locks and beard.

She clung to him and sobbed wearily, and told him, "it was nothing -she was tired, and anxious, and nervous, but well-quite well-and, it was nothing." He had long lost his place in his daughter's

heart, though he knew it not.

He strove to cheer her up gently and warily, with a womanly tact and tenderness you could hardly have expected from the war-worn soldier, leading her insensibly from domestic details, to the hopes and proceedings of the Royalists, and she struggled to be calm, and appeared to lend an anxious ear to all his

"We shall have a large army in the north, Grace," said the old Cavalier; "and when Prince Rupert has relieved York—and relieve it he will, my lass, for hot as he is, there is not a better officer in the three kingdoms, when his hands are loose—he will effect a junction with the King, and we shall then be very room?—ay, on the sofa where you always sit at your stitching—and saw them always sit at your stitching—and sun and speaker s file past the windows before they were half-drilled. "Sir Giles," said he, "they're the dressed. ouly cavalry we have that can ride. And

"Ay! if worst comes to worst," proceeded his men in iron. I shall be satisfied for my part. Besides, we fight unencumbered now: the Queen's safe enough down in the West. I well the advantage and the use. heard from Mary this morning by Jermyn, who travelled here post with despatches; and

She spoke in a sharp tone; and the slender fingers that rested on her father's glass clasped it tight around the stem.

"She writes mostly of the cause, as is her wont," replied Sir Giles, not noticing his daughter's eagerness. "They have hopes of more men and horses down in the West. Ay, there is tell too of formula to the control of the control more men and horses down in the West. Ay, there is talk too of foreign assistance; but for my part I put little faith in that. The Queen's household is much diminished.

that's a good job at least. I read my Bible, Grace, I hope like a good Christian, and I believe every word in it, but I have never yot seen that "in the multitude of counsal."

She knew her power, too, and made no sparing use of it. They must be either slaves cr ityrants, there women; and, like fire, they make good servants but bad mistresses.

"You are better here than wasting your fife in Gloucester gaol," answered Mary.
"and you can serve the King as well with your head as with your hands. Any man believe every word in it, but I have never yet seen that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Howsoever, there is but little pomp now in the Queen's court at Exeter. Mary only mentions herself and Mrs. Kirke, and Lady Carlisle, whom I never could abide; and Dormer and Bosville as gentlemen of the chamber; and that is all."

Grace's breath came quick and short. She was still on her father's knee but in good.

"and you can serve the King as well with your head as with your hands. Any man with the heart of a man can be a soldier; there is not one in a million that will make a statesman. Do you think I would have taken such care of you if I had thought you for nothing better than the front rank of one of Prince Rupert's foolhardy attacks?"

She asked the question with an inexpression. was still on her father's knee, but in such a posture that he could not see her face. She would have given much to be able to ask me simple question, but she dared not—no she irritating him on coordinate the same and irritating him on coord

if she was stifled. she was stifled.
"The Queen were best on the

Continent," pursued Sir Giles, "and Mary seems to think she will go ere long, taking her household with her. God be

Grace laughed-such a faint, forced, miserable laugh. Poor Grace! the blow had been long coming, and it had fallen at last. Of course he would accompany his Royal mistress abroad; of course, she would never. never see him again; of course he was nothing to her, and amidst all his duties and occupations she could have no place in his thoughts The pertinacity with which she dwelt upon this consolatory reflection was sufficiently edi-fying; and of course she ought to have foreseen it all long ago, and it was far better that she should know the worst, and accustom herself to it at once. Oh, far better! A positive relief! And the poor face that she put up to kiss her father when he wished her '(food night" looked whiter and more drawn wistfully going up the stairs dwelt wearily and heavily at every step. Sir Giles shook his head, finished his claret at a draught, speaking in a low, grave tone—
"I am ready, as you know, none better, to his head, finished his claret at a draught, speaking in a low, grave tone—
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"I am ready, as you know, none better, to his head, speaking in a low, grave tone—"
"I am ready his head, speaking in a betook himself too to his couch; but the old Cavalier was restless and uneasy, his flinched a hair's breadth from difficulty or sleep little less unbroken than his daughter's.

more. He remembered her so well in her white I may not draw my sword with my old comfrock, tottering across the room with her rades, I may yet show them how to die like a merry laugh, and holding his finger tight in Cavalier. My life is of little value to any the clasp of that warm little hand; he remembered her a slender slip of girlhood, "least of all to myself; and why should I be membered her a slender slip of girlhood, galloping on her pony with a certain graceful timidity peculiarly her own, her long dark timidity peculiarly her own, her long data ringlets floating in the breeze, her bright eyes sparkling with the exercise, and always, the bull's-eye. She shot a sharp quick glance at him. Did he mean it? Was he too pealing to "Father" alone. He remembered her, scores and scores of times, sitting on his knee as she had done this evening, nestling her head upon his shoulder, and vowing in her pretty positive way—positive always and only with him—that she would never marry and leave him, never trust her old father to any hands but her own; she was sure he couldn't do without her, and if he wasn't sure

And now somebody had come and taken away all this affection from him that he considered his by right; and she was no longer his child—his very own—and never would seen advancing up the gravel path to put an be again. Sir Giles could not put his thoughts explicitly into words, but he had a dim consciousness of the fact, and it saddened while it almost angered him. Though he slept but little he was up and astir long Mary's quick ear had not caught the sound of before daybreak; and the "God bless thee, Gracey," which was always his last words at parting with his daughter, was delivered more hoarsely and solemnly than his wont. The pale face with its red eyelids haunted him as he rode; and except once to had ever seemed before.

M Teefy THE YORK HERALD.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1879. VOL.X XII.

Giles never uttered a syllable for the first tea

think for; he is watching you narrowly from under his shaded brows, and he sees the Lord Vanx, travelled wearily back to his the tears raining down thick upon your work house at Boughton, which she considered her and your wasted hands. In the whole of home. Faith, riding alongside of her, to that.

He can stand it no longer.

"Gracey," says he, in his deep kind tones; "Gracey! little woman! what's the matter?"

The can stand it no longer.

"Gracey," says he, in his deep kind tones; "Gracey! little woman! what's the matter?"

The can stand it no longer.

"Gracey," says he, in his deep kind tones; "Gracey! little woman! what's thought Faith, whose own affairs had not dimmed the matural sharpness of her sight: the matter?"

He took her on his knee, as he used to do when she was a little curly-headed thing, and she hid her fuce on his shoulder, her long dark hair mingling with the old man's white

Faith, like the rest of her class, was not particular as to the amount of blame she laid upon the absent; and with the happy impartiality of her sex, invariably considered and proclaimed the man to be in the wrong. In this instance she condemned Humphrey without the slightest hesitation. It was clea be had left her young mistress without dis-tinctly promising marriage, and when she contrasted such lukewarm negligence with the ardent passages of leave taking that had been reciprocated by Dymocke and herself she could scarcely contain her indignation.
"If Hugh had used me so," thought Faith, and the color rose to her cheeks as she dwelt on the possible injustice, "as sure as I've tw hands I'd have scratched his eyes out !"

CHAPTER XXIII.

" THE TRUE DESPOTISM."

when his hands are loose—he will effect a junction with the King, and we shall then be able to show the Roundheads a front that will keen their regard. Parliement in check the latter of the regard of the regard of the regard. will keep their ragged Parliament in check life would be dear at such a price, were it no once more. What, girl, we have still Lang-dale and Lisle and the Shrewsbury Foot, and gallant Northampton with all his merry men me. But oh! how I long to hear the dale and Lisle and the Shrewsbury root, and dale and Lisle and the Shrewsbury root, and gallant Northampton with all his merry men at his back, not tomention my own knaves, out this trumpets sounding a charge again, and to see the sorrel in headstall and holsters shaking the sorrel in heads whose rear guard you saw march out this morning. I have taken some trouble with them, you know, and they're the best brigade I've commanded yet by a good deal. Why, what said young Bosville when he lay in this more !

Half ashamed of his enthusiasm, the speaker's color rose, and he laughed as he glanced almost timidly at the lady he ad

ouly cavalry we have that can ride. And there's no better judge and no better soldier for a young man than Humphrey, whom I love as ray own son. They'll win your old father his peerage yet before I've done with 'em. Fill me out the claret, my darling, and we'll drink a health to Lady Grace!' She did as she was desired, and he could not have accused her of paleness now. Was it the anticipation of her exalted rank that thus brought the blood in a rush to Grace's cliecks? She was tending some roses that coming attitude, her rich brown hair to throw off the light at the exact angle you would the old knight, after a hearty pull at the large selected for a picture, the roseate bloom to deepen into the very tint that accorded terms. I am an old man now, sweetheart best with her soft winning eyes. It was not best with her soft winning eyes. It was not her intellect, though that was of no inferior and I want to live at peace with my neighbors. When I've had these new levies in a good rousing fire once and again, and seen both were dangerously attractive; it was her to the commendant of the knaves hold their own with Cromwell and his men in iron, I shall be satisfied for my

As she pruned the roses and trained them downwards from their stems, shaking a shower of the delicate pink petals into the "From Mavy!" interrupted Grace, her face flushing once more; "what says she? Does she talk about herself?—does she give on all that came within its sphere; the type of pure loveliness and rich, bright, womanly beauty.

He thought so as he looked up at her, and

his heart thrilled to the tones of her melodious voice. It was all over with him now-

son, but she dared not—no, she she held her peace, feeling as strike the keys, so to speak, and evoke its every sound, at whatever cost of wear and itled tear to the instrument itself. He winced, and his countenance fell at once, so she was satis-

fied, and went on.

"If you cannot serve the King on the sorrel's back, do you think you are of no use to the Queen at her need here in Exeter? That poor lady, with her infant daughter, has but few friends and protectors now. A loyal and chivalrous gentleman always finds his post of honor in defending the weak. If you seek for danger you will find enough, and more than enough, in doing your duty by your royal mistress—in fulfilling the orders, Major Bosville, that shall have the honor of conveying to you."

She laughed merrily and made him a grand

courtesy as she spoke, spreading out her white robes with a mock and playful dignity. Mary did not often thus unbend, and he could not but confess to himself that she was inexpressibly charming so; yet would he have been better pleased had she been in a more serious mood too.

He rose from the garden bench and stood

than ever; the footfall that he listened to so by her, bending down over the roses, and

me the justice to allow that I have never yet eep little less unbreken than his daughter's.

Alas, Gracey!—she was his own child no my blood for his Majesty and the Queen. If

regretted when so many that were nobler and wiser and better are forgetten?"

at him. Did he mean it? Was he too thinking, then, of Falkland? No! that pained, sorrowing countenance forbade the suspicion of any arriere pensee. Her heart smote her as she scanned it. She looked kindly and fondly at him.

"Are you nothing to me?" she said. "Should not I miss you and mourn you and ob! do you think I could do without you at all? Hush! here comes Lady

In effect that lady's graceful figure, with ats courtly gait and rustling draperies, was thing nery particular to communicate; but we do not take upon ourselves to affirm that a door opening from Lady Carlisle's apartments ere she permitted herself to bestow on Humphrey such words of encouragement as made the June sunshine and the June reses

give a beggar an alms, and once to swear testily at his best horse for a stumble, Sir neath his doublet, and a light on his hand-

some face that Lady Carlisle—no mean judge

of masculine attractions—regarded with critical approval, he followed the two ladies into curse of him who made his election "rather the antechamber of his royal mistress, now seeking with her new-born baby an asylum in the still faithful town of Exeter, one of the Royal cause; and yet, alas! but a short distance removed from the contamination of re-bellion, for Essex was already establishing his headquarters at Chard, and but two-andtwenty miles of the loveliest hill and dale in Britain intervened between the stern Parliamentary General and the now vacillating and intimidated Queen.

It was a strange contrast to the magnifi-cence of Whitehall, even to the more chas-tened splendors of Morton College, that quiet residence of majesty in the beautiful old town-the town that can afford to challenge all England to rival it in the loveliness of its outskirts and the beautvefits women. Exeter has always particularly plumed itself on the latter qualification; and many a dragoon of the present day, whose heart is no harder under its covering of scarlet and gold than was that of the chivalrous Cavalier in buff and steel breastplate, has to rue his deathwound from a shaft that penetrated all his defences, when shot deftly home by a pair of wicked Devonshire eyes. Of the picnics in its vicinity, of the drives home by moonlight—of the strolls to hear "our band play," and the tender cloakings and shawlings, and puttings on of goloshes afterwards (for in that happy land our natural enemies likewise enjoy the incalculable advantage of an uncertain climate and occasional showers), are not the results chronicled in every parish register in England? and do not the beadle of St. George's, Han-over Square, and other hymeneal authorities,

wild remorse.

God forbid he ever should!

ncouragement from the King. Charles was

hardly the man to see the shortest way out of a difficulty, and had been so accustomed to rely upon his Queen for advice and assist-

ance, that when he found himself in turn

applied to by his wife, he was more than usually helpless and undecided. The Queen's

own advisers consisted but of the refuse of

courtiers were scarcely a crew to weather the storm when the ship was so crazy and the

navigation so intricate. Goring's pregnant brain and reckless hand might have been

useful now; but Goring was far away, drinking and countermarching in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Ashburnham had retired from-

Weymouth before "the Coming man," whose Ironsides had ere this perfected their drill on many a stricken field. Prince Maurice

had lost so many men in the seige of Lynn, he could show no front to the dreaded and

determined Essex. The enemy was near, ay,

even at the very gates, and what was to b

At this crisis, weakened in body and dis

heartened in mind. Henrietta's royal spirit

gave way. The determination was arrived at to sue the Parliamentary General for mercy, and on the most plausible grounds of common courtesy and chivalrous forbearance

towards a woman, to entreat Essex to tam-

and to forfeit his own character by conniving

less condition and her little crying child.
"It could not be," she said: "there we

Queen. No; she would send a flag of truce

himself in the lion's den?"
"Perhaps Mrs. Mary will go herself?" sug-

lishonor. She would be safe enough, me-

thinks, with Essex."

Mary smiled proudly. "I have been in the rebel camp ere this," she said, "and it

was your ladyship's self that bade me go for that counsel I shall always feel grateful

Your Majesty has one servant at least that will be proud to execute your will."

ville, with another gentleman of the cham-ber, stood in attendance in the next room.

The Queen smiled faintly and stretched her

thin hand towards Mary with a gesture of

" He is a preux chevalier, mamie," she said,

"and would go to the death, I believe, for you or me; though I think I know which is the queen that owns

Marie, and I know." She nodded her head with something of her old playful air, but she sighed after she spoke, and relapsed into the

melancholy silence that was becoming habit-

ual to her.
Was she thinking that, Princess and Sover-

eign though she were, in the bloom of her beauty and the hey-day of her prosperity, she

minion as was possessed by her undemonstra-

CHAPTER XXIV.

" FABRWELL."

Effingham had ere this made considerable

progress in the favor of the party he had es-

poused. His knowledge of his profession, compled with a certain reckless daring of tem-

rament, had won him the good opinion of

remwell, whilst his readiness of resource,

deep reflection, and powerful intellect ren-dered him indispensable to Essex, Fairfax, and such of the Parliamentary Generals as

herished liberal views of policy and an un-

selfish desire for the liberation of their countrymen. He had fought his way in a short space of time to the colonelcy

of a regiment of pikes, and was now advancing with Essex on Exeter at the head

of some five hundred stout hearts, such as have made British soldiers from time imme-

morial the best infantry in the world. Proud

of his command, conscious of doing his duty,

had never enjoyed such an unqualified

tive waiting-woman, proud Mary Cave?

She glanced as she spoke to where Bos-

duty towards the Parliament,

her party. Jermyn and a few subordinate

that had formerly been a convent, on the outskirts of the town. Its roomy apartments and somewhat secluded situation made it and somewhat securded situation made it a fitting residence for Royalty, particularly for Royalty seeking privacy and repose; while the large garden adjoining, in which the holy sisters had been wont to stroll and ponder, rearning, it may be, for the worldly sunshine they had left without the walls, formed a leasant haunt for the Queen's diminished household, and a resort on the fine June mornings of which Mary and Humphrey, who vere both early risers, did not fail to make constant use.

Their duties about the Queen's person had of late been unusually light. The birth, under circumstances of difficulty and danger, of a daughter, whose arrival on the worldly stage seemed to auger the misfor-tunes that, beautiful and gifted as she was, dogged her to her grave, had confined Henrietta to her chamber, and precluded her from her usual interference in affairs of State. The instincts of maternity were in the ascendant, and what were crowns and kingdoms in comparison with that little pink morsel of humanity lying so helplessly in her bosom? Well is it for us that we cannot foresee the destinies of our children; merciful the blindness that shuts out from us the long prospec tive of the future—the coming struggles should none of us have courage to confront. Could Henrietta have foretold that daughter's ate, bound in her beauty and freshness for weary lifetime to the worst of the evil dukes who bore the title d'Orleans, would she have hung over the tiny tressure with such quiet nappiness? Would she have neglected all be sides in the world at the very faintest cry of the little new-horn Princess?

We must return to Humphrey Bosville and Mary Cave, and the terms of close friendship, to call it by no softer name, on which they now found themselves. Since his rescue from mminent death by her exertions, his devo tion to her had assumed, if possible, a more reverential character than before. To owe his life to a woman for whom he had felt a slight attachment, would have been an obligation rather galling and inconvenient than otherwise; but to owe his life to the woman whom alone of all on earth he had loved with the deep absorbing ferver of which such a nature was capable, brought with it a sensation of delight which was truly intoxicating. It was an additional link to bind him to her or ever : it made him seem to belong to her now so thoroughly, it was such a good excuse for giving way to her most trifling caprices, and obeying her lightest whim. Come what might, he felt that they could never now be entirely independent of each other; so he entered the Queen's service immediately on his return to Oxford, giving up his com-mission in the Royal army, and resigning his right to wear a sword, as indeed the terms of his parole enjoined, with as little hesitation as he would have displayed in jumping with his hands tied into the Isis, had Mary only told him to do the one instead of the

It was no small inducement either to serve nis Royal mistress assiduously, that his sitnation in her household brought him into close and daily contract with his lady-love. Probably at no period of his life before had Humphrey been so happy as during the few golden weeks of Henrietta's confinement at Exeter. To meet Mary day by day in the performance of his duty; to see her in very phase of courtly life, from the strict observance of etiquette to the joyous moments of relaxation, over which, nevertheless, the atmosphere of Royalty shed a certain refinement and reserve; to admire her ready tact and winning bearing in all the dif-ferent relations of a courtier's life; and above all, to walk with her morning after morning in those happy gardens, feeling that she, too, enjoyed and counted on their half-hour of unnterrupted conversation, and was little less punctual at the trysting-place than himself : all this constituted an existence for which it was very seldom he repined that he had bartered his life's ambition, his visions of military distinction and renown. Mary, too, whose knowledge of human nature was far deeper than that of the generality of her sex, whose organization forced her to be calculating, so to speak, and prevident even in her affections, Mary felt herself day by day losing much of the hard, stern, practical force of character that had encrusted and petrified her woman's heart. She was often surprised in her moments of reflection (for Mary was a rigid and severe self-examiner) to find how little interested she was comparatively in the progress of the Royal Cause-how satisfied she could be to remain idle week after week at Exeter—how happily she could bask away her time in the summer sunshine, wan-dering, but not alone, through those gardens. She was ashamedshady yes, ashamed—to confess to herself how often the image of a certain kindly, handsome face, with its long lovelocks and dark drooping moustaches, rese between her mental vision and all considerations of duty, joyalty, and interest-ay, even between her deep sorrow and the memory of the dead. Yet the shame had in it a burning. thrilling happiness too; and though she drew up her haughty head, and a scornful smile curled her lips as she pondered, she would not have had it otherwise if she could.

But she ruled him, nevertheless, with an iron hand. It is unnecessary to admit that the prominent and chief fault of this lady's character was that destructive quality which, forming as it does, a principal ingredient in the noblest spirits, is yet perhaps the cause of more sorrow and suffering than all the the noblest spirits, is yet perhaps the cause of more sorrow and suffering than all the cardinal vices (if such there be) put together—Pride, the bane of that resplendent being in Effingham's bearing a restlessness and a your ministers! men of peace are they?

whom the angels themselves called "the Sen of the Morning;" the awful and eternal curse of him who made his election "rather deep anxiety—some bitter disappointment. In the like a woman, you know, now, and the only to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven." Pride His friendship with Simeon had grown to a seeking with her new-born haby an asylum was with Mary Cave as the very air she close intimacy, and he seemed to derive much new still faithful town of Exeter, one of the breathed. It prompted her to conceal and emsolation and refreshment from the converse was stilled, nay, even to meck at, the better feelclose intimacy, and he seemed to derive much They were walking up and down in front of

have made him the happiest Cav-alier in England; to check and warp even his kind feelings, overflowing as they did with a fond and chivalrous devotion, that would have made a humbler woman's heaven, ied im deep discourse—the stalwart iron-locking sol lier, with his tall figure and warlike air and dress, thus listening with such respectful that she herself would have felt it a weary blank to be without: to embitter for him many a moment that but for this would have been tinged with golden hues; and to good deference to the soberly-clad divine, whose cager gestures and speaking countenance betrayed the flame of enthusiasm and madden him for no fault of his own when that consumed him, body and soul.

The guard was being relieved, with the cus-

most he needed soothing and repose.

He too had his share of pride, which she never seemed to acknowledge; but in his singleness of heart he sacrificed it to hers, as tomary noise and pomp of all military pro-ceedings, not to be dispensed with even by he did everything else he had. She never knew, and he would never tell her, the long the staid and sober Puritans; but the pai heeded not the clash of arms nor the clang of hours and days of grief that she had cost him. If he was sad, he suffered uncomplain trumpets, and pursued their walk and their conversation regardless of aught but the ing by himself. The kind look was always topic which seemed to engross their whole at there to greet her; she never read repreasa "There is yet a black drop in thy heart in the fond. frank eves. She was his first ove and his last, that was enough for him

my brother," said Simeon, in his deep impressive tones; "there is yet one jewel left that thou hast grudged to cast into the treas-It was a brave, confiding nature, this young gentleman's; simple and honest, and ene that it had been a pity to see delivered over ury-and if thou givest not thine all, of wha o bitter disappointment, reckless guilt and avail is thy silver and gold, thy flocks and herds, thy raiment of needle-work and thy worldly possessions? The daughter of the He did not understand women, poor bey Canaanite is a fair damsel and a comely, but the children of the congregation have no deal A council had been assembled, and th ings with the heathen, and she must henceincreasing hopelessness of the Royal Cause had called up a rueful expression of dismay on the faces of the Queen's advisers as they stared blankly at each other. Jermyn had returned with but little forth be to thee as the forbidden food, and the plague-spot of leprosy-unclean! un-

"It is hard." answered Effingham, and his voice betrayed how bitterly hard it was—"it is hard to give up my only dream of earthly happiness—the one bright ray that has lightened my existence all these weary monthsthat has cheered me in the bivouac, and encouraged me in the field. I am not like ply? you, Simeon; would that I were; I quoth he, "and bury her, for she is a King's cannot hold to the future alone, and resign this world and all it contains with long as the witchcrafts of Jezebel are so out a pang. I fear I am of the doomed-pre destined to guilt—predestined to punishment. Lost! Lost!

He shuddered as he spoke, and yet some-

thing of the old Titan instinct, the daring of despair that bade the sons of Earth confront the power of Heaven, in those old days when good and evil bore gigantic fruit here made him rear his head more proudly, tower above his comrade more erect and bold, as he seemed in his rebellious imagination to stand the shot."

Whom He loveth He chasteneth," was Simeon's answer. "I tell thee, brother, onee and again, it is not so. Thy fight is a stern and severe conflict, but it has been borne in would save him from perdition. I tell thee, watch and pray!"

"I can watch," answered Effingham, bitterly; "nene better. Sleep seldom visits my eyelids, and my waking is sad and painful inleed; but I can not pray!"

It was even so. The stubborn human will

and to forfeit his own character by conniving at the Queen's escape. Like many another measure of policy, this step originated, not in the council, but in the bedcbamber. Supported by a few of ner reeping ladies, the Queen came to the esclution of thus humbling herself before the Parliamentary might be bent and warped from that which was, after all, a holy and God-given instinct, General: and of those frightened and des though fanaticism and superstition might vote it folly and sin; but the poor aching human heart could not force itself to supplipairing women, among whom even Lady Carlisle had lost heart and courage there vas but one dissentient voice to this humili cate at the throne of Mercy for that forgetfulating proposition. Need we say it was Mary ness which it felt would be a more bitter curse than all the pain it was new becoming inured to bear. Fallible sons of men! Simeon "I would rather take my shild in my arms," said she, when called on by her Ma-jesty to give her unbiassed opinion, "and placing mayself at the head of our garrison celt he was right; Effingham thought himself o be wrong. Both were arguing foolishly and presumptuously from strong human passions interpreted by fanaticisms into revelters. I would cut my way through them, or leave my body on the field. If we succeeded, ations from on high.

George had struggled on wearily for months. we should make a junction with the King in In occupation and danger he had been strivthe north, and maybe restore the prestige of the Royal arms; if we failed, 'tis but an ing hard to forget. He thought he was mak-ing sufficient progress in the lesson, when the sight of his old friend Bosville riding into henorable death after all, and one right worthy of a Queen."

The old Bourbon blood rose for an instant Sssex's camp under a flag of truce reawakened all those feelings which he had fondly hoped were stifled, if not eradicated, and made him o Henrietta's cheek, and she almost wavered in her purpose; but it ebbed back again chill about her heart as she thought of her helpoo painfully conscious that time and distance ere not quite such effective auxiliaries as he had hoped. "It could not be," she said: "there was a limit to all things, even the courage of a

ad noped. The General had called in some of his principal officers to aid him in his deliberations: nor could he, according to his custom, come to any decision without the assistance of one o Essex, and a message he could not refuse o consider. But whom to send? Which of or two Puritan divines. Caryl had already been sent for; and ere long a grim ner courtiers would undertake the task? Savage reprisals were now the daily custom of the war; the white flag did not always seorderly trooper, who had been expounding to is comrades a knotty text of scripture with cure the life of its bearer. Who would risk interpretations peculiarly his own, was despatched to summon Simeon to the Council, and Effingham was left to pursue his walk gested Lady Carlisle in her soft, smooth tones. "She fears nothing, so she says, but

and his meditations alone.

He did not remain uninterrupted for long. A bustle at the door of Essex's quarters, the clash of arms as the sentries saluted their departing officers, and the roll of a drum mustering a regiment of foot for inspection, announced that the Council was over : and Bosville, who, contrary to his expectation, had found himself treated with all the respect and consideration due to the bearer of a flag of truce, advanced toward his old comrade with his hand extended, and a frank air of

greeting on his face.

He looked somewhat flushed and disconcerted too—a thought angry, perhaps, and a little discontented besides, as he cast a soldier's eye up and down the ranks of an efficient battalion of pikemen, and thought he must never measure awords with the Round-heads again; but he was glad to see Effingham, nevertheless; and the latter's heart eapt within him, for many reasons, to grasp

a "Malignant" by the hand once more. to this. George." observed Bosville, half bitterly, half laughingly, after their first greeting was over. "When thou and I rede greeting was over. "When thou and I rede through Ramsay's pikes at Edgehill side by side, and drove them pell-mell right through their reserve and off the field, I little thought I should live to see myself a messenger of neace fit to be clad only in boddice and pinners—for 'ifaith 'tis but a woman's work, after all-and thee, George, a rank rebel, openly in arms against the King. And yet, 'slife, man, were't not for thy company, I could find it in my heart to envy thee, They behave well these pikemen-hey, George? Dost remember how close the knaves stood upon the slope at Newbury?"

Effingham smiled absently. He was chafing to ask a hundred questions of his old comrade; and yet, bold stout soldier as he was. his heart failed him like a girl's. Bosville, too, was indignant at the ill-suc-

cess of his embassy; in the presence of Essex he had had the good taste and prudence to diesemble his generous wrath, but it required a vent, and blazed up afresh as he took the Parliamentary Colonel by the arm. and they strolled out of ear-shot of the listening escort, already under arms to conduct the embassy back to his own lines.
"There is no chivalry amongst thy new

friends, George," he proceeded, the rising to his handsome face.

WHOLE NO. 1,112-NO. 24.

weapon I have to use is my tongue. 'Faith my blood boils when I think of the last hour's work. Essex is a gentleman, I grant you— I always thought so. We have both of u Ings, a ner nature; to grudge the man that loved her the full and free confession, to which, if he deserved anything at all, he was fully entitled, and which would have made him the happiest Cavalier in England; to check and warp even his kind feelings, overflowing as that did ship of the second self and child to Bath, or maybe Bristol, for her health's sake. She has suffered much, poor lady, and looks so thin and weak—se unlike what she was when we saw her at Merton, George, whilst thou wert honest. Well, he seemed to entertain the proposal at first! and one of his Generals, a stout bluffaced man-Ireton, was it?-voted point blank in her favor, with some remarks, I am bound to admit, not flattering to the stability of our party, or the efficiency of her Majesty's defenders. Had my position allowed it, I had taken leave to differ with him on that point, but I thought the bowl seemed to trundle with the bias, so I held my peace. Then his lordship turned to a spare pale man in a Geneva band and black cassock, and asked him what he thought of the matter. Was that Cary! So, I wouldn't be in his cassock, when the charity that covereth a multitude of sins is wanted to ward off punishment from him! My hands were bound, so to speak, or no My hands were bound, so to speak, or no more stream of the same and that living quietly in retirement here she might still aid the Royal cause with all the energies of her astute and far-seeing intellect, whilst she could keep a watchful eye on the state of public copinion, and communicate constantly and unreservedly by means of their own cipher with Henrietta in France.

To one of the household, this arrangement was the only consolation for a parting which am bound to admit, not flattering ezebel was the best name he called her; and service to Dr. Carl! Goring hasn't a match for him among his "hell-babes" for piety! They seemed to believe in him devoutly, though, for all that; and I saw Essex waver ecclesiastic I suppose wasn't enough, for there

> many?" The devil can quote hely writ, we all know; but it was well they turned me out, to deliberate with closed doors, for I was almost beside myself with passion." The Cavalier paused to take breath. His listener gazed at him wistfully, with a sort of pitiful interest.

came in another knave, without his ears too:

maniy when he was about it, and cut his tongue out as well. They asked his advice, man (grant me patience), as he had been a bishop! And what said the Crop-ear in reply? "Go see now this cursed weman,"

" And what was the result of their delibera tions?" he inquired. "I see they came to a speedy conclusion, for the escort is waiting even now to take you back."

"When I returned," answered Bosville, the General looked grave and stern, I thought a little pained and grieved too. 'Tell those that sent you, Major Bosville,' he said, in a slow deliberate voice that the mask that hides a failing heart. He was leaving the Queen's apartments to make preparation for her Majesty to go abroad. He wasked meetily and said, for he thereby in a slow, deliberate voice, 'that if her Maiupon me that thou shalt be victorious; and esty pleases, I will not only give her a safe to him that prevaileth is given the crown of glory. I have wrestled for thee leng and earnestly, and I shall not fail. Thou art as the drowning man, whose struggles serve but to drowning man, whose struggles serve but to drag down into the depths the friend that her Majesty's desires without directions from the Parliament. We will not blindfold you," he added, courteously, "You are welcome to take nete, and report to their Majesties on the men and munitions of war that you find in my camp.' So he dismissed me civilly

> utes to spare, and perhaps we may never meet again, unless it be on a stricken field. What of those who were once my friends who ninistrated to me in the house What of Mistress Cave—of Sir Giles Allonby of - of -his daughter?

For reasons of his own Effingham hesitated he nut the question, the latter part of

answered. "He has raised a large force of cavairy, and is with the King. Mistress Grace is auxious and ill at ease. As far as I can learn, they say she grows pale and thin, gallery, he would have thought the gentleman God forbid she should be really ailing, for if dar ought should befal her, it would go nigh to or. oreak old Sir Giles heart !"

Humphrey spoke at length, scarcely above. Humphrey spoke at length, scarcely above without the slightest change of a whisper.

"It is no use," he said. "I into his companion's eyes, which nevertheam a bad dissembler. Mary, you know all. less refused to meet his glance. It was hard Only give me one word, one kind to say whether grief, or joy, or anxious fear word of hope, before I go. I will treasure it was uppermost in Effingham's being at that for years ! moment.

phrey," he said, with a quivering, broken quished.

woice, "or to write to her mayhap, tell her that I sought tidings of her welfare and Sir Giles, you know, and He raise that—though I am a rabel. I can serve them, I will. Fare thee well detached. Somehow it remained in his grasp fare thee well!"he added, grasping Humphrey warmly by the hand as the latter mountain. that—that—though I am a rebel, and a depart. "Would that thou, too, couldst be Datchman made gallant way, whilst Humbrought to see the truth; but God bless thee, phrey stood on deck, and watched the dim ad! Forget not George Effingham altogether, whatever comes uppermost.'

He gazed wistfully after the horseman's retreating figure as the escort closed round their charge and disappeared. It was his last link with the old life that shone back in such glowing hues. A tear glittered on his shaggy eyelashes as he strode off towards his quarters.
"Weak! weak!" he muttered. "Unworthy

unprofitable servant. And yet perhaps even now she is not lost entirely and for ever? Bosville was destined to bring with him sad dismay into the mimic court at Exeter. Like all weak minds in extremity, Henrietts had fully persuaded herself that the last card she played must win her the game; that this extreme measure of entreaty and humiliation could not but produce the result she so much desired. When it failed, she was indeed at the utmost of her need. Indignation, too. mingled with alarm; and like some bitter tonic, helped to brace her mind into a sufficiently vigorous frame to come to some definite resolution. Impeached as she was of treason by both Houses of Parliament, this it accordingly. The foe, too, was in far too close proximity to be pleasant. Exeter was The foe, too, was in far too no longer a secure refuge, and she must depart. But whither? To join the King without bringing him supplies of men or money, was but to clog the sinking monarch's efforts at extrication and to drag him deeper and deeper into the slough of his difficulties.

No part of England was safe from the dreaded Parliamentary army, numbering as it now did amongst its formidable soldiery such tacticians as Fairfax, and such strategists as Cromwell. There was but one haven and that was her native country. We may imagine the struggle in the mind of that proud though vain and frivolous nature, ere she could bring herself to retain the river has been accomplished at Dinard, The structure is 314 feet long, The structure is 314 feet long, and the river has been accomplished at Dinard, the river has been acc queenly bride. She was altered, too, in weighs 200 tons, and was projected into its her very person, and this to a woman added place with twelve strong windlasses.

no inconsiderable ingredient to the bitter ness of her cup. Sorrow and anxiety had hollowed the fair cheeks and clouded the brilhollowed the fair cheeks and clouded the bril-liant complexion that in girlhood with fine eyes and delicate features had constituted such an attractive countenance; and the fresh bloom of her spring time had withered sadly and prematurely ere 'twas May. It was with galling self-consciousness that she used to

avow no woman could have any pretensions to beauty after two-and-twenty. So the daughter of Henry of Navarre, and the wife of England's King, must fly for her very life to the sea-board of her adopted country, must embark from Falmouth in a Dutch man-of-war, attended by sundry lighter eraft, to the speediest of which it might prove necessary to entrust the destinies of a queen; must sustain the insult of being fired on by her own navy—for Warwick's squadron; stationed in Tor bay, actually gave chase to the Royal lady—and must land in poor and desperate plight on the shores of her brother's singdom, to seek the repose and safety denied her in her own.
All these events, however, are matters of

history; and except in so far as they affect the proceedings of those subordinate dolls whose strings in our puppet-show we have undertaken to pull, they will bear neither re-lation nor comment at the humble hands of the mere story-teller, who can only flutter to and fro tenui penna through the shaded gardens of fiction, but dare not trust his feelle pinions to soar aloft into the dazzling sunshine of Fact.

Mary Cave followed her Royal mistress to the very shallop in which she left the British shore. It was but a small household she carried with her from England; and though

wanted to ward off punishment from him!

My hands were bound, so to speak, or no
man living, minister or layman, should have
applied such terms to my royal mistress.

Jezebel was the best name he called her; and

Jezebel was the best name he called her; and dezebel was the best name he called her; and for blasphemy and indecency be religion, my was nothing loth to retain the services of one who had already proved himself so willing and devoted; but it was with a heavy heart, and a forboding of evil by no means natural to his temperament, that Humphrey took leave though, for all that; and I saw Essex waver as I can see thee, George, wince. Well, one ecclesiastic I suppose wasn't enough, for there barkation at Falmouth.

He was saddened. would the hangman had done his work yeo him had been colder and more reserved than it usually was. She had studiously avoided every chance of a private interview, had apparently wantenly and unfeelingly neglected every hint and allusion that he had ventured to make as to his wish of seeing her alone once more to bid her "farewell;" and had shown, to his thinking, an amount of heartlessness and carelessness of his feelings which grieved him as it would have angered another.

Humphrey, though a young man, was no

inexperienced soldier. He had assisted ere this at the scaling of many a rampart, the assault of many a beleaguered town; yet it never occurred to him that the last efforts of the besieged are desperate in proportion to their extremity—the resistance never so obstinate as on the eve of surrender. The weak

he should not see Mary again, and he was wondering in his simple faith how he could have offended her, and why she should thus think it worth while to grieve him, when perhaps they might never meet again. Like a child unjustly punished, he was less irritated than spirit-broken. Alas! like many a brave and gallant man, he was a sad coward, if only attached in the right place.

A door opened in the gallery of the hostelry handle the same and same an

honored by the presence of royalty. Mary 1 have come on a sleeveless errand."

"It is even so," answered Effingham, solemnly. The Truth is great, and it shall prevail. But tell me, Humphrey, of those you have left left behind. We have but few minutes to spare, and perhaps we may never the space of the spa not mean it — at least, I did not mean to make you so unhappy," and she gave him of bondage? chiles Allonby hand—that hand which only to touch he would at any time have given a year of his

He was a sad coward in some things we of which alone, for reasons of his own, Boshile thought worthy of a reply.

nave already said. He bound without speaking a word, but she felt the hot tears dropping on it as he lifted his the hot tears dropping on it as he lifted his "Sir Giles is hearty and busy as usual," he head and tried to smile unconcernedly in her

and has lost her bright look and joyous ways. a strangely uncourteous gallant—the lady a if dame of wondrous stiff and reserved demean

Again that faint, scarcely perceptible pressure of the hand he had never relin-The task must be accomplished first,

of she murmured. "Loyalty before all."

He raised her hand to his lips, and imprinted on it one long passionate kiss. Either by accident or design a bow of pink ribbon

headlands of his home with a strange wistful glance that was yet mingled with triumple and joy.

Had he not won his decoration? And was

not his heart beating against the ribbon

his order? TO BE CONTINUED.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

Dr. C. Huter, a German savant of Greifs. vald, has devised a simple arrangement which demonstrates the circulation of the blood in the human body by making it visible. What s known as Purkinje's experiment previously enabled an observer to witness the circulation in his own retinal blood vessels, but now, for the first time, can the flow of the vital fluid in one person be watched by another, and that, we are assured, with sufficient accuracy to deable assistance in the diagnosis of disease. Dr. Huter's method is as follows: The patient's head being fixed in a frame, on proposal of Essex thus to carry her into the scope and a lamp, his lower lip is drawn out very jaws of her enemies was almost tanta-mount to an insult; and the queenly spirit, and fixed on the stage of the microscope by means of clips, the inner surface being uppermost and having a strong light thrown it by a condenser. When these preparations are completed all the observer has to do is to bring the microscope to bear on the surface of the lip, using a low power objective, and focusing a small superficial vessel. At once he sees the endless procession of the blood corpuscles through the minute capilliaries, the colorless ones appearing like white specks dotting the red stream. Dr. Huter asserts the blood flow and changes in the corpuscles. he had derived great advantages in the treatment of medical cases. -- Galianani's