#### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

There's a tall lean spectre draped in white, With bony visage an: bollow eyes,
That hovers around our conches by night,
And troubler our sleep with its ghostly sighs;
And when at the dawn it disappears—
For spectres in daylight may not be seen—

Its wooful wailing still haunts our ears, For this is the ghost of what might have been It bookons and points with its taper hand. As a ballif might sue for an unpaid debt.
And it drays from the shales of the unseen land
Sonce deads of the past we would fain forget.
Some friend we have slighted, some word es-

caped,
Bespeaking an anger we did not mean,
as the whole of our after life has shaped,
And left us to sigh o'er what might have been.

Is there no vow we have failed to keep? Is there no vow we have latest to keep?

No wil path we refused to shun?

Is there so heart we have cause I to weep,
Or some good work we have left undone?

Is not childhood's innoconce far from us now,
With a broad, deep gulf of sin retween?

And can we sit with unclouded brow

And balance what is, with what might have

In every heart there's a tender spot,
With some sweet hope lying buried there,
A faded dream that seems half forg it,
Like the secret drawer with its ook of hair.
The summers they come, and the summers the

go, But the grave of that hope shall aye be green, But the hearts that cherish it only know The grief lying under what might have been.

But a morbid fancy, forgetting deeds And ever a ghing, no strief begets,
And the loveliest lives will run to weeds
If left to brood over vain regrets.
Then let us eschew the heart's deary,
And escape from this spectre tall and lean;
Work while it is day, that each one may
Fulfil in the end what might have been.

## HOLMBY HOUSE.

This frank avowal created no small dismay in the little circle then assembled in his Majesty's outer apartment. Herbert turned pale, and trembled. Maxwell, as red as fire,

deep.
The King remained totally unmoved. "Let the Commissioners be sent for," said he, with a dignified air, "and let the orders be communicated to them."

The Cornet was fast recovering his former "I have taken measures with them already," said he; "they are in watch and ward even now, and must return, will they, nill they, to the Parliament."

"By whose authority," demanded the Kingsternly, but with visible uneasiness.

The Cornet shook his head, laughed rudely, and pointed with his forefinger to his own

I would ask you, sir, as a favor," said the King, "to set them at liberty; and I demand, as a right," he added, drawing himself sup, and flushing with a sense of impotent anger and outraged dignity, " to be permitted a sight of your instructions."

far as this window."

the court-yard below, where indeed was drawn up as goodly a squadron of cavalry as the whole Parliamentary army could boast, well armed, well mounted hold and broad a well armed. armed, well mounted, bold and bronzed, with tear stole to his eye from the fond heart that stalwart frames and stern, unflinching faces, possessed, moreover, of the self-confidence and disciplined valor inspired by a career of hard-won victories.

They were the same Silently they rode on till they reached at Marston Moor, and finally vanquished him at Naseby. The finest cavalry in the world, and, bitterest thought of all, his own subjects. The King's heart was sore as he looked down into the court, but he had played the part of royalty too long not to know how to dissemble his feelings, and he turned to the Cornet with

' Your instructions, sir, are in fair charactors, and legible without spelling. The lan guage, though somewhat forcible, is suffi-ciently intelligible, and admits of no further ergument. I am ready to attend your good pleasure, with this proviso, that I stir not unless accompanied by the Commissioners. You have had your audience, sir; you

The Cornet, somewhat to his own surprise, found himself making a respectful obeisance and retiring forthwith; but the King's coach was ordered to be got in readiness without delay, and that very day Charles Stuart, accompanied, as he had stipulated, by the Comseaffold and the block.

# CHAPTER XXXIII.

" THE BEACON AFAR." "Ebenezer the Gideonite" was no bad specimen of the class he represented—the sour-visaged, stern and desperate fanatic, who allowed no consideration of fear or mercy to turn him from the path of duty; whose sense of personal danger as of personal responsibility was completely swallowed up in his religious enthusiasm; who would follow such an officer as George Effingham into the very jaws of death; and of whom such a man as Cromwell well knew how to make a rare and efficient instrument. Ebenezer's orders were to hold no communication with his prisoner to neglect no precaution for his and having reported his capture to the general in command at Northampton, to proceed at least one stage further on his road to London ere he halted for the

Humphrey's very name was consequently unknown to the party who had him in charge. As he had no papers whatever upon his per son when captured, the subaltern in command of the picket at Brixworth had sonsidered it useless to ask a question to which it was so easy to give a fictitions answer and Ebenczer, although recognizing him per sonally as an old acquaintance, had neglected to ascertain his name even after their first introduction by means of the flat of the Cavalier's sabre. Though his back had tingled for weeks from the effects of a blow so shrewdly administered; though he had every the prisoner whom he had helped to bring be fore Cromwell at his head-quarters, vet, with an idiosyncrasy peculiar to the British soldier, and a degree of Saxon indifference amounting to stupidity, he had never once thought of making inquiry as to who or what was the hard-hitting Malignaut that had so nearly knocked him off his horse in the

loucestershire lane.

Erect and vigilant, he rode conscientiously close to the prisoner, eyeing him from time to time with looks of curiosity and interest, and scanning his figure from head to heel with satisfaction. Not a word, however. did he address to the captive; his conversation, such as it was, being limited to a few brief sentences interchanged with his men, in which Scriptural phraseology was strangely intermingled with the language of the stab and the parade-ground. Strict as was the discipline insisted on amongst the Parliamentary troopers by Cromwell and his officers the escort, as may be supposed, followed the example of their superior with stern faces and silent tongues; they rode at "attention," their horses well in hand, their weapons held in readiness, and their eyes never for an

Humphrey, we may easily imagine, was in no mood to enter into conversation. He had indeed enough food for sad forebodings and conversations. He had bounds of military brevity, but the habit was indeed enough food for sad forebodings and conversations. bitter reflections. Wild and adventurous as had been his life for many weeks past—always in disguise, always apparently on the ten of the meanest class—not a day had elapsed without some imminent hazard,

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WHOLE NO. 1,116.-NO. 29.

feverish dream than a dark hopeless reality. And the poor sorrel! How sincerely he mourned for the good horse; how well he had always carried him; how gentle and gallant and obedient he was: how he turned to his master's hand and sprang to his master's voice. How fond he was of him; and to think of him lying dead yonder by the water-side It was hard to bear.

Strange how a dumb animal can wind itself round the human heart! What associations may be connected with a horse's arching crost or the intelligent glance of a dog's eye. How they can bring back to us the happy "long, long ago :" the magic time that seems brighter and brighter as we contemplate it from a greater and greater distance; how they can recall the soft tones and kindly glances that are hushed, perhaps, and dim for evermore perhaps, the bitterest stroke of all, estranged and altered now. "Love me, love my dog!
—there was never a truer proverb. Ay! lov my deg, love my horse, love all that came about me; the dress I wore, the words I have spoken, the very ground I trod upon—but do not be surprised that horse and dog, and dress and belongings, all are

still the same, and I alone am changed. pale, and frembled. Maxwen, as red as hie, seemed to doubt the evidence of his senses; whilst General Browne, stepping aside into the recess of a window, swore fearfully for the recess of a window, swore fearfully for the consecutive minutes in tones not loud but the recessed by a rough hand oharger's neck was caressed by a rough hand on the march, as the scene of the northern recented itself vivilly to the dyagoons So Humphrey loved the sorrel, and grieve water presented itself vividly to the dragoons untutored minds; and though the vigilance of his guardians was unimpeachable, their bearing towards Humphrey was all the softer and more differential that these veteran soldiers could appreciate his feelings and sympa-

thise with his loss.

He had but one drop of comfort, one gleam of sunshine now, and even this was dashed with bitter feelings of pique and a conscious-

recognized him; must have been aware of his critical position; must have known that

he was being led off to die.

Perhaps even her hard heart will ache, thought the prisoner, "when she thinks of her handiwork. Was it not for her sake that I undertook the fatal duty-for her sake that I have spent years of my life in exile, isked that life ungrudgingly a thoua sight of your instructions.

"That is easy done," answered Joyce, "if your Majesty will take the trouble to step as sand times, and shall now forfeit it most unquestionably to the vengeance of the Parlia

anger, half of triumph; yet through it all a tear stole to his eye from the fond heart that

hard-won victories. They were the same material, some of them the same men, that confronted Charles at Edge-hill, routed him at Marston Moor, and flually vanquished him at Narston. The finest expeller in the world liamentary troops, to throw away much atten tion on so simple an event as the arrival of an escort with a prisoner. Party feeling, too, had become considerably weakened since the continued successes of the Parliament. Virtually the war was over, and the Commons now represented the governing power through out the country. The honest townsmen of Northampton were only too thankful to obtain a short interval of peace and quiet for the prosecution of "business"—that magic word, which speaks so eloquently to the feelings of the middle class in England—and as their majority had from the very commencement of the disturbances taken the popular side in the great civil contest, they could afford to treat their fallen foes with mercy and

consideration.
Unlike his entry on a previous occasion into the good city of Gloucester, Humphrey found his present plight the object neither of ridicule nor remark. The passers by scarce glanced at him as he rode along, and the missioners, commenced the journey which led him, stage by stage, to his final resting place—the fatal window at Whitehall—the careless observer would hardly have remarked

that the troop encircled a prisoner. e of their meditated me ment against the King's liberty, the Parlia ment had concentrated a large force of all arms at Northampton, and the usually smiling and peaceful town presented the appear ance of enormous barracks. Granaries, manu factories, and other large buildings were taken up for the use of soldiers; troop-horses were picketed in the streets, and a park of ar tillery occupied the market place; whilst the best houses of the citizens, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of their owners, were appropri ated by the superior officers of the di In one of the largest of these George Effing ham had established himself. An air of military simplicity and discipline pervaded the general's quarters; sentries, steady and immovable as statues, guarded the entrance; a strong escort of cavalry occupied an adjoin-ing building, once a flour store, now converted into a guard-house. Grave upright person ages, distinguished by their scarfs as of the Parliament, stalked to and fro, intent on military affairs, here bringing in their re-ports, there issuing forth charged with

orders : but one and all affecting an austerity of demeanor which yet somehow sat unnatur ally upon bluff coat and steel head-viece The general himself seemed immersed in business. Seated at a table covered with papers, he wrote with unflinching energy, looking up, it is true, ever and anon with weary abstracted air, but returning to his work with renewed vigor after every inter ruption, as though determined by sheer force will to keep his mind from wandering off

its task. An orderly-sergeant entered the room, and. standing at "attention," announced the ar rival of an escort with a prisoner. The general looked up for a moment from

his papers. "Send the officer in command o make his report," said he, and resumed his occupation. Ebenezer stalked solemnly into the apart

ment; gaunt and grim, he stood bolt up right and commenced his narrative :

"I may not tarry by the way, General;" began, "for verily the time is short and he began. night cometh in which no man oun work: nasseth like the shadow on the sun dial ero man can say, Lo! here it cometh, or lo there.

Effingham cut him short with considerable impatience. "Speak out, man," he exclaimed, "and say what thou'st got to say, with a murrain to thee! Dost think I have nought to do but sit here and listen to the prating of hy fool's tongue?"

Ebenezer was one of those preaching men of war who never let slip an opportunity of what they termed "improving the occasion but our friend George's temper, which the un happiness and the uncertainty of the last fev years had not tended to sweeten, was by no means proof against such an infliction. subordinate perceived this, and endeavored his communication within the

broke out again—
"I was ordered by Lieutenant Allgood to select an escort of eight picked men and eve of discovery, and dependent for his safety horses, and proceed in charge of a prisoner to on the fidelity of utter strangers, of London. My instructions were to pass ten of the meanest class—not a day through Northampton, reporting myself to ten of the state of the last few hours had out but the events of the last few hours had out all. To have succeeded in his prisoner, the captive, as indeed I may say, of the last few hours had out all. To have succeeded in his prisoner, the captive, as indeed I may say, of the last few hours had out all and the prisoner, the captive, as indeed I may say, of the last few hours had suear, who fell a prey to us mission!—to have escaped when escape our bow and spear, who fell a prey to us seemed impossible, and then to fail at the under Brixworth, even as a bird fallet a prey seemed impossible, and then to fail at the under Brixworth, even as a bird falleth a prey last moment, when safety had been actually to the fewler, and who trusted in the eed of

gained !—it seemed more like some wild and his horse to save him in the day of wrath, as these Malignants have ever trusted in their snortings and their prancings, forgetting that it hath been said-

"Go to the devil, sir!" exclaimed George Effingham, with an energy of impatience that completely dissipated the thread of the worthy sergeant's discourse; are you to take up my time standing preaching there, in-stead of attending to your duty? You have your orders, sir; be off, and comply with them. Your horses are fresh, your journey before you, and the sun going down. I shall take care that the time of your arrival in London is reported to me, and wee be to you if you 'tarry by the way,' as you call it in your ridiculous hypocritical jargen. To the right—face!"

right—lace!"
It was a broad hint that in an orderlyroom admitted of but one interpretation.
Ebenezer's instincts as a soldier predominated over his temptation as an orator, and in ess than five minutes he was once more in the saddle, wary and vigilant, closing files carefully round the captured Eovalist as hey wound down the stoney street in the lirection of the London road.

George Effingham returned to his writing and with a simple memorandum of the fact that a prisoner had been reported to him as under escort for London, dismissed the whole subject at once from his mind.

Thus it come to pass that the two friends as still they may be called, never knew that they were within a hundred paces of each other, though how strange a relative position; never knew that a chance word, an accident nowever trifling, that had betrayed the name of either, would have brought them together, and perhaps altered the whole subsequent destimes of each. George never suspected that the nameless prisoner, reported to him as a mere matter of form, under the charge of Ebenezer, was his old friend Humphrey Bosyille; nor could the Cavalier Major guess that the General of Division holding so important a command as that of Northampton, was none other than his former comrade and captani, dark George Effingham.

The latter worked hard till nightfall. It

was his custom now. He seemed never so uneasy as when in repose. He acted like a traveler who esteems all time wasted but that which tends to the accomplishment of his journey. Enjoying the confidence of Cromwell and the respect of the whole army, won, in despite of his antecedents, by a career of cool and determined bravery, he seemed to be building up for himself a high and influential station, stone by stone as it were, and udging no amount of sacrifice, no exertion raise it, if only by an inch. The enthusiasm of George's temperament was counterbalanced by sound judgment and a highly perspicuous intellect, and consequently the tendency to fanaticism which had first impelled him to join the Revolutionary party, had become considerably modified by all he saw and heard, anen admitted to the concils of the Parliament, and better acquainted with their motives and opinions. He no longer deemed that such men as Fairfax, Iretou, even Crom-well, were directly inspired by Heaven, but he could not conceal from himself that their energies and abilities were calculated to wir for them the high places of the earth. He knew moreover, none better, the strength and the weaknesses of either side and he could not doubt for a moment which must become the dominant party. If not a better party. If not a better, the ci-devant Cavalier had

come unquestionably a wiser man, and having determined in his own mind which of the contending factions was capable of saving the country, and which was obviously on the high read to power, he never now regretted for an instant that he had joined its ranks, nor looked back as Bosville world have donunder similar circumstances, with a wistful longing to all the illusions of romance and chivalry which shed a glare over the down fall of the dashing Cavaliers. Etfingham's say, was a temper we need hardly ment of extraordinary perseverance and

unconquerable resolution. He now proposed to himself a certain had and end in life. From the direction which led to his attainment he never swerved one inch, as he never halted for an instant by the way. He had seemed to win a high and in fluential station. Such a station as would at once silence all malicious remarks, on his Royalist antecedents, as should raise him, if not to wealth at least to honor, and above all, such as to enable him to throw the shield of his protection over all and any whom he should think it worth his while thus to shelter and defend. Far in the distance, like some strong swimmer battling successfully against wind and tide, he discerned the beacon which he had resolved to reach, and though he husbanded his strength and neglected no advantage of eddy or back-water, he never relaxed for an instant from his efforts, convinced that in the moral as in physical conflict. he who is not advancing is necessarily losing way. Such tenacity of purpose will be served at last, as indeed it fully merits to be, and this Saxon quality Effingham possessed for good or evil in its most exaggerated form.

The weakness of a strong nature, like the flaws in the marble column, are, however, fit subject for ridicule and remark. general, despite his grave appearance and nis powerful intellect was as childish in some matters as his neighbors. Ever since the concentration of a large Parliamentary force around Northampton, and the investment, so to speak, of Holmby House by the redoubta Cornet Joyce, it had been judged advisa ble by the authorities to station a strong de sachment of cavalry at the village of Brixworth, a lonely hamlet within six miles o nead-quarters, occupying a commanding pos tion, and with strong capabilities for defence This detachment seeemed to be the general'. peculiar care; and who should gainsay such high military opinion as that of George Effingham? Whatever might be the pres of business during the day, however numer ous the calls upon his time, activity, and resourses, he could always find a scare hour or two before sundown, in which to visit this portant outpost. Accompanied by a solitary dragoon as an escort, or even at times entirely alone, the general would gallor over to beat up the Lieutenant Allgood's quarters, and returning leisurely in the dark would drop the rein on his horse's neck, and suffer him to walk quietly throughout the out-skirts of the park at Boughton, whilst the master looked long the wistfully at the casket containing the jewel which he had sternly resolved to win. On the day of Humphrey's capture, the very engerness on the part of Effingham to fulfil his daily duty, or rather, we should say, to enjoy the only relaxation he permitted himself, served to ender him somewhat impatient of Eben ezer's long-winded communications; and by atting short the narrative of that verbose dicial, perhaps prevented an interview with his old friend, which, had he believed in its possibility, he would have been sorry to

A bright moon shone upon the waving forn and fine old trees of Broughton Park as George returned from his customary visit to the outpost. He was later than usual, and the soft southern breeze waited on his ear the iron tones that were tolling midnight from the Kingsthorpe Church. All was still, and balmy, and beautiful, the univers seemed to breathe of peace, and love, and repose. The influence of the hour seemed to soothe and soften the ambitious soldier seemed to saturate his whole being with kindly, gentle feelings, far different those which habitually held sway in that

weary, careworn heart; seemed to whisper to him of higher, holier joys than worldly fame and gratified pride, even than suc-cessful love—to urge upon him the cessful love—to urge upon him the beauty of humility, and self-sacrifice, and hope seatty of number, and self-sacrinee, and nope ful, child-like trust—the triumph of that re-signation which far out-shines all the splendors of conquest, which wrests a victory even out of the jaws of defeat.

Alas! that these momentary impressions could be transient in proportion to their strength! What is this flaw in the human organization that thus makes man the very puppet of a passing thought? Is there but one rudder that can guard the bark upon her voyage, veering as she does with every chang ing breeze? but one course that shall bring her in safety to the desired haven, when all the false plots she is so prone to take on board do but run her upon shoals and quicksands, or let her drift aimlessly out seaward through the night? We know where the charts are to be found—we know where the rudder can be fitted. Whose fault is it that we cannot bring our cargo safe home to port?

The roused deer, alarmed at the tramp of George's charger, sprang hastily from their lair under the stems of the spreading beeches blanched in the moonlight to a ghastly white. As they coursed along in single file under the horse's nose, he bounded lightly into the air, and with a snort of pleasure rather than alarm broke voluntarily into a canter on the yielding moss-grown sward. The motion scattered the train of thought in which his rider was plunged, dispelled the charm, and brought him back from his visions to his own practical, resolute self. He glanced once and once only, at the turrets of the hall, from which a light was still shining, dimly visible at a gap in the fine old avenue; and then with clinched hand and stern, compressed smile, turned his horse's head homeward, and galloped steadily on towards his own quarters in Northampton town.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

" PAST AND GONE."

Perhaps had Effingham known in whos com was twinkling that light which shone out at so late an hour from the towers of the old manor-house; could any instinctive fa-culty have made him aware of the council to which it was a silent witness; could he have guessed at the solemn conclave held by two individuals in that apartment, from which only a closed casement and a quarter of a mile of avenue separated him, even his strong heart would have beat quicker and a sensation of sickening anxiety would have prevented him from proceeding so resolutely homewards, would have kept him lingering and hankering there the live-

long night. The solit solitary light was shining from Grace Allouby's apartment. In that luxurious room were the two ladies, still in full evening costume. One was in a sitting posture, the other, with a pale, stony face, her hair pushed back from her temples, and her lips, usually so red and ripe, of an ashy white, walked ir regularly to and fro, clasping her hands to gether, and twisting the fingers in and out with the unconscious contortions of acute suffering. It was Mary Cave who seemed thus driven to the extremity of apprehension and dismay. All her dignity, all her self-possession had deserted her for the nonce, and eft ner a trembling, weeping, harassed, and afflicted woman.

Grace Allonby, on the other hand. sat in her chair erect and motionless as marble Save for the action of the little foot beneath her dress, which tapped the floor at regular intervals, she might, indeed, have been a statute, with her fixed eye, her curved defian lip and dilated nostril expressive of mingled

rath and scorn. Brought up as sisters, loving each other with the undemonstrative affection which dependence on one side and protection the other surely engenders between generous minds, able to sow the slightest dissension between these two. Now, however, they seemed to have changed natures. Mary was writh ing and pleading as for dear sat stern and pitiless, her dark eyes flashing fiercely, and her fair brow, unusually so smooth and open, lowering with an ominous

scowl. For five minutes neither had spoken syllable, though Mary continued her trouble walk up and down the room. At last Grace turning her head haughtily towards her com panion, stiffly observed.

"You can suggest, then, no other method than this unwomanly and humiliating

Dear Grace," replied Mary, in accents of imploring eagerness, "it is our last resource. I entreat you—think of the interest at stake. Think of him even now, a prisoner on his way to execution. To execution! Great Heaven! they will never spare him now. I can see it all before me—the gallant form walking erect between those stern, triumphant Puritane, the kindly face blind-folded, that he may not look upon his death. I can see him standing out from those levelled muskets. defies them all, and shouts his old hattle-cry -"God and the King!" I can see the wreath of white smoke floating away before the Humphrey Bosville—dead!—do you undersand me, girl? dead—stone dead! and we

nall never, never see him more!" Mary's voice rose to a shriek as she concluded, towering above her companion in all the majesty of her despair; but she could not sustain the horror of the picture she had conjured up, and sinking into a chair, she overed her face with her hands, and

covered ner face with ner hands, and shook all over like an aspen leaf.
Grace, too, shuddered visibly. It was in a softened tone that she said, "He must be saved, Mary. I am willing to do all that lies in my power. He shall not die for his loy-alty, if he can be rescued by any one that bears the name of Allonby"

"Bless you, darling, a thousand, thousand times!" exclaimed Mary, seizing her friend's hand, and covering it with kisses; "I knew your good, kind heart would triumph at the last. I knew you would never leave him to die without stretching an arm to help him. Listen Gracey. There is but one person that can interpose with any chance of success or his behalf—I need not tell you again who that person is, Gracey; you used to praise and admire my knowledge of the world; you used to place the utmost faith in my clear sightedness and quickness of perception. I am not easily deceived, and I tell you George Effing. ham loves the very ground beneath your fee Not as men usually love, Grace with a divided interest, that makes

a hawk or a hound, a place at court, or a brigade of cavalry, too dangerous and successful a rival, but with all the energy of his whole enthusiastic nature, with th reckless devotion that would fling the world, if he had it, at your feet. He is your slave dear, and I cannot wonder at it. For your lightest whim he would do more, a thousand times more, than this. He has influence with our rulers (it is a bitter drop in the cup, that we must term the Roundhead knaves our confidence, and Cromwell governs England now. If he can be prevailed on to exert him-self, he can save Bosville's life. It is much to ask him, I grant you. It may compromise him with his party, it may give his enemies the means of depriving him of his command,

it may ruin the whole future on which his great ambitious mind is set. I know him, you see, dear, though he has never thought it worth his while to open his heart to me; might even endanger his safety at a future period, but it must be done, Grace, and you are the person that must tell him to do it." "It is not right," answered Grace, her eminine pride rousing itself once more. is not just or fair, What can I give him in exchange for such a favor? How can I, of

all the women upon earth, ask him to do this "And yet, Grace, if you refuse, Hum-phrey must die!" said Mary, in her quiet tones of despair, but with a writhing lip that

could hardly utter the fatal word.

Grace was driven from her defences now Conflicting feelings, reserve, pride, pity and affection, all were at war in that soft heart, which so few years ago had scarcely known Like a true woman, she adopted the ast unfailing resource—she put herself into a passion, and burst into tears.
"Why am I to do all this?" sobbed Grace.

"Why are my father, and Lorl Vaux, and you yourself, Mary, to do nothing, and I alone to interfere? What especial claim has Humphrey on me? What right have I, more than others, over the person of Major Bos-

"Because you love him, Grace," answered Mary, and her eye never wavered, her voice never faltered, when he said it. The stony ook had stolen over her face once more, and the rigidty of the full white arm that peeped over her sleeve showed how tight her hand was clenched, but the women herself was as steady as a rock. The other turned her eves way from the quiet searching glance that

away from the quiet searching grance that was reading her heart.

"And if I did," said poor Grace, in the petulance of her distress, "I should not be the only person. You like him yourself, know you do-am I to save him for your sake?"

The girl laughed in bitter scorn while she spoke, but tears of shame and contrition rose o her eves a moment afterwards, as she redected on the ungenerous words she had

Mary had long nerved herself for the task he was not going to fail now. She had resolved to give him up. Three little simple words; very easy to say, and compromising after all—what? a mere nothing! only a heart's happiness lost for a lifetime—only a cloud over the sun for evermore—only the lestruction of hope and energy, and all that makes life worth having, and distinguishes the intellectual being from the brute. Only the exchange of a future to pray for, and lream of, for a listless despair, torpid and benumbed—fearing nothing, caring for nothing, and welcoming nothing but the stroke that shall end life and sufferings together. This was all. She would not flinch—she was re solved—she could do it easily.
"Listen to me, Grace," she said, speaking

every word quite slowly and distinctly, though her very eyebrows quivered with the violence

she did her feelings, and she was obliged to grasp the arm of a chair to keep the cold, trembling fingers still. "You are mistaken if you think I have any sentiment of regard for Major Bosville deeper than friendship and esteem. I have long known him, and appreciate his good qualities. You vourself must acknowledge how intimately allied we have all been in the war, and how staunch and faithful he has ever proved himself to the King. Therefore I honor and regard him, therefore I shall always look back to him as a friend, though I should never meet him again. Therefore I would make any exertion, submit to any sacrifice to eave his life. But, Grace, I do not love him She spoke faster and louder new. "And, moreover, if you believe he entertains any such feelings on my behalf, you are wrong— I am sure of it—look at the case yourself, candidly and impartially, For nearly two years I have never exchanged words with him, either by speech or writing—never seen

me now.' Poor Mary! it was the hardest gulp of all to keep back the tears at this; now that she quite thought it herself, but it was so cruel to he obliged to say it. After all she was a waman, and though she tried to have a heart of stone, it quivered and bled like a heart of flesh all the while, but she went on resolutely with a tighter hold of the chair.

he did, but he does not care two straws for

I think you and he are admirably uited to each other. I think you would be very happy together. I think you would be very happy together. I think, Grace, you like him very much—you cannot deceive me, dear. You have already excited his interest and admiration. Look in your glass, my pretty Grace, and you need not be surprised. Think what will be his feelings when he owes you his life. It requires no prophet to foretell how this must end He vill love you and you shall marry him. Yes. Grace, you can surely trust me. I swear to you from henceforth, I will never so much as speak to him again. You shall not be made speak to him again. You shall not be induced uneasy by me of all people—only save his life, Grace, only use every effort, make every sacrifice to save him, and I, Mary Cave, that was never foiled or beaten yet, promise you that he shall be yours."

It is peculiar to the idiosyncrasy of women perfect right to dispose of a heart that he longs to them, and say to it, "you shall be enslaved here or enraptured there, at our good pleasure." Would they be more surprised or angry to find themselves taken at their word? Grace listened with a niessed expression of

countenance. She believed every syllable her friend told her. It is very easy to believe that she had made an on the handsome young Cavalier, for whom she could not but, own she had once entertained a warm feeling of attachment. Like many another quiet and retiring woman this consciousness of conquest pos sessed for Grace a charm dangerous and tractive in proportion to its rarity. The timid are sometimes more aggressive than the bold; and Grace was sufficiently feminine to receive considerable gratification from that species of admiration which Mary, who was surfeited with it, thoroughly despised. It was the old story between these two; the one was courteously accepting as a trifling gift that which constituted the whole worldly possessions of the other. It was hard to offer up our diamonds, and see them valued but

"There is no time to be lost, Mary," of served Grace, after a few moments' reflection I will make it my business to see General Effingham before twenty-four hours have elapsed. If, as you say, he entertains thisthis infatuation about me, it will perhaps make him still more anxious on be half of his old friend, to provide for whose safety I should think he would strain every nerve, even if there were no such person as Grace Allonby in the world. We will save Major Bosville, Mary, whatever happens if I have to go down on my bended knees to George Effingham. Not that I think such a measure will be needful," added Grace, with a smile; "he is very courteous and considerate notwithstanding his stern brows and haughty manner. Very chivalrous, too, for a Puritan. My father even avows he is a good gentleman. Do you not think so, Mary?" for the wisest of mankind. Here was Faith, sel, his father encourages him we But Mary did not answer. She had gained for instance, who, with the exception of her mark, "Does—it—turn—hard?"

the ransom was actually it d, there was nothing more to be done. The excitement was over, and the reaction had already com-

Thank you, dear, again and again." With these words she pressed her cold lips upon friends hand; and hiding her face as much as possible from observation, walked quietly and sadly to her room. It was an unspeakgreat sorrow, but yet alone. To moan aloud in her agony, and speak to herself as though in her agony, and speak to herself as though she were someone else, and fling herself down en her knees by the bedside, burying her head in those white arms, and weep her heart out while she poured forth the despairing prayer that she might die, the only prayer of the afflicted that falls short of the throne of mercy. Once before in this very room had Mary wrestled gallantly with suffering, and heen victorious. gallantly with suffering, and been victorious. Was she weaker now that she was older? Shame! shame! that the woman should give way to a trial which the girl had found strength enough to overcome. Alas! she felt oo keenly that she had then lost an ideal. rendered a reality. She bad never known be-fere all she had dared, if not to hope, at least to dream, of the future with him that was till possible yesterday—and now—

Lost, too, by her own deed, of her own free will. Oh! it was hard, very hard to bear! But she slept, a heavy, sound, and ex-hausted sleep. So it ever is with great and positive affliction. Happiness will keep us taxed her energies, not so much to captivate gladsome, notwithstanding our vigils, as the bird itself, refreshed and invigorated by the little time, it is true, for her convertible and but sunshine of the soul. 'Tie or the soul of sunshine of the soul. 'Tis an unwilling bride that is late astir on her wedding morn. Anxiety, with all its harassing affects. Anxiety, with all its harassing effects, ad be dissatisfied with the success of her efforts, even long before the departure of his Majesty The dreaded crisis is never absent from and the unconscious rival.

Our thoughts; and though the body Dymocke, elated with his last exploit, and

heavy to endure.
She dreamed that she was once again at She dreamed that she was once again at she can be shore, and watched the narrow line of calm blue water and the ripple of the shallow wave was time to forge him into a tool. that stole gently to her feet along the noise less sand. The sea-bird's wing shone white grandchildren at play in the corridor. The against the summer sky as he turned little girl, with a spirit of unjust acquisitive in his silent flight; and the hushed breeze scarce lifted the folds of her toys, taking from him successively the whole own white dress as she paced thought of his marbles, a discordant fin trumpet, and fully along. It was the dress he liked so much; she had worn it because he was gone, far away beyond those blue waters, oeen. Oh that he were here now, to walk hand-in-hand with her along those yellow sands! Even as she wished he stood by her, his breath was on her cheek his area. sands! Even as she wished he stood by her, his breath was on her cheek, his eyes were ers of the gallery; and a fit of "the sulks," looking into hore. him but twice, and you yourself were present each time. He may have admired me once. I tell you honestly, dear, I think had did but he does not save two strong for the same once. I tell you honestly, dear, I think was his, his very own, and for always now. "At last," she said, putting the hair back from his forehead, and printing on the smooth brow one long, clinging kiss, "at last I dear. You will never leave me now? and the dream answered, "Never, never

" I have decided; it shall be done!

# CHAPTER XXXV.

"THE LANDING-NET."

Faith had excited Dymocke's jealousy This was a great point gained; perhaps with the intuitive knowledge of man's weaknesses possessed by the shallowest and most superficial of her sex, she had perceived that some decisive measure was required to laud her fish at last. Though he had gorged the bait greedily enough, though the hook was fairly fixed in a vital spot, and nothing remainedto continue our metaphor—but to brandish the landing-net, and subsequent frying-pan the pike lurked stolidly in deep waters. This state of apathy in the finny tribe is termed "sulking" by the disciples of Izaak Walton; and the great authorities who have succeeded that colloquil philosopher, in treating of the gentle art, recommend that stones should be arown, and other offensive measures prac tised, in order to bring the fish once more to the surface.

Let us see to what description of stone throwing Faith resorted to to secure the prey for which, to do her justice, she had long been angling with much craft, skill and un-

tiring patience. Dymocke, we need hardly now observe, was an individual who entertained no mean and derogatory opinion of his own merits or his own charms. An essential article of his belief had always been that there was at least one bachelor left, who was an extraordi- He declared himself successful in finding the narily eligible investment for any of the weaker sex below the rank of lady; and that bachelor bore the name "Hugh Dymocke." With such a creed, it was no easy matter to bring to book our far-sighted philosopher. His good entries of himself and although there was something peculiar about it. he paid the mouse of himself and although the paid the paid the mouse of himself and although the paid the pai matter to bring to book our far-sighted punior sopher. His good opinion of himself made it useless to practice on him the usual arts of the marvellous discovery. "Hullo!" cried in stentorian tones the Hibernian who had stentorian tones the Hibernian who had to find an echo. "Hullo!" came termed "snubbing." Even jealousy, that promised to find an echo. "Hullo!" came last and usually efficacious remedy, was not back from the hillside yonder. "How are easily aroused in so self satisfied a mind; and as for hysterics, seenes, reproaches and appeals to the passions. all such recoiled from his experienced nature, like hailstones before retiring one of the company, putting from an armor of proof. He was a difficult his hands to his mouth cried out, "Will you subject, this wary old trooper. Crafty, callous, opinionated, above all steeped in practical as well as theoretical wisdom. Yet when it came to a trial of wits, the veriest chit of had been discovered in that estate. Judge of the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the answer than the surprise of the party when the surprise o

We have heard it asserted by sun- you, sir; I will, if you please." dry idolaters, that even "the worst fellow, who had been stationed at woman is better than the best man." to supply the place of an echo, on the truth of this axiom we would not mitted to too great a temptation. venture to pronounce. Flattering as is our opinion of the gentle sex, we should be sorry to calculate the amount of evil which it would require to constitute the worst of those fascinating natures which are so prone to run into

journey to Oxford, had never been a dozen miles from her own home, outwitting and outman cuvring a veteran toughened by ever so many campaigns, and sharpened by five and-twenty years' practice in all the strata

gems of love and war.

After revolving in her own mind the different methods by which it would be advisable to hasten a catastrophe that should terminate in her own esponsals of her victim, the little woman resolved on jealousy as the most prompt, the most efficacious, and perhaps the most merciful in the end. Now, a man always goes to work in the most blundering manner possible when he so far forgets his own honest dog-like nature as to play such tricks as these. He invariably selects some comfort to know that she had succeeded in her object. Had the purchase not been worth the price, she would not surely here offers to succeed the war with such hasto and open the war with war with such hasto and open the war with wa t; and now the price had been accepted, and transparent to the laughing bystanders, When he thinks he is getting on most swimmingly, the world sneers; the fictitious object, who has, indeed, no cause to be flattered, despises; and the real "Bless you, Grace, for your kindness," was all she said. "I am tired now and will go to bed. To-morow we will settle everything. Thank you, dear, again and again." With method. We think we have already men tioned that in attendance upon the King at Holmby was a certain yeoman of the guard and sadly to her room. It was an unspeak on whom that damsel had deigned to shed able relief to be alone, face to face with her the sunshine of her smiles, in which the honest functionary basked with a stolid satisfac-tion edifying to witness. He was a steady, sedate and goodly personage; and, save for his bulk, the result of little thought combined with much feeling, and his comeliness, which he inherited from a Yorkshire mother, was the very counterpart of Dymocke himself. He was nearly of the same age, had served in the wars on the King's side with some little distinction, was equally a man of few words, wise saws, and an outward demeanor of profound sagacity, but lacked, it must be conlessed, that prompt wit and energy of action which made amends for much of the absurd

ity of our friend Hugh's pretensions,

He was, in short, such a personage as it seemed natural for a woman to admire who had been capable of appreciating the good qualities of the sorgeant; and in this Faith showed a tact and dis cernment essentially feminine. Neither did she go to work "hammer-and-tongs," as if there was not a moment to be lost ; on the

our thoughts; and though the body may be prostrated by weariness, the mind refuses to be lulled to rest. We do not envy the merchant prince his bed of down, especials weetheart, or indeed any of the domestics; sweetheart, or indeed any of the domestics; sweetheart, or indeed any of the domestics; and Feith wiscal letting him alone played the merchant prince his bed of down special-sweetheart, or indeed any of the domestics by when he has neglected to insure his and Faith, wisely letting him alone, played blow has actually on her own game with persevering steadiness. allen, when happiness had spread her wings After a time she succeeded in arousing his and flown away, as it seems, for evermore, attention, then his anxiety, and lastly his when there is no room for anxiety, because wrath. At first he seemed simply surprised, when there is no room for anxiety, because the worst has come at last, and hope is but a mockery and a myth, then doth the heavy lastly undoubtedly and unreasonably angry, sleen descend upon me like a myll more with himself mith the more results. sleep descend upon us, like a pull upon a with himself, with her new acquaincoffin, and mercy bids us take our rest
for a time, senseless and forgetful like the so confoundedly pretty all the time? When the veoman went away. Faith gazed after the But there was a bitter drop still to be tasted departing cavalcade from the buttery window in the full cup of Mary's sorrows. Even as she laid her down, she dreaded the moment the other maids "that she felt as if she could in the full cup of Mary's sorrows. Even as twin a deep sign. She felharard to one of she laid her down, she dreaded the moment the other maids "that she felt as if she could die for the King; and what a becoming wearily!—that she might never wake again, though she knew not then that she would guard." Dymocke, who had approached her ream that night a golden dream, such as with some idea of an armistice, if not a treaty should make the morning's misery almost too of peace, turned away with a smothered curse heavy to endure. came near her, all the next morning he never

It was but vesterday we watched two of our

A child's resentment, however, is not of long duration; and we are bound to admir that in this instance the aggressor made the first advances to a reconciliation. began it, dear," lisped the little vixen, a therough woman already, she can hardly her resolution. Though Mary Cave looked ten years older than she had done but twenty-four hours before, she said to her care. to have been from the commencement wholly and solely in the wrong.

So Faith, lying in wait for Dymocke at a certain angle of the back-yard, where there was not much likelihood of interruption, stood to her arms boldly, and commenced the

"Are you never going to speak to me again, sergeant?" said Faith, with a half-mournful, half-resential expression on her face. "I now what new acquaintances are—the niller's daughter's a good and a comely ; but it's not so far from here to Brampton Mill that you need to be in such a hurry as not to spare a word to an old friend, Hugh!"

The last monosyllable was only whispered, but accompanied by a soft stolen glance from under a pair of long eyelashes, it did not fail

to produce a certain effect.

"The miller's daughter! Brampton Mill,!" xclaimed Hugh, aghast and open mouthed. dumbfoundered, as well he might be, at an occusation so devoid of the slightest shadow of justice.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# A WONDERFUL BUILD

We heard lately a thoroughly characteristic story. Some years ago a very fine echo was discovered on an Englishman's estate. He was proud of it, of course, and excited considerable envy by its exhibition. One of his neighbors, who owed an adjoining estate, felt especially chagrined, but was greatly encourwith the hope of discovering one somewhere, most wonderful echo ever heard, and stood ready to unfold his secret for a large sum of you?" velled one of the company, and echo answered in a suspiciously different key,
"How are you?" All went well until just have some whiskey?" Such a question would worst fellow, who had been stationed at a distance man." to supply the place of an echo, simply sub-

-A father never thinks his ten-year-old son is stronger than a horse until he employs him to turn the grindstone to sharpen an axe extremes; but of this we are sure, that the silliest woman in all matters of finesse and that is about as sharp at one end as at the gentleman. Do you not think so, Mary?"

subtlety is a match, and more than a match, files off, and, just before he bursts a blood yes, for the wisest of mankind. Here was Faith, sel, his father encourages him with the resel, his father encourages him with the re-