HENRIETTA TEMPLE

'The course you should pursue, therefore, 'A indeed, all conduct is this world should be, 'A a matter of nice calculation. Have you well 'Onsidered the first consequences of your ru shing upon rain? In the first, your family vilil receive a blow from which even future pro sperity may not recover them. Your family estate, already is a delicate position, may be i'recoverably lost: the worldly consequences of such a vicisatiude are very considerable; whatever career you pursue, so long as you visibly possess Armine, you rank always among the aristocracy of the land, and a family that maintains such a position, however decayed, will recover. I hardly knew an except on to this rule. I do not think, of all men, that, you are most calculated to afford one.' What you say has long pressed itself upon us,' and Captain Armine.

'Then, again,' resumed Lird Montfort, 'the feelings and even interests of your friends are to be considered. Poor Father Glastenbury! I love that old man myself. The fall of Armine might break his heart; 'he would not like to leave his tower. You see, I know your place.'

Poor Father Glastonbury! said Ferdinand.

'But above all,' continued Lord Montfort, 'the happiness, nay, the very health and life of your parants, from whom all is now concealed, would perhaps be the last and costilest sacrifices of your reahness.'

Ferdinand threw himself on the sofa and

parents, from whom all is now concealed, would perhaps be the last and costliest sacrifices of your rashness.'
Fordinand threw himself on the sofa and covered his face.

'Yet all this misery, all these misfortunes, maybe aveided, and you yourself become a calm and happy man, by, for I wish not to understate your view of the subject. Armine putting yourself under a pecuniary obligation to me. A circumstance to be avoided in the common course of life, no doubt; but it is better to owe me a favour and save your family estate, preserve your position, maintain your friend and prevent the misery, and probable death, of your parents, or be able to pass me in the street, in haughty silence if you please, with the consciousness that the luxury of your pride has been satisfied at the cost of every circumstance which makes existence desirable?'

'You put the case strongly, said Ferdinand; but no reasoning can ever pursuade me that I am jus'ified in borrowing 3,00%, which I can never repay.

never repay.

'Accept it then.'

'Tis the same thing,' said Ferdinand.

'I think not, said Lord Montfort;' but why do you say never?'

'Because it is utterly impossible that I ever

'Because it is utterly impossible that I ever can.'

'How do you know you may not marry a woman of large fortune?' said Lord Montfort.

'Now you seem to me exactly the sort of man who would marry an heiress.'

'You are thinking of my cousin,' said Ferdinard. 'I thought you had discovered, or that you might have tearnt, that there was no real intention of our union'

'I was not thinking of your cousin,' said Lord Montfort; 'though, to tell you the truth, I was

Montrort; 'though, to tell you the truth, I was once in hopes that you would marry her. However, that I well know is entirely out of the question, for I believe Miss Grandison will marry some one else. 'Indeed!' exclaimed Ferdinand a little agitated, 'Well! may she be happy! Ilove Kate from the bottom of my heart. But who is the fortunate fellow? 'Tis a lady's secret,' said Lord Montfort. 'But

"Tis a lady's secret, 'said Lord Montfort. 'But let us return to our argument. To be brief; either, my dear Armine, you must be convinced by my reasoning, or I must remain here a prisoner like yourself; for, to tell you the truth, there is a fair lady before whom I cannot present myself except in your company.'

Ferduand changed countenance. There wanted but this to confirm his resolution, which had scarcely wavered. To owe his release to Henrietta's influence with Lord Montford, it was too degra-ing.

too dera-ing.

'My lord,' he said, 'you have touched upon a string that I hoped might have been spared me. This conversation must, indeed, cease. My mouth is sealed from giving you the reasons, which nevertheless renders it imperative on me

which nevertheless renders it imperative on me to deeline your generous offer 'Well, then,' said Lord Montford, 'I must see if another can be more successful,' and he held forth a note to the asteunded Ferdinand, in Henrietta's writing. It dropped from Ferdinand's hand as he took it. Lord Montfort picked it up, gave it to him sgain, and walked to the other end of the room. It was with extreme difficulty that F-rdinand prevailed on himself to break the seal. The note was short; the hand that traced the letters must have trembled. Thus it ran:—

other Ferdinand was in time recovered, and the little waiter was fairly expelled.

'My dear friend,' said Ferdinand, in a faint voice, 'I sam the happiest man that ever lived; I hope you will be, I am sure you will be; Katherine is an angel. But I cannot speak. It is no stronge.'

'My dear fellow, you must take a glass of branty, said Lord Montfort. 'It is strange, certainly. But we are all happy.'
'I hardly knew where I am,' said Ferdinand, after a few minutes. 'Am I really alive?'
'I to the blast how weare to get out of this please. 'Let us think how we are to get out of this place. I suppose they will take my cheque. If not I must be off.'

must be off.'
'Oh, do not go,' said Ferdinand. 'If you go I shall not believe it is true. My dear Montfort, is it really true?'
'You see, my dear Armine,' said Lord Montfort, smilling, 'it was fated I should marry a lady you rejected. And to tell you the truth, the reason why I did not get to you yesterday, as I oneh to have done, was an unavaried cannot be to have done. reason way! did not get to you yesteray, as a ongh! to have done, was an unexpected conversation! had with Miss Grandison. I really think this arrest was a most fortunate incident. It brought affairs to crisis. We should have gone on playing at cross purposes for ever.

Here the little walter entered again with a note and a realest.

The same messenger brought them?' asked

'No, sir; the Count's servant brought the note, and waits for an answer; the packet came by another person.' Ferdinand opened the note and read as fol-4 Berkeley-square, half-past 7, morning.

Mon ami. Best joke in the word! I broke 'Mon ami. Best joke in the wor'd! I broke Crocky's bank three times. Of course; I told you so. I win 15,000t. Directly I am awake I will send you the three thousand, and I will not be very long. I write this oefore I go to bed, that you may have it early. Adleu. cher ami.

'Votre affection ne,
'DE MIRABEL.'

'My arrest was certainly the luckiest incident in the world,' said Ferdinand handing the note to Lord Montfort. 'Mirabel cined here yesterday.

Lord Montfort. 'Mirabel cined bere yesterday, and went and played on purpose to save me. I treated it as a Joke. But what is this?' Ferdinand opened the packet. The haudwriting was unknown to him. Ten bank notes of 300l. each fell to the ground.

'De I live in fairv land!'he exclaimed. 'Now who can this be? It cannot be you; it cannot be Mirabel. It is wondrous trange.'

'I think I can throw some light upon it,' said Lord Montfort. 'Katherine was mysteriously engaged with Father Glastonbury yesterday morning. They were out together, and I know they went to her lawyer's. There is no doubt it is Katherine. I think, under the circumstances of the case, we need have no delicacy in availing ourselves of this fortunate remittance. It will at least save us time,' said Lord Montfort ringing the bell.

ringing the bell.
'Send your master here directly,' he continued

to the waiter.

The sheriff's officer appeared; the debt, the fees, all were paid, and the discharge duly taken. Ferdinand in the meantime went upstairs to look up his dressing-case, the little waiter rushed after him to pack his portmanteau. Ferdinand did not forget his zealous friend, who whispered hope when all was black. The little waiter chuckled as he put his ten guineas in his pooket. You see, sir,' he said, 'I was quite right. Knowed your friends would stump down. Fancy a nob like you being sent to quod! Fiddlededee! You see, sir, you weren't used to it.

And to Ferdinand Armine bid adieu to the

And to Ferdinand Armine bid adieu to the spunging-house, where, in the course of less than eight-and-forty hours, he had known allke despair and rapture. Lord Montfort drove along with a gaiety unusual to him.

Now, my dear Armine, he said, 'I am not a jot the less in love with Henrietta than before. I love her as you love Katherine. What folly to marry a woman who was in love with another person! I should have made her miserable, when the great object of all my conduct was to make her happy. Now Katherine really loves me as much as Henrietta loves you. I have had this plan in my head for a long time. I calculated finely; I was convinced it was the only way to make us all happy. And now we shall all be related; we shall be constantly together; and we will be brother friends!

"Ab! my my dear Montfort,' said Ferdinai d, what will Mr. Temple say.'

Leave him to me,' said Lord Montfort.

"Leave him to me,' said Lord Montfort."

'I shall go to him at once, said Lord Montfort;
'I am not fond of suspense myself, and now it
is of no use. All will be right.'
'I trust only to you, said Ferdinand; 'for I
am as proud as Temple. He dislikes me, and no
is too rich for me to bow down to him.
'I take it upon myself,' said Lord Montfort.
'Mr Temple is a calm, sensible man. You will
laugh at me, but the truth is, with him it must
be a matter of caculation; on the one hand, his
daughter's happiness, a union with a family
second to none in blood, alliances, and territorial
position, and only wanting his wealth to revive
all its splendour; on the other, his daughter
broken-hearted, and a duke for his son-in-law.
Mr. Temple is too sensible a man to besitate, particularly when I remove the greatest difficulty
he must experience. Where shall I put you
down? Berkeley-square?'
In moments of deep feeling, alike in sudien
bursts of prosperity as in darker hours, man
must be alone. It requires some self-communion
to prepare ourselves for good fortune, as well as
to encounter difficulty and danger and dis-

must be alone. It requires some self-communion to prepare ourselves for good fortune, as well as to encounter difficulty and danger and disgrace. This violent and triumphant revolution to his prospects and his fortunes was hardly yet completely comprehended by our friend, Ferdinand Armine; and when he had left a note for the generous Mirabel, whose alumbers he would not distarb at this early hour, even with good news, he atrolled along up Charles-street, and to the Park, in one of those wild and Joyons reverless in which we brood over coming bliss, and create a thousand glorious consequences.

It was one of those soft summer mornings which are so delightful in a great city. The sky was clear, the air was bland, the water sparkled in the sun, and the trees seemed doubly green and fresh to one who so recently had gazed only on from bars. Ferdinand felt his freedom as well as his happiness. He seated hunself on a bench and thought of Henrietta Temple! he took out her note, and read it over and over again. It was indeed her handwriting! Restless with impeding Joy, he sauntered to the bridge and teant over the halustrade, saying on and over again. It was indeed her handwriting!
Restlers with impeding joy, he sauntered to the
bridge, and leant over the balustrade, gazing on
the waters in charmed and charming vacancy.
How many incidents, how many characters,
and how many feelings filled over his
memory! Of what sweet and bitter experience
did he not chew the cud! Four-and-twenty
hours ago, and he deemed himself the most
miserable and forlorn of human belags, and now
all the blessings of the world seemed showered miserable and forforn of human beings, and now all the blessings of the world seemed showered at his feet! A beautiful bride awaited him, whom he had loved with intense passion, and who he had thought but an hour age was an other's. A noble fortune, which would permit him to redeem his inheritance, and rank him among the richest commoners of the realm, was to be controlled by one a few hours back a to be controlled by one a few hours back a prisoner for desperate debts. The most gifted individuals in the land emulated each other in proving which entertained for him the most sincere affection. What man in the world had friends like Ferdinand Armine? Ferdinand Armine who, two days back deeped bireast friends like Ferdinand Armine? Ferdinand Armine, who, two days back, deemed himself alone in the world! The unswerving devotion of Glastonbury, the delicate affection of his sweet cousin, all the magnanimity of the high-souled Montfort, and the generosity of the accomplished Mirabel, passed before him, and wonderfully affected him. He could not flatter himself that he indeed merited such singular blessings; and yet with all his faults, which with him were but the consequences of his fiery youth, Ferdinand had been faithful to Henrietta His constancy to her was now rewarded. As for his friends, the future must prove his gratitude to them. Ferdinand Armine had great tenderness of disposition, and somewhat of a meditative mind; schooled by adversity, there was little doubt that his coming career would justify his favourable destiny.

liule doubt that his coming career would justify his favourable destiny.

It was barely a year since he had returned from Malta, but what an eventful twelve month! Everything that had occurred previously seemed of another life; all his experience was concentrated in that wonderful drama that had commenced at Cath, and the last scene of which was now approaching; the characters, his parents, Father Glastonbury, Katherine, Henrietta, Lord Monifort, Count Mirabel, timself, and Mr. Temple!

Ah! that was a name that a little disturbed him; and yet he felt confidence now in Mirabel's prescience; he could not but believe, that with time even Mr. Temple might be reconciled! It was at this moment that he sound of military

'Well, then,' said Lord Montford, 'I must see if another can be more successful.' and he held forth a note to the astounded Ferdinand, in Henrietta's writing. It dropped from Ferdinand's hand as he took it. Lord Montfort picked it up, gave it to him again, and walked to the other end of the room. It was with extreme difficulty that F-rdinand prevailed on himself to break the seal. The note was short; the hand that traced the letters must have trembled. Thus it ran:—

'Dearest Ferdinand,—Do everything that Digby wishes. He is our best friend. Digby is going to marry Katherine; are you happy?

'HENRIETTA.'

Lord Montfort looked round: Ferdinand Armine was lying senseless on the sofa.

Our friend was not of a swooning mood, but we think the circumstances may excuse the wakess.

As for Lord Montfort, he rang the bell for the little water, who, the moment he saw what had occurred, hurried away and rushed up stairs again with cold water a bottle of brandy, and no blazing sheet of brown paper, which he declared was an infalliable specific. By some means or other Ferdinand was in time recovered, and the little waiter was fairly expelled.

'My dear friend,' said Ferdinand, in a faint yoice, 'I am the happlest man that ever lived:

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that the inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficently sensible of the beauty of its envirous. On every side the most charming retreats open to them, nor is there a metropolis in the world surrounded by so many rural villages, picturesque parks, and elegant casinos. With the exception of Constantinople, there is no city in the world that can for a moment enter into competition with it. For himself, though in his time something of a rambler, he is not asbamed in this respect to confess to a legitimate Cockney taste; and for his part he does not know where life can flow on more pleasantly than in sight of Kensington Gardens, viewing the silver Thames winding by the bowers of Rosebank, or inhaling from its terraces the refined air of graceful Richmond.

In exactly ten minutes it is in the power of every man to free himself from all the tumult of the world; the pangs of love, the throbs of ambition, the wear and tear of play, the recriminating boudoir, the conspiring club, the ratiling hell; and find himself in a sublime sylvan solicude superior to the cedars of Lebanon, and inferior only in extent to the cheatnut forests of Anatolia. It is Kensington Gardens that is almost the only place that has realised his idea of the forests of Spenser and Ariosto. What a pity, that instead of a princess in distress we meet only a nursery-maid! But here is the fitting and convenient locality to brood over our thoughts; to project the great and to schieve the happy. It is been that we should getour speeches by heart, invent our impromptus; muse over the caprices of our mistresses, destroy a cabinet, and save a nation.

About the time that Ferdinand directed his

and save a nation and save a nation.

About the time that Ferdinand directed his steps from these green retreats towards Berkeley-square, a servant summoned Miss Temple to her father.

'Is papa alone?' enquired Miss Temple.

'Only my lord with him,' was the reply.

'Is Lord Montfort here!' said Miss Temple, a little survived.

little surprised.
'My lord has been with master these three hours,' said the servant.

'Is not it wonderful?' said Ferdinand, when he had finished his story to Count Mirabel.

'Not the least,' said the Count,' I never knew anything less surprising. 'Tis exactly what I said, 'tis the most natural termination in the world.' "Ah, my dear Mirabel, you are a prophet! What a lucky fellow I am to have such a friend

What a lucky fellow I am to have such a friend as you!

'To be sure you are. Take some more coffee. What are you going to do with yourself?'

'I do not know what to do with myself. I really do not like to go anywhere until I have heard from Montfort. I think I shall go to my hotel.'

'I will drive you. It is now three o'clock.'

But just at this moment, Mr. Bevil called on the Count, and another hour disappeared. When they were fairly in the cabriolet, there were so many places to call at, and so many persons to see, that it was nearly six o'clock when they reached the hotel. Ferdinand ran up stairs to see if there were any letter from Lord Montfort. He found his lordehip's card, and also Mr. Temple's; they had called about half an hour ago; there was also a note. These were its contents:—

'Grosvenor-square, Thursday.

Grosvenor-square, Thursday. 'MY DEAR CAPTAIN ARMINE.

'My Dear Captain armine.

'I have prepared myself with this note, as I fear I shall hardly be so fortunate as to find you at home. It is only very recently that I have learnt from Henrietta that you were in London, and I much regret to hear that you have been so great an invaild. It is so long since we met, that I hope you will dine with us to day; and indeed I am so anxious to see you, that I trust, if you have unfortunately made any other engagement, that you may yet contrive to gratify my request. It is merely a family party; you will only meet our friends from St. James' Square, and your own circle in Brook-street. I have asked no one else, save old Lady Bellair, and your friend Count Mirabel; and Henrietta is so anxious to secure his presence, that I shall be greatly obliged by your exerting your infinence to induce him to accompany you, as I fear there is little hope of finding him free.

'Henrietta joins with me in kindest regards; and I beg you to believe me,

'Most cordially yours,

'Well, what is the matter?' said the Count, when Wardinard returned to the cabriele with

read; I expected it. 'Tis an excellent follow, that Mr. Temple; I will certainly dine with him, and send an excuse to that old Castleyshe. A family party, all right; and he asks me, that is proper. I should not wonder if it ended by my being your trustee, or your executor, or your first child's godfather. A family party; it will be amusing! I would not miss it for a thousand pounds. Besides, I must go to take care of you, for you will be committing all sorts of betises. I will give you one turn in the perk. Jump in, mon enfant. Good Armine, excellent fellow, jump in! You see I was right; I am always right. But I will confess to you a secret: I never was so right as I have been in the present case. 'Tis the best business that ever was.'

In spite of the Count Mirabel's inspiring companionahip, it must be con essed that Ferdinard's heart failed him when he entered Mr. Temple's house. Indeed, had the thotbeen for the cucouragement and jolly raillery of his lighthearteu friend, it is not quite clear that he would have succeeded in ascending the staircase. A mist came over his vision as he entered the room; various forms, indeed, glanced before him, but he could distinguish none. He felt so embarrassed, that he was absolutely miserable. It was Mr. Temple's hand that he found that he had hold of; the caim demeanor and bland tones of that gentleman somewhat re-assured him. Mr. Temple was cordial, and Count Mirabel hovered about Ferdinand, and covered his confusion. Then he recognised the duchess and his mother; they were sitting together, and he went up and saluted them. He dered not look round for the lady of the house. Lady Bellair was talking to his father. At last he heard his name called by the Count.

'Armine, mon cher, see this beautiful work!' and Ferdinand advanced, or rather staggered, to a window where stood the Count before a group, and in a minute he clasped the hand of Henrictts Temple. He could not speak. Katherine was sitting by her, and Lord Montiort standing behind her chair. But Count Mirabel never ceased talking, and with so much at and tact, that in a few moments he had succeeded in producting comparative ease on all sides.

'I am so glat that you have come to-day,' said

that in a few moments he has successed in producting comparative ease on all sides.

'I am so glad that you have come to-day,' said Henrietts. Her eyes sparkled with a strange meaning, and then she suddenly withdrew her gaze. The rose of her cheek alternately glowed and faded. It was a moment of great embarassment, and afterwards they often talked of it. Dinner, however, was soon announced as served, for Mirabel and Ferdinand had purposely Dinner, however, was soon announced as served, for Mirabel and Ferdinaud had purposely arrived at the last moment. As the Duke advanced to offer his arm to Miss Temple, Henrietta presented Ferdinand with a flower, as if to console him for the separation. It was a round table! the duchess and Lady Bellair sat on each side of Mr. Temple, the duke on the right hand of Miss Temple; where there were so many members of the same family, it was difficult to arrange the guests. Ferdinand held back, when Count Mirabel, who had secured a seat by Fenrietta, beckoned to Ferdinaud, and saying that Lady Bellair wished him to sit next to her, pushed Ferdinand as he himself walked away, into the vacated seat. Henrietta caught the Count's eye as he moved off; it was a laughing

Count's eye as he moved off; it was a laughing oye. I am glad you sit next to me, said Lady Bellair to the Count, 'because you are fumous. I love famous reople, and you are very famous Why don't you come and see me? Now I have caught you at last, and you shall come and dine caught you at last, and you shall come and dine
with me the 7th. 8th, or 9th of next month; I
have dinner parties every day. You shall dine
with me on the 8th, for then Lady Frederick
dines with me, and she will taste you. You shall
sit next to Lady Frederick, and mind you firt
with her. I wonder if you are as amusing as
your grandfather. I remember dancing a
minuet with aim at Versailles seventy years

ago.'
'It is well recollected in the family,' said the 'Ah! you reque!' said the lady, chuck-ling, 'vou ile! I like a lie sometimes,' she re-sumed.' but then it must be a good one. Do you know, I only say it to you, but I am haif afraid

lies are more amusing than truth."

'Naturally, said the Count, because truth must in general be commonplace, or it would not be in general be commonplace, or it would not be true.'

In the meantime, Ferdinand was seated next to Henrietta Temple. He might be excused for feeling a little bewildered. Indeed the wonderful events of the last four-and-twenty hours were enough to deprive anyone of a complete demand over his senses. What marvel, then, that he nearly carved his soup, ate his fish with a spoon, and drank water instead of wine? In fact, he was labouring under a degree of nervous excitement, which rendered it quite impossible for him to observe the proprieties of life. The presence of all these persons were insupportable to him. Five minutes alone with her in the woods of Ducie, and he would have felt quite re-assured. Miss Temple rather avoided his glance! She was, in truth, as agitated as himself, and talked almost entirely to the duke; yet sometimes she tried to address him, and say kind things. She called him Ferdinand; that was quite sufficient to make him happy, although he felt very awkward. He had been seated some minutes before he observed that Father Glastonbury was next to him.

'I am so nervous, 'ear Father Glastonbury,' said Ferrinand, that I do not think I shall be able to remain in the room.'

'I have heard something,' said Father Glastonbury, with a smile, 'that makes me quite bold.'

'I cannot help fancying that it is all enchant-

'I cannot help fancying that it is all enchant-ment,' said Ferdinand.
'There is no wonder, my dear boy, that you are enchanted,' said Father Glastonbury. 'Ferdinand,'said Miss Temple, in a low voice, 'papa is taking wine with you,' Ferdinand looked up and caught Mr. Temple's kind salute.
'That was a fine horse you were riding to-day, said Count Mirabel, across the table to Miss

"Int was a line horse you were riding to-day,' said Count Mirabel, across the table to Miss Grandison.

'It is not pretty? It is Lord Montfort's.'
'Lord Montfort's!' thought Ferdinand. 'How strange all this seems!'
'You were not of the riding party this morning,' said his grace to Henrietta.

'I have not been very well this day or two,' said Miss Temple.
'Well I think you are looking particularly well to-day,' replied the duke. 'What say you, Captain Armine?'
Ferdinand blushed, and looked confused at this appeal and muttered some contradictory compliments.
'Un'l I am very well now,' said Miss Temple.
'You must come and dine with me,' said Lady Bellair to Count Mirabel, 'because you talk well across a table. I want a man who talks well across a table. I want a man who talks well across a table. So few can do without bellowing. I think you do it very well.'
'Naturally,' replied the Count. 'If I did not do it well, I should not do it at all.'
'Ah! you are audacious,' said the old lady.' I like a little impudence. It is better to be impudent than to be servile.'
'Mankind are generally both,' said the Count.
'Ithink they are, said the old lady. 'Pray, is the old Duke of Thingabob alive? 'You know whom I mean: he was an emigre, and a relation of yours.'

of yours.'
'De Crillon, He is dead, and his son too.'
'He was a great talker,' said Lady Bellair,
'but then, he was the tyrant of conversation.
Now, men were made to listen as well as to Without doubt,' said the Count: 'for Nature 'Without doubt,' said the Count: 'for Nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth.' You said that we might all be very happy,' whispered Lord Montfort to Miss Grandison. 'What think you; have we succeeded?' It think we all look very confused,' said Miss Grandison. 'What a fortunate idea it was inviting Lady Bellair and the Count. They never could look confused.'
'Watch Henrietta, said Lord Montfort.
'It is not fair. How silent Ferdinand is! 'Yes, he is not quite sure whether he is Christopher Sly or not,' said Lord Montfort, 'What a fine embarassment you have contrived, Miss Grandison!'

a fine embarassment you have contrived, Miss Grandison!

'Nay, Digby, you were the author of it. I cannot help thinking of yout interview with Mr. Temple. You were prompt!

'Why, I can be patient, fair Katherine,' said Lord Montfort; 'but in the present instance! shrank from suspense, more, however, for others than myself. It certainly was a singular interview.'

than myself. It certainly was a singular interview.'
And were you not nervous?'
'And were you not nervous?'
'Why, no; I felt convinced that the interview could only have one result. I thought of your memorable words; I felt I was doing what you wished, and that I was making all of us happy. However, all honour be to Mr. Temple! He has proved himself a man or sense.'
As the dinner proceeded, there was an attempt on all sides to be gay. Count. Mirabel talked a great deal, and Lady Bellair laughed at what he said, and maintained her reputation for repartee. Her ladyship had been for a long time anxious to selze hold of her gay neighbour, and it was evident that he was quite a 'favourite.' Even Ferdinand grew a little more at his ease. He ventured to relieve the duke from some of his labours, and carve for Miss Temple.
'What do you think of our family party?' said Henrietts to Ferdinand, in a low voice.
'I con think only of one thing,' said Ferdinand.
'I am so nervous,' she continued, 'that it seems

and,
'I am sonervous,' she continued, 'that it seems
to me I shall every minute shrick, and leave the

room.'
'I feel the same: I am stupefied.'
'Talk to Father Glastonbury; drink wine, and talk. Look, look at your mother; she is watching us. She is dring to speak to you, and so is some one else.'
At learth 'the land and the same of th one else.

At length the ladies withdrew. Ferdinand attended them to the door of the dining-room.
Lady Bellair shook her fan at him, but said no-'Well, what is the matter?' said the Count, when Ferdinand returned to the cabriolet, with the note in his hand, and looking very agitated. 'The strangest note!' said Ferdinand.' Good 'The strangest note!' said Ferdinand.' Give it me,' said the Count. 'Do you call that strange? 'Tis the most regular spisile I ever as the passed by. It was a speaking glance, and

touched his heart. The gentlemen remained behind much longer than was the custom in Mr. Temple's house. Everybody seemed resolved to drink a great deal of wine, and Mr. Temple always addressed himself to Ferdinand, if anything were required, in a manner which seemed to recognize his responsible position in the family.

Anxious as Ferdinand was to escape to the drawing-room, he could not venture on the step. He longed to speak to Father Glastonbury on the subject which engressed his thoughts, but he had not courage. Never did a man, who really believed himself the happlest and most fortunate person in the world, ever feel more awkward and more embarrassed. Was his father aware of what had occurred? He could not decide. Apparently, Henrietta imagined that his mother did, by the observation which ahe had made at dinner. Then his father must be conclous of everything. Katt erine must have told all. Were Lord Montfort's family in the secret? But what use were these perplexing enquiries? It was certain that Henrietta was to be his bride, and that Mr. Temple had sanctioned their alliance. There could be no doubt of that, or why was he there?

At length the gentleman rose, and Ferdinand once more beheld Henrietta Temple. As he entered, she was crossing the room with some music in her hand, she was a moment alone. He stopped, he would have spoken, but his lips would not move.

He stopped, he would have spoken, but his lips would not move.

'Well,' she said, 'are you happy?'

'My head wonders. Assure me that it is all true,' he murmured in an agitated voice.

'It is all true; there, go and speak to Lady Arthur the many than a won are. mine. I am as nervous as you are.'
Fordinand seated himself by his mother.
Well, Fervinand,' she said, 'I have heard won-

derful things.'
'And I hope they have made you happy, mother

ther?

'I should, indeed, be both unreasonable and ungrateful if they did not; but I confess to you, my dear child, I am even as much asionished as gratified.'

'And my father he knows everything?'

'Everything. But we have heard it only from Lord Montfort and Katherine. We have had no communication with any one else. And we meet here to-day in this extraordinary manner, and but for them we should be completely in the dark.'

'And the duchess; do they know all?'

And the duchess; do they know all ?

'I conclude so.'
'Tis very strange, is it not?' I am quite bewildered.'
O mother! is she not beautiful? Do you not

love her? Shall we not all bethe happlest family in the world?'
'I ihink we ought to be, dear Ferdinand. But I have not recovered from my astonishment. Ah, my child, why did you not tell me when you were

Is it not for the best that affairs should have taken the course they have done? But you must blame Kate as well as me; dear Kate? "I think of her; said lady Armine; 'I hope Kate will be happy."

'Amnwo ner, sau Lady Armine; 'I hope Kate will be happy.'

'She must be, dear mother; only think what an excellent person is Lord Monifort.'

'He is indeed an excellent person, said Lady Armine; but if I had been engaged to you, Ferdinaud, and it ended by my marrrying Lord Monifort, I should be very disappointed.'

'The duchess would be of a different opinion,' said Ferdinaud.

Lady Fellair, who was sitting on a sofa opposite, and had hitherto been conversing with the duchess, who bad now quitted her and joined tho musicians, began shaking her fan at Ferdinaud in a manuer which signified her extreme desire that he should approach her.

'Well, Lady Bellair,' said Ferdinaud, scating himself by her side. himself by her side.

'I am in the secret, you know,' said her ladyship.
'What secret, Lady Bellair?'
'Ah! you will not commit yourself. Well, I like discretion. I have always seen it from the first. No one has worked for you as I have. I like true love, and I have left her all my china in

my will.'
'I am sure the legatee is very fortunate, who-'I am sure the legatee is very fortunate, whoever she may be.'
'A hyon rogne, you know very well whom I mean. You are saucy; you never had a warmer friend than myself. I always admired you; you have a great many good qualities and a great many bad ones. You always were a little saucy. But I like a little spice of sauceness; I thick it takes. I hear you are great friends with Count Thingabob; the Count, whose grandfather I danced with seventy years ago. that is right; always have distinguished friends. Never have fools for friends; they are no use. I suppose he is in thee secret too?'
'Re-4lly, Lady Bellair, I am in no secret. You quite excite my ouriosity.'

quite excite my curiosity.'

'We'l, I can't get anything out of you, I see that. However, it all happened at my house, that can't be denied. I tell you what I will do; I will give you all a dinner, and then the world will be quite certain that I made the match!

match.'
Lady Armine Joined them, and Ferdinand seized the opportunity of effecting his escape to the plano.
'I suppose Henrietta has found her voice suppose Henrietta has found her voice 'I suppose Henrietta has found her voice again, now.' whispered Katherine to her cousin. 'Dear Katherine, really if you are so malicious, I shall punish you,' said Ferdinand. 'Well, the comedy is nearly concluded. We shall join hands, and the curtain will drop,' 'And I hope in your opinion, not an unsuccessful performance?'

Why I sertially connect convert with the

In the meantime, the Count Mirabel had obtained possession of Mr. Temple, and lost with Lord Stanley. no opportunity of confirming every favorable view which that gentleman had been influenced by Lord Montfort to take of Ferdinand and his conduct. Mr. Temple was quite convinced that his daughter must be very nappy, and that the alliance, on the whole, would be productive of every satisfaction that

he had ever anticipated. The evening drew on; carriages were announced; guests retired; Ferdinand lingered; Mr. Temple was ushering Lady Bellair, the last guest, to he: carriage; Ferdinand and Henrietta were alone. They looked at each other, their eyes met at the same moment, there was but one mode of satisfactorily terminating their mutual embarrassments: they sprang into each other's arms. Ah, that was a moment of rapture, sweet, thrilling, rapid! There was no need of words, their souls vaulted over all petty explanations; upon her lips, her choice and trembling lips, he sealed his gratitude and his devotion.

The sound of iootsteps was heard, the agitated Henrietta made her escape by an opposite entrance. Mr. Temple returned, he met Captain Armine with his hat, and enquired whether Henrietta had retired; and when Ferdinand answered in the affirmative, wished him good night, and begged him to breakfast with them to-morrow.

Our kind reader will easily comprehend that from the happy day we bave just noticed, Ferdinand Armime was seldom absent from Grosvenor-square, or from the society of Henrietta Temple. They both of them were so happy that they soon overcame any little embarrassment which their novel situation might first occasion them. In this effort, however, they were greatly encouraged by the calm demeanor of Lord Montfort, and the complacent carriage of his intended bride fort, and Katherine had the skill to silence | everybody to know it, for their benefit."raillery. Although it was settled that the N. E. Farmer. respective marriages should take place as soon as possible, the settlements necessarily occasioned delay. By the application of his funded property, and by a charge upon his Yorkshire estates, Mr. Temple paid off his mortgages on Armine, which with a certain life-charge in his own favour, was settled in strict entail upon the issue of his daughter. A certain portion of the income was to be set aside annually to complete the castle, and until that edifice was ready to receive them, Ferdinand and Henrietta were to live with Mr. Temple, principally at Ducie, which Mr. Temple had now purchased.

In spite, however, of the lawyers, the eventful day at length arrived. Both happy couples were married at the same time and in the same place, and Father Glastonbury performed the ceremony. Lord and Lady Montfort departed for a seat in Sussex, belonging to his father; Ferdinand and Henrietta repaired to Armine; while Sir Ratcliffe and his lady paid a visit to Mr. Temple in Yorkshire, and Father Glastonbury found himself once more in his old quarters in Lancashire with the duke and duchess.

Once more at Armine; wandering once more together in the old pleasaunce; it was the first try,"

so strange and sweet, that both Ferdinand and Henrietta almost began to believe that it was well that the course of their true love had for a moment not run so smoothly as at present, and they felt that their adversity had rendered them even more sensible of their illimitable bliss. And the woods of Ducie. they were not forgotten; nor, least of all, the old farmhouse that had been his shelter. Certainly they were the happiest people that ever lived, and though some years have now passed since these events took place, custom has not sullied the brightness of their love. They have no cares now, and yet both have known enough of sorrow to make them rightly appreciate their unbroken and un-

bounded blessings. When the honeymoon was fairly over, they would neither of them bate a jot of this good old-fashioned privilege, Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine returned to the Place, and Father Glastonbury to his tower; while Mr. Temple joined them at Ducie, accompanied by Lord and Lady Montiort. The autumn also brought the Count Mirabel to slaughter the pheasants, gay, brilliant, careless, kindhearted as over. He has ever remained one of Ferdinand's most cherished friends: indeed, I hardly think that there is any individual to whom Ferdinand is more attached. And after all, as the Count often observes, if it had not been for Ferdinand's scrapes they would not have known each other.

Nor was Lord Catchimwhocan passed over.

Ferdinand Armine was not the man to neglect a friend or to forget a good service; and he has conferred on that good-natured, though somewhat improvident, young nobleman more substantial kindness than the hospitality which is always cheerfully extended to him. When Ferdinand nepaid Mr. Bond Sharpe fifteen hundred pounds, he took care that the interest should appear in the shape of a golden vase, which is now not the least rorgeous ornament of that worthy's splendid sideboard. The deer have appeared too again in the park of Armine, and many a haunch smokes on the epicurean table of Cleveland-row.

Lady Bellair is as lively as ever, and bids fair to amuse society as long as the famous Counters of Desmond.

Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten, And died by a fall from a cherry tree then; What a frisky old gir!

In her annual progresses through the kingdom she never omits laying every establishment of the three families, in whose fortunes she was so unexpectedly mixed up, under contribution. As her ladyship persists in asserting, and perhaps now really believes, that both matches were the result of her matrimonial craft, it would be the height of ingratitude if she ever could complain of the want of a hearty welcome.

In the daily increasing happiness of his beloved daughter, Mr. Temple has quite forgotten any little disappointment which he might once have felt at not having a duke for a son-in-law and such a duke as his valued triend Lord Montfort. But Ferdinand Armine is blessed with so sweet a temper, that it is impossible to live with him and not love him; and the most cordial intimacy and confidence subsist between the father of Henrietta Temple and his son-in-law. From the aspect of public affairs also, Mr. Temple. though he keeps this thought to himself, is inclined to believe that a coronet may yet grace the brow of his daughter, and that the barony of Armine may be revived. Soon after the passing of the memorable Act of 1828, Lord Monifort became the representative of his native county, and an active and influential member of the House of Commons. After the reform, Mr. Armine was also returned for a borongh situate near the duke's principal seat, and although Lord Montfort and Mr. Armine both adhere to the Whig politics of their families, they have both also, in the most marked manner, abstained from voting on the appropriation clause; and there is little doubt that they will ultimately support that British and national administration which Providence has doubtless in store who is also in the House, and acts entirely

The Montforts and the younger Armines contrive, through mutual visits and a town residence during the Session, to pass the greater part of their lives together; they both honestly confess that they are a little in love with each other's wive's, but this only makes their society more agreeable. The family circle at Armine has been considerably increased of late; there is a handsome young Armine who has been christened Glastonbury, a circumstance which repays the tenant of the tower for all his devotion, and this blending of his name and memory with the illustrious race that has so long occupied his thoughts and hopes, is to him a source of constant self-congratulation. The future Sir of her lite," Mademoiselle Jeanne Chateauroy Glastonbury has also two younger brothers quite worthy of the blood, Temple and Digby ; and the most charming sister in the world, with large violet eyes and long dark lashes, who is still in arms, and who bears the hallowed name of Henrietta. And thus ends our Love Story.

We regret that through some cause or other the story which we advertised would appear in the True Witness has not arrived from New York. We are therefore compelled to substiute another in its place, but one that will be found equally charming.

Profit. \$1 200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. The world wondered and whispered, marvelled | She has done her own housework for a year and hinted, but nothing disturbed Lord Mont- since, without the loss of a day, and I want

> Be Every Catholic who wants a daily paper should subscribe for the Montreal Post: only \$3.00 a year, postage included.

Spring work is opening, and all having Farms, or Garden plots, will find valuable aid in the American Agriculturist for April now at hand, with its hundreds of practical directions, hints and suggestions, illustrated with some 90 original engravings. Among leading topics are Work for the Month Dairying; Sheep and Poultry Farming; a \$1,500 Farm House, with plans a specifications; details of \$5 important farm experiments with Fertilizers; Treatment of One Grape Vine; Humbugs exposed; Household and Children's Department, etc. -\$1.50 per annum; 15 cents per number. Orange Judd Company, New York, Publishers.

-Mr. Bonner of the Australian cricket team, now on its way to England, "stands six feet six inches, can run like a deer, bowl like a catapult, and throw a cricket ball 393 reet | young officer I saw prancing all you fellows

One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming

CHAPTER I.

. SYDERY. A girl who has so many wilful ways, She would have crushed Job's patience to 10 sake him.
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze.
A little better she would surely make him.

A GRAY quaint Canadian town, a dozen rows of straggling streets, tin-roofed houses that wink and twinkle back the frosty fall sunshine-houses uniform in nothing except their duliness and their glistening metal roofs. Dull, very dull they certainly are: two-storied, many-windowed, of dingy red brick or gloomy gray stone; depressing be youd all telling to the eye and mind of the solitary stranger doomed for his sins to drag out a few weary months in the stagnant well. let us say-town of Petit St. Jacques. Stagnant-that is the word. Life long ago ley down for a siestra there, and never woke up. Religion is the only thing that seems at all brisk. Many gilt spires point upward to the blue Canadian heaven; a full score of bells clash forth each Sunday, and thrice on that day, and thrice on each week day, the great booming bell of the dim old Cathedral de Notre Dame chimes forth the "Angelus Domini," as you may hear in some dreamy world-forgotten town of old France Beneath its gray stone arches tall pines and teathery tamaracs toss their green plumes in the falt breezes from the stormy gulf, and brilliant. plumaged, shrill-voiced Canadian birds fit among the branches. In the fiercely hot. short-lived Canadian summer grass grows green in the market places and busiest streets of Petit St. Jacques.

In the summer. But the summer, brief and sweet as a pleasant dream, is at an end; the ides of October are here. Shrill October winds whistle down the wide empty streets drifts of scarlet maple and orange hemlock leaves swirl in your face; a black frost holds the earth iron bound; your footsteps ring like steel over the unpaved sidewalks: the keen breath of coming winter sets your blood leaping, your eyes sparkling, the lights in dusk Canadian cheeks a hue rosier than all the rouge regetal on earth can give.

"And the last of October will be Hallow. e'en! This is the twenty-ninth-only two days more. Girls, do stop whooping like a tribe of Mic macs gone mad, and list, oh! list to me. Friday next is Hallowe'en.'

But the speaker's voice was lost in the uproar of five-and-thirty school-girls "on the war path." Afternoon school was over, the day scholars gone home, and the boarders, out in the playground for the last half-hour's recess before evening study, were rending the heavens with the desfening, distracting din that five-and thirty of those rose-cheeked, golden-haired, corseted angels alone know how to raise.

If there was one thing besides its churches for which Petit St. Jacques was famous, it was the establishment of the Demoiselles Chateauroy for young ladies. It stood in the centre of Rue St. Dominique; and if there was anything to choose in the matter of dullness and respectability among all the dull and respectable streets of the little town, the Kue St. Dominique should be awarded the palm. There were no shops, there were no people: the houses looked at you as you passed with a sad, settled, melanchely mildew upon them: the doors rarely opened, the blinds and cartains were never drawn; prim little gardens, with prim little gravel-paths, shut in these sad little houses from the street; now and tnen a pale, pensive face might be gleam at you from some upper window, spectre-like and vanish. The wheels of a passing waggon echo and re-echo down its long silence; the very dogs who sneak out to waggle their tails in 'Why. I certainly cannot quarrel with the catastrophe,' said Miss Grandison.

for these outraged and distracted realms. At sort of air. Take it for all in all, you might least this is Mr. Temple's more than hope. travel from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande and not find another so absolutely low-spirited and drearily respectable a street as the Rue St. Dominique. Indeed, as Miss Sydney Owenson often and justly remarked, it was a poor compliment to St. Dominique to christen it after him at all. Miss Sydney Owenson was one of the Demoiselles Chateauroy's five-and thirty boarders; it may as well be stated here as elsewhere, had made the Demoiselles Chateauroy more trouble, broken more laws, been condemned to solitary confinement oftener, been the head and front of more frolicsome offendings, and withal been better loved by both pupils and teachers during the past three years than the other four-and-tthirty put to-

gether. "Miss Owenson is in disgrace every week was wont to observe, taking a surreptitions pinch of snuff, "and if strict justice were administered, would be in punishment and disgrace every day in the week; but, ma for! what would you? It is only high spirits and good health, after all. She keeps the school in a ferment, that is true; there is no mischief of which she is not ringleader, but it is innocent mischief, after all; she has the smile and voice of an angel; it is impossible to be as severe with her as she deserves, and then, Mon Dieu, it is the best heart that ever

This pensionnat des demoiselles of the sisters

Chateauroy was situated, as has been said, in the centre of the Rue St. Dominique, fronting directly upon the street-its extensive gardens and playground in the rear. A wooden wall eight feet high shut in this sacred inclosure and its angelic "jeunes filles" from the sacrilegious eye of man. In the face of the fierce summer sun, in the teeth of the flerce winter blasts, the twelve green shutters that protected the twelve front windows were kept jealously closed and barred. No prying, curious daughter of Eve might by any chance look upon the gay and festive dissipations of the Rue St. Dominique-no daring masculine eye might ever in passing glance in. This prison discipline had only existed within the past two years, and a dark and dreadful legend was wispered about through the dormitories in the "dead waist and middle of the night" to all new comers of the reasons why. As usual, it was all Sydney Owenson's fault. Perched on top of the highest desk in the school-room, her eager head thrust out of the window, this daring, ill-behaved girl had deliberately winked at a passing soldier from the dingy old stone barracks outside the town. The soldier had winked back again; then this totally deprayed Miss Owenson had thrown him a kiss; then this dreadful soldier threw her a kiss, and grinned, and went by. Next day he came again; next day Miss Owenson was perched up on the window sill, like sister Anne on the watch-tower, to see if there was any body coming. Sent by her guardian-angel, no doubt, at this dreadful juncture, Mademoiselle Chateauroy the elder came into the schoolroom; Mademoiselle Chateauroy's horrifled eyes beheld Miss Owenson with all the superior half of her person projecting into the Rue St. Dominique; Mademoiselle Chateauroy's stunned ears overheard these words:

I say, Mr. Lobsterback, who is that lovely

Continued on Third Page.