

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

This powerful and pathetic piece was suggested by one of the many painful incidents of the memorable Irish famine of 1845. The title was the last request of an Irish lad to his mother, as he lay dying in a corner of his jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had. The whole family were perishing from famine.

Give me three grains of corn, mother— Only three grains of corn! I will keep the little I have Till the coming of the morn; I am dying of hunger and cold, mother— Dying of hunger and cold— And half the agony of such a death My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother. A wolf that is fierce for blood. All the living day, and the night beside, Gaining for lack of food. I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother. And the night was heaven to me. I broke with my mother's milk, But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother— How could I look to you? For bread to give to your starving boy. When you were starving, too? For I read the famine in your cheek, There are you and your mother, And I felt in your body hand As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother. The queen has lands and gold. While you are asked to your empty breast. A babe that is lying of want, mother. As I am lying, now. With a ghastly look in its sunken eye. And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother. What has poor Ireland done. That the world looks on and sees us starve. Perishing, one by one? Do the men of England care not, mother. The great men and the high. For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle. Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother. Dying of want and cold. While only across the channel, mother. Are many that roll in gold. There are rich and proud men there, mother. With wondrous wealth to view. And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night. Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother. Come nearer to my side. And hold me fondly as you held My father when he died. Quick, for I cannot see you, mother. My breath is almost gone. Mother dear, mother dear, Give me three grains of corn.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

At length they arrived at his palace. A venerable Italian received them. They passed through a vast hall, in which were statues, ascended a magnificent double staircase, and entered a range of saloons. One of them was furnished with more attention to comfort than an Italian cares for, and herein was the cabinet of urns and vases his lordship had mentioned.

'This is little more than a barrack,' said Lord Montfort; 'but I can find a sofa for Miss Temple.' So saying, he arranged with great care the cushions of the couch, and, when she sat herself, placed a footstool near her. 'I wish you would allow me some day to welcome you at Rome,' said the young marquis. 'It is there that I indeed reside.'

Lord Montfort and Mr. Temple examined the contents of the cabinet. There was one vase which Mr. Temple greatly admired for the elegance of its form. His host immediately brought it and placed it on a small pedestal near Miss Temple. Yet he scarcely addressed himself to her, and Henrietta experienced none of that troublesome attention from which, in the present state of her health and mind, she shrank. While Mr. Temple was interested with his pursuit Lord Montfort went to a small cabinet opposite, and brought forth a curious casket of antique gems. 'Perhaps,' he said, placing it by Miss Temple, 'the contents of this casket might amuse you, and he walked away to her father.

In the course of an hour a servant brought in some fruit and wine. The grapes are from my villa,' said Lord Montfort. 'I ventured to order them, because I have heard their salutary effects have been marvellous. Besides, at this season, even in Italy they are rare. At least you can not accuse me of prescribing a disagreeable remedy; he added with a slight smile, as he handed a plate to Miss Temple. She moved to receive them. Her cushion slipped from behind her, Lord Montfort immediately arranged them with skill and care. He was so kind that she really wished to thank him; but before she could utter a word he was again conversing with her father.

At length Mr. Temple indicated his intention to retire, and spoke to his daughter. 'This has been a great exertion for you, Henrietta,' he said; 'this has indeed been a busy day.' 'I am not wearied; and we have been much pleased.' It was the firmest tone in which she had spoken for a long time. There was something in her manner which recalled to Mr. Temple her vanished animation. The affectionate father looked for a moment happy. The sweet music of these simple words dwelt on his ear.

He went forward and assisted Henrietta to rise. She closed the casket with care, and delivered it herself to her considerate host. Mr. Temple bade him adieu; Henrietta bowed, and nearly extended her hand. Lord Montfort attended them to the gate; a carriage was waiting there. 'Ah! we have kept your lordship at home,' said Mr. Temple. 'I took the liberty of ordering the carriage for Miss Temple,' he replied. 'I feel a little responsible for her kind exertion to-day.'

'And how do you like my friend, Henrietta?' said Mr. Temple, as they drove home. 'I like your friend much, papa. He is quite as quiet as you said; he is almost the only person I have seen since I quitted England who has not jaded my nerves. I felt quite sorry that I had so long prevented you both from cultivating each other's acquaintance. He does not interfere with me in the least.' 'I wish I had asked him to look in upon us in the evening,' said Mr. Temple, rather enquiringly. 'Not to-day,' said Henrietta. 'Another day dearest papa.'

The next day Lord Montfort sent a note to Mr. Temple to enquire after his daughter, and to impress upon him the importance of her eating his grapes. His servant left a basket. The rest of the note was about cicerony urns. Mr. Temple, while he thanked him, assured him of the pleasure it would give both his daughter and himself to see him in the evening. 'This was the first invitation to his house that Mr. Temple had ventured to give him, though they had now known each other some time.

In the evening Lord Montfort appeared. Henrietta was lying on her sofa, and her father would not let her rise. Lord Montfort had brought Mr. Temple some English journals, which he had received from Leghorn. The gentlemen talked a little on foreign politics; and discussed the character of several of the most celebrated foreign ministers. Lord Montfort gave an account of his visit to

Prince Esterhazy. Henrietta was amused. German politics and society led to German literature. Lord Montfort, on this subject, seemed completely informed. Henrietta could not refrain from joining in a conversation for which she was fully qualified. She happened to deplore her want of books. Lord Montfort had a library; but it was at Rome; no matter; it seemed that he thought nothing of sending to Rome. He made a note very quietly of some books that Henrietta expressed a wish to see, and begged that Mr. Temple would send the memorandum to his servant. 'But surely to-morrow will do,' said Mr. Temple. 'Rome is too far to send to this evening.'

'That is an additional reason for instant departure,' said his lordship calmly. Mr. Temple summoned a servant. 'Send this note to my house,' said his lordship. 'My courier will bring us the books in four days, he added, turning to Miss Temple. 'I am sorry you should have to wait, out at Pisa, I really have nothing.'

From this day Lord Montfort passed every evening at Mr. Temple's house. His arrival never disturbed Miss Temple; she remained on the sofa. If she spoke to him he was always ready to converse with her, yet he never intruded his society. He seemed perfectly contented with the company of her father. Yet with all this calmness and reserve, there was no air of affected indifference, no intolerable nonchalance; he was always attentive, always considerate, often kind. However apparently engaged with her father, it seemed that his vigilance anticipated all her wants. If she moved, he was at her side; if she required anything it would appear that he had her thoughts, for it was always offered. She found her sofa arranged as if by magic. And if a shawl were for a moment missing, Lord Montfort always knew where it had been placed. In the meantime, every morning brought something for the amusement of Mr. Temple and his daughter; books, prints, drawings, newspapers, journals of all countries, and caricatures from Paris and London, were mingled with engravings of Henrietta's favorite Campo Santo.

One evening Mr. Temple and his guest were speaking of a celebrated Professor of the University. Lord Montfort described his extraordinary acquirements and discoveries, and his rare simplicity. He was one of those eccentric geniuses that are sometimes found in decayed cities with ancient institutions of learning. Henrietta was interested in his description. Almost without thought she expressed a wish to see him.

'He shall come to-morrow,' said Lord Montfort, 'if you please. Believe me, he will, in a few of great kindness, that if you could permit yourself to cultivate Italian society a little, it would repay you.' The Professor was brought. Miss Temple was much entertained. In a few days he came again, and introduced a friend scarcely less distinguished. The society was so easy, that even Henrietta found it no burden. She remained upon her sofa; the gentlemen drank their coffee and conversed. One morning Lord Montfort had prevailed upon her to visit the studio of a celebrated sculptor. The artist was full of enthusiasm for his pursuit, and showed them with pride his great work, a Diana that might have made one envy Eudymion. The sculptor declared it was the perfect resemblance of Miss Temple, and appealed to her father. Mr. Temple could not deny the striking likeness. Miss Temple smiled; she looked almost herself again; even the reserved Lord Montfort was in raptures.

'Oh! it is very like,' said his lordship. 'Yes! now it is exactly like. Miss Temple does not often smile; but now one would believe she really was the model.' They were bidding the sculptor farewell. 'Do you like him?' whispered Lord Montfort to Miss Temple. 'Extremely; he is full of ideas.' 'Shall I ask him to come to you this evening?' 'Yes, do!'

And so it turned out that in time Henrietta found herself the centre of a little circle of eminent and accomplished men. Her health improved as she brooded less over her sorrows. It gratified her to witness the pleasure of her father. She was not always on her sofa now. Lord Montfort had sent her an English chair, which suited her delightfully.

They even began to take drives with him in the country an hour or so before sunset. The country around Pisa is rich as well as picturesque; and their companion always contrived that there should be an object in their brief excursions. He spoke, too, the dialect of the country; and they paid, under his auspices, a visit to a Tuscan farmer. All this was agreeable; even Henrietta was persuaded that it was better than staying at home. The variety of pleasing objects diverted her mind in spite of herself. She had some duties to perform in this world yet remaining. There was her father; her father who had been so devoted to her, who had never uttered a single reproach to her for all her faults and follies, and who, in her hour of tribulation, had clung to her with such fidelity. Was it not source of satisfaction to see him again comparatively happy? How selfish for her to mar the peaceful and innocent enjoyment! She extended herself to contribute to the amusement of her father and his kind friend, as well as to share it. The color returned a little to her cheek; sometimes she burst for a moment into something like her old gaiety; and though these ebullitions were often followed by a gloom and moodiness, against which she found it in vain to contend, still, on the whole, the change for the better, was decided, and Mr. Temple yet hoped that in time his sight might again be blessed and his life illustrated by his own brilliant Henrietta.

One delicious morning, remarkable even in the south, Lord Montfort called upon them in his carriage, and proposed a little excursion. Mr. Temple looked at his daughter, and was charmed that Henrietta consented. She rose from her seat, indeed, with unwonted animation, and the three friends then quitted the city and entered its agreeable environs. 'It was wise to pass the winter in Italy,' said Lord Montfort; 'but to see Tuscany in perfection I should choose the autumn. I know nothing more picturesque than the cuts laden with grapes, and drawn by milk-white steers.' They drove gaily along at the foot of green hills, crowned ever and anon by a convent or a beautiful stone-pine. The landscape attracted the admiration of Miss Temple. A palladian villa rose from the bosom of a gentle elevation, crowned with these picturesque trees. A broad terrace of marble extended in front of the villa, on which were ranged orange trees. On either side spread an olive-grove. The sky was without a cloud, and deeply blue; bright beams of the sun illuminated the building. The road had wound so curiously into this last branch of the Apennines, that the party found themselves in a circus of hills, clothed with Spanish chestnuts and olive trees, from which there was apparently no outlet. A soft breeze, which it was evident had passed over the wild flowers of the mountains, refreshed and charmed their senses.

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'Could you believe we were only two hours' drive from a city?' said Lord Montfort. 'Indeed,' said Henrietta, 'if there be peace in this world, one would think that the dweller in that beautiful villa enjoyed it.' 'He has little to disturb him,' said Lord Montfort; 'thanks to his destiny and his temper.'

'I believe we make our miseries,' said Henrietta, with a sigh. 'After all, nature always offers us consolation. But who lives here?' 'I sometimes steal to this spot,' replied his lordship. 'Oh! this, then, is your villa? Ah! you have surprised us!' 'I only aimed to amuse you.' 'You are very kind, Lord Montfort,' said Mr. Temple, 'and we owe you much.'

They stopped, they ascended the terrace they entered the villa. A few rooms were furnished, but their appearance indicated the taste and pursuits of its occupier. Busts and books were scattered about; a table was covered with the implements of art; and the principal apartment opened into an English garden. 'This is one of my native tastes,' said Lord Montfort, 'that will, I think, never desert me.' The memory of Henrietta was recalled to the flowers of Ducie and of Arminie. Amid all the sweets and sunshine she looked sad. She walked away from her companions; she seated herself on the terrace; her eyes were suffused with tears. Lord Montfort took the arm of Mr. Temple, and led him away to a bust of Germanicus.

'Let me show it to Henrietta,' said Mr. Temple; 'I must fetch her.' Lord Montfort laid his hand gently on his companion. The emotion of Henrietta had not escaped his quick eye. 'Miss Temple has made a great exertion,' he said. 'Do not think me pedantic, but I am something of a physician. I have long perceived that, although Miss Temple should be amused, she must sometimes be left alone.'

Mr. Temple looked at his companion, but the countenance of Lord Montfort was inscrutable. His lordship offered him a medal and then opened a portfolio of Marc Antonios. 'These are very rare,' said Lord Montfort; 'I bring them into the country with me, for really at Rome there is no time to study them. By the bye, I have a plan, continued his lordship, in a somewhat hesitating tone; I wish I could induce you and Miss Temple to visit me at Rome.'

Mr. Temple shrugged his shoulders, and sighed. 'I feel confident that a residence at Rome would benefit Miss Temple,' said his lordship in a voice a little less calm than usual. 'There is much to see, and I would take care that she should see it in a manner which would not exhaust her. It is the most delightful climate, too, at this period. The sun shines here to-day, but the air of these hills at this season is sometimes treacherous. A calm life, with a variety of objects, is what she requires. Pisa is calm, but for her it is too dull. Believe me, there is something in the blended refinement and interest of Rome that she would find exceedingly beneficial. She would see no one but ourselves; society shall be at her command as she desire it.'

'My dear lord,' said Mr. Temple, 'I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your considerate sympathy; but I cannot flatter myself that Henrietta could avail herself of your really friendly offer. My daughter is a great invalid. She—' 'We have a relic of a delicate temple here,' said Lord Montfort, directing her gaze to another window. 'You see it now to advantage; the columns glitter in the sun. There, perhaps, was worshipped some wood-nymph, or some river-god.'

The first classic ruin that she had yet beheld attracted the attention of Miss Temple. It was not far, and she sneezed at the proposition of Lord Montfort to visit it. That little ramble was delightful. The novelty and the beauty of the object greatly interested her. It was charming also to view it under the auspices of a guide so full of information and feeling. 'Ah! you said Lord Montfort, 'if I might only be your cicerone at Rome!'

'What say you, Henrietta?' said Mr. Temple, with a smile. 'Shall we go to Rome?' 'The proposition did not alarm Miss Temple as much as her father anticipated. Lord Montfort pressed the suggestion with delicacy; he hinted at some expedient by which the journey might be rendered not very laborious. But as she did not reply, his lordship did not press the subject; sufficiently pleased, perhaps, that she had not met it with an immediate and decided negative.

When they returned to the villa they found a collation prepared for them worthy of so elegant an abode. In his capacity of a host, Lord Montfort departed a little from that placid and even constrained demeanor which generally characterized him. His manner was gay and flowing; and he poured out a goblet of Monte Pulciano and presented it to Miss Temple. 'You must pour a libation,' he said, 'to the nymph of the fane.'

About a week after this visit to the villa, Mr. Temple and his daughter were absolutely induced to accompany Lord Montfort to Rome. It is impossible to do justice to the tender solitude with which he made all the arrangements for the journey. Wherever they halted they found preparations for their reception; and so admirably had everything been concerted, that Miss Temple at length found herself in the Eternal City with almost as little fatigue as she had reached the Tuscan villa.

The palace of Lord Montfort was in the most distinguished quarter of the city, and situated in the midst of vast gardens full of walls of laurel, arches of ilex, and fountains of fions. They arrived at twilight, and the shadowy hour lent even additional space to the huge halls and galleries. Yet in the suite of rooms intended for Mr. Temple and his daughter, every source of comfort seemed to have been collected. The marble floors were covered with Indian mats and carpets, the windows were well secured from the air, which might have proved fatal to an invalid, while every species of chair and couch, and sofa, covered the languid or capricious arm of Miss Temple, and she was even favored with an English stove, and guarded by an Indian screen. The apartments were supplied with every book which it could have been supposed might amuse her; there were guitars of the city and of Florence, and even an English piano; a library of the choicest music; and all the materials of art. The air of elegance and cheerful comfort that pervaded these apartments, so unusual in this land, the bright blaze of the fire, even the pleasant wa-lights, all combined to deprive the moment of that feeling of gloom and exhaustion which attends an arrival at a strange place at a late hour, and Henrietta looked around her, and almost fancied she was once more at Dniele. Lord Montfort introduced his fellow-travellers to their apartments, presented to them the servant who was to assume the management of their little household, and then reminding them of their mutual promises that they were to be entirely

their own masters, and not trouble themselves about him any more than if they were at Pisa, he shook them by the hand, and bade them good-night. It must be confessed that the acquaintance of Lord Montfort had afforded consolation to Henrietta Temple. It was impossible to be insensible to the sympathy and solicitude of one so highly gifted and so very amiable. Nor should it be denied that this homage, from one of his distinguished rank, was entirely without its charm. To find ourselves, when deceived and deserted, unexpectedly an object of regard and consideration, will bring balm to most bosoms; but to attract in such a situation the friendship of an individual whose deferential notice under any circumstances must be flattering, and to be admired by one whom all admire, these are accidents of fortune which few could venture to despise. And Henrietta had now few opportunities to brood over the past; a stream of beautiful and sublime objects passed unceasingly before her vision. Her lively and refined taste, and her highly cultured mind, could not refrain from responding to these glorious spectacles. She saw before her all that she had long read of, all that she had long missed over. Her mind became each day more serene and harmonious as she gazed on these ideal creations, and dwelt on their beautiful repose. Her companion, too, exerted every art to prevent these amusements from degenerating into fatiguing expeditions. The Vatican was open to none others. Short visits, but numerous ones, was his system. Sometimes they entered merely to see a statue or a picture they were reading or conversing about the preceding eve; and then they repaired to some modern studio, where their entrance made the sculptor's eyes sparkle. At quest there was always some distinguished artist whom Henrietta wished to see; and as she thoroughly understood the language and spoke with fluency and grace, she was tempted to enter into conversations, where all seemed delighted that she played her part. Sometimes indeed, Henrietta would fly to her chamber to sigh, but suddenly the palace resounded with tones of the finest harmony, or the human voice, with its most felicitous skill, stole upon her from the distant galleries. Although Lord Montfort was not himself a musician, and his voice could not pour forth those fatal sounds that had ravished her soul from the lips of Ferdinand Armine, he was well acquainted with the magic of music; and while he lacked a formal concert, the most eminent performers were often at hand in his palace, to contribute at the fitting moment to the delight of his guests.

Who could withstand the soft influence of a life so elegant and serene, or refuse to yield up the spirit to its gentle excitement and its mild distraction? The color returned to Henrietta's cheek and the lustre to her languid eye: her form regained its airy spring of health; the sunshine of her smile burst forth once more.

It would have been impossible for an indifferent person not to perceive that Lord Montfort witnessed these changes with feelings of no slight emotion. Perhaps he prided himself upon his skill as a physician, but he certainly watched the apparent convalescence of his friend's daughter with zealous interest. And yet Henrietta herself was not aware that Lord Montfort's demeanor to her differed in any degree from what it was at Pisa. She had never been alone with him in her life; she certainly spoke more to him than she used, but then, she spoke more to everybody; and Lord Montfort certainly seemed to think of nothing but her pleasure and convenience and comfort; but he did and said everything so quietly, that all this kindness and solicitude appeared to be the habitual impulse of his generous nature. He certainly was more intimate, much more intimate, than during the first week of their acquaintance; but scarcely more kind; for she remembered he had arranged her sofa the very first day they met, though he did not even remain to receive her thanks.

One day a discussion rose about Italian society between Mr. Temple and his host. His lordship was a great admirer of the domestic character and private life of the Italians. He maintained that there was no existing people who more completely fulfilled the social duties than this much scandalized nation, respecting whom so many silly prejudices are entertained by the English, whose travelling fellow-countrymen, by the bye, seldom enter into any society but that tainted circle that must exist in all capitals. 'You have no idea,' he said, turning to Henrietta, 'what amiable and accomplished people are the better order of Italians. I wish you would let me light up this dark house some night, and give you an Italian party.'

'I should like it very much,' said Mr. Temple. Whenever Henrietta did not enter her negative Lord Montfort always implied her assent, and it was resolved that the Italian party should be given. All the best families in Rome were present, and not a single English person. There were some, perhaps, whom Lord Montfort might have wished to have invited, but Miss Temple had chanced to express a wish that no English might be there, and he instantly acted upon her suggestion.

The palace was magnificently illuminated. Henrietta had scarcely seen before its splendid treasures of art. Lord Montfort, in answer to her curiosity, had always playfully depreciated them, and said that they must be left for rainy days. The most splendid pictures and long rows of graceful or solemn statues were suddenly revealed to her; rooms and galleries were opened that had never been observed before; on all sides cabinets of vases, groups of imperial busts, rare bronzes, and vivid masses of tesselated pavement. On these were choice and beautiful objects of clear yet soft light was diffused, and Henrietta never recollected a spectacle more complete and effective.

These rooms and galleries were soon filled with guests, and Henrietta could not be insensible to the graceful and engaging dignity with which Lord Montfort received the Roman world of fashion. That constraint which at first she had attributed to reserve, but which of late she had ascribed to modesty, now entirely quitted him. Frank, yet always dignified, smiling, apt, and ever felicitous, it seemed that he had a pleasing word for every ear, and a particular smile for every face. She stood at some distance leading on her father's arm, and watching him. Suddenly he turned and looked around. It was whom he wished to catch. He came up to Henrietta and said, 'I wish to introduce you to the Princess—' She is an old lady, but of the first distinction here. I would not ask this favor of you unless I thought you would be pleased.'

Henrietta could not refuse his request. Lord Montfort presented her and her father to the princess, the most agreeable and important person in Rome; and having now provided for their immediate amusement, he had time to attend to his guests in general. An admirable concert now, in some degree, hushed the general conversation. The voices of the most beautiful women in Rome echoed in those apartments. When the music ceased, the guests wandered about the galleries, and at length the principal saloons were

filled with dancers. Lord Montfort approached Miss Temple. 'There is one room in the palace you have never yet visited,' he said; 'my tribune; its open to-night for the first time.' Henrietta accepted his proffered arm. 'And how do you like the princess?' he said, as they walked along. 'It is agreeable to live in a country where your guests amuse themselves.' 'At the end of the principal gallery, Henrietta perceived an open door which admitted them into a small octagon chamber, of Ionic architecture. The walls were not hung with pictures, and one work of art alone solicited their attention. Elevated on a pedestal of porphyry, surrounded by a rail of bronze arrows of the lightest workmanship, was the statue of Diana which they had so much admired at Pisa. The cheek, by an ancient process, the secret of which has been recently regained at Rome, was tinted with a delicious glow. 'Do you approve of it?' said Lord Montfort to the admiring Henrietta. 'Ah, dearest Miss Temple,' he continued, 'it is my happiness that the rose has also returned to a fairer cheek than this.'

This reader will not perhaps be much surprised that the Marquis of Montfort soon became the declared admirer of Miss Temple. He made the important declaration after a very different fashion from the unhappy Ferdinand Armine; he made it to the lady's father. Long persuaded that Miss Temple's illness had its origin in the pain of a personal affection, Lord Montfort resolved to spare her feelings, unprepared, the pain of a personal appeal. The beauty, the talent, the engaging disposition, and the languid melancholy of Miss Temple, had excited his admiration and deep affection, but he did not conceal from Mr. Temple the conviction that impelled him to the course which he had thought proper to pursue, and this delicate conduct relieved Mr. Temple greatly from the unavoidable embarrassment of his position. Mr. Temple contented himself with communicating to Lord Montfort that his daughter had indeed entered into an engagement with one who was not worthy of her affections, and that the moment her father had been convinced of the character of the individual, he had quitted England with his daughter. He expressed his unqualified approbation of the overture of Lord Montfort, to whom he was indeed sincerely attached, and which gratified all those worthy feelings from which Mr. Temple was naturally not exempt. In such an alliance Mr. Temple recognized the only mode by which his daughter's complete recovery could be secured. Lord Montfort in himself offered everything which it would seem that the reasonable fancy of woman could desire. He was young, handsome, amiable, accomplished, sincere, and exceedingly clever; while, at the same time, as Mr. Temple was well aware, his great position would ensure that reasonable gratification of vanity from which none are free, which is a fertile source of happiness, and which would, at all times, subdue any bitter recollections which might occasionally arise to cloud the retrospect of his daughter.

It was Mr. Temple, who, exerting all the arts of his abandoned profession, now indulging in intimations and now in pang-rytic, conveying to his daughter, with admirable skill, how much the intimate acquaintance with Lord Montfort contributed to his happiness, gradually fanning the feeling of gratitude to so kind a friend, which already had been excited in his daughter's heart, into one of zealous regard and finally seizing his opportunity with practised felicity, it was Mr. Temple who at length ventured to communicate to his daughter the overture which had been confided to him.

Henrietta shook her head. 'I have too great a regard for Lord Montfort to accede to his wishes,' said Miss Temple. 'He deserves something better than a bruised spirit, if not a broken heart.' 'But, my dearest Henrietta, you take a wrong, an impracticable view of affairs. Lord Montfort must be the best judge of what will contribute to his own happiness.' 'Lord Montfort is acting under a delusion,' replied Miss Temple. 'If he knew all that had occurred he would shrink from blending his life with mine.'

'Lord Montfort knows everything,' said the father, 'that is, everything he should know.' 'Indeed!' said Miss Temple. 'I wonder he does not look upon me with contempt, at the least, with pity.'

'He loves you, Henrietta,' said her father. 'Ah! love, love, love! name not love to me. No, Lord Montfort cannot love me. It is not love that he feels.'

'You have gained his heart, and he offers you his hand. Are not these proofs of love?' 'Generous, good young man!' exclaimed Henrietta; 'I respect, I admire him; I might have loved him. But it is too late.'

'My beloved daughter, oh! do not say so! For my sake, do not say so,' exclaimed Mr. Temple. 'I have no wish, I have had no wish, my child, but for your happiness. Lean upon your father, listen to him, be guided by his advice. Lord Montfort possesses every quality which can contribute to the happiness of woman. A man so rarely gifted I never met. There is not a woman in the world, however exalted her rank, however admirable her beauty, however gifted her being, who might not feel happy and honored in the homage of such a man. Believe me, which must lead to happiness. I should have no more cares, no more hopes. All would then have happened that the most sanguine parent, even with such a child as you, could wish or imagine. We should be so happy! For his sake, for my sake, for all our sakes, dearest Henrietta, grant his wish. Believe me, believe me, it is indeed worthy of you.'

'I am not worthy of him,' said Henrietta, in a melancholy voice. 'Ah, Henrietta, who is like you!' exclaimed the fond and excited father. At this moment a servant announced that Lord Montfort would, with their permission, wait upon them. Henrietta seemed plunged in thought. Suddenly she said, 'I cannot rest until this is settled. Papa, leave me with him a few moments alone.' Mr. Temple retired.

A faint blush rose to the cheek of her visitor when he perceived that Miss Temple was alone. He seated himself at her side, but he was unusually constrained. 'My dear Lord Montfort,' said Miss Temple calmly, 'I have to speak upon a painful subject, but I have undergone so much suffering, that I shall not shrink from you. Papa has informed me this morning that you have been pleased to pay me the highest compliment that a man can pay a woman. I wish to thank you for it. I wish to acknowledge it in terms the strongest and the warmest I can use. I am sensible of the honor, the high honor that you have intended me. It is indeed an honor of which any woman might be

proud. You have offered me a heart of which I know the worth. No one can appreciate the value of your character better than myself. I do justice, full justice, to your virtues, your accomplishments, your commanding talents, and your generous soul. Except my father, there is no one who holds so high a place in my affection as yourself. You have been my kind and true friend; and a kind and true friendship, faithful and sincere, I return you. More than friends we never can be, for I have no heart to give.'

'Ah, dearest Miss Temple,' said Lord Montfort, agitated, 'I ask nothing but that friendship; but let me enjoy it in your constant society; let the world recognize my right to be your consoler.'

'You deserve a better and a brighter fate. I should not be your friend if I could enter into such an engagement.'

'The only aim of my life is to make you happy,' said Lord Montfort. 'I am sure that I ought to be happy with such a friend,' said Henrietta Temple, 'and I am happy. How different is the world to me from what it was before I knew you! Ah, why will you disturb this life of consolation? Why will you call me back to recollection that I would fain banish? Why—'

'Dearest Miss Temple,' said Lord Montfort, 'do not reproach me! You make me wretched. Remember, dear lady, that I have not sought this conversation; that if I were presumptuous in my plans and hopes, I at least took precautions that I should be the only sufferer by their non-fulfilment.'

'Best and most generous of men! I would not for the world be unkind to you. Pardon my distracted words. But you know all! His Papa told you all? It is my wish.' 'It is not mine,' replied Lord Montfort; 'I wish not to penetrate your sorrows, but only to soothe them.'

'Oh, if we had but met earlier,' said Henrietta Temple; 'if we had but known each other a year ago! when I was, not worthy of you, but more worthy of you. But now, with health shattered, the lightness of my spirit vanished, the freshness of my feelings gone, no, my kind friend, my dear and gentle friend; my affection for you is too sincere to accede to your request; and a year hence Lord Montfort will thank me for my denial.'

'I scarcely dare to speak,' said Lord Montfort, in a low tone, 'as if suppressing his emotion. If I were to express my feelings, I might grieve you. I will not then venture to reply to what you have urged; to tell you I think you the most beautiful and engaging being that ever breathed; or how I do adore upon your persuasive spirit, and can sit for hours together gazing on the language of those dark eyes. Miss Temple, to me you never could have been more beautiful, more fascinating. Alas! I may not even breathe my love; I am unfortunate. And yet, sweet lady, pardon this agitation I have occasioned you; try to love me yet; endure at least my presence; and let me continue to cherish that intimacy that has thrown over my existence a charm so inexpressible.' So saying, he ventured to take her hand, and pressed it with devotion to his lips.

Lord Montfort was scarcely disheartened by this interview with Miss Temple. His lordship a devout believer in the influence of time. It was unnatural to suppose that one so young and so gifted as Henrietta could ultimately maintain that her career was terminated because her affections had been disapproved by an intimacy which was confessedly of so recent an origin as the fatal one in question. Lord Montfort differed from most men in this respect, that the consciousness of this intimacy did not cost him even a pang. He preferred indeed to gain the heart of a woman like Miss Temple, who, without having in the least degree forfeited the innate purity of her nature and the native freshness of her feelings, had yet learnt in some degree to penetrate the mystery of the passions, to one so untutored in the world's ways, that she might have bestowed him a heart less experienced indeed, but not more innocent. He was convinced that the affection of Henrietta, if once obtained, might be relied on, and that the painful past would only make her more fully appreciate the high-minded devotion, and amid all the dazzling characters and seducing spectacles of the world, cling to him with a firmer gratitude and a more faithful fondness.

And yet Lord Montfort was a man of deep emotions, and a very fastidious taste. He was a man of so romantic a temperament as Ferdinand Armine; but with Lord Montfort, life was the romance of reason; with Ferdinand, and the romance of imagination. The first was keenly alive to all the imperfections of our nature, but he also gave that nature credit for all its excellencies. He observed finely, he calculated nicely, and his result was generally happiness. Ferdinand, on the contrary, neither observed nor calculated. His imagination created fantasies, and his impetuous passions struggled to realise them.

Although Lord Montfort carefully abstained from pursuing the subject which nevertheless expressed his thoughts, he had a vigilant and skillful ally in Mr. Temple. That gentleman lost no opportunity of pleading his lordship's cause, while he appeared only to advocate his own; and this was the most skillful mode of controlling the judgment of his daughter. Henrietta Temple, the most affectionate and dutiful of children, left to reflect, sometimes asked herself whether she were justified, from what she endeavored to believe was a mere morbid feeling, in not accomplishing the happiness of that parent who loved her so well? There had been no concealment of her situation, or of her sentiments. There had been no deception as to the past. Lord Montfort knew all. She told him that she could only bestow a broken spirit. Lord Montfort aspired only to console it. She was young. It was not probable that her death which she had once sighed for would be accorded to her. Was she always to lead this life? Was her father to press the still longer career which probably awaited him in ministering to the wearisome captives of a querulous invalid? This was a sad return for all his goodness; a gloomy catastrophe to all his bright hopes. And if she could ever consent to blend her life with another's what individual could offer pretensions which might ensure her tranquillity, or even happiness, equal to those proffered by Lord Montfort? Ah! who was equal to him? So amiable, so generous, so interesting!

It was in such a mood of mind that Henrietta would sometimes turn with a glance of tenderness to that being who seemed to breathe only for her solace and gratification. If it be agreeing to being cherished. And who cherished her? One whom all admired; one, to gain whose admiration, or even attention, every woman sighed. What was she before she knew Montfort? If she had not known Montfort, what would she have been even at this present? She recalled the hours of anguish, the long days of bitter mortification, the dull, the wearisome hours that were her lot when lying on her solitary sofa at Pisa, brooding over the romance of Armine and all its passions; the catastrophe of Dniele, and all its baseness. And now there was not