

GOTTLIEB'S SEQUELITE. (From the German of Goethe.) A feeling of longing...

HOLMBY HOUSE.

"I wish they would mend the bridge," observed Grace, as a tremendous jolt over a stone under water brought a ludicrous expression of dismay upon the pretty features...

the snoring of Sir Giles, who always went to sleep in a carriage, reigned between them for at least two miles. At the termination of that distance, however, Grace, rousing herself from a fit of abstraction, addressed her no less absent companion...

CHAPTER XXVII.

"HOLMBY HOUSE." On the fairest of days in the whole fair country of Northampton stand to this day the outward walls, the lofty gates, and an inconsiderable remnant of what was once the goody edifice of Holmby House.

Many a cup had he emptied here with gentle King Jamie, who to his natural inefficiency and stupidity added the disgusting tenderness of a sot. Many a jest had he exchanged with Archie Armstrong, the King's fool-like others of his profession, not half such a fool as his master.

For the bodily wants of the Sovereign no demand seems to have been considered too prosaic for the King's service. The Parliament would not hear of any but their own nominees, and instead of the Bishops of London, Salisbury, or Peterborough, or such other divines as His Majesty desired to consult, they substituted the bigoted Marston and the unscrupulous Garry to be the keepers of the King's conscience, and trustees for the welfare of his soul.

swarm of "pages of the bedchamber and backstairs, gentleman-ushers, gentlemen of the privy chamber, cup-bearer, carver, server, and equire of the body, grooms of the robes and privy-chamber, family sycophants, a quarter waylors, pages of the presence, and the removing wardrobe, grooms of the chamber, messengers of the chamber, physician, apothecary, barber, chirurgion, and landrassie, the King's household in his captivity, will be better heard of than the King's household in his Royal brethren in the full enjoyment of their power.

The King's daily life at Holmby seems to have been studious and regular to a degree. An early riser, he devoted the first hours of the morning to his religious exercises, praying with great fervor in his closet, and there staying and reading such works of controversial divinity as most delighted his somewhat narrow intellect and formal turn of mind.

At the further extremity of the hall stood a high wooden screen, such as in cathedrals portions of the altar from the nave, wrought into elaborate and fantastic ornaments, in which the grotesque and the imagery were on an equality with the excellence of the carving; and as the recess behind this framework communicated directly with the Presence Chamber, Maxwell, the Usher of the Black Rod, was here stationed to announce the names of those gentlemen who came to pay their respects to His Majesty.

Maxwell esteemed himself only second to his royal master in classical lore, and picked up the names of the great world—the whiteness of his laced ruffles and the laborious pedantry of his compliments. "Welcome! What a formidable dragon!" she whispered, with an arch glance at that ancient courtier, that penetrated through his haughty and ungracious exterior to the burly and unpolished man beneath.

"Express to good Lord Vaux our sympathies and sorrow for his unkindly, which confines him to his chamber. He must indeed be ill at ease when he fails to attend our Court, as well we know. Tell him that we will ourselves visit him ere long at his own good house at Bouington. Mark ye, Sir Giles! I have heard much of the excellence of your bowling green yonder: we will play a set once more for a broad piece, as we did long ago, in days that were somewhat merrier than these are now."

He sighed as he spoke; and Sir Giles professed himself, as indeed he was, overpowered at the condescension of His Sovereign. The King warmed to the subject. He could interest himself in trifles still. "The green below these windows," said he, "is so badly levelled that the bowl runs constantly against the bias. Even my Lord Pembroke can make nothing of it, and you can't remember him, Sir Giles, many a point better than either of us. 'Tis a game I love well," added Charles, abstractly; "and yet methinks 'tis but a type of the life of men—and kings. How many are started upon the subject with the surest, but few have intentions; how few ever reach the goal. How the bias turns this one aside, and the want of force lets another die out in mid career, and an inch more would make a third the winner, but that it falls at the last hair's-breadth. That is the truest bow that can best sustain the rules of the green. 'Tis the noblest heart that seems to escape from his crosses, but can endure as well as face the ill of life—"

take my word, there's reason for it, though you can't expect to be told the whys and the wherefores every time as one of our horses gets a gallop."

There lives in the republic of Salvador at present a venerable gentleman named Miguel Solis, who is 180 years of age. There is no doubt at all about it. He signed a document relating to the building of a convent in 1722, being then 23 years old. When Dr. Hernandez lately called on him, he was at work in his garden. He takes one strong nourishing meal each day, except on the 1st and 15th of each month, when he eats nothing, but drinks as much water as he can. We are not told whether he is a teetotaler, or drinks the wine of the country, which is called "tangle," but it is stated that his skin is like parchment, his hair white as snow, while his eyes have a most lively expression.