O little unid in the rose tree shade, See how it dry boughs shoot! The green leaves fall and the blossoms fade; But youth is a living root. There are always buds in the old tree's heart, Ready at beeken of spring to start.

O little maid, there is joy to seek—
Glory of earth and sky—
When the resolud-streak fades out of your cheek
And the dewy gleam from your eye;
Deeper and wider must life take root;
Redder and higher must glow its fruit.

O little maid, be never afraid
That youth from your heart will go
Reach forth unto heaven, through sh

Reach form and shale!
Shale!
We are always young while we grow,
Breathe out ma blessing your happy breath!
For love keeps the spirit from age and death. -Lucy Lurcom in St. Nicholas for September

HOLMBY HOUSE.

" What a country for a flight !" says Mary Cave, bringing her obedient horse alongside of the old knight's well-trained steed, and loosening the jesses of the hawk upon her wrist, no unworthy rival to "Diamond" herself. "Look well to your laurels to-day, Sir Giles. 'Dew-drop' and her mistress are both bent on victory, and I shall wear the heron's plume tonight in my hair or never hawk again !"

Even as she spoke the short shrill bark of a spaniel, and a rush of his companions towards a sedgy, marshy piece of ground, startled Grace Allonby and her palfrey out of the pleasant mutual understanding to which they had arrived, and a glorious wide-winged her-on rose slowly into the air, flapping its way with heavy measured strokes, his long legs tucked behind him, his little head thrown back, his sharp seissors-like beak protruding over the distended crop, heavy with the spoils of last night's fishing excursion. Mary's quick eye has caught him in an instant. Like lightning she has freed her hawk from hood and jesses, and with the same movement that urges her horse to a canter, 'Dewdrop' is tossed aloft in the air.

Sir Giles is not much slower in his arrange ments. Like an old sportsman, he is method ical in all matters connected with the field but 'Diamond' understands her master, and her master can depend on Diamond, she is not three strokes her wing behind her rival, and soaring at once high into the air, has caught sight of prey and competitor almost before the her on is aware of his two natural and implacable

foes.

Too soon, however, it strikes him that his position is one of imminent and mortal dan-ger. With a grating harsh cry, a 'crake, crake,' of mingled discom-fort and alarm, he proceeds slowly to disgorge from his pouch the weighty spoils of his overnight's sport. The dead fish glist-en white and silvery as they fall through the sunny air, and the lightened heron, whose instinct teaches him there is no safety but on high, wheels upwards by a series of gyrations farther and farther still, till he seems but a speck in the bright element to the straining eyes that are watching the flight from below But there is another higher still than he is, and yet another wheeling rapidly upward to gain the desired point of 'vantage'. The topmost speck falls suddenly headlong several hundred feet, past the pursued and his pursuer, down, down, nearly to the summit of a huge old elm, but recovering herself. once more resumes her flight, with even greater vigor and determination than at

"Peste! elle a manquee!" exclaims Mary in the language of her youth, while a flush of vexation burns on her handsome features, and she admonishes her steed with hand and rein to make no more 'mistakes' like that last, at a time when earthly consideration should not be allowed to divert his rider's at tention from the business going on above. 'Dewdrop' has indeed made a failure, and she seeks in vain to wipe out the disgrace, for "Diamond" has now gained the vantage point, and swooping down like a thunderbolt. beak and talons, and weight and impetus, all brought to bear at once on will never rise again.

And now Sir Giles is riding for his life spurring his good horse across the rushy pastures, keen and happy and triumphant as a dashes along by his side, inwardly provoked though she is too proud to show it, at the failure of her favorite; and Grace, with fretting palfrey and secret misgivings, follows carefully at a less break-neck pace in the

It is a service of danger to take a heron from a hawk, or a hawk from a heron, even after the most prolonged and exhausting flight. The victim, breathless and stunned though he be, has generally sufficient strength and energy left to make good use of the sharp and formidable weapon with which nature has provided him; and as the thrusts of his long beak are delivered with extraordinary accuracy, and aimed always at the eye of his captor, he is a formidable opponent even in the last struggles of defeat and death.

"A fair flight, Mistress Mary, and an honest victory," said Sir Giles, as he plucked loug shanely feather from the dead bird's wing, and presented it with playful courtesy to his antagonist. "Diamond is still unconquered and you shall wear the heron's plume to-night in your bonnie locks in token of forgiveness! Said I well sweet

" Sir Giles, I might forgive a fault, but I never forgive a failure," was the laughing reply; yet to a keen observer the expression of her face, the curl of her ruddy lip as she spoke would have denoted more truth in the sentiment than she would herself perhaps have been willing to admit.

'I am sorry for the poor heron," was all Grace Allonby remarked, as they remounted their horses to commence their homeward journey.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUARRY. And a lovely ride they had over the wild moorland and the green undulations that waved between the wooded hill of Holmby and the sweet fragrant valley along which the quiet None was stealing his silver way. ose were the days when the early morning air was esteemed the best cosmetic for the cheek of beauty, when ladies did not sit over the fire till dusk and then flutter out like birds of night for a gentle stroll to the hothouses, or a half-hour's saunter in a ponycarriage. Our little party had breakfasted at daybreak, had been in the saddle since the sun was up, and had got their day's sport taken upon us to describe. when we insist that it is profitable, poetical, healthy, and invigorating; nevertheless can-dor compels us to admit that for its systematic practice we entertain a cordial detesta

A lovely ride they had. In front of them extended the rich valley of the Neue, smiling with cultivation, dotted with trees and hedgerows, and standard therns growing stunted and sturdy here and there, backed by the distant buildings of Northampton and the light cloud of white moke that curled above the town. To the left wide and uncultivated have ever been distinguishing characteristics moorlands, with occasional stretches of vivid of the English Court. green pasture, and many a patch of gorse and "A game at forleit clump of alders, swept away over the rising forfeit for the loser, to be decided by my eminence of Spratten (on the sky-line of ladies and myself. Marguerite!—Marie! which a string of packards where they neared the little hamlet plesty, clapping her hands in the exuberance where they would stop and refresh), and of her merriment, her keen eyes sparkling, melted into a dim haze of beauty under the crest of Hazelbeech, crowned with a swarthy grove of giant forest trees, frowing down on Character and her little French person quivering with delight at the prospect.

"Dansez milor! voilale ieu qui commence!" grove of giant forest trees, frowning down on the sunny valley below; behind them, sharp and she gave her hand with much dignity cutting against the sky, a long level plain, to the most accomplished young nobleman

THE YORK HERALD.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 1,103-NO. 15.

and hard and cheerless, as though its only harvest was to be the gathering of the slaughter, while the towers and pinnacles of Holmby Palace itself shut in the picture in the to blucked one as he passed with a sly smile, When the gorse is out of bloom, young blushed, and playfully bid her father "not talk nonsense;" but Mary Cave, drawing her horse nearer to that of her gentle friend, commenced moralizing after her own fashion on the old knight's trite and somewhat coarse remark.

Yes, Gracey," said she, smoothing back the folds of her rich brown hair, which shone and glistened in the sun, "Sir Giles is right. So it is, and so it has ever been. There is no day in the year when the blossom is off the gorso, from the brightest splen-lours of July to the bitterest snowstorms of December. There is no phase of life, from the triumph of success to the agony of disappointment, which is not affected by wo nan's influence and woman's smile. I used to wish, dear, that I had been born a man. thank my fate now that I am a woman. I have more power as I am, and power is what I love best in the world. They are only pup pets, Gracey, after all; and if we are but true to ourselves, it is for us to pull the strings and set the figures moving at our will. I saw men are but dressed-up dolls after all; it is women that have the strings in their hands if they will but use them. I have never let one go yet, my dear, and I never will. Confess—is it not delightful to have one's own way?"

"I should think it must be,,' replied

responsibility, too," she added, with a look of profound reflection. "I think I would rather give way, that, is if I liked people; and I don't think I could like anybody very nuch that I wasn't a little afraid of.

Mary's lip curled contemptuously, yet a pang shot through her too. Was there one beore whom her proud spirit would quail -for whom that eager undisciplined heart would the with a pain only known to a strong tameless nature? It is the wild bird that beats tself to death against the bars of its cage; the wild flower that droops and withers the close confinement of a hot house. Woe to him whom Mary loved, if he loved her too! Woe I a man that professed himself to be my slave; and yet, dear, I have my own ideas of what a man ought to be. Mind, I don't say I know one that comes up to them. He should be proud as Lucifer—not in appearance and demeanor—far from it. I would have him courteous and kindly to all, gentle and chivaladamant. I would have him cherish fell heavily accross her bosom, pressed it to some high ambition, to which he would sacrifice all that was dearest to limit in life, ay, sacrifice me myself if he eyes to be face.

loved me to madness; and he should smile when he did it as if nothing could make him be no mate for me; and he must give way to an instant on no single point more than I would to him.' Grace opened her large dark eyes with as- and

ill like a fawn's. 'And if you were both obstinate,"

I would break my heart, but I would a vards, and love him, perhaps, none the worse

While she spoke a light broke over Mary's ountenance which softened it into beauty uch as struck even her companion with a w and forwant admiration : but it faded it came, and her features soon recovered heir usual joyous, carcless, and somewhat ard expression of self-dependence and self-

But Grace's womanly nature, true to itself, recoiled from such sentiments as these. "In-leed, Mary," she said, "I think it would be very uncomfortable. If I liked anybody so ch I should wish him to like me too, and I yould give in to him on every single point, and ind out everything he wanted, and try to make im happy; and if I failed I should not be ngry with him, but I think I should be very m serable, and I am sure I should sit do and cry. But I should not like him to be ich a person as you describe. I would rather have him good-looking and goodnatured, and cheerful, and brave certainly, and I should not mind his being a little hasty, and very loyal to the king, and—like my father, in short, but younger, of course, and—don't laugh at me, Mary—I think I should

like him to have dark eyes and hair."

'Oh, Grace, what a child you are!" was the reply; and Mary put her horse once more into a canter, and raised his mettle with voice and hand, turning and winding him at her will, and seeking vent for the exberance of her spirits or the depth of her eelings -for no mortal ever was allowed to nenetrate her real sentiments-in the deightful exercise of skilful equitation.

But to give our reader some slight insight nto the character of this young lady, still young in years and beauty, though matured owledge of the world, we must be permitted to recount a little scene that occurred at the royal palace of Hampton Court a year or two previous to the events we have new

One of the merry masks or pageants which school would have finished breakfast. There is nothing like early rising. We have our were keenly appreciated by royalty itself had is nothing like early rising. We have ourselves tried it, and we speak from experience just been concluded; the great nobles of the Court had left the Presence; the King him self had retired to his apartments harasses and fatigued with the responsibilities of a ruler, and the many difficulties which in al ranks hedge in the movements of an opin ionated man. None but the Queen and he mmediate household, with two or three espe cial favorites and high officers of the Court, were left; and Henrietta's French love of her to seize the opportunity of relaxing for

"A game at forfeits! A cotillon! and a which a string of packhorses could clearly be That will be charming," exclaimed her Ma-

under the name of Naseby Field, showed clear gravity was somewhat at variance with the general mirth and festivity of the other courtiers, and himself commenced the measure, in which all were in duty bound

ry Palace itself shut in the picture in the intermediate vicinity. On their right a bank of two flevity, and calculated to have given two flevity, and calculated to have given scandal to the Puritans of the time, involved to the property changes of partners, and title yellow blossoms scattered like drops of a ling much dancing, changes of partners, and golden shower over its surface. Sir Giles the infliction of quaint forfeits on those who failed in its complicated conditions. A venerable Lady of the Bedchamber was condemned ladies," quoth Sir Giles, "then is kissing out of fashion?" Graco Allonby laughed and Chancellor, whose forte was scarcely bodily grace or agility. A young maid of honor, blushing to the tips of her fingers, had to receive the homage, offered on their knees, of all the gentlemen there present. And lastly, Mary Cave, then attached to the person of the Queen, was adjudged to stand in the midst of the admiring throng, and accept a chaste salute from an individual of the opposite sex, to be chosen by lot.

"No, sir!" said the Queen, as the future Thancellor, who imagined himself to be the nappy man, stepped forward, with a gay and bonair demeanor, to exact the penalty; "it is reserved for a younger man—and a better courtier," she added, somewhat lower, but loud enough for the mortified canaidate to overhear. "Stand forward, Marie," she proceeded, laughing roguishly; "and you,

milor! claim your rights!"

It was the same young nobleman who had already been honored with her Majesty's hand in the dance; who had acquitted himself with the case and grace of in accomplished cavalier, but with a grave a pretty toy once at the French Court that and preoccupied air, as of one whose thoughts was brought there in a box by a certain were far away from scenes of mirth and Italian juggler, in which little dressed-up dolls acted a mystery in a dumb show, and the juggler, sitting in his dark corner, managed all the wires, and made each play its appointed part. Grace, I thought to myself, his best hawk, his best hound, or his best

horse to exact.
And this was the only man in the room on whom she would have hesituted far an instant to confer that which was in those time accounted a mere mark of courtesy an friendly regard. She would have offered her cheek to any one of them, from intriguing Grace, who never could get hers, even with her horse; "and yet it must be a great without moving a muscle of her proud cold face; but when this young nobleman approached her with his chivalrous deference of manner, and his simple, courtcous, self-possessed air, Mary felt her heart beating, and she knew her check was blushing, as heart and check had never beat and blushed before.

He was her master, and she knew it. Slight as was their acquaintance, she had seen and heard enough of him to be aware that his was a strong stern nature, keen of intellect and indomitable of vill, which she had no chance of ever sub jugating—that his mind was of that superior order which breaks through Nevertheless, she laughed merrily as she re-blied, "Nonsense, Grace—afraid? I never ceared mortal thing yet, and least of all would told her that he nourished some lofty purpose, which woman's influence would never be suffered to affect; and simply because she knew it was quite impossible that she could ever win his homage, like a very woman, she would have given her heart's blood to possess it, if only for an hour.

He stepped up to her, slowly and court-

rous and conciliatory in his manners, but at heart unimpressionable and unyielding as he lifted one of the long brown ringlets that

He slept calmly and peacefully that night. When he woke on the morrow, his thoughts wince or waver in his purpose. He must be were of the great Cause and the country's the devoted heron, brings him headlong with her through the air, turning over and over in their fall to that green earth from which he to that green earth from which he to the total total to that green earth from which he to the total total total total to the great Cause and the country's good; of measures and principles, and country's elever, of course, and looked on with admiration of the great Cause and the country's good; of measures and principles, and country is the country's good; of measures and principles, and country is the country's good; of measures and principles, and country is the country's good; of measures and principles, and country is the country's good; of measures and principles, and country is the country's good; of measures and principles, and country is the country's good; of measures and principles, and country is the countr le ; of ancient sages and classic patrioism ; little of his fair young wife, whom he loved Grace opened her large dark eyes with as-onishment: She had her mother's eyes, as dir Giles often remarked, dark and soft and work on which his heart and soul were. bent.

Her rest was fitful and broken, disturbed bserved Grace, "and you loved him by strange wild dreams, of which the cen-overy much, what would you do if you tral figure was still a slight and isagreed?" compressed and resolute

never yield an inch!" was the reply; "or the lip that had caressed her hair. She would break his, to hate myself ever afterhad detached that ringlet from the rest, and lay with her hands folded over it, and claspa it to her bosom. When she rose, it was to a new and strange sensation-to a wild cen thrill of pleasure, dashed with shamea galling feeling of subjection, that had yet n it a dependence most delightful. She ould have been torn in pieces rather onfess it even to herself, but she loved Falkand, and it was a changed world to Mary Cave from that night for ever after!"

The gambols of one of them are apt to disturb the equanimity of all the rest of the quine race who are within hearing and sight f such vagaries. Nor was Grace Allouby's offrey, on whom its mistress could never be iduced to impose proper terms of coercion, my exception to this general rule of insubor-

Ere our little party had descended into the valley of Brampton, and reached the ford by which they were to cross the river, poor Grace was certainly no longer mistress of the animal she rode; and it was with a pitiable expresion of helplessness and terror on her counteance, at which even her father and her comanion could scarce help laughing, that she lunged into the ford, now somowhat swollen

and turbulent from the late rain.

'Father what shall I do? He going to down!' screamed Grace, as the wilful palfrey, turning his head to the stream, plungded and pawed into deeper water, that al-ready drenched his rider's skirts to the waist. Mary Cave was ere this on the oppo-site side with Sir Giles; the latter, turning suddenly to his daughter's assistance, checked his horse so fiercely that the animal reared straight on end, and then struck his spurs so leep into its sides that the good horse grew restive and refused to face the water on such erms; and Grace might at least have experienced a very complete wetting, had it not en for the assistance of another cavalier, who, coming up at a smart trot from behind. ashed in to the rescue of the astonished girl, and himself guiding her palfrey to the bank brought her, with many applogies for his timely interference, in safety to her

his daughter's habit, and replacing her on for his unexpected assistance. 'May I conquire to whom I have the honour of being so much indebted?' added the courteous

The stranger reined his horse, and lifting is hat, made a profound bow as he replied, My name is Humphrey Bosville, corin Colepepper's Horse, and a-at to join his Majesty's forces Newbury. I have orders to proceed Am I in the right road?"

Mary's eye sparkled and her cheek flushed.
"For Lord Falkland?" she enquired; " is

e, then, expected by Lord Vaux?" The cornet made another profound bow a he replied in the affirmative; but he too blushed to encounter the glance of those deep blue eyes, and the self-possession with which he had commenced the interview seemed to have entirely descried him, though he accepteed

that was ere long to carn its immortality of his time, whose air of self-possession and willingly and courteously the hospitable invi- Vaux's hand with a courteous bow, and retirtation of Sir Giles to his kinsman's house.

"You are just in time for dinner, sir. My lord will be well pleased to see you or any other gallant cavalier. Had we met you an hour sooner we could have shown you as fair a flight as seldom falls to a sportsman's lot to behold. I can show you now the best hawk n Christendom. But you are in time for tinner, sir; and we will give you a hearty velcome, and drink the King's health after it in a stoup of claret worthy of the toast!"

As they mounted the hill toward Boughton,

the ladies, we may be sure, did not lose the opportunity of closely inspecting the person and general appearance of Grace's new acquaintance; and truth to tell, Humphrev Bosville's exterior was one of those on which the feminine eye dwells with no slight complacency.

A trifle above the middle size, well and strongly built, with a frame promising the vigor of manhood, added to the activity of youth, our cornet sat his strong chestnut, or, to use the language of the time, his sorrel horse, with the graceful ease of a man who has from boyhood made the saddle his home. Like a true cavaher, his dress and arms exribited as much splendor as was compatible with the exigencies of active service—a good leal more of variety than in these days of Prussian uniformity would be permitted to a soldier. On his head he wore a wide Spanish bat, adorned with a huge drooping feather, his buff coat was cut and slashed in the most approved fashion, and a rich silk scarf of cep crimson wound about his waist to mark the contour of his symmetrical figure. His istols were richly mounted, his sword of the ongest, his spurs of the beaviest: all his ppointments marked the gentleman and the man of war, dashed with the most inappropriate or unpleasing coxcombry of youth. His oval face, shaded by the long curling lovelocks so much affected by his party, bore a winning expression of almost feminine soft ness, attributable to his large well-cut hazel cyes—such eyes as belong to dispositions at once imaginative and impressionable rather than judicious and discerning; but his high, regular features, straight eyebrows, and determined lip, shaded by a heavy mous tache, redeemed the countenance from a from a charge of effeminacy, and stamped on him the bold resolute character of "a man of action," one that could be depended on when the brave were striking for their lives.

" He is very well favored, your new friend," whispered Mary Cave, with a roguish smile; "and Gracey, there must be 'something in it.' Look if he has not got dark eyes

CHAPTER IV.

' FALKLAND.

Lord Vaux is pacing his old hall at Bough-on, with a scroll in his hand, on which his attention seems but partially fixed. Ever and anon he lifts his eyes to the stained glass windows, through which the noonday light is streaming in floods of ancestral pomp. Ever and anon he rivets them on the polished oak floor beneath his feet, but still he fails to derive the required nspiration for his task. Like the rest of his party, the cavalier is pazzled by the localess of proving "two and two make five." and munitions of war, ay, don breastplate and backpiece, and if need be, leave the splendors of his home and the quiet retirement of his study for the hardships of cam-

He listens anxiously for an expected footstep. Like many another contemplative nature, he is prone to place dependence on those who show no hesitation in taking the itiative. He is capable of enthusiasm generosity, and self-sacrifice, but an examplo must be set him for the exhibition of these virtues. Without some one to show him the way, his lordship would never move a step in any direction, right or wrong. How many ich natures were forced into the stream of political strife by the exigencies of the times n which they lived! How many were willing o suffer times, humiliation and imprisonment for a cause which steemed sacred solely because their fathers did. Old men of fourscore years were simple and enthusiastic as boys. Lord Vaux, now past middle age, found himself, at a period of life when most men are willing to ease and repose, involved in all the intrigues of statesmenship and the labors of civil war. Cavaliers and Roundheads, the two watchvords of party, had set merry England by the cars. The precise puritan, with his close-cropped-hair, his sad-colored raiment, his ng sword, and biblical phraseology, was up and in the field under the same discipline thich scarce served to control the excesses of his roystering enemy, the swaggering, dissi ated, reckless, yet chivalrous cavalier, whose code of duty and morality seemed but to onsist of two principles, if so they could e called, viz. to drink, and strike for the

Such was the extreme type of either party, nd to one or other must sober men of all unks or ages more or less incline.

But a step is heard in the outer hall, the

ramp of horses strikes upon the ear, and bustle of servants marshalling an honored nd expected guest breaks on the stillness of the well-ordered household, and a smile of nexpressible relief lights up Lord Vaux's face as he advances to greet his guest with all the ceremonious cordiality of an old English

"I have ridden far, my lord," said the new arrival, "to taste your hospitality; and in these times we can scarce promise to repeat our visits to our friends. But, my lord, you seem anxious and ill at ease. You have suffered no affliction at home, I trust? You have

"I am indeed harassed and at my wits end," was the reply, " or I could scarce have failed to give your lordship a kinder and more ospitable welcome. But I am, in sooth right glad to see you; for to your ingenuity nd to your advice I must look in my present This is no question of a crabbed straits. 'Well and promptly done, young sir,' said Greck reading, or a complicated equation, ir Giles, as, after wringing the wet from such as we delighted in happier days to grapple withal, but a serious requirement of men-horses, and money for his Most Sacred Majes ty: a requirement that, with all our resources we shall be unable to fulfil, and yet without which the Cause is well-nigh hopeless. Does Goring think I am like the alchemist we have read of, and can transmute these old oal arvings to unalloyed gold? or does that reckless adventurer believe me to be even as him self? to regard neither honor nor credit mercy nor justice, and to fear neither God or man, nor devil?"

Goring is a useful tool where he is placed my lord," was the reply; "and we could ill spare him in our present difficulties, though sad it is so fair a cause should require the support of such as he has proved himself. Nevertheless, permit me to look over the requirement. It may be that we can see our way more plainly by our joint endeavors, than when we fight single-handed against that deadliest of focs, an empty military chest."

ing into one of the deep windows of the hall, was soon busily engaged in the perusal of its

Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, was one

of those men on whom no remarkable exterior

stamps the superiority which they enjoy over

their fellow-creatures. As he stands in the embrasure of that window, his countenance grave and heated, his dress disordered with riding, his gestures of surprise and vexation awkward and ungainly, the superficial observer would pronounce him to be a mere ordi nary, somewhat ill-looking mortal, plainly dressed, and bearing the marks neither of gentle birth nor mental culture. He is short and small of stature, of no imposing port, not even with the assumption of energy and bustling activity which so often characterises the movements of little men. His manner is unaffected and plain to simplicity; he stoops und sways his body from side to side in ludi crous unconsciousness, as wave after wave of thought comes rolling in upon his brain, pregnant with reflection, calculation, and resource. When he speaks his voice is harsh and unmusical, his countenance dark and un prepossessing, for he is laboring in mind, wrestling with a difficulty, and bringing all the powers of his mighty intellect to bear upon the struggle. And now he grasps it— now the colossal enemy is overthrown, and as the words flow smoother and faster from his lips, as sentence after sentence pours itself orth, clearer, and more comprehensive, and more concise, the whole countenance changes as changes the aspect of a winters day when the sun breaks forth; flashes of intelligence beam from those deep set falcon eyes, and light up the stern, sallow face. Rapid and impressive action succeeds the slow awkwardness of his habitual movements; the slight form seems to dilate and tower into dignity. as of one born to command, and the whole man is changed, by the mere influence of mind over matter, into a sage and a hero for the occasion.

But the inspiration passes as quickly as i comes. The knot is now unravelled, the dif-ficulty is solved. He has seen his own way to surmount it, and more than that, has exlained it to the inferior intellect of his friend, and he relapses once more into the ordinary mortal, while an expression of deep weariness and melancholy settles again upon his features, as of one who is harassed and distracted with the disappointments and heartburnings of life; who would fain cast away shield and sword, and turn aside out of the battle, and lie down and be at rest. Yet was it not always so with this young

and gifted nobleman. His youth seemed give promise of a brighter future than is often accorded to mortal man. Bred in his father's vice regal court of Ireland, he enjoyed opportunities of learning and cultivation which were not thrown away upon such a mental organization as his. At eighteen years of age he was skilled beyond his fellows in all the exercises and accomplishments of the day. He was perfected in the Latin and French languages, and had already shown that energy and perseverance in the acquisierimson, and purple, and orange; but his that energy and perseverance in the acquisition of knowledge which formed so distinguishing a characteristic of his after-lite. Added to this, he inherited already an ample fortune, independent of his father—no con-temptible advantage at an age when all the generous and liberal feelings are still unwrap ed and unstifled by the sordid cares of life His fine benevolent head, from which the He was thus relieved from the many anxieties long hair falls in clusters over his starched consequent upon inadequate means which are ruff and black velvet doublet, is that of a too apt to embitter the sparkling cup of youth, consequent upon inadequate means which are philosopher and a sage, one whose natural and had the more leisure to devote himself to the the more leisure to devote himself to those studies in which he took such dethan action, and conflict with his kind; yet must Lord Vaux calculate men, and means, and munitiens of war, ay, don breastplate be gained, it is related of him that, wishing to obtain a thorough knowledge of Greek, he absented himself rigidly from London unth he had acquired an intimate familiarity with paigning—the wild alarums of a stricken field.

ne had acquired an instance land and paigning an of the capital, induce him to forego the de ermination on which he had once entered. The same disposition prompted him to marry an amiable and excellent young lady, in de fiance of the wishes of his family; and a generosity, by no means unnatural in such character, induced him at the same time to offer his whole fortune for the liquidation of is father's embarrassments, he himself purposing to obtain a military appointment in Holland, and win his own livelihood and that of his family with the sword. In this scheme cing disappointed, he abandoned the career of arms, and had chalked out for himself a path of study and scholarship when the trumpet of civil war roused him from his realities of strife.

ream of literary distinction to the absorbing He was an ardent admirer of real and constitutional liberty, and although his rigid love of justice and regard to truth commanded the respect of the Court party, as his affable demeanour and genuine kindliness of heart won him the affections of all men, it was only when the throne was really threatened in its justifiable prerogatives, that he clared himself openly and unreservedly for the king. When his part was once taken, Charles had no more devoted adherent, no nore judicious adviser, than Lord Falkland ut from that time, from the very date of his accepting office under the Sovereign, a change vas observed in the whole temperament and demeanor of the young nobleman. He who used to be so ready of wit, so fluent of dis course, so affable towards his associates, be ame reserved, morose, and taciturn. His ection: he neglected his studies, his amusenay, his very dress. All things be ame distasteful to him save ceaseless exerion for the sake of his country. Like some classic patriot, some Roman augur to whom Fate had vouchsafed a glimpse of futurity, he mourned, in anticipation, for those national voes which he already hoped he might die

But even in civil war, in public distress as private affliction, man must dine; nay, if e is one of the porcelain vessels of the earth, and has performed since daybreak a long journey on horseback, he must also dress for dinner; and therefore Cornet Bosville, when, s in duty bound, he had delivered his des patches, betook himself to the chamber Lord Vaux's hospitality had provided for him and with the assistance of his faithful trooper and servant, Hugh Dymocke, proceeded to the immportant duty of adorning his already wellavored person. Dymocke disapproved much of such waste

time. One led horse, to carry his own and is master's change of clothing, did not dmit of his turning out the cornet in such splendor as he himself thought befitting, and ere it not that he had already discovered the advantages of Lord Vaux's hospitality and have urged upon his master the necessity of roceeding on their journey directly their corses were fed and the tables drawn after the early dinner in the great hall.

" And you must wear the pearl-colored nose, I warrant me, and the point-lace collar of which we have but one with us, and drip ping wet it would be had I pushed on wher you bid me, and followed that slip of quality into the river on a fool's errand," grumbled Dymocke, as he bustled about, unpacking his naster's wallets, and vainly regretting certain splendid apparel and a beautiful Toledo walk ing-rapier which the rebels had cased them of when Waller's horse last beat up their As he spoke he took the scroll from Lord scree directly, and the quality will be

there, rustling in brocade and sating and what not; eating and drinking of the best, and the Kirg's troops starving, and merry England going to the Puritans and the devil!" added Dymocke, who was in his worst of humors, albeit mollified to a certain extent by recollections of the ale afore-

Bosville answered nothing. He was comb ng out his long love-locks, and thinking how oright were the eyes and red the lips of the ady who had scarcely looked at him during heir short ride, and wishing he had dragged per instead of her companion out of the brook. nd wordering whether she would observe iim at dinner, and converse with him afterwards; and reflecting. half-unconsciously, on the important fact that pearl silken hose and a point-lace collar were no unbecoming ad-uncts to the exterior of a well-looking young

Many years afterwards that dinner was remembered by more than one of the party. Happy Humphrey Bosville, sitting next to Iary Cave, was delighted with the share of ttention she vouchsafed to bestow upon him: was intoxicated with the radiance of her miles, the very atmosphere of her beauty. He could not mark, nor would be have comprehended, the eager, restless glance she lashed ever and anon at the plain, reserved, dark man opposite to them, the pained ex-pression and forced smile that overspread her countenance when she failed to attract Falkland's attention. His discourse was directed chiefly to his host and Sir Giles Allonby, and he left his lovely neighbor Grace ample leisure to observe the cornet's good looks and pleasant smiies. Three of he party at least were drinking in poison with their canary, laying up for themselves a store of future pain in the enjoyment, and fascination of the moment. It is better so; to-day must nevor mortgage to-morrow, what becomes of the fee-simple of existence If the death's head must be present at all our feasts, in the name of Bacchus, hide him away under the table, there to remain till next morning at breakfast ! So the party ate and drank, and laughed and talked, and the conversation turned upon the scandal of the ourt and the characters of the courtiers, and that prolific theme, the enormities and vagar-

ios of wild Lord Goring.
"A good soldier!" said Sir Giles, pledging the cornet in a bumper; "and never loses his head, drunk or sober. You remember what he said of Wilmot's charge at Roundway Down? You were there?" The cornet acquiesced in a modest affirm-

ative, glad that Mary should know he had been present at that engagement, whilst Grace looked more interested in her new friend than ever. "Rash in council," observed Lord Vaux

still thinking of his morning's work; "and totally unreasonable in his expectations and requirements." "A weak as ailant," laughed Mary; "he caled a convent at Bruges, and was repulsed with a broken leg, which gives him that limp you all think so charming. He should confine

himself to cavalry operations. It is indeed a forlorn hope against nuns' veils and stone walls. "I have heard him boast he never was foiled yet by man or woman," said Falkland, absently fixing his dark eyes on Mary's coun-

She blushed all over her face and neck, seemed as if she would have spoken, then turned white and held her tongue; the while Sir Giles proposed a bumper to his old commander, gay George Goring.

CHAPTER V.

BRIDLED AND SADDLED.

We once heard a remark drop from a pair of the sweetest lips that ever belonged to a gentle philosopher, of the truth of have been the more convinced the more so have watched the vagaries and eccentrieities into which its victims are drawn by that affection of the brain called by the wise folly, "In all cases of attachment," said our beautiful moralist, "depend apon it one must be always bridled and sadtled, the other always booted and spurred." Of the truth of this axiom experience has left loes it convey as to the inherent selfishness of mankind, and the insufficiency of any earthly blessing to confer perfect happiness fortnight. The tr The one that is "bridled and saddled" has yet been divulged. ndeed "a jade's time of it," the one that is booted and spurred" uses the latter instruspurs? And yet perhaps there may come a o feel that we have had all the suffering and all the sorrow, proudly conscious that we have been "bridled and saddled" all our lives, and are about to die honestly in our harness at the Woe to the "booted and spurred" one When the kindly face will be seen never again but in our dreams—when the fond heart we have wrung so often is at peace for evermore—when a world's wealth and an nge of longing cannot unsay the cruel word, or recall the cold glance-when love is dead. nd even wishing a bitter mockery, how much better to sleep peacefully beneath the daisies. rearied with the strife, subdued in the defeat than to pluck them for a rembrance which shall pass away indeed, but shall leave a blank more unendurable than the pain from which we prayed so fervently to be delivered. A pair are walking on the terrace at Broughton in the golden flush of a fine September norning; one is "bridled and saddled," the other "booted and spurred."

Mary Cave, we need hardly observe, was a lady of no undeviating habits, no precise observer of times and seasons. Some days she would idle away the whole morning in bed, reading her letters, stitching at her embroidery, and wasting her time; on other occasions she would bustle up with the lark —and when Mary was busy, no one in the house, not even studious Lord Vaux himself, ould be suffered to remain quiet.

On the morning in question she was unusually wakeful, and this is the more unaccountable inasmuch as her sleep had been

fitful and broken the whole night through. listurbed with dreams, and harrassed incongruous thoughts and fancies. Was she verfatigued, poor Mary! nawking, and the rapidity of Bayard's bounding movements; or was it that hard-fought game of chess played on till nearly midnight the withdrawing-room, with many a false move, and many a smothered sigh? will that image never leave her brain? The studious brow bent over the shining pieces, the slender hand clenched on the board's edge, the long sheathed rapier meeting the pint of its shadow on the polished oak floor, and the weary, weary look on that face when ts eves were raised to hers in the intricacies of the game. Why was he so weary? What was the secret reason of this overpowering istic jollity of Sir Giles and the other Cavaliers? Could she ever penetrate it? Could she ever find her way deep, deep into that Had she dready done so? A thrill, keen enough to e painful, shot through her at the thought. p and dressed, she walked to her window nd looked out at the fair, calm, joyous morning, so full of hope and peace and happiness, so at variance with her own torn, restless, wayward mind. The sun was even now a hand's-breadth above the horizon; his light

had already tinged the darktops of the cedars had already tinged the dark tops of the cedars on the opposite hill with a purple glow. Patches of the undulating park were gilded with his beams; a skein of wild fawl, disturbed in their quict refage down amonest the osiers, were winging their arrowy flight, clear and distinct, acting their arrowy flight, clear and distinct, acting their arrowy flight, reproperties the pearly grey of the morning sky, flushing here and there into a faint pink tinge. The deer, rising to shake the dewdrops from their flanks, were still in dusky shadow, while the woodpigeon, cooing softly shadow, while the woodpigeon, cooing softly from the topmost branches of a fir-tree, trimmed her sleek plumage in a flood of light from the morning sun. The fragrance light from the morning sun. The fragrance of a hundred roses, clustered round the basement of the old Manor House, stole in upon Mary, soothing her with associations and memories of the past. What are all the chronicles of history, all the diaries of the most inveterate journalists, to the vivid reality that a simple strain of music, the scent of the commonest wildflower, can conure up at a moment's notice? Beneath her the smooth bowling green, that necessary adjunct to every country-house in the olden time, stretched its shaven surface, innocent even of a daisy to mar its level uniformity, while broad terraces, with here and there a cough stone vase, and here and there a standard rose-tree, carried the eye onward into the forest beauties, and wild irregularity of the thickly wooded park.

A spare slight figure was already traversing these terraces, pacing to and fro with swift determined strides, buried deep in thought, and plucking ever and anon a blossom or a leaf, which he crumpled nervously in his hand, and cast aside.

Mary was this morning seized with an earnest desire to tend her roses. She stepped out upon the terrace, her white robe falling in graceful folds about her shapely figure, er brown hair waving in the breeze, her rich ripe beauty glowing in the sun, her proud nead thrown back with an air of enforced indifference, her whole gait and bearing stately and majestic as a queen. Yet she trembled as she approached that plain unpretending man; and her voice shook audibly as she bid him "good-morrow," and interrupted his solitary musings.

"You are early, my lord," said Mary; "and equipped, I see, for a journey. Must we, then, lose our guest so soon? It is not Lord Vaux's custom to suffer his friends to depart after one night's lodging; and you will scarce get leave from any of us to bid farewell at uch short notice."

Falkland was courtesy itself, and the gravest of mankind has no objection to his meditations being disturbed by a pretty oman at any hour of the day or night, so he miled as he replied: "It would need no second bidding for a

red and unwilling soldier to remain in such pleasant quarters, and least of all from you, Mistress Mary, staunchest of loyalists, and kindest and oldest of friends."

Mary colored with pleasure, and her eyes

shone and moistened while he spoke; her every nerve thrilled to the tones of that harsh mpressive voice. "One more day," she said; "we will only plead for one more day. There is still much to be done. I have a long correspondence to show you. There are traitors even about the Queen; and we must play another game at chess! You know I never could bear to be beaten. I must have my revenge."

How soft and tender was her voice, how

irresolute her gestures, how different her manner from that assured self-possessed air with which she addressed every one else in in the world! He could not see it; he noticed no change; he was not thinking about chess; his was the great game played on the squares that were slippery with blood.

"It must not be, gentle Mistress Mary," he replied. "These are days in which we must all of us put our shoulders to the wheel. Alas! it need not have been so once. You know, none better, how the ruler of the ship has failed to shift his ballast, and to trim his sails. He saw the course he felt it was his duty to steer, and he scorned to turn aside for shoal or quicksand. Yet I cannot but revere the man, be he monarch or subject, who will sacrifice his all to a principle. The die is cast now, Mistress Mary; it is too late to look back. We must throw the helve after the hatchet, and stand or fall together, one and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW STABLISHEDAD LINE

(From the Chicago Tribune, Sept. 6.) It is understood that an agreement was made yesterday between the Grand Trunk Railway Company and Mr. Vanderbilt for the nurchase by the former of the Chicago and orthwestern Railroad, the "missing link between Flint and Lansing, which Mr. Vanderbilt obtained possession of some time ago, and which he now sells to the Grand not the slightest doubt: but what a lesson duced to writing in legal phraseology, but its terms are absolutely settled, and the formal transfer will take place certainly within a fortnight. The terms of the sale have not This action will render the building of a line from Flint to Lansing
by the Grand Trunk superfluous, and the bids ments ruthlessly and without remorse. Who that have been made in pursuance to an would be the loser in the game? Who would advertisement will not be considered. not wish to hold the bridle and apply the As soon as the link from Valaparaiso to Thornton is completed, which time when it will be unspeakable happiness will be on the 1st of November. the Grand Trunk will be liable to run through trains from Portland, Me., and Buffalo to Unicago over a continuous line of its own. No arrangements have yet been made to bring the Grand Trunk into the city from Twenty sixth street, the present terminus Northwestern Branch Grand Trunk Railway Chicago & State Line), but it is almost certain that it will come in over the Chicago and right of way from the Council. Should this road not be ready by the time the Grand Trunk is completed, the latter will probably ome in over one of the already constructed roads, most likely the Illinois Central, which has signified its willingness to make an arrangement with this company. settled beyond a doubt that the Grand Trunk will run regular trains into this city before Jan. 1, 1880.

> SERVEAL CURES OF PHYSICAL BISKASE,

The American young lady who believed that she had got a bristle of a tooth-brush fixed in her throat got worse and worse, though there was no bristle there, till she was nersuaded by her doctor's ruse that he and extracted it, after which she recovered as rapidly. On the other hand there are very the writer, in which mere fright, directed to the expected suffering of a diseased part, has caused a powerful but salutary revolution in the condition of the diseased organ. Dr. Carpenter-if "Mental Physiology," gives a case of the complete absorption of some very dangerous tumor in a few hours, under the influence of surgical operation—it was before the days of chloroform-which had been determined on to remove it. Here was a case where attention and attention of no hopeful kind-produced the very opposite effect to that which, in the American young lady's case attention of the despondent kind had produced—the very same effect, indeed, which a remission of at tention, when accompanied by the hope of cure, had in that case produced.

-Tradition insists that corsets invented by a brutal butcher of the the contury as a punishment for his wife. Law was very loquacious, and, finding that noth her, in order to take away her breath, and so prevent her, as he thought, from talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other heartless husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not condemned to the like affliction. The punish ment became so universal at last that the ladies in their own defence, made a fashion of