

was stealing faintly up the eastern verge of a sky so cloudless and transparent that it could give promise only of as fine a day as ever shone over the green fields and gay hawthorn hedges of England in the olden time. The rich and liquid carol of the nightingale had not yet ceased, although day had already dawned, for so dense were the old thombrakes on the hill side, and so massive the shadows of the great lime trees in the valley, that the bird of night was there often heard to sing the whole day long. But now he sang not alone, for from every leafy hedgerow and young coppice the music of the black hirds and thrushes flowed out in grades of clear melody, not unpleasingly blended with the shrill alarums of the village cocks, and the twitter-

## ing of the swallows under the cottage caves.

It was in the neighborhood of a pleasant Kentish village that all these sweet sounds were so rife on a June morning of the year 16-, that last century of the good unsophisticated times of old England This village, like many others of that date, and some which even to this day have resisted the progress of improvement, was not built in two long straight lines on either side of a dull, dusty 'reeles tumpike road ; not one house in it glittered either with bright red brick, or flaring white paint-it had no park, no court-house, no lyceum.

In a word, it was as unlike as possible to a modern village anywhere; but most unlike of all to a New England village. For its houses, or cottages rather, not one of which but had counted its hundred years, of rough hewn sand-stone, with thatched roofs all overgrown with mess, and yellow flowering stone-crop, were scattered, here and there, irregularly over a wide common of short, elastic greensward, among huge oaks that might well have witnessed the march of Cæsar's brazen legionaries.

There were little gardens, gay with common flowers, the rose, the sweet pea, and the honeysuckle, attached to every cottage; and to one, in no way distinguished from the rest, except that it was a little larger, and boasted an arched porch of curiously carved stone work, there seemed to belong nearly an acre of shrubbery laid out with taste, and tended with unusual care.

Still, had it not been for the square ivy tower of the old gray, weather-beaten church, which rose hard by it behind a screen of aged yew trees, which almost hid its ald wolf-toothed. Saxon archway from the traveler on the narrow and little frequented road, there would have been nothing to mark it as the vicarage, so humble was it if regarded as the abole, which indeed it was, of a gentleman and scholar.

Beyond the common and its straggling village, covering all the level ground to the foot of a bare, dawnlike green taill, the highest summit of which was crowned by the ruins of an old tower of the Norman era, which had probably been dismantled during the bloody wars of the Roses, lay a wide woodland park, or chase, parts of which were still thick with almost primeval forest, which parts were opened to the sun in grassy glades and broad velvet lawns.

The manor house was not visible, either from the village or from any point of the road, until it scaled the brow of the hill under the very shadow of the old keep, which had been erected probably to com mand it. If he paused there, the wayfarer could just discern the glimpse of a gray, slated roof, and the tall stacks of curiously wrought chimneys among the thick black woods, and the quiet waters which surrounded the hall.

At about a mile's distance from the house a pair of heavy, rustic gates, flanked by a lodge or gate. house, as it was then termed, gave admission into the grounds; but even here the eye gained little. access to the interior of the desmenses, so suddenly, and with so abrunt a turn did the avenue disen-Pear amid the woodjands, the state of period

"Never !" she and the whole frame of the tall and delicate girl. who. seeing herself unobserved, came with a quick, light step forth from the postern gate, trembled, visibly, either with present fear, or the remains of past emotion. Hurriedly, and looking oft behind and around her with a timid eye, she took her way through the long rank grass, which draggled more

than the hem of her white kirtle, and among the low ridges which covered the nameless graves of the poor, until she reached the narrow path which led from the door of the little vestry to the low wicket gate of the vicarage garden.

hand was laid, from within, on the latch of the

postern door, giving egress from the park into the

hurchyard, and after a moment the wicket was

cautionsly opened, and a fair face, half, concealed

by a hood of sea green silk, peered forth as if to see

that there were no spies at hand to comment on its

It was a very fair face, of the finest Grecian mo-

lel, with large, soft azure eyes, and a profusion of

rich, light-brown hair, tinged with that sunny hue

which the poetic ancients were wont to call golden.

But the fair face was now deadly pale, and the

large, soft, blue eyes were dim and suffused, and

forthcoming.

Into this, looking once more around her to see it she was observed, the young girl turned quickly, and in another moment was lost to eight among the lilac bushes, and behind the trim holly hedges of the vicar's shrubbery.

Early as was the hour, there was a lamp burning in the room on the ground floor, and its faint yellow light, dimmed a little already by the increasing brightness of the morning, fell in long lines upon the turf from a glass door, in those days an unusual luxury, which gave access to the apartment which she well knew to be occupied by the early student. At her light, hesitating tap, it was opened almost

immediately by a tall, thin old man, wearing the bands and cassock of a priest of the Church of England, with a countenance of singular power and depth, mixed with the utmost benevolence of expression. A shrewd observer of human nature would have

decided at once that the owner of that countenance must, in early life, have been a man of violent pas sions and most energetic will, and would perhaps have added that the mastery, which he had now acquired over them, had been gained only through suffering and sorrow.

Now, however, all the expression of that fine pale face was bland and natural benevolence, tho

as his eyes led upon the person of his youthfal visitor, it instantly assumed a character of anxiety and | you grown so much into the fushion of the time !-astonishment, that was, in truth, almost painful. "Evelyn !" he exclaimed, in tones that express ed all he felt-" is it possible !- at this hour !-Come in, my poor child, I was thinking of thee even now. Come in, dear Evelyn."

And with the words he hurried her into the little study, surrounded on all sides with book shelves. and seated her in his own easy chair beside the ta-

But no tomes of grave theology, no flowers of Evelyn." classic literature had been his study; for on the board were scattered only a number of old letters, Mertoun. But hear me, I have but ten words to

ly visitor. Her eys tell on thein, and recognized the lacs at by who loades carth and pane in spins to diverse the independent and the factor at by who loades carth and pane to wait, the set of the independent of the indep

and the second memory of the second

bosoms, might be seen gathering in a gay circle I may die, but I never will be the wife of Andrew Mildmay !"

life to which it has pleased God to call thee."

"Av 1" she exclaimed, putting her hands up tr

her forehead and parting the tich curls of hair which

had fallen forward a little over her eyes. "Ay !

that is it, my wedding morning. But I have no

time to lose, father-not a moment-it may be

they have missed me already. I stole away while

the girls were in the gardens gathering my bridal

wreath; for they have guarded me of late that I

"My child !---my poor child ! it is to late for cor

sultation," replied the priest, sorrowfully. "Noth-

ing is left to thee but to do thy duty in that state of

should not consult with you."

"Why did you then consent, Evelyn?---and whence this late repugnance.?"

"They have deceived me-lied to me! I consented; and what consent is that wrung from a helpless girl by persecution such as I have suffered ?--- it is that they swore to me Henry Fitzosborne was no longer of the living."

The old man started vehemently moved. " And is be, "he exclaimed," is he of the living ?" "At least," she answered, mastering apparient

some emotion by an effort, "he is not of the dead. They had no tidings of his death when they swore to me that they knew him dead,"

"Alas! my poor child-my sweet Evelyn, you but deceive yourself. There is no hope-his ship was lost beyond all question, upon the savage const of Barbary, whither even to escape is to perishno soul was saved of all its gallant crew. There is no hope ! They have not deceived you."

"There are no tidings, it may be, that a sou was saved-but this I know, that there are none that all were lost, and he, above all, as they swore to me."

"Is it your last stay, my Evelyn ? Alas, it is frail one. And they, I fear, who told you this, are no true friends to you." "The truest, since they have saved me from the

guilt of perjury. Who shall save those who swore they knew him dead ?"

"It was a pious fraud, my daughter, There was no doubt, not a shadow of it, that he perished with the rest : and that they were well assured of who swore as they did, hoping so to spare you years of that hope deferred, which maketh the soul sick anto

become a crime; and rebellion .virtue and piety. Is this your piety-yours, Norman Mertoon ? Have have you so far contracted the doctrines of our court and king, that you can lend your susction to such juggling 1 A pions, fraud ! Heaven save the mark, I shall beer you preach next, I, suppose, on mental reservation, and no faith to keep with un helievers?

The thin, sale cheek of the old man flushed fiery red at her reproach, and he replied, sorrowble, on, which stood the lamp by whose light he fully-"You do me wrong-you do me great wrong

velyn." "Say, rather, you do yourselt great wrong, Mr the paper all vellow and marbled with sige, and the ink of she beautiful femanine Italian writing changed to a coppery hue. But among them lays a miniature of ivory, of a young, fair baired face of all that you suffer rose for lave of that angel, whom, initiating income a young, fair baired face of all that you suffer rose for lave of that angel, whom, initiating such a young, fair baired face of all that you suffer rose for lave of that angel, whom, in the transformer of that angel whom is a such a such a suffer and become guile pale again, in that you suffer rose for lave of that angel, whom, in the transformer of that angel which a work of that angel whom is a traces of that angel and which had so shakmade to conceal the picture among the papers." - it ottorial-that her last entrenty was that her Evelyn by the banneril toplies of her house an **.** . .

round the old wich of the village church; and the young persantry, all in their best erray, were collecting on the green without, while ever and anon.

vard homeward.

" Farewell, my child, and may God bless you.

Most surely will I pray for you, and that with my

soul, child of my buried love-but oh ! for my sake.

"At least," she replied, "I will do nothing wrong-

ly ;" and she pressed her soft, warm lips upon the

white brow of the old priest, and leaving his study

without another word, hurried across the church-

Hour after hour passed, and still the merry peals

rang gaviy out from the old gray tower and as the

day wore onward towards noon, the village girls,

with garlands on their heads and poseys in their

Evelyn, and for God's sake, do nothing rashly."

on horseback or on foot, the yeomanry of the neighborhood and the retainers of the family came thronging in to swell the jovial concourse.

At length high noon clanged from the tarret, and ere long on the outskirts of the crowd, under the huge old oaks, the cry was heard, " They are coming!" and shortly afterwards the roll of wheels and the thick trampling of horse-house announced the

bridal company. A train of securited servants in green costs, with white favors at their button-holes and in their hats. led the van, and then a choice band of the young gentry of the neighborhood, splendidly horsed 'and gorgeously strived, rode gallantly along, the escort of the bride. Two of the heavy lumbering carriages of the day followed, the foremost carrying the lovely Evelyn de Lacy, with her attendant maid-

ens, radiant in beauty, and resplendent with many veils and orange wreaths, and all the bright paraphemalia emblematical of maiden parity and nuptial promise. In the second sat, fele-a-tele, the stern old baronet, Walter de Lacy, and the intended husband of his sweet Evelys, the young Lord Andrew Mildmay. He was a heavy, coarse, dull-looking man, whose splended garb sat ill on his ungainty figure-but coarse and heavy as were his form and face, the mind within was yet coanter and mote

earthy. And men, eyen the rude peasantry, muttered among themseles that it was foul shame, and girls shuddered is they thought of the surrender, the sucrifice of a creature so pre-emidently, spinitually lovely, to so mere an animal as the Lord Andrew Milding 200 And and an among of the better place of yeomänty might have been heard mottering among themselves that it would have been a bitter day for Henry Fitnesborne, had he been of the living. " "And who says he is not of the living ?" cried a loud cheery voice, just as the cavalcade came up to and goulemen of Rent, rode upon the village green the church-gates. Hay Barbar e W "Why all the world says be Jim (Fairfax." re-

plied one of the first speakers." "Then all the world her ?" answered the other

a fine, stone, well-made young man ; "and you'l see as much ere the day be an hour older." "Hush !-- hush !-- the bride !-- eweet Mistress

Evelyn, God bless ber !? Then rose a load and hearty cheer, to? which the

fair young girl responded by a bow of her graceful head, with the color flashing crimson to brow cheek, and neck, as the mounted the steps to the church door, where the good vicar awaited her anx-

extraontinary loveliness, in which if would have the branny of others, and her own misimagined. On her in the moning was now visible; she was the been a dull eye indeed that could not trace lines of sense of duty, served you while on "earth. Shall calmost, and, from frayers, the more sell could not trace lines of you be joined in Heaven't Main cannot shawer and of the party is flot Mericum charred that is he

arly so that all could events I should have said a few minutes later." will years, or five times as long as one not charred, with not have Lord Andrew Mildmay for my wedded husband! Witness all men my words: for I was given. by my father and my mother three years since, to this man, Henry Fitzosborne, as his wife; and if he hold to me, him will 'I have, and none other."

1! She is my wife, before God and before man

There was a moment of strange confusion ; voice

were raised angrily and hands laid upon sword-

hilts, among the youthful partisans of either claim-

ant-for now that Henry stood alive in the centre of his neighbors, he lacked not many and staunch

friends-but the loud words of the old baronet

commanding the priest to proceed with the service,

for that the interruption was of no account and

But at that instant, as silence was restored, shak

ing off all her maidenly fears, Evelyn stepped a

little forward from her bride-maidens, and said

-as such I claim, her !"

vain, overnowered all the rest.

At the same instant, Henry Fitzosborne stood for ward the door, has steel scabborded broadsword clanging on the pavement, and now, for the first time, all present observed that he wore a foreign uniform, and the Lord Andrew Mildmay, bowing deeply to the lady, turned on his beel and moved. as if to leave the church,

But then Sir Walter de Lacy cried out, angrily-"My lord ! what mean you? Will you do my daughter this dishonor, to leave her standing at the altar 3"...

"Faith," replied he, not appearing to relish th idea of a contest with Fitzosborne, "I thunk the lady has left me ; and it competts not with my dignity to press a suit on an unwilling maiden." And, without another word, he departed from the church, followed by his triends, and taking his horse, rode sallenly away to his father's castle. A long conversation followed in the came study of the small vicange wherein Evelyn's morning visit had been paid to the good priest, and by his means it was chiefly, aided, it must be conferent by the disclosure of strange things which were falling out in England, that the old baronst concented to the celebration of his daughter's nuptiels on' the entrie day, with the same bridal train, in the same nuptial garb-with no change, in a word, but that of the bridegroom's name to ber old the love, brave and good Henry Fitzosborne.

Scarcely had they left the church, when the she riff of the county, esconed by a troop of Duich dragonis, and followed by the flower of the noblemen and proclaimed-James the Second having abdicathat the throne William the Third and Mary, by the grace of God, king and queen of Great Britain. The same day, and the same event gave happiness to Evelyn de Lacy and liberty to merry. England. Long may they both enjoy the boon ! Such who knew, the lady. Anothe me distantion of

SELF-Government- No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nathre with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

"Bozodina SAUSAGES .- Take equal portions of veal, pork,"and halm, thep them fine, seisers with sweet the and perpet, put them ar cash, bait, them

cal Gardine. "" Not the losst, mann," replied the while is an an ante stril all mit gos al avail and the surderest profit of an an and mething ben burnete gou of the an thin an tail t

"It needs not-for I say now, that which at all soldered to the nn lerpining stone, would last fifty no trouble at all, after being once put up. It is true the first cost would be considerable, but it would be cheap in the end. If farmers would take the trouble to char their rails, they would not have to spend weeks in the spring of the year mending up old rotten fences, or have their crops half eaten up by unruly cattle.

er in building new fences they might not be made

much mo e valuable by charring. It has been

shown conclusively that the best time for cutting

fencing timber is in May or June, immediately strip-

ped up in order to dry. After being seasoned two

or three months, take them to the banks of a small

stream and having built a fire of chips or brush,

heave on the rails. When they are sufficiently

charred, they can be hauled into the stream by

means of a pot hook, or some similar implement,

and when the fire is extinguished, they can be

hauled out on the other side. I believe that a

fence made of charred rails, and put up with an iron

If any of your correspondents have had any experience in charring rails, they would confer a favor by making it known through the columns of A Yorne Farmer your paper.

CLOSE FREDING.-A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator is responsible for the following:

I will close this article by relating an anecdote of a gentleman in Westport, in this county, which he related to me some six or seven years since, which happily illustrates close feeding pasture lands. "He kept, I think he said, six cows, having a pasture for them to run in, and a certain amount of meal and shorts per day. One day his wife said to him that if he had another cow it would just complete her dairy, giving her the amount of milk she would like, to supply the demand in her family for butter and choose. His reply was that he did not know how he should do it, unless he sold off one of the number on hand. He did so, reducing his cows to five, and let them have the same feed consumed by the six, and the result sought was obtained, another cow's wilk, and his dairy was complete.

ALWAYS HAVE SOME WORK IN HAND.-Industry is the parent of wealth, and it is a bad eign when people have inothing to do. In such cases it is best to find employment at once in secking it -But in the multiplicity of things to be done in this world, it is rarely possible to be placed except by choice in a do-nothing position. . It is the infinence of vices and bad habits which so I often orea distate for our real daties, and in fact unfit us for their performance. Stick: therefore to the maxim "Always have some work in head."

Run EARLT .- The difference, between vising at six and rising at eight o'clock, in the course of forwas the prayer of all who loved, and they were all in years, supposing a person to go to bid at the same time be otherwise would, amounts to 39,000 hours, or three years one hundred and twenty one days and fifteen, hours ; which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years ; which is in fact the same as if ten vears were added to the period of our lives, in which we might, command eight hours every day for the cultivation of the mind and the despatch of our business

pork, and hain, they them fire, series, built them in the series and perper, per them in cases, built them till tenden, and then dry them in cases, built them corroping it, has, at least, the mind without till tenden, and then dry them in cases the day from diement, and he that is never ille, will not ellen be victors.

incentry As the sweetest rose grows upon the showmin,"" he never blest be sw allows his writes charge a the hardest labor brings forth manen under die die entrefere die entreferen besterne in die entreferende operationen in die entreferend

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