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HOLMBY HOUSE.

Her eyes sparkled, through her cheek paled. It was sweet to be thus associated with him, no matter what the purpose, no matter what the result. She would stand or fall, womanlike, with her party, at all hazards; that means, she would follow Falkland, right or wrong. She said as much, and he went on, more as it seemed to himself than to her:—

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

"But these calamities will be averted," she exclaimed eagerly; for her heart bid her believe that Providence itself would interpose to save such a being as Falkland. "Another victory or two, and the Parliament must succumb. Cannot Waller be cajoled? Is not Essex wavering? Have we not the wealth and the lands, and the old blood of England, all on our side? Are we not prepared, every one of us, to die if need be in the cause?" And she would have died for it willingly then and there—she would have asked nothing better than to "seal her testimony," as her Puritan enemies would have termed it, "with her blood," but it must have been with her hand in Falkland's—with her eyes fixed on Falkland's face. Verily, a woman's patriotism is influenced by other than the love of country. Nevertheless, if not sincere politicians, they are unfailing partisans: and Mary was as staunch a Cavalier as ever drew a sword.

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

'In either case,' she replied, with her voice trembling, her eyes deepening and moistening once more, 'in either case, Lord Falkland, I would be the last woman on earth to bid you stay. Ay!—even if I had *the right*, the last on earth, because—I ——'

She hesitated, changed colour, and stooped to pick a rose, which she picked to pieces, unconscious what she did; but she averted her looks from her companion, and seemed to count the tender pink petals as they fell noiselessly on the gravel path. Was he blind? was he totally insensible? was the man marble, that he could proceed so calmly and unconsciously—

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

"Hold, my lord!" interrupted Mary, with an abruptness which, though it was lost on her companion, was none the less startling to herself, that her breath came quick and her heart seemed to stop beating—"Hold! we have but little time before us; let us attend to the business in hand. I have letters to show you here." She drew a packet from her bosom as she spoke, one single missive detaching itself from the rest, and fluttering unobserved to their feet. "Letters from Jermyn; letters from Walter Montague your old partner, my lord, in many a merry dance. There are traitors even in the court, there are traitors about the Queen. We want the clear head, and the true heart, and the ready hand. Read these, Lord Falkland, and tell us all what is to be done next."

He took the papers from her hand and perused them attentively. Again the light from within seemed to break over his whole countenance; and he returned them to her, quietly remarking, with an inquiring look, "There is still a link wanting in the chain, Mistress Mary. Have I seen them all?"

The fallen missive lay under the skirt of her robe. For an instant she hesitated, and moved so as completely to cover the spot where it lay, then stooped to pick it up, and blushing scarlet, placed it open in Lord Falkland's hands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She swept past him into the house with the stately bearing she knew so well how to assume. The proud spirit bore her up the wide staircase and through the long passages to her own chamber. If she gave way when the door was locked, and she had to wrestle it out unassisted with the one great fatality of her life, what is that to us? "Verily the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

We do not assert that from the corner of her window she did not watch him ride away on his eventful and fatal journey; but her oath was religiously kept from that hour, for on earth she never saw Lord Falkland's face again.

And he paced once more up and down the terrace, and thought of the beautiful woman who had so unreservedly cast herself upon his generosity, and so frankly confessed to him her wild and hopeless love. Then he remembered a fond, faithful face at home; and a thrill of pain shot through him as he reflected how he might never see that face again. "Alas, alas!" he said, almost aloud, "it is even so? Is there no peace, no happiness on earth? Must there be nothing but conflict and sorrow, and envy and strife, in public as in private. Women's hearts sore and breaking, men grappling at each other's throats. Peace! Peace! must I look for thee in vain, save in another world? Oh! I am weary of the times—God grant I may be out of the mere long!"

They were soon mounted for the journey, and a gallant cavalcade they made. Lord Vaux himself, bareheaded, conducted his honored guest to the door. Grace Allonby presented the stirrup-cup, at which good Sir Giles took a long and hearty pull. Habit is second nature after all; and in those days men belted on their swords and thrust themselves into their stout buff coats on the eve of an engagement with as few misgivings and as little ceremony as would precede a stag-hunt or a hawking match. Even Grace postponed her tears till after their departure, and accepted the ceremonious farewells of the Cavaliers, and admired the Cornet's sorrel horse, perhaps also the sorrel's rider, as if her father were not bound on a hazardous enterprise, and engaged in a sinking cause.

Ah, we may prate as we will of the *prestige* of success; we may talk of the smile of prosperity, the favoring gale of fortune. It is pleasantest, no doubt, and easiest, too, to ride a winning race; but if we want to see examples of unflinching endurance, brilliant heroism, and superhuman devotion, we must look for them amongst the partisans of a sinking cause—amongst the Bonapartists of 1814; amongst the Royalists of the Revolution; amongst the adherents of weak, chivalrous, misguided Prince Charlie, and amongst the loyal gentlemen who closed their ranks around his ill-fated ancestors, who grudged not to lavish their treasure and their blood in support of a principle which their better sense told many of them, as it told Falkland, it was hopeless to attempt to establish.

Cornet Bosville, however, was absent and preoccupied during all these courteous preparations for departure. To Sir Giles's pledge, which half emptied the stirrup cup, he gave but a cold return. To Lord Vaux's hospitable entreaties that he would come back at some future time, and improve an acquaintance so auspiciously begun, he replied indeed in an eager affirmative, but left off in the middle of his sentence, and looked about him with the air of a man who is expecting something or somebody that fails to arrive. He was wondering where the bright vision of last night was hid? Why did she not appear to bid them farewell? Could she be watching them from the window of her chamber, and which was the happy window? At least these roses were likely to become her peculiar care, and the Cornet plucked one from its stem and hid it away carefully in the breast of his buff coat. And Grace saw the movement, and wondered why he did it? and blushed as she thought of one or two possible "wherefores," and admired the sorrel more than ever. Cross purposes again. It is well we cannot look into one another's hearts. Would Grace have been pleased or mortified could those soft dark eyes of hers have pierced through the Cornet's buff coat, and point lace kerchief, and Flanders linen, to read the secrets hid beneath those defences? Would the young soldier himself have been gratified had he known which was really Mary Cave's own chamber, and could he have looked through some four feet of stonework and seen with the eyes of the flesh that lady's deep, wild, passionate distress? Why was he not up half an hour earlier, and in the garden, to overhear her conversation with Falkland, and her last long farewell? Would it have altered the whole course of his after life, and nullified the vagaries which it is the author's province to record?—or is there no such thing as free will; and is the Cornet like his fellows, but a well-dressed puppet in the hands of destiny? Sir Giles is right, after all. He attends to the business of the moment; he returns to the stirrup-cup, which he finishes at a draught; he marshals his own and Lord Falkland's retainers in military order outside the court.

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

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

CHAPTER VI.

BOOTED AND SPURRED.

In the sheds and outbuildings of an old straggling farmhouse upon the outskirts of the quiet town of Newbury, are quartered a squadron of Colepepper's regiment of horse. Chargers are stamping, and snorting and munching the long yellow straw, of which they pull out and waste at least as much as they consume. Strong, well-built yeoman-looking troopers are tramping about in their heavy boots, now in the dairy, now in the kitchen, jingling their spurs, clattering their swords, grinning at their own broad jokes, and making themselves very sufficiently at home. Buxom country lasses, confused, yet not altogether displeased by the number and fervency of their admirers, bustle here and there, with scarlet cheeks and laughing tones, and rustic rejoinders to the rustic gallantries of their guests. The good man of the house, one of those prudent individuals who aspire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, being a staunch king's man for the nonce, bestirs himself to draw his strongest ale and slice his fattest bacon for the refreshment of the troops. His neighbor, a quarter of a mile off yonder, on the opposite hill, has got Lord Goring for a lodger, and he blesses his stars to think what an escape he has himself had from such a visitation, and wonders whether neighbor Hedge has sent his pretty daughters out of the way.

A month or two ago he had a visit of the same description from a few of Walker's godly cavalry, and he reflects that notwithstanding their rigid discipline, long faces, and pious ejaculations, the soldiers of the Parliament were as eager to eat of the best and drink of the strongest as the noisy Cavaliers who are even now turning his house upside down. Nay, the exhortations and awakenings of the former were not confined exclusively to male converts; and black-browed, red-elbowed Joan had administered such a slap on the face to a certain proselytizing corporal as sent him down on the dairy floor with the suddenness and precision of a round-shot. Verily the man of war, under whatsoever banner he fights, is too apt to arrogate to himself the exclusive protection of beauty; nor whatever might be the shortcomings and back-slidings of the Puritan party, could the Cavaliers be held entirely blameless on this score.

Our acquaintance Dymocke, grave and ill-favored as is his long weatherbeaten visage, scored with the lines of more than forty years, has yet a dry confident way with him that works wonders with the female sex. Let the daughters of Eve say what they will, there is no man in whom they take such an interest as a confirmed, sarcastic old bachelor. He is a riddle to be read, a rebel to be subjugated; he begins by provoking, goes on to interest, and ends perhaps by tyrannizing over them most effectually.

Joan's proselytizing admirer, notwithstanding his cropped hair and hideous scarf, was a likely well-looking youth enough, yet she knocked him down without a moment's hesitation when his blandishments became too personal; but to judge by the expression of that determined young woman's physiognomy, such an argument is the last to which she would at this moment resort, even should her colloquy with sly, experienced Hugh Dymocke terminate in as hazardous an enterprise as that which discomfited the unlucky corporal.

"More eggs," said Joan, returning from a visit to the hen-roost, with flushed cheeks and an apronful of the spoils; "eggs and bacon and strong ale—better fare than you and your master get at home, I warrant me, and better than you deserve, for all your smooth speeches and come-over me ways. Get along with you, do!"

The latter ejaculation was consequent upon a practical remark made by Dymocke, with his usual gravity, but which led to no further result than a continuance of the flirtation on the part of the lady.

"Aye, it's all mighty well," continued Joan, setting both arms akimbo, and looking boldly up at her companion; "you tell me this, and you tell us that, and you think we're fools enough to believe every word you say. Why now, for all your impudence you durs'nt look me in the face, and tell me you haven't got a sweetheart at home!"

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

"Sweethearts here and sweethearts there, my bonnie lass," was the courteous reply: 'it isn't often such a face as yours comes across us, fighting and marching, and riding and conquering from one end of England to the other. There's my master and the Captain as hungry as hawks: let's have the eggs and bacon frizzling on the kitchen fire this minute, and you'll see, if I'm alive this day week, and taken notice of maybe by the King, (God bless him!) what sort of a story I'll have to tell you then. Soh, my lass, gently with the frying-pan. There's a face for a wedding-favor!' And with these ominous words the old soldier chucked the aforesaid face under the chin, and bore off the smoking dish in triumph for the repast of the two officers in the parlor.

Cornet Bosville sat and mused in the wide chimney-corner, careless of the noise and bustle in the yard, careless of his servant's ceaseless interruptions, careless of the comrade who occupied the same chamber, and who also seemed deeply engaged with his own thoughts, careless even of his supper, that important event in the military day. He had ridden far and fast since sunrise; he had shared in Sir Giles Allonby's careless jests, and the deep poetry of Falkland's conversation; had listened absently and with equal lack of interest to both. He had reported himself to Colepepper, and been complimented on his diligence, and favored with the welcome news that an engagement was hourly imminent. His heart did not stir as it used to do at the intelligence. He had inspected his troop with military care and precision, nor neglected to see the good sorrel horse well fed and littered down; and now that the duties and fatigues of the day were over, he sat in the chimney-corner and drew lines on the sanded floor with his sheathed sword, as if there were no other interest or occupation in life.

Humphrey Bosville had insensibly passed the line of demarcation which separates light-hearted youth, with its bright anticipations and merry thoughtlessness from ardent, reflective manhood, with its deep, absorbing passions, its strong ambition, the vague aspirations, the many cares and anxieties that wait upon a beard. Hitherto life had been to him a thing exclusively of the future, now there was a past on which to dwell and ponder. He had already learned to look back. Alas, that sooner or later the lesson never fails to arrive! that the time must come when we are too surely convinced by experience that the golden distance before us is but a mirage and a delusion; that for all our discontent and unworthiness while it smiled, we have had our share of happiness here; and that, like Lot's wife we cannot forbear to turn round and gaze, yet, once upon the city we are leaving for evermore. So we turn and look, and it strikes a chill upon our hearts to think, that if we were never really contented there, how shall we be happy in the wide lonely desert stretching far away before us to meet the wide lonely sky?

Bosville's had been no uneventful life, yet hitherto he had borne his part in its stirring scenes and stormy vicissitudes with the frank carelessness of a boy at play. From his earliest youth he had been of a gentle chivalrous nature, which accorded well with his personal good looks and attractive physiognomy. As his exterior was fair and well-proportioned, adapted for proficiency in all sports and exercises, so was his disposition open, ardent and imaginative, prone to throw itself enthusiastically into the present, but lacking foresight to provide for the future, or reflection to deduce counsel from the past.

He would have been a gallant knight in the olden times of chivalry, true to his God and his lady love, ever ready to strike for the cause which he espoused, and nothing loth to oppose his single body against a host, if by such an act of self-devotion he could gain honor and renown; but he never would have been capable of assuming a leader's part in a great enterprise. He might have charged alongside of Richard Cœur de Lion, but he never would have made a counsellor for Godfrey de Bouillon. Such a nature in the times in which he lived was sure to embrace the profession that in the seventeenth century as in the nineteenth was esteemed the worthiest of gentle blood. As a matter of course he injured his patrimony, ruffling it amongst the gallants at court; equally as a matter of course he girded his father's sword upon his thigh and took service in the low countries—that happy land, of which it seems to have been for centuries the privilege to afford an arena for other European nations to fight out their quarrels at their leisure.

At the siege of a small town in Flanders the company of musketeers to which he was attached had fired a few detached cottages, from which they had dislodged a superior force of the enemy. A poor little child had been left behind, overlooked in the flight of the inhabitants, and was found helpless and crying amongst the ruins of what had at once been its home. The child's mother, regardless of the danger to which she was exposed, was seen frantically waving her arms to her lost darling, and was only prevented from rushing to its rescue and her own death by a couple of stout soldiers who held her back by force. The ground between the hostile parties was swept by a withering cross-fire; Humphrey Bosville seized the child in his arms, and an old halberdier who was near him avowed that the infant ceased crying at once when soothed by that kind face and gentle voice. Coolly, steadily, as if on parade, with measured step and slow, the young officer, covering the infant with his body, paced that deadly interval till he reached the ranks of the enemy, placed the babe in its mother's arms, first kissing the child's wet cheek, and then, with a courteous bow, the hand of the grateful woman. At the same pace, with the same bearing, he rejoined his own men, unscathed and unmolested. The enemy did not even strive to take him prisoner, but the soldiers who saw the deed, friends and foes, gave him a cheer that rose above the rattle of musketry and the thunder of great guns. The action was characteristic of the man. He was brave, generous, and devoted, but there was too much woman in his heart. Such a nature is made to be imposed upon, to be the tool and the cat's-paw of longer heads and less sensitive feelings; above all, to be made a fool of by that sex which is proverbially addicted to "ride the willing horse too hard."

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Dymocke bearing the repast which it had cost him such an expenditure of gallantry to obtain, and which he now placed upon the table between the two officers with an expression of fatherly care and satisfaction on his lean long visage which seemed to say as plainly as words themselves, "What would become of my master—what would become of his friends—of Colepepper's brigade—of the army—of the King himself—without the experience and forethought of sage Hugh Dymocke?"

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

Cool, brave and resolute, Effingham had done good service on more than one occasion, when the general laxity of discipline and multiplicity of commanders were creating disorder in the ranks of the Cavaliers. He possessed the rare faculty of retaining his presence of mind and imperturbability of demeanor when all around him were eager, excited and confused. Nor did personal responsibility seem to effect his nerves one whit more than imminent danger. Such qualities are invaluable to an officer, and Colepepper's favorite captain might have become one of the most distinguished commanders in the Royal army. But Effingham's heart was never thoroughly in the cause. Essentially an enthusiast, one of that class whom persecution too surely develops into fanatics, he was continually reasoning in his own mind on the justice of the quarrel in which he has engaged. His tendency to fatalism bade him argue that the constant reverses sustained by the Royal troops were so many additional proofs that they were warring against the will of Heaven; and the same misfortunes which endeared the cause all the more to Bosville's generous nature, shocked Effingham's fidelity, and destroyed his confidence in its justice.

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

He is very dark, almost swarthy, with features of classical regularity, and a stern, fierce expression on his countenance, as of one whom no consideration would turn aside from the path which he had once resolved to follow. A child looking into that set dark face would burst out crying; his frame is large, square, and powerful, his very hand, white and well-shaped though it is, shows a giant's energy and a giant's grasp. Perhaps of all his comrades he likes Humphrey Bosville the best. Their characters are so antagonistic. With the exception of personal courage, they have not one quality in common. Their ideas are so different; there is such trusting kindliness about the one, such harsh defiance in the other, that they cannot but be friends. Woe to the man, though, that crosses George Effingham's path; friend or foe, brother by blood or brother in arms, down he must go, without hesitation and without remorse! He would not turn aside a hand's breadth to avoid trampling down a wounded man in the battle; he would not swerve an inch from his purpose to spare the mother that bore him in the career of life.

'So Essex is marching parallel with our main body,' said the Cornet, setting down the ale-jug with a deep sigh after a hearty pull at its contents. 'Now is the time to bring him to an action, and come down with our cavalry upon his flank. Byron has brought his horse up fresh and ready for work. Our own brigade has rested for thirty-six hours, and will come out to-morrow like young eagles. The enemy must be weary and harassed; now or never is our opportunity. We shall not get such another chance of winning laurels in a hurry. Zounds, Effingham, we ought to gather them by handsful this time!'

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

It was true enough. The spark of ambition had, indeed, lain dormant hitherto in Bosville's breast. His daily pay (when he could get it), his highly quarters, his troop, his duty, his horses, and his arms, had till now been all sufficient for his wants and interests; this craving after laurels was something new and morbid—a fancy from without, so thought Effingham—not an impulse from within. He said as much.

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

THE REVELLERS.

"Hold, Goring! Twenty gold pieces—fifty, if you will! 'tis an even main and chance. I set the caster!"

The speaker was a boy of some eighteen summers, tall and graceful, beautiful as Absalom, and, in his present frame of mind, reckless as Lucifer; his eyes shining, and his face pale with wine, his long silken love-locks floating disordered over his point-lace collar and embroidered doublet, his belts and apparel all awry, a goblet of canary in his hand, and on his face the wild joyous gleam of a spirit that has never known misfortune or reverse. Goring smiled pleasantly—winning or losing he could always smile pleasantly—could betray a woman or run a man through the body with the same good-humored expression on his handsome, dissolute face.

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

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

"Once more!" he shouted, flinging a heavy purse upon the table; "one more set, Goring, and then for another smoking bowl, and another roaring chorus that shall rouse the crop-eared knaves in their leaguer out yonder on the hill; and bring them down by daybreak on the nest of hornets we have got ready for them at Newbury."

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

"Trust him to be snug and sober at this very minute," said the latter worthy, between whom and Wilmot, rivals in ambition, dissipation, gallantry and war, there was a smothered grudge of many years' standing. "Wilmot's fighting, and drinking, and love-making, must all be done by the square. Why, he never could fly a hawk in the morning if he had heard the chimes ring never so softly over night."

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

"Granted," said Goring, in perfect good-humor, and still fingering the dice-box, as if loth to lose the chance of another cast. "All I maintain is, he can't do both. Give him two days of leisure to sleep it off and he'll empty a hogshead; put him in a corner where he can't run away, and he'll fight like a devil incarnate."

"Run away is a debatable expression, my lord," said one of the guests with a grave tone, that at once silenced the clamor and attracted the attention of the rest of the party. "The phrase, as applied to my friend, smacks somewhat of offence. I take leave to ask your lordship what you mean."

"I mean what I say," answered Goring, still assuming his pleasant smile, though it deepened and hardened somewhat about the lines of the mouth. "I always mean what I say, and say what I mean."

Goring was one of those gentlemen who opine that there is no dishonor so long as the sword is ready to maintain that which the lips have spoken, and that a slander or a falsehood can only affect the character of the man who utters it when he is not prepared to vindicate it by shedding of blood. It is an ignoble creed, truly, and an unchristian-like, yet on its basis are founded many of those sentiments which we so falsely term the essence of chivalry.

"Hold, gentlemen," said Sir Giles, "remember our compact when we sat down. Goring only means that Wilmot is a practised tactician. You think so yourself, my Lord Byron; is it not so?"

Goring was the most placable of men when nothing was to be gained by animosity. He stretched his hand to Byron—"I said he'd fight like a devil, Byron, and I meant it, when he can't run away, surrounded, as he takes care to be, by a guard of honor of 'Byron's Blacks?' Faith I doubt if your fellows have ever been taught how to go to the rear."

"Enough said, my lord," answered Byron completely appeased by the compliment, and wringing Goring's hand with a hearty squeeze whilst the handsome face hereditary in his family shone with a expression of gratified vanity. "The Blacks are ready for work at any time; another bowl to our 'next merry meeting with the Roundheads.' What say ye, gentlemen—we haven't drunk the King's health yet?"

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

Lord Francis was indeed burning the candle at both ends, and seemed as determined to make the most of his life as though he could have foreseen how short would be its term; as though he could have looked into the future scarce one brief lustre, and beheld a dismounted nobleman selling his life dearly at Kingston-upon-Thames, brought to bay by some dozen Roundhead troopers, with his back against a tree, striking fiercely and manfully at them all, scouting the bare notion of surrender; dying gallantly, hopelessly, and devotedly for the King; a true Villiers, "prodigal of his person" to the last.

"The pretty daughters are gone to bed," said Goring, whom the immediate prospect of an engagement with the enemy had placed in an unusually amiable frame of mind, and whom a residence of twenty-four hours in the farm had made completely familiar with the intricacies of the establishment and the habits of the inmates. "It is hardly worth while to disturb their beauty-sleep for such a performance as you propose. Let us fling a couple more mains, Frank, while the bowl is getting ready. You ought to have your revenge."

Lord Francis seized the dice-box, nothing loth, and while the two are occupied in the strangely-fascinating alternations of hope and fear which render gambling so attractive a pastime, it is worth while to examine the person and attributes of that distinguished officer of whom so many stories were afloat; whose devotion to the King was more than suspected, yet who did such good service in his cause; whose character for consistency was so often impugned, yet who never failed to carry out any measure on which he had thoroughly determined; whose general life and habits were esteemed so profligate, and yet who commanded the confidence of his master—a royal example of propriety—and the obedience of his officers, of whom perhaps it would be unjust to make the same assertion. A man, in short, whose every quality, good or bad, had been called in question, save his courage, and a greater part of whose life had been devoted to establishing the converse of the proposition which states that "faint heart never won fair lady;" although, in justice to Mary Cave, we think it right to insist that, much as she may have appreciated his admiration, and freely as she returned him compliment for compliment, and gallantry for gallantry, she had never for an instant bowed her haughty head or turned her wilful heart towards wild George Goring.

As he sits now, the gayest of that gay party, the stanchest reveller amongst all those hard-fighting, hard drinking Cavaliers, thirstier than old Colepepper, more thoughtless than young Lord Francis Villiers, who would suppose that handsome well-combed head to contain a mass of intrigues and state secrets of which the simplest and least guilty might bring it incontinently to the block? Who would believe that kindly smile to mask a nature that never knew pity or remorse; that never had the generosity to forgive an injury, nor to forego an advantage; that never spared a woman who trusted it, nor a man who crossed its path? Already verging on middle age, he looks bright and fresh and debonair as the youth whose money he is rapidly winning with that easy smile. It requires a keen observer to detect in the little wrinkles about the eyes, the deep hard lines around the mouth, years spent in dissipation and indulgence, years of reckless profligacy and fierce excitement and bold defiant crime. He is beautiful still, in all the prime of man's beauty, with his noble head and his white smooth brow, and his soft eyes, and the long curls of dark silken hair that fall like a woman's round his oval face. He is beautiful in his manly, vigorous figure, on which his rich uniform sits so becomingly, which is formed alike for strength, activity, and grace, despite the limp habitual to its gait—a limp which, as some of his fair admirers think, does but add to the distinguished ease of his bearing, and the origin of which is a mystery whereof a thousand rumors are afloat. He is beautiful still, but it is the beauty of the tiger or the panther; the outward beauty that strikes upon the eye and commands the admiration of the vulgar, that seldom wins a heart worth the winning, and if it does, too surely breaks it, and flings it scornfully away.

There he sits, keenly intent upon the game, yet noting every jest that passes, joining in every laugh that rises amongst his guests, sipping his wine at intervals, and bowing courteously to the young nobleman whose gold he wins with such graceful ease. Goring is the Mentor to whom has been entrusted this young Telemachus, and these are the Circean draughts of pleasure in which he would initiate his mother's son, were it to conduce in the remotest degree to his own advantage. He is playing the great stake himself; he has a high command, a proud position. Any day may make or mar him, may raise him to the pinnacle of ambition, or leave his saddle empty, and his title gone to the next-of-kin. Has he not enough to risk? enough to interest him? Can he not leave untouched that half-fledged ruffler of the game? No! there are a few broad pieces still left at the bottom of the purse, and he must have them all!

"One more glass of canary," says the tempter, filling his antagonist a bumper with his own white hand. "One more main, Frank, my lad, just to give you a chance; and then for the fresh bowl of punch, boys, and a rousing health to the King! Who knows where we shall be this time to-morrow?"

The glass was emptied. The main was called and flung; the purse was emptied; and Goring, with a careless smile swept the young man's last Jacobus from the board. He was quite cool and sober; he had no excitement in the game, felt no devil roused in him by the debauch. He was simply in his natural element, in the atmosphere of vice which was most suitable to his temperament and his constitution. To rob a friend of his money, to cajole him of his mistress, to finesse him out of his life should he presume to make objections—such were merely 'the customs of society,' 'the ways of the world;' they suited one like Goring admirably—the game was adapted to his style of play, and he generally rose a winner. What could be better? He would be the last to wish the rules altered.

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

The scene was worthy of the actors. A long low room, with a stone floor, and a wide chimney, in which sparkled and smouldered the embers of a wood fire, a few rough deal forms, over which the heavily-booted Cavaliers straddled and lounged in every variety of attitude; a wide, high-backed, carved-oak chair, the farmer's especial throne, in which was established the giver of the feast; a coarse rickety table, on which clattered and jingled every description of drinking-vessel, from the deep stone jugs and black jacks of the farm itself, to the tall gilt goblets and massive silver flagons, richly chased and burnished, which formed the moveable canteen, perhaps the spoils of the Royal officers, and which had as yet escaped the melting-pot, sooner or later the destiny of such convertible valuables. All this seen through clouds of tobacco-smoke, for the Virginian weed was even then in universal use, although it must be confessed but as the handmaid of debauchery, whereas now she is now the domestic companion and consoler of many an honest man's hearth. Amidst her floating vapors could be discerned the graceful figures of the Cavaliers, manly and soldier-like, wearing, one and all, the nameless stamp of high-birth and refinement of manners conspicuous even in the licence of a camp and the freedom of a drinking-bout. Here sat chivalrous Byron, with a calm contented smile smoothing his well-cut features, somewhat flushed with wine. His thoughts were of the pleasantest—of his stanch, well-mounted troopers—of his new peerage, so lately won by the sword—of the dream of ambition opening so auspiciously on the daring soldier and devoted loyalist. There reclined old Colepepper, with his scarred cheek and grim war-worn face, his elbows resting on the table, his spurs jingling against each other as he mused on cavalry tactics and supplies of food and forage, and the remounts preparing in Yorkshire and the horse-breeding countries for his brigade—dry topics, which he took care to moisten with repeated applications to the goblet at his hand.

There was Sutherland, the young and gentle volunteer, attached as aide-de-camp to the King himself, and who, coming to Goring with despatches, had been prevailed upon to remain and partake of his hospitality. There was Carnarvon, the jovial kindly-hearted gentlemen, the ornament and delight of the Court, the finest horseman, the best hawker, the keenest sportsman of his day, the adept at all manly exercises, the lancer, the swordsman, the racket player, the traveller in strange countries, who had breathed himself with the most skilful fencers of France, had flung the jereed in 'Old Castile,' had smoked his chibouque with the Grand Turk at Stamboul, listening with breathless attention to his neighbor, Sir Giles Allonby, whose thoughts and whose discourse, far from the present scene of revelry, were resting on merry pastures and blue cloudless skies, and hawk and heron, and hood and jesses, and all the delights of the noble science of falconry.

'So the match shall be made, good my lord,' said Sir Giles, as sober as a judge notwithstanding his potations, and prepared as usual to back 'Diamond' against all and every thing on the wing. "The match shall be made for fifty gold pieces aside; and I pray you to my kinsman's poor house of Boughton, where we will entertain you to the utmost of our humble means, and I will show you such a flight as shall delight your eyes in the pastures of his Majesty's royal domain at Holmby, where I have had licence to fly my hawks since the days of his father, God bless him and save him! for a discreet sovereign, and as good a sportsman as ever sat, albeit somewhat insecurely, in a saddle."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF A SHIRT.

An Episode Between Mark Twain and Murat Halstead.

Mark Twain has arrived in the Gallia, after an absence of seventeen months abroad. A reporter interviewed him in this wise:

"You sailed in the same ship with Bayard Taylor and Mr. Murat Halsted, of Cincinnati, did you not, Mr. Twain?"

"The same craft, all honor to her (Mr. Twain lifted his hat reverently), carried all three of us."

"It was said at the time that you inveigled Mr. Halstead into making the voyage by promising him free use of your linen?"

"Well"—Mr. Twain spoke leisurely—"I did tell Murat that I'd lend him a clean shirt. You see, he didn't expect to go. His wife was going, and he'd sort of come down to see her safely launched. You remember the ship ran away with a party of excursionists who had got aboard to bid poor Mr. Taylor good-bye, and was obliged to anchor off the Hook all night. During the evening Murat sort of got his sea-legs on, and says he, 'Clemens' (he always calls me Clemens), say he, 'Clemens, if you'll lend me a shirt I believe I'll go across.' 'All right,' says I, 'I'll do it.' So Murat he fixed things with the captain and stayed aboard. We got along pretty well with winds a-middling, about nor-nor-west by sou; till we came to latitude 36, longitude 49½, and then Murat wanted his clean shirt—that is, he wanted mine. It was about three bells from noon when I took that garment to the door of Murat's stateroom. 'Here,' says I, 'clothe yourself like a prince of the realm.' At eight bells, Mr. Halstead came out of his apartment with his coat buttoned up to his chin and his face as red as a red, red nose. He wore his coat buttoned up to his chin all the rest of the voyage, and Never so much as got a glimpse of my shirt. There was a kind of rumor on the ship that Murat never wore that shirt or any other shirt. I don't know how true it was, but when I came to study the thing it did look to me as if I'd put a rather tough problem to the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, for his neck measures eighteen inches, while mine never footed up more than fifteen, even when I had the mumps."—[*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

SMOKING AND THE TEETH.

An English Scientist Thinks that the Latter are Benefited by the Habit.

At a recent meeting of the Odontological Society of Great Britain, Mr. Hepburn read a paper on the result of his investigations on the subject of the effect of smoking on the teeth. He considers that the direct action of nicotine upon the teeth is decidedly beneficial. The alkalinity of the smoke must necessarily neutralize any acid secretion which may be present in the oral cavity, and the antiseptic property of the nicotine tends to arrest putrefactive changes in carious cavities. In addition, he is inclined to believe that the dark deposit on the teeth of some habitual smokers is largely composed of the carbon with which tobacco smoke is impregnated. It is this carbon which is deposited on the back part of the throat and lining membrane of the bronchial tubes, and with whatever disastrous effect it may act in these situations, he thinks we are justified from what we know of its antiseptic properties, in concluding that its action upon the teeth must be beneficial. Moreover, this deposit takes place exactly in those positions where caries are most likely to arise and on those surfaces of the teeth which escape the ordinary cleansing action of the brush. It is found interstitially in all minute depressions, and filling the fissures on the coronal surfaces. It may be removed with scaling instruments from the surface of the enamel, but where it is deposited on dentine this structure becomes impregnated and stained. Indeed, it is only when the enamel is faulty, and there is access to the dentine, that any true discoloration of the tooth takes place; but it is remarkable, he says, how the stain will penetrate even through minute cracks, provided the necessary attention to cleanliness be exercised. The staining power of tobacco oil may be seen when a deposit has taken place on the porous surface of tartar collected on the posterior surface of the interior incisors. In this situation a shiny ebony appearance is occasionally produced. That tobacco is capable of allaying, to some extent, the pain of the toothache, is, he thinks, true, its effect being due not only to its narcotizing power, but also to its direct action upon the exposed nerve; and he is inclined to attribute the fact of the comparatively rare occurrence of the toothache amongst sailors, in a great measure, to their habit of chewing. He has been struck, in the case of one or two confirmed smokers who have come under his notice, by the apparent tendency which exists toward the gradual production of complete necrosis of carious teeth, and the various stages of death of the pulp, and death of the periosteum taking place without pain or discomfort to the patient. This condition may, of course, be brought about by a variety of influences; but in these special cases he is inclined to think that the presence of the nicotine in the mouth has acted powerfully. The experience of other speakers, in the subsequent discussion, appeared to corroborate that of Mr. Hepburn.

HE PASSED IN HIS CHECKS.

Death Wouldn't Come According to Promise at "One O'Clock."

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

Among the many manias that have run for the past few years, prominently stands the one of old men predicting their death. Some time ago we published an article of an old man who lived out on the Mount Ida road. This man foretold the hour when he would die, and, true to the prediction, he died. Men during the past year have died in every State in the same manner. This has been carried to such an extent that when a man says, "I'm going to die at ten minutes past three next Monday," his relatives immediately begin to make arrangements for the funeral. Several days ago an old man named Robertspear, living about ten miles from this city, called his family together and remarked: "Wife, children, next Monday at precisely 1 o'clock I am going to die. I would remain, but the summons has arrived." The first storms of grief were violent. The wife and children gathered themselves into each other's arms and wept. The news soon spread around the neighborhood, and people came in to console the family. Bill collectors came in, and the old gentlemen promised to pay all his debts on the following Saturday at 12 o'clock. He continued to work on the farm, but was much depressed, and at night would pray long prayers and sing sorrowful hymns. Sunday night the household, supplemented by friends who always take great delight in gloomy occasions, seemed to be a well organized camp meeting. The old gentleman for the first time expressed his willingness to go. Yesterday was his appointed time. At 9 o'clock the old man dressed himself, took up his Bible and began reading. At 10 o'clock he sang a hymn, and at 11 he bestowed blessings on his family. Shortly before 12 six men came in and presented bills, bills that had been "stood off" from time to time. He paid every cent, ate a light dinner, and lay on his bed. The collectors stood around and waited. The hands on the clock indicated 12:50. A minister who had just arrived sang softly and spoke to the old man and his wife. The old gentleman groaned. One of the bill collectors burst out in a hearty laugh, "Here, old man," said another, "get out of the bed. We saw that you were not going to pay those bills, so we notified you of your death. I hid in the woods at night, and told you as you passed. Come, get out." The old man, so mad that he could hardly see, kicked off the sheet and got up. His wife remarked, "You fellows think you are mighty smart," and straightened the cover. The minister cast a look of reproach at the collectors, and, with a disappointed expression, went away. The old man is well.

ALMOST LYNCHED.

A Condemned Murderer's Narrow Escape—No One Would Tie the Knot.

ATHENS, Sept. 13.—The citizens of the northern portion of this country having learned some days since that the sentence in the case of John H. Bailes, the wife murderer, had been suspended and that the Supreme Court of the State had not taken up the appeal made by the defending attorneys, became indignant, and this morning, about 10 o'clock, came into town in large numbers. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the crowd went to the jail, where, failing to get the keys, they effected an entrance by making an opening through the roof, and were preparing to destroy the costly iron cage which held the wretched prisoner when the jailer opened it without further opposition. The prisoner was placed by his former neighbors in a small wagon drawn by one horse and carried three-quarters of a mile north of town, followed by a concourse estimated at two thousand five hundred persons. The wagon was halted under a tree, and the wretched man was asked if he wished to say anything. He said he wanted Dr. William McWilliams to pray for him. The Doctor came forward, mounted the wagon and prayed that if *it* were possible God would pardon the henious crime for which this poor man seemed about to suffer. After the prayer came a long silence; no one seemed willing to adjust the fatal knot. The delay led to discussion, in which Dr. Williams took the lead and favored the idea of returning the wretch to his cell to await the due process of law. Amid the shouts of the populace Bailes was carried back to jail to await the action of the Supreme Court.

SPLITTING A SNAKE.

From the Whitehall Times).

"Pshaw," said Czardine, as he seated himself in the *Times* sanctum, "the snake stories that are going about are all too thin. Why just look here. Last spring I went out into the woods. I took along an umbreller, which I laid down onto some rocks. Well, sir, about an hour afterward I went to get my umbreller, as it had begun to rain a little. I took holt of the handle, and, as I give it a shove, something begun to tear, and as the umbreller flew open a live black snake fell to the ground, split in two from its head to its tail. The confounded critter had actually swallered my umbreller, and I never noticed it until I shoved up the dumb thing and split the animile open from stem to stern."

—A citizen of Dabuque drove a $300 horse to death to tell a man that his wife had fallen into the well. Women must be worth over $300 down there.

COMIC BUDGET.

—"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears. But be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

—A Maryland girl eats a pound of chalk per day to improve her complexion. She will make a nice looking post mortem about the time her face is bleached out.

—"Six biles and another comin," was the written message left behind by a Canadian who committed suicide the other day. Job was the only man who could stand up under 'em.

Elmira *Gazette*:—A Canadian girl carried a twenty-foot ladder 100 yards, placed it against a burning house, climbed up and—well, she did not put out the fire. She fell backward on a man and nearly killed him.

—First Toper Law bless yer many's the time I've drunk a gallon of beer of a hevening without assistance. Second Toper: Ah, I couldn't do that without assistance—the assistance of a bottle of speerets.—[Fun.]

—Gentleman: "I say, waiter, really, you know, this sole—ah—is not fresh." Waiter (blandly): "Not fresh, sir! Oh, perfectly fresh, sir, but, but perhaps, sir—h'm—you might 'a spoilt the flavor by a heating of with yer knife."—*Fun.*

—London *Punch*: "If the sun were no broiling, and the sand didn't get into the salad, and the rocks were soft and smooth, and there were no hornets, and one hadn't to go three-quarters of a mile for water, what a tame affair a picnic would be!"

—When a man sneaks into the house at midnight and tries to get into bed without waking up the family, every stair and floor board creaks like a rusty swinging sign in a gale; but a burglar can go all over the same house as noiselessly as a floating zephyr.

—An Irishman requested the postmaster of Mayo to superscribe a letter to his brother yesterday. "And where shall I direct it to?" said the official. "Be jabers, I don't know at all—but they towld me you had a book with every post office in America in it, so they did.

—Angelina—No; we are sorry to say that the pleasing duty of "changing her name" for a young lady is entrusted only to clergymen in this country and we cannot help you. The best we can do for you is to advertise the fact after it has taken place.

—The following local riflemen are at Ottawa for the Dominion Rifle Association matches: Capt. Mason, Capt. Adam, Color-Sergt. Hancock, Sergt. Mitchell, Sergt. Pain, Sergt. B. Mitchell, and Privates Mitchell, Omand, W. and J. Mitchell, J. Mason and Margetts.

—"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,"
There is a witchery in summer's kiss,
There is a spell that charms our tend'rer moods
When day brings on the twilight's benefice.
There is a richness in the morning chant
Of birds just wakened from a night's repose;
There is a something in the onion plant
That's uncongenial to the average nose.

—Parson: "Well, Betty, how are you? Hard weather still." Betty (who had been reading the American forecasts): "Hard, indeed, sir. I wish the Lord would take the weather into his own hands again, instead of trusting it to them Yankee forecasters. We might then get something fit to live in."

—How is this bud of poesy from a tender Sabbath school plant—a little gyurl who is destined to fill country papers and autograph albums and—waste baskets with her later efflorescence?

Oh, what a thing is love?
It cometh from above,
And 'lighteth like a dove
On some.
But some it never hits,
Except to give them fits
And take away their wits—
Oh, hum!

—The limpid moonlight, kissing, shines
On mansion grand and rare;
The wealth of earth's long-hidden mines
Seems lavished everywhere.
A fete champetre: 'mid tropic bowers
Fond lovers stroll as wont;
List from this arbor twined with flowers;
"You're horrid, Harry—don't."

—A Western man invented a fire extinguisher, but was unable to get a patent on it. However, he changed the name of his invention and got a patent on it as a churn. This answered his purpose quite as well, and it would amuse you to see how the country rights are going off.

—Adolphus—No, we don't think you should make any remark on the weather to H. R. H. when you are presented. Indeed if you can't speak better grammar than you write you had better bow and say nothing. That's so. Then they may take you for an alderman—that is—if you are to wear a $60 suit, bearing unmistakeable evidences of being new.

—"Didst ever feel, my love," said he—
The twain 'neath starbeams strolling—
"A thrill no tongue can e'er express,
And yet 'tis vain controlling.
A something that o'erwhelms the soul
And quite o'ercomes the senses,
A ceaseless throb that through each vein
Its influence dispenses?
Can'st tell me what it is, my own?"
Then fondly looked he at her;
"In course, you goose," she tartly said,
"It's corns, that's what's the matter!"

—Women are such strange creatures! Is there any trick that love and their own fancies do not play them? Just see how they marry! A woman that gets hold of a bit of manhood is like one of those Chinese wood carvers who work on any old, fantastic root that comes to hand. I should like to see any kind of man distinguishable from a gorilla, that some good, and even pretty woman, could not shape a husband out of.—*O. W. Holmes.*

—When King Alfonso stays to court
The Princess Ann Maria,
He don't indulge the doubtful sport
Or taffying her sire.
Or, oh! the old man's far away
While Fonsy plies his suit,
And Fonsy need not dread, they say,
The stern parental boot.
No surly dog doth jeopardize
The soles of Fonsy's pants,
And Fonsy dreads no watchful eyes
Of sisters or of aunts;
But, with the mistress of his fate
Beneath the August moons,
He hangs upon the palace gate
And spoons and spoons and spoons.

—Maurice Thompson, the Indiana poet, has done more than any other man to popularize archery as a national recreation. It was probably the sensation created by his "Witchery of Archery" which prompted the *Punch* man to warble to his enslaver:

Glad lady mine, that glitterest
In shimmah of summah athwart the lawn, etc.
Canst tell me which is bitterest—
The glamaw of eye or glimmah of dawn,
To those with whose hearts thou flitterest
The field where they fall at thy feet to fawn?
And a butterfly dost thou flutter by!
How, whence, and oh! whither art come and gone!

Chorus—How exquisite! How refined! How really quite too far more than most awfully delicious!

—The following exquisite lines from the song of the "Amateur Farmer," are going the rounds:

I dreamed of a beautiful time,
When the world shall happy be;
When elephants and hyenas
Shall blossom on every tree.
When tamarinds and potatoes
Shall cease their dreadful roar,
When turnip trees shall blossom
In the garden forever more.

Oh! sweet were the vanished hours
When I wandered adown the glen,
And wreathed my brow with tomatoes,
Or plucked the ripened hen.
When the donkey twined up the trellis,
And the cucumber chirped in the grass,
And the sweet potato whistle!
To its mate in the mountain pass.

—The Royal Archæological Society of England has recently come upon this inscription in the old abbey at Taunton:—

Consecrated to the Blessed Memory of Robert Graye, Esq., and Founder.

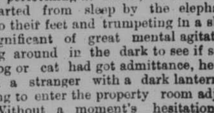
Taunton bore him, London bred him,
Piety trained him, Virtue led him,
Earth enriched him, heaven carest him,
Taunton bleast him, London bleast him,
This town thankful, that mindful city,
Share his piety, and his pity,
What he gave and how he gave it,
Ask the poor and you shall have it,
Gentle reader, heaven may strike
Thy tender heart to do the like,
Now thine eyes have read this story,
Give him the praise and heaven the glory.
Ætatis suæ 65, Anno Dom. 1635.

BALLAD OF JIMMIE AND JACK.

FIRST STANZA.

Little Jimmie and little Jack
Went out to play on the railroad track,
And as they played at their playful play
A freight train happened along that way.

SECOND STANZA.



—At the celebrated Eastern Circus Orozi, recently performing at Pesth, the attendant was started from sleep by the elephants rising to their feet and trumpeting in a shrill tone, significant of great mental agitation. Looking around in the dark to see if some stray dog or cat had got admittance, he discovered a stranger with a dark lantern attempting to enter the property room adjoining. Without a moment's hesitation, he loosed the biggest of the three elephants, who marched solemnly out upon the would-be burglar, seized him by one arm with his potent trunk, and held him fast until the police, whom the attendant had promptly fetched from a neighboring station, came up and took the elephant's prisoner, who had in the meantime swooned with fright, into custody. Having consigned him to the authorities, "Kiraly," like a virtuous citizen, returned to sleep, conscious of having done his duty.