M Teefy

HOLMBY HOUSE.

appeal, which I would cheerfully have laid my head on the block to avoid, has been resorted to, and by the decision of the God of battles we must now abide. War is surely excusable if it lead to peace. Oh, Peace ! Peace ! I see her in my dreams, with her olive branch and her dove-like eyes, and the skirt of her pure white robe dabbled with blood from the carnage through which she must pass. I stretch my arms to clasp her round the knees, and implore her to remain. and she vanishes, and I wake-wake to what? To see merry England devastated from sea to sea, her quiet homesteads smok-ing, her fertile valleys spoiled and trampled by the hoof of war. Widows and orphans ap-pealing to my Sovereign and his advisers to restore them their lost protectors. Thank God for my countrymen ! that the worst scenes of rapine and violence are spared us-that when the fight is over, men cannot at once forget that they come of the same stock, and speak the same language. But how long is this to last? How long will it be ere some unavoidable act of cruelty leads to reprisals, and all the horrors of ancient civil war are enacted over again ? What will England be then Oh, that I for one may not live to see those times !- that I may die like a soldier under harness, and be spared a suffering worse a thousand times than such a death f"

"But these calamities will be averted," she exclaimed sagerly; for her heart bid her believe that Providence itself would inter-pose to save such a being as Falkland. "Another victory or two, and the Parliament must Cannot Waller be cajoled ? -1not Essex wavering? Have we not the wealth and the lands, and the old blood of England. all on our side ? Are we not prepared, every one of us, to die if need be in the cause ?" And she would have died for it willingly then and there—she would have asked nothing better than to "seal her testimony," as her Puritan enemies would have termed it, "with her blood," but it must have been with her her blood, bit it must have been with her hand in Falkland's—with her eyes fixed on Falkland's face. Varily, a woman's patriotism is influenced by other than the love of country. Never-theless, if not sincere politicians, they are un-failing partisans : and Mary was as staunch a Coavalier es ever draw a sword Cavalier as ever drew a sword.

And therefore it is that I must away to Ray before the sun is another hour higher un in the sky,' said Falkland, with a rare smile that illuminated his plain features into actual beauty—that found its man features into actual companion's heart. If our forc s should be engaged; if the Parliament should be worsted, or we ourselves defeated; in either case, Mistress Mary, you would not have me absent from my post ?' 'In either case,' she replied, with her voice

'In either case, 'she replied, with her voice trembling, her eyes deepening and mois-tening once more, 'in either case, Lord (ill-fated ancestors, who grudged not to lavish Falkland, I would be the last woman on earth to bid you stay, Ay !-even if I had the right, the last on earth, because-I

She hesitated, changed colour, and stoope She hesitated, changed colour, and stoope d to pick a rose. which she picked to pieces, unconscious what she did ; but she averted her looks from her companion, and seemed to count the tender pink petals as they fell noiselessly on the gravel path. Was he blind? was he totally incensible? was the man marble, that hecould proceed so calmly and unconsciously— "There must he no reserve : we must cast

so calmly and unconsciously— "There must be no reserve; we must east all into the treasury, and hold back nothing. It is a small thing that I give my life; there is more than life to be sacrificed — happiness and home and all the holiest affections of a man. "I leave my duties," he spoke musingly and dreamily now; "I leave my children—I leave my duties fond wife——"" fond wife -----

"Hold, my lord !" interrupted Mary, with an abruptness which, though it was lost on it away carefully in the breast of his buff her companion, was none the less startling to herself, that her breath came quick and her wondered why he did it ? and blushed as six heart seemed to stop beating—"Hold ! we thought of one or two possible have but little time before us; let us attend "wherefores," and admired the sorrel have but little time before us; let us attend to the business in hand. I have letters to show you here." She drew a packet from her hosom as she spoke, one single missive hearts. Would Grace have been pleased or

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cause

to attempt to establish.

locked, and she had to wrestleit out unassistnoisy Cavaliers who are even now turning ed with the one great fatality of her life, what is that to us? " Verily the heart knoweth is house upside down. Nay, the exhortations and awakenings of the former were not conits own bitterness." ined exclusively to male converts; and black-

We do not assert that from the corner of her browed, red-elbowed Joan had administered such a slap on the face to a certain proselytizing window she did not watch him ride away on his eventful and fatal journey; but her oath was religiously kept from that hour, for corporal as sent him down on the dairy floor with the suddenness and precision of a roundshot. Verily the man of war, under what-soever banner he fights, is too apt to arrogate on earth she never saw Lord Falkland's face

And he paced once more up and down the to himself the exclusive protection of beauty; nor whatever might be the shortcomings and terrace, and thought of the beautiful woman who had so unreservedly cast herself upon back-slidings of the Puritan party, could the Cavaliers be held entirely blameless on this his generosity, and so frankly confessed to him her wild and hopeless love. Then he score. emembered a fond, faithful face at home Our acquaintance Dymocke, grave and illand a thrill of pain shot through him as he favored as is his long weatherbeaten visage, scored with the lines of more than forty years, has yet a dry confident way with and a thrift of pain shot through him as he reflected how he might never see that face again. "Alas, alas !" he said, almost aloud, "it is even so? Is there no peace, no happi-ness on earth? Must there be nothing but conflict and sorrow, and envy and strife, in public as in private. Women's hearts sore and breaking, men grappling at each other's throate. Beace, Beaced, must Llock for him that works wonders with the female sex. Let the daughters of Eve say what they will,

there is no man in whom they take such an interest as a confirmed, sarcastic old bachelor. He is a riddle to be read, a rebel to be subthroats. Peace ! Peace ! must I look for thee in vain, save in another world ? Oh ! ugated ; he begins by provoking, goes on to interest, and ends perhaps by tyrannizing over them most effectually. Joan's proselytizing admirer, notwithstand-I am weary of the times-God grant I may be out of the mere long !" They were soon mounted for the journey, Joan's prosciptizing admirer, notwithstand-ing his cropped hair and hideous scarf, was a likely well-looking youth enough, yet she knocked him down without a moment's hesi-tation when his blandishments became too and a gallant cavalcade they made. Lord Vaux himself, bareheaded, conducted his Lord honored guest to the door. Grace Allonby pre-sented the stirrup-eup, at which good Sir personal; but to judge by the expression of Giles took a long and hearty pull. Habit is second nature after all; and in those days hat determined young woman's physiognomy, such an argument is the last to which she men belted on their swords and thrust them-selves into their stout buff coats on the evo ould at this moment resort, even should her colloquy with sly, experienced Hugh Dymocke terminate in as hazardous an enof an engagement with as few misgivings and as little caremony as would precede a terprise as that which discomfited the unlucky stag-hunt or a hawking match. Even Grace

orporal. '' More eggs,'' said Joan, returning from a postponed her tears till after their departure and an aprontal of the spoils; "eggs and bacond an strong ale—better fare than you and your master get at home, I warrant me, and accepted the ceremonious farewells of the Cavaliers, and admired the Cornet's sorrel horse, perhaps also the sorrel's rider, as if her father were not bound on a hazardous enterprise, and engaged in a sinking and better than you deserve, for all your smooth speeches and come-over-me ways.

Ah, we may prate as we will of the *prestige* of success; we may talk of the smile of prosperity, the favoring gale of fortune. It is pleasantest, no doubt, Get along with you, do !" The latter ejaculation was consequent upon a practical remark made by Dymocke, with its usual gravity, but which led to no further and easiest, too, to ride a winning race; but if we want to see examples of unffinching enresult than a continuance of the flirtation on he part of the lady. "Aye, it's all mighty well," continued

durance, brilliant heroism, and superhuman devotion, we must look for them amongst the Joan, setting both arms akimbo, and looking boldly up at her companion : "you tell me this, and you tell us that, and you think we're fools enough to believe every word partisans of a sinking cause-amongst the Bonapartists of 1814; amongst the Royalists of the Revolution; amongst the adherents of you say. Why now, for all your impu-dence you durs'nt look me in the face, weak, chivalrous, misguided Prince Charlie. and tell me you haven't got a sweethcart at home !"

The expression which this flattering suggestion called into Dymocke's face was a study in itself.

"Sweethearts here and sweethearts there, my bonnie lass," was the courteous reply: 'it isn't often such a face as yours comes across us, fighting and marching, and rid-ing and conquering from one end of England to the other. There's my master and the Cautin as hunguy as having a latte here the Cornet Bosville, however, was absent and Cornet Bosville, however, was absent and preoccupied during all these courteous pre-parations for departure. To Sir Giles's pledge, which half emptied the stirrup cup, he gave but a cold return. To Lord Vaux's hospitable entreaties that he would come back at some future time, and improve an acquaintance so auspiciously begun, he replied indeed in an eager affirmative, but left off in the middle of Captain as hungry as hawks: let's have the eggs and bacon frizzling on the kitchen fire this minute, and you'll see, if I'm alive this day week, and taken notice of maybe by the King, (God bless him !) what sort of a story I'll have to tell you then. Soh, my lass, gently with the frying-pan. There's a face for a wedding favor !' And with these ominous words the old soldier chucked the aforesaid face under the chin, and bore off the smoking dish in triumph for the repast of was the happy window? At least these roses were likely to become her peculiar care, and the two officers in the parlor. Cornet Bosville sat and mused in the wide

chimney-corner, carcless of the noise and bustle in the yard, careless of his servant's easeless interruptions, careless of the comrade who occupied the same chamber, and who also seemed deeply engaged with his own thoughts, careless even of his supper, that imsorrel portant event in the military day. 11e had idden far and fast since sunrise; he had

without, so thought Effiingham-not an imforce of the enemy. A poor little child had pulse from within. He said as much. been left behind, overlooked in the flight of the inhabitants, and was found helpless and crying amongst the ruins of what had at once een its home. The child's mother, regardless of the danger to which she was exposed. was seen frantically waving her arms to her lost darling, and was only prevented from rushing to its rescue and her own death by a couple of stout soldiers who held her back by force. The ground between the hostile parties was swept by a withering cross-fire; Humphrey Bosville seixed the child in his arms, and an old halberdier who was near him avowed that the infant ceased crying at once when soothed by that kind face and gentle voice. Coolly, steadily, as if on parade, with measured step and slow, the young offi-cer, covering the infant with his body, paced that deadly interval till he reached the ranks of the enemy, placed the babe in its mother's arms, first kissing the child's wet check, and then, with a courteous bow, the hand of the grateful woman. At the same pace, with the same bearing, he rejoined his own men, unscathed and unmolested. The enemy did not even strive to take him prisoner, but the soldiers who saw the deed, friends and foes. gave him a cheer that rose above the rattle of muskety and the thunder of great guns. The action was characteristic of the man. He was brave, generous, and devoted, but there was too much woman in his heart. Such a nature is made to be imposed upon, to be the tool and the cat's-paw of longer heads and less sensitive feelings; above all, to be made a fool of by that sex which is proverbially adlicted to "ride the willing horse too hard." His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Dymocke bearing the repast which it had cost him such an expenditure of gallantry to obtain, and which he now placed upon the table between the two officers with an expression of fatherly care and satisfaction on his lean long visage which "What would become of my master—what would become of his friends—of Colepper's origade-of the army-of the King himselfwithout the experience and forethought of sage Hugh Dymocke ?''

Breaking from a profound fit of abstraction, and drawing his chair to the table. Bosville's comrade proceeded to attack Joan's triumph of culinary skill with all the energy of a pracical campaigner. Nor did the Cornet himeff, however engrossing may have been the subject of his previous meditations, seem to have lost the appetite which seldom forsakes a soldier living, as the cavaliers too often did, at free quarters. While the eggs and bacon are rapidly disappearing under the combined serviceable teeth, and the large brown jug of strong ale is visibly approaching the ebb, we must take leave to introduce to our readers a gentleman of good birth and station, bearing the name of George Effingham, and hold-ing rank as a Captain of Horse in the Royal army.

Cool, brave and resolute, Effingham had lone good service on more than one occusion, when the general laxity of discipline and mut iplicity of commanders were creating disorder in the ranks of the Cavaliers. He possess the rare faculty of retaining his pre-sence of mind and imperturbulity of de-meanor whon all event and were enger, excited and confused. Nor did personal responsibility seem to effect his nerves one whit more than imminent danger. Such qualities are invaluable to an officer, and Colepepper's favorite captain might have become one of the most distinguished commonders in the Royal army. But Effingham's heart was never thoroughly in the cause. Essentially an enthusiast, one of that class whom persecution too surely develops into functions, he was continually reasoning in his own mind on the justice of the quarrel in which he has engaged. His tendency to fatalism bade him argue that the constant

" You have found somebody to give them to," continued he, laying his hand on the to,' continued he, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, and looking kindiy into his face. "Poor boy, peor boy! I thought you were safe, all alike in the Royal army—all fools together, Humphrey. Listen lad. I dreamed a dream last night. I pray that my dream come not over true! I dreamed that we broke Walter's column, and were puting them man by man to the sword. when my horse fell, the old black horse, and the charge swept over me, and I rose to my feet light and unencumbered in an instant, and light and unenclimbered in an instant, and there lay George Effingham on his back amongst the hoof-prints, with his black-muz-zled face deadly pale, and his sword in his hand, and his heavy horseman's boots on, and a small round spot on his forehead, as dead as Julius Cæsar, and I stood by him and cared not that he had ever belonged to me. Then a headless figure in a courtier's dress, with a courtier's rapier and ruffles and bravery, came and placed its thin white hand in mine, and a voice asked me tidings of the wife and children it had left, and the cause it had too warmly espoused, and the master who had betrayed it, and I answered it as I would answer you, "Widows and orphans; a failing cause, and a doomed King." Then we were in London, for I could not release myself from the grasp of that thin white hand, and perforce followed where it led, and we paused at the Tower Stairs, and the river was running red with blood, so we took boat and ascended to Whitehall, and the river was red with blood there too, and the thin white hand grasped mine so painfully that I woke. Read my dream, Humphrey Bosville; ex-pound to me my vision, and I will confess that there is wit even below the buff cont and embroidered belt of an officer of the Royal

army.' "I can read no dreams," answered Humphrey, his face kindling; "but come what may, if all the rivers in broad England must run red with the blood of the cavaliers, if I alone am left and they lead me out to the slaughter, as long as they don't bind my hands I will fling my hat in the air before every canting Roundhead of them all, and shout with my last gasp, 'God and the King.'"

A melancholy, pitying smile stole slowly yovar Effinghan's countenance. A kindly glance, painfully at variance with his stern, harsh expression, shone out from his deep eyes. Again he laid his hand upon Bosville's houlder, and leading him to the open winlow, bade him look forth and listen.

The night was already dark, save for the glimmer of a few stars faintly twinkling in the solemn sky. All nature was hushed in peace and repose, but from Goring's headquarters on the opposite hill the night breeze bore the sounds of wassail and revelry, the stamping of feet, the jingling of vessels; all the riotous sounds of an orgie, with a loyal chorus shouted out at intervals in no inharnonious tones.

"And these are the men," said George Effingham, "with whom we are content to cast in our lot-with whom you and I must perforce be content to triumph, and content o die!

THE REVELLERS.

set the caster !"

CHAFTER VII.

I set the caster !" The speaker was a boy of some eighteen summers, tall and graceful, beautiful as Absalom, and, in his present frame of mind, reckless as Lucifer; his eyes shining, and his face pale with wine, his long silken love-locks floating disordered over his point lace collar and embroidered doublet, his belts and the converse of the proposition which states apparel all awry, a goblet of canary in his nd, and on hu aleam

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natural element, in the atmosphere of vice which was most suitable to his temperament and his constitution. To rob a friend of his and his constitution. To rob a friend of his money, to cajole him of his mistress, to finesse han out of his life should be presume to make objections --such were merely 'the customs of society.' 'the ways of the world .' they sailed one like Goring admirably--the game was adapted to his style of play, and he conversity may a science. What could have generally rose a winner. What could be better? He would be the last to wish the rules altered.

him by the debauch. He was simply in his

God help us all ! And yet this man was once a laughing, frank-hearted child—once clasped his little hands and said his prayers Goring was one of those gentlemen who at his mother's knee!

The scene was worthy of the actors. A opine that there is no dishonor so long as the second was worthy of the actors. A sword is ready to maintain that which the long low room, with a stone floor, and a wide

opine that there is no dishonor so long as the sword is ready to maintain that which the lips have spoken, and that a slauder or a falsehood can only affect the character of the man who utters it when he is not prepared to vindicate it by shedding of blood. It is an ignoble creed, truly, and an unchristian-like, yet on its basis are founded many of those estiments which we so falsely term the essence of chivalry. "Hold, gentlemen," said Sir Giles, "re-member our compact when we sat down. Goring only means that Wilmot is a practised tactician. You think so yourself, my Loord Byron ; is it not so?" Groing was the most placable of men when nothing was to be gained by animosity. He stretched his hand to Byron.--"I said he'd fight like a devil, Byron, and I meant it, when he can't run away, surrounded, as he takes care to be, by a guard of honor of Byron's Blacks? Faith I doubt if your fellows have ever been taught how to go to "Byron's Blacks? Faith I doubt if your fellows have ever been taught how to go to my heid space and yord, "answered Byron mutted by survey the state comparison and consoler of mouthed participation and consoler of the faith by survey the state of the move and the was even the minuminest who and the space of the solut as the handmaid of debauchery, whereas now she is now the domestic companion and consoler of mean way house the move and provide her

the rear." handmaid of debatchery, whereas now she is "Enough said, my lord," answered Byron completely appeased by the compliment, and wringing Goring's hand with a hearty squeeze whilst the handsome face hereditary in his family shone with a expression of gratified any time; another bowl to our 'next merry meeting with the Roundhends.' What say ye, gentlemen—we haven't drunk the King's baelth yet?" handmaid of debatchery, whereas now she is now the domestic companion and consoler of many an honest man's hearth. Amidst her floating vapors could be discerned the graceful figures of the Cavaliers, manly and soldier-like, wearing, one and all, the nameless stamp of high-hirth and refinement of manners conspicuous even in the licence of a camp and the freedom of a drinking-bout. Here sat chivalrous Byron, with a calm contented smile smoothing his well-cut features, somesmile smoothing his well-cut features, some health yet ?"

health yet ?" Another bowl, by all means," should the young Cavalier, already half-sobered at the prospect of more revelry; " and Byron shall superintend the making of it, and we'll have our host's pretty daughters in to dance a measure, and one of the Black trumpeters to play us a couranto. Hurrah !" Lord Francis was indeed burning the candle

Lord Francis was indeed burning the candle his spurs jingling against each other as he at both ends, and seemed as determined to make the most of his life as though he could have foreseen how short would be its term; the the most be applied to be able have to reseen how short would be test to the full mounts preparing in to taking brigade— as though he could have looked into the full horse breeding countries for his brigade— ture scarce one brief lustre, and beheld a dis-dry topics, which he took care to moisten ture scarce one brief listre, and benefit is the dearly at with repeated applications to the goblet at Kingston-upon-Thames, brought to bay by some dozen Roundhead troopers, There was Sutherland, the young and generative states and the source of the states of the source of the sour

with his back against a tree, striking fiercely with his back against a tree, striking fiercely and manfully at them all, scouting the bare notion of surrender; dying gallantly, hope-lessly, and devotedly for the King; a true Villiers, "prodigal of his person" to the last. Villiers, "prodigal of his person" to the last. "The pretty daughters are gone to bed," was Carnarvon, the jovial kindly - hearted gentlemen, the ornament and delight of the said Goring, whom the immediate prospect of an engagement with the enemy had placed Court, the finest horseman, the best hawker, the keenest sportsman of his day, the adept at all marly exercises, the lancer, the swords-man, the racket player, the traveller in strange countries, who had breathed himself in an ususually amiable frame of mind, and whom a residence of twenty-four hours in the farm had made completely familiar with the farm had made compresely infinite with the habits strange countries, who had breached intricacies of the establishment and the habits with the most skilful fencers of France, had of the inmates. "It is hardly worth while to flung the jereed in 'Old Castle,' had smoked of the inmates. "It is hardly worth while to disturb their beauty-sleep for such a perform-ance as you propose. Let us fling a couple more mains, Frank, while the bowl is getting ready. You ought to have your revenge." Lord Francis scized the dice-box, nothing loth, and while the two are occupied in the strangely formal strangely and whose discourse, far from the present scene of revely, were resting on merry pastures and blue cloudless skies, and loth, and while the two are occupied in the merry pastures and blue cloudless skies, and strangely-fascinating alternations of hope and hawk and heron, and hood and jesses, and fear which render gambling so attractive a all the delights of the noble science of fal-pastime, it is worth while to examine the perconry, 'So the match shall be made, good my

son and attributes of that distinguished officer of whom so many stories were afloat; lord,' said Sir Giles, as sober as a judge notwhose devotion to the King was more than suspected, yet who did such good service vithstanding his potations, and prepared as suspected, yet who did such good service in his cause; whose character for con-sistency was so often impugned, yet who never failed to carry out any measure on which he had thoroughly determined; whose general life and habits were esteemed so profligate, and yet who commanded the of our humble means, and I will show you such a flight as shall delight your eyes in the so profligate, and yet who commanded the confidence of his master — a reyal example of propriety — and the obedience of his officers, f plone is made to propriety and the observe to pay and the pastures of his Majesty's royal domain at Holmby, where I have had licence to fly my of whom perhaps it would be unjust to make the same assertion. A man, in short, whose every quality, good or bad, had been called in every quality, good or bad, had been called in the same assertion. of whose life had been devoted to establishing sadde."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

detaching itself from the rest, and fluttering unobserved to their fect. "Letters from Jermyn; letters from Walter Montague your old partner, my lord, in many a merry dance. There are traitors even in the court there are traitors about the Queen. We want the clear head, and the true heart, and the ready hand. Read these, Lord Falk and tell us all what is to be done nexi." Read these, Lord Falkland,

He took the papers from her hand and per used them attentively. Again the light from within seemed to break over his whole coun-tonance; and he returned them to her, quictremarking, with an inquiring look, "There still a link wanting in the chain, Mistress ary. Have I seen them all ?" The fallen missive lay under the skirt of

her robe. For an instant she hesitated, and moved so as completely to cover the spot where it lay, then stooped to pick it up, and blushing scarlet, placed it open in Lord Falk-

land's hands. "One more," she said, "from Lord Goring; here it is. He always writes so foolishly; he is so wild and thoughtless. Do not think—I mean, you cannot sup-

Her confusion overcame her completely. He did not seem to notice it. Ere he had perused a dozen lines he gave a little start, and then his port became loftier, his manner more courteous than ever, as he folded up the document and returned it to her, coldly observing---

"This letter is private, Mistress Mary ; and, nardon me for the remark, highly characteristic of the writer. I was not aware you knew Lord Goring so well."

She could bear it no longer ; pride, reserve. prudence, decorum-all gave way before the force of that hopeless passionate love, sweeping in its headlong violence over every rational consideration, every earthly obstacle.

'And you think I care for him ?' she sobbed out wildly; 'that profligate, that adventurer —that licentious, bold, bad man. *You* think it—that *I* care for him. Only say so ! -only let me hear it from your own lips. I, who have had but one ideal ever since I was a girl-I, who have dared to worship the best, the noblest, the greatest of mankind.' She had caught his hand while she spoke, covered it with kisses, and was pressing it almost fiercely against her own heart; 'I, who have loved the very ground you trod on for your sake; I, who have been content to toil and scheme and suffer in the Cause, only to have a share in your work, a claim to your notice. I, who have loved you yes, loved you, Falkland !- and I tell you so now boldly for, come what may, I swear from hence forth never to see your face again-who have leved you for years fondly, madly, faithfully without hope of a return. And you think lightly of me at the last. Oh ! what will be-come of me; how shall I ever hold up my head again ?

She burst into tears as she spoke. She clasped his hand with both of hers closer and closer to her heart, murmuring over it fond, broken, unintelligible words: then suddenly drawing herself up, looked him full in the face. "Fakkand," she said, " from this hour we never meet again; but for your sake I give myself wholly and unreservedly to the Cause-for your sake I devote myself to it,

She swept past him into the the same description from a few of the swept house with the stately bearing she Walker's godly cavalry, and he reflects that spirit bore her up the wide state. knew so well how to assume. The proud apirit hore her up the wide staircase and through the long passages to her own cham-the Dar. If she gave way when the door mathematical and the partiament were as eager to eat of attached had fired a for detailed by through the long passages to her own cham-the Statistic and protect and matching the Statistic and protect and matching the Statistic and Sta

mortified could those soft dark eyes of hers have pierced through the Cornet's buff coat, and point lace kerchief, and Flanders linen to read the secrets hid beneath those de fences? Would the young soldier himself have been gratified had he known which was really Mary Cave's own chamber, and could he have looked through some four feet of stonework and seen with the eyes of the Resh that lady's deep, wild, passionate dis-tress? Why was he not up half an hour carlier, and in the garden, to overhear her conversation with Falkland, and her last long farewell? Would it have altered the whole course of his after life, and nullified the

vagaries which it is the author's province to ecord ?-or is there no such thing as free will : and is the Cornet like his fellows, but : well-dressed puppet in the hands of destiny Sir Giles is right, after all. He attends to the business of the moment; he returns t the stirrup-cup, which he finishes at a draught; he marshals his own and Lord

Falkland's retainers in military order outside the court.

"God bless thee, Gracey ! Take care of 'Diamond,' " says the old man, in a broken whisper, and with tearful eyes, to his darling but his voice rings out manly and cheerful the next instant, as he addresses Lord Falkland "Everything is prepared, my lord. There is no time to be lost; may I give the word to march?"

A trumpet sounds. A small pennon, with the royal arms upon it, is hoisted by an honest English-looking yeoman. Horses snort and trample; steel and stirrup-irons ing cheerily; hats are waved and farewells exchanged once more, and the men ride off to fight and bleed, and the women remain t

watch, and weep and pray. CHAPTER VI. BOOTED AND SPURRED.

In the sheds and outbuildings of an old straggling farmhouse upon the outskirts of the quiet town of Newbury, are quartered a squadron of Colepepper's regiment of horse. Chargers are stamping, and snorting and munching the long yellow straw, of which hey pull out and waste at least as much as hey consume. Strong, well-built yeoman

ooking troopers are tramping about the dairy, n their heavy boots, now in now in the kitchen, jingling their purs, clattering their swords, grinning at their own broad jokes, and making themselves very sufficiently at home. Buxom sountry lasses, confused, yet not altogether displeased by the number and fervency of their admirers, bustle here and there, with scarlet checks and laughing tones, and rustic rejoinders to the rustic gallantrics of their guests. The good man of the house, one of those prudent individuals who aspire to run

with the hare and hunt with the hounds eing a staunch king's man for the nonce, be stirs himself to draw his strongest alo and slice his fattest bacon $f_{\rm c}$ the refreshment of the troops. His nei abor, a quarter of a mile off yonder, on the opposite hill, has got Lord Goring for a lodger, and he blesses his stars to think what an escape he has himself had from such a visitation, and wonders whether neighbor Hodge has sent his pretty daughters out of the way. A month or two ago he had a visit of

shared in Sir Giles Allonby's careless jests, and the deep postry of Falkland's conversaion : had listened absently and with equal ack of interest to both. He had reported him self to Colepepper, and beeen complimented on his diligence, and favored with the welcome news that an engagement was hourly imminent. His heart did not stir as it used to do at the intelligence. Ho had inspected his troop with military care and precision, nor neglected to see the good sor-rei horse well fed and littered down; and now that the duties and fatigues of the day were over, he sat in the chimney-corner nd drew lines on the sanded floor with his sheathed sword, as if there were no other in-

crest or occupation in life. Humphrey Bosville had insensibly passed the line of demarcation which separates light-hearted youth, with its bright anticipations and merry thoughtiessness from ardent. cflective manhood, with its deep, absorbing passions, its strong ambition, the vague

aspirations, the many cares and anxietics that wait upon a beard. Hitherto life had been to him a thing exclusively of the future, now there was a past on which to dwell and ponder. He had already learned to look Alas, that sooner or later the lesson ack. never fails to arrive ! that the time must come when we are too surely convinced by experience that the golden distance before us is but a mirage and a delusion; that for all our discontent and unworthiness while it smiled, we have had our share of happiness here; and that, like Lot's wife we cannot forbear to turn round and gaze, yet, once upon the city we are leaving for evermore. So we turn and look, and it strikes a chill upon our

hearts to think, that if we were never really contented there, how shall we be happy in the wide lonely desert stretching far away before us to meet the wide lonely sky? Bosville's had been no uneventful life, yet

hitherto he had borne his part in its stirring scenes and stormy vicissitudes with the frank carelessness of a boy at play. From his earliest youth he had been of a gentle chival-

rous nature, which accorded well with his personal good looks and attractive physiognomy. As his exterior was fair and well-pro-portioned, adapted for proficiency in all sports and exercises, so was his disposition open. ardent and imaginative, prone to throw itself enthusiastically into the present. but lacking foresight to provide for the future, or reflec tion to deduce counsel from the past.

He would have been a gallant knight in the olden times of chivalry, true to his God and his lady love, over ready to strike for the ause which he espoused, and nothing loth to oppose his single body against a host, if by neb an act of self-devotion he could gain nonor and renown ; but he never would have

been capable of assuming a leader's part in a great enterprise. He might have charged alongside of Richard Cour de Lion. but he never would have made a counsellor for Godfrey de Bouillon. Such a nature in the times in which he lived the seventeenth century as in the nineteenth

was esteemed the worthiest of gentle blood. As a matter of course he injured his patri-mony, rufiling it amongst the gallants at court ; equally as a matter of course he girded s father's sword upon his thigh and took service in the low countries-that happy land, of which it seems to have been for centuries

the privilege to afford an areas for other ropean nations to fight out their quarrels

reverses sustained by the Royal troops were so many additional proofs that they were warring against the will of Heaven ; and the ame misfortunes which endeared the cause all the more to Bosville's generous nature. shocked Effingham's fidelity, and destroyed his confidence in its justice.

His carly life had been spent in study for the law, a profession for which his acute pen-etrating intellect seemed especially to fit him; but a physiognomist would have de-tected in the glitter of his dark deep-set eyes somewhat more of wild imaginative powers than is essential to the drawing of deeds or engrossing of parchments, whilst the firm strong jaw, the well set-on head, and bold bearing were more in character with the buff coat than the judge's rown--with the tramp of horses, the ringing of shots, and the wild alarums of a skirmish. than the hushed murmurs of a court or the

Soumolent dignity of the bench, He is very dark, almost swarthy, with fea ures of classical regularity, and a stern, fierce expression on his countenance, as of one whom no consideration would turn aside rom the path which he had once resolved to follow. A child looking into that set dark face would burst out crying; his frame is large, square, and powerful, his very hand, white and well-shaped though it is, shows a giant's energy and a giant's grasp. Perhaps of all his comrades he likes Humphrey Bos-ville the best. Their characters are so antagonistic. With the exception of personal courage, they have not one quality in com-Their ideas arc so different ; there is non such trusting kindliness about the one, such parsh defiance in the other, that they cannot out be friends. Wee to the man, though, that crosses George Efflingham's path ; friend or foe, brother by blood or brother in arms, down he must go, without hesitation and without remorse ! He would not turn aside

a hand's breadth to avoid trampling down a wounded man in the battle; he would not swerve an inch from his purpose to spare the mother that bore him in the career of life.

'So Essex is marching parallel with our main body,' said the Cornet, setting down the ale-jug with a deep sigh after a hearty pull at its contents. 'Now is the time to bring him to an action, and come down with our cav-alry upon his flank. Byron has brought his horse up fresh and ready for work. Our own brigade has rested for thirty-six hours, and will come out to-morrow like young eagles.

The enemy must be weary and harassed now or never is our opportunity. We shall not get such another chance of winning lau-rels in a hurry. Zounds, Effingham, we ought to gather them by handsful this time !' And we shall lose it,' was the reply ; 'lose

it, as we have lost every opportunity of terminating the struggle at a stroke ; lose it and hold up our hands and bless ourselves and call a council of war, and say, "Who'd have thought it ?" Humphrey, Providence was sure to embrace the profession that in is against us; we are fighting with invisible fees-with carclessness, impineness, immorality : we are "kicking against the pricks. Laurels, forsooth ! what are laurels after all : -weeds, rubbish, refuse, dear to the unawakened heart ! And you, young one, what have you to do with laurels ? I never heard you talk so before.'

It was true enough. The spark of ambition had, indeed, lain dormant hitherto in Bosville's breast. His daily pay (when he

could get it), his highly quarters, his troop still assuming his pleasant smile, though it deepened and hardened somewhat about the his duty, his horses, and his arms, had till now been all sufficient for his wants and inlines of the mouth. "I always mean what I

ace the wild joyous of a spirit that has never known misfortune or reverse. Goring smiled pleasantly-win-ning or losing he could always smile pleasantly -could betray a woman or run a man through the body with the same good-humored expression on his handsome, dissolute face.

the devil's luck and your own too. We can't hold our way with the young ones, can we, Sir Giles? Nevertheless, fifty my boy, if you will; just to oblige you this

In a hand white and soft as a lady's, he shook the box aloft, and the imprisoned cubes leaped out to mulet the young roue of fifty gold pieces for the benefit of the old one. The boy laughed, and drained his glass to the dregs. What cared he for fifty gold pieces, with the inheritance before him—the golden inheritance of hope, that seems so in exhaustible at eighteen? "Once more !" he shouted, flinging a heavy

purse upon the table ; "one more set, Goring, and then for another smoking bowl, and an-other roaring chorus that shall rouse the crop-cared knaves in their leaguer out vonler on the hill; and bring them down by daybreak on the nest of hornets we have got ready for them at Newbury." "Softly, my lad," interrupted Sir Giles

Allonby, laying his heavy hand on the purse, which Goring seemed to look at already as his own, "you've had gambling and drink enough for one night; you'll have a bellyful of fighting to-morrow, or I'm mistaken. Take an old soldier's advice; turn in with your boots on, all ready for the reveillee. Get a few hours' sleep, and so be up and alive to-morrow morning at daybreak. I was young myself once, lad, but I never could keep the bowl trundling all the game through as you do; I never could burn the candle at both ends, and ride all day with Wilmot, to rest mysolf by drink-

ing all night with Goring." "Trust him to be snug and sober at this very minute," said the latter worthy, between whom and Wilmot, rivals in ambition, disheart worth the winning, and if it does, too surely broaks it, and flings it scornfully sipation, gallantry and war, there was a away.

smothered grudge of many years' standing. "Wilmot's fighting, and drinking, and love-making, must all be done by the square. Why, he never could fly a hawk in the morning if he had heard the chimes ring never so softly over night.'

"Give the devil his due, Goring," observed Colepepper, a grim old officer, with a scar on his ch ek that lent a sardonic expression to his whole countenance, and an inexhaustible power of absorption, such as the handsome lad at his elbow had got drunk in trying to emulate. "I've seen him fight as well as here and there one. You haven't forgotten Roundway Down : and as for drinking-when Wilmot really turns his attention to drinking, he is a better man by two bottles of sack than

any one here as this table." "Granted," said Goring, in perfect goodhumor, and still fingering the dicc-box, as if loth to lose the chance of auother cast. "All I maintain is, he can't do both. Give him two days of leisure to sleep it off and he'll

empty a hogshead; put him in a corner where he can't run away, and he'll fight like a devil incarnate." 'Run away is a debatable expression, my

lord," said one of the guests with a grave tone, that at once silenced the clamor and attracted the attention of the rest of the party. "The phrase, as applied to my friend, smacks somewhat of offence. I take leave to

ask your lordship what you mean." "I mean what I say," answered Goring

There he sits, keenly intent upon the game

have them all ! " One more glass of canary," says the

his own white hand. "One more main, Frank, my lad, just to give you a chance;

row ?"

that "faint hourt never won fair lady;" al-though, in justice to Mary Cave, we think it

right to insist that, much as she may have appreciated his admiration, and freely as she Europe signifies a country of white cometurned him compliment for compliment, plexion; so named because the inhabitants and gallantry for gallantry, she had never for were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Asia significs between, or in the middle. an instant bowed her haughty head or turned

As ne sits now, the gayest of that gay party, the stanchest reveller amongst all those hard-fighting, hard drinking Cavaliers, thirstier than old Colepepper, more thoughtlose that

than old Colepepper, more thoughtless than young Lord Francis Villiers, who would supall sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thristy or dry-very appropose that handsome well-combed head to contain a mass of intrigues and state secrets of priate.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It which the simplest and least guilty might bring it incontinently to the block? Who Wh_{Θ} was once so infested with these animals that would believe that kindly smile to mask a it sued Augustus for an army to destroy nature that never knew pity or remorse; them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding that never had the generosity to forgive that never that the generosity to forgive advantage; that great quantities of black pitch. Calabria, also, never spared a woman who trusted it, nor a for the same reason. man who crossed its path? Already verging caul, modern France, signifies yellew-on middle age, he looks bright and fresh and halfed, as yellow hair characterized its m-

debonair as the youth whose money he is rap-ially winning with that easy smile. It re-

quires a keen observer to detect in the little This was a rugged mountainous province in wrinkles about the eyes, the deep hard lines Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost or last habitation. for and indulgence, years of reckless profligacy and fierce excitement and bold defiant crime. Britain, the country of tin, great quantities Britain, the country of tin, great quantities The

He is beautiful still, in all the prime of man's beauty, with his noble head and his white beauty, with his noble head and his white smooth brow, and his soft eyes, and the long Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the woman's round his oval face. He is beautiful like a Phenician tongue either which signifies in the in his manly, vigorous figure, on which his high rocks on the western coast rich uniform sits so becomingly which is

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men ormed alike for strength, activity, and grace, which it resembles. desnite the limp habitual to its gait-a limp

Syracuse, had flavor, so called from the which, as some of his fair admirers think, does but add to the distinguished case of his in wholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which are earing, and the origin of which is a mystery whereof a thousand rumors are afloat.

produced in abundance. beautiful still, but it is the beauty of the tiger or the panther; the outward beauty that Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction. Etna signifies a furnace, or dark or

strikes upon the eye and commands the ad-miration of the vulgar, that seldom wins a smoky.

BREESSE FARMERS FOR TEXAS.

There were 1,586 immigrants landed at Casyet noting every jest that passes, joining in every laugh that rises amongst his guests, tle Garden Sunday and Monday of this week, of whom 339 arrived by the "Helvetia " from sipping his wine at intervals, and bowing Liverpool. Included in these latter were eight well-to-do English farmers and their courteously to the young nobleman whose gold he wins with such graceful ease. Goring families, 94 persons in all, who are on their way to Texas, where the majority will settle is the Mentor to whom has been entrusted this young Telemachus, and these are the in New Philadelphia. The men report that they left their homes in Yorkshire on account Circean draughts of pleasure in which he would initiate his mother's son, were it to of the great agricultural distress, the harvest conduce in the remotest degree to his own advantage. He is playing the great stake prospects being the worst known for twenty years past. They say there are many others to bimself; he has a high command, a proud position. Any day may make or mar him follow, large numbers of their brethren in Yorkshire having made up their minds to nay raise him to the pinnacle of ambition, or leave as soon as the necessary arrangements leave his saddle empty, and his title gone to can be made. The present lot bring with the next-of-kin. Has ho not enough to risk ? enough to interest him? Can he not leave untouched that half-fledged rufiler of the they have a good knowledge of farming, it is game? No! there are a few broad picces still expected they will found a successful colleft at the bottom of the purse, and he must ony.

--- An old farmer, the first time he ate an tempter, filling his antagonist a bumpor with his own white hand. "One more main, Frank, my lad, just to give you a chance;

Frank, my lad, just to give you a chance; and then for the fresh bowl of panch, boys, and a rousing health to the King! Who knows where we shall be this time to-mor-in Pennsylvania. He is disabled by mu.

The glass was emptied. The main was at his doorway, he can see the long tank called and flung; the purso was emptied; and trains carrying away the product of his dis-Goring, with a careless sinile swept the covery. His illness at an unlucky time pre-voung man's last Jacobus from the board. He was quite cool and sober; he had no excite-ment in the game, felt no devil roused in State.