

looks.

"Nay, then he loves you still ?" ment and the crown-nay, even more, for he

even enjoyed some credit with the former, in "Yes, in that soreness and bitterness of onsequence of having taken the covenant, spirit which will make the once dear name of nst at the critical moment when success be-Seagrave a knell to his ear, and her rememgan to denote which was the better cause to brance as a two-edged sword to his heart,' them who had not previously made up their said Eleanor, sighing.

"Better to be present to the mind of beloved on any terms, than to become the ob-Lord Seagrave, and the alliance appeared very ject of indifference," rejoined Lady Alice, as tresses of their own destiny, being of full age they left the chapel.

her sister. There was also another dissentient The scene that had there been transacted mony which had devolved upon them as the in the family, whose opposition was perhaps the most important of all. This was father was not suspected by any individual in Beechsole representatives of their ancient line. mont House, save those already in the secret ; and the wedded co-heiress of Seagrave contin-Benedict, the household priest at Beechmont House : for Lord Seagrave and his daughters ued to move in the domestic circle, and to purwere members of the olden faith. Sir James sue her maiden occupations as before ; but Baiders was a sort of lukewarm puritan, and there was a pensive abstraction in her manner, Father Benedict strenuously advocated the that betrayed that her thoughts were little incause of the Catholic Colonel Montfort to Lady Alice, who was only too willing to be lieve that, for once, religion was on the side of was unconcious of the contents of the page love. Their correspondence, their meetings, on which it rested, when, to escape the task of agitating communication was whispered to the were all arranged, as it were, under the mystic mingling in general conversation, she took up pale, weeping Alice, whose natural grief for shadow of the cross, and when the trying day some favorite volume and pretended to bury

obsequies of the last Lord Seagrave, the alarmfollowed." ing rumor of the fall of Colchester, and the sanguinary execution of two of the brave defenders of that last strong-hold of loyalty, Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas, was bro't had the grave closed over his remains, ere this the death of her father, had been in no slight degree aggravated by the reflection of the un lute, it was only to give utterance to the dutiful step she had taken in contracting a end." position to his wishes The sudden nature of Lord Seagrave's death in consequence of a fall from his horse, had prevented her from conpers of those days were called, were watched fessing her fault and suing for his pardon ; aud while she stood beside his grave with the feelings of a self-condemned culprit, the tidings which the sympathizing porter had lingered beyond the rest of the mourners to communicate fell on her trembling ear like the knell o whose strife troubled England, with a pale her beloved husband; for Colonel Montfort was scarcely less distinguished for his zeal and Montfort was shut up in Colchester with the active services in the royal cause, than the vic tims who had been immolated by the vindictive

"therefore, good father, let us be at peace."

"I will not allow either of you to know

Three short weeks after this declaration.

the co-heiresses of Seagrave, by the unexpect-

ed death of their father, became the arbitra-

to enter into possession of the extensive patri-

But on the same evening that witnessed the

James Balders," rejoined Lord Sea-

what peace is, till I see one or other the wife

of Sir

grave.

" My husband ! my husband !" gasped Lady Alice "How fares it with Col. Montfort, James ?" asked Lady Eleanor. " It was scarcely possible for me to hear an

seemed, by its hasty tread, to announce ti-

without. It was the porter's son, James

"What news ?" demanded Lady Eleanor .-

James turned a piteous glance upon Lady Alice,

who, unable to articulate the anxious sentence

that trembled on her tongue, sat with wan cheeks

and expanded eyes, gazing in a speechless ago-

'Sad news, my Lady, sad news for us all

Colchester has fallen, and butcher work hath

ny of inquiry on the messenger.

dings of moment, was heard in the corridor performance of a similar tragedy with regard without. It was the porter's son. James to her sister's husband, if, indeed, he were not

over.'

Lockwood, who entered with pale and haggard at that time numbered with the dead.

thing like certainty, my Lady, but-"

"Speak out, we would hear the truth." " I was told, dear ladies, that he was tried by a military commission, and-and-"

"He is under sentence of death."

"Then he yet lives, God be thanked, and I am not too late !" exclaimed Lady Eleanor, clasping her hands together, and bursting into an hysterical passion of weeping. The soldiers exchanged looks with each

Nothing but the strong conviction that she

must make an energetic effort for the sake of

that beloved sister, could have nerved the

shrinking heart of Lady Eleanor to proceed

under circumstances replete with such terror,

and in a place she felt to be so unsuitable .---

At first, the sentinels at the castle portals, as

suppliant.

' It is the wife of Colonel Montfort," whis- led warrant for your husband's execution pered one of Lady Eleanor's servants, who had other is an order for his liberation, which the heard that one of his ladies were secretly wed- council has granted at my request, and which murderous troops," said Lady Alice, in a voice ded to the unfortunate cavalier, and naturally I have now the satisfaction of putting into your concluded that she, who manifested such an hands. He was severely wounded during the active interest in his fate, must be the bride. | last desperate sally of the besieged, but I trust The sentinels were evidently touched with you will find him able to travel with you to pity, yet fearful of the consequences of yield- your father's mansion, if you purpose taking ing to their relentings.

"Yet you come to me as a suppliant, proud lady." "I do, and in the full confidence of not reif they guessed the nature of her errand, rude- ceiving a denial."

"What reasons did I ever give you for

"Richard Arneliff, I told you then, and I

repeat it, that your present perilous exaltation

has neither increased the respect or love of a

thinking so ?" asked Lady Eleanor. "Ah ! Eleanor, have you forgotten your

ruel language when last we met ?"

heart like that of Eleanor Seagrave."

"You ask that which is not in my gift-the ly repulsed her by crossing their partizans against her entrance, telling her "That it life of Lucius Montfort."

"I will not be denied to General Arncliff." would be impossible to see General Arncliff said Lady Eleanor. till the execution of the cavalier Colonel was

"That remains to be proved," returned he ; however, for your sake the effort shall be made, cost what it may," added he, as he left the room.

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned with two papers in his hand. "This," said other, as if moved by the emotion of the fair he, presenting the first, which was torn in half, to Lady Eleanor, "this, madam, is the cancel-

drew near, that the valiant Colonel Montfort was ordered by his commander, Lord Coring, on a service of peculiar peril, connected with the defence of Colchester, Father Benedict was the first to back his suit to Lady Alice for a private union.

His estates were contiguous to those of

desirable to all parties but Lady Alice and

minds on this point.

It was in the cold grey dawn of a showery April morning, when the said Father Benedict prsook his pillow without a summons, and donned his hymeneal stole with the comfortable reflection that he was about to perform a good and acceptable service to holy mother church, by uniting the elder co-heiress of the lands and honors of Seagrave, to a member of the

Precisely at the same instant as the chapel clock told the third hour of morning, the portals of Beechmont Hall were cautiously unfolded by Peter Lockwood the porter, to admit the muffled form of the cavalier bridegroom. who had exchanged velvet hat and drooping plumes, for the plain steel cap usually worn by he Round-head troopers, and shrouded his form in a frieze cloak to escape obser-At the same moment the timid vet enturous bride and her sister bride-maid, simwattired in their muslin wrapping-dresses, hout jewels, flowers, or any other nuptial ents glided with noiseless steps from ir separate chambers, and, exchanging a

lent embrace as they met in the corridor, hurinto the chapel together by one door, as officiating priest with his breviary in his and, and the spurred and booted colonel, folowed by Peter Lockwood, entered by that No greeting beyond that of an exessive pressure of hands took place between by of the parties. The tapers were dimly turning at the altar in the misty morning

light. The priest commenced the service of matrimony in a low, cautious voice, scarcely above the compass of a whisper. The responses of the bridegroom and bride were pronounced in the same key, so as to be inaudible ten paces from the spot where they stood ; and if any stranger had witnessed the scene from the entrance of the chapel, it would have had the appearance rather of a visionary tableau conured up by fancy's magic, than of one of the agitating acts of the eventful drama of real life. Ine short hour after the nuptial benediction

had been given, and the priest with the humle assistant in that mysterious bridal had withdrawn, the bridegroom had exchanged an passioned adieu with his weeping bride, and eparted, leaving her and her sister alone in chapel, among the silent memorials of their

ancient line I have done naught to disgrace these, said Lady Alice, pointing to the sculptured effigies of ernsaders, barons, and grand justiciaries of England, whose names were proudly emblazoned, not on monumental marbles alone, but in the historic records of their country .-"I have exchanged the name of Seagrave for

one not less illustrious ; and if the gifts of ortune have been sparingly accorded to my usband, he is too richly endowed with high and glorious qualities to require them." "Ab, Alice ! how often have I said with

perself in its contents; and if she tuned her feelings of her heart, by singing ditties of the marriage unknown to him, and certainly in opcallant and devoted cavaliers whose cause was becoming every day more perilous; while the Mercuries and Diurnals, as the newspa-

for and devoured by her with the most eager interest, in the hope of gaining, through the medium of their columns, intelligence of her absent husband. Every day she rose from the pernsal of these journals of the rival parties cheek and apprehensive heart. She knew that

last remnants of the adherents of the royal cause, by the victorious army of Lord Fairfax, and the accounts of the straitness of the siege and the suffering of the besieged, from the scarcity of provisions, and their frequent losses of gallant and enterprising officers in the desperate sallies which they were constantly making upon the beleaguerers, were such as to fill her with the most acute apprehensions.

With scarcely less intensity of interest were the same papers scanned by Lady Eleanor ; but the feelings which attended their perusal were certainly of a very different tone from

those of Lady Alice ; for every column of the Parliamentary Journal set forth the achievepopularity of him who engrossed so considerale a portion of her thoughts.

"how passing strange it is, that the Roundheads should keep up such an eternal pother with Col. Montfort." about our old apothecary's son, Dick Arncliff "

"Are not the destinies of England chiefly Eleanor,--"a more ignoble calling, I ween, than the learned art of pharmacy."

"Humph," retorted Seagrave, "there be grave." small grounds for dispute, I trow, between the claims of the quart-pot and the gallipot for precedency. All I can say is, that I should e sorry to see my family bearings quartered with the cognizance of either."

ment forming an alliance with families suspected of attachment to the old order of things," said Lady Eleanor.

"So much the better," rejoined Lord Seagrave : "I neither desire to connect myself with ruined spendthrifts nor upstart traitors.

It was a bad day for men who had anything to lose, when the ill-omened names of Cavaliers and Round-heads were first heard in England. I protested from the beginning that I would have nought to do with either. Tell go together." me of men like my future son-in-law, Sir James Balders."

"A stagnant pool in the midst of a vortex of contending waves; a dish of skimmed milk that nothing can agitate but its own acerbity !" retorted Lady Eleanor. "My good

Round-heads. The chapel with its sable hangings, which had so recently been the scene of her stolen nuptials, swam before her sight ; she caught at one of the pillars for support, and, but for the prompt assistance of her sister, would have fallen on the marble pavement.

"Be of more courage, Alice, dearcst," said Lady Eleanor. "We know not yet that Col. chester has really fallen."

"Ill news is always true," sobbed Lady Alice, "and my husband, my dear, dear husband, is perhaps at this moment a mangled, disfigured corpse, murdered by the merciless ments, or bore testimony of the talents and traitors, who have slain so many noble gentlemen in cold blood."

"Hush, my sweet sister, you may be, and from his hand with an ejaculation of contempt, so far distant, but we may in the course of a agony too deep-a horror too overwhelming few hours asctertain all particulars connected

'Nay, I will ride thither myself," cried own mistress now, and where my husband is. ruled by the son of a brewer ?" rejoined Lady there will I be also. His prison shall be me also, and we will be buried in the same

> "No, Alice, no, you must not think of such rash things," cried Lady Eleanor, detaining her | fore her. sister with gentle violence.

"No, no, my lady !" said Peter, " Colchester is not a place for gentle ladies the first night "There is little chance now, I fear, of any of its fall, neither must it be said that my of the leading members of the new govern- lord's own daughter rode forth like leaguering lass on the night of his burial to seek her lover.

" My husband, my own wedded husband !" struggling with her sister.

Alice, you must not, shall not go," cried truth of these fearful tidings, and how it fares

"Be it so, then," said Lady Alice. "but in the meantime, how long will it take some swift again," said Lady Eleanor, as she left the cha-messenger to ride post haste to Colchester, to pel. In half an hour's time she was on the road

inquire of my husband's state ?" "My son James hath already ridden off for that purpose, Lady Alice," said the porter, fair traveler during her lonely journey to the father, he will never be son-in-law of yours, I "and I trust that with God's blessing, we may head quarters of the Parliamentary army,

'Dear ladies, you know how these trial

"Av, with the death-vollev from a file of hoarse with suppressed feelings ; " I said it would be so."

"I heard that at twelve at noon this day was the appointed time for the execution of the brave colonel," whispered James Lockwood to Lady Eleanor.

'Order four of the swiftest horses to the post coach," said Lady Eleanor ; " I will ride a race against time for his life."

As James Lockwood left the chapel to perform her bidding, a belted horseman in Sir James Balder's livery entered with an ironbound coffer on his shoulder, which he placed before Lady Alice, with these words, "From Colchester," and flinging the key upon the pave-

ment at her feet, strode from the chapel with a heavy step. A moment more, and the fearful contents of

that mysterious coffer were disclosed to the meurnful gaze of Lady Alice. The scarf embroidered by her own hand, and presented by

her to Montford on the eve of his first battle. The rosary and cross which he had fondly taken from her neck on the morning of their stolen nuntials. His sword with the true love. knot still appended which she had attached to its hilt, and, last and saddest of all, those heart-rending tokens of his death, his shirt and

ruff deeply stained with blood. " And is it thus-thus-thus !" murmured Ludy Alice, as she sat contemplating with an for tears or cries, these silent witnesses of her irreparable loss.

"No, Alice, dearest sister, believe it not. Lady Alice, starting to her feet. "I am my cried Lady Eleanor ; "this is, I trust, the malice of James Balders to avenge his slighted suit. Montford was not to die till noon, and my palace, and if they kill him they shall kill ere that time his pardon may be sealed." "Oh, Never, never ! Behold these fatal evi-

dences that all is over with him !" said Lady Alice, pointing to the ensanguined tokens be-

" Nay, these prove nothing beyond the fact that he is a prisoner," said Lady Eleanor .-" Alice, dear Alice, there is so strong a feeling within me that he is living, that I will away to Colchester within the hour to plead for hi reprieve. Shall we not go together, gentle Alice ?" continued she, taking the damp cold

hand that still rested as heavily as if its pulses shrieked Lady Alice, wringing her hands and had ceased to beat on the fearful contents of the coffer.

"It would be useless now," said Lady Lady Eleanor, "only be patient for this one Alice, "cruel sister ! last night you mightnight, and we will send Peter to inquire the you might have saved him, and you would not : -pow, when his heart's blood is before me. with Montford ; and then, if need be, we will you mock me with hopes that never can be realized."

" Only promise me to be calm till you see me

to Colchester. We will not enter into 'the feelings of the

may still address you by that once familiar toms.

Lady Eleanor earnestly renewed her suit. "Why, look ye, mistress," said one of the men, "we have no ill will towards you or the co-heiress of Seagrave." condemned cavalier ; but you are asking that

which may bring us into trouble with our officers, and can be of no use to you or him either." "Only let me try !" cried Lady Eleanor. " Ay, ay," let her pass !" said the other.

"Are you willing to take the consequence ?" asked his companion.

"Yes," replied the other ; "I have a wife of my own, you know. Pass on, my mistress," sweet midsummer eve, so many years agone continued he to Lady Eleanor, "only you must go alone.'

Leaving her servants on the platform without the castle, Laly Eleanor followed the trooper who undertook to conduct her into the Suffice it to say that the public acknowledg presence of General Arncliff, and with trembling steps ascended the broad staircase of that gloomy citadel, within whose walls the sentence followed by a union between Lady Eleanor and of death had so recently been passed on her sister's husband. Nothing but the reflection that her errand was on life and death, could

friend or attendant, to intrude herself upon him whose last words had been an injunction to forget him. Years passed in mutual estrangement and bitterness of spirit had rolled over since Lady Eleanor Seagrave and Rich ard Arneliff had looked upon each other ; and Lady Eleanor felt that it was not the love of sick village youth, to whose existence her smile or frown gave its tone of happiness or misery, whom she was about to meet, but one demonstrated to his fellow-men the difference between the aristocracy of station and the aris-

tocracy of talent, had taught both royalty and nobility to feel that Richard Arucliff, the son of the village surgeon of Beechmont, had no less a political existence than the proudest peer of England. He was alone, seated at a table covered with papers, with all the stern gravity and deportment about him resulting from a habit of command, and the consciousness of occupying a high and important position in the newly constituted government of England, when his musings were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Lady Eleanor Seagrave, who, scarcely less to her own consternation than that of her long-estranged lover, was announced by the serjeant of the guard, as " the wife of Col

Lucius Montford." Her deep mourning, and the extreme agita-

cliff as his heart collapsed with the intense ago-

him there." "That mansion is now Col. Montfort's own.

in consequence of his marriage with the elder "I thought you had been the youngest of

Lord Seagrave's daughters."

"Undoubtedly I am ; but not as you suppose. the wife of Col. Montfort. He is my sister's husband."

"And you, Eleanor, you are-"

"Still free from every vow, save that which I plighted to my first, my last, my only love, in the moonlight groves of Beechmont, one now, that he hath perchance forgotten it," said Lady Eleanor, smiling.

We will not trespass upon our reader's time by recording the rejoinder of Richard Arneliff. ment of the marriage of Ludy Alice Seagrave with the pardoned cavalier was in due time the Parliamentary General, through whose interession the gallant Colonel had been preserved from the fate of his brave companions in have impelled her forward without a single arms, Sir Charles Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas

A QUEER REMEDY .- A good lady, who had wo children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend who ad just received a note from another lady. quiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who had inquired about he pickles, received the remedy for the meales, and the anxious mother of the two children read with horror the following :-- "Scald of the master spirits of the age-one who had them three or four times in very hot vinegar. and sprinkle them well with salt ; in a few days they will be cured."

> ner To enjoy to-day stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one ; and why should it not ?-- it will have seven days more experience.

> The intercourse of friendship is a concordial for the heart. It beguiles the hour of grief ; gently weans the thoughts from the selfishness of sorrow, and gives the mourner to feel that earth is not a wilderness

Bor A country newspaper savs. "Several deaths are unavoidably postponed." Wish any quantity might be served the same way

BASHFULNESS .- Bashfulness is not a fault ; it is more a nervous affection than anything else. The over-bashful should mix in society, and cultivate an indifference to outward sym

tion of her appearance, favored the idea ; the color faded from the sun-burned cheek of Arn-

ny of that thought " Arneliff ! Richard Arneliff ! If, indeed, I