

1: The Gallant Lord Ives (ebook) by Emily Hendrickson |

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Read online, or download in secure PDF format Title: The Gallant Lord Ives Author: Emily Hendrickson

Excerpt more Above the Wiltshire downs a peregrine falcon ringed higher and higher in the pale blue sky, then plummeted to earth, a swift messenger of death. A shrill scream rent the air, then all was silent. It whispered long-carried secrets to the skylarks that soared overhead, their song bursting across the open meadow as Alissa extended her left arm upward to receive her falcon. The kill, a nice plump partridge, was deposited and the falcon rewarded. Princess wiped her beak briskly back and forth on the glove after finishing her treat. Alissa smiled with pleasure at this sign of great confidence her falcon displayed in her. Alissa spoke softly, soothingly to Princess, praising the bird while chucking it on the cheek. Then she tucked the partridge into her game bag and wondered if the falcon was good for another toss. Below the rise of the hill where Alissa stood with her falcon, Christopher Ivesleigh, the Earl of Ives, rode his bay stallion, hoping to catch another glimpse of the falconer somewhere ahead. Along with his friend, he picked his way with care among the lichen-spotted rocks and fallen branches that littered the earth. The breeze playfully tossed bronzed leaves, and swaying branches bowed to the uneasy quiet in the woods. The sound of their approach was muffled by the quiet rush of a nearby rill as it gurgled its way toward the stream in the valley. I canna think it be the best. Did you see that? Someone is up ahead of us with a falcon. This ought to be good country for hawking, with open space in abundance. Alissa decided to try once more and signaled to the English setter far down the hill. Quick to respond to her cue, Lady slowly stalked through the grasses, then froze in the characteristic position of a setter at point. Alissa tossed Princess once again, thrilling as the bird ringed higher and higher in the sky until she was barely a black speck in the blue. When Princess had flown as high as she was likely to mount, exactly over the birds, but a little upwind of them, Alissa signaled to Lady and the dog flushed the birds, turning them downwind. Princess hung a moment. With the incredible sight of a peregrine, the hawk noted the movement of partridge below before her plunge to the downs. Then, wings closed, like a living arrow she flashed to earth. Wind whistled through her bells, creating unearthly music. A puff of feathers indicated she had made a kill. Alissa waited patiently while Lady did her work, and Princess performed a little dance before picking up her quarry to bring to Alissa. Ives studied the girl with curiosity. She was dressed in a habit of deep teal blue, and her unbound hair cascaded down her back, the rich, tawny color of beech leaves in autumn. Her eager face glowed with a pink to put a wild rose to shame. She gaily whistled to her bird and it rose up from where the setter watched with anxious eyes. The hawk circled briefly, showing off her dashing style of flight before returning to the outstretched glove. What a vibrantly alive young woman compared to the insipid misses found in London drawing rooms. Lord Ives watched as the young woman deftly substituted a treat of raw meat for the partridge intended for the kitchen. The falcon accepted the treat, then turned to face the men who sat, they had thought, unobserved. She balanced the bird with unconscious skill as she studied the intruders. Obviously she was one of the members of the ffolkes family, as this was their land. The eldest daughter, if his guess was right. At the far side of the meadow her chestnut mare nickered when the other horses drew closer. Alissa stared at the two who approached, the brown-haired man seated on an enormous bay, the other, a fiery-haired man with guileless blue eyes, on a chestnut gelding. She studied the man on the bay. He was known to her, not that she expected he would recall her. That man with haughty black eyes held far too elevated a position in the ton to remember the painfully shy miss who had made her come-out this past Season. Beneath her teal-blue habit her stomach lurched in a familiar, terrifying manner. Lady barked sharply as she rushed up the hill to protect her mistress. Alissa carefully placed the hood on her falcon, while wishing the men would go away. Could she manage to speak? What are you doing here? It would mean fewer explanations that could only be difficult, if not impossible, for her. The man on the bay vaulted from his horse with ease, bowing with practiced elegance. My friend here is Baron Duffus. We have an appointment with Baron ffolkes, who, I expect, is your father. Alissa cursed her tongue, which balked at speech. This man would

be like all the others, laugh at the horridly shy woman who could not so much as respond to a simple, commonplace remark. How she longed to speak with the same ease he found so ready. Her eyes flashed a look of distress at him before returning to the distant view. At a signal, her mare, Fancy, walked up to her, and Alissa edged over to where she might have a chance to get up in the saddle. Lady came bounding up to them, her suspicious gaze darting from one man to the other. Silently she placed herself between the strangers and her mistress. Lord Ives guessed the young woman was shy and wanted nothing more than to get on her horse, then head for her home. After a reassuring look at the dog, who seemed to sense his mistress was in no danger from him, Ives quickly walked to her side and, with an air of one who does that sort of thing often, tossed her to her saddle. Admiration for the grace with which she balanced the peregrine was expressed most inadequately, he felt, by his few words. Her gaze dropped to the hawk. Her trembling lips were silent, though a hint of her smile returned. She clasped the reins firmly in her right hand while settling the falcon on her perch. Just follow the track. The odd trio, girl, falcon, and horse, sped across the high meadow toward the west, teal skirts rippling as she galloped away. Behind her the two men stood in frowning silence. The dog studied the men, apparently decided they could be trusted, then tore after her mistress, her white plume of a tail waving like a flag in retreat. In spite of her shy ways, she was a lovely woman, those deep blue eyes reaching to some emotion within him. Perhaps what you quote may be true, but the poor girl must find life a living hell if it is that difficult for her to converse. I wonder that she was allowed out here alone. With luck she could be at High ffolkles before the guests arrived, and could take refuge in her room. He had only to appear and the party took new life. How Alissa had hated those days spent in self-conscious wretchedness. Life in the country far from the pressures of town was infinitely more to her liking. She smiled down at the hooded bird on her perch. She had no problem talking to Princess in the least. Unheeding indeed, uncaring she paid no attention to where she galloped until she glanced up to see a high fence, one she usually avoided, looming before her. In the blink of an eye, Alissa found herself falling with the horse. She hit the ground hard, unwilling to jump free while trying to protect the bird. Fancy tumbled as well, and at first failed to right herself as Alissa hoped she would. Once Alissa found her breath, she assessed the situation. She was pinned on the ground, a rough fencepost cruelly pressing against her spine. Her mare pressed against her from her front. Had the fence not been there, chances were Fancy would have crushed Alissa completely. It was impossible for Alissa to move her legs. She was immobilized from the waist down, only her arms free. Pain cut through her with near-unbearable intensity. Nearby, Lady crouched, worried eyes on her mistress. Then Fancy struggled to her feet, flicking wary eyes toward her fallen mistress. The mare slowly walked away, shaking her head in seeming confusion. Turning slightly, Alissa could see Princess, unharmed, shifting uneasily on the ground, uncertain what to do, the hood preventing flight. Though the bird might enjoy a bit of sun, prolonged exposure would hurt her. Princess must be set free to seek her perch in the mews. It was the last thing she knew before lapsing into unconsciousness. At the sound of the horses, she stopped, turning to greet the strangers. Both Lord Ives and Duffy inhaled with awe at the sight of her.

2: St. Ives | History of Parliament Online

*The Gallant Lord Ives [Emily Hendrickson] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Shy country girl Alissa Folkes prefers the company of her peregrine falcon and the comfort of sculpturing to handsome London lords.*

Ives, of which he was recorder, after a spate of contests. There was no opposition in , or , though in the Duke of Leeds was informed by an agent: Ives for one Member and have been offered 60 plumpers, 13 probable and 25 possible votes out of voters, to pay nothing if no success, and 3, if the Member be seated. I have declined it, and they are upon the hunt for somebody else. They wished for your Grace exceedingly, but I could not under all the circumstances consent to disturb a friend to government. Of the parties who had contested the borough in the past, only one revived: John Stephens, who had begun as agent for the defunct interest of Lord Buckinghamshire, had managed to return his son Samuel for a time; the latter gave up the struggle after being defeated in His son, another Samuel, who had inherited his local property, made it clear before the election of that he would contest the borough. To be more secure, he joined forces with Horner. Ives for one Member without a single dissenting voice. Our antagonists [he informed his mother, 31 Oct. From all I can see and learn, we have no reason to fear the event, though they have certainly got a good many votes: I never made so many vows, or shook so many by the hand, in the whole course of my life. There are near 30 fishermen of pilchards, every one of them styled captain; and all of them our fast friends. I met with few rebuffs; the people indeed receiving me with great cordiality and readiness, for which I am willing to forget my friend Sir Christopher, and impute it all to my talents for popularity. Reporting the result on 4 Nov. Once again there was a junction with Samuel Stephens. He concluded by asking Rose for a place for a friend. Rose does not appear to have pursued the matter, but there was evidently some manoeuvring before the next election. He could boast that of voters, all but one gave him a vote. A petition on behalf of the latter ensued, but it failed. Prince of Wales Corresp. RO, Coode mss CF Horner mss 3, f. NLS mss , f. Oldfield, Key ; R.

3: The Gallant Lord Ives by Emily Hendrickson

Glad Lord Ives was very kind & seemingly handsome! It was a good storyline with hawks & pottery in the regency era with the lovely fair description! All despite its It was a good storyline, but too slow & many grammatical errors that it damped my reading enjoyment!!

4: Download "The Gallant Lord Ives" by Hendrickson, Emily (web, html) for FREE!

The Gallant Lord Ives by Emily Hendrickson Shy country girl Alissa Folkes prefers the company of her peregrine falcon and the comfort of sculpturing to handsome London lords. Alissa is content to remain at home, leaving her sister Henrietta to dazzle some of the local beaux and Elizabeth to charm the rest.

5: The Gallant Lord Ives eBook: Emily Hendrickson: www.enganchecubano.com: Kindle Store

Lord Ives bowed low over the dainty hand while Duffy watched the complacent smile on the exquisite face as the young woman preened herself at Lord Ives's attentions. Duffy trailed after the others, his keen gaze observing the almost-too-beautiful young miss and his best friend.

6: The Wicked Proposal - Ontario Library Service " Download Centre

The gallant Lord Ives. [Emily Hendrickson] -- Shy country girl Alissa Ffolkes prefers the company of her peregrine falcon and the comfort of sculpturing to handsome London lords. Alissa is content to remain at home, leaving her sister Henrietta.

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7: Emily Hendrickson | Open Library

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8: Signet “ Regency Era

Alissa ffolkes, daughter of a baron, had two incomparable sisters-the beautiful Henrietta and the charming Elizabeth. Alissa herself is so shy that she didn't take in her first London season.

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