WHO SHALL GO FIRST.

Who shall go first to the shadowy land,
My love or 1?
Whose will it be in grief to stand
And press the cold, unanswering hand,
Wipe from the brow the dew of death,
And catch the soft fluttering breath,
Breath the loved name nor hear reply,
In anguish watch the glazing eye;
Uls or mine?

which shall bend over the wounded sod,
My love of 1?
Commending his precious soul to God,
Till the doleful fail of the muffied clod
Startles the mind to a consciousness
Of its bitter anguish and life distress,
Dropping the pall o'er the love-lit past
With a mournful murmur,"The last—the last,"
My love or 1? Which shall bend over the wounded sod,

Ah! then perchance to that mourner there, Wrestling with anguish and deep despair, An angel shall come through the gates prayer,
And the burning eyes shall cease to weep,
And the sobs melt down in a sea of sleep,
While fency, freed from the chains of day,
Through the shadowy dreamland floats away;
My love or I?

Which shall return to the desolate home,
My love or I?
And list for the step that shall never come,
And hark for a voice that must still be dumb?
While the half-stunned senses wander back
To the cheerless life and thorny track
Where the silent room and the vacant chair
Have memories sweet and hard to bear;
My love or I?

And then, methinks, on that boundary land
Or walk by those rivers of shining sand,
Till the dreamer, awakened at dawn of day,
Finds the stone of his sepulchre rolled away,
And over the cold, dull waste of death.
The warm, bright sunlight of Holy Faith,
My love and I.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

BY THE

BIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

Yes! it was this mighty passion that now raged in the heart of Ferdinand Armine, as, pale and trembling, he withdrew a few leant against a tree in a chaos of emotion. What had he seen? What ravishing vision had risen upon his sight? What did he feel? What wild, what delicious, what maddening Impulse now pervaded his frame? A storm seemed raging in his soul, a mighty wind dispelling in its course the sullen clouds and vapors of long years. Silent he was indeed, for he was speechless; though the big drop that quivered on his brow and the slight foam that played upon his lip proved the difficult triumph of passion over expression. But, as the wind clears the heaven, passion eventually tranquilises the soul. The tumult of his mind gradually subsided; the flitting memories, the scudding thought, that for a moment had coursed about in such wild order, vanished and melted away, and a feeling of bright serenity succeeded, a sense of beauty and of joy, and of hovering and circumambient happiness.

He advanced, he gazed again: the lady was its beauty.

'Henrietta!' exclaimed a manly voice from the adjoining wood. Before she could answer, a stranger came forward, a man of middle age but of an appearance remarkably prepossessing. He was tall and dignified, fair, with an aquiline nose. One of Ferdinand's dogs followed him barking.

'I cannot find the gardener anywhere,' said the stranger; I think we had better re-

'Ab, me! what!' exclaimed the lady. 'Let me be your guide,' said Ferdinand, ad-

vancing. The lady rather started; the gentleman, not at all discomposed, courteously welcomed Ferdinand, and said, I feel that we are intruders, sir. But we were informed by the here at present, and that we should find her face was perfectly oval; the nose, though husband in the grounds.'

dinand; 'I am sure, however, Sir Ratcliffe ing lip was shaded by a very delicate mousthe grounds as much as you please; and as I am well acquainted with them, I should feel

delighted to be your guide.'

Vou are really too courteous, sir,' replied the gentleman; and his beautiful companion rewarded Ferdinand with a smile like a sunbeam, that played about her countenance till it finally settled into two exquisite dimples, and revealed to him teeth that, for a moment, he believed to be even the most beautiful feature of that surpassing visage.

They sauntered along, every step developing new beauties in their progress and eliciting from his comppnion renewed expressions of rapture. The dim bowers, the shining glades, the tall rare trees, the luxuriant shrubs, the silent and sequestered lake, in turn enchanted them, until at length, Ferdinand, who had led them with experienced taste through all the most striking points of the pleasaunce, brought them before the walls of

'And here is Armine Castle,' he said; 'it is little better than a shell, and yet contains something which you might like to see.' 'Oh! by all means,' exclaimed the lady.

But we are spoiling your sport,' suggested the gentleman.

I can always kill partridges,' replied Ferdinand; laying down his gun; 'I cannot al-

ways find agreeable companions.' So saying, he opened the massive portal of the castle and they entered the hall. It was a lofty chamber, of dimensions large enough to feast a thousand vassals, with a dais and a rich Gothic screen, and a gallery for the mu-

sicians. The walls were hung with arms and admirably arranged; but the parti-coloured marble floor was so covered with piled-up cases of furniture that the general effect of the scene was not only greatly marred, but it was even difficult in some parts to trace a 'Here,' said Ferdinand, jumping upon a

standard of Ralph D'Ermyn, who came over with the Conqueror, and founded the family in England. Here is the sword of William D'Armyn, who signed Magna Charta. Here is the complete coat armour of the second Ralph, who died before Ascalon. This case contains a diamond-hilted sword, given to the great Sir Ferdinand for defeating the Turks; and here is a Mameluke sabre, given to the same Sir Ferdinand by the Sultan for

defeating the Empress. Oh! I have heard so much of that great Sir Ferdinand, said the lady. 'He must have been the most interesting character.1

'He was a marvellous being,' answered her guide, with a peculiar look, and yet I know not whether his descendents have not cause to rue his genius.'

Oh! never, never! said the lady; what is wealth to genius? How much prouder, were I an Armine, should I be of such an ancestor than of a thousand others, even if they had left me this castle as complete as he

wished it to be! "Well, as to that,' replied, Ferdinaud, 'I believe I am somewhat of your opinion; though I fear he lived in too late an age for such order of minds. It would have been better for him perhaps if he had succeeded in becoming King of Poland.'

'I hope there is a portrait of him,' said the lady; there is nothing I long so much to

'I rather think there is a portrait,' replied her companion, somewhat drily. We will try to find it out. Do not you think I make a bad cicerone?'

'Indeed, most excellent,' replied the lady. 'I perceive you are a master of your subject, replied the gentleman, thus affording Ferdinand an easy opportunity of telling them who he was. The hint, however, was not accepted.

And now,' said Fordinand, 'we will ascend the staircase.'

Accordingly they mounted a large spiral staircase which filled the space of a round tower, and was lighted from the top by a lantern of rich colored glass on which were emblazoned the arms of the family. Then they entered the vestibule, an apartment spacious enough for a saloon; which, however, was not fitted up in the Gothic style, but of which the painted ceiling, the gilded panels, and inlaid floor were more suitable to a French palace. The brilliant doors of this

vestibule opened in many directions upon long suites of state chambers, which indeed merited the description of shells. They were nothing more; of many the flooring was not even laid down; the walls of all were rough and plastered.

'Ah!' said the lady, 'What a pity it is not finished! 'It is indeed desolate,' observed Ferdinand; but here perhaps is something more to your taste.' So saying, he opened another door and ushered them into the picture gallery.

It was a superb chamber nearly two hundred feet in length, and contained only portraits of the family, or pictures of their achievements. It was of a pale green color, single Persian carpet, of fanciful pattern and own, I confess.' brilliant dye, a present from the Sultan to the great Sir Ferdinand. The carlier annals of the family were illustrated by a series of paces from the overwhelming spectacle, and | paintings by modern masters, representing the battle of Hastings, the siege of Ascalon, the meeting at Runnymede, the various invasions of France, and some of the most striking incidents in the wars of the Roses, in all of which a valiant Armyn prominently figured. At length they stood before the first contemporary portrait of the Armyn family, one of Cardinal Stephen Armyn, by an Italian master.

This great dignitary was legate of the Pope in the time of the seventh Henry, and in his scarlet robes and ivory chair looked a papal Jupiter, not unworthy himself of wielding the thunder of the Vatican. From him the series of family portraits was unbroken; and it was very interesting to trace, in this excellently arranged collection, the history of national costume. Holbein had commemorated the Lords Tewkesbury, rich in velvet, and golden chains, and jewels. The statesmen of Elizabeth and James, and their beautiful and gorgeous dames, followed; and then came still there. Changed indeed her position; many a gallant cavalier, by Vandyke. One she had gathered a flower and was examining admirable picture contained Lord Armine and his brave brothers, seated together in a tent round a drum, on which his lordship was apparently planning the operations of the campaign. Then followed a long series of unmemorable baronets, and their more interesting wives and daughters, touched by the pencil of Kneller, of Lely, or of Hudson; squires in wigs and scarlet jackets, and powdered dames in hoops and farthingales.

They stood before the crowning effort of the gallery, the masterpiece of Reynolds. It represented a full-length portrait of a young man, apparently just past his minority. The side of the figure was alone exhibited, and the face glanced at the spectator over the shoulder. in a favorite attitude of Vandyke. It was a countenance of ideal beauty. A profusion of dark brown curls was dashed aside from a woman at the lodge that the family were not lofty forehead of dazzling brilliancy. The 'The family are not at Armine,' replied Fer- remarkable dilation of the nostril; the curlthe mouth and of the large grey eyes would have been perhaps arrogant and imperious, had not the extraordinary beauty of the whole countenance rendered it fascinating.

It was indeed a picture to gaze upon and to return to; one of those visages which, after having once beheld, haunt us at all hours and flit across our minds eye unexpected and unbidden. So great was the effect that it produced upon the present visitors to the gallery, that they stood before it for some minutes in silence; the scrutinizing glance of the gantleman was more than once diverted from the portrait to the countenance of his conductor, and the silence was eventually broken by our hero.

'And what think you,' he enquired, 'of the famous Sir Ferdinand?

The lady started, looked at him, withdrew her glance, and appeared somewhat confused. Her companion replied, 'I think, sir, I cannot err in believing that I am indebted for much courtesy to his descendant?

'I believe,' said Ferdinand, 'that I should not have much trouble in proving my pedigree. I am generally considered an ugly likeness of my grandfather.'

The gentleman smiled, and then said, 'I hardly know whether I can style myself your neighbor, for I live nearly ten miles distant. It would, however, afford me sincere gratification to see you at Ducie Bower. I cannot welcome you in a castle. My name is Temple,' he continued, offering his card to Ferdinand. 'I need not now introduce you to my daughter. I was not unaware that Sir Ratcliffe Armine had a son, but I had under-

stood he was abroad.' 'I have returned to England within these two months, replied Ferdinand, and to Armine within these two days. I deem it fortunate that my return has afforded me an opportunity of welcoming you and Miss Temple. But you must not talk of our castle, for that huge case and running to the wall, here is the you know is our folly. Pray come now and visit our older and humbler dwelling, and take some refreshments after your long ride.'

This offer was declined, but with great courtesy. They quitted the castle, and was about to direct his steps towards the lodge, where he had left his own and his daughter's horses; but Ferdinand persuaded them to re- at length arrived home; and his quick eye turn through the park, which he proved to them very satisfactorily must be the nearest way. He even asked permission to accompany them; and while his groom was saddling fore a vase, over which he was training a his horse he led them to the old Place and the

flower-garden. 'You must be very fatigued, Miss Temple I wish that I could persuade you to enter and rest yourself.' 'Indeed, no; I love flowers too much to

leave them.' · Here is one that has the recommendation of novelty as well as beauty,' said Ferdinand plucking a strange rose, and presenting it to her. I sent it to my mother from Barbary.'

'You live amidst beauty. 11 think that I never remember Armine looking so well as to-day.

'A sylvan scene requires sunshine,' replied Miss Temple. 'We have been most fortun-

ate in our visit. It is something brighter than the sun-shine that makes it so fair,' replied Ferdin- I should indeed be blessed?

and; but at this moment the horses appeared. 'You are well mounted,' said Mr. Temple

to Ferdinand. 'Tis a barb. I brought it over with me.' "Tis a beautiful creature," said Miss Temple.

'Hear that, Selim,' said Ferdinand; · prick up thine ears, my steed. I perceive that you are an accomplished horsewoman, Miss Tem-You know our country, I dare say, well ?'

'I wish to know it better. This is only the second summer that we have passed at Ducie.

By the bye, I suppose you know my landlord, Captain Armine?' said Mr. Temple. 'No, said Ferdinand; 'I do not know

single person in the county. I have myself scarcely been at Armine for these five years, and my father and mother do not visit any-

'What a beautiful oak!' exclaimed Miss Temple, desirous of turning the conversation.

11t has the reputation of being planted by Sir Francis Walsingham,' said Ferdinand. An ancestor of mine married his daughter. He was the father of Sir Walsingham, the portrait in the gallery with the white stick.

You remember it? 'Perfectly; that beautiful portrait!
must be, at all events, a very old tree" · There are few things more pleasing to me

than an ancient place 'said Mr. Temple. Doubly pleasing when in the possession of an ancient family, added his daughter.

'I fear such feelings are fast wearing away, said Ferdinand. 'There will be reaction,' said Mr. Temple 'They cannot destroy the poetry of time,

saidthe lady. 'I hope I have no very inveterate prejudlighted from the top; and the floor, of oak ices, said Ferdinand; but I should be sorry and ebony, was partially covered with a to see Armine in any other hands than our

'I never would enter the park again,' said Miss Temple. So far as worldly considerations are con-

cerned,' continued Ferdinand, 'it would perhaps be much better for us if we were to part with it.'

: It must, indeed, be a costly place to keep up,' said Mr. Temple. Why, as for that, said Ferdinand, we let the kine rove and the sheep browse where our fathers bunted the stag and flew their falcons.

I think if they were to rise from their graves they would be ashamed of us.' 'Nay!' said Miss Temple, 'I think yonder cattle are very picturesque. But the truth is, anything would look well in such a park as

this. There is such a variety of prospect.' The park of Armine indeed differed materially from those vamped-up sheep-walks and ambitious paddocks which are now honored with the title. It was, in truth, the old chase and little shorn of its original proportions. It was many miles in circumference, abounding in hill and dale, and offering much variety of appearance. Sometimes it was studded with ancient timber, single trees of extraordinary growth, and rich clumps that seemed coeval with the foundation of the family.

Tracts of wild champaign succeeded these, covered with gorse and fern. Then came stately avenues of sycamore or Spanish chestnut, fragments of stately woods, that in old days doubtless reached the vicinity of the mansion house: and these were in turn succeeded by modern coverts.

At length our party reached the gate whence Ferdinand had calculated that they should quit the park. He would willingly have accompanied them. He bade them farewell with regret, which was softened by the hope expressed by all of a speedy meeting. 'I wish, Captain Armine,' said Miss Tem-

ple, 'we had your turf to canter home upon. 'By the bye, Captain Armine,' said Mr. Temple, 'ceremony should scarcely subsist between country neighbors, and certainly we have given you no cause to complain of our reserve. Are you alone at Armine, perhaps you would come over and dine wi morrow. If you can manage to come early we will see whether we may not contrive to would be most happy for you to walk about tachio; and the general expression, indeed, of kill a bird together; and pray remember we can give you a bed, which I think, all things considered, it would be but wise to accept."

· I accept everything,' said Ferdinand, smiling; 'all your offers. Good morning,

my dearest sir; good morning, Miss Temple. 'Miss Temple, indeed!' exclaimed Ferdinand, when he had watched them out of sight. Exquisite, enchanting, adored being! Without thee what is existence? How dull, how blank does everything even now seem! It is as if the Sun had just set! Oh! that form! that radiant countenance! that musical and thrilling voice! Those tones still vibrate on my ear, or I should deem it all a vision? Will to-morrow ever come? Oh! that I could express to you my love, my overwhelming, my absorbing, my burning passion! Beautiful Henrietta! Thou hast a name, methinks, I ever loved. Where am I? what do I say? what wild, what maddening words are these? Am I not Ferdinand Armine, the betrothed, the victim? Even now, methinks, I hear the chariot-wheels of my bride. God! if she be there; if she indeed be at Armine on my return; I'll not see her; I'll not speak to them; I'll fly. I'll cast to the winds all ties and duties; I will not be dragged to the altar, a miserable sacrifice, to redeem, by my forfeited felicity, the worldly fortunes of my race. O! Armine, Armine! she would not enter thy walls again if other blood but mine swayed thy fair demesne; and I, shall I give thee another mistress, Armine? It would indeed be treason! Without her I cannot Without her form bounds over this live. turf and glauces in these arbors I never wish to view them. All the inducements to make the wretched sacrifice once meditated then vanish; for Armine, without her, is a desert, a tomb, a hell. I am free, then. Excellent logician! But this woman; I am bound to her. Bound? The word makes me tremble, I shiver; I hear the clank of my fetters. Am I indeed bound? Ay! in honor. Honor and love! A contest! Pah! The

Idol must yield to the Divinity! With these wild words and wilder thoughts bursting from his lips and dashing through his mind; his course as irregular and as seckless as his fancies; now fiercely galloping, now pulling up into a sudden halt, Ferdinand perceived in a moment that the dreaded arrival had not taken place. Father Glastonbury was in the flower-garden on one knee becreeper. He looked up as he heard the approach of Ferdinand. His presence and benignant smile in some degree stilled the fierce emotions of his pupil. Ferdinand felt that the system of dissimulation must now commence; besides, he was always careful to be most kind to Father Glastonbury. He would not allow that any attack of spleen, or even illness could ever justify a careless look or expression to that dear friend.

'I hope, my dear father,' said Ferdinand, 'I am punctual to our hour?'

'The sun-dial tells me,' said Father Glastonbury, that you have arrived to the moment; and I rather think that yonder approaches a summons to our repast. I hope you have passed your morning agreeably?

'If all days would pass as sweet, my father,

I, too, have had a fine morning of it. You must come to-morrow and see my grand em-blazonry of the Batcliffe and Armine coats; I mean it for the gallery. With these words

they entered the Place. 'You do not eat, my child,' Father Glaston-

bury said to his companion. 'I have taken too long a ride perhaps,' said Ferdinand; who indeed was much too excited to have an appetite, and so abstracted that anyone but Father Glastonbury would have long before detected his absence.

'I have changed my hour to-day,' continued Father Glastonbury for the pleasure of dining with you, and I think to-morrow you had better change your hour and dine with

By the bye, my dear father, you, who know everything, do you happen to know a gentleman of the name of Temple in this neighborhood?

I think I heard that Mr. Ducie had let the Bower to a gentleman of that name.'

Do you know who he is?' I never asked; for I teel no interest except about proprietors, because they enter into my County History. But I think I once heard that this Mr. Temple had been our minister at some foreign court. You give me a fine dinner and eat nothing yourself. This pigeon is savory.'

I will trouble you. I think there was

Henrietta Armine, my father ?' 'The beautiful creature!' said Father Glastonbury, laying down his knife and fork; she died young.' She was a daughter of Lord Armine; and the Queen, Henrietta A glance, a movement, a sunny smile, a word Maria, was her godmother. It grieves me much that we have no portrait of her. She was very fair, her eyes of a sweet light blue.' Oh! no; dark, my father; dark and deep

as the violet.' 'My child, the letter-writer, who mentions her death describes them as light blue. I know of no other record of her beauty.' 'I wish they had been dark,' said Ferdin-

and, recovering himself; 'however, I am glad there was a Henrietta Armine; 'tis a beautiful name. 'I think that Armine makes any name

wine indeed, my child. Nay! if I must,' continued he, with a most benevolent smile," I will drink to the health of Miss Grandison!" 'Ah!' exclaimed Ferdinand.

sound well,' said Glastonbury. No more

'My child, what is the matter?' inquired Father Glastonbury. 'A gnat, a fly, a wasp! something stung

me,' said Ferdinand. 'Let me fetch my oil of lilies,' said Father

Glastonbury; 'tis a specific.' 'Ob, no! 'tis nothing only a fly; sharp at

the moment; nothing more.' The dinner was over; they retired to the library. Ferdinand walked about the room restless and moody; at length he bethought himself of the piano, and, affecting an anxiety to hear some old favorite compositions of Glastonbury, he contrived to occupy his companion. In time, however, his old tutor invited him to take his violoncello and join him in a concerto. Ferdinand of course complied with his invitation, but the result was not satisfactory. After a series of blunders, which were the natural result of his thoughts being occupied on other subjects, he was obliged to plead a headache, and was glad to

escape to his chamber. Rest, however, no longer awaited him on his old pillow. It was at first delightful to the continent. A large lamp of Dresden escape from the restraint upon his reverie which he had lately experienced. He leant | gilded ceiling. The three tall windows for an hour over his empty fireplace in mute abstraction. The cold, however, in time word that she had expressed.

v attitudes nondered over. Many were the hours that he heard strike: he grew restless and feverish. Sleep would not be commanded : he jumped out of bed, he opened most imagined, the victim of a dream. He able decorations pleased his taste. A subdued earthly blessings on Henrietta Temple and ceiling was painted in gray tinted frescoes of his love. The night air and the earnest invocation together cooled his brain, and Nature soon delivered him, exhausted, to repose.

Yes! it is morning. Is it possible? Shall he again behold? That form of surpassing beauty: that bright, that dazzling countenance; again are they to bless his entranced vision? Shall he speak to her again? That musical and thrilling voice, shall it again

saund an echo in his enraptured ear? Ferdinand had reached Armine so many days before his calculated arrival, that he did not expect his family and the Grandisons to arrive for at least a week. What a respite did he not now feel this delay! if ever he could venture to think of the subject at all. He drove it indeed from his thoughts; the fascinating present completely engrossed his exist-He waited until the post arrived it brought no letters, letters now so dreaded He jumped upon his horse and galloped towards Ducie.

Mr. Temple was the younger son of a younger branch of a noble family. Inheriting no patrimony, he had been educated for the diplomatic service, and the influence of his family had early obtained him distinguished appointments. He was envoy to a German court when a change of ministry occasioned his recal, and he retired, after a long career of able and assiduous service, comforted by a pension and glorified by a privy-councilorship. He was an acute and accomplished man, practiced in the world, with great selfcontrol, yet devoted to his daughter, the only offspring of a wife whom he had lost early and loved much. Deprived at a tender age of that parent of whom she would have become peculiarly the charge, Henrietta Temple found in the devotion of her father all that consolation of which her forlorn state was susceptible. She was not delivered over to the custody of a governess, or to the even less sympathetic supervision of relations. Mr. Temple never permitted his daughter to be separated from him; he cherished her life, and he directed her education. Resident in a city which arrogates to itrelf, not without justice, the title of the German Athens, his pupil availed herself of all those advantages which were offered to her by the instruction of the most skilful professors. Few persons were more accomplished than Henrietta Temple even at an early age; but her rare accomplishments were not her most remarkable characteristics. Nature, which had accorded to her that extraordinary beauty we have attempted to describe, had endowed her with great talents and a soul of sublime temper. It was often remarked of Henrietta Temple (and the circumstance may doubtless be in some degree accounted for by the little interference and influence of women in her education) that she never was a girl. She expanded at once from a charming child into a magnificent woman. She had entered life very early, and

before his recal from his mission. Few women in so short a period had received so much homage; but she listened to compliments with a careless though courteous ear, and received more ardent aspirations with a smile. The men, who were puzzled, voted her cold and heartless; but men should remember that fineness of taste, as well as apathy of temperament, may account for an unsuccessful suit. Assuredly Henrietta Temple was not deficient in feeling; she entertained for her father sentiments almost of idolatry, and those more intimate or dependent acquaintances best qualified to form an opinion of her character spoke of her always as a soul of infinite tenderness. Notwithstanding their mutual devotion to each other, there were not many points of resemblance between the characters of Mr. Templeand his daughter; she was remarkable for a frankness of demeanor and a simplicity yet strength of thought which contrasted with the artificial manners and the conventional opinions and conversation of her sire. A mind at once thoughtful and energetic permitted Henrietta Temple to form her own judgments; and an artless candor, which her father never could eradicate from her habit. generally impelled her to express them. It was indeed impossible even for him long to find fault with these ebullitions, however the diplomatist might deplore them; for Nature had so embued the existence of this being with that indefinable charm which we call grace, that it was not in your power to behold her a moment without being enchanted. of thrilling music, and all that was left to you was to adore. There was indeed in Henrietta Temple that rare and extraordinary combination of intellectual strength and physical softness which marks out the woman capable of exercising an irresistible influence over mankind. In the good old days she might have occasioned a siege of Troy or a battle of Actium. She was one of those women who make nations mad, and for whom a man of genius would willingly peril the empire of the world. So at least deemed Ferdinand Armine, as

he cantered through the park, talking to himself, anostrophising the woods, and shouting his passion to the winds. It was scarcely morn when he reached Ducia Bower. This was a Palladian pavilion, situated in the midst of beautiful gardens and surrounded by green hills. The sun shone brightly, the sky was without a cloud; it appeared to him that he had never beheld a more graceful scene. It was a temple worthy of the divinity it enshrined. A facade of four Ionic columns fronted an octagon hall, adorned with statues, which led into a saloon of considerable size size and fine proportion. Ferdinand thought that he had never in his life entered so brilliant a chamber. The lofty walls were covered with an Indian paper of vivid fancy, and adorned with several pic-tures which his practised eye assured him were of great merit. The room, without being inconveniently crowded, was amply stored with furniture, every article of which bespoke a refined and luxurious taste; easy chairs of all descriptions, most inviting couches, cabinets of choice inlay, and grotesque tables covered with articles of vertu; all those charming infinite nothings, which a person of taste might some time back have easily collected during a long residence on china was suspended from the pointed and | yesterday.' opened on the gardens, and admitted a per-

ed. A door opened, and Mr. Temple came a classical and festive character, and the side table, which stood in a recess supported by four magnificent columns, was adorned with choice Etruscar, vases.

The air of repose and stillness which distinguished this apartment was heightened by the vast conservatory into which it led, blaztrees, plants of radiant tint, the sound of a fountain, and georgeous forms of tropic birds.

'How beautiful!' exclaimed Ferdinand. "Tis pretty" said Mr. Temple, carving a pasty, but we are very humble people, and cannot vie with the lords of Gothic castles.' 'It appears to me,' said Ferdinand, 'that Ducie Bower is the most exquisite place I

ever beheld? 'If you had seen it two years ago you would have thought differently,' said Mr. Temple; I assure you I dreaded becoming its tenant. Henrietta is entitled to all the praise, as she took upon herself the responsibility. There s not on the banks of the Brenta a more dingy and desolate villa than Ducie appeared when we first came; and as for the gardens, they were a perfect wilderness. She made everything. It was one vast, desolate, and neglected lawn, used as a sheep-walk when we arrived. As for the ceilings, I was almost

the conservatory, to be sure. Henrietta could not live without a conservatory.'
'Miss Temple is quite right,' pronounced Ferdinand. It is impossible to live without a

tempted to whitewash them, and yet you see

they have cleaned wonderfully; and after all

it only required a little taste and labour. I

have not laid out much money here. I built

conservatory.' At this moment the heroine of their conversation entered the room, and Ferdinand turned pale. She extended to him her hand with a graceful smile; as he touched it, he trembled from head to foot.

You were not fatigued, I hope, by your ride, Miss Temple?' at length he contrived to

Not in the least! I am an experienced horsewoman. Papa and I take very long rides together.

As for eating, with Henrietta Temple in the room, Ferdinand found that quite impossible. ment analyist, and is certified by him to be The moment she appeared his appetite vanished. Anxious to speak, yet deprived of his accustomed fluency, he began to praise Ducie.

'You must see it,' said Miss Temple; 'shall we walk round the grounds?'

'My dear Henrietta,' said her father, 'I dare say Captain Armine is at this moment sufficiently tired; besides, when he moves, he will like perhaps to take his gun; you forget he is a sportsman, and that he cannot MAGNESIA, the leading remedy for the nausea waste his morning in talking to ladies and of babyhood and weakness or disorders of the picking flowers.'

'Indeed, sir, I assure you,' said Ferdinand, there is nothing I like so much as talking to rheumatism or gravel are also cured by it ladies and picking flowers; that is to say, It is four times the strength of fluid maghad presided at her father's table for a year | when the ladies have as fine taste as Miss | nesia.

Temple, and the flowers are as beautiful those at Ducie.

. Well, you shall see my conservatory, Cap tain Armine,' said Miss Temple, 'and yo shall go and kill partridges afterwards. saying, she entered the conservatory, and Ferdinand followed her, leaving Mr. Temple to his pasty.

These orange groves remind me of Paler mo.' said Ferdinand. 'Ah!' said Miss Temple, 'I have never

been in the sweet south.' 'You seem to me a person born to live in a Sicilian palace,' said Ferdinand, ' to wander in perfumed groves, and to glance in a moonlight warmer than this sun.'

'I see you pay compliments,' said Miss. Temple, looking at him archly, and meeting a glance serious and soft.

Believe me, not to you. 'What do you think of this flower?' said Miss Temple, turning away rather quickly and pointing to a strange plant. It is the most singular thing in the world: but if it be tended by any other person than myself it withers. Is it not droll? 'I think not,' said Ferdinand.

'I excuse you for your incredulity; no one does believe it; no one can; and yet it is quite true. Our gardener gave it up in despair. I wonder what it can be.'

'I think it must be some enchanted prince, said Ferdinand.

'If I thought so, how I should long for a wand to emancipate him!' said Miss Temple. 'I would break your wand, it you had one, said Ferdinand. 'Why?' said Miss Temple.

Oh! I don't know,' said Ferdinand; 'I suppose because I believe you are sufficiently enchanting without one. 'I am bound to consider that most excel-

lent logic,' said Miss Temple. Do you admire my fountain and my birds? she continued, after a short pause.

After Armine, Ducie appears a little tawdry toy. 'Ducie is Paradise,' said Ferdinand. 'I should like to pass my life in this conserva-

tory.' 'As an enchanted prince, I suppose?' said Miss Temple.

'Exactly,' said Captain Armine; 'I would

willingly this instant become a flower, if I

were sure that Miss Temple would cherish my existence.' · Cut off your tendrils and drown you with watering-pot,' said Miss Temple; 'you really are very Sicilian in your conversation,

Captain Armine.' 'Come,' said Mr. Temple, who now joined them, if you really should like to take a stroll round the grounds, I will order the

keeper to meet us at the cottage.' 'A very good proposition,' said Miss Tem-

But you must get a bonnet, Henrietta; I must forbid your going out uncovered.' 'No, papa, this will do,' said Miss Temple. taking a handkerchief, twisting it round her

head, and tying it under her chin.

'You look like an old woman, Henrietta, said her father, smiling. 'I shall not say what you look like, Miss Temple,' said Captain Armine, with a glance of admiration, 'but you should think that I

was this time even talking Sicilian.' 'I reward you for your forbearance with a rose, said Miss Temple; plucking a flower. It is a return for your beautiful present of

Ferdinand pressed the gift to his lips.

They went forth: they stepped into a Parafume so rich and various, that Ferdinand dise, where the sweetest flowers seemed drove him to bed, but he could not sleep; his | could easily believe the fair mistress, as she | grouped in every combination of the choicest eyes indeed were closed, but the vision of told him, was indeed a lover of flowers. A forms; baskets, and vases, and beds of in-Henrietta Temple was not less apparent to light bridge in the distant wood, that bounded finite fancy. A thousand bees and butterhim. He recalled every feature of her coun- the furthest lawn, indicated that a stream was flies filled the air with their glancing shapes tenance, every trait of her conduct, every at hand. What with the beauty of the and cheerful music, and the birds from the chamber, the richness of the exterior scene, neighboring groves joined in the chorus of The whole series of her observations from and the bright sun that painted every object melody. The wood walks through which the moment they had parted, were accurately repeated, her very tones considered, and her dinand stood for some moments quite entranc- sionally the view extended beyond the en-I closed limits, and exhibited the clustering and forward and welcomed him with cordiality. embowered roofs of the neighboring village, After they had passed a half-hour in look- or some woody hill studged with a farming at the pictures and in conversation to house, or a distant spire. As for Ferdinand, Barbary rose-tree of which he had presented her a flower. This consoling spectacle assured him that he had not here are he had all discadding and in conversation to he strolled along, full of heantiful thoughts an adjournment to luncheon, conducted Fersured him that he had not here are he had all discadding and interesting the strolled along, full of heantiful thoughts and thrilling fancies, in a dreamy state which discadding the strolled along, the strolled along and the strolled along along a strolled along and the strolled along along a strolled along and the strolled along and the strolled along and the strolled along and the strolled along along a strolled a sured him that he had not been, as he had al- dinand into a dining-room, of which the suit- had banished all recollection or consciousness but of the present. He was happy; knelt down and invoked all heavenly and tint pervaded every part of the chamber; the positively, perfectly, supremely happy. He was happy for the first time in his life. He had no conception that life could afford such bliss as now filled his being. What a chain of miserable, tame, fictitious sensations seemed the whole course of his past existence. Even the joys of yesterday were nothing to these; Armine was associated with too much of the commonplace and the gloomy to realise ing with light and beauty, groups of exotic the ideal in which he now revelled. But now all circumstances contributed to erchant him. The novelty, the beauty of the scene, harmoniously blended with his passion. The sun seemed to him a more brilliant sun than the orb that iliuminated Armine; the sky more clear, more pure, more odorous. There seemed a magic sympathy in the trees, and every flower reminded him of his mistress. And then he looked around and beheld her. Was he positively awake? Was he in England? Was he in the same globe in which he has hitherto moved and acted? What was this entrancing form before him? Was it indeed a woman?

O dea certe! (To be continued.)

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