

THE WONDERFUL POWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Yes, if circumstances permitted" interposed Barnwell. "But we know very well they do not permit it. And therefore a truce to these wearisome speeches on politics that spoil our merry-making. Pass the bottle, Babington."

"These speeches, as you please to term a few sensible remarks, might lead to something practical, if there were a dozen young men like minded with ourselves," remarked Salisbury.

"If we six only had sufficient pluck," said Babington, "we might with one bold stroke save England from being lost to the Faith, and obtain eternal renown for ourselves."

"I devoutly hope you mean nothing of this sort for Elizabeth," said Tichbourne, with a significant gesture. "For if you do, I shall leave the room forthwith, I will not be accessory to any such crime, I will not even hear it spoken of."

"Listen to my proposal," rejoined Babington, "Before you fire up in that way. As you know, towards the close of the year I went down to my place in Derbyshire. On the morning of Christmas Eve my steward came to me quite breathless, and with the intelligence that Mary Stuart was to be removed from Tutbury; where under the charge of Sir Ralph Sadler, she had been comparatively well treated, to Charley near Barton. The Privy Council had appointed Sir Amias Paulet, a rabid Puritan, to be her jailer, and it was whispered abroad, that it would go ill with her there, in fact an end would soon be put to her days. I must make haste, he said, if I wanted to see her; about noon she was expected to pass through Staleycross. I mounted my horse at once and rode the few miles to the spot. All the neighborhood was on foot; hundreds of people were standing in groups on the highroad, in the driving snow, to see the captive Queen pass by, so greatly was she beloved for her kindness to the poor, and venerated on account of her angelic patience. At last the mournful procession came by; it consisted of fifty troopers in whose midst rode Mary Stuart with Sir Ralph at her side, and her men and maid servants close behind. Just as she reached the cross a gleam of wintry sunshine broke through the clouds, and rested on the group of riders. The Queen was dressed in black, and seemed scarcely able to sit upright in her saddle, yet she threw back her long veil and smiled kindly at the country people, many of whom were weeping. How immensely she had altered in appearance, since I was her page at Sheffield Castle! She was then a picture of beauty, the loveliest woman I had ever seen; now her long captivity had greatly aged her, she looked like a withered and faded flower. I heard a burly peasant behind me say: "Ay, poor soul, she won't last much longer." And another answered: "What would you have, gossip, buried alive, as she has been all these years! And people do say, she will have it much worse now than in that cold damp hole, Charley. Sir Amias Paulet is not the one to make any man's bed softer. I would not give a dog to the care of such as he. But last Sunday I heard the new preacher in the 'Mayflower' say that was just what the Privy Council wanted with this Moabitess--so he called her--that she should be done to death at last. For as long as this Stuart is alive, the Papists will have ground for hope, and the new religion as well as the Queen will be in danger."

Such were the opinions expressed by the peasants, while Mary Stuart rode by, bowing graciously in acknowledgment of the greetings she received. I said to myself: These rascals are perfectly right! That is exactly what Burghley and Walsingham are aiming at, the death of our rightful sovereign! It is true that while she lives there is still some chance for us. Then I thought, what towards we Catholics are! Are there really not half-a-dozen men to be found amongst us ready to risk their lives for the life of this royal princess, on whom our last hopes rest? Then I remembered you, Brothers, and I determined to propose to you that together we should attempt, ay and accomplish, also, this noble, this truly chivalrous deed. What say you? Will you or will you not? And as sure as I am a living man, if your courage fails you, I have sworn alone and single-handed to rescue the illustrious Mary Stuart from the men who are murdering her by inches!"

Babington spoke with such feeling and animation, that he awoke in us the same enthusiasm. All who were present sprang to their feet, and grasping his hand, shouted: "We will join you! Hurrah for Mary Stuart! We will risk life and lands to set her free!"

And so it came to pass that on that Feast of the Epiphany the general resolve was taken unanimously that we six young noblemen under Babington's leadership, should undertake at all risks to liberate the Queen of Scots from prison and from the hands of our enemies. We were stimulated to do this, it must be acknowledged, to a great extent, by the bond lately formed under Leicester for the defence of Elizabeth, who certainly stood far less in need of protection than her unhappy rival.

From that day forth our confabulations, when we met at the Blue Boar, were for the most part about the means of carrying out our project. The chief difficulty was this: If the prisoner were set free, where could a place of safety be found for her? At any rate, it must be abroad, therefore in March Babington went to Paris to ask counsel on this point of some of Mary Stuart's best friends, who were then residing there; the Archbishop of Glasgow, Mendoza, the former Spanish Ambassador, Morgan, and others: The universal opinion was that her place of refuge must be in France; but they all begged him, while they commended his scheme, to defer the execution of it for a time, since it must be carried out in concert with another scheme, which they were elaborating, and of which they hoped shortly to give us the details.

In the week after Easter Babington returned and reported to us what had been said. It was agreed amongst us, that before any steps were taken, we would each one of us set his affairs in order, both temporal and spiritual, since on so hazardous an enterprise as that whereto we were pledged, we held our lives in our hands. We also determined to be present in a body at the execution of the two priests, which was already spoken of as certain, in order to see with our own eyes the fate possibly in store for us. It was for the purpose of making our Easter confession to Father Weston that we repaired to Woxindon. The circumstances that prevented us from doing so have already been told by my wife. This brings me back to that evening in April, when we dismounted at the door of the Blue Boar in St. Giles.

My host came out to receive us, bowing and smiling, while the ostler took our horses away to the stable. "Fie, gentlemen," he said, "what long faces I see on this lovely spring day! Please to walk up to your room upstairs and drown your cares in a goblet of good wine. I have just received a new consignment from the Rhine; Daidesheimer, like molten gold, soft to the palate, but fire in your veins. Or would some old Bordeaux please you? If you ask my advice, sirs, I think there is nothing comes up to a bowl of stiff, well brewed punch."

Rambling on after this fashion, the host led the way into the house, Babington, the leader of the little band, out him short, bidding him to send up the best supper he could provide, for we had not yet dined; after that we would do honor to his choice wines.

The room in which we found ourselves was not very spacious, but pleasant and scrupulously clean. The two windows looked out upon the green, with the oak trees; the only ornament on the walls was a pen-and-ink drawing by Tichbourne, which consisted of our six heads, surrounded by wreaths of laurel. As likenesses, they were not at all bad, for nature had gifted Tichbourne with talent for all the fine

arts. I can see that ill-fated picture now. Anthony Babington, our chief, occupied the centre, with his handsome, daring face, not exempt from a touch of vanity. The other five were arranged around him. Tichbourne's portrait was next to me, for we were united by a similarity of tastes as well as by mutual affection. Beneath the whole Babington had inscribed the lines:

"Hi mibi sunt comites, quos ipse pericula jungunt."

These are my comrades, united to me by a common danger.

We shall presently see that this verse was not chosen at random.

We were soon seated round the oaken table, and did full justice to the excellent viands placed before us. When my friend Tichbourne had said grace, (his habit of always performing this duty led us jestingly to call him 'the parson') and the cloth had been removed, the host himself brought in a round, highly ornamented flagon, which he set up on the table. He then took out of a cupboard six silver goblets, and filled them one after another, ending with a glass for himself. "Your health, good sirs," he said. "May you experience the truth of what Holy Scripture says, that wine cheers the heart of man. For never have I seen you merry fellows so silent over your meal as to-day. Where in the world does the shoe pinch you? Not that old Clayton wants to ferret out your secrets, but we all know that even rich young gentlemen like you may happen to find their purses tight, and if so, the host of the Blue Boar would think nothing of a few paltry pounds, to which the gentleman would be welcome merely on their word of honor, without a written acknowledgment."

We thanked the good man for his generous offer, and assured him the state of our funds was not such as to cause us disquietude. He then looked at us in turn with as searching a glance as he could throw in his shrewd little eyes, half-buried as they were in his fat cheeks, and clearing his throat, began: "Well, gentlemen, I humbly ask your pardon. I am right glad that your purses are full, and yet, by Jove, I am half sorry, too. For, excuse me, but I am sure something has gone wrong with the gentlemen, and I could almost wish it were money matters, as that malady could then be easily cured. What may it be after all? If I saw only one of you bang his head, I should conclude he was in love and trouble myself no more about it; but now you all of you look so glum, even the worthy Mr. Tichbourne, who has got a sweet young wife, God bless her. It occurred to me--I must again beg your pardon, but you know I mean well, and I must speak out--it occurred to me that it might be something connected with the rumors which reached my ears to-day. Yes, good sirs, believe me, one cannot be too careful in these troublesome times, when the air is thick with conspiracies and plots, in Germany, Italy, France, the Netherlands, not to speak of Scotland, which bubbles over like a witches' kettle! And I must tell you the fact of your having hired this room in my house for yourselves alone, and for some months past, holding a meeting here every week with closed doors, has set idle tongues wagging. People say something is being plotted and planned here, for as much as I am every one knows, you, one and all, profess the old Roman faith. I should have paid no heed to this idle gossip, although I should have no objection to have you Catholics served at least in the same way we were served under 'Bloody Mary,' when there was plenty of underhand goings on. But yesterday one of his craftiest spies, I know the fox, slipped into this room. I happened to come up just as he was writing down your names and the piece of Latin from the picture over the chimney piece there. I need hardly say I sent him about his business pretty quickly, and dismissed the girl that same day, to whom he was paying court, for the sake of worming things out on the sly; for I loathe from the bottom of my soul these sneaks and tale-bearers. Now, good sirs, I do not for a moment credit you with seriously cherishing any design against crown or country, for no man in his senses would look for conspirators among jolly fellows like you, of whom, alas! merry England cannot now boast as many as in days of yore. With your permission however, gentlemen, let me remind you that the laws now-a-days are very sharp and severe, and the Lord Justice would think nothing of twisting an ugly rope out of harmless hemden strands. Of course, I should get into trouble too, but I will speak of that. To make an end, I thought it my duty to warn you, that Walsingham certainly has his eye on you, and for your own sakes I should much rather you should observe less secrecy about your meetings here. Again craving your indulgence, gentlemen, in all submission, I beg you to think over my well meant warning."

So saying, he tossed off his glass, made the nearest approach to a bow that his obesity permitted, and left the apartment. When the door had closed behind him, we sat for a moment in silence, looking inquiringly

at one another. Then Babington struck the table with his fist, and said with a forced laugh: "Well, good friends, what of this? We might have known that sooner or later Walsingham would get wind of our enterprise, but we have no reason to think that he is aware of its object."

"Probably not," observed Henry Donne, dryly, "but the hounds are on the scent."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW-COME SPRING.

BY ADAM ST. VICTOR. TRANSLATED BY H. M. M.

Joyful from her early bed, Spring leads forth her new-born train; Jesus, rising from the dead, All things calls to life again; All the elements obey, Feeling their Creator's sway, And keep solemn holiday.

Now He gives serene skies, And the billows cease to rise; And the wind breathes still and light, And our vale is blooming bright; Green the thirsty uplands grow; Winter's fetters melt and flow As the vernal zephyrs blow.

Ice-bound Death thus melts and falls, And the "prince of this world" quails, And his cursed empire all Totters to its final fall. Satan came and nothing found; Jesus, whom he would have bound, Shook his throne to hell profound.

Life from Death thus wins the prize; For mankind recovers more Than they lost or knew before-- Aye, the joys of Paradise; And, as promised by the Lord, Lo! He sheathes the flaming sword, And the cherub-guarded way Opens into endless day.

—Ave Maria.

High Pressure Days.

Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more numerous. The first effect of the praiseworthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, which results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and women for these high-pressure days.

A man who is mean enough to trade and abuse the land that he produced and feeds him has not got as much gratefulness as the beasts of the fields.

Found At Last.

A Liver Pill that is small and sure that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not gripe. Laxa-Liver Pills possesses these qualities and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

THE ORIGINATOR OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

The original kidney specific for the cure of Backache, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Urinary Troubles.

Don't accept something just as good. See you get the genuine DOAN'S.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada.



Those who have used Laxa-Liver Pills say they have no equal for relieving and curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Watery Stool or any disease or disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels.

Mrs. George Williams, Fairfield Plains, Ont., writes as follows: "As there are so many other medicines offered for sale in substitution for Laxa-Liver Pills I am particular to get the genuine, as they far surpass anything else for regulating the bowels and correcting stomach disorders."

Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swellings of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fog, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

MISCELLANEOUS.

British Troop Oil Liniment is unsurpassed by any liniment on the market to-day. It is composed of healing, soothing and cleansing vegetable oils and extracts. It is put up in large bottles for the small price of 25 cents.

The politician who places himself in the hands of his friends had better first place his pocketbook in the hands of his wife.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months confined to my room, and for two years I could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May, 97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months. The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully, A. DAIRT.

St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.

For Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insects, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Haggard's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

The boy who has a patch on his trousers ought not to be ashamed of it. It only speaks well for his industrious mother.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

It is a great pity every man doesn't like music, because he has to stand so much of it whether he likes it or not.

Milburn's Sterling Head-ache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leaves no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents All dealers.

That every young man should have a high ideal need not necessarily apply to the young woman of his choice.

OH MY HEAD! HOW IT ACHES!

Nervous Bilious Sick Periodical Spasmodic HEADACHES.

Headache is not of itself a disease but is generally caused by some disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels.

Before you can be cured you must remove the cause.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It will do for you. It regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, purifies the blood and tones up the whole system to full health and vigor.

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The new blocks and correct styles in Spring Hats are ready. Our \$2.25 Hats, "Wilkinson" make, are as good, we believe, as any Hat for which you may pay a higher price elsewhere.

Shapes of leading style, makers English and American, are here to select from.

We back our \$2.00 Derbys and Fedoras against all entries in the \$2.25 class.

Your money back if not satisfied.

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