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## HOLMBY HOUSE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### CHAPTER III.

THE QUARRY.

And a lovely ride they had over the wild moorland and the green undulations that waved between the wooded hill of Holmby, and the sweet fragrant valley along which the quiet Nene was stealing his silver way. Those were the days when the early morning air was esteemed the best cosmetic for the cheek of beauty, when ladies did not sit over the fire till dusk and then flutter out like birds of night for a gentle stroll to the hothouses, or a half-hour's saunter in a pony-carriage. Our little party had breakfasted at daybreak, had been in the saddle since the sun was up, and had got their day's sport concluded by the time that we of the modern school would have finished breakfast. There is nothing like early rising. We have ourselves tried it, and we speak from experience when we insist that it is profitable, poetical, healthy, and invigorating; nevertheless candor compels us to admit that for its systematic practice we entertain a cordial detestation.

A lovely ride they had. In front of them extended the rich valley of the Nene, smiling with cultivation, dotted with trees and hedgerows, and standard thorns growing stunted and sturdy here and there, backed by the distant buildings of Northampton and the light cloud of white smoke that curled above the town. To their left wide and uncultivated moorlands, with occasional stretches of vivid green pasture, and many a patch of gorse and clump of alders, swept away over the rising eminence of Spratton (on the sky-line of which a string of packhorses could clearly be distinguished as they neared the little hamlet where they would stop and refresh), and melted into a dim haze of beauty under the crest of Hazelbeech, crowned with a swarthy grove of giant forest trees, frowning down on the sunny valley below; behind them, sharp cutting against the sky, a long level plain, that was ere long to earn its immortality under the name of Naseby Field, showed clear and hard and cheerless, as though its only harvest was to be the gathering of the slaughter, while the towers and pinnacles of Holmby Palace itself shut in the picture in the immediate vicinity. On their right a bank of waving gorse hid all beyond its own wild lieanties with its sharp dark verdure, and its little yellow blossoms scattered like drops of a golden shower over its surface. Sir Giles plucked one as he passed with a sly smile. "When the furze is out of bloom, young ladies," quoth Sir Giles, "then is kissing out of fashion?" Grace Allonby laughed and blushed, and playfully bid her father "not talk nonsense;" but Mary Cave, drawing her horse nearer to that of her gentle friend, commenced moralizing after her own fashion on the old knight's trite and somewhat coarse remark.

"Yes, Gracey," said she, smoothing back the folds of her rich brown hair, which shone and glistened in the sun, "Sir Giles is right. So it is, and so it has ever been. There is no day in the year when the blossom is off the gorse, from the brightest splendours of July to the bitterest snowstorms of December. There is no phase of life, from the triumph of success to the agony of disappointment, which is not affected by woman's influence and woman's smile. I used to wish, dear, that I had been born a man. I thank my fate now that I am a woman. I have more power as I am, and power is what I love best in the world. They are only puppets, Gracey, after all; and if we are but true to ourselves, it is for us to pull the strings and set the figures moving at our will. I saw a pretty toy once at the French Court that was brought there in a box by a certain Italian juggler, in which little dressed-up dolls acted a mystery in a dumb show, and the juggler, sitting in his dark corner, managed all the wires, and made each play its appointed part. Grace, I thought to myself, men are but dressed-up dolls after all; it is women that have the strings in their hands, if they will but use them. I have never let one go yet, my dear, and I never will. Confess—is it not delightful to have one's own way?"

"I should think it must be," replied Grace, who never could get hers, even with her horse; "and yet it must be a great responsibility, too," she added, with a look of profound reflection. "I think I would rather give way, that, is if I *liked* people; and I don't think I could like anybody very much that I wasn't a little afraid of."

Mary's lip curled contemptuously, yet a pang shot through her too. Was there one before whom her proud spirit would quail—for whom that eager undisciplined heart would ache with a pain only known to a strong tameless nature? It is the wild bird that beats itself to death against the bars of its cage; the wild flower that droops and withers in the close confinement of a hot-house. Woe to him whom Mary loved, if he loved her too! Nevertheless, she laughed merrily as she replied, "Nonsense, Grace—*afraid?* I never feared mortal thing yet, and least of all would I a man that professed himself to be my slave; and yet, dear, I have my own ideas of what a man ought to be. Mind, I don't say I know *one* that comes up to them. He should be proud as Lucifer—not in appearance and demeanor—far from it. I would have him courteous and kindly to all, gentle and chivalrous and conciliatory in his manners, but at heart unimpressionable and unyielding as adamant. I would have him cherish some high ambition, to which he would sacrifice all that was dearest to him in life, ay, sacrifice me myself if he loved me to madness; and he should smile when he did it as if nothing could make him wince or waver in his purpose. He must be clever, of course, and looked on with admiration and envy by his fellow-men, or he would be no mate for me; and he must give way to me for an instant on no single point more than I would to him."

Grace opened her large dark eyes with astonishment: She had her mother's eyes, as Sir Giles often remarked, dark and soft and full like a fawn's.

"And if you were both obstinate," observed Grace, "and you loved him so very much, what would you do if you disagreed?"

"I would break my heart, but I would never yield an inch!" was the reply; "or I would break his, to hate myself ever afterwards, and love him, perhaps, none the worse for that."

While she spoke a light broke over Mary's countenance which softened it into beauty such as struck even her companion with a new and fervent admiration; but it faded as it came, and her features soon recovered their usual joyous, careless, and somewhat hard expression of self-dependence and self-satisfaction.

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

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

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

One of the merry masks or pageants which were the delight of our ancestors, and which were keenly appreciated by royalty itself had just been concluded; the great nobles of the Court had left the Presence; the King himself had retired to his apartments harassed and fatigued with the responsibilities of a ruler, and the many difficulties which in all ranks hedge in the movements of an opinionated man. None but the Queen and her immediate household, with two or three especial favorites and high officers of the Court, were left; and Henrietta's French love of gaiety and natural flow of spirits prompted her to seize the opportunity of relaxing for half an hour the decorum and formality which have ever been distinguishing characteristics of the English Court.

"A game at forfeits! A *cotillon!* and a forfeit for the loser, to be decided by my ladies and myself. Marguerite!—Marie! That will be charming," exclaimed her Majesty, clapping her hands in the exuberance of her merriment, her keen eyes sparkling, and her little French person quivering with delight at the prospect.

"*Dansez milor! voila le jeu qui commence!*" and she gave her hand with much dignity to the most accomplished young nobleman of his time, whose air of self-possession and gravity was somewhat at variance with the general mirth and festivity of the other courtiers, and himself commenced the measure, in which all were in duty bound to join.

It was a foolish game, somewhat provocative of levity, and calculated to have given scandal to the Puritans of the time, involving much dancing, changes of partners, and the infliction of quaint forfeits on those who failed in its complicated conditions. A venerable Lady of the Bedchamber was condemned to dance "a saraband" with a certain future Chancellor, whose forte was scarcely bodily grace or agility. A young maid of honor, blushing to the tips of her fingers, had to receive the homage, offered on their knees, of all the gentlemen there present. And lastly, Mary Cave, then attached to the person of the Queen, was adjudged to stand in the midst of the admiring throng, and accept a chaste salute from an individual of the opposite sex, to be chosen by lot.

"No, sir!" said the Queen, as the future Chancellor, who imagined himself to be the happy man, stepped forward, with a gay and *debonair* demeanor, to exact the penalty; "it is reserved for a younger man—and a better courtier," she added, somewhat lower, but loud enough for the mortified candidate to overhear. "Stand forward, Marie," she proceeded, laughing roguishly; "and you, milor! claim your rights!"

It was the same young nobleman who had already been honored with her Majesty's hand in the dance; who had acquitted himself with the ease and grace of an accomplished cavalier, but with a grave and preoccupied air, as of one whose thoughts were far away from scenes of mirth and revelry, and who now stepped forward with a profound reverence to claim from Mistress Mary Cave a penalty which any other gentleman in the presence would have readily given his best hawk, his best hound, or his best horse to exact.

And this was the only man in the room on whom she would have hesituted far an instant to confer that which was in those time accounted a mere mark of courtesy an friendly regard. She would have offered her cheek to any one of them, from intriguing Harry Jermyn to profligate George Goring, without moving a muscle of her proud cold face; but when this young nobleman approached her with his chivalrous deference of manner, and his simple, courteous, self-possessed air, Mary felt her heart beating, and she knew her cheek was blushing, as heart and cheek had never beat and blushed before.

He was her master, and she knew it. Slight as was their acquaintance, she had seen and heard enough of him to be aware that his was a strong stern nature, keen of intellect and indomitable of will, which she had no chance of ever subjugating—that his mind was of that superior order which breaks through the meshes of pleasure and dispels the illusions of romance. Her woman's instinct told her that he nourished some lofty purpose, which woman's influence would never be suffered to affect; and simply because she knew it was quite impossible that she could ever win his homage, like a very woman, she would have given her heart's blood to possess it, if only for an hour.

He stepped up to her, slowly and courteously. He did not even take her hand; but he lifted one of the long brown ringlets that fell heavily accross her bosom, pressed it to her lips, dropped it, and retired, with another low reverence, and without ever raising his eyes to her face.

*He* slept calmly and peacefully that night. When he woke on the morrow, his thoughts were of the great Cause and the country's good; of measures and principles, and counsellors—of judicious laws and a happy people; of ancient sages and classic patriotism; a little of his fair young wife, whom he loved with a sober temperate and rational love;—and he rose to pray earnestly for strength and means to carry out the great work on which his heart and soul were bent.

*Her* rest was fitful and broken, disturbed by strange wild dreams, of which the central figure was still a slight and nervous form, dark intellectual face, a compressed and resolute lip—the lip that had caressed her hair. She had detached that ringlet from the rest, and lay with her hands folded over it, and clasping it to her bosom. When she rose, it was to a new and strange sensation—to a wild keen thrill of pleasure, dashed with shame—to a galling feeling of subjection, that had yet in it a dependence most delightful. She would have been torn in pieces rather than confess it even to herself, but she loved Falkland, and it was a changed world to Mary Cave from that night for ever after!"

The gambols of one of them are apt to disturb the equanimity of all the rest of the equine race who are within hearing and sight of such vagaries. Nor was Grace Allonby's palfrey, on whom its mistress could never be induced to impose proper terms of coercion, any exception to this general rule of insubordination.

Ere our little party had descended into the valley of Brampton, and reached the ford by which they were to cross the river, poor Grace was certainly no longer mistress of the animal she rode; and it was with a pitiable expression of helplessness and terror on her countenance, at which even her father and her companion could scarce help laughing, that she plunged into the ford, now somewhat swollen and turbulent from the late rain.

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

'Well and promptly done, young sir,' said Sir Giles, as, after wringing the wet from his daughter's habit, and replacing her on her horse, he turned to thank the new comer for his unexpected assistance. 'May I enquire to whom I have the honour of being so much indebted?' added the courteous old cavalier.

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

Mary's eye sparkled and her cheek flushed.

"For Lord Falkland?" she enquired; "is he, then, expected by Lord Vaux?"

The cornet made another profound bow as he replied in the affirmative; but he too blushed to encounter the glance of those deep blue eyes, and the self-possession with which he had commenced the interview seemed to have entirely deserted him, though he accepted willingly and courteously the hospitable invitation of Sir Giles to his kinsman's house.

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

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

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

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

### CHAPTER IV.

'FALKLAND.'

Lord Vaux is pacing his old hall at Boughton, with a scroll in his hand, on which his attention seems but partially fixed. Ever and anon he lifts his eyes to the stained glass windows, through which the noonday light is streaming in floods of crimson and purple, and orange; but his thoughts are far from armorial bearings and ancestral pomp. Ever and anon he rivets them on the polished oak floor beneath his feet, but still he fails to derive the required inspiration for his task. Like the rest of his party, the cavalier is puzzled by the hopelessness of proving "two and two make five." His fine benevolent head, from which the long hair falls in clusters over his starched ruff and black velvet doublet, is that of a philosopher and a sage, one whose natural element is study and contemplation rather than action, and conflict with his kind; yet must Lord Vaux calculate men, and means, and munitions of war, ay, don breastplate and backpiece, and if need be, leave the splendors of his home and the quiet retirement of his study for the hardships of campaigning—the wild alarums of a stricken field.

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

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

But a step is heard in the outer hall, the tramp of horses strikes upon the ear, and bustle of servants marshalling an honored and expected guest breaks on the stillness of the well-ordered household, and a smile of inexpressible relief lights up Lord Vaux's face as he advances to greet his guest with all the ceremonious cordiality of an old English welcome.

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

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

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

As he spoke he took the scroll from Lord Vaux's hand with a courteous bow, and retiring into one of the deep windows of the hall, was soon busily engaged in the perusal of its contents.

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

But the inspiration passes as quickly as it comes. The knot is now unravelled, the difficulty is solved. He has seen his own way to surmount it, and more than that, has explained it to the inferior intellect of his friend, and he relapses once more into the ordinary mortal, while an expression of deep weariness and melancholy settles again upon his features, as of one who is harassed and distracted with the disappointments and heartburnings of life; who would fain cast away shield and sword, and turn aside out of the battle, and lie down and be at rest.

Yet was it not always so with this young and gifted nobleman. His youth seemed to give promise of a brighter future than is often accorded to mortal man. Bred in his father's vice-regal court of Ireland, he enjoyed opportunities of learning and cultivation which were not thrown away upon such a mental organization as his. At eighteen years of age he was skilled beyond his fellows in all the exercises and accomplishments of the day. He was perfected in the Latin and French languages, and had already shown that energy and perseverance in the acquisition of knowledge which formed so distinguishing a characteristic of his after-life. Added to this, he inherited already an ample fortune, independent of his father—no contemptible advantage at an age when all the generous and liberal feelings are still unwrapped and unstifled by the sordid cares of life. He was thus relieved from the many anxieties consequent upon inadequate means which are too apt to embitter the sparkling cup of youth, and had the more leisure to devote himself to those studies in which he took such delight. Firm and resolute to the verge of obstinacy when a point was to be gained, it is related of him that, wishing to obtain a thorough knowledge of Greek, he absented himself rigidly from London until he had acquired an intimate familiarity with that language, nor could all the persuasions of his friends, nor the intellectual temptations of the capital, induce him to forego the determination on which he had once entered. The same disposition prompted him to marry an amiable and excellent young lady, in defiance of the wishes of his family; and a generosity, by no means unnatural in such a character, induced him at the same time to offer his whole fortune for the liquidation of his father's embarrassments, he himself purposing to obtain a military appointment in Holland, and win his own livelihood and that of his family with the sword. In this scheme being disappointed, he abandoned the career of arms, and had chalked out for himself a path of study and scholarship when the trumpet of civil war roused him from his dream of literary distinction to the absorbing realities of strife.

He was an ardent admirer of real and constitutional liberty, and although his rigid love of justice and regard to truth commanded the respect of the Court party, as his affable demeanour and genuine kindliness of heart won him the affections of all men, it was only when the throne was really threatened in its justifiable prerogatives, that he declared himself openly and unreservedly for the king. When his part was once taken, Charles had no more devoted adherent, no more judicious adviser, than Lord Falkland; but from that time, from the very date of his accepting office under the Sovereign, a change was observed in the whole temperament and demeanor of the young nobleman. He who used to be so ready of wit, so fluent of discourse, so affable towards his associates, became reserved, morose, and taciturn. His countenance wore an aspect of continual dejection; he neglected his studies, his amusements, nay, his very dress. All things became distasteful to him save ceaseless exertion for the sake of his country. Like some classic patriot, some Roman augur to whom Fate had vouchsafed a glimpse of futurity, he mourned, in anticipation, for those national woes which he already hoped he might die rather than live to behold.

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

Dymocke disapproved much of such waste of time. One led horse, to carry his own and his master's change of clothing, did not admit of his turning out the cornet in such splendor as he himself thought befitting, and were it not that he had already discovered the advantage of Lord Vaux's hospitality and the strength of his ale, he would probably have urged upon his master the necessity of proceeding on their journey directly their horses were fed and the tables drawn after the early dinner in the great hall.

"And you must wear the pearl-colored hose, I warrant me, and the point-lace collar of which we hive but one with us, and dripping wet it would be had I pushed on when you bid me, and followed that slip of quality into the river on a fool's errand," grumbled Dymocke, as he bustled about, unpacking his master's wallets, and vainly regretting certain splendid apparel and a beautiful Toledo walking-rapier which the rebels had eased them of when Waller's horse last beat up their quarters at Tewkesbury. "They will serve directly, and the quality will be there, rustling in brocade and satins, and what not; eating and drinking of the best, and the King's troops starving, and merry England going to the Puritans and the devil!" added Dymocke, who was in his worst of humors, albeit mollified to a certain extent by recollections of the ale aforesaid.

Bosville answered nothing. He was combing out his long love-locks, and thinking how bright were the eyes and red the lips of the lady who had scarcely looked at him during their short ride, and wishing he had dragged her instead of her companion out of the brook, and wondering whether she would observe him at dinner, and converse with him afterwards; and reflecting, half-unconsciously, on the important fact that pearl-silken hose and a point-lace collar were no unbecoming adjuncts to the exterior of a well-looking young man.

Many years afterwards that dinner was remembered by more than one of the party. Happy Humphrey Beaville, sitting next to Mary Cave, was delighted with the share of attention she vouchsafed to bestow upon him; was intoxicated with the radiance of her smiles, the very atmosphere of her beauty. He could not mark, nor would he have comprehended, the eager, restless glance she flashed ever and anon at the plain, reserved, dark man opposite to them, the pained expression and forced smile that overspread her countenance when she failed to attract Falkland's attention. His discourse was directed chiefly to his host and Sir Giles Allonby, and he left his lovely neighbor Grace ample leisure to observe the cornet's good looks and pleasant smiles. Three of the party at least were drinking in poison with their canary, laying up for themselves a store of future pain in the enjoyment and fascination of the moment. It is better so; if to-day must never mortgage to-morrow, what becomes of the fee-simple of existence? If the death's head must be present at all our feasts, in vain the garlands of Bacchus, hide him away under the table, there to remain till next morning at breakfast! So the party ate and drank, and laughed and talked, and the conversation turned upon the scandal of the court and the characters of the courtiers, and that prolific theme, the enormities and vagaries of wild Lord Goring.

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

The cornet acquiesced in a modest affirmative, glad that Mary should know he had been present at that engagement, whilst Grace looked more interested in her new friend than ever.

"Rash in council," observed Lord Vaux, still thinking of his morning's work; "and totally unreasonable in his expectations and requirements."

"A weak assailant," laughed Mary; "he scaled a convent at Bruges, and was repulsed with a broken leg, which gives him that limp you all think so charming. He should confine himself to cavalry operations. It is indeed a forlorn hope against nuns' veils and stone walls."

"I have heard him boast he never was foiled yet by man or woman," said Falkland, absently fixing his dark eyes on Mary's countenance.

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

### CHAPTER V.

BRIDLED AND SADDLED.

We once heard a remark drop from a pair of the sweetest lips that ever belonged to a gentle philosopher, of the truth of which we have been the more convinced the more we have watched the vagaries and eccentricities into which its victims are drawn by that affection of the brain called by the wise folly, and by fools love. "In all cases of attachment," said our beautiful moralist, "depend upon it one must be always bridled and saddled, the other always booted and spurred." Of the truth of this axiom experience has left not the slightest doubt; but what a lesson does it convey as to the inherent selfishness of mankind, and the insufficiency of any earthly blessing to confer perfect happiness. The one that is "bridled and saddled" has indeed "a jade's time of it," the one that is "booted and spurred" uses the latter instruments ruthlessly and without remorse. Who would be the loser in the game? Who would not wish to hold the bridle and apply the spurs? And yet perhaps there may come a time when it will be unspeakable happiness to feel that we have had all the suffering and all the sorrow, proudly conscious that we have been "bridled and saddled" all our lives, and are about to die honestly in our harness at the end. Woe to the "booted and spurred" one then. When the kindly face will be seen never again but in our dreams—when the fond heart we have wrung so often is at peace for evermore—when a world's wealth and an age of longing cannot unsay the cruel word, nor recall the cold glance—when love is dead, and even wishing a bitter mockery, how much better to sleep peacefully beneath the daisies, wearied with the strife, subdued in the defeat, than to pluck them for a rembrance which shall pass away indeed, but shall leave a blank more unendurable than the pain from which we prayed so fervently to be delivered.

A pair are walking on the terrace at Boughton in the golden flush of a fine September morning; one is "bridled and saddled," the other "booted and spurred."

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

On the morning in question she was unusually wakeful, and this is the more unaccountable inasmuch as her sleep had been fitful and broken the whole night through, disturbed with dreams, and harrassed with incongruous thoughts and fancies. Was she overfatigued, poor Mary! with her day's hawking, and the rapidity of Bayard's bounding movements; or was it that hard-fought game of chess played on till nearly midnight in the withdrawing-room, with many a false move, and many a smothered sigh? Why will that image never leave her brain? The studious brow bent over the shining pieces, the slender hand clenched on the board's edge, the long sheathed rapier meeting the point of its shadow on the polished oak floor, and the weary, weary look on that face when its eyes were raised to hers in the intricacies of the game. Why was he so weary? What was the secret reason of this overpowering melancholy, so different from the characteristic jollity of Sir Giles and the other Cavaliers? Could she ever penetrate it? Could she ever find her way deep, deep into that great, proud, inscrutable heart? Had she already done so? A thrill, keen enough to be painful, shot through her at the thought. Up and dressed, she walked to her window and looked out at the fair, calm, joyous morning, so full of hope and peace and happiness, so at variance with her own torn, restless, wayward mind. The sun was even now a hand's-breadth above the horizon; his light had already tinged the dark tops of the cedars on the opposite hill with a purple glow. Patches of the undulating park were gilded with his beams; a skein of wild fowl, disturbed in their quiet refuge down amongst the osiers, were winging their arrowy flight, clear and distinct, against the pearly grey of the morning sky, flushing here and there into a faint pink tinge. The deer, rising to shake the dew-drops from their flanks, were still in dusky shadow, while the woodpigeon, cooing softly from the topmost branches of a fir-tree, trimmed her sleek plumage in a flood of light from the morning sun. The fragrance of a hundred roses, clustered round the basement of the old Manor House, stole in upon Mary, soothing her with associations and memories of the past. What are all the chronicles of history, all the diaries of the most inveterate journalists, to the vivid reality that a simple strain of music, the scent of the commonest wildflower, can conjure up at a moment's notice? Beneath her the smooth bowling-green, that necessary adjunct to every country-house in the olden time, stretched its shaven surface, innocent even of a daisy to mar its level uniformity, while broad terraces, with here and there a rough stone vase, and here and there a standard rose-tree, carried the eye onward into the forest beauties, and wild irregularity of the thickly wooded park.

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

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

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

Falkland was courtesy itself, and the gravest of mankind has no objection to his meditations being disturbed by a pretty woman at any hour of the day or night, so he smiled as he replied:

"It would need no second bidding for a tired and unwilling soldier to remain in such pleasant quarters, and least of all from you, Mistress Mary, staunchest of loyalists, and kindest and oldest of friends."

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

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

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

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE FISHERY DISPUTE.

(New York Herald.)

It would be gratifying to the *Herald* to be able to regard the London *Times'* review of the fishery dispute, which will be found in our cable news this morning, as an "official" view, because we see that the *Times* adopts the *Herald's* suggestion that in such matters as this fishery question, which relate exclusively to interests of the United States and the Dominion, it would be proper to have the governments of the two countries hereaf