HOLMBY HOUSE.

" It was a sight to do your eyes good, my dear," said Hugh, stroking the horse's nose, "to see him break away from me and gallop all round the miller's close, as if he'd never be caught or tamed again, an' then trotting up to Major Humphrey as if the doding and neighing for joy, and rubbing his head against his master, and the Major looked a'most as pleased as the horse. They've more sense and more affection too than many human beings," added Hugh, impressively; " and now you needn't to be told, my dear, why I gave him this bit of a turn to keep his pipes clear in case of accidents. He might be wanted to morrow, or he might not; but if so be that he were, impatient, so dissatisfied with everything and

it shall never be said that he came out of everybody, so longing to be alone. Deeply this stable and wasn't fit to save a man's she pondered on Faith's narrative, though life. They're like the female sex, my dear, indeed she had guessed the truth long before in many particulars, but in none so much as her hand-maiden's confidences. Much she this. It's ruling them well and working wondered what he was doing here—whence had the that makes them better." of them hard that makes them better." With this philosophical axiom, the result, doubtless, of much attentive observation, Dymocke clothed up the sorrel, and led him into the stable, whilst Faith, with an ex-shire at all ? Was there a chance of his

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pression of deeper anxiety than often trou-bled her pretty face tripped energy to be ed her pretty face, tripped away to her haunts ?---and if he should, what was that to mistress's room, and to the best of our belief never visited the laundry after all.

Bever visited the laundry atter all. Grace had to dress for supper. In those simple days people supped by daylight in the summer, and revised their toilets carefully for the meal, much as they dress for dinner now; and in those days, as in the present, hand that though she when she cared for manual labor to her maid, and much mental Well, it was over , and yet she should like to anxiety to herself.

Though Faith worked away at the ebon Though Faith worked away at the ebon masses with an unmerciful number of jerns fairies still on earth ? Could it be possible and twiches and an unusually hard brush, her wish was to be granted ? There he was ! she did not succeed in exciting the attention of the sufferer, who sat patient and motioncame and went very quick as the dark figure less in her hands-not even looking at her- of a man emerged from the shade of an old elf in the glass. Faith heaved one or two surprisingly deep ten paces from her. She almost repented of self in the glass.

sighs, and even ventured upon a catching her wish, that seemed to have been accorded of the breath, such as with ladies of her so readily. Poor Grace ! there was no ocprofession is the usual precursor to a flood casion for penitence; ere he had made three of tears, but without the slightest effect. Grace never lifted her eyes from the point of her foot, which peeped out beneath her robe. At length the waiting-maid pressed her her doffed his hat, and begged her, with the

hand against her side, with an audible ex-pression of pain.

pression of pain. "What's the matter, Faith ?" said her mis-tress, turning round, with a wondering ab stracted gaze, which brightened into one of curiosity, as she marked the excited expres-tion to be alarmed. "His duty," he said, "had brought him into the neighborhood, and he could not resist the temptation of visiting the haunts of those who had once been so kind to him before these unhappy troubles,

sion of her attendant's countenance. "Nothing, ma'am," replied Faith, with another catching of the breath, real enough this time ; " leastaways nothing's the matter hand to him ; as she touched his it was like

at present, though what's to come of it, good-ice, and he trembled, that iron soldier, as if he was cold. Tress Grace!" she added, letting all the "back hair" down en masse, and clasping her two hands upon her bosom, herdly Time had dealt with her old admirer "who d'ye think's come back again? who d'ye think's within a mile of this house at her womanly instinct had been long conthis blessed minute ? who d'ye think's been scious as a very devoted and a very worthy disguised and fishing by Brampton mill this one.

very day? and the sorrel knew him though nobody else didn't, and, all the troubles into the marked lines and grave expression of that have come over us since then." And Faith, in her way, related to her mistress all raven black, were now grizzled; and although Georgo's whole countenance had deepened the news that Dymocke had told her in the the tall strong form was square and erect as stable yard. stable yard.

After Faith had retired Grace sat and ity of youth, and had acquired the slow and dreamed of the days gone by when Bosville was somewhat listless air of those who have outlying ill in her father's house, and how lived their prime. she wished, till her heart ached, that she He seemed to have got something to com-

could live those few days over again ! As municate, yet he walked by her side without month after month passed on without further uttering another syllable. Grace looked down tidings, she seemed to feel her loss more and more. Self-reproach, curiosity, and pique combined to make her think and ponder on with which he regarded her beautiful profile the absent one, whose merits, both of mind and shapely form. The silence became very and body, seemed to come out so vividly now embarrassing; after the second turn she be-that it was possible they belonged to her no longer. Mary was no dull observer of human "He spoke at last as it seemed with a mighty

nature, and she knew well that if she really effort, and in a low, choking voice. cared to retain his affections, she had been "You are surprised to see me Mistress playing a somewhat dangerous game. Had Grace, and with reason : perhaps I am guilty he been employed in the alarms and excite-ment of warfare, subjected day by day to the ennobling influence of danger, his higher and Forgive me if I have startled you, or inennobing influence of danger, its higher and better feelings kept awake by the inspiring stimulus of military glory, and the deepest, truest affections of his heart, enhanced as they always are by the daily habit of looking to not detain you have the main the deepest, they always are by the daily habit of looking

death in the face, she felt she would have Grace's very natural reflection, but she only He was living in the atmosphere of a pleasure. bowed and faltered out a few words expressive He was living in the atmosphere of a pleasure.

jected to just so much excitement and dissi-"I only arrived to day at Northampton,"

dangers and his victories, that her influence had softened his rigor to many a Royalist, and that he had saved herown dear old father at Naseby for her sake, -all this was anything but disagreeable to that innate love of dominion which exists in the gentlest of her sex, and such a conquest as that of the famous Parliamentary general (for to that rank George

had speedily risen) was one that any woman might be proud of, and was indeed a soothing old salve to her heart, wounded and mortified by the neglect of another. But then the dan The girl's cheek flushed, though ger to that other smote her with a chill and sickening apprehension. It could be none hat Bosville that had been seen and she was alone, with mingled pain and pride

suspected by the keen-eyed Parliamentarians. He might be a prisoner even now, and she shuddered as she reflected on that ghastly observation of Effingham's about the nearest tree. Word by word she recalled his conversation, and the design upon the King's liberty, which she had somewhat overlooked in the contemplation of more see him once again she confessed, if it were personal topics, assumed a frightful importance as she remembered that she was the depositary of this important intelligence. Grace's heart beat violently, and her breath

What ought she to do ? Though Effingham had trusted her, he had extorted no promise of secresy, and as she had always been taught besides that her first duty was towards her Sovereign, there was no time for considera-tion. What was to be done? The King was tion. in danger—Bosville was in danger—and she alone had the knowledge, though without the power of prevention. What was she to do? What could she do? She was completely at

her wit's end ! In this predicament Grace's proceedings

were characteristic, if not conclusive ; she first of all began to cry, and then resolved upon consulting Mary, and making a " clean breast of it," which she felt would be an inexpressible relief. With this object, she returned at once to the house, and hurried without delay to her friend's chamber. to

That lady's indisposition had appar-ently not been severe enough to cause her to go to bed. On the contrary, she was sitting up, still completely dressed, and with a wakeful, not to say harassed, expression on her countenance, which precluded all idea of sleep for many hours come. She welcomed Grace with some little astonishment, " her headache was better, and it was kind of dear Gracey to come and inquire after her-she was just going to bedshe had been sitting up writing," she said. There was a sheet of paper on the table

only it was blank. Grace flung herself into her arms, and had the cry" fairly out, which had been checked whilst she ran into the house. "And the thing must be told," sobbed the

agitated girl, when she had detailed her un-expected meeting with Effingham, and its startling results; "and father mustn't know it, or it will all be worse than ever; he'll be

arming the servants and the few tenants that have got a horse left, and all the horrors will have to begin again, and he'll be killed some day, Mary, I know he will. What shall I do? What shall I do?" Mary's courage always rose in a difficulty ;

her brow cleared now, and her head went up. "He must not be told a word, and the King must! Leave that to me, Gracey." Grace looked unspeakably comforted for a

nearest tree.

"I wish we had stopped and spoken to him to-day," observed Mary, abstractedly; "and yet it might only have compromised him, and the throne to the convict in the dungeon.

pation us would serve to distract his thoughts. just so much interesting employment as would forbid his mind from dwelling continu-track for the proceeded, calming as he went on ; "I just so much interesting employment as would forbid his mind from dwelling continu-track for the proceeded is Majesty and his would forbid his mind from dwelling continu-track for the proceeded is Majesty and his would forbid his mind from dwelling continu-track for the proceeded is Majesty and his would forbid his mind from dwelling continu-track for the proceeded is Majesty and his would forbid his mind from dwelling continu-track for the proceeded is Majesty and his would forbid his mind from dwelling continu-track for the proceeding of the proceeding o circumstance the origin of which we must take leave to retrograde a few hours to exmand, a shadow as of great pain passed over her countenance. It faded, nevertheless, as a fair lady, who, in all matters of difficulty or She took Grace's hand danger, was accustomed to depend on no quickly as it came. energics and consult no will but her own. We left Mary Cave in her chamber at n her own, and looked quietly and sadly in the girl's weeping face. "Do you love him, Gracey ?" she said, very Boughton, watching wearily for the dawn, which came at length as it comes alike to the "Do you love him, Graceyr and bard, the which came at length as it comes alive to the gently, and with a sickly sort of smile. Grace's only answor was to hide her face bride, blushing welcome to her wedding morn, and to the pale criminal, shrinking morn, and to the pale criminal, shrinking more see more would break. from the sunlight that he will never see more Till she had sobbed herself to elep in her-which will come alike over and over again to our children and to our children's children chamber, her friend never left her. It was midnight ere she returned to her own room, when we are dead and forgotten, but which and dotted the blank sheet of paper with a shall at last be extinguished too, or rather When this was | swallowed up in the Eternal Day, when Darkfew short words in cipher. When this was done, Mary leaned her head upon her hand, ness, Sin and Sorrow shall be destroyed for and pondered long and earnestly. evermere. We have all read of the pearl of great Pale and resolute, Mary made a careful toilet with the first streaks of day. Elabor-ately shearranged every fold of her ridingprice in the holy parable, and how when the seeker had found it, he went and sold all gear, and with far more pains than common that he had, and bought it and made it his own. Lightly he thought of friends, and pinned up and secured the long tresses of her rich brown hair. Usually they were accustomed to escape from their fastenings, fame, and fortune, compared to the treasure of his heart. We have often imagined the weary look of utter desolation which would and wave and float about her when dishave overspread his features, could he have ordered by a gallop in provokingly attractive profusion; but on this occasion they were so disposed that nothing but intentional violence seen that pearl shivered into fragments. the one essential object of his life existent was likely to disturb their shining masses no more-the treasure destroyed, and with if the heart also. Such a look was on Mary's Stealthily she left her apartment, and without pale face as she sat by her bedside watching rousing the household sought the servants' for the first flush of the summer dawn. offices-no difficult task, as bolts and bars in those simple times were usually left up-CHAPTER XXIX. fastened, except in the actual presence of some recognized danger; and although such an old-fashioned manor-house as that of "THE FALCON GENTLE." The sun shone bright on the level terraces Boughton might be fortified securely against of Holmby House — huge stone vases grotesquely curved and loaded with garden-flowers studded the shaven lawns and green slopes that adorned the southern front of the palace—here and Not a single domestic did Mary meet, as she took her well known way towards the stables; there a close clipped yew or stunted juniper threw its black shadow across the sward, and and even Bayard's loud neigh of recognition, echoed as it was by the delighted sorrel, failed proke in some measure the uniformity of to disturb the slumbers of Dymocke and his those long formal alleys in which our foresatellites. With her own fair hands Mary sadfathers took such pleasure. Half way down the hill, through the interstices of their dled and bridled her favorite, hurting her delicate fingers against the straps and buckles of his appointments. With her own fair hands quivering screen of leaves, the fish ponds gleamed like burnished gold in the morning che jessed and hooded "Dewdrop," and took ight; and far below the sunny vale, broken by clumps of forest timber, and dotted with her from her perch in the falconer's mews, without leave asked of that still unconscious functionary; and thus dressed and mounted, heep and oxen, stretched away till it lost itwith foot in stirrup and hawk on hand, Mary self in the dense woodlands of Althorpe park. emerged through Boughton park like some Two figures paced the long terrace that nmediately fronted the mansion. To and female knight-errant, and took her wellknown way to Bramptontord.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1879.

cret all those long months, in the midst of his crous mixture of deference and dismay, looking wistfully at the stone dial which stood midway in their course every time they passed it, and ardently longing for a time of his dismissal from this the most fatiguing of all his unwelcome duties.

THE YORK HERALD

The King, whose lungs, like his limbs, were little affected by accustomed exercise, strode manfully on, talking, as was his wont, upon grave and weighty subjects, and anon waiting with mental patience for the answers of the lagging courtier. His Majesty was this morning in a more then usually moralizing nood.

"Look yonder, my I ord Earl," said he, pointing to the beauteous scene around him the smiling valley, the trim pleasuregrounds, the sparkling waters, with the lazy oike splasing at intervala to the surface, and the blossoms showering pink and white in the soft summer breeze. "Look yonder, and see how the sun penetrates every nook and cranny of the copsewsod, even as it floods the open meadows in its golden glory. That sunlight is everywhere, my lord, in the lowest depths of the castle vaults, as on yon bright pinnacle, around which the noisy daws are wheeling and chattering even now. 'Tis that sunlight which offers day, dim though it be, to the captive in the dungeon, even as it bathes in its lustre the eagle on the cliff. Is there no moral in this, my lord? Is there no connexion, think you, between the rays which give warmth to the body, and the nner life which gives light to the soul ?"

Lord Pembroke was out of breath, and a just enough of the King's discourse to be aware that it related in some measure to the weather. "Very true, as your Majesty says, we shall have rain anon !" And the old Earl ooked up at the skies, over which a light cloud or two were passing, with a sidelong glance, like some weatherwise old raven, devoutly hoping that a shower might put an davs. end at once to the promenates and the con-

versation. "Ay! it is even so," proceeded the King, apparently answering his own thoughts, rather than the inconsequent remark of his attendant. "There is indeed a cloud athwart the sun, and yet he is shining as brightly behind it upon the rest of the universe, as though there were no vail interposed between our petty selves and his majestic light. And shall we murmur be cause the dark hour cometh and we must grope in our blindness awhile, and mayhap wander from the path, and stumble and bruise onr feet till the day breaks in its glory once more? Oh man! man! though

thou art shaking and shivering in the storm, the sun shines still the same in its warmth and dazzling light; though thou art cowering in adversity, God is everywhere alike in wisdom, power and goodness." As the King spoke, he turned and paced

the length of the terrace once more. The clouds passed on, and the day was bright as ever. It seemed a good omen; and as the unhappy are prone to be superstitious, it was

accepted as such by the meditative monarch. In silence he walked on, deeply engrossed with many a sad and solemn subject. His absent Queen, from whom he his? been long Grace looked unspeakably comforted for a expecting tidings, whom he has been long expecting tidings, whom he still loved with moment, but the tide of her troubles surged the undemonstrative warmth of his suspected fisherman and the noose at the party and proscribed adherents—his lost

Crown, for he could scarce now consider him-"But Bosville. Mary-Bosville-think of self a Sovereign-his imperilled life, for him, close by here, and those savages hunt-ing for him and thirsting for his blood. Oh ! already had he suspected the intentions of the Parliament, and resolved to oppose them Mary, I must save him, and I will. What if necessary, even to the death-lastly, his trust in God, which, weak, imprudent, if a hair of his head is hurt, I shall never sleep in peace again."

But the monarch's walk was doomed to be

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years ago she would have urged her horse apparition was indeed an unusual variety in those tame morning walks, and the drooping figure of the lady, the dead bird, and the into a gallop in the sheer exuberance of he spirits: nay, till within the last twenty-four hours, she would have paced along at least with head erect, and eye kindling to the beauoused, excited horse, would have made a fit group for the sculptor or the painter.

ties of the scene; but a change had come over her bearing, and her brow wore a look of depression and sadness, her figure stooped listlessly on her saddle; her whole exterior denoted that weary state of dejection which overcomes the player in the great game of life who has thrown the last stake -- and lost ! As she neared the river, she looked anx-

ously and furtively around, peering behind every tree and hawthorn that studded the level surface of the meadow. In vain; no fisherman disturbed the quiet waters of the Nene-no solitary figure trampled the long grass, wet with the dew of morning. There grass, wet with the dew of morning. There was no chance of a recognition—an explana-tion. Perhaps he avoided it on purpose—per-haps he felt aggrieved and wounded at her long silence—perhaps he had forgotten her al-together. Two years was a long time. Men were proverbially inconstant. Besides, had she not proverbially inconstant. not resolved in her own heart that this folly should be terminated at once and for ever? Yes, it was providential he was not there. It was far better-their meeting would have been painful and awkward for both. She could not be sufficiently thankful that she had been spared the trial. All the time she would have given her right arm to see him

just once again. With a deep sigh she roused Bayard into a gallop; and the good steed, nothing loth, stretched away up the hill with the long, regular stride that is indeed the true "poetry" of motion." A form crouching low behind a clump of alders watched her till she was out of sight, and a shabbily-dressed fisherman, with sad brow and heavy heart, then resumed his occupation of angling in the Nene with the same studious pertinacity that he had displayed in that pursuit for the last two

It would have required indeed all the in stincts of a loving heart, such as the sorrel. n common with his generous equine brethren, undoubtedly possessed, to recognize in the wan, travel-stained augler the comely exter-ior of Humphrey Bosville. The drooping mustache had been closely shaved, the long loveloeks shorn off by the temples to admit the short flaxen wig which replaced the young Cavalier's dark, silky hair. His worn-out beaver too, slouched down over his eyes, and a rusty jerkin, with his high collar devoid of linen, completed the me-tamorphosis, while the small feet were encased in huge, shapleless wading boots, and the hands, usually so white and well kept, were now embrowned and stained by the in-fluence of exposure and hard usage. His dis-

guise, he flattered himself, was perfect, and he was not a little proud of the skill by which he had escaped suspicion in the port at which he landed, and deceived even the wary soldiers of the Parliament as to his real character, at several military posts which they occu-pied, and where he had been examined. Humphrey Bosville, as we know, had passed his parole never again to bear arms against the Parliament; but his word of honor, he conceived. did not prohibit him from being the prime agent in every hazardous scheme organised by the Royal Party at that intrigu-

ing time. True to his faith, he missed no opportunity of risking his life in the heart of an enemy's country to deliver an important letter from the Queen to her wretched and imprisoned husband. For this cause he prowled stealthily about

the river Nene, waiting for the chance of Charles's crossing the bridge in some of his riding expeditions, and the sport of fishing in which the same spot or several hours, unsuspected of wight save a characteristic devotion to that most patience-wearing of amusements. Though he saw his ladye-love ride by alone

in the early morning, a feeling of duty, still paramount in his soldier's nature, prevented his discovering himself even to her. So he thought and persuaded himself there was no leaven of pique, no sense of irritation at long

ling eye and dilated nostril showed that be was prepared to sustain his part, whatever it might be, in the pending catastrophe. Dy-mccke, too, had discurded the warlike air and p moons beating which he usually affected : he had e asiderably shortened his ensionary more age, aught, and as he was well known to here man of few words and an arrestered encover, none of his fellow-serand thus much themselves to quesa a n when he it the same vard in a man's ordinary undress, and rode the sor-

rel carefully out as it were for an airing. "Patrolling ! " quoth Dymocke to himself, as he emerged from the park-gates and espied

as he emerged from the park-gates and espied at no great distance two well-mounted dra-goons pacing along the crest of a raising ground, and apparently keeping vigilant watch over the valley of the Nene below. "A picket!" he added with a grim leer, and a pat on his horse's neck, as the sun glinted hear from a dorm of carbinea and the back from a dozen of carbines and the same number of steel breastplates drawn up

"Gallantly ridden, fair dame !" said the King, at length breaking the silence, and disnear a clump of trees, where the officer in command flattered himself he was completely covering himself to the confused equestrian. "Although this is a somewhat sudden and hidden from observation. "Well, they've no, call to say nothing to me," was his conunceremonious intrusion on our privacy, we are constrained to forgive it, in consideration cluding remark as he jogged quietly down to-wards the river side, affecting as much as are constrained to torgive it, in consideration of the boldness of the feat, and the heavy na-ture of your loss. Your falcon, I fear, is quite dead. Ha!' added the monarch, with a start of recognition; "by my faith it is Mis-tress Mary Cave | You are not here for noth-ing," he proceeded, becoming visibly pale, and most rigid Presbyterian would be nuwilling speaking in an agitated tone; "are there tid- most rigid Presbyterian would be unwilling

speaking in an agitated tone; "are there tid-ings of the Queen?" most rigid Presbyterian would be unwilling to embarrass or interrupt. It was a good stake, too, that is, indeed, an accomplishment that seems to come naturally to most women. She now counterfeited such violent confusion and alarm at the breach of etiquette into which her thoughtlessness had hurried her, that the et de Barbarka here to most a connege to most rigid Presbyterian would be unwilling to embarrass or interrupt. It was a good stake, too, that the sorrel was about to run for— a stake of life and death, a match against time, with the course marked out by chance, and a winning-post placed by destiny. The steel was sound and trim, his condition ex-ter was sound and trim, his condition exold Earl of Pembroke began to make excuses for her impetuosity, and whilst Mary, affect-ing extreme faintness, only murmured "water,

ing extreme faintness, only murmured "water, water," the old courtier kept urging upon the King that "the lady was probably ignorant of court forms—that she did not know she was so near the palace—that her horse was running away with her," and such other incon proached it, he snorted once or twice, erected nis ears, and neighed long and loudly. zruous excuses as his breathless state adnitted of his enumerating. The King lost patience at last. neigh was answered in more directions than

one, for dragoons were patrolling the road in "Don't stand prating there, man," said he pairs, and no less than two outposts of caval pointing to Mary, who seemed indeed to be ry were distinctly visible. It seemed as at the last gasp; "go and fetch thel ady some though the war had broken out afresh. water—can you not see she will faint in two minutes ?" Dymocke rode quietly round and round the neadow, apparently attending solely to his

And while the old Earl hobbled off in quest horse, and an indefatigable angler, who ought of the reviving element, Charles raised Mary ere this to have caught every fish in the Nine, from her knees, and repeated, in a voice looked up in a startled manner for an instant rembling with alarm, his previous question, and resumed his sport with redoubled energy

"Are there tidings from the Queen?" "No, my liege," replied Mary, whose faint-ness quitted her with extraordinary rapidity the Earl was out of car shot. Here spanned the Nene, and which, although here spanned the Nene, and which, although here spanned the Nene, and which although here spanned the Nene spanned the safe a plot to carry off your Majesty's person, there is a plot to lead you to London a file. Bit and bridle rang merrily as prisoner, this very day. I only discovered it at midnight. I had no means of communicat-feathers waved, scarfs and cloaks floated ing unwatched with my Sovereign, and I took gaudily in the breeze, and gay apparel glis-this unceremonious method of intruding on tened bright in the summer sun. It was his privacy. Forgive me, my liege, I did not the King and his courtiers bound for their even know that I should be so fortunate as to afternoon's amusement at Boughten, dissee you for an instant alone; had you been coursing as they rode along on every topic accompanied by more than one attendant, I save the one that lay deepest in each man's must have taken some other means of placing heart, with that mixture of gay sarcasm and this packet in your hands." profound reflection which was so pleasing

this packet in your hands." As Mary spoke she unbound the masses of her shining hair, and taking a paper from its folds, presented it to the King, fall-ing once more upon her knees, and kissing the royal hand extended to her with devoted loyalty. "I have here communicated to your Majosty in chiner all I to the secret gives a solution of the stuarts. her with devoted loyalty. "I have here communicated to your Majosty in chiner all I to the secret gives a solution of the stuarts. her with devoted loyalty. I have here to the secret gives a solution of the stuarts. her with devoted loyalty. I have here to the secret gives a solution of the secret for the secret

communicated to your Majesty in cipher all I rounded by his gaolers that reined his good have learned about the plot. I might have horse so gallantly in front of the trampling been searched had I been compelled to de throng; not one of his royal ancestors in the mand an interview, and I knew no better plentitude of his power could have both method of concealing my packet than this. treated with greater outward show of respect Oh, my liege ! my liege ! confide in me, the than was Charles by his attendants who Oh, my liege! my liege! confide in me, the most devoted of your subjects. It is never to late to play a bold stroke; resist this measure with the sword—say but the word, lift but your royal hand, and I will engage to old Lord Pembroke, riding on his right hand raise the country in sufficient force to bring a little in rear of the King, bowed his veneryour Majesty safe off, if I, Mary Cave, have able head to the horse's mane at every ob-to ride at their head !" able head to the horse's mane at every ob-servation . of his sovereign. The Lords Denbigh and Montague, with the ceremon-

figure kneeling there before him, her check jous grace which they had acquired years.befigure kneeling there before him, her cheek fushed, her eye bright with enthusiasm, her long soft hair showering over her neck and shoulders, her horse's bridle clasped in one small gloved hand, while the other held his owed, which sho had just present for entry to her lips; and impersonation of loyalty, self-with the ready wit of courtiers and the been distance prescribed by etiquette from the per-sen of royalty, and conversed when spoken to with the ready wit of courtiers and the her lips; and impersonation of loyalty, self-with the ready with the beam of the abandonment, and unavailing heroism, of all as groom of the bedchamber in waiting, made the nobler and purer qualities which had been up the tale of the King's personal attendants, wasted so fruitlessly in the Royal cause; and whilst servants with led horses, and one or a sad smile stole over his countenance, two yeomen of the guard, completed the

whilst the tears stood in his deep, melancholy cavalcade. whilst the tears stood in his deep, melancholy cavalcade. eyes, as he looked from the animated living figure, to the dead falcon that completed the group. "Enough blood has been shed," Parliament had chosen their emissaries so said he; "enough losses sustained by the Cavaliers of England in my quarrel, and simulation of respect, with the exception Charles Stuart will never again kindle the of Herbert, not an inhabitant of Holmby torch of war-no, not to save his crown-not House from the earl in the presence to the save his head! Nevertheless, kind Mistress scullion in the kitchen, but was more or less Mary, forewarned is forearmed, and your a traitor to his sovereign. Sovereign offers you his heartfelt thanks, 'tis Charles beckoned his gr Charles beckoned his groom of the bedall he has now to give, for your prompt re-solution and your unswerving loyalty. Would that it had cost you no more than your falcon It might have been remarked, however, that -would that I could replace your favorite Montague immediately spurred on and with a bird from my own royal mews. Alas! remained within earshot. Herbert was a have but one faithful subject left, and that is disposition was not proof against that fascina-Mistress Mary Cave !" As the King spoke, Lord Pembroke returned | over those with whom he came in daily con-As the King spoke, Lord Fembroke returned over those with whom he came in daily con-with the water, and Mary, with many ac-knowledgments of his Majesty's condescen-congeniality of disposition between master sion, and many apologies and excuses, mingled with regret for the loss of her falcon, mounted with regret for the loss of her falcon, mounted her horse, and leaving the pleasure grounds laid the foundation of a friendship which by a private gate or postern to which the Earl seems to have been a consolation to the one way she had come, pondering in her own and glory of the other to the latest day of his way she had come, pondering in her own and the life. mind on the success of her enterprise and the life. "What sayest thou, Master Herbert?" said n to crush the unhappy King. Much to the relief of the aged nobleman, neck of his servant's horse as he paced slowly this adventure closed the royal premenade down towards the bridge. "Did not the for that morning, and Charles, giving orders Stoics aver that the wise man is alone a king for his attendants to be in readiness after and was not their ideal of wisdom the nil ad-dinner, as it was his intention to ride on mirari of the satirist? Did they not hold horseback and indulge himself in a game of that it was a quality which made its possessor bowls at Lord Vaux's house at Boughton- insensible to pain or pleasure, pity or anger for his abrupt dismissal of Mary Cave-re-as immovable by the storms of adversity tired to the privacy of his closet, there to de that the wise man knew neither hope nor fear. liberate, not on the stormy elements of his neither tears nor laughter; that he was essenpolitical future, not on the warning he had tially all-in-all to himself, and from his very just received, and the best means of averting nature equally a prophet, a priest, a cobble an imprisonment which now indeed threat-land a king?' an imprisonment which new indeed tries is a sing." "Even so, your Majesty," answered Her-form; not on the increasing power of his sagacious enemy, who was even then taking his wary, uncompromising measures for his ture, satisfied to eat and drink, and ruminate downfall, and whose mighty will was to that and die, approaches more nearly to of the feeble Charles as his long cut-and- the philosopher's ideal of wisdom, than thrust broadsword to the walking rapier of Socrates with his convictions of the acourtier; not of Cromwell's ambition and luture, and Plato, with his speculations on this own incompetency; not of his empty the soul." throne and his imperilled head—but of an "Right, Master Herbert," answered the throne and his imperilled head—but of an abstruse dispute on casuistical divinity and the unfinished tag of a Latin verse ! Truly in weaker natures constant adver he delighted to provoke. "The two schools

That "Concurdrum"!!!!

great, and with his person to be wel-that a conspiracy has been organized to omed by the fair. To do him justice, he plunge this country once more into civil war had ever shown himself sufficiently callous to Suspicious persons are about.

the latter temptation, and yet — Mary re-membered the wit and the attractions of those French ladies amongst whom she had spent her youth; she even caught herself re-of whom I have received information. It is calling his admiration of one or two of her sad work; my duty will compel me to have own accomplishments derived from that him to the nearest tree."

was now-kinder than she had ever been ; vented his seeing how pale she had turned. some gentle heart would be sure to love him " Believe me. Mistress Grace, it is hopeles dearly, and the very intensity of its affection for the 'Malignants' to stir up civil war would win his in turn; and then indeed he again. His Majesty's Parliament will act for would be lost to her altogether; she would the safety of his Majesty's person, and it will ather he was lying dead and buried yonder be my duty, with the large force I command,

Nusely field 1 And yet, no ! no !--any-to escort him in security to the neighborhood startled at the bitterness and the strongth of Grace listened attentively-the little Royalher own vassions. It was irightful ! it was ist was half frightened, and half indignaut at humiliating ! it was unwomanly ! to feel the calm tone of conscious power in which the Was she weaker as she grew successful soldier of the Parliament announced like this. older, that she could thus confess to herself his intentions.

so deep an interest in one who might perhaps Effingham paused, as if to gather courage. already have forgotten her? She had not then proceeded, speaking very rapidly, and loved Falkland so-that was a pure, lofty, looking studiously away from the person he and ennobling sentiment-there was much more of the earthly element in this strange, "You have never known, Mistress Grace-

wild fascination. Perhaps it was none God forbid you ever should know-such suf-the less dear, none the less dangerous on fering and such anxiety as I have experienced that account. now for many long months. I did not come

So she resolved that whatever cause had here to night to tell you this. I did not come brought him back at last (for too) here expecting to see you at all. It was weak, surely she felt the disguised fisherman was I grant you, and unmanly; but I could not no other than Bosville) she at least would appear to be ignorant and careless of his move- home once again, of watching the house in pear to be ignorant and careless of his move-ments. 'Till his long silence was explained, of course he could be nothing to her; and even then, if people could forget for two whole years, other people could forget altogether. Yes, it would be far better so. He must be changed indeed not to have spoken to her better a day by the water side. Then she that very day by the water side. Then she may despise me for it if you will. Well as remembered what Grace had said about the I have met you to night I will tell you all knot of pink ribbon: and womanlike, after listen. Ever since I have known you, I have judging him so harshly, her heart smote her loved you-God help me !-better than my for her unkindness, and she wept. The sun was sinking below the horizon own soul. You will never know, Grace, you

shall never know, how truly, how dearly, how when Grace stepped out upon the terrace at worse than madly—I feel it is hopeless—I Boughton, and wrapping a scarf around her feel it is no use—that I can never be more to shoulders, paced slowly away for a stroll in you than the successful rebel, the enemy that the cool atmosphere and refreshing breezes is only not hated because you are too gentle of the park. It was delicious to get into the and kind to hate any human being. Many a pure evening air after the hot drive and the weary day have I longed to tell you this, and crowded court, and Sir Giles's interminable so bid you farewell, and see you never more. supper; to be alone once more under God's It is over now, and I am happier for the con-heaven, and able to think undisturbed. The fession. God bless you, Grace ! If you could deer were already couching for the night have cared for me I should have been worthy amongst the fern, the rooks had gone home of you—it cannot be—I shall never forget hours ago. but a solitary and belated heron, you—farewell !"

He raised her hand, pressed it once to his high up in the calm sky, was winging his soft, silent way towards the flush of sunset lips, and ere she had recovered from her aswhich crimsoned all the west. It was the tonishment he was gone. hour of peace and repose, when nature Grace looked wildly around her, as one

to a dreamy stillness ere who wakes from a dream. It seemed like a lies down in his pasture, and the wild bird his step as he walked away in the calm night, is hushed on the bough, when all it at rest and listening for a few minutes after he list bodily powers were wonderfully unsus-on earth save only the restless human had gone distinguished the clatter of a ceptible to fatigue; and perhaps the concen-

her foot falling lightly upon the mossy pleasant in the sensation too. Long ago. hair with both hands, cooling in the evening vented the impression ripening into any feel-

what did she here? She scarce knew now to discover for a certainty that she had sought this woodland solitude—why she had been so restless, so restl

fro they walked with rapid strides, nor paused

contemplate the beauties of the distant landscape, nor the stately magnificence of the royal palace-shafted, mullioned, and pinnacled like a stronghold of romance. It was Charles and his attendant, the Earl of Pembroke, taking their morning exercise, which the methodical King considered indispensable

to his health, and which was sufficiently harassing to the old and enfeebled frame of the noble commissioner. Charles, like his son, was a rapid and vigorous pedestrian. ceptible to fatigue ; and perhaps the concenheart, which will never know peace but in the horse's hoofs on the hard road leading to Northampton. Grace was utterly bewildered trated irritation awakened by a life of con-tinuous surveillance and restraint may have Reset, which will never know peace but in the horse's hoofs on the hard road leading to trated intervent tinuous surveillance and restraint may have. Grace threaded the stems of the tall trees, and confused. There was something not un-black to the black monon the mossy measure in the sensation too. Long ago, some wild animal the area of his sward, her white figure glaucing ghostlike though she was a good deal afraid of it, she cage. Poor old Pembroke, on whom in and out the dusky avenues, her fair brow. had hugely admired that stern enthusiastic the duty of a state galer to his Sor-from which she put back the masses of nature, but the image of another had preand for whom "a good white pillow for that

ing deeper than interest and estcem. And good white head" had been more appropriate

We are all more or less self-deceivers. and this lady was no exception to the rule of humanity. Secrecy was no doubt judicions on such an expedition as that which she had now

resolved to take in hand ; yet it is probable that Dymocke at least might have been trusted as far as to saddle her horse and hood her falcon ; but something in Mary's heart bid her feel shame that any one, even a servant, should know whither she was bound although other and unacknowledged motives besides the obvious duty of warning Charles of his danger prompted her to take so decided a step, she easily persuaded herself that zeal for the King's safety, and regard for his person, made it imperative on her to keep religiously secret this interview she proposed extorting from his Majesty; and that in so delicate and dangerous a business she ought to confide in no one but herself.

So she rode gently on towards Brampton ford, Bayard stepping lightly and proudly over the spangled sward, and "Dewdrop" shaking her bells merrily under the inspiriting influence of the morning air. A few short

and morited neglect, embittering the kindly impulses of his honest heart. He watched her receding torm with aching eyes. "Ay," thought peor Humphrey, all. his long-oherished love welling up in that deep tide of bitter waters" which is so near akin to hate. " ride on as you used to do in your

beauty and your heartlessness, as you would do without drawing rein or turning aside, though my body were beneath your horse's feet. What care you that you have taken from me all that makes life hopeful and happy, and left me instead darkness where there should be light, and listless despair where there should be courage, and energy, and trust? I gave you all, proud, heartless

Mary, little enough it may be, and valueless to you, but still my all, and what have I reaped in exchange? A fevered, worn-out rame, that can only rest when prostrated by fatigue, a tortured spirit that never knows a respite save in the pressure of immediate and imminent danger. Well, it will soon be over now. This last stroke will probably finish my career, and there will be repose at any rate in the grave. I will be true to the last. Loyalty before all. You shall hear of

im when it is too late, but of his own free will, proud, heartless woman, he will never upon your face again !" Our friend was very much hurt, and guite

capable of acting as he imagined. These lov-ers' quarrels, you see, though the wise rate them at their proper value, are sufficiently painful to the poor fools immediately conerned, and Major Bosville resumed his sport, not the least in the frame of mind recommended by old Izaak Walton to the disciple

who goes a fishing. Meanwhile Mary Cave stretched on at Ba yard's long easy gallop till the came in view of the spires and chimneys of Holmby House towering into the summer sky, when, with a gleam of satisfaction such as she had not yet displaced kindling on her beautiful face, she drew rein, and prepared for certain active operations, which she had been meditating as she came along.

Taking a circuit of the Palace, and enter ing the park at its westernmost gate, she loosed Dewdrop's jesses, and without un-hooding her, flung the falcon aloft into the air. A soft west wind was blowing at the time, and the bird, according to the nature of

its kind, finding itself free from restraint, but at the same time deprived of sight, opened its broad wings to the breeze and noared away toward the pleasure-grounds of

Palace, in which Charles and the Earl of Pembroke were taking their accustomed exercise.

Mary was no bad judge of falconry, and the very catastrophe she anticipated hapnened exactly as she intended. The hawk sailing gallantly down the wind, struck heavily against the branches of a tall elm that intervened, and fell lifeless on the sward ed in our last chapter were taking place, the good sorrel horse, with the instinctive almost at the King's feet. Mary at the same city peculiar to his kind. must have been time urging Bayard to his speed, came scouraware that some trial of his mettle was imminently impending. Never before in ing rapidly down the park as though in search of her lost favorite, and apparently unconthe whole course of his experience had the scious of the presence of royalty or the prox same care been bestowed on his feeling. imity of a palace, put her horse's head watering, and other preparations for an ap straight for the sunken fence which divided the lawns from the park. Bayard pointed pointed task ; never before had Dymoche si minutely examined the soundness of every his small ears and cleared it at a bound, his strap and buckle of his appointments, inmistress reining short after performing this spected so rigidly the state of his shoes, feat, and dismounting to head over the boyd fitted the bit in his mouth, and the links of of her dead falcon with everyappearance of

Truly in weaker natures constant adver-sity seems to have the effect of bluuting the faculties and lowering the whole mental or-iron in the first instance, or the blast of the image in the instance, or the blast of the image in the instance is of the interval in the instance is of reality even in the state is no reality even in the interval is directly opposed to it is the instance is no reality even in the interval is directly opposed to it is the instance is no reality even in the interval is directly opposed to it is directly opposed to

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CHAPTER XXX.

"A BIDE ACROSS A COUNTRY."

life." Either maxim is directly opposed to the whole apparent scheme of the natural the whole apparent scheme of world. The one would impress you with the uselessness of sowing your grain ; the other convince you of the absurdity of reap-ing your harvest. Did either really prevail On the day during which the events recordamong men, the world could scarce go on a

TO BE CONTINUED.

-This demonstrates the practical in lovenaking :

Can my darling wash the dishes ? Can she scrub the kitchen floor? Will she keep on mending stockings When she hoars the baby roar? Does her nose detect bad butter, With which grocery stores abound? Tell me, darling, do your shoestrings Fasten neat, or trail the ground.

his curb chain with such judicious delicacy. -It is said that the child born on Christ acute and pre occupied distress. The King and Lord Pembroke looked at each other in mute astonishment. Such an bis curb chain with such judicious delicacy. Horses are keenly alive to all premonitory symptoms of activity, and the sorrel's kind-lean towards codfish and bacon.