HOLMBY HOUSE.

" Doth it not show us that without the light of Revelation, our own intrinsic blind ness leads us but farther and farther into error? That man, with all his self sufficient pride, is but a child in leading strings at his best; that he must have his hopes and fears, his tears and smiles, like a child; and that though he wince from the chastening Hand, it deals its stripes in mercy, after all. Yet, Herbert, have I often found it in my heart to envy these callous natures, too. Would that I could either place complete reliance on Heaven, or steel inyself entirely against the anxieties and affections of earth. Would that I could keep down the troulent heart that rises in wrath against the treatment it feels it has not deserved; that longs so wearily for the absent, that aches so painfully for the dead, that cannot stifle its replainings for the past, nor cease to hope in a future, which becomes every day darker and more threatening. No tidings, nor ease to hope in a future, which becomes every day darker and more threatening. No tidings, and yet notidings, proceeded the King, in a lower veice, and musing as it were aloud, whilst his large eyes gazed far chead into the horizon; "and yet letters may have been sent, may have letters may have been sent, may have letters may have been sent, may have been sent, may have letters may have been sent, may have letters may have letters may have been sent, may have been s worst; I have watched him for the last ten minutes as we rode along. Doth he see kings and courts every day that he hath not once lifted his head from his angle to observe us, or is he indeed the sage of whom we have been talking—the 'sutor Lonus et solus for-mosus, et est rex?'"

As the King spoke he pointed to an augler who having taken up a position on Bramp-ton-Bridge, had been leaning there immov-able, undisturbed by the noise of the ap-proaching cavaleade,, and apparently totally

sovereign is accustomed to provoke.

The man seemed deaf or stupid. He re-

for Royalty to pass; but the King who was an admirable horseman, edged his lordship so near the undefended brink of the half-ruined bridge, that Montague was fain to full host with a supersonance. fall back with a bow and an inward thanks in front of the Sovereign, and Charles was consequently at the head of the party, who now defiled singly across the bridge.

The angler's back was turned, and he

fished ou without looking round. By your leave, good man, quoth Charles, who, though some ses with his nobility, was ever courteous and good humored to those of humbler birth: "there is scant room for us both, and the weakest, well we know, must go to the wall." While the king spoke, his knee as he sat in the saddle, touched the back of the preoccu-

The latter started and turned; quick as thought we thrust a small packet into his Majesty's hand, and almost with the same movement flung himself upon his nest at the royal stirup in a paroxysm of pretended agration and diffidence as unreal as the negligence for which it affected

to stone.

Rapid as was the movement, it sufficed

glova.
"Faithful and true!" he whispered "save thyself!" and added aloud for the edifica-tion of his attendents, "Nay, good man! we excuse thy rudeness on account of thy bodily infirmity. Look that thou be not trodded down by less skiltul riders and less manageable steeds."

As he spoke the King passed on to the other side, followed by all his attendants save only the Lord Montague, who had turned back to give directions to a patrol of the Parliamentary cavalry which had arrived at the bridge at the same momentage the Raval cavallage at the same momentage the Ravallage at the same momentage that the same momentage the Ravallage at the same momentage that t

mounted and armed, in addition to swords and pistols, with long deadly carbines. They listened attentively to Lord Montague's directions; and while his lordship rode off in pursuit of the King and his party, scanning the fisherman us he passed him with a strange look of malicious triumph, each dier unslung his carbine, and shook the powder carefully up into his pan.

The King looked back repeatedly, as he rose the hill in the direction of Boughton. Once he beckoned Lord Montague to ride "We thought we had lost your good com-

"I dropped my glove, your Majes's," replied the nobleman, scarcely concealing a enough.

bitter one my 1" answered Charles; and he es, cleared of weed and grass, yawn in all spoke not another word till he reached their naked avidity for the reception and

cupation, fished steadily on, glancing ever Ay, with all the fictitious excitement produced and auon at the retreating troop of horsemen by the emulation of hunting, and the insatiwho accompanied the King. When the last able desire to be nearer and nearer still to plumed hat had disappeared over the verge that fleeting vision which, like happiness. of the acclivity, strode briskly away, with the is always just another stride beyond our air of a man who has performed a good day's reach; though the bounds are streaming

him; and he had delivered his packet with we are even now perceived the movement. He little knew of the heart, that so little can alleviate, all life's lessons—to live only in the past. All life's live only in the past. All life a man's energy and endurance. He would meadows, scanning fence after fence want them all before the sun went down. was nearing him from the river side. Both limits, or they would have been there still. had their earbines unslung, and even in and now in another mile or so he would be the confusion of the moment he had safe. His pursuers horses were too muc time to perceive an expression of calm confi. exhausted even to continue on his track. dence on each man's countenance, as though They would soon lose all traces of him. Near

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WHOLE NO. 1,116.-NO. 28.

the turbulent heart that rises in wrath against he was sure of his prev. For an instant Brixworth village was a cottage in which he they found him sitting on the ground, with meantime his first pursuers, both remarkably aware of a picket of their comrades stationed well mounted, had ridden their horses boldly close under the village of Brixworth, had over the fence, and were once more close upon turned their attention to driving their quarry his tracks. In another stride he must be as much as possible towards the hill. In struck down and made a prisoner! But, as this they had been successful, and Humstrict down and made a prisoner? But, as this they had been successful, and Humbers is often the case, at the supreme moment succor was at hand. Not twenty yards in within a few hundred yards of the enemy's post. As is often the case, however, their holding his sorrel by the bridle. The wily strict anxiety to preserve themselves unseen. front of the fugitive stood Hugh Dymocke, post. As is often the case, however, their holding his sorrel by the bridle. The wily strict anxiety to preserve themselves unseen, old soldier had anticipated this catastrophe had somewhat abated the vigilance of the whole morning, and was not to be taken unawares at the crisis. He had been watching changing his direction, narrowly escaped passdevoid of the two sentiments of admiration and curiosity which the neighborhood of a much for a chance shot, had he or interruption. much fear of the result. With a rush and bound, like that of some stricken wild deer, The man seemed deaf or stupid.

He remained leaning against the broken parapet, apparently succoncious of everything but his rod and line, which he watched vigilantly, with his hat drawn over his brows, and his cloak muffling his face to the eyes.

Lord Montague pressed forward to bid the angler stand out of the way, and leave room for Royalty to pass; but the King who was

The these stores and valided in all the various practices of war; the leading horseman, due to the saddle. As he turned the horse's quietly dismounting from his jaded steed, slowly levelled his carbine, and took a long roving shot at the fast diminishing figure of the fugitive. The bullet whistled the surface was pare him for pace; he had a gallop yesterday, and he's fit to run for a man's life!"

Fra these stores and vaulted in all the various practices of war; the leading horseman, which was the form to the saddle. As he turned the horse's quietly dismounting from his jaded in the various practices of war; the leading horseman, which was the form the open meadow with a thrill of seted, slowly levelled his carbine, and took a long roving shot at the fast diminishing figure of the fugitive. The bullet whistled the war of many should be a steed, slowly levelled his carbine, and took a long roving shot at the fast diminishing figure of the fugitive. The bullet whistled the saddle. As he turned the horse's quietly dismounting from his jaded in the various practices of war; the leading horseman, which was the proper with the saddle. As he turned the horse's quietly dismounting from his jaded in the various practices of war; the leading horseman, which was the proper with the saddle. As he turned the horse's quietly dismounting from his jaded in the various practices of war; the leading horseman, where sall a second was properly to pass the properly and the various practices of war; the properly dismounting from his jaded to the properly dismounting from his jaded to the properly dismounting from his jaded to the properly dismounting from his jad

Ere the sentence was finished they were a hundred yards off, and the good horse, flinging his head into the air and snatching wildly at his bridle, indulged in a few bounds to his right, dashed forward at a gallop, with and plunges in his gallop ere he settled down giving that he was not overhead in the river. Etiquette forbade any one else to ride bered as weeping stride his rider remembered as the river. bered so well.

With a bitter curse and a shrewd blow from the butt of his earbine, which Dymocke lost heart for a moment. avoided like a practised tactician, the foremost trooper swert by the old soldier, calling out between his teeth, as with a to his comrade in the rear to secure him and grim smile he caught the sorrel fast by the to his comrade in the rear to secure him and take him to head quarters. Both were, howwhat haughty, particularly since his reverses with his nobility, was ever courteous and good humored to those of humbler high.

> earnest. It was a race for life and death, and the competitors were well aware of the value of the stakes dependant on their own skill and the speed of the horses they be-

Each trooper knew that a large sum of money and speedy promotion would reward his capture of the Royalist, whom they had Rapid as was the movement, it sufficed for Charles to recognize his trusty adherent. He crumpled the paper hurriedly into his leady was moved on a thoroughly good horse whose powers he had often tested to the utmost, and leady was moved to the trusty and leady was moved to the utmost, and leady was moved to the utmost and leady was moved to the utmost and leady was moved to the trust was moved to the utmost and leady was moved to the trust w each was moreovar armed to the teeth, whilst the fugitive possessed no more deadly weapon than the but of his fishing-rod, which he had retained unconsciously in his hand. Being two to one they had also the great advantage suit, and like grey-hounds coursing a hare. could turn the quarry wherever opportunity offered into each other's jaws. Despite of ment as the Royal cavalcade, and had drawn up to pay the military compliments due to sovereign.

The patrol, consisting of two efficient-looking dragoung work and the same months at the same months at the same months and the same months at t vantage to his two his two pursuers, who by playing as it were into each other's hands, were enabled to keep within sight and even within shot of the pursued, though the pace at which they were all going forbade any appeal to fire arms, or indeed to any weapons

except the spurs.

But on emerging from the low grounds into comparatively open country and rising the hill toward Brixworth, the greater stride and speed of the sorrel began to tell. His condiion, moreover, was far superior to that of the troopers, and it was with a glow of exultation not far removed from mitth, that Humphrey, pany, my lord," quoth his Majesty; "what finding at last a hand to spare with which to made you turn back down youder by Bramp caress his favorite, looked back at his toiling ing his horse, already roused by the shouts pursuers, whose horses were now beginning to show undoubted symptoms of having had

Even in mid-winter, when the leaves are will find a of the formidable blackthorns, and the discrete great gates of Lord Vaux's hospitable ultimate sepulture of the horse and his rider, it is no child's play to cross one of these Meanwhile the angler, resuming his oc. strongly fenced Northamptonshire valleys. work, and is about to receive for the same a silently away a field in front of good day's wages.

us; though the good horse between our He thought now that he had accomplished legs is fresh, ardent, and experienced; though in the good noise between our and a hearty cheer it is the stand see Mary Cave once more—just once more—ere he went into exile again. He trusted none but the King had recognized the stand are sanguine in our hopes of getting well ever yonder strong rail, for which the structure of the structu ' hardening our heart" and such secrecy and rapidity that he could not shortening our stride; though we hope and conceive it possible for any other eye to have trust we shall go triumphantly on, from fence to fence, rejoicing, and at last see the entague's eagle glance. He little knew good for run into the middle of a fifty-acre that, in spite of his disguise, he had been grass field,—yet for all this we cannot but that, in spite of his disguise, he had been grass field,—yet for all this we cannot out suspected for more than four-and-twenty feel that when we have traversed two or three hours, and that measures had already been miles of this style of country, without prostaten for his capture. He would know it all time enough. Let him rest for a moment on the thought of his anticipated meeting with his layde-love. The wished for two minutes that were to reprove the longings and misgive vanity of the human heart. And so perhaps that were to repay the longings and misgivity wanty of the human neart. And so perhaps ings of as many years, that he must live upon perhaps for another twelvemonth, and be grateful that he has had even such a grateful that he has had even such a grateful that he has had even such a soul. Strange hunger of the heart, that so little can alleviate as palleviate and palleviate and provided the stranger of the stra so gailop that had so distressed the steeds of the much fails to satisfy! He walked swiftly on two Parliamentarians. His master patted through the fragrant meadows, waving with their long herbage, and bright with butter-cups and field-flowers; his head erect, his coursed through his veins with the eye gazing far into the horizon, as is ever the anxiety, and the excitement, and the exer glance of those who look forward and not case. For two years he had not mounted what back. Bosvile had still a future; he had could be called a horse, certainly not one not yet thoroughly learned the bitterest of that could be compared with the sorrel. How

from bodily privation, from the conflict of his deed addressed but a few commonplace re feelings as from the harassing nature of his marks to that lady.

task. Brave, generous, hopeful as he was.

It was evident to her that he was brooding

sometimes rising soliloguy, and taking much such a form as the following.

"Ah! Hugh! Hugh!" quoth the old soldier, apostrophizing the individual whom of all in the world he should have known best, "there's few of them can hold a candle to thee, old lad! when the tackle's got fairly in a coil. Brave!—these's plenty of 'em brave enough—leastways there's plenty of 'em afraid not to seem so—but it's dis-cretion, lad, it's discretion that's wanting; and thankful ought thou to be, that theu'st gotten enough for thyself and the whole household. There's not a man of '-ma, now, could have managed this business, and net made a botch of it! Take the old lord to begin with. He'd have gone threatening and petitioning, and offering money and what not, till the Major was blown just the same as if he'd had him cried in the market. That's the way with your quality; they can't abide to see a thing stand summering; they must needs go shaking the frying-pan, and then they wonder toat all the fat's in the fire. The women! I'll not deny but the women are keen hands at plotting and planning, and many's the good scheme they hit upon, no doubt, but where they fail is in the doing of it. It's 'not now,' or 'I'm so frightened!' or a fit of crying just in the nick of time; and then the clock strikes or the bell rings, and it's too late. For the women must either enough, so it's as well they wasn't trusted to have anything to do with it. As for the steward, it's my opinion he's a rogue! and rogue was never good for anything yet that wanted a bit of 'heart' to set it straight and the rest of 'em's fools one bigger than auother, there's no gainsaying that.

their look out, and Bosville, accidentally

But the veterans who pursued him

the obvious intention of intercepting or rid-

the number of his foes, Humphrey never

head, and urged him once more to his speed

reflecting with fierce exultation on the mettle

fresh and strong beneath him, and on the

"neck or nothing" nature of the chase, in which his only safety lay in placing some in-

surmountable obstable between himself and

They, for their part, seemed determined to make every effort for his capture, dividing

into parties so as to cover as large an extent of country as possible, and to prevent any attempt atturning or dodging on the part of

the quarry, and forcing him by his means into a line of difficult and broken ground, such

as must at last tell even on the power and stride of the indefatigable sorrel. The two

original pursuers, moreover, whose horses had by this time recovered their wind, lab-

ored on at a reduced pace along the low

grounds, so that a diversion in that direc-

tion was impossible.

There was nothing for it but to go straight ahead, and straight ahead he went, laughing

a strange wicked laugh to himself, as he thought of the Northern Water, no mean trib-utary to the Nene, which was even now gleam-

ing in the distance a nule or so in front of him, and reflecting that if he were once well

over such a "vawner" as that, he might trot on and seek safety at his le sure, for not a

dozen horses in England could clear it from

He trusted, nevertheless, that the sorrel

was one of them. So he spared and nursed

him as much as possible, choosing his ground with the practised eye of a sportsman, and

bringing into use every one of the many

ease his steed. At the pace he led his pursu

ers, he cared but little to be out of musket

shot, and he reserved all the energies both of

himself and his horse for a dash at the North-

Down the hill they came at headlong pace

the troopers, espying Bosville's object, now

tax all their energies, to catch him ere he can

reach the brook, and spurs are piled and

bridles shaken with all the mad recklessness

of a neck-and-neck race.

Humphrey's spirits rise with the situation.

He longs to gives vent to his excitement in a wild "hurrah" as a man does in a charge,

and clatter behind him, and pulling harder

He steadies him gradually till within a hun-dred yards of the brink, and regardless of his

followers' close vicinity, pulls him back al-

most into a canter—then tightening his grasp

on the bridle, and urging him with all the

collective energies of knee, and thigh, and

lions, he sets him going once more, the horse

pointing his small resolute ears, the rider

marking with his eye a sedgy patch of the

well enough alone?" Alas! that we

prompted him to waste the precious moments

carbines were discharged at him on the in-

in the last convulsions of death.

When Humphrey had extricated himself

from the eaddle and risen to his feet, he had

no heart to make any further effort for his

escape. He might perhaps have still had time to clude his enemies even on foot, but

the strongest nature can only resist a given

mount of difficulty and disappointment. 'Tis

last ounce that sinks the laboring camel in

here have to record the only

than his wont. Were he is to

out of his hand now it would be fatal.

endurance of his favorite, still going

Unarmed as he was, and notwithstanding

various prac-

were skilled in all the

ing him down.

his pursuers.

"No! there was just one man that could do it, and he s gone and done it. To think of the sense of the dumb animal, too! Never but once did he neigh the whole blessed morning, though there was his master fishing within a pistol-shot of him; and every time he come by the turn of the meadow, he laid he come by the turn of the meadow, he lud his ears back, as much as to say, 'I see you! I am ready for you when you want me.' Ready! I believe he was ready. I should know a good horse when I'm on him; but the way he came round the park with me yesterday afternoon——. Oh! it's no use talking. A hawk's one thing, and a round shot's another; but he's the fastest horse in Northamptonship, at this blessed removed. Northamptonshire at this blessed moment, and well he need to be. St. George! to see the example he made of those two! and the Major sitting down upon him so quiet, the way I always told him I liked to see him ride, popping here and popping there, with the horse as steady as a psalm singer, and every yard they went the soldiers getting farther and farther behind. Well the ladies will be best pleased to hear the Major's safe off, no doubt of that; and my pretty Faith, she won't cry her eyes out to see me come back in a whole skin-poor little woman! she hasn't the nerves of a hen. It was a precious coil, surely, and precious well I've got'em all out of it. There's few things that can't be done by a man of discretion, 'specially when he's got the care of such a

horse as that I" Dymocke ha arrived at home by the time Le reached this conclusion. His self-satisfac-tion was unbounded. His triumph complete. It was well for him that his powers of vision were limited by distance—that he possessed no intuitive knowledge of the events of the day. It would have broken honest Hugh down altogether to know that the good sorre was lying within four miles of him, down there by the Northern Water, with a bullet through his heart. But the news he brought was right gladly

received by every one of the anxious inhabi-

tants of the old house of Boughton.
"Safe!" shouted Sir Giles with a loud
"hurrah!" that shook the very rafters of the hall. "Ay! safe enough, no doubt, with that good horse beneath him, if he did get a fair start! We'll drink the sorrel's health, my lord, this very night, after the

" Safe!" echeed Lord Vaux: "delivered out of the jaws of death. Blood has been shed more than enough in these disastrous times, and I thank a merciful Providence that his young life has been spared. "

"Safe | " repeated Grace Allonby, with a sparkling glance at her father, and the old smile Jimpling her triumphant face. "Far out of danger by this time, and perhaps not recognized, after all."

"Safe!" whispered Mary Cave, keeping out of observation as much as possible, her hands clasped tight upon her bosom, and her eyes looking up to heaven, filled

When the intelligence thus reached them, soundest ground from which he intends their efforts shall be made.

Straining on his bridle, the sorrel bounds high into the air, the waters flash beneath the party were assembled in the great hall immediately subsequent to the King's depar-Whilst henored by the presence Royalty, Dymocke had no opportunity of them, and they are landed safe on the far side with half a foot to spare! Humphrey being, as he himself opined, a particular being, as he himself opined, a particular discreet individual, he wisely abstained from

Was there ever man yet that coull "leave fugitive fisherman.
ell enough alone?" Alas! that we Even Faith was not esteemed worthy Even Faith was not esteemed worthy or his confidence till he has made his report to instance of bravado on the part of our hero during the whole of his perilous and adventurous career. What demon presence of Royalty, and her own multifarious duties of assisting to provide refreshin jeering at a defeated foe? Humphrey could ments for the attendants who waited not resist the temptation of pulling up to wave on the King, that the only no an ironical "farewell" to his pursuers. The tice she vouchsafed her admirer was a movement was fatal; in making it, he turned sancy inquiry as to whether "he had been nis broadside to the enemy, and half a dozen courting all the morning?" to which Hugh replied with a grim leer, "it was like enough stant. One bullet truer than the rest found since he confidently expected to be married its home in the honest heart of the good sorrel. The horse plunged wildly forward, fell him "go about his business," returning with upon his head, recovered himself - fell once much composure to the prosecution of a more, and rolling over his rider, lay quivering demure flirtation, on which she had even now entered, with a solid sedate veoman of the

guard. The King's visit was short and ceremonicus enough. His manner to Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby was as gracious as usual, the few words he addressed to the young ladies hindly and paternal as his wont: but his kindly and paternal as his wont; but his Majesty was evidently pre occupied and ill at ease! The intelligence he had that morning received from Mary harassed and disturbed the last drop that bids the cup brim over, the ease! him, though indeed somewhat to her surprise He was weak, too, from mental auxiety as he had made no further allusion to it, and in-

want them all before the sun went down. Suddenly a shout smote upon his ear; a voice behind him called on him to stop and surrender. Halting, and turning suddenly round, he beheld a mounted trooper, the tramp of whose horse had been smothered in the tramp of the transport of the tramp o A man temp in one present day, when under its from the Queen, which Humphrey had delater appellation of the "Britsch army can test ty, who, in their modern substitute for Tit and Tournament, yelept "The Grant Muittery Steeple chase," plunge into its profound with a rackless haste truly edifying to the less adventurous civilian.

kings.
Under these circumstances, Charles was unable, according to his custom, to forget all other considerations in the trifles on which he was immediately employed—could not as usual throw himself heart and soul into the fluctuations of the game, as though life offered no other interest than a bowl and bias — did not, even for the short half-hour of his re-laxation, succeed in stifling the bitter consciousness that he was a prisoner, though a

king.

With his usual grave demeanor and mild dignified bearing, he played one set with the old Earl of Pembroke and a few others of his suite, Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby standng by to hand his Majesty the implements of the game, and then taking his leave with sad and gentle courtesy, the Monarch called for his horses to depart, resisting his host's house and partake of a collation ere he rode. Walking down the terrace to the gate at which the horses awaited him, accompanied

by Lord Vaux and the two ladies, and folowed at the prescribed distance by his personal attendants, a damask rose-tree on which Mary had expended much time and care, caught the King's attention, and elicited his admiration, tinged as usual with the prophetic melancholy that imbued his tem-

perament.
"'Tis a fair tree and a fragrant," observed Charles, stopping in his progress; "grateful to those who, like myself, love the simple beauties of a garden better than the pomps and splendors of a Court. In faith, the husbandman's is a happier lot than the King's. Yet hath he, too, his anxieties and his disappointments. Frosts nip the hopes of his earliest blossoms; and the pride even of successful maturity's is the commencement of decay.'

As the King spoke, Mary, from an impulse she could not resist, plucked the handsomest flower from its stem and presented it to her Sovereign. He accepted it with a grave

courtesy peculiar to him.
"If we ever meet at Whitehall, Mistress Mary," said Charles, with his melancholy smile, "neither you nor I will forget the blood red rose presented to me this day by the most loyal of all my loyal subjects. Had other hearts been true as yours," he added, in a low solemn voice, "I had not been a mimic King, soon to lose the shade and semblance of royalty." As he spoke, with a courtly beisance he mounted his horse and departed, riding slowly and dejectedly, as though loth to return to his palace, where he had already anticipated the insults and humiliations to which he was about to be subjected.

She colored deeply with gratified pride, and a sense of duty strenuously and consistently fulfilled. Poor Mary! it was the last act of homage she was destined ever to pay the Sovereign in whose cause she would willingly have laid down her life. The damask rose was fresh, and bright and fragrant—the very type of beauty and prosperity, and a worm was eating it away, silently and surely, at the

After the King's departure, however, Dymocke's intelligence was imparted to rejoice the hearts of the somewhat dejected Royalists. When people are thoroughly "broken in," so to speak, and accustomed to misfortune, it is wonderful how small a gleam of comfort serves to shed a light upon their track, and dissipate the the gloom to which they have become habituated. Everything goes by comparison, and a scrap of broken meat is a rich feast to a starving man; nevertheless, the process of training to this enviable state is

painful in the extreme.

So the ladies sauntered out into the park, and enjoyed the balmy summer afternoon, and the luxuriant summer fragrance of leaf and blossom, and the hum of the sum-mer insects all astir in the warmth of June. Grace laughed out merrily, as she used to do years ago; and Mary's step was lighter, her cheek rosier than it had been of late as they discoursed. The King's visit, and the peculiarities of the courtiers, formed their natural torics of conversation; but each lady felt a weight taken from her heart, and a sensation of inexpressible relief which had nothing to do with kings or courtiers, save in as far as the actions of those important personages affected the fortunes of one Major Humphrey Bosville.

We must now return to that adventurous gentleman, gradually awakening to a sense of his situation as he sat on a raw boned troop horse between two stern-visaged Roundhead dragoons his albows strapped tight to his belly; and notwithstanding such impedi ments to activity, his attempts to escape, if indeed any were practicable, threat-ened with instant death by his rigorous cus-

todians. The Major accepted it as a compliment that not less that eight men and a sergeant were esteemed a sufficient force to secure the person of the unarmed fisherman. formidable escort was commanded by his old acquaintance, "Ebenezer the Gideonite," who still slung his carbine across his back in the manner tuat had once saved his life; and who, to do him justice, bore his old antagonist not the slightest malice for his composed, moreover, of picked men and normes from the very flower of the Parliamen-

tary cavalry.

Humphrey rode in the midst of them and tried to recal his scattered senses, and realize the emergency of his present position.

Weak and worn out, we have already said

that after his norse was shot he had fallen an When brought before the officer in command of the party that had captured him, he was neither in a mood nor a condition to answer any ques-tions that might be put. The subaltern's orders, however, seemed sufficiently peremptory to absolve him from the vain task of cross examining a fainting and unwilling prisoner. In the event of capturing a certain mysterious agent described, he was strictly appointed to forward him at once to the Parliament with as much secrecy and dispatch as was consistent with the security of the centive. So after providing Humphrey with the food and drink of which he stood so much interval of repose, whilst men mustered and horses fed, the officer started prisoner and escort without delay on the road to Lon-

Allonby and Mary Cave were taking their afternoon stroll through the park at Boughton, Humphrey Bosville and his escort winding slowly down the hill on the high road

te the metropolis.

The Major's eye brightened as he caught sight of their white dresses, and recognized the form of the woman he had loved so long and so dearly. He started with an involuntary gesture that brought the hands of him guardians to trigger and sword hilt. Although at a distance, it was something to see

her just once again.

The ladies were turning homeward when, startled by the tramp of horses, both were aware of an armed party advancing in their immediate vicinity. An unconscious presentment prompted each at the same moment to stop and see the troop pass by. The captive's heart leapt within him as he rode near enough to scan every lineament of the dear old face he might never hope to look

upon again.
"They have a prisoner!" exclaimed Mary,

It is often thus with subjects as well as turning as white as her dress. "God's mercy it is Humphrey." Not another word did either speak. They looked blankly into each other's faces, and Grace burst into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE BEGINNING OF THE END."

Holmby Palace, with all its conflicting interests, all its complications of intrigue and treachery, as it sank upon the yeeman's adjoining homestead, and the shepherd's numble cottage in the vale below. The thrush had finished the last sweet tones of her pro-tracted even song, and not a sound disturbed the surrounding stillness, save an occasional note from the nightingale in the copse, and spirit eyes? Age after age have they glim-mered on, careless as now of man's engrossthere do the careers as now of man's engrossing troubles and man's predestined end. They shone on Naseby field, whitening in their faint light, here a grinning skull, there a bleached and fleshless bone turned up by the hind's careless ploughshare, or the labor-er's busy spade, as they shone on Holmby Palace, stately in its regal magnifi-

cence, sheltering under its roof a circle of plotting courtiers, with a doomed King; and their beams fell the same on both, cold, pitiless. and unvarying. What are they, these myriads of flaming spheres? Are they worlds? are they inhabited? are they solid anthracite, or an agglomeration of particles? Can their nature be grasped by the human intellect, or defined in the jargon of science? Oh for the child's sweet simple faith once more, that they are but chinks in the floor of Heaven. from which the light of eternal day shines

The King was preparing to retire for the night. Notwithstanding all the anxieties and apprehensions that had arisen from the warning he had that morning received, notwith-standing the reception of his Queen's letter a document by no means calculated to soothe his feelings or alleviate his distress—the force of habit was so strong that the numerous preparations for his Majesty's "coucher" were made with as scrupulous an attention to the most trifling minutize as when he was in-duced with all the pomp of real royalty and consciousness of actual power long ago at Whitehall.

After "the word for the night" had been the Parliament. I am here on my own re-

ask the prisoner himself to select, and the other attendants had been dismissed, after Doctor Wilson had paid the customary visit and received to his respectful inquiries the customary answer that nothing was amiss with the royal health, preserved as it was by the rigid and undeviating temperance, Mr. Herbert, as groom-in-waiting, presented the King with an ewer and cloth, making at the same time the prescribed obeisance, and set missioners nor Parliament."

individual, in his most unguarded hours of privacy entirely throwing off the character which it is his duty to sustain, a sovereign which it is his duty to sustain, a sovereign ble. As darkness fell he had pushed forward bis several posts to one common centre, and even a weakminded one, acquires a nabit of reticence and self-command which becomes at last second nature; and he who is every day of his life obliged to appear a hero to his valet de chambre, finds little difficulty in sustaining the part to which he command under the gaze of a multiple of the sustaining the part to which he could be subject to the sustaining the part to which he could be subject to the sustaining the part to which he could be subject to the sustaining the part to which he could be subject to the subject to is so well accustomed under the gaze of a mul-titude, even in a moment of general confusion and dismay.

few minutes' confidential conversation. the command I gave last night.'

Hls Majesty spoke with a grave and some

The attendant, in some confusion and no the King's tone, admitted that he had aroused his Majesty five minutes too late, and pleaded in extenuation the usual excuse of a discrepancy amongst the clocks. The King preserved laugh.

"It's no laughing matter," said the un-

heard me called harsh, vindictive, and exacting? I have prepared your punishment; I trust I will admonish you for the future. Here is a gold watch," he added. his assumed displeasure vanishing at once in hearty burst of laughter at the scared exgold alarm watch, which as there may be charged together many a day under the same banner, they refused to act against their Stuart's sake; and years hence, when per haps he is no more, may it remind you of the stern, unkindly sovereign, who, albeit he valued to the utmost the affection and fidelity of his servant, could not pass over the slightest omission without some such token of his

Herbert from the room, he bade him a cordial "good night," leaving the groom of his bed-chamber more devoted to his person, if possible, than before.

in need, and suffering him to take a short Charles benevolent disposition; such little acts of kindness as this endeared him to all with whom he came in daily contact, and the charm of such a temperament accounts at once for the blind devotion on the part of his sheath. and inefficient of kings.

Musing upon the fortunes of his master,

and regretting in his affectionate nature his own powerlessness to aid the sinking monarch. Herbert fell into a broken and disturbed slumber, from which, however, he soon awoke, and observed, somewhat to his dismay, that the King's chamber was in perfect darkness The door of communication being left open, in case his services should be required during he night, the ataccidentally extinguished. He was loth. however, to disturb the King's rest, and whilst debating the point in his own mind, fell off to sleep. After a short slumber, he was again aroused by the King's voice calling to him, and was surprised to see that the lamp had been rekindled.

amp nad been rekindled.

"Herbert," said his master, "I am restless and cannot sleep. Thou wilt find a volume footnut on fourth page.

on yonder table; read to me, I prithee, for space. It may be the good bishop's discourses will lull me to repose. Thou, too, are wakeful and watchful. I thank thee for thy vigilance in so readily rekindling my light, which

had gone out."

Herbert expressed his surprise.
"I have not entered your Majesty's cham-

ber," said he. "I have nover left my couch since I lay down; but being restless, I observed your Majesty's room was dark, and when I woke even now reproached myself that your Majesty must have risen to perform a duty that should have devolved upon

your servant."
"I also awoke in the night," replied the
King, "and took notice that all was dark. To be fully satisfied, I put by the curtain to look at the lamp. Some time after I found it light, and concluded then that thou hadst risen and set it upon the basin lighted again."

Herbert assured his Majesty it was not so. Charles smiled, and his countenance assumed that mystical and rapt expression it so often wore.

"I consider this," said he, "as a prognostic The soft June night sank peacefully upon of God's future favor and mercy towards me and mine—that although I am at this time so eclipsed, yet either I or they may shine out bright again!"

Even as he spoke a loud knocking w heard at the outer door, communicating as it did with a back staircase that led to a private entrance into the court. Sounds of hurry and confusion at the same time pervaded the murmur of a fountain playing drowsily on in the garden. Calmly the stars shone out in mellow lustre, looking down, as it seemed, mild and reproachful on the earth worms here below. What are all the chances and changes, all the sorrows and struggles, of poor graveling mortality in the sight of those spirit eyes? Age after age have they clim the same time to preserve the King's parson palace, and the tramp of horses mingled with from injury, and the majesty of the Parliament, as represented by the Commissioners, from insult. Meantime, Mawl, Maxwell and Harrington, all personal attendants of the Sovereign, rushed to his bedchamber, scared, pale and half-dressed, but ready, if need were, to sacrifice their lives in defence of the King.
Charles alone preserved his usual compo-

sure. The knocking at the door of his private apartments being violently repeated, he desired Maxwell to hold converse with this unmannerly disturber of his repose. Recon noitering the assailant though a pannelling in the door, the old courtier was horrified to observe a Cornet of the Parliamentary dragoons standing at the head of the stairs in complete armor, with a cocked pistol in his hand, and clamoring for admittance.

The dialogue was carried on with a

military sternness and brevity shocking to the prejudices of the Gentleman-Usher, more accustomed to the circumlocutions more accustomed to the circumlocations of diplomacy and the compliments of a court.

"What would you?" inquired Maxwell, through the nannelling. "Who are you, and by whose orders do you come here?"

The Cornet was a stout, resolute-looking man, with all the appearance of having risen from the name of the control of the

from the ranks. His voice was deep and harsh, his countenance of that dogged nature which sets argument and persuasion alike at defiance. His answers were short " I would see Charles Stuart," he replied. "My name is Joyce, Cornet in the service of

After "the word for the night" had been given a word which it seemed a mockery to select, and the "Have you the authority of the Commissioner himself to select, and the sioners for your intrusion?" gasped out Max-well, totally aghast at the unheard-of breach of etiquette, in which he felt himself aiding and abetting.

"No!" thundered the Cornet; "I have placed a sentry at the door of every man of them. Keep quiet, old gentleman—I take

ting a night-lamp, consisting of a round cake of wax in a silver basin, on a chair, proceeded Holmby House, and his rapid occupation of

of wax in a silver basin, on a chair, proceeded himself to retire to the couch prepared for him in a small ante room opening into the apartment occupied by his Majesty, so that the King might not, even in the watches of the night, be left entirely alone.

We have often thought that this habit of being constantly, to a certain extent, before the public, may account in great measure for the fortitude and dignity so often displayed in critical moments by sovereigns who have never before been suspected of possessing these Spartan virtues. Never, like a humbler individual, in his most unguarded hours of patrols had been watching every road by which an escape from Holmby was practica-

Colonel Graves and General Browne, however, two old Parliamentary officers, seemed to have had some inkling that an attack was As Herbert backed respectfully from the meditated; for without any apparent reason room, the King recalled him, as though for a they had doubled the guards around the w minutes' confidential conversation.

"Herbert," said he, taking up at the same had remained astir till midnight. When the time his jewelled George and Garter, which, first files of the approaching cavalry marched with his customary attention to trifles, he into the court, they had called upon the hand-sisted should be placed near his bed-head, ful of soldiers and yeomen that formed the "Herbert, you are becoming negligent; you garrison to resist to the death, and had them-have omitted to lay these gands—empty vani-j selves held a parley with the redoubtable Cor-Also this morning you neglected to observe had replied, with the same and business, had discomfited Maxwell, that "his name was

Joyce, Cornet in Colonel Whalley's regiment what haughty air, which concealed a covert of horse, and his business was to speak with From whom?" said Browne, with rising

indignation.
"From myself!" replied the Cornet, provoking coolness.

The two old solders burst into a derisive

conference with the intruders, and finding that they all belonged to the same party, and that several were old comrades who had banner, they refused to act against their friends, and drawing bolts and bars, admitted them without further parley, bidding them welcome, and shaking them cordially by the Thus it was that the Cornet obtained ad-

mittance oven to the very door of his Majes ty's bedchamber. A certain sense of pro So speaking, and good-humoredly pushing pricty, however, which almost always accompanies the responsibility of a command, for hade him from offering any further violence and with a most ungracious acquiescence he consented to leave the King undisturbed til ible, than before.

Such was one among many instances of morning, stipulating, however, that he should himself take up a position for the night his firearms and return his sword to its

on.

Thereit came to pass that while Grace followers, commanded by one who was the most amiable and accomplished of private frameon stroll through the park at Boughframeon stroll through through through the park at Boughframeon stroll through and awoke with characteristic regularity, little hefore his ordinary hour. His toilet was per-formed with elaborate care, his devotions not curtail d of a single interjection, his poached egg an glass of fair water leisurely discussed, and then, but not till then, his Majesty expressed his readiness to hold an interview with the personage who seemed to have power

of life and death over his Sovereign.

The King's simplicity of manner and quiet tendant's first impulse was to rise and relight the lamp, which he concluded had been and low born officer of the Parliament. Halfashamed of his insolence, half bullying himself into his naturally offensive demeanor, Cornet Jovce was ushered into the presence with a far different aspect from that which he had assumed the night before. Such is the innate dignity afforded by true nobility of soul, that Charles and his captor seemed to