THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

THE PLEA OF MOTHERLAND. "Rachel bewailing her children and world not be comforted."-ST. MATTHEW II., 18.

I, Öur Rachalis Mother Ireianc, Appealing to God on high; For still Fings out The sickening thout Of a nation's Hunger Ory-And now when the Wrong is rampant-And now when the landlords dare To trample Right By fraud or might; Our Mother's place is there !

To the dungeon's waulted darkness, To the dungeon's ranked darkness, Where the sun ray never shone, To lands away, Where exfless stray, That Mother's voice hath gone ; And now comes the earnest pleading In the depths of her despair— And shall not we, The boasted Free, Respond to that Mother's prayer?

III,

For Erin, darling Erin, The land of the sword and lyré, In the hour of need, She dares to plead To the Love that is purer, higher-In the hour when darling Liberty Is crushed by the tyrant's rod, She takes her part, With hand and heart, And lifts her soul to God 1

IV. And still will her plea keep ringing All over the gladsome earth, Till the famine cry And the orphan sigh Are chased by the sounds of mirth— Yes, the plea will go on resounding Till even her tyrants feel. That if prayers won't do She'll back them, too, And plead with the soldier's steel. STEPHEN J. MEANY.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

A gentle rustling sounded at the window Henrietta looked up, but the sight deserted her fading vision, as Fordinand seized with softness her softer hand, and pressed it to his lips.

much of the morn had passed without his society; a moment since, and it had seemed that no time could exhaust the expression of her feelings. How she had signed for his coming! How she had hoped that this day she might convey to him what last night she had so weakly, so imperfectly attempted! And now she sat trembling and silent, with downcast eyes and changing countenance !

'My Henrietta!' exclaimed Ferdinand. · my beautiful Henrietta, it seemed we never should meet again, and yet 1 rose almost with the sun.

'My Ferdinand,' replied Miss Temple, scarcely daring to meet his glance 41 cannot speak; I am so happy that I cannot speak.

'Ah! tell me, have you thought of me? Did you observe I stole your handkerchief last night? See! here it is; when I slept, I kissed it and wore it next my heart.'

'Ah! give it to me,' she faintly murmured, extending her hand; and then she added, in a firmer and livelier tone, 'and did you really WORT it near your heart !'

'Near thine; for thine it is, love! Sweet, you look so beautiful to-day ! It seems to me you never yet looked hall so fair. Those eyes are so brilliant, so very blue, so like the violet ! There is nothing like your eyes!

Except your own.'

'You have taken away your hand. Give me back my hand, my Henrietta. I will not quit it. The whole day it shall be clapsed in mine. Ah! what a hand! so soft, so very There is nothing like your hand.' soft!

rocked his cradle. She insists upon a minute and finished portraiture of his character and

Why did he act give it? More than once it was upon his lips to reveal all; more than once he was about to pour forth all his sorrows, all the entanglements of his painful situation; more than once he was about to: make the full and mortifying confession, that, though his heart was hers, there existed another, who even at that moment might claim the hand that Henrietta clasped with so much tenderness. But he checked himself. He would not break the charm that surrounded him ; he would not disturb the clear and brilliant stream in which his life was at this moment flowing ; he had not courage to change by a worldlyword the scene of celestial enchantment in which he now moved and breathed. Let us add, in some degree for his justification, that he was not altogether un-mindful of the feelings of Miss Grandison. Sufficient misery remained, at all events, for her mortification. The deed must be done. and done promptly ; but, at least, there should be no unnecessary witnesses to its harrowing achievement.

So he looked upon the radiant brow of his Henrietta, wreathed with smiles of innocent triumph, sparkling with unalloyed felicity, and beaming with unbroken devotion. Should the shade of a dark passion for a moment cloud that heaven, so bright and so serene? Should even a momentary pang of jealousy or distrust pain that pure and unsullied breast In the midst of contending emotions, he pressed her to his heart with renewed energy, and, bending down his head, imprinted an embrace upon her blushing forehead.

They seated themselves on a bank, which, it would seem. Nature had created for the convenience of lovers. The softest moss and the brightest flowers decked its elastic and fragrant side. A spreading beech tree shaded their heads from the sun, which now was on the decline; and occasionally its wide branches rustled with the soft breeze that passed over them in renovating and gentle gusts. The woods widened before them, and at the termination of a well-contrived Lips. A moment since, and she had longed for his presence as the infant for its mother; a his presence as the i avenue, they caught the roofs of the village ness, yet the repose was grateful, while they listened to the birds, and plucked wildflowers. 'Ah! I remembered,' said Ferdinand, 'that

it was not far from here, while slumbering indeed in the porch of my pretty farmhouse, that the fairy of the spot dropped on my breast these beautiful flowers that I now wear. Did you not observe them, my sweet Hen-lietta? Do you know that I am rather mortified, that they have not made you at least a little jealous ?

'I am not jealous of fairies, dear Ferdinand.'

And yet I half believe that you are a fairy, my Henrietta.'

'A very substantial one, I fear, my Ferdinand. Is this a compliment to my form?'

'Well, then, a sylvan nymph, much more, I assure you, to my fancy; perhaps the rosy Dryad of this fair tree; rambling in woods, and bounding over commons, scattering beautiful flowers, and dreams as bright.'

'And were your dreams bright yesterday morning ?'

"I dri at of you."

I hastened to the source of inspiration." And if you had not dreamt of me?"

I should have come to have enquired the eason why. Miss Temple looked upon the ground ; a

blended expression of mirth and sontiment played over her features, and then looking "p with a smile contending with her tearful eye, she hid her face in his breast and murmured, I watched him sleeping. Did he indeed dream of me?'

'Yours is as soft, dear Ferdinand.' 'O Henrietta! I do love you so! I wish that I could tell you how I loved you! As I being! Why am I so happy 1 What have I rode home last night it seemed that I had not done to deserve bliss so ineffable? But tell conveyed to you a tithe, nay, a thousandth me, beauty, tell me how you contrived to appear and vanish without witnesses. For my enquiries were severe, and these good people must have been less articthan I imagined to have withstood

Nay, if you will, these lips indeed are yours. impossible ; clearly, absolutely impossible ; Promise me you will not remain here. Well this is weak indeed. See he smiles ! He then, when the light is out in my chamber, smiles at his weakness. He waves his arm leave Ducie. Promise me this, and early tomorrow, earlier than you think; I will pay a fiance, his idle apprehensions. His step is visit to your cottage. Now be goed, and to more assured; and the color returns to his morrow we will breakfast together. There cheek. And yet her father must return. Was now!' she added in a gay tone, 'you see woman's wit has the advantage.' And so without another word she ran away.

THE separation of lovers, even with an immediate prospect of union, involves a sentiment of deep melancholy. The reaction of our solitary emotions after a social impulse of such peculiar excitement, very much dis-heartens and depresses us. Mutual passion is complete sympathy. Under such an in-fluence there is no feeling so strong, no fancy so delicate, that it is not instantly responded to. Our heart has no secrets, though our life

may. Under such an influence, each unconsciously labors to enchant the other; each struggles to maintain the reality of that ideal which has been reached in a moment of happy inspiration. Then is the season when the voice is ever soft, the eve over bright, and every movement of the frame airy and picturesque; each accent is full of tenderness; each glance, of affection; each gesture, of grace. We live in a heaven of our own creation. All happens that can contribute to our perfect satisfaction, and can ensure our complete self-complacency. We go and we receive felicity. We adore and we are adored. Love is the May-day of the beart.

But a cloud nevertheless will dim the genial lustre of that soft and brilliant skywhenwe are alone; when the soft voice no longer sighs, and the bright eye no longer beams, and the form we worship no longer moves before our enraptured vision. Our happiness becomes too much the result of reflection. Our faith is not less devout, but it is not so fervent. We believe in the miracle, but we no longer witness it.

And as the light was extinguished in the chamber of Henrietta Temple, Ferdinand Armine felt for a moment as if his sun had set for ever. There seemed to be now no evidence of her existence. Would to-morrow ever come? And if it came, would the rosy hours indeed bring her in their radiant car? What if this night she died? He shuddered at this wild imagination. Yet it might be : such dire calamities had been. And now he felt his life was involved in hers, and that under such circumstances his instant death must complete the catastrophe. There was then much at stake. Had it been yet his glorious privilege that her fair cheek should have found a pillow on his heart; could he have been permitted to have rested without her door but as her guard ; even if the same roof at any distance dhad screene both their heads; such dark conceptions would not perhaps have risen up to torture him; but as it was, they haunted him like evil spirits as he took his lonely way over the common to gain

his new abode. Ah! the morning came, and such a morn! Bright as his love! Ferdinand had passed a dreamy night, and when he woke he could not at first recognise the locality. It was not Armine. Could it be Ducie? As he stretched his limbs and rubbed his eyes, he might be excused for a moment fancying that all the happiness of yesterday was indeed a vision. He was, in truth, sorely perplexed as he looked around the neat but humble chamber, and caught the first beam of the sun struggling through a casement shadowed by the jessamine.

But on his heart there rested a curl of dark and flowing hair, and held together by that very turquoise of which he fancied he had been dreaming. Happy, happy Ferdinand; Why shouldst thou have cares ? And may not the course even of thy true love run smooth?

He recks not of the future. What is the der countenance, indeed, was wreathed future to one so blossed? The sun is up, the with smiles. She seemed the happiest thing lark is singing, the sky is bluer than the iove- on earth; the very personification of a poetic inveloue that here with a superior of the set o spring; lively, and fresh, and innocent; snarkling, and sweet, and soft. When he bejewel at his heart. She will be Lere soon. No gloomy images disturh um now, Cheerfulness is the dawn ry of the dawn, held her, Ferdinand was reminded of some gay bird, or airy antelope; she looked so 10:11

he prepared for that occurrence? This was accents of her animating sympathy. (I a searching question. It induced a long hever shall be low-spirited with you, he re-dark train of harrassing recollections. He plied, 'you are my good genius. O Henri-stopped to ponder. In what a web of circlettal what heaven it is to be together !... cumstances was he now involved ! Howsoever he might act, self-extrication sppeared impossible. Perfect candor to Miss Temple might be the destruction of her love; even modified to her father, would certainly produce his banishment from Ducie. As the betrothed of Miss Grandison, Miss Temple would abjure him; as the lover of Miss Tem-ple, under any circumstances, Mr. Temple vou !' would reject him. In what light would he appear to Henrietta were he to dare to reveal the truth? Would she not look upon him as the unresisting libertine of the hour, engaging in levity her heart as he had already trifled with another's? For that absorbing and overwhelming passion, pure, primitive, and profound, to which she now responded with an enthusiasm as fresh, as ardent, and as immaculate, she would only recognize the fleeting fancy of a vain and worldly spirit eager to add another triumph to a long list of conquests, and proud of another evidence of his irresistible influence. What security was there for her that she too should not in turn be forgotten for another? that another eye should not shine brighter than hers, and another voice sound to his ear with a sweeter tone? Oh, no! he dared not disturb and sully the bright flow of his present existence; he shrank from the fatal word that would dis solve the spell that enchanted them, and introduce all the calculating cares of a harsh world into the thoughtless Eden in which they now wandered. And, for her father, even if the sad engagement with Miss Grandison did not exist, with what front could Fer-

dinand solicit the hand of his daughter What prospect could he hold out of worldly prosperity to the anxious consideration of a parent? Was he himself independent? Was he not worse than a beggar? Could he refer Mr. Temple to Sir Ratcliffe? Alas! it would be an insult to both ! in the meantime, every hour Mr. Temple might return, or something reach the ear of Henrietta fatal to all his aspirations. Armine with all it cares. Bath with all his hopes ; his melancholy father, his fond and sanguine mother, the tender-hearted Katherine, the devoted, Father Glastonbury, all rose up before him, and crowded on his tortured imagination. In the agony of his mind he wished himself alone in the world ! he sighed for some earthquake to swallow up Armine and all its fatal fortunes ; and as for those parents, so affectionate and virtuous, and to whom he had hitherto been so dutiful and devoted, he turned from their idea with a

sensation of weariness, almost of dislike. He sat down on the trunk of a tree and buried his face in his hands. His reverie had lasted some time, when a gentle sound disturbed him. He looked up; it was Henrietta. She had driven over the common in her ponychair, and unattended. She was but a few steps from him; and he looked up, he caught her fond smile. He sprang from his seat; he was at her side in an instant ; his heart beat so simultaneously that he could not speak; all dark thoughts were torgotten; he seized with a trembling touch her extended hand, and gazed upon her with a glance of ecstasy. For, indeed, she looked so beautiful that it seemed to him he had never before done justice to her surpassing loveliness. There was a bloom upon her cheek, as upon some choice and delicate fruit; her violet eyes sparkled like gend; while the dimples played and quivered on her cheeks, as you may sometime, watch the sunbeam on the pure

surfacio of fair water.

Ferdinand must not be low-spirited about this is weak indeed. See he smiles! He dear Armine. I have confidence in our de-smiles at his weakness. He waves his arm stiny; I see a happy, a very happy fature.' as if in contempt. He casts away, with de-fiance, his idle apprehensions. His step is the sanguine mind of the enamored Ferdinand Armine. He drank inspiration from her smiles, and dwelt with delight on the tender

'I bless you for these words. We will not go to Armine to day.' Let us walk. And to speak the truth, for I am not ashamed of saying anything to you, it would be hardly discreet, perhaps, to be driving about the country in this guise. And yet,' she added, after a moment's hesitation, 'what care I for what people say? O Ferdinand! I think only of

That was a delicious ramble which these young and enamored creatures took that sunny morn! The air was sweet, the earth was beautiful, and yet they were insensible to everything but their mutual love. Inexhaustible is the converse of fond hearts? A simple story, too, and yet there are so many ways of telling it !

How strange that we should have ever met !' said Henrietta Temple. 'Indeed, I think it most natural,' said Fer-

dinand; '1 will believe it the falfilment of a happy destiny. For all that I have sighed for now 1 meet, and more, much more than my imagination could ever hope for.'

'Only think of that morning drive,' resumed Henrietts, 'such a little time ago, and yet it seems an age! Let us believe in destiny, dear Ferdinand, or you must think of me, I fear, that which I would not wish.'

My own Henrietta, I can think of you only as the noblest and the sweetest of beings. My love is ever equalled by my gratitude!'

' My Ferdinand, I had read of such feelings, but did not believe in them. I did not believe, at least, that they were reserved for me. And yet I have met many persons, and seen something more, mush more than falls to the lot of women of my age. Believe me, indeed, my eye has hitherto been undazzled, and my heart untouched.'

He pressed her hand.

'And then,' she resumed, 'in a moment; but it seemed not like common life. That beautiful wilderness, that ruinous castle! As I gazed around, I felt not as is my custom. I felt as if some fate were impending, as if my delicate walst, and raising her gently in the life and lot were bound up, as it were, with air, 'Well, lady-bird,' he exclaimed, 'I toowill that strange and silent scene. And then he came forward, and 1 beheld him, so unlike all other men, so beautiful, so pensive! O Ferdinand! pardon me for loving you!' and she a faint cry of fond astonishment, as she caught gently turned her head, and hid her face on his bright glance. what happiness was Ferdihis breast.

'Darling Henrietta,' lowly breathed the enraptured lover, 'best, and sweetest, and loveliest of women, your Ferdinand at that moment, was not less moved than you were. Speechless and pale I had watched my Henri-etta, and I felt that I beheld the being to whom I must dedicate my existence."

'I shall never forget the moment when stood before the portrait of Sir Ferdinand. Do you know my heart was prophetic; I wanted not that confirmation of a strange conjecture. I felt that you must be an Armine. I had heard so much of your grandfather, so much of your family. I loved them for their glory, and for their lordly sorrows.'

'Ah! my Henrietta, 'tis that alone that galls me. It is bitter to introduce my bride to our house of cares.'

'You shall never think it so,' she replied with animation. I will prove a true Ar-mine. Happier in the honor of that name, than in the most rich possessions! You do not know me yet. Your wife shall not dis-grace you or your lineage. I have a spirit worthy of you, Ferdinand; at least I dare to hope so. I can break, but I will not bend. We will wrestle together with all our cares; and my Ferdinand, animated by his Henrietta, shall restore the house.'

'Alas! my noble-minded girl. I fear a

A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and, without such a muse, few men can succeed in life, none be content.

The plans and aspirations of Henrietta had relieved Ferdinind from a depressing burthen. Inspired by her creative sympathy, a scene opened to him, adorned by a magnificent perspective. His sanguine imagination sought refuge in a triumphant future. That love, for which he had hitherto schooled his mind to excritice every worldly advantage, appeared suddenly to be transformed into the very source of earthly success. Henrietta Temple was to be the fountain, not only of his bliss, but of his prosperity. In the revel of his au-dacious fancy he seemed, as it were, by a beautiful retribution, to be already rewarded for having devoted, with such unhesitating readiness, his heart upon the altar of disinterested affection. Lying on his cottage-couch, he indulged in dazzling visions; he wan-dered in strange lands with his beautiful companion, and offered at her feet the guick rewards of his unparallelled achievements.

Recurring to his immediate situation, he resolved to lose no time in bringing his affairs to a crisis. He was even working himself up to his instant departure, solaced by the certainty of his immediate return, when the arrival of his servant announced to him that Father Glastonbury had quitted Armine on one of those antiquarian rambles to which he was accustomed. Gratified that it was now in his power to comply with the wish of Henrietta to visit his home, and perhaps, in truth, not very much mortified that so reasonable an excuse had arisen for the postponement of his intended departure, Ferdinand instantly rose, and as speedily as possible took his way to Ducie.

He found Henrietts in the garden, He had arrived, perhaps, earlier than he was ex-pected; yet what joy to see him! And when he himself proposed an excursion to Armine, her grateful smile melted his very heart. Indeed, Ferdinand this morning was so gay and light-hearted, that his excessive merriment might almost have been as suspicious as his passing gloom the previous day. Not less tender and fond than before, his sportive fancy indulged in infinite expressions of playful humor and delicate pranks of love. When he first recognised her, gathering a nosegay, too, for him, himself unobserved, he stole behind her on tip-toe, and suddenly clasping her pluck a flower!'

AL! when she turned round her beautiful face, full of charming confusion, and uttered his bright glance, what happiness was Ferdinand Armine's, as he felt this enchanting creature was his, and pressed to his bosom her noble and throbbing form !'

Perhaps, this time next year, we may be travelling on mules,' said Ferdinand, as he flourished his whip, and the little pony trotted along. Henrietta smiled. 'And then,' continued he, 'we shall remember our pony-chair that we turn up our noses at now. Donna Henrietta, jogged to dearh over dull vegas, and picking her way across rocky sierras, will be a very different person from Miss Temple, of Ducie Bower. I hope you will not be very irritable, my child; and pray vent your spleen upon your muleteer, and not upon your husband.'

'Now, Ferdinand, how can you be so ridi-culous?'

'Oh! I have no doubt I shall have to bear all the blame. "You brought me here," it will be, "ungrateful man, is this your love? not even post-horses!'' 'As for that,' said Henrietta, 'perhaps we

shall have to walk. I can fancy ourselves, you with an Andalusian jacket, a long gun, and, I fear, a cigar; and I with all the baggage.

Children and all,' added Ferdinand. Miss Temple looked somewhat demure. turned away her face a little, but said

nothing.

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And when you awoke?'

part of what I feel.'.

You cannot love me, Ferdinand more than I love you.'

'Say so again! Tell me very often, tell me a thousand times how much you love me. Unless you tell me a thousand times, Henrietta, I never can believe that I am so blessed.'

They went forth into the garden. Nature, with the splendid sky and the sweet breeze. seemed to smile upon their passion, Henrietta plucked the most beautiful flowers and placed them in his breast.

'Do you remember the rose at Armine? said Ferdinand, with a fond smile.

'Ah! who would have believed that it would have led to this ?' said Henrietta, with downcast eves.

'I am not more in love now than I was then,' said Ferdinand.

'I dare not speak of my terms, --- d unss Temple. 'Is it possible that t can be bu t fire may back since we first met! It seer ns five days mach

1 have no recollection of anything that occurred before I saw you beneath the cedar,' replied Ferdinand: 'that is the date of my existence. I saw you, and I loved. My love was at once complete; I have no confidence in any other; I have no confidence s in the love that is the creature of observation, and re-flection, and comparison, and calculation. Love, in my opinion, should nate sympathy; it should b e superior to all situations, all ties, all circi imstances.'

Such, then, we must be dieve is ours,'replied Henrietta, in a somewh. It grave and musing tone: 'I would willing', iy embrace your creed. I know not why I sh', juld be ashamed of my feelings. They are D atural, and they are pure. And yet 1 tremble. But so long as you do not think lightly of me, Ferdinand, for whom should I care?'

'My Henri' sta! my angel! my adored and beautifu' 1 I worship you, I reverence Ah! my Benrietta, if you only knew you. how I dot e upon you, you would not speak thus. Crome, let us ramble in our woods.'

So sa jing, he withdrew her from the more public, situation in which they were then plac' ,d, and entered, by a winding walk, those bee atiful bowers that had given so fair and It ting a man to Ducie. Ah! that was a ramble (If rich delight, as, winding his arm round her light waist, he poured into her palpitating ear all the eloquence of his passion. Each hour -that they had known each other was analysed and the feelings of each moment were com-pared. What sweet and thrilling confessions! Eventually and unceasingly thinking of each other from the first instant of their meet-

ing. The conversation of lovers is inexhaustible. Hour glided away after hour, as Ferdinand alternately expressed his passion and detailed the history of his passed life. For the curiosity of women, lively at all times, is never so keen, so exacting, and so interested, as in her anxiety to become acquainted with the previous career of her lover. She is jealous of all that he has done before she knew him ; of every person to whom he has spoken.

cossfully.' 'I came,' said Miss Temple, 't's pay them a visit, with me not uncompon. When I a visit, when he hot uncome on. When I entered the porch I beheld my Ferdinand asleep. I looked upon him for a moment, but I was frightened and sto de away unperceived. But I was left the flow de away unperceived. you Henrietta. you Henrietta.' 'Sweet love!'

'Never did ' return home,' continued Miss Temple, 'r 1 retuin home, constituted. A thousand increased and more dispirited. A that I is times I wished that I was a flower, that J . might be gathered and worn upon your her .rt. You smile, my Ferdinand. Indeed feel I am very foolish, yet I know not why, I am now neither ashamed nor airaid to tell (I dare not speak of my feelings,' sa' Miss (you anything. I was so miserable when I arrived home, my Ferdinand, that I went to my

room and wept. And he then came! Oh! what heaven was mine! I wiped the tears from my face and came down to see him. He looked so beautiful and happy !'

'And you, sweet child, oh! who could have believed at that moment, that a tear had escaped from those bright eyes !'

Love makes us hyprocrites. I fear, my Ferdinand, for, a moment before, I was so wearied that I was lying on my sofa quite wretched. And then, when I saw him, I pretended that 1 had not been out, and was just thinking of a stroll. Oh, my Ferdinaud ! will you pardon me?'

'It seems to me that I never loved you until this moment. Is it possible that human beings ever loved each other as we do ?'

Now came the hour of twilight. While in this fond strain the lovers interchanged their hearts, the sun had sunk, the birds grown silent, and the star of evening twinkled over the tower of Ducie. The bat and the beetle warned them to return. They rose reluctantly and retraced their steps to Ducie, with hearts softer even than the melting hour.

· Must we then part?' exclaimed Ferdinand. Ohl must we part? How can I exist even an instant without your presence, without at least the consciousness of existing under the same roof? Oh! would I were one of your serving-men, to listen to your footstep, to obey your bell, and ever and anon to catch your voice! Oh! now I wish indeed Mr. Temple was bere, and then 1 might be your guest.

'My father !' exclaimed Miss Temple, in a somewhat serious tone. 'I ought to have written to him to-day! Oh! talk not of my father, speak only of yourself.'

They stood in silence as they were about to emerge upon the lawn, and then Miss Temple said, ' Dear Ferdinand, you must go ; indeed you must. Press me not to enter. If you love me, now let us part. I shall retire immediately, that the morning may soon come. God bless you, my Ferdinand. May He guard over you, and keep you for ever and ever. You weep! Indeed you must not; yon so distress me.' Ferdinand, be good, be kind; for my

.... the indeed be here? Will Henrietta Temple indeed come to visit him? Will that consummate being before whom, but a few days back, he stood entranced; to whose mind the very idea of his existence had not then even occurred ; will she be here anon to visit him ? to visit her beloved ? What has he done to be so happy? What fairy has touched him and his dark fortunes with her wand? What talisman does he grasp to call up such bright adventures of existence ? He does not err. He is an enchanted being? a spell indeed pervades his trame; he moves in truth in a world of marvels and miracles. For what fairy has a wand like love, what talisman can achieve the deeds of passion ?

He guitted the rustic porch, and strolled up the lane that led to Ducie. He started at a sound ; it was but the spring of a wandering bird. Then the murmur of a distant wheel turned him pale; and hestopped and leant on a neighboring gate with a penting heart. Was she at hand? There is not a moment when the heart palpitates with such delicate suspense as when a lover awaits his mistress in the spring days of his passion. Man watching the sun rise from a mountain, awaits not an incident to him more beautiful, more genial, and more impressive. With her presence it would seem that both light you some fruit." and heat fall at the same time upon his heart ; his emotions are warm and sunny, that a moment ago scemed dim and frigid; a thrilling sense of joy pervades his frame; the air is sweeter, and his ears seem to echo with the

music of a thousand birds. The sound of the approaching wheel became more audible; it drow near, nearer; but lost the delicacy that distance lent it. Alas! it did not propel the car of a fairy, or the chariot of a heroine, but a cart, whose taxed springs nowed beneath the portly form of an honest ycoman who gave Captain Armine a cheerful good-morrow as he jogged by, and flanked his jolly whip with unmerciful dexterity. The loudness of the unexpected salute, the crack of the cchoing thong, shook the line nerves of a fanciful lover, and Ferdinand looked so confused, that if the honest yeoman had only stopped to observe him, the passenger might have really been oxcused for inistaking him for a poacher, at the least, by

his guilty countenance. This little worldly interruption broke the wings of Ferdinand's scaring fancy. He tell to earth. Ducie came over him whether Hen-rietta would indeed come. He was disappointed, and so he became distrustful. He strolled on, however, in the direction of Ducle, to me. All my associations with Armine are yet slowly, as there was more than one road, and to miss each other would have been mortifying. His quick eye was in every quarter; his watchful ear listened in every direction; still she was not seen, and not a sound was heard except the hum of day. He became nervous, agitated, and began to conjure up a crowd of unfortunate incidents. Perhaps she was ill; that was very bad. Perhaps her father had suddenly returned. Was that worse? Perhaps something strange had happened. Perhaps-

Why ! why does his face turn so pale, and aurmation. She envies the mother who knew more? The time will come we will not part, Ferdinand Armine, is not thy conscience She did not reply, but she pressed his hand. The breeze of her inspiring hope, and illu-him as a child, even the nurse who may have but now we must. Good-night, my Ferdinand. clear? That pang was sharp. No, no, it is Then, after a moment's silence, she said, My mined by the sunshine of her prophetic smile!

bright and joyous! 'He is to get in,' said Henrietta, with a smile, and to drive her to their cottage. Have I not managed well to come alone We shall have such a charming drive to-day. 'You are so beautiful!' murmured Ferdinand.

'I am content if you but think so. You did not hear me approach? What were you doing ? Plunged in meditation ? Now tell me truly, were you thinking of her ?'

Indeed, I have no other thought. Oh, my Henrietta! you are so beautiful to-day. cannot taik of anything but your beauty. And how did you sleep? Are you com-

fortable? I have brought you some flowers to make your room look pretty.' They soon reached the farm-house. The good-wife seemed a little surprised when she observed her guest driving Miss Temple, but far more pleased. Henrietta ran into the honse to see the children, spoke some kind

words to the little maiden, and asked if their guest had breakfasted. Then, turning to Ferdinand, she said, ' Have you forgotten that you are to give me a breakfast? It shall be in the porch. Is it not sweet and pretty? See, here are your flowers, and I have brought

The breakfast was arranged. 'But you do not play your part, sweet Henrietta,' he said ; I cannot breakfast alone.'

She affected to share his repast, that he might partake of it; but, in truth, she only busied herself in arranging the flowers. Yet she conducted herself with so much dexterity, that Ferdinand had an opportunity of gratifying his appetite, without being placed in a position, awkward at all times, insufferable for a lover, that of eating in the presence of others who do not join you in the occupation.

'Now.' she suddenly said, sitting by his side, and placing a rose in his dress, 'I have a little plan to-day, which I think will be quite delightful. You shall drive me to Armine.

Ferdinand started. He thought of Father Glastonbury. His miserable situation re-curred to him. This was the bitter drop in the cup; yes! in the very plenitude of his rare felicity he experienced a pang. His con-fusion was not unobserved by Miss Temple; for she was very quick in her perception ; but she could not comprehend it. It did not rest on her mind, particularly when Ferdinand assented to her proposition, but added, . I forgot that Armine is more interesting to you than painful. Ducie is my delight.'

Ah! my romance is at Armine; yours at Ducie. What we live among, we not always value. And yet I love my home,' she added, in a somewhat subdued, even serious tone; all my associations with Ducie are sweet and pleasant. Will they always be so?'

She hit upon a key to which the passing thought of Ferdinand too completely responded; but he restrained the mood of his mind. As she grew grave, he affected cheermind. As she grew grave, he and to be the sand the sand despairing advocate fulness. (My Henrietta must always be hap-fulness. (My Henrietta must always be hap-many a depressed and despairing advocate has clutched the Great Seal, and taken his py 'he said, 'at least, if her Fordinand's love

severe trial awaits us. I can offer you only love.'

' Is there anything else in this world?' 'But, to bear you from a roof of luxury, where you have been cherished from your cradle, with all that ministers to the delicate delights of woman, to-oh! my Henrietta, you know not the disheartening and depressing burthen of domestic cares.' His voice faltered as he recalled his melancholy father ; and the disappointment, perhaps the destruction, that his passion was preparing far his

roof. 'There shall be no cares; I will endure everything; I will animate all. I have energy; indeed I have, my Ferdinand. I have, young as I may be, I have often inspirited, often urged on my father. Sometimes, he says, that had it not been for me, he would not have been what he is. He is my father, the best and kindest parent that ever loved his child; yet, what are fathers to you, my Ferdinand ? and, if I could assist him, what may I not do for-

'Alas! my Henrietta, we have no theatre for action. You forget our creed.'

It was the great Sir Ferdinand's. He made a theatre.'

My Henrietta is ambitious,' said Ferdi-

nand smiling. 'Dearest, I would be content, nay! that is a weak phrase, I would, if the choice were in my power now to select a life most grateful to my views and feelings, choose sume delightful solitude, even as Armine, and pass existence with no other aim but to delight you. But we were speaking of other circumstances. Such happiness, it is said, is not for us. And I wished to show you that I have a spirit that can struggle with adversity, and a soul pro-

scient of overwhelming it.' ·You have a spirit I reverence, and a soul I worship, nor is there a happier being in the world this moment than Ferdinand Armine. With such a woman as you every fate must be a triumph. You have touched upon a chord of my heart that has sounded before, though in solitude. It was but the wind that played on it before; but now that tone rings with a purpose. This is glorious sympathy. Let us leave Armine to its fate. I have a sword. and it shall go hard if I do not carve out a destiny worthy even of Henrietta Temple.'

The communion of this day, of the spirit of which the conversation, just noticed may convey an intimation, produced an inspiring effect ou the mind of Ferdinand. Love is inspiration; it encourages to great deeds, and develops the creative faculty of our nature. Few great men have flourished, who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of woman. It is woman whose prescient admiration strings the lyre of the desponding poet, whose genius is afterwards to be recognised by his race, and which often embalms the memory of the gentle mistress whose kindness solaced him in less glorious

hours. How many an official portfolio would never have been carried, had it not been for her sanguine spirit and assiduous love! How precedence before princes, borne onward by

But what think you of Vienna, sweetest ? enquired Ferdinand in a more serious tone; upon my honor, I think we might do great things there. A regiment and a chamberlainship at the least!'

'In mountains or in cities I shall be alike content, provided you be my companion, replied Miss Temple.

Ferdinand let go the reins, and dropped his whip. 'My Henrietta,' he exclaimed, looking in her face, 'what an angel you are !'

This visit to Armine was so delightful to Miss Temple; she experienced so much gratification in wandering about the park and over the old castle, and gazing on Father Glastonbury's tower, and wondering when she should see him. and talking to her Ferdinand about every member of his family, that Captain Armine, unable to withstand the irresistible cusrent, postponed from day to day his decisive visit to Bath, and, confident in the future, would not permit his soul to be the least daunted by any possible conjuncture of ill fortune. A week, a whole happy week glided away, and spent almost entirely at Armine. Their presence there was scarcely noticed by the single female servant who remained; and, if her curiosity had been excited, she possessed no power of communicating it into Somersetsbire. Besides, she was unaware that her young master was nomin-ally in London. Sometimes an hour was snatched by Henrietta from roaming in the pleasaunce, and interchanging vows of mutual love and admiration, to the picture-gallery, where she had already commenced a miniature copy of the portrait of the great Sir Ferdinand. As the sun set they departed in their little equipage. Ferdinand wrapped his Henrietta in his fur cloak, for the autumn dews began to rise, and, thus protected, the journey of ten miles was ever found too short.

It is the habit of lovers, however innocent their passion, to grow every day less discreet ; for every day their almost constant companionship becomes more a necessity. Miss Temple had almost unconsciously contrived at area the should not be observed on often at Ducie; but now Ferdinend drove her home every evening, and drank tea at the Bower, and the evening closed with music and song. Each night he crossed over the common to his farm-house more fondly and devotedly in love.

One morning at Armine, Henrietta being alone in the gallery busied with her drawing, Ferdinand having left her for a moment to enecute some slight commission for her, ste heard some one enter, and, looking up to catch his glance of love, she beheld a veneable man, of a mild and benignant appeaance, and dressed in black, standing, as if a little surprised, at some distance. Hersef not less confused, she novertheless bow a, and the gentleman advanced with hesitatio, and with a faint blush returned her salve, and apologised for his intrusion. thought Captain Armine might be there.'

'He was here but this moment,' replied Ms Temple; and doubtless will instantly turn.⁵ Then she tarned to her drawing a trembling hand.

'I perceive, madam,' said the gentleman vancing and speaking in a soit and engage. tone, while looking at her labor within

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