corporation and telested profession, from tank across any country. the smoothly in the or mee the mysteries 

Mr. Leavenamp, the father, was one of the old and cheerful, generous, kind-hearted, and processing were to hospitality. In personal apprarance he was about the middle height, west braned, and of a to h complexion; ne time, but when this tale commences, havbecome besel and in term, and feeling his amountaint instatues the most affectionate harrest disposition and pursuits. One den wort, Constance, a pretty girl of nine teen, come and the family cuche, Mrs. Beauchamp having his a dead some years. Constance, arturugh aighly accomplished

that and sciences feminine, was a superior not examin, possessing with a beautiful d and hand . i. horsebach, herve suffer the to to a stand manage the most refractory married the genus equine. Her figure, to a rouder can over the general standard Greath order, with a profusion of dark, not the most particular pet of her father and nother, as well as of Bob Conyers, to

we are I must next introduce my readers. I. de carire was usually called, j was a bache-Life and a about forty, tail, stout, of a merry there names and good mien, passionally man but a dandy. Such a contrast to his treating, and it may suffice to say of the not visual man, that he had the cutree of to the every gentleman's house in the a 18, in which he was ever greeted with a welcome reception from the seniors, a rapair us glee from the jumor in mless of the numerous families; in short, and party was considered quite comdet wahent the presence of this highlyfratore I son of Nimod. He was also greatly cross od by the ladies, having a good and reterable car for music, being also nevert dancer and cheerful partner in a 1. ... m; and m lack of other occupation The dead months, that is im Bob's buttery) the summer season, be was occon parently sitting down at a . v.crk-table, with a piece of worsted-11 md! Rob possissed a most versa-He could discuss politics with the transfer parliament, quote Latin or ck water the Scholar, divinity with the in m, small talk with the young ladies; A paren, a farandable opponent the cress. With these and a few ice amplichim ets ae to embellisi ments person, it was a matter of wall his friends that Bob remained ngh bless duess, particularly as his minute beyond that time will I wait." telerat for women and children was so

Fox huncers have been accused of being cance, who a, truth to say, men of one idea only, and their conversation brox da far more attractive source than has been represented to be so finctured or Latinost Greek, and yet William Bern-tainted with tex-hunting as to prove highly come had made such progress at the dead offensive to persons of more refined intellect. the core at the university, tent he took his Manking generally are unjustly consortous der in the ang colors, and, as his friend to these who differ from tacm in taste, idons, or parsuits, but why a fox hunter should be to be the fight, but to a prolonged turned boose as a mork to be fired at alone, and have recommended by his dieter and about his own profession, employment, or "And who ever thou the saddle, and a denied good Counger | I pever could understand. The breakfast reast of all Bob Convers : and that's the reaod loob, for their has been a capital table with scarlet conts seated round it, is as son I want you to tell Blanche Douglas that that at Bampton House, on the 1st of heiress. but it is one of the hand-omest men of his November, 18-, the general conversation ran most undeniably on sporting subjects, alof a line to the young lady in the choice of a line deposition and pursuits. One up, exclaiming, "By Jove! Will, the time is band." ιį).

" No harry, Bob, this morning !-there are lots of fellows flocking in, who will require a little jumping powder as well as yourself, this fine bracing morning, and we must give them hait an hours law on the op mig day.

" Very well, my coy, replied Bob; "once m a way, it don't signify, although half au hour, or such a mis cast in Nature's most perfect hour, or such a morning as this, is a great to the sacrifice to make for tuese idle dandies. besides the nuisance they are in the field, always spoiling sport; and here comes that the was rather reserved, although long-legg d Captain Markham, who is always come p and affectionate technics; but with riding over hounds when they come to a but I know this also, which you don't seem heart not and relations joyons and com- check, but he can't live twenty minutes with to know yourself, that when you think deep-1 - canve Unterly devend of affectation, the mon a good scenting day. To look at ly sometimes of Blanche, and there is a pear ally beloved by her neighbors, his covert back, one would think he had been culiar expression about your eyes, and hers riding a steeple chase already this morning. Poor little mars! how sho blows! and all this haste, merely because he chooses to this haste, merely because he chooses the first hand, not, many, not, many botter over his toilet and breakfast table just stretch of your discursive imagination; but I am hour longer than it would take any other; am wedded already, and here comes Charley dred of such puppies (who, by the way, is only one remove from the Captain) told me a good story about hun. He had dined and slept at Carton Court the day before our winding up last season, and the Captain being behind time, as usual, at the breakfast table next morning, Dick walked into his the worthy sitting coolly in his easy chair, in his dressing gown and slippers, surveying half a dozen pairs of buckskins, all ranged in order, on a line of chairs across the room.

" Hollon! what's the matter, Markham?" splitting headache?"

there-had a bottle of soda water, to cool the I them. copper, half an hour ago; but those leathers i honor, I can't make up my mind which to patromse.

"Oh, indeed," replied Vernon, "if that's t a mel pl y cards with the old the only difficulty, we'll soon cut the Gordian big for our fences by my Byron, and Moore, his knot;" so taking the earth brush, Dick drey creep through." the only difficulty, we'll soon cut the Gordian big for our fences, where a smaller hound can to were ready at his onck to call lift across the nearest pairs, when the Captain or and the postsman in the spring from his chair to prevent further disto kick Dick out of the room.

breakfast is half over, and we have ten miles after heavy rain, half under water, I think to covert, I will give you twenty minutes to small hounds would never do the work dress and finish your breakfast, and not a ours do-at least, not in their style; and

The Captain, relieved of his difficulties, everything. neterious. But the secre, lay here; -Boo soon made his appearance down stairs; and

warrant that any woman of sense would prefer an honest, plain-sailing, plain spoken fellow, like yourself, to all the dandies in Christendom.

" No. no. Bob-women like and value all those little attentions and soft whisperings, which Will Beauchamp has neither the time nor the inclination to bestow; for a false tongue, in man or hound, is my abomina-tion, and I will never condescend to flatter

" And who ever thought you would, Mr. peculiar ponchant, is to go at large, scot free, | Will? none of your friends, I'll engago; and open to fox-hunting that as politics, she must not think of either marrying either although I agree that both these topics Markham or Vernon; a hint from you, should be deemed forbidden ground for Beauchamp, will be enough; she will take discussion in the drawing-room. But, your advice; for, to my knowledge, your wiether m or out of order, in is quite certain opinions are highly regarded by the

"There you are mistaken, Bob; women in affairs of that kind will run riot and have the most indestination of the fair their own way; and the more I were to diswar , handed over all authority in the hunt attention, seemed anything but geno with should I be favoring their cause, and be with constances to his only son, between the topic; in fact, an hour had passed thus looked upon as an importment puppy agreeably, when Bob Conyers, looking at the into the bargain, for presuming to dictate

> "Well, Beauchamp, perhaps you are right; for young ladies, like young fillies, are trickish animals to handle, and will bolt sometimes in the contrary direction you wish them to go, It will not do, perhaps for you to touch on this subject; but as I have dandled her on my knee when a child, she shall know a piece of my mine at all events.

"Only with one proviso, Bob-that you never allude to me in any way, direct or indirect, or I will never forget you.

"Very well, Beachamp; that you are confounded sensitive fellow, I know full well; also when talking together, which has struck me more than once.

"Fancy, Bob, fancy! only a rather wide with my fam:ly."

"Ay, and as nandsome a lot as ever the sun shone on; so now to horse, Will; but I shall meet you to morrow, at Harcourt's, I hone ?

Perhans you may, as Constance goes, and has accepted for two, which means, I believe berself and me."

room to harry him a little, and there found ha beer discussing these matters, softo voce, While William Beauchamp and Conyers in a bay window at the extreme end of the room, other visitors bad been thronging in, to pay their respects to the old squire and the lauies; and sherry, with fine sparkling October, was freely when, on the appearance of the hounds, "Oh, no, my fine fellow! all right enough lall eyes were at once directed towards

"Ah, Beauchamp!" exclaimed Sir Francis: look so bewitchingly inviting, that 'pon my ["there is a sight worth riding a hundred miles to view; a splendid pack indeed! we can't beat you in Leicestershire at that game. Magnificent animals ! but I think a trifle too

"W II, perhaps it may be as you say," replied Mr. Beauchamp, "although our hounds go at their fences like greyhounds; they are oc highly bred for creeping where they can "Herio, Markham! said Dick; that jump; and in our stiff vale country, with you can't do-so don't try that game; but as high banks and double ditties, and the lands, with fox-hounds, style, in my opinion, is

(To be Consider l.)

Well, Will Beauchamp and that I'll brace his nerves! At last he walked to a drawer, selected a cigar, lit it, and throwing open the window, proceeded deliberately to get out. I almost hoped he would break his neck! But I conclude there was a ledge or was! Cold and gray and leaden; half suut, bule-ny of some sort to sustain him, and that like that of some wild animal, with a pupil that he was accustomed to a nightly eigar in that contracted visibly while I watched it position. Here was a chance not to be lost | my friend had no chance. I did all I could. As I bolted out of the shower-bath; I popped I had the privilege of placing the men. I sta. the extinguisher on one candle, and blow the tioued our adversary where he would have to other out at the same instant. I heard the look over his shoulder to see my signal, whilst smoker's exclamation of astonishment, but my friend a face was turned towards me. They heeded it not. I rushed through the door. I were to fire when I dropped my hat. I dropped it with a fourish. Alast all was of no use. The general shot him right through the heavest and trembling; at last I reached my own general shot him right through the heart-I room, more by instinct. I believe, than any other faculty, and having locked the door and struck a light, sat me down in a state of immense confusion and bewilderment, to we lifted him, and unbottoned his waistcoat, the think what I should do next.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Who was there to whom I could apply? Sir Guy, of course, was out of the question. Then, in an affair of such delicacy, I could not consult a young man; besides, these boys, I fancy, are always for fighting, right or talk and think of human life; and here was wrong. A woman was no use, or I should my cousin about to go through the fearful h.ve gone straight back to Lady Scapegrace. I pondered matt rs over and over again. thought of every horror in the way of duel of it, the more resolutely I determined to pre ling I had ever heard of.

My own unch was shot dead by a Frenchman, when attached to the army of occupation at Cambray. It was a romantic story, and I had often heard the particulars from my godfather, General Grape, who officiated as his second. My nucle was a handsome, chivalrous youth, deeply attached to a countrywoman of his own, whose picture he wore constantly next his heart. Such a man was not likely to become compromised with another lady. It happened, however, that my uncle was quartered in the vicinity of a chateau belonging to a retired general of the Grand Army, who hated an Englishman as a matter of taste, and a British officer as a matter of duty.

The French general had a chaiming daughter, and Rosalie, besides being belle comme le jour, was likewise what her acquaintance called tant soit peu coquette. Se she made love to my uncle on every available opportunity, and of course, because he didn't care for her two pins, set her faithless heart upon him, as a woman will. To make things simpler, she was herself engaged to a young marquis in the neighborhood. Well, my uncle, like a sensible man, did his best to keep clear of the whole thing, but he could not avoid meeting Resalie occasionally in his walks, nor could he absolutely refuse to make her acquainauce, or refrain from perusing the letters she wrote to him, or, finally, prevent that forcirculated amongst ward young person from falling into his exciaimed Dick; 'scidy, I conclude, with a the strangers and farmers on the lawn; arms, and bursting into tears, with her head on his shoulder. The moment was, however, ill-chosen for so dramatic a scene, inasmuch as it occurred under the very noses of her father and her fiance, both of whom, unknow to the fair wanderer, had followed Rosalie on purpose to find out where it was she walked day after day so perseveringly.

My unc' had scarcely recovered his sucprise at the first demonstration, ere he was stagg red by the second.—Malheureuse! exclaimed the father; Perfide I ground the lover; Traitie I shouted the marquis; Lache I growled the general. My uncle turned from one to the other, completely at a nonpus, Rosalie in the meantime chuging to ner breast and imploring him passionately to save her! My uncle's waistcoat came undone—his real mistresses's miniature dropped out; the sight added fuel to the fire of the belligerents. Nothing would satisfy them Lat his blood. In vain he protested, in vain

Sho'll keep it when it's withered, perhaps, And tell her I never waved-never for un hour

'I knew too well how it would be. From the instant he came on the ground, the old general never took his eyes off his man. What an ere it were to fire when I dropped my hat. I dropped know he would; and the bullet cut the stalk of the rose in two, smashed the lower part of the miniature, leaving only the face untouched, and poor Charlie Horsingham never spoke again. As two Fronchmen gazed at the miniature with looks of anger and curiosity. Great was their astonishment to behold the portrait of another than Rosalie. The younger man was much affected; he groaned aloud, and covered his face with his nands. Not so the old general—
"Tenez," said he, wiping the barrel of his weapon on his glove, "c'est dommege! je ni contars pas la-dessus , macs, que voulezvons ! Parte! e n'est qu'un Anglais de moins."

This is the carelessness with which men talk and think of human life; and here was ordeal, perhaps to be dead shot, like poor Charles Horsingham. The more I thought vent it. I had never taken off my dinnerdress-my candles were nearly burned down -the clock struck five-in two hours it would be daylight. There was not a moment to lose. All at once a bright thought struck me. I would rouse good old Mr. Lumiey. He was clever, sensible, and respected; he was likewise a man of honor and man. With all his infirmities, I had seen him show energy enough when he could do any good. I would go to him at once; and I left my room with the resolution that I, for one, would move heaven and earth ere a hair of Cousin's John's precious head should be imperilled on my account.

I lit my candle, and tripped once more along the silent passages. I knew where Mrs. Lumley slept, and soon reached the door of her room; audicle snores, bass and treble, attested, if not the good conscience, at least the sound digestions, of the inmates. I tapped loudly; no answer. Again I knocked till my knuckles smarted. A sleepy ' Come in' was the reply to my summons. They probably thought it was the housemaid arrived to open the shutters. It was no time for false delicacy or diffidence, and I walked boldly into the apartment. By the light of the night-lamp I behold the happy pair. Of course. I am not going to describe the lady's dress; but all I can say is, that if ever I am prevailed on to marry, and such a catastrophe is by no means impossible, I shall not permit my husband to disfigure himself at any hour by adopting such a costume as that of dear, kind, good old Mr. Lumley.

A white cotton nightcap, coming well over the ears, and tred under the throat with tape to match, surmounted by a high bonnet rouge like an extinguisher, the entire head-dress being further secured by a broad black ribbon, would make Plate himself look ridiculous; and sleepy old face, with a small turnup nose, and a rough stubbly chin of unshaven gray, does not add to the beauty or the dignity of such a recumbent subject. Howover, what I wanted was Mr. Lumley : and Mr. Lumley I was found to take as I could get him.

'What's o'clock?' he murmured, drow-'Come again to light the fire in half au hour.

'Why, it's Kate I' exclaimed his betterhalf, rousing up. bright and warm, in a moment, like a child. Goodness! Kate, what are you doing here?'

To be Continued.