THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY TOOR A SUBJECT OF TITAL INTEREST, AFFECTING

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep page with the march of modern discoveries and events.

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the mineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, ary out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the Dark heart. mer of truth. Degratic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among beauty of the great Elizabeth. Her portraits, court."

Touss and painters, on the other hand, were busy extolling the virtues and parading the Mary Stuart, to work deviltry at Hampton beauty of the great Elizabeth. Her portraits, court." and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should icacive for themselves the great questions of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are mil-Hous of people filling unimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of pecple to day thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headnches; a lack of appetite one day and a raveneus one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, cometimes accompanied by naumes, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of a slight cold or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly and as safely as possible; to maintain no other position than that of truth, honestly ascerfained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no mat-ber what its origin, there will be no more quarrelling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world."

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these discases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental sand many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them. "It is now over two years since my atten-

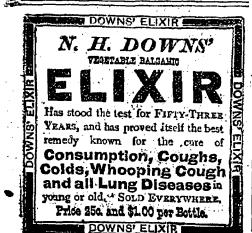
tion was first called to the use of a most worderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kliners. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time his application for insulance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscropical examinations of his usine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the disgnesis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation and was greatly surprised to ob-**Serve a** decided improvement within a month, and within four months no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was prosent only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy be used."

"After this I preser bed this medicine in full dores in both acute and chronic nephritie, [Bright's disease] and with the most satis-Actory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have broved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Saie Cure. In a large class of aliments where the blood is obwlously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indeposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patie tis said to be 'biliour,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent, of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflated membrane; to wash out the epithelial dalkis which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tig-

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the pro-Jession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent snough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy hour?"

Bespectfully yours,

B. A. GUNN, M.D. Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of Medical Tribune; Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, atc, etc.



CHAPTER III.

Such love making scenes as we have noticed in the first chapter were not destined to be of short duration; they lasted almost as long as the life of the queen; for as she never could summon resolution enough, or her suitors, the number kept constantly increasing—the young pressing forward in tegular succession, and the old still hanging about her person, foolishly hoping that one day or other they might win their way to her

are beginning to think for themselver, penalty, except, indeed, those from the hands of experienced artists licensed by herself, were nevertheless to be seen every where, from the saloon of the nobleman down to the barber's dictate to them what must be their senti-ments and opinions. They claim the right source of inspiration for their ballads in the shop. The poets too, found an inexhaustible issolve for themselves the great questions of personal vanity of Elizabeth. Night and the day and demand that the general good of day might they be seen wandering round the walls of the court, composing sonnets to the goddess of their idolatry within, or sitting under elm trees that overshadowed the enclosaction. People who, a few years ago, endured ures, penning a distich, now and then, as the muse bestowed her uncertain favors.

It was in such a situation as this on a bright moonlit night in the middle of June, 156-, that a little r'an of middle age, and thin aspect, was see ed on the grass under the walls of Hampton, his head bent down, evidently in a musing mood, and resting on a portfolio that lay open on his knees. Suddenly, he felt a tap on the shoulder, and looking up, beheld a gentleman in the rich dress of the court standing by his side.

" Hark ye, clerk of the forest," said the new comer; "art reckoning how many stage and pheasants her majesty hath consumed for a twelvemonth gone ?"

"Hadst thou said hearts, worshipful sir," re-plied the little man, jumping up and closing his book, "I could better understand thee."

"Ha! by my certie, thou wouldst be a witty knave withal," observed the other;

"but what art thou ?" "A poor dependant of the court-nothing more.

"Thou art but indifferently garmented and exceeding thin of flesh. By my faith," said the gentleman, "thy greasy cloak, solled ruffler, and spare chops, would be peak thee a verse maker to some lady of the cook's retinue. Eh, what sayest thou to that, good fellow ?"

"I say that, most noble sir, -fcr such thy scarlet cloak, embroidered doublet, slik hose, and gold buckles proclaim thee," replied the man, making a rapid survey of the stranger's person and dress,—"I say thou art right and wrong. Bight in taking me for a poet, and wrong in selecting a theme for my verses. Cooks, maids, and scullions inspire but secry madrigals. I sing of the queen of boauty, noble eir, whose eyes are brighter than the stars; whose breath is sweeter than the new-blown rose: whose neck —— '

"Halt thee there, master rhymester." interrupted the courtler; "I'll none of this foolery; dost not see thou art mad as a hare at martiemas

" Mad! forecoth "

and why in this place at such an hour?" the rhymer, "commonly called by my miles and more, feeling, rather than familiars and patrons Poet Harlow, verse seeing, his way, in the obscurity of the maker to her majesty."

" Humph ("

court." verses in which her majesty is a shepherdess, caoin or gypsy tent, a short distance within | well I know that word of mine shall never be and thyself a shepherd?"

"So report goeth," replied Harlow, smiling that his poetic effusions had found their way into the royal boutchold; "and hath her most gracious majesty deigned to listen to slave and servant?"

"Truly she bath, and as requital for thy pains, gave orders to have thee pillorled if venture to penetrate farther, when, in the ever again thou presumest to smother her grace in your beds of lilies and deffodile."

"Ho! ho! gramercy, master," cried the poet, bristling up in anger at so gratuitous an insult, and forgetting at once all the respect he had manifested but a minute be-fore for the well-dressed and courtly gentleman; "and who art thou, that affects to know so well the mind of her most gracious majesty? A poet in disgrace; another rejected sultor from the borders-Bir Philip Sidney, maybap?"

without noticing the poet's ire.

words, as having arisen from jealousy of my upon, lying as it did under the cold, bright "contation."

"Thy reputation!" "Ay, mine, Sir Courtier, if such indeed thou

of Beauty, the Gentle Shepherd to his Love. Doth it not pain thy ears to hear these titles repeated?" "I shall be tempted to pain thine with my rapler," replied the courtier, "if thou givest

thy tongue such liberty." " Hast ever known a poet without a license of speech?" rejoined Harlow, not seeming to mind his threat. "Why, thou art grossly ignorant, good sir, of the gentle art, and 1

should crave pardon of the muse for suspecting thee of her acquaintance."
"Well, well, be it so, Master Madesp; but answer me-why art thou here at this late

"Wooing the sisters, gentle sir," replied he stood.

the rhymer somewhat coffened: wooling them to inspire me with celestial numbers, in which to sing the angello virtues of the great Elizabeth.

"Canst thou speak plain language? Tell me that, fellow."

"Provided thou askest me questions which are in no wice connected with the name of the most high, glorious, and Heaven-gifted sovereign of my heart, I shall answer thee as thou desirest; but once breathe an allusion to | gazed at the speaker. He was startled at the her grace, and my thoughts become divine. and break out despite me, like young Spenser, whom I am now indoctrinating in the heavenly science:-

'Upon her eyelids many graces sate, Under the shadow of her even brows, Working belgardes and amorous retrate, And every one her with a grace endows,'

Spenser will yet do honor to his preceptor, a promising youth, I tell thee. There are times, toc, noble sir, when the lieu, anddenly roused from a sound sleep, is not more dangerous," continued the little map, "than Christopher Harlow, when interrupted in the enjoyment of a poetlo vision. Hadst thou disturbed me but a minute before I had com- | ger. mitted to writing that last distion on the

dimples of the onesn's chin Heaven only knows what would have befallen thee. I But come ten, sir; sin' ye mann his yer gained for in a crak, like habit's chant-might—thou needs not smile, air—I might will; and she led him through a long, dark or. And what shall we can the bairn, gin! passage, muttering as she went, Guid preserve us l'and whad hee thought o' seein "What pleaseth thee best; it matters woman, whom folks call Nell Gower; came see bis a callant at sic an hour, under Nell little what name thoughtest it." woman, whom folks call Nell Gower; came sac bra a callant at sic an hour, under Nell this way, and disturbed me when I had almost mastered a heavenly sies that came to yersel all warrin at the coort, and got disme like an angel from above."

never could summon resolution enough; or to hed for a lasy, harebrained loon. I started was ico fond of adulation, to dismiss after her, sir, like a tiger in pursuit of his prey, and would have strangled her, as a fox would a pullet, had she not escaped me among the trees."

" Knowest thou ought of this Nell Gower?" inquired the courtier.

"Nought more than that she's an old

"As often, good sir, as night comes; now in one place, and now in another. Folks say she knows more court gossip than the queen's councillors, though no one hath ever seen her within the enclosures. But let her vengeance on the beggarly spacwife for the seat anent the fire, and bide a wee. I'll be loss of that glorious thought. It was a com. wi'ye in a clappin." parison, worthy sir, between,-yes, between," placing his two fore fingers together,-" bctween the light of her majesty's eye and-" " Peace, thou crazy variet; peace, I say," interrupted his companion, "or else I'll slice

thee on the instant. "The disloyal old traiter witch," pursued the rhymer again, dirregarding the threat, and more solid rocks below. "she choked a thought at its birth, that place was dry round the fireplace, would prove of more value to posterity than within the compass of seven or eight all the doggerel verse of her Ramsays and feet, but entirely destitute of furniture, if we her Hendersons.

fleeing from thy murderous grasp, most other apartments in the cave, and that it was doughty Master Harlow?"

"Kuow ye where she lives, or hast heard?" "Not I, not 1. Saints forbid I should know the light of the smouldering fire.

aught of creatures who, as report saith, spend their nights riding about the country on on the stool opposite the stranger, "I'd fain broomsticks." oI would fain have speech with that

woman," observed the stranger anxiously, and would guerdon him well who would bring me to her." " Canst raise the evil one?" inquired the

rhymer.

'No, fool! Why sak you that?" "Because he could find her for thee.

know of no other." "Here, then, take this gold piece," said the courtier; it will buy thee a bed, and a stoup of wine at the next hostelrie. Ro get thee gone, variet; thou wilt find it pleasanter, I fancy, to sip a pint of Canary at the tavern fire, than inspirations here in the cold moonshine."

" Heaven keep thee in grace," replied the rhymer, bowing low to his benefactor ;-

"Heaven give thee grace, And foes give thee peace; and as the inspiriting hour is past, I will Rhenish, at the old Peacock. Give ye good day, and my benison to boot, most noble gentleman.

The latter waved his hand in adieu to horest Kit, and walked briskly across the open "Ay, mad, demented, raying like all the field, till he reached the breast of the rest of the tribe. But how art thou called, forest, close by the decayed cak, which the poet had pointed out. He followed "My name is Onristopher Harlow," replied a footpath through the woods for two turb the silence of the calm night but the oc "Thou hast heard the name doubtless at casional falling of a decayed branch, as he biushed by, or the twitter of a bird started "Ay, marry, have I, man. Didst not write from its repose. He had hoped to find some little caring who may be within earshot; for the forest, where he might obtain some intelligence of Nell Gower, but no rign and rubbing his hands in evident delight of human habitation presented itself. He had at length reached a spot where the path divided-one branch running short to the left, down a steep declivity, and the other that unworthy poem of her most devoted continuing in the direction he had already pursued. He sat down here, to deliberate whether he would return to Hampton or low position he had taken, he saw between the trunks of the trees a light blue smoke curling upwards in the clear moonlight. Immediately he hastened thitherward, and in a few moments found himself standing on the edge of a precipice of considerable height. Below was a deep ravine, or rather what is known by the homely name of a devil's punchbowl." It was almost circular, occupying a space of about two acres, filled with round rocks, many of which were of enormous size, and encircled round shout by the precipice on which he stood, and down which "And why shouldst thou mistake me for precipice on which he stood, and down which sir Philip Sidney?" inquired the courtier, the water trickled in little streams through the rank fern and slimy moss that grew on "Because then I might account for thy foul its face. It was a desolate spot to look down rays of the moon. The courtier again looked in the direction where he had seen the smoke, but it was now invisible. Supposing art, for thy speech keeps marvellously ill this to arise from a change of place, he rewith thy garb; my poetical reputation—the turned to his former position, and bending down as before, saw it again curling up fair fame of Christopher Harlow, author of down as before, saw it again curing up Lamb of the Flock, Sprig of Myrtie, Primrose sgainst the light. He now set out upon the left-hand path and descended. After many turns and windings, to avoid rocks and briers, he at length reached the bottom. Here everything was as bright as day, yet he could see nothing that indicated the proximity of a human habitation; even the smoke was no

longer to be seen. After treading his way between the huge rocks, and vainly peering up the precipios in search of something ito direct him, he was about to raise a whietle to attract attention, when suddenly he heard a rushing as of feet among the trees above his head, and next instant beheld a stag dashed upon a rock a few paces from where

"Ha! By my halicome," said he, "this is rare sport in her majesty s forest, and within a short league of the court. Ay, faith ! and burr enough on his antiers for a tuck of the fifth summer," he continued, snatching an arrow from his quivering side.

" An wha be ye, frien," demanded a hoarse voice beside him-" wha he ye that comes to Whinstane Hollow sic a time o'night?" The courtier turned round quickly, I and

nearness of the voice, and hesitated for an instant ere he replied to so direct a question. "Guld faith! ane wad' has thought ye'd seen a ghaist, yo glower sae gowkli," said the person, seeing him gaze so intently. "Tell me, good woman," he began at

length, as if he had not heard her question, and thou Nell Gower, that irequents this forest? "Ay, so folks ca' me," replied the little we-

man. the Scotch epsewife. And wha' be yer business wi' her, guid man ?,' "I would speak to thes privately on an affair of some moment," replied the stran-

"Ay, ay, speak wi' me in private; it's no "Bide awee," responded the secret power that shifts the scenes and actors

ne like an angel from above."

"Nell Gower, didst say!"

"Ay, elr, and shouted in my ear 'to gang what a time there's up there, wi' a' them run dells outlin' lik ither's throats, and a' aboot the bit lassie! Deil rin awa, if they're no gane clean daft, ane and tither o' them, frae the treasurer down, down to the link-boy and kitchen chiel. And now kenned ye the way, mon? and why pick Nell Gower out frac a! the rest o' woman folks about the house, ch? What the reason? An a cantle carl ye are, wi' yer gowden buckles on her sheen, and bra scarlet broodclaith on yer shoulders." As she approached a dim light that partially illuminated the farther extremity of the parrow passage, through which the stranger had. some trouble to make his way, she raised her voice to a somewhat higher tone. "An sae ye're come frae the coort to speak wi' Nell Gower, the auld beggarly Scotch spacwife keep out of my reach if she value a sound that ye'd burn wi' fagots for her cantrips the head and an unmutilated body, or I'll take hour after she'd done yer biddin'. But ta' sa Whilst Nell busied herself about her own

affairs, the stranger had time to examine the apartment, as far as was possible with the dim, uncertain light. Above his head was an arch of sharp rooks, pointing downwards, and dripping here and there with the water that oczed through and fell upon the smoother except a few broken chairs and stools. He "And what direction did she take when had reason to conjecture, however, there were an opening of considerable extent, from the " By that leaflets oak thou seest on the edge | fact that the approaching footsteps he now of the forest—caust hardly discern it in the heard were faint at first, but gradually grew shade." length from the darkness, stood before him in

> "An now, sir," she began, seating herself ken somethin' o' yer business wi' me at this late hour."

> "Are we alone?" demanded the stranger. "Alane!" repeated Nell; "an wha' for no? ye dinna think there's muckle routh o' gear in these wa's to bring lanloupers about

> ug." " And how comes it, if thou livest alone, that the stag hath found its way to thy very threshold, with an arrow quivering in his side? Methinks the hand that drew the bow is not far distant.

> "Ye're no the man, are ye, come down here to Whitstane Hollow to spier after gypsey deer slayers? Heth gin ye be, I'd hae ye tak the beast on yer shouthers, an gang look for the poacher."

Nell had seen at a single glance that the person who questioned her thue, and whose inquiries she was beffling, was a courtier of the bighest rank. She did not gather this even console my heart for the loss of that knowledge entirely from his outward dress bright and glorious thought, with a stoup of and noble bearing, for in both these particulars she might have been easily mistaken, but in jerking his cloak over his arm, as he plucked the arrow from the stag's side, he exposed a doublet that bore unequivocal signs of the wearer's noble birth and high office. She resolved, however, not to notice it, and to address him without the least reserve, as if she took him for a simple gentleman of the queen's household.

#1 have already said I would speak with thee on a matter of some moment," resumed the stranger.

"Vara weel," replied Nell; " sae far sae guid."

"I will speak thee freely, my good woman, as the hangman can tie a knot at Tyburn or fire a legot on Tower Hill."

"Hegh, man!" replied Nell; "sin ye hae sic donbte, why dinns ye gang away, and tell yer secrets to folks whase faith ye can trust wi mair security ?"

had I choice, woman, thou wouldst not be the secret keeper; but as it is, I shall find means enough to keep thy tongue quiet. Without further proface, then, there's a lady at court confined to her room, and in danger of losing her reputation, the which thou must prevent."

"Ay, that's the secret, is't? Hoot, man! ye might na be sae carefu'; sic things are now sae common, to it few wad has fashed themselves about it.

"Thou understandest, then, the object for which thy services are required? "Ou, ay, sir; its na the first mishap o' the kind Nell Gower was trusted to re-

medy." "True, my good woman; fame gives thee oredit for much prudence in such affairs." "But canna the strange mediciner wha cam frae foreign parte," inquired Nell, " can-

na he di the thing himsel, and no hae ye rin the risk o' employin' strangers. He's no sac mony months about Hampton and Whitehall without some practice in alc delicate matters."

"I fear me thou mistakest, woman." promptly interposed the courtier; "no in-jury is intended to life or limb. Nay, such and an old man entered, in a is strictly forbidden. It must be well cared long plack serge gown or habit. His shoulders for and daintily nurtured, as if it were the were stooped, and his gait awkward and someheir of a noble house. Wilt undertake to re-

move it?" · Remove it?" repeated Nell. "Ay, remove it from the court, and keep it here for a few days, till I shall have time

to place it in other hands." "Ou! if that be a', it's no muckle," responded Nell, after a moment's hesitation. I thought ye might be expectin' mair. Weel, an if I di, what's to be my recompense?"

"Gold, to buy thee comfort, and the favor of her gracious majesty to boot." "Hoot i awa wi' ye, man !" she ejaculated.

little feck o' comfort it can buy me; and some deep and painful reflection; for the as for the favor o' the queen, it's as fickle as muscles of his handsome face twitched, from Jock Bamsay's kitlin'. Ns, ns, I'll has nane time to time, and his brow contracted into nor tither o' them." "Name thise own reward, then," said the stranger; "and if thou beest faithful to thy

trust, it shall be rendered thee right cheerfully, even should it require the royal hand of Elizabeth to offer it." "Na see fast, na see fast, master gallant

I'll hae na promises either. I ken wee the lady in trouble is no kitchen wench, or limmer lass, or ye wad na come down here to strike a bargain on sic terms. Mareover, is I can trust ye, whilk I has no reason to, for yer a bra' feetu fausant chiel, indulge in a few waking reflections on I canno but think the ladge of the cannot be considered. canno but think the lady's a

"Thou hast it right truly," replied the majesty's own self. So name thy terms."

"Weel, observed Nell, after a moment's

thought, "am no disposed to pry into yer bit secret mair than' required; but there's acthing that's no clear yar to my cen. Wha's the reason ye mak a secret o' what's na worth the clavering about. Gin I gae my ain gate, to Hampton or Whitehall, or ony ither o' her majesty's residences, and tak hence a bairn, under my cloak, isn't no what happened fu' ait in her ain an her father's time? An it's no to be scored to the queen's ain credit, or to that o' her ladies, because it happened to be born within the palace wa's; and now yer after threatenin' affair is far aboon my puir comprehendin'."

"What thou sayest, good woman, is very reasonable; but it might happen, that just at this time the report of such an occurrence, at | by popularity. To acquire that popularity, court, might breed unfounded suspicions." " " Humphi" ejaculated Nell

"Now thou comprehendent the reason of the secrecy."

"Me i how could I ken state secrets? He, hal yere a canny chiel." "Should enquirles he made hereafter by any lady of the court, nay, even by the queen herselt, concerning the babe, thou'lt say it

dled on the journey." "Een though the lady be its mother?" inguired Nell.

"Ay, even its mother is not to know it lives, should you ever discover its mother's name, which is utterly impossible. I shall be thy director and paymaster, and none other hath right to ask thee questions concerning it."

" Een let it rest sae," said the old woman, at length consenting to the proposal; "but I mann see ye ance an again, and wha shall I ca' for and where shall I meet ve?" "The where and the when I shall arrange

hereafter," replied the stranger. "Weel, weel, sir, a bargain be't. I'll see the feckless bairn be weel nursed, and nane the wiser, and that's about the hale o' the business, if I ken right."

The stranger assented, and again pressed

the old woman to name her reward. "It's no muckle to speak o'," replied Nell. 'Ye see this bit hole in the wa' where ye sit; it's, na doubt, a dour and dismal place to ain like ye, wha spends yer nights and days skirlin' awa' mang costly rooms, wi' ladies o' high degree hanging trae yer airms ; for whate'er be yerrank, it's no hard to see yer o' guld and gentle birth ; but for mysel I has a regard for this star was Elizabeth. From the moment Mary auld place, for reasons whilk has na interest restored the mass, Elizabeth became the for ye. Now ye ken keep yer gowd, and the beacon of hope to Protestant England. queen her favor for some ither puir neer- and round her the reformers gathered doweel wha likest and needs it mair than centring in her all their hopes Nell Gower; but bring me a line signed by and prospects. It was then she showed her majesty's ain hand, and sealed by her her tact for acquiring popularity. She saw it ain seal, grantin' sanctuary precvilege, to the was high time to set about gaining the recave, caveren, or cell, at the place commonly spect of the nobles and the love of the ca'd Whunstane Hollow for mysel and a' that people. The former she succeeded in obtainshelter there whilst I live. Now, sir, di ye

agree to the terms?" "Most willingly," replied the stranger but canet thou live here in the cold win-

"Na matter, man; that's na affair o

thine." "Then I shall expect thee where thou mettest the rhymer sn hour gone, at midnight on Wednesday week," said the courtier, preparing to leave, "or, it sooner, thou shalt hear from me."

"I'll bide irv'st," replied Nell, "but vo'll no forget that, she maun bestow sanctuary preovileges and immunities min that, on mysel an a wha tak shelter here durin' my lifetime,"

"Thou shalt be satisfied," replied her companion; "and now I must ask thy guidance

through the passage.'
When they reached the entrance again, Nell bade him good night and fair dreams, and then as she retraced her steps through the dark passage, kept muttering to herself, "What a daft silly carl, wi'a' his tinsel gimcracks about him; hegb, sirs, an he thinks he's bought me ower, saul and body, wi' the queen's warrant o' sanctuary preevilege for the blak holes o' Whunstane Hollow. Weel, let him aye think sae, he'll feel the mair comfutable. But as for the queen's warrant o' protection, I wad na gie a button for't. An he's tracked the auld spaewife t' her den, and, at the mither's request, too, that's no to be doubted. Humph! I see it a'. His light o' love wad gie her bairn to some deli bird, like Nell Gower, who'd thraw its wizen for't, while he's no disposed to part wi't himsel. Ough, ay, I can see through a millstane as weel's anither. and guid faith, they'll rise early an gae late to bad, if wi' a' their plottin', auld Nell, the Scotch spaewife, dinns be a match for taem."

CHAPTER IV.

The courtier, having parted with Nell Gow r, returned to Hampton, and passed the therewas of nobles and sentinels at a , co, amid profuse compliments from the car was and officious attention from the other. daving reached his apartments and thrown off his hat and cloak, he touched a spring concealed in the wall above what unsteady from age, and, perhaps long confinement. His thin, white hair fell, neglected, in little streaks over the collar of his black dress, and his eyes were red and sunken under his once bold, projecting forebead. He bowed profoundly to the courtier | both was regarded as a "pattern for all the as he entered, and, in answer to a question, replied in a foreign language, "that the lady was doing as well as could be expected, and would probably be out of danger in a few days." As soon as he had spoken, he again bowed low, and retired, as if he knew there was no further need of his presence. When the door closed, the courtier flung himself in What care I for yer gowd and siller? It's an easy chair, and was instantly absorbed in deep wrinkles. His thoughts, gentle reader, were of the queen, Elizabeth Tudor Plantagenet, the proudest sovereign of Europe. But how his thoughts rap, and whither they tended, is not given us to reveal. He mused long and painfully, his elbow resting on the arm of the chair, and the forefinger of his right hand pressed hard upon his lips, till at length overcome; perhaps by fatigue, he fell agleep. And whilst he dreams of the great

Elizabeth, gentle reader, may we not that remarkable personage? Had we queen's favorite, or that lassie proposed to make ner the nervine or the would, lang ago, has bundled her hame or we should have followed the usual plan, and, like all our novolists, left her gradually to develop her own character during the procouriler; "she is indeed a favorite of the gress of the tale; but we do not presume so queen, and her majesty will regard any ser- far, well knowing how incapable we are of vice done to her as if done to her gracious managing so well known and therefore so difficult a subject. Nevertheless, as she is the

in our little play, we must slip a moment behind the curtain, and crave an introduction before the house fills, that, knowing something of the manager, we may better compre-

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hing of the manager, we may better compre-hend the spirit of the acting.

Before we approach Elisabeth on the throne, which she has how occupied for a few years, let us first fall back and consult the history of her girlhood. We shall take but a hurried glance at the young aspirant; yet even in that we may find abundant indications of her future career.

It was not when Elizabeth ascended the throne she began to learn the difficult science of government. Her carifest education, as well as her own private studies, had the sceptre for their aim. Her studies were chiefly confined to history, the great treasury of political lore; and it was the intensity with which she spoiled me wi' rape and fagot, if I dinna keep a quiet herself to this study that first gave evidence tongue in my head. Guid faith, sir, the hale of the absorbing ambition that marked her course through a long reign. Yet it was not the love of power simply that stimulated her; it was power confirmed and sustained she sacrificed every dearest feeling, every fondest affection of a young heart, and to retain it she sacrificed the heart itself.

Long before her accession to the throne Elizabeth saw clearly the difficulties she had to encounter ere she reached it. She saw these difficulties were numerous and discouraging, and that the greatest of all was religion. On the one hand, there was danger to be apprehended from the many and powerful adherents of her sister Mary, if the manifested any predilection for the principles of the reformer, and on the other, the dauger of losing the future support of the Protestant party, if she rejected their new doctrine. The game she had to play was critical, the stake was a throne, and the risk to all appearance little loss than her life. Yet she played it well. She listened with the seeming esgerness of a child to the religious admonitions of her sister Mary, whilst she was, at the same time, intriguing with the enemies of her govern-ment for their influence, in the event of her being declared legitimate and heir presumptive to the crown.

When Mary proclaimed her intention of restoring the mass and the ancient ceremonies, abolished in the reign of Edward ,the reformers took alarm. Imagining Mary would content herself with removing Catholic disabili-ties, they were astonished when she declared her resolution to make the Roman Catholic the religion of the state. At that critical period-in the gloom that then deepened round the cradle of Protestantism-there was but one star to guide its votaries, and that ing by professing a longing desire for religious liberty, and by evincing a great taste for philosophic and scriptural studies; in a word, by conforming as much as was expedient to the tone and temperament of the Calvinistic party; and the latter-the love of the people—sho secured by the exhibition of her person, her public demonstrations of attention to their wants, her graces and her smiles. Her dress, her deportment, her looks, when she appeared in public, were all directed to captivate the love of the people. When she appeared side by side with her sister Mary, on her first public entry into London, she made an impression on the hearts of the people that for forty-seven years was never effaced. Then in her twentieth year, the majectic grace, the tall, finely-moulded figure, and commanding features of the young Tudor Plantagenet attracted every eye. contrasting as it did so strongly with the diminutive person, shrivelled face, and droom ing, sickly attitude of her sister queen who

rode beside her. Mary's pride and reserve of character would not suffer her to stoop to win the applause of the multitude; but Elisabeth returned a smile for every salute, and an acknowledgment for every favor. Her words, looks actions, nay, every faculty of her being, was made subservient to the ever-master, everruling passion of her soul-love of popularity. On that day of her sister's public entry, Elizabeth obtained a hold on the affections of her future subjects that she never lost till the gallant and accomplished Essex, the favorite of the people, was sacrificed to her jealousy. The day he was brought to the block was the last day of Elizabeth's popularity and the last day of her greatness.

Whon the grave charges of Somerset, the protector, against her honor had perilled her succession to the throne, how wisely did she set about restoring her sullied reputation Any other girl of Elizabeth's years, then but seventeen, would have shrunk back terrified at the world's insolent gaze, or if her mental energies were not entirely prostrated by the shock of so gross an imputation, would have boldly defied the accuser to bring forth his proofs. But Elizabeth Tudor was a girl of a far different stamp. Coolly and deliberately she set to work to remove the stain. She atfeeted to consider the charges as hardly worthy of a thought, retired for a time into private life, and devoted herself to the study of the Sacred Soripture; and when the etiquette of the court required her presence, she assumed that extreme simplicity of dress, demure aspect, and saintly bearing, which the strict rules of the Calvinistic church enjoined upon its followers. The result was, says one of her historians, that in a few months Elizayoung ladies of the court."

What incredible energy of mind must not this girl have possessed at the age of seventeen! Inheriting, as she did, the violent parsions of Henry, her father, and the levity of her unfortunate mother, Anne Boleyn, what struggles she must have gone through, to keep down the haughty pride of the Plantagenet, and assume the chastened, plous look and humble demeanor of the Calvinist! When Mary Stuart the beautiful young regent of Scotland, came to visit the court of Edward, surrounded by ladies from the gay Louvre, brilliant in all the gorgeous fashions of France, Elizabeth, burning with a love of personal decoration,—the woman who, in after years, was the possessor of three thousand gowns,—stood in the midst of that glittering throng, dressed in her rasset garments, the laughing stock of the gay circle, looking on the pageant with a dreamy eye. and yet smiling in her heart as she reflected how little the giddy strangers knew the thoughts of the girl who stood before them Such little facts, trifling as they appear at first, afford more light to read her subsequent history than all the evidence of Burnet and

We have seen Elizabeth making her way prudently and cautiously, to the feet of the throne; let us now glance at the difficulties she had to encounter on ascending it.

Robertson.

For many years before ther accession, the exchequer had been suffering a continual Continued on 3rd page.