## HENRIETTA TEMPLE

"He sleeps, said the physician; 'all present danger is past." It is too great joy,' murmured Katherine; and Father Glastonbury advanced and caught in his arms her insensible form.

FROM the moment of this happy slumber Ferdinand continued to improve. Each day the bulletin was more favorable, and his progress, though slow, was declared certain, and even relapse was no longer apprehended. But his physician would not allow him to see any one of his family. It was at night, and during his slumbers, that Lady Armine stole into his room to gaze upon her beloved child; and, if he moved in the slightest degree, faithful to her promise and the injunction of the physician, she instantly glided behind his curtain, or a large Indian screen which she had placed there purposely. Often, indeed, did she remain in this fond lurking-place, silent and trembling, when her child was even awake, listening to every breath, and envying the nurse that might gaze on him undisturbed; nor would she allow any sustenance that he was ordered to be prepared by any but her own fair, fond hands; and she brought it her-self even to his door. For Ferdinand himself, though his replies to the physician sufficiently attested the healthy calmness of his mind, he indeed otherwise never spoke, but lay on his bed without repining, and seemingly plunged in mild and pensive abstraction. At length, one morning be enquired for Father Glastonbury, who, with the sanction of the physician, immediately attended him.

When he met the eye of that faithful friend, he tried to extend his band. It was so wan that Father Glastonbury trembled while he touched it.

· I have given you much trouble,' he said, in a faint voice.

11 think only of the happiness of your recovery, said Father Glastonbury.

'Yes, I am recovered,' murmured Ferdinand; 'it was not my wish.' Oh be grateful to God for this great mercy,

my Ferdinand.' You have heard nothing?' enquired Fer-

dinand. Father Glastonbury shook his head. Fear not to speak: I can struggle no

more. I am resigned. I am very much changed. : You will be happy, dear Ferdinand,' said Father Glastonbury, to whom this mood gave

hopes. 'Never,' he said, in a more energetic tone 'never.'

· There are so many that love you,' said Father Glastonbury, leading his thoughts to his family.

Love!' exclaimed Ferdinand, with a sigh, and in a tone almost reproachful. 'Your dear mother,' said Father Glaston-

Yes! my dear mother,' replied Ferdinand, musingly. Then in a quicker tone. 'Does she know of my illness? Did you write to

them? She knows of it.' 'She will be coming, then. I dread her coming. I can bear to see no one. You, dear Father Glastonbury, you; it is a consola-

tion to see you, because you have seen,' and here his voice faltered, 'you have seen-My Ferdinand, think only of your health;

'If you could only find out where she is,' again; but I dread the winter.' continued Ferdinand, and go to her Yes! my dear Father Glastonbury, good, dear, Father Glastonbury, go to her,' he added in an imploring tone; she would believe you; everyone believes you. I cannot go; I am powerless; and if I went, alas! she would not believe.' 'It is my wish to do everything you desire,'

said Father Glastonbury, I should be content to be ever laboring for your happiness. But I can do nothing unless you are calm.'

'I am calm; I will be calm; I will act entirely as you wish; only I beseech you see

On that head let us at present say no more. replied Glastonbury, who feared that excitement might lead to relapse: yet anxious to soothe him, he added, 'Trust in my humble services ever, and in the bounty of a merciful

'I have had frightful dreams,' said Ferdinand. 'I thought I was in the farm-house: everything was so clear, so vivid. Night after night she seemed to me sitting on this bed. I touched her; her hand was in mine; it was so burning hot! Once, oh! once, once I thought she had forgiven me!' 'Hush! hush! hush!'

'No more; we will speak of her no more. When comes my mother?' 'You may see her to-morrow, or the day

'Ah! Father Glastonbury, she is here.'

'She is.'

'Is she alone?'

'Your father is with her.'

'My mother and my father. It is well.' Then, after a minute's pause, he added with some earnertness, 'Do not deceive me, Fath.: Glastonbury; see what deceit has brought me to. Are you sure that they are quite alone.

There are none here but your dearest friends; none whose presence should give you the slightest care

'There is one,' said Ferdinand. 'Dear Ferdinand, let me now leave you, or sit by your side in silence. To-morrow you will see your mother.'

'To-morrow! Ah! to-morrow. Once to me to-morrow was brighter even than to-day! He turued his back and spoke no more. Father Glastonbury glided out of the room.

IT was absolutely necessary that Lady Armine's interwiew with her son should be confined merely to observations about his health. Any allusion to the past might not only produce a relapse of his fever, but occasion explanations, at all times most painful, but at the present full of difficulty and danger. It was therefore with feelings of no common anxiety that Father Glastonbury prepared the mother for this first visit to her son, and impressed upon her the absolute necessity of not making any allusion at present to Miss Grandison, and especially to her presence in the house. He even made for this purpose a sort of half-confident of the physician, who, in truth, had heard enough during the fever to excite his suspicions; but this is a class of men essentially discreet, and it is well, for few are the family secrets ultimately concealed from them.

The interview occurred without any disagreeable results. The next day, Ferdinand saw his father for a few minutes. In a short time, Lady Armine was established as nurse to her son; Sir Ratcliffe, easy in mind, amused himself with his sports; and Father | you, dear Kate, he said; 'a pleasent drive all domestic circles that is never observed or like to walk a little.'

Glastonbury devoted himself to Miss Grandison. The intimacy, indeed, between the tutor of Ferdinand and his intended bride became daily more complete, and Father Glas-tonbury was almost her inseparable com-

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panion. She found him a very interesting one. He was the most agreeable guide amid all the haunts of Armine and its heighborhood, and drove her delightfully in Lady Armine's pony phaeton. He could, share, too, all her pursuits, and open to her many new ones. Though time had stolen something of its force from the voice of Adrian Glastonbury, it still was wondrous sweet; his musical accomplishments were complete; and he could guide the pencil or prepare the herbal, and indite fair stanzas in his fine Italian hand writing in a lady's album. All his collections too, were at Miss Grandison's service. She

handled with rising curiosity his medals, copied his choice drawings, and even began to study heraldry. His interesting conversation, his mild and benignant manners, his captivating simplicity, and the elegant purity soon exercised over her an influence almost irregistible.

Every morning as soon as he awoke, every evening before he composed himself again for the nights repose, Ferdinand sent for Father Glastonbury, and always saw him alone. At first he requested his mother to leave the room, but Lady Armine, who attributed these regular visits to a spiritual cause, scarcely needed the expression of this desire. His first questions to Father Glastonbury were ever the same 'Had he heard anything? Were there any letters? He thought there might be a letter, was he sure? Had he sent to Bath; to London, for his letters? When he was answered in the negative, he usually dwelt no more upon the subject. One morning he said to Father Glastonbury, I know Katherine is in the house.'

'Miss Grandison is here,' replied Father Glastonbury.

Why don't they mention her? Is all known ?

'Nothing is known,' said Father Glaston-Why don't they mention her, then? Are

you sure all is not known? At my suggestion, her name has not been mentioned. I was unaware how you might receive the intelligence; but the true cause of my suggestion is still a secret.'

'I must see her,' said Ferdinand, 'I must speak to her. 'You can see her when you please,' replied Father Glastonbury; 'but I would not speak

upon the great subject at present.' 'But she is existing all this time under a delusion. Every day makes my conduct to her

more infamous.' · Miss Grandison is a wise and most admirable young lady,' said Father Glastonbury. I like her from the bottom of my heart; I would recommend no conduct that could injure her, assuredly none that can disgrace

Dear Father Glastonbury, what shall I do?

'Re silent; the time will come when you may speak. At present, however anxious she may be to see you, there are plausible reasons for your not meeting. Be patient, my Ferdinand.'

Good Father Glastonbury, good, dear Father Glastonbury, I am too quick and frettul. Pardon me, dear friend. You know not what I feel. Thank God, you do not; but my heart is broken.'

When Father Glastonbury returned to the library, he found Sir Ratcliffe playing with his dogs, and Miss Grandison copying a draw-

How is Ferdinand?' enquired the father. 'He mends daily,' replied Father Glastonbury. 'If only May day were at hand instead and happiness, believe me, will yet be yours. of Christmas, he would soon be himself

> dison. Father (lastonbury went to the window and looked at the sky. 'I think, my dear lady, we might almost venture upon our promised excursion to the Abbey to-day, Such a day as this may not quickly be repeated.

might take our sketch-book. 'It would be delightful,' said Miss Grandison; 'but before I go, I must pick some flowers for Ferdinand.' So saying, she sprang

from her seat, and ran out into the garden. Kate is a sweet creature, said Sir Ratcliffe to Father Glastonbury. 'Ah!my dear Father Glastonbury, you know not what happiness I experience in the thought that she will soon be my daughter.

Father Glastonbury could not refrain from sighing. He took up the pencil and touched

her drawing.
Do you know, dear Father Glastonbury, resumed Sir Ratcliffe, 'I had little hope in our late visitation. I cannot say I had prepared myself for the worst, but I anticipated it. have had so much unhappiness in our family, that I could not persuade myself that the cup was not going to be dashed from our lips.

'God is merciful,' said Father Glastonbury. 'You are his minister, dear Father Glastonbury, and a worthy one. I know not what we should have done without you in this awful trial; but, indeed, what could I have done throughout life without you?"

Let us hope that everything is for the best, said Father Glastonbury.

'And his mother, his poor mother, what would have become of her? She never could have survived his loss. As for myself, I would have quitted England for ever, and gone into a monastery.' Let us only remember that he lives,' said

'And that we shall soon all be happy.' said Sir Batcliffe, in a more animated tone. 'The take care of him; he is too rapid in his move-

Father Glastonbury.

future is, indeed, full of solace. But we must ments. He has my father's blood in him, that is clear. I never could well make out why he left Bath, so suddenly, and rushed down in so strange a manner to this place.' 'Youth is impetuous, said Father Glaston

'It was lucky you were here, Father Glas-

tonbury,' 'I thank God that I was,' said Father Glastonbury, earnestly; then checking himself, he added, 'that I have been of any use.'

You are always of use. What should we do without you? I should long ago have sunk. Ah! Father (lastonbury, God in his mercy sent you to us.'

'See here,' said Katherine, entering, her fair cheek glowing with animation, only dahlias, but they will look pretty, and enliven his room. Oh! that I might write him a little word, and tell him I am here! Do not you think I might Father Glastonbury?

'He will know that you are here to-day,' said Father Glastonbury. 'To-morrow-'Ah! you always postpone it,' said Miss Grandison, in a tone half playful, half reproachful: 'and vetitis selfish to murmur. It is for his good that I bear this bereavement, and that thought should console me

Heigho!' Sir Ratcliffe stepped forward and kissed his niece. Father Glastonbury was busied in the drawing; he turned away his face.

Sis Ratcliffe took up his gun. God bless

and a choice sketch, - We shall meet at din-Der.'s At disser, dear uncle; and better sport than yesterday.'

Ha! ha! said Sir Ratcliffe. But Armine is not like Grandison. If I were in the old preserves, you should have no cause to jeer at my sportsmanship.

Miss Grandison's good wishes were pro-phetic; Sir Rateliffe found excellent sport and returned home very late, and in capital apirits. It was the dinner hour, and yet Katherine and Futher Glastonbury had not returned. He was rather surprised. The shades of evening were fast descending, and the distant lawns of Armine were already invisible; the low moan of the rising wind might be just distinguished; and the coming night promised to be raw and cloudy, perhaps tempestuous. Sir Ratcliffe stood before the sparkling fire in the dining-room, otherwise in darkness, but the flame threw a bright yet glancing light upon the synders, so that the figures seemed really to move in the shifting of his mind, secured her confidence and won shades, the eye of the infuriate boar alomst her heart. She loved him as a father, and he | to smit sparks of rage, and there wanted but the shouts of the huntsmen and the panting of the dogs to complete the tumult of the chase.

Just as Sir Ratcliffe was anticipating some mischance to his absent friends, and was about to steal upon tip-toe to Lady Armine, who was with Ferdinand, to consult her, the practised ear of a man who lived much in the air caught the distant sount of wheels, and he went out to welcome them.

Why, you are late,' said Sir Ratcliffe, as the phaeton approached the house. 'All

right, I hope? He stepped forward to assist Miss Grandison. The darkness of the evening prevented him from observing her swollen eyes and agitated countenance. She sprang out of the carriage in silence, and immediately ran up into her room. As for Father Glastonbury, he only observed it was very cold, and entered

the house with Sir Ratcliffe. 'This fire is hearty,' said Father Glastonbury, warming himself before it; 'you have had good sport, I hope? We are not to wait for Miss Grandison, Sir Ratcliffe. She will come down this evening; she is not very

Not very well; ah! the cold I fear. You have been imprudent in staying so late. must run and tell Lady Armine.'

Oblige me, I pray, by not doing so,' said Father Glastonbury; Miss Grandison most particularly requested that she should not be disturbed.'

It was with some difficulty that Father Glastonbury could contrive that Miss Grandison's wishes should be complied with; but at length he succeeded to getting Sir Ratcliffe to sit down to dinner, and affecting a cheerfulness which was far from his spirit, the hour of ten at length arrived, and Father Glastonbury, before retiring to his tower, paid his evening visit to Ferdinand.

Is over there were a man who deserved a serene and happy life it was Adrian Glastonbury. He had pursued a long career without injuring or offending a human being; his character and conduct were alike spotless; he was void of guile; he had never told a falsehood, never been entangled in the slightest deceit: he was very easy in his circumstances; he had no relations to prey upon his purse or his feelings; and, though alone in the world, was blessed with such a sweet and benignant temper, gifted with so many resources, and adorned with so many accomplishments, that he appeared to be always employed, amused. and contented. And yet, by a strange contrariety of events, it appeared that this excellent person was now placed in a situation which is generally the consequence of impetuous passions not very scrupulous in obtaining their ends. That breast, which heretofore would have shrunk from being analysed only from the refined modesty of its nature, had now become the depository of terrible secrets the day could scarcely pass over without finding him in a position which rendered equivocation on his part almost a necessity, while all the auxieties inseparable from pecuniary embarassments were forced upon his attention. and his feelings were racked from sympathy with individuals who were bound to him by no other tie, but to whose welfare he felt himself engaged to sacrifice all his pursuits, and devote all his time and labor. And yet he did not murmur, although he had scarcely hope to animate him. In whatever light he viewed coming events, they appeared ominous only of evil. All that he aimed at now was to soothe and support, and it was his unshaken confidence in Providence that alone forbade him to despair.

When he repaired to the Place in the morning be found everything in confusion. Miss Grandison was very unwell; and Lady Armine, frightened by the recent danger from which they had escaped, very alarmed. She could no longer conceal from Ferdinand that his Katherine was here, and perhaps Lady Armine was somewhat surprised at the calmness with which her son received the intelligence. But Miss Grandison was not only very unwell but very obstinate. She would not leave her room, but insisted that no medical advice should be called in. Lady Armine protested, suplicated, abjured; Miss Grandison appealed to Father Glastonbury; and Father Glastonbury, who was somewhat of a physician, was called in, and was obliged to assure Lady Armine that Miss Grandison was only suffering from a cold and only required repose. A warm friendship subsisted between Lady Armine and her niece. She had always been Katherine's favorite aunt, and during the past year there had been urgent reasons why Lady Armine should have cherished this predisposition in her fovor. Dady Armine was a fascinating person, and all her powers had been employed to obtain an influence over the heiress. They had been quite successful. Miss Grandison looked forward almost with as much pleasure to being Lady Armine's daughter as her son's bride. The intended mother-in-law was in turn as warm-hearied as her niece was engaging; and eventually Lady Armine loved Katherine for

herself alone. In a few days, however, Miss Grandison announced that she was quite recovered, and Lady Armine again devoted her unbroken attention to her son, who was now about to rise for the first time from his bed. But although Miss Grandison was no longer an invalid, it is quite certain that if the attention of the other nembers of the family had not been so entirely engrossed, that a very great change in her behaviour could not have escaped their notice. Her flowers and drawings seemed to have lost their relish: her gaiety to have deserted her. She passed a take no refusal, Lady Armine agreed to comgreat portion of the morning in her room; and although it was announced to her that Ferdinand was aware of her being an in ante of the Place, and that in a day or two they might meet, she scarcely evinced, at this prospect of resuming his society, so much gratification as might have been expected: and though she daily took care that his chamber should still be provided with flowers, it might have been remarked that the note she had been so anxious to send him was never written. But how much, under the commonest course of circumstances, happens in

never remarkable till the observation is too

At length the day arrived when Lady Ar mine invited her niece to visit her son. Miss Grandison expressed her readiness to accom-pany her away but took an opportunity of requesting Glastonbury to join them; and all three proceded to the chamber of the invalid.

The white curtain of the room was drawn; but though the light was softened, the apartment was by no means obscure. Ferdinand was sitting in an easy chair, supported by pillows. A black handkerchief was just twined round his forehead, for his head had been shaved, except a few curls on the side and front, which looked stark and lustreless. He was thin and pale, and his eyes and cheeks were so wan and hollow, that it was hardly credible that in so short a space of time a man could become such a wreck. When he saw Katherine he involuntarily dropped his his eyes, but extended his hand to her with some effort of earnestness. She was almost as pale as he, but she took his hand. It was so light and cold, it felt so much like death, that the tears stole down her cheek.

'You hardly know me, Katherine,' said Ferdinand, feebly. 'This is good of you to visit a sick man.

Miss Grandison could not reply, and Lady Armine made an observation to break the

'And how do you like Armine?' said Fer-dinand. 'I wish that I could be your guide. But Father Glastonbury is so kind! A hundred times Miss Grandison tried to

reply, to speak, to make the commonest observation, but it was in vain. She grew paler every moment; her lips moved, but they sent forth no sound. ·Kate is not well,' said Lady Aamine. 'She

much for her.' Ferdinand sighed. 'Mother,' he at length said, 'you must ask indeed she will not feel the imprisonment.

Miss Grandison turned in her chair, and hid her face with her handkerchief. 'My sweet child,' said Lady Armine, rising and kissing her, this is too much for you. You

really must restrain yourself. Ferdinand will soon be himself again; he will indeed.' Miss Grandison sobbed aloud. Father Glastonbury was much distressed, but Ferdinand avoided catching his eye: and yet, at last, Ferdinand said with an effort and in a very

kind voice, 'Dear Kate, come and sit by me. Miss Grandison went into hysterics: Ferdinand sprang from his chair and seized her band; Ludy Armine tried to restrain her son; Father Glastonbury held the agitated Kathe-

For God's sake. Ferdinand, be calm,' exclaimed Lady Armine. 'This is most unfortunate. Dear, dear Katherine, but she has such a heart! All the women have in our family, and none of the men, 'tis so odd. Father (ilastonbury, water if you please, that glass of water; sal volatile; where is the sal volatile? My own, own Katherine, pray, pray restrain yourself! Ferdinand is here; remember Ferdinand is here, and he will soon be well; soon quite well. Believe me, he is already quite another thing. There, drink that, darling, drink that. You are bet-

ter now?" 1 am so foolish, said Miss Grandison, in a

mournful voice. 'I never can pardon my-self for this. Let me go.' Father Glastonbury bore her out of the room; Lady Armine turned to her son. He was lying back in his chair, his hands covering his eyes. The mother stole gently to him, and wiped tenderly his brow, on which hung the light drops of perspiration, occa-

sioned by his recent exertion. ·We have done too much, my own dear Ferdinand. Yet who could have expected that dear girl would have been so affected? Father Glastonbury was indeed right in preventing you so long from meeting. And yet it is a blessing to see that she has so fond a heart. You are fortunate, my Ferdinand; you will indeed be happy with her.'

Ferdinand groaned. · I shall never be happy.' he murmured. Never bappy, my Ferdinand! Oh! you must not be so low-spirited. Think how much better you are; think, my Ferdinand, what a change there is for the better. You will soon be well, dearest, and then, my love, you know you cannot belo being.'

'Mother,' said Ferdinand, 'you are de ceived; you are all deceived; l, I--No! Ferdinand, indeed we are not. I am

confident, and I praise God for it, that you are getting better every day. But you have done too much, that is the truth. I will leave you now, love, and send the nurse, for my presence excites you. Try to sleep, love.' And Lady Armine rang the bell, and quitted the room.

LADY ARMINE now proposed that the family should meet in Ferdinand's room after dinner; but Father Glastonbury, whose opinion on most subjects generally prevailed, scarcely approved of this suggestion. It was therefore but once acted upon during the week that followed the scene described in our last chapter, and on that evening Miss Grandison had so severe a head-ache, that it was quite impossible for her to join the circle. At length, however, Ferdiuand made his appearance below, and established himself in the library; it now, therefore, became absolutely necessary that Miss Grandison should steel her nerves to the altered state of her betrothal, which had at first apparently so much affected her sensibility, and, by the united influence of habit and Father Glastonbury, it is astonishing what progress she made. even at last could so command her feelings, that she apparently greatly contributed to his amusement. She joined in the family concerts, once even read to him. Every morning, too, she brought him a flower, and often offered him her arm. And yet Ferdinand could not resist observing a great difference in her behavior towards him since he had last | fruitful at the present moment in mortificaquitted her at Bath. Far from conducting herself, as he had nervously apprehended, as if her claim to be his companion were irre sistible, her carriage, on the contrary, indicated the most retiring disposition; she annoved him with no expression of fondness and listened to the kind words which he occasionally urged himself to bestow upon her with a sentiment of grave regard and p acid silence, which almost filled him with astonishment One morning, the weather being clear and

fine. Ferdinand insisted that his mother, who had as vet scarcely quitted his side should drive out with Sir Ratcliffe; and, as he would ply. The carriage was ordered, was at the toor; and as Lady Armine bade him adleu, Ferdinand rose from his seat and took the arm of Miss Grandison, who seemed on the point of retiring; for Father Glastonbury re-mained, and therefore Ferdinand was not without a companion.

'I will see you go off,' said Ferdinand. 'Adieu!' said Lady Armine. 'Take care of him, dear Kate,' and the phaston was soon out of sight. 'It is more like May than January,' said

Shall, I send for Father Glastonbury?' said

Rathering.
Not if my arm be not too heavy for you, said Ferdinand. So they walked slowly on, perhaps some fifty yards, until they arrived at garden-seat, very near the rose-tree whose flowers Henrietta Temple so much admired. It had no flowers now, but seemed as desolate as their unhappy loves.

'A moment's rest,' said Ferdinand, and sighed. Dear Kate, I wish to speak to

Miss Grandison turned pale.

I have semething on my mind, Katherine, of which I would endeavor to relieve myself Miss Grandison, did not reply, but she trembled. 'It concerns you, Katherine.' Still she was silent, and expressed no as-

tonishment at this strange address. If I were anything now but an object of pity, a miserable and broken-hearted man, continued Ferdinand, I might shrink from this communication; I might delegate to another this office, humiliating as it then might be to me, painful as it must, under any circumstances, be to you. But,' and here his voice faltered, 'but I am far beyond the power of mortification now. 'The world and the world's ways touch me no more. There is a duty to fulfill; I will fulfill it. I have offended against you, my sweet, and gentle cousin; grievously, bitterly, infamously

offended. 'No, no, no!' murmured Miss Grandison. Katherine, I am unworth; of you; I have deceived you. It is neither for your honor nor your happiness that these ties which our friends anticipate should occur between us. But, Katherine, you are avenged.'

Oh! I want no vengence!' muttered Miss Grandison, her face pale as marble, her eyes | contented and happy. His slow convaled has been very unwell. This visit, she added | convulsively closed. 'Cease, cease, Ferdinin a whisper to Ferdinand, is a little too and; this conversation is madness; you will

be ill again.' 'No, Katherine, I am calm. Fear not for me. There is much to tell; it must be told, Katherine to come and sit here with you; if if only that you should not believe that I was a systematic villain, or that my feelings were engaged to another when I breathed to nance, that there were deeper causes than vou those vows.'

'Oh! anything but that; speak of anything

but that! Ferdinand took her hand.

Kutherine, listen to me. I honor you, my gentle cousin, I esteem you, I admire; I could die content if I could but see you happy. With your charms and virtues, I thought that we might be happy. My intentions were as sincere as my belief in our future felicity. Oh! no, dear Katherine, I could not trifle with so

pure and gentle a bosom.' 'Have I accused you, Ferdinand?'

But you will, when you know all. 'I do know all,' said Miss Grandison, in s hollow voice.

Her hand fell from the weak and trembling grasp of her cousin. 'You know all!' he at length exclaimed. And can you, knowing all, live under the same roof with me? Can you see me? Can you listen to me? Is not my voice torture to you? Do you not hate and despise me?

'It is not my nature to hateanything; least of all could I hate you.' 'And could you, knowing all still minister to my wants and watch my sad necessities? This gentle arm of yours; could you knowing

all, let me lean upon it this morning?" Ferdinand, I have acted as duty, religion, and it may be, some other considerations prompted me. My feelings have not been so much considered that they need now be

anatysed.' · Reproach me, Katherine, I deserve your reoroaches.'

Mine may not be the only reproaches that you have deserved, Ferdinand; but permit me to remark, from me you have received none. I pity you, I sincerely pity you.'

'Father Glastonbury has told you?' said Ferdinand. That communication is among the other

'He told you?' said Ferdinand, enquiringly. 'All that it was necessary I should know for your honor, or, as some might think, for my own happiness; no more, I would listen

tify. It is enough that your heart is another's; I seek not, I wish not, to know that person's name.' 'I cannot mention it,' said Ferdinand but there is no secret from you. Father

to no more. I had no idle curiosity to gra-

Glastonbury may, should tell all. 'Amid the wretched she is not the least miserable,' said Miss Grandison. 'Katherine!' said Ferdinand, after a moment's pause, 'tell me that you do not hate me; tell me that you pardon me; tell me that you think me more mad than wicked!'

'Ferdinand,' said Miss Grandison, 'I think we are both unfortunate.' 'I am without hope,' said Ferdinand; 'but you, Katherine, your life must still be bright

and fair.' 'I can never be happy, Ferdinand, if you are not. I am alone in the world. You family are my only relations; I cling to them. Your mother is my mother; I love her with the passion of a child. I looked upon our union only as the seal of that domestic feeling that had long bound us all. My happiness now entirely depends upon your family; theirs I feel is staked upon you. It is the conviction of the total desolation that must occur if our estrangement be suddenly made known to them, and you, who are so impetuous, decide upon any rash course, in consequence, that has induce i me to sustain the painful part that I now uphold. This is the reason that I would not reproach you. Ferdinand, that I would not quarrel with you, that I would not desert them in this

hour of their affliction.' 'Katherine, beloved Katherine!' exclaimed the distracted Ferdinand, why did we ever part?

'No! Ferdinand, let us not deceive ourselves. For me, that separation, however tion and unhappiness, must not be considered altogether an event of unmingled misfortune. In my opinion, Ferdinand, it is better to be despised for a moment than to be neglected for a life.

Despised | Katherine, for God's sake spare me; for God's sake, do not use such language Despised! Katherine, at this moment I declare most solemnly all that I feel is, how thoroughly, how infamously unworthy I am of von! Dearest Katherine, we cannot recall the past, we cannot amend it! but let me assure you that at this very hour there is no being on earth I more esteem, more reverence than yourself.'

'It is well, Ferdinand. I would not willingly believe that your fellings towards me were otherwise than kind and generous. But let us understand each other. I shall remain at present under this roof. Do not misapprehend my views. I seek not to recall your affections. The past has proved to me that we are completely unfitted for each other. I have not those dazzling qualities that could enchain a flery brain like yours. I know myself; I know you; and there is nothing that would fill me with more terror now than our anticipated union. And now, Fordinand to his cousin. I fancy I should after this frank conversation, let our fature intercourse be cordial and unembarrassed;

let us remember we are kinsfolk. The feelings between us should by nature be amiable: no incident has occurred to disturb them, for I have not injured or offended you; and as for your conduct towards me, from the bottom of

my heart I pardon and forget it.'
'Katherine' said Ferdinand, with stream. ing eyes, kindest, most generous of women; My heart is too moved, my spirit too broken, to express what I feel. We are kinsfolk; let us be more. You say my mother is your mother. Let me have the privilege of that admission. Let me be a brother to you: you shall find me, if I live, a faithful one.

Ferdinand felt much calmer in his mind after this conversation with his cousin. Her affectionate attention to him now, instead of filling him as it did before with remorse, was really a source of consolation, if that be not too strong a phrase to describe the state of one so throughly wretched as Captain Armine; for his terrible illness and impending death had not the slightest degree allayed or affected his profound passion for Henrieita Temple. Her image unceasingly engaged his thoughts; he still clung to the wild idea that she might vet be his. But his health im. proved so slowly, that there was faint hope of his speedily taking any steps to induce such a result. All his enquiries after her, and Father Glastonbury, at his suggestion, had not been idle, were quite fruitless. He had no doubt that she had quitted England. What might not happen, far away from him, and believing herself betrayed and deserted? Often when he brooded over these terrible contingencies, he regretted his recovery.

Yet his family, thanks to the admirable conduct of his admirable cousin, were still cence was now their only source of anxiety They regretted the unfavorable season of the year; they looked forward with hope to the genial influence of the coming spring. That was to cure all their cares; and vet they might well suspect, when they watched his ever pensive, and often suffering countephysical debility and bodily pain pain to account for that moody and wee-begone expression. Alas! how changed from that Ferdinand Armine, so full of hope, and courage, and youth, and beauty, that had burst on their enraptured vision on his return from Malta. Where was that gaiety now that made all eyes sparkle, that vivacious spirit that kindled energy in every bosom? How miserable to see him crawling about with a wretched stick, with his thin, pale face, and tottering llmbs, and scarcely any other pursuit than to creep about the pleasaunce, where, when the day was fair, his servant would place a camp-stool opposite the cedar tree where he had first beheld Henrietta Temple; and there he would sit sit, until the unkind winter breezes would make him shiver, gazing on vacancy; yet peopled to his mind's eye with beautiful and fearful appari-

tions. And it is love, it is the most delightful of human passions, that can bring about such Why will its true course never run misery! smooth? Is there a spell over our heart, that its finest emotions should lead only to despair? When Ferd nand Armine, in his reveries, dwelt upon the past; when he recalled the hour that he had fisst seen her, her first glance, the first sound of her voice, his visit to Ducie, all the passionate scenes to which it led, those sweet wanderings through its enchanted bowers, those bright mornings, so full of expectation that was never baulked, those soft eyes, so redolent of tenderness that could never cease; when from the bright, and glowing, and gentle scenes his memory conjured up, and all the transport and the thrill that surrounded them like an atmosphere of love, he turned to his shattered and broken-hearted self, the rigid heaven above, and what seemed to his perhaps upwise and uugrateful spirit, the mechanical sympathy and common-place affection of his comgood offices we owe him, replied Miss Gran- panions, it was as if he had wakened from some too vivid and too glorious dream, or as if he had fallen from some brighter planet

upon our cold, dull earth. And yet it would seem the roof of Armine Place protected a family that might yield to few in the beauty and engaging qualities of its inmates, their happy accomplishments, their kind and cordial hearts. And all were devoted to him. It was on him alone the noble spirit of his father dwelt still with pride and joy; it was to soothe and gratify him that his charming mother exerted all her graceful care and all her engaging gifts. It was for him, and his sake, the generous heart of his cousin had submitted to mortification without a murmur, or indulged her unhappiness only in solitude; and it was for him that Father Glastonbury exercised a devotion that might alone induce a man to think with complacency both of his species and himself. But the heart, the heart, the jealous and despotic heart! It rejects all substitutes, it spurns all compromise, and it will have its purpose or it will break.

THE Marquis of Montfort was the grandson of that nobleman who had been Father Glastonbury's earliest patron. The old duke had been dead some years; his son had succeeded to his title, and Digby, that youth whom the reader may recollect was about the same age as Ferdinand Armine, and was his companion during the happy week in London which preceded his first military visit to the Mediterranean, now bore the second title

of the family. The young Marquis was an excellent specimen of a class inferior in talents, intelligence, and accomplishments, in public spirit and in private virtues, to none in the world, the English nobility. His complete education had been carefully conducted; and although his religious creed, for it will be remembered be was a Catholic, had deprived him of the advantage of matriculating at an English university, the zeal of an able and learned tutor. and the resources of a German Alma Mater, had afforded every oppportunity for the development of his considerable talents. Nature had lavished on him otherglits besides his distinguished intelligence and his amiable temper; his personal beauty was remarkable, and his natural grace was not less evident than his many acquired accomplishments.

On quitting the university of Bonn, Lord Montfort had passed several years on the continent of Europe, and had visited and resided at most of its courts and capitals, an admired and cherished guest; for, debarred at the period of our story from occupying the seat of his ancestors in the estate, his native country offered no very urgent claims upon his presence. He had ultimately fixed upon Rome as his principal residence, for he was devoted to the arts, and in his palace were collected some of the rarest specimens of ancient and modern invention.

At Piss, Lord Montfort had made the acquaintance of Mr. Temple, who was residing in that city for the benefit of his daughter's health, who, it was feared by her physician was in decline. I say the acquaintance of Mr. Temple; for Lord Montfort was aware of the existence of his daughter only by the occasional mention of her name, as Miss Temple was never seen. The agreeable manners, varied information, and accomplished mind of Mr. Temple, had attracted and won the atten-

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