The searf of Love which round each heart
 He placed in moments bright,
 Shall never from our lives depart,
 But bind us to delight!
- Another year doth come apace
 To run his giant course—
 He may not all the Past efface,
 Nor dry Affection's source.
 Oh! may thet year bring happy hours
 And Heeven kind blessings pour
 On all my friends, in bounteous showers,
 Of peace forever more!

JAMES JOSEPH GAHAN. New Year's Eve, 1879.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

That voice, too, now wilder than the wildest bird, now low and hushed, yet always sweet; where was he, what did he listen to, what did he behold, what did he feel? The presence of her father alone restrained him from falling on his knees and expressing to her his adora-

tion. At length our friends arrived at a picturesque and ivy-green cottage, where the keeper, with their guns and dogs, awaited Mr. Temple and his guest. Ferdinand, although a keen sportsman, beheld the spectacle with dismay. He execrated, at the same time, the existence of partridges and the invention of gunpowder. To resist his fate, however, was impossible; he took his gun and turned to bid his hostess adieu.

'I do not like to quit l'aradise at all,' he said in a low voice; 'must I go?' Oh! certainly,' said Miss Temple.
will do you a good deal of good.'

Never did anyone at first shoot more wildly. In time, however, Ferdinand sufficiently rallied to recover his reputation with the keeper who, from his first observation, began to wink his eye to his son, an attendant bush-beater, and occasionally even thrust his tongue in side his cheek, a significant gesture perfectly understood by the imp. 'For the life of me, Sam, he afterwards profoundly observed, 'I couldn't make out this here Captain by no manner of means whatsomever. At first I thought as how he was going to put the muzzle to his shoulder. Hang me if ever 1 see sich a gentleman. He missed everything; and at last if he didn't bit the longest flying shots without taking aim. Hang me if ever I seesuch a gentleman. He hit everything. That ere Captain puzzled me, surely.'

The party at dinner was increased by a neighboring squire and his wife, and the rector of the parish. Ferdinand was placed at the right hand of Miss Temple. The more to the conversation.

he beheld her the more beautiful she seemed. He detected every moment so guine perhaps that the invitation might lead

'Our friend deals in Arabian tales,' whisa witness that we live quietly enough now.'

'And that is saying a great deal, for I think your life must have abounded in agreeable

the agreeable days of life.'

'I cannot indeed lay any claim to that misery which makes many people interesting, said Miss Temple; 'I am a very commonplace person, for I have been always happy.'

When the ladies withdrew there appeared but little inclination on the part of the squire and the rector to follow their example; and Captain Armine, therefore, soon left Mr. Temple to his fate, and escaped to the drawingroom. He glided to a seat on an Ottoman by the side of his hostess, and listened in silence to the conversation. What a conversation! At any other time, under any other circumstances, Ferdinand would have been teased and wearied with its commonplace current; all the dull detail of county tattle, in which the squire's lady was a proficient, and with which Miss Temple was too highly bred not to appear to sympathize; and yet the conversation, to Ferdinand, appeared quite charming. Every accent of Henrietta's sounded like wit; and when she bent her head in assent to her companion's obvious deductions, there was about each movement a grace so ineffable, that Ferdinand could have sat in silence and listened, entranced, for him that he had never listened to a sound so Temple still remained. That gentleman and that sweetly thrilling as her voice. It was a brilliant burst of music, that well became the sparkling sunshine of her violet eyes.

His late companions entered. Ferdinand rose from his seat; the windows of the saloon were open; he stepped forth into the garden. He felt the necessity of being a moment alone. He proceeded a few paces beyond the Italian staircase; and he then was ushered ken of man, and then leaning on a statue' and burying his face in his arm, he gave way to irresistible emotion. What wild thoughts dashed through his impetuous soul at that instant, it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps it was passion that inspired that convulsive reverie! perchance it might have been remorse. Did he abandon himself to those novel sentiments which in a few brief hours had changed all his aspirations and coloured | Saxon Switzerland. They were so bold

dark and perplexing future, from which his imagination in vain struggled to extricate

He was roused from his reverie, brief but tumultuous, by the note of music, and then by the sound of a human voice. The stag detecting the huntsman's horn could not have stared with more wild emotion. But one fair organ could send forth that voice. He ap-proached, he listened; the voice of Henrietta Temple floated to him on the air, breathing sides were symptoms of female taste and femwith a thousand odors. In a moment he was at her side. The squire's lady was standing by her; the gentlemen, for a moment arrested from a political discussion, formed a group in the morning, and which he had worn the a distant part of the room, the rector occasionally venturing in a practised whisper to en-force a disturbed argument. Ferdinand glided in unobserved by the fair performer. Miss Temple not only possessed a voice of rare tone and compass, but this delightful threw himself into an easy chair, with his gift of nature had been cultivated with reeyes fixed on the gift he most valued in the fined art. Ferdinand, himself a musician, and passionately devoted to vocal melody,

listened with unexaggerated rapture. 'Oh! beautiful!' exclaimed he, as the songstress ceased.

'Captain Armine!' cried Miss Temple, looking round with a wild, bewitching smile; I thought you were meditating in the twilight.'

Your voice summoned me.'

'You care for music?'

· For little else.'

'You sing?' 'I hum.'

'Try this.'
'With you?'

Ferdinand Armine was not unworthy of singing with Henrietta Temple. His mother had been his able instructress in the art even in his childhood, and his frequent residence at Naples and other parts of the south had with Henrietta Temple, he poured forth to her in safety all the passion which raged in his soul. The squire's lady looked confused; Henrietta herself grew pale; the politicians ceased even to whisper, and advanced from their corner to the instrument; and when the duet was terminated, Mr. Temple offered his sincere congratulations to his guest.

Henrietta also turned with some words of commendation to Ferdinand; but the words were faint and confused, and finally requesting Captain Armine to favor them by singing alone, she rose and vacated her seat.

Ferdinand took up the guitar, and accompanied himself to a Meapoliton air. It was gay and festive, a Ritornella which might summon your mistress to dance in the moonlight. And then, amid many congratulations, he offered the guitar to Miss Temple.

⁴ No one will listen to a simple melody after anything so brilliant,' said Miss Temple, as she touched a string, and, after a slight prelude, sang these words :-

THE DESERTED.

Yes, weeping is madness,
Away with this tear,
Let no sign of sadness
Betray the wild anguish I fear.
When we meet him to-night,
Be mute then my heart!
And my smile be as bright,
As if we were never to part,

II. Girl! give methe mirror
That said I was fair;
Alas! fatal error,
This picture reveals my despair.
Smiles no longer can pass
O'er this faded brow,
And I shiver this glass,
Like his love and his fragile vow!

'The music,' said Ferdinand, full of enthu-

siasm, 'is---'Henrietta's,' replied her father.

'And the words?'

'Were found in my canary's cage,' said

carriage was announced. fore unobserved. It seemed to him that he then came his lady's shawl. How happy was never was in such agreeable society, though, Ferdinand when he recollected that he was sooth to say, the conversation was not of a to remain at Ducie. Remain at Ducie! Revery brilliant character. Mr. Temple re- main under the same roof as Henrietta Temcounted the sport of the morning to the squire ple. What bliss! what ravishing bliss! All whose ears kindled at a congenial subject, and his life, and his had not been a monotonous every preserve in the county was then dis- one; it seemed that all his life could not cussed, with some episodes on poaching. afford a situation so adventurous and so sweet The rector, an old gentleman, who had dined as this. Now they have gone. The squire in old days at Armine Place, reminded Fer- and his lady, and the worthy rector who redinand of the agreeable circumstance, san- collected Armine so well; they have all departed, all the adieus are uttered; after this to a renewal of his acquaintance with that little and unavoidable bustle, silence reigns hospitable board. He was painfully profuse in the saloon of Ducie. Ferdinand walked to awful? Bore anyone to her the same relain his description of the public days of the the window. The moon was up; the air was famous Sir Ferdinand. From the service of sweet and hushed; the landscape clear, though plate to the thirty servants in livery, nothing soft. Oh,! what would he not have given to have strolled in that garden with Henrietta Temple, to have poured forth his whole soul pered Ferdinand to Miss Temple; 'you can be to her, to have told her how wondrous fair she was, how wildly bewitching, and how he I shall certainly never forget my visit to loved her, how he sighed to bind his fate with upon his bed, and soon was lost Armine, replied Miss Temple; 'it was one of hers, and live for ever in the brilliant atmosphere of her grace and beauty.

Good night, Captain Armine,' said Henrietta Temple.

He turned hastily round, he blushed, he grew pale. There she stood, in one hand a light, the other extended to her father's guest. He pressed her hand, he sighed, he looked confused: then suddenly letting go ber hand, he walked quickly towards the door of the saloon, which he opened that she might retire. "I'The happiest day of my life has ended,' he muttered.

'You are so easily content then, that I think you must always be happy.' 'I fear I am not so easily content as you

imagine.' She has gone. Hours, many and long hours, must elapse before he sees her again, before he again listens to that music, watches his feelings, all his that airy grace, and meets the bright flushing of that fascinating eye. What misery was single human bein there in this idea? How little had he seemed and innocent girl hitherto to prize the joy of being her companion. He cursed the hours which had been | was changed as t wasted away from her in the morning's sport; he blamed himself that he had not mused over even sooner quitted the dining-room, or that | thoughts that he had left the saioon for a moment, to com- of life, the n mune with his own thoughts in the garden. painfully in With difficulty he restrained himself from reopening the door, to listen for the distant the devoter ever; and occasionally, too, she turned to sound of her footsteps, or catch, perhaps, Captain Armine, and appealed on some point along some corridor, the fading echo of her rose in p to his knowledge or his taste. It seemed to voice. But Ferdinand was not alone; Mr. could he raised his face from the newspaper as Captain | sequen Armine advanced to him; and, after some observations about the day's sport, and a hope of ex that he would repeat his trial of the manor tomorrow, proposed their retirement. Ferdinand of course assented, and in a moment he was ascending with his host the noble

His previous visit to the chamber had been so hurried, that he had only made a general observation on its appearance. Little inclined to slumber, he now examined it mor critically. In a recess was a French bed simple furniture. On the walls, which we covered with a rustic paper, were suspen several drawings, representing views in his whole existance; or was he tortured by that | spirited that they arrested attention; b

from the vestibule into his room.

formances. Before a sofa, covered with a chintz of a corresponding pattern with the paper of the walls, was placed a small French table, on which were writing materials; and his toilet-table and his mantel-piece were profusely ornamented with rare flowers; on all inine consideration.

Ferdinand carefully withdrew from his coat the flower that Henrietta had given him in whole day. He kissed it, he kissed it more than once; he pressed its somewhat faded form to his lips with cautious delicacy; then tending it with the utmost care, he placed in a vase of water, which holding in his hand, he eyes fixed on the gift he most valued in the world.

An hour passed, and Ferdinand Armine relarge grey eye, could for a moment conceive that his thoughts were less sweet than the object on which they appeared to gave Notice.

The keeper will be ready whenever you summon him.'

Ferdinand muttered something about the content of the conten mained fixed in the same positiou. But no tant recollections disturbed him now, no memory of the past, no fear of the future. The delicious present monopolized his existence. The ties of duty, the claims of domestic affection, the worldly considerations that by a cruel dispensation had seemed, as it were, to taint even his innocent and careless boyhood, even the urgent appeals of his critical and perilous situation; all, all were forgotten in one intense delirium of absorbing love.

Anon he rose from his seat, and paced his

room for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Then throwing off his clothes afforded him ample opportunities of perfect and taking the flower from the vase, which he ing a talent thus early cultivated. But to had previously placed on the table, he denight the love of something beyond his art | posited it in his bosom. Beautiful, beloved inspired the voice of Ferdinand. Singing flower, exclaimed he; thus, thus will I win and wear your mistress!

> Restless are the dreams of the lover that is young. Ferdinand Armine started awake from the agony of a terrible slumber. He had been walking in a garden with Henrietta Temple, her hand was clasped in his, her eyes fixed on the ground, as he whispered delicious words. His face was flushed, his speech panting and low. Gently he wound his vacant arm round her graceful form; she looked up, her speaking eyes met his, and their trembling lips seemed about to cling into a-

> When lo! the spledor of the garden faded, and all seemed dim; instead of the beautiful arched walks, in which for a moment before they appeared to wander, it was beneatth the vaulted roof of some temple that they now moved; instead of the bed of glowing flowers from which he was about to pluck an offering for her bosom, an altar rose, from the centre of which up sprang a quick and lurid tongue of fire. The dreamer gazed upon his companion, and her form was tinted with the dusky hue of the flame, and she held over her countenance a scarf, as if oppressed by the unnatural heat. Great fear suddenly came over him. With haste, yet with tenderness, he himself withdrew the scarf from the face of his companion, and this movement revealed

the visage of Miss Grandison. Ferdinand Armine awoke and started up in his bed. Before him still appeared the unexpected figure. He jumped out of bed, he gazed upon the form with staring eyes and open mouth. She was there, assuredly she was there; it was Katherine, Katherine his betrothed, sad and reproachful.

The figure faded before him; he advanced with outstretched hand; in hisdesperation he determined to clutch the escaping form; and he found in his grasp his dressing-gown,

which he had become acquainted yesterday for the first time. Before him, serene and still, rose the bowers of Ducie. And their mistress? That angelic form whose hand he had clasped in his dream, was not then merely a shadow. She breathed, she lived and under the same roof. Henrietta Temple was at this moment under the same roof as himself; and what were her slumbers? Were they wild as his own, or sweet and innocent as herself? Did his form flit over her closed vision at this charmed hour, as hers had visited his? Had it been scared away by an apparition as tion as Katherine Grandison to him? A feaful surmise, that had occurred to him now the first time, and which it seemed c ould never again quit his brain. The stars away, the breath of morn was abre faded chant of birds arose. Exhausted in ' ad. the in mind, Ferdinand Armine fluo cody and g himself r slumbers undisturbed as the tomb.

FERDINAND'S servant, who m he had despatched the previous evenig to Armine, returned carly with his mr from his mother, and on e from Miss Grandison. They were all to errive 1 at the Place on the day after the morro F erdicand opened these epistles with a sight of Katherine's, his K atherine's, hand-. tremb ling hand. The writing was alme at as terr ible as his dream. itted his family, his whom h so loved, hap pledge a and rejoicin had occurred during g bridegroom. What the last eight-and-forty bturs seemed comple stely to have changed all wishes, all his views, all his hopes! He hr d in that interval met a ¿, a woman, a girl, a young he had looked upon that girl and listened to her voice, and his soul lying in his be their contents, and all the pressed upon him. His melan- spoken of myself so much before.' choly father his fond and confiding mother, Father Glastonbury, all the mortifying cicumstances of his illustrious race, inful succession before him. Nor ses clanked upon his memory like de- dull ones. g and disgraceful fetters. The burden istence seemed intolerable. That doic love which had so solaced his exist-, recalled now only the most painful aslations. In the wildness of his thoughts , wished himself alone in the world, to strug-

broken fortunes. He felt that death was pre-

ferable to life without Henrietta Temple.

, the and his mother's love, and Father Glaston-

ie with his fate and mould his fortunes. He felt himself a slave and a sacrifice. He cursed Armine, his ancient house, and his But even supposing that he could extricate himself from his rush engagement; even admititing that all worldly considerations might ded be thrown aside, and the pride of his father,

quick eye of Ferdinand instantly detected ing his great object? What was he, the initials of the artist in the corner. They were letters that made his heart tremble, as he the claims of Miss Grandison, with all sense of duty rooted out of his once sensitive bosom of duty rooted out of his once sensitive bosom. and existing only for the gratification of his own wild fancies? A beggar, worse than a beggar, without a home, without the possibility of a home to offer the lady of his passion; nay, not even secure that the harsh process of the law might not instantly claim its victim; and he himself be hurried from the altar to

the gaol! Moody and melancholy, he repaired to the saloon; he beheld Henrietta Temple, and the cloud left his brow, and lightness came to his heart. Never had she looked so beautiful, so sympathising patience to long narratives of fresh and bright, so like a fair flower with the rheumatic griefs, it seemed her presence in dew upon its leaves. Her voice penetrated his soul; her sunny smile warmed his breast. Her father grested him too with kindness, and inquired after his slumbers, which he assured

Mr. Temple had been satisfactory.
'I find,' continued Mr. Temple, 'that the post has brought me some business to-day which, I fear, claims the morning to trans-

his family; but Miss Temple begged him to accept the offer, and refusal was impossible.

After breakfast Mr. Temple retired to his

library, and Ferdinand found himself alone for the first time with Henrietta Temple. She was copylog a miniature of Charles the First. Ferdinand looked over her shoulder.

A melancholy countenance!' he observed. 'It is a favorite one of mine, she replied.

Yet you are always gay.' 'Always.'

'I envy you, Miss Temple.'
'What, are you melancholy?'

'I have every cause.'

Indeed, I should have thought the reverse. 'I look upon myself as the most unfortunate of human beings, replied Ferdinand.

He spoke so seriously, in a tone of such deep and bitter feeling, that Miss Temple could not resist looking up at her companion His countenance was gloomy.
'You surprise me,' said Miss Temple; 'I

think that few people ought to be unhappy, and I rather suspect fewer are than we imagine.'

· All I wish is,' replied he, ' that the battle of Newbury had witnessed the extinction of our family as well as our peerage.'

'A peerage, and such a peerage as yours, is fine thing,' said Henrietta Temple, 'a very fine thing; but I would not grieve, if I were her inspiring presence. And why not screw you, for that. I would sooner be an Armine his courage to the sticking point, and comwithout a coronet than many a brow I wot of with.

the loss of our coronet, though that is only part of the system. Our family, I am sure, are fated. Birth without honor, estates without fortune, life without happiness, that is our lot.'

'As for the first,' said Miss Temple, 'the honorable are always honored; money, in spite of what they say, I feel is not the greatest thing in the world; and as for misery, I confess I do not very readily believe in, the misery of youth.

May you never prove it!' replied Ferdin may you never be, as I am, the victi m of family profligacy and family pride! So saying, he turned away, and, taking 'up a book, for a few minutes seemed wrapr ed in his reflections.

He suddenly resumed the converse tion in a more cheerful tone. Holding a volume of Petrarch in his hand, he touched lightly, but with grace, on Italian poetry ' then diverged into his travels, recounted an into his travels, recounted an sprightliness, and replied to lively remarks with one.

Miss Temple's which he had thrown over the back of a chair.

His brow was heated; he opened the casement. It was still night; the moon had vanished, but the stars were still shining. He recalled with an effort the scene with which he had become acquainted vesterday.

Sprightiness, and replied to Miss Temple's lively remarks with gair ty and readiness. The morning advanced; I diss Temple closed her portfolio, and visited her flowers, inviting him to follow her. Her invitation was scarcely necessary, I samovements were regulated by hers; her shadow.

From the co aservatory they entered the garden; Ferdi and was as fond of gardens as Miss Temr le. She praised the flower-garden of Arm He gave her some account ıne. of its priv icipal cleator. The character of flastonbury highly interested Miss Father C Temple Love is confidential; it has no fear of ridi .cule. Ferdinand entered with freedom and yet with grace, into family details, from

ich, at another time and to another person, s would have been the first to shrink. The magination of Miss Temple was greatly interested by his simple, and, to her, affecting account of this ancient line living in their hereditary solitude, with all their noble pride and haughty poverty. The scene, the circumstances, were all such, as rlease a maiden's fancy; and he, the natural hero of this singular history, seemed deficient in none of those heroic qualities which the wildest spirit of romance might require for the completion of its spell. Beautiful as his ancestors, and, she was sure, as brave, young, spirited, graceful, and accomplished, a gay and daring spirit blended with the mournful melody of his voice, and occasionally contrasted with the somewhat subdued and

chastened character of his demeanour. Well, do not despair,' said Henrietta Temple; 'riches did not make Sir Ferdinand happy. I feel that the house will yet flourish.'

'I have no confidence,' replied Ferdinand; I feel the struggle with our fate to be fruitless. Once indeed I felt like you; there was all the follies of my grandfather. But that and Ferdinand. She seemed to delight in a time when I took even a fancied pride in ρy, nay, triumphatt, a is past; I have lived to execrate his g bridegroom. What memory,

'Hush! hush!' 4 Yes, to execrate his memory! I repeat, to execrate his memory! His follies stood between me and my happiness.'

'Indeed, I see not that.' 'May you never! I cannot disguise from myself that I am a slave, and a wretched one, he earth by the sunrise. As and that his career has entailed this curse of d he read these letters, and servitude upon me. But away with this! they suggested, the strangeness | egotistical of human beings; and yet, to do

Will you walk with me? said Miss Temple, after a moment's silence; 'you seem little inclined to avail yourself of my father's invitation to solitary sport. But I cannot forget his own wretched follies stay at home, for I have visits to pay, ai-

Wby so?

'My visits are to cottages.'

'I love nothing better. I used ever to be my mother's companion on such occasions. So, crossing the lawn, they entered a beautiful wood of considerable extent, which formed the boundary of the grounds, and, after some time passed in agreeable conversation, emerged upon a common of no ordinary extent or beauty, for it was thickly studded in some parts with lofty timber, while in others the furze and fern gave richness and variety to the vast wilderness of verdant turf, scarcely marked, except by the light hoof of Miss

and his mother's love, and Father Glaston-bury's pure hopes, might all be outraged; Miss Temple; 'but we are proud of our com-what chance, what hope was there of obtain-

The thin grey smoke that rose in different directions was a beacon to the charitable visits of Miss Temple. It was evident that she was a visitor both habitual and beloved. Each cottage-door was familiar to her entrance. The children smiled at her approach; their mothers, rose and courtseyed with affectionate respect. How many names and how many wants had she to remember! yet nothing was forgotten. Some were rewarded for in-dustry, some were admonished not to be idle; but all were treated with an engaging suavity more efficacious than gifts or punishments. The aged were solaced by her visit; the sick forgot their pains; and, as she listened with each old chair, her tender enquiries and sanguine hopes, brought even more comfort than her plenteous promises of succeur from the Bower, in the shape of arrowroot and gruel, port wine and flannel petticoats. This scene of sweet simplicity brought

back old days and old places to the memory

of Ferdinand Armine. He thought of the time when he was a happy boy at his innocent home; his mother's boy, the child she so loved and looked after, when a cloud upon her brow brought a tear into his eye, and when ble and intrusion, and the expected arrival of a kiss from her lips was his most dear and his family; but Miss Temple begged him to desired reward. The last night he had passed at Armine, before his first departure, rose up to his recollection; all his mother's passionate fondness, all her wild fear that the day might come when her child would not love her so dearly as he did then. That time had come. But a few hours back, ay! but a few hours back, and he had sighed to be alone in the world, and had felt those domestic ties which had been the joy of his existence a burthen and a curse. A tear stole down his cheek; he stepped forth from the cottage to conceal his emotion. He seated himself on a trunk of a tree, a few paces withdrawn; he looked upon the declining sun that gilded the distant landscape with its rich pensive light. The scenes of the last five years flitted across his mind's eye in fleet succession; his dissipation, his vanity, his desperate folly, his hollow worldliness. Why, oh! why had he ever left his unpolluted home? Why could he not have lived and died in that sylvan paradise? Why, oh! why was it impossible to admit his beautiful companion in that sweet and serene society? Why should his love for her make his heart a rebel to his hearth? Money! horrible money! It seemed to him that the contiguous cottage and the labor of his hands, with new, were preferable to palaces and crowds of retainers without mune in confidence with his parents? They loved him; yes, they idolized him! For him, 'You misconceived a silly phrase.' re- for him alone, they sought the restoration of joined Ferdinand. 'I was not thinking of their house and fortunes. Why, Henrietta Temple was a treasure richer than any his ancestors had counted. Let them look on her, let them l'aten to her, let them breathe as he had dor e in her enchantment; and could they wond er, could they murmur, at his conduct? Wald they not, oh! would they not, rather and they not, oh! would they not, rather anire, extol it! But, then, his debts, his overwhelming debts. All the rest might be naced. His desperate engagement might be broken; his family might be reconciled to obscurity and poverty: but, ruin! what was to grapple with his impending ruin? Now his folly stung him; now the scorpion entered his soul. It was not the profligacy of his ancestor, it was not the pride of his family then, that stood between him and his love; it was his own culpable and heartless career! He covered his face with his hands; something touched him lightly; it was the parasol of

Miss Temple. 'I am afraid,' she said, ' that my visits have wearied you; but you have been very kind and

He rose rapidly with a slight blush. deed,' he replied, 'I have passed a most delightful morning, and I was only regretting that life consisted of anything else but cot-

tages and yourself.' They were late; they heard the first dinnerbell at Ducie as they re-entered the wood. We must hurry on, said Miss Temple; dinner is the only subject on which papa is a tyrant. What a sunset! I wonder if Lady Armine will return on Saturday. When she returns, I hope you will make her call upon us, for I want to copy the pictures in your

gallery.' 'If they were not heir-looms, I would give them you,' said Ferdinand; 'but, as it is, there is only one way by which I can manage

'What way?' enquired Miss Temple, very innocently. 'I forget,' replied Ferdinand, with peculiar smile. Miss Temple looked a little

confused.

In spite of his perilous situation, an indefinable sensation of happiness pervaded the soul of Ferdinand Armine, as he made his hurried toilette, and hastened to the domestic board of Ducie, where he was now the solitary guest. His eye caught Miss Temple's as he entered the room. It seemed to beam upon him with interest and kindness. His courteous and agreeable host welcomed him with polished warmth. It seemed that a feeling of intimacy was already established among them, and he fancied himself already looked upon as an habitual member of their circle. All dark thoughts were driven away. He was gay and pleasant, and duly maintained with Mr. Temple that conversation in which his host excelled. Miss Temple spoke little, but listened with evident interest to her father their society, and to be gratified by Captain Armine's evident sense of her father's agreeable qualities.

When dinner was over they all rose together and repaired to the saloon. I wish Father Glastonbury was here,

said Miss Temple, as Ferdinand opened the instrument. 'You must bring him some day and then our concert will be perfect.' Ferdinand smiled, but the name of Father

Glastonbury made him shudder. His coun-You must think me, Miss Temple, the most tenance changed at the future plans of Miss Temple. 'Some days,' indeed, when he might systery of haman nature, were myself justice, I never remember having also take the opportunity of introducing his betrothed! But the voice of Henrietta Temple drove all care from his bosom; he abandoned himself to the intoxicating present. She sang alone; and then they sang together; and as he arranged his books, or selected her theme, a thousand instances of : fatal visit to Bath, of which the conveloped themselves. Conce he touched her hand, and he pressed his own, unseen, to his

> Though the room was lit up, the windows were open and admitted the moonlight. The beautiful saloon was full of fragrance and of melody; the fairest of women dazzled Ferdinand with her presence; his heart was full, his senses ravished, his hopes were high Could there be such a demon as care in such a paradise? Could sorrow ever enter here? Was it possible that those bright halls and odorous bowers could be polluted by the miserable considerations that reigned too often supreme in his unbappy breast? Au enchanted scene had suddenly risen from the earth for his delight and fascination. Could he be unhappy? Why, if all went darker even than he sometimes feared, that man had

not lived in vain who had beheld Henrietta Temple! All the troubles of the world were folly here; this was fairy-land, and he some knight who had fallen from a gloomy globeupon some starry region flashing with peren-

nial lustre. The hours flew on; the servants brought in that, light banquet whose entrance in the country seems the only method of reminding our guests that there is a sorrow.

"Tis the last night, said Ferdinand, smiling, with a sigh. One more song; only one more. Mr. Temple, be indulgent; it is the last night. I feel, he added in a lower tone to Henrietta, 'I feel exactly as I did when I left Armine for the first time.

Because you are going to return to it? That is wilful.'

· Wilful or not, I would that I might never see it again.' For my part, Armine is to me the very

land of romance. "It is strange."

No spot on earth ever impressed me more It is the finest combination of art and nature and poetical associations I know; it is indeed unique.'

'I do not like to differ with you on any sub-

We should be dull companions, I fear, it we agreed upon everything.'

I cannot think it. 'Papa,' said Miss Temple, 'one little stroll upon the lawn; one little, little stroll. The moon is so bright; and autumn, this year, has brought us as yet no dew.' And as she spoke, she took up her scarf and wound it round her head. 'There,' she said, 'I look

like the portrait of the Turkish page in Armine Gallery.' There was a playful grace about Henrietta Temple, a wild and brilliant simplicity, which was the more charming because it was blended with peculiarly high breeding. No person in ordinary society was more calm, or enjoyed a more complete self-possession, yet no one in the more intimate relations of life indulged more in those little unstudied bursts of nature, which seemed almost to remind one of the playful child rather than the polished woman; and which, under such circumstances, are infinitely captivating. As for Ferdinand Armine; he looked upon the Turkish page with a countenance beaming with admiration; he wished it was Turkey wherein he then beheld her, or any other strange land, where he could have placed her on his courser, and galloped away in pursuit of a fortune wild as his soul.

Though the year was in decay, summer had lent this night to autumn, it was so soft and sweet. The moonbeam fell brightly upon Ducie Bower, and the illumined saloon contrasted effectively with the natural splendor of the exterior scene. Mr. Temple reminded Henrietta of a brilliant fete which had been given at a Saxon palace, and which some cir-stances of similarity recalled to his recollection. Ferdinand could not speak, but found himself unconsciously pressing Henrietta Temple's arm to his heart. The Saxon pal-ace brought back to Miss Temple a wild melody which had been sung in the gardens on that night. She asked her father if he re-collected it, and hummed the air as she made the enquiry. Her gentle murmur soon expanded into song. It was one of those wild and natural lyrics that spring up in mountainous countries, and which seem to mimic the prolonged echoes that in such regions greet the ear of the pastor and the huntsman.

Oh! why did this night ever have an end!

IT Was solitude that brought despair to Ferdinand Armine. The moment he was alone his real situation thrust itself upon him; the moment he had quitted the presence of Henrietta Temple he was as a man under the influence of music when the orchestra suddenly stops. The source of all his inspiration failed him; this last night at Ducie was dreadful. Sleep was out of the question; he did not affect even the mimicry of retiring, but paced up and down his room the whole night, or flung himself, when exhausted, upon a restless sofa. Occasionally he varied these monotonous occupations, by pressing his lips to the drawings which bore her name; then relapsing into a profound reverie, he sought some solace in recalling the scene of the morning, all her movements, every word she had uttered, every look which had illumined his soul. In vain he endeavored to and consolution in the fond belief that he was not altogether without interest in her eyes. Even the conviction that his passion was returned, in the situation in which he was plunged, would, however flattering, be rather a source of fresh anxiety and perplexity. He took a volume from the single shelf of books that was slung against the wall; it was a volume of Corinne. The fervid eloquence of the poetess sublimated his passion; and without disturbing the tone of his excited mind, relieved in some degree its tension, by busying his imagination with other though similar emotions. As he read, his mind became more calm and his feelings deeper, and by the time his lamp grew ghastly in the purple light of morning that now entered his chamber, his soul scemed so stilled that he closed the volume, and, though sleep was impossible, he remained nevertheless calm and absorbed.

When the first sounds assured him that some were stirring in the house, he quitted his room, and after some difficulty found a maidservant, by whose aid he succeeded in getting into the garden. He took his way to the common where he had observed, the preceding day, a fine sheet of water. The sun had not risen more than an hour; it was a fresh and ruddy morn. The cottagers were just abroad. The air of the plain invigorated abroad. him, and the singing of the birds, and all those rural sounds that rise with the husbandman, brought to his mind a wonderful degree of freshness and serenity. Occasionally he heard the gun of an early sportsman, to him at all times an animating sound; but when he had plunged into the water, and found himself struggling with that inspiring element all sorrow seemed to leave him. His heated brow became cool and clear, his aching limbs vigorous and clastic, his juded soul full of hope and joy. He lingered in the liquid and vivifying world, playing with the stream, for he was an expert and practiced swimmer; and often, after nights of Southern dissipation he recurred to this natural bath for health

and renovation. The sun had now risen far above the horizon; the village clock had long struck seven; Ferdinand was three miles from Ducie Bower. It was time to return, yet he loitered on his way, the air was so sweet and fresh, the scene so pretty, and his mind, in comparison with his recent feelings, so calm and even happy. Just as he emerged from the woods, and entered the grounds of Ducie, he met Miss Temple. She stared, and she had cause. Ferdinand indeed presented rather an unusual figure; his head uncovered, his hair matted, and his countenance glowing with his exercise, but his figure clothed with the identical evening dress in which he had bid her a ten-

der good night. Captain Armine! exclaimed Miss Temple, you are an early riser, I see.'

(To be continued.)

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