THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. **** otto otto ELEMAN E AN HISTORICAL PUBLISHED ROMANCE The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon Permission Times of ----B. HERDER, By Rev. Joseph Spillman. S.J. Queen St. Lauis, Mo. Elizabeth. ANA. ·]~]~]~]~]~]~]~]~]~]~]~]~]

that I wanted you to

preachers from St. Paul's was here,

ing him scramble up what he called

a break-neck ladder. then he read a

lot of prayers to me out of a book,

that I could not understand and

that did me no good. Now the pray-

ers you said made me sorry for

what I have done wrong, and quite

Accordingly, I said a few prayers

by the child's bedside, the old man

trickling down his weather

kneeling meanwhile by the door, the

beaten face. I promised to come again on the following evening, and

he rowed me back, pulling vigorous-

"After all," he said as he bade me good night, "there is nothing like

the old religion to comfort the dy-

CHAPTER IX .- The next mor

ing, when I went down into the lit

house and the river's bank, I found

Tichbourne in a very different mood

to that of the preceding evening

bright sunshine had had the effect

ington made his appearance attired

skyblue velvet doublet slashed with

white, and over it a crimson velve

cloak edged with silverlace: a small

lace ruff and a gold chain adorned

his neck; in a word, from the fea

leather shoes upon his feet, his toil-

ette was perfect. I must acknow

ledge that never was a smarter

young nobleman in the streets of

London, for his pleasant face and

bright eyes were right comely to

We began to tease him, asking

whether he was going to Court, to

cut out Sir Walter Raleigh, who at

said he did not covet the honor of

fickle favor. He had only dressed

himself properly that Walsingham

might see that all the Catholic gen

try were not obliged to go about in

rags. He told me I must put on

my best clothes for the same rea

gaily as Babington. I put on a

blue cloak, as more becoming to a

member of the medical profession;

also let myself be persuaded to wear a pleated ruff of Tichbourne's

round my neck, and his gold-hand

led rapier at my side. Thus ac-

coutred, we set forth, Tichbourne

wishing us God speed on our er-

We soon reached Walsingham's re-

sidence, an unpretending dwelling in

velvet doublet and a dark

I could not consent to dress

favorite of the Queen.

being the last

time was the acknowledged

recipient

Babingto

of

look upon.

that

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ther upon his new hat to the

in his finest toggery. He wore

The fair spring morning and

eggs; before we had finished.

of raising his spirits.

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Bab

red

We sat down

tle garden that lay between

ly against the ebbing tide.

resigned to the will of God."

tears

ing.

nd first he scolded father for mak-

arriving at our lodging in , ed out for her. "But it was not so On the Strand, to our surprise we found a boy fast asleep on the doorstep. It was Johnny, the son of an old waterman named Bill Bell; who kept our boat for us. The lad informed me that he had been wait ing there some hours for me: his sister was worse, and his father had sent him to beg good Mr. Windsor to go round that same evening. I had of late been attending some of the poor about St. Catherine's docks, in the beighborhood of the Tower, and the boatman, as well as dock laborars and porters, the mostly a rough lot of people thought a great deal of me, more because I gave my advise gratis, sometimes supplementing it with an alms, than because of any great skill I had manifested as a physician. The girl in question was dying of mption, and the whole college of physicians, could not have stopthe progress of the disease; yet as the doctor's visit is always a consolation to the poor, I willingly accompanied the boy to his home or this errand of mercy. But first I hade him wait a moment, while I get some physic for his sister, going indoors I fetched a bottle of good wine, wrapped a warm cloak around Tichbourne good-night bade me, and sallied forth again into the darkness to our breakfast, which consisted of mulled ale and a dish of ham and

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I was glad to find that the boy had moored his boat at our garden steps, which ran down to the river, for I had no fancy for the narrow. dirty lanes of the city, that swarm ed at night with all manner of disreputable people. The current the river soon carried us to a landing place close to a dilapidated house, whose walls, supported on wooden posts, bulged out over the There my youthful ferryman water. made the boat fast to an iron ring, while I, glanced upwards to the na row window of the chamber where the sick girl lay, whence a light proceeded. Little did I think how precious that wretched low roofed garret would be to me be fore three months had come and gone

"Maud expects us." Johnny said pointing up to the window, ther laying hold of a rope that hung from the lower room, he tugged at it violently, calling out : "He has come, father)'

Immediately a trap-door above our heads was opened, and a rope ladder was let down, which Johnny attached firmly to a post and down it clambered Bill himself, an unappetising figure, who might have been the ferry man o Cocytus described by Virgil : 'Terribili squalore Charon, cui plu-

rima mento,

Canities inculta jucta."

Foul and unsightly, on whose chin grey hair thick and unkempt But unlike the boatman of Hades the old man looked goodnature it self; wiping away with the back of his hand a tear which hung on his eyelashes, he expressed his pleasure

and gratitude for my visit. my troth," he said, "I

announce your names to the Lord much for the sake of your medicine Secretary of State; one must let one's friends see that one is willing come. but that you might repeat to me that beautiful prayer about the angel to be of use to them, and that one has got a little influence at headguardian, and the Blessed Mother of quarters. God, and the five wounds of the Thereupon he conducted us through Saviour. Because one of the young

an office, in which a dozen clerks were busy writing, into a small cabdrew two arm-chairs up to a inet, table on which lay writing materials, and requested us to write on a sheet of paper our petition for an audience, together, with both our names. This he carried in to Walsingham before the ink was dry, and speedily returned with the tidings that the minister would be most happy to receive us in a few

minutes' time. We were, in fact, scarcely kept waiting at all, before we were ush ered into Walsingham's presence. I was quite taken by surprise at th friendly manner in which he receiv-He wore a simple black us. robe, without any other ornament than a gold chain with a likeness of the Queen. As he stood by the door bowing politely, he slightly raised the black velvet cap from his head, which was quite grey and nearly bald at the top, taking our measure meanwhile with a rapid earching glance. Then he came forward smiling, and shook our hands heartily in both of his. "It gives me great pleasure to

make your acquaintance, noble sirs," he said. Then addressing me, he continued : "So you are the famous Babington, whose skill in all knightly sports is the talk of London, so that his renown has even reached the Queen's ears. Only the other day she asked me, how was that the young gentleman had never made his appearance at Court?"

I of course excused myself, and presented my companion, as the Babington of whom he had heard. 'How foolish of me," he exclaimed, "I might have known it, from the elegance and costliness of his attire! I beg pardon a thousand I find myself getting more times! stupid every day, and I really must beg Her Majesty to transfer the bur den and responsibility of my office to younger and more able should-Here we have a typical young ers. courtier before us! You have traveled sir, if I mistake not, you have been in Paris? Ah, I thought as much. There is nothing like the Court of Catharine of Medicis to give a man style and polish. nobles here are good enough in their way, capital officers, bold sea-captains, but at Court as uncouth and awkward as can be .- And this then is Mr. Windsor, who studied at Pa dua with such brilliant success, and whose poetic talent has already won for him a wreath of laurels. Do not blush, sir, I only repeat what] have heard. God knows, I never have time to take a book of poetry in my hand much less to realize the aspirations of my youth, when, as Horace says : "Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!' (But if you count me among the lyric poets,

With my lofty head I shall the stars.)

tinued, that he had never been able to reconcile himself to the new poli-tical situation. "And that seems to be the case with you two young directly. gentlemen, is it not so? You still cannot make up your minds to attend divine worchip as established by Her Majesty? What a pity ! I

am really very sorry for it. You ar shutting yourselves off from every position of influence. It appears to most impolitic and unneces child! "It does involve the greatest sa crifices on our part," I remarked, "sacrifices which we certainly should

sary.

not make, were they not imposed on us by our conscience." "Alas, my young friend, that is your mistake. If Her Majesty required us to do anything unchristian, I should not wonder at your opposition; but this is only a question of degree, of different forms of one common Christianity, a matter upon which every ruler has the right to decide, as is now generally acknowledged. Look at Germany, there the maxim has long been a cepted : "Cuius regio, ejus at religid." Who rules the state, must its creed dictate. You know the old saying: When you are at Rome, do as the Romans do. Well, then, when you are in England, do as the English do. We are Englishmen, not Romans, therefore our Christianity should be that of England, not of Rome. It would be delightful, if we were all of one faith. But for that to be the case you Catholics would have to give in on the one hand. and the Puritans and Independents on the other, and meet in the "via media" laid down be Her Majesty. 'Medium tenuere beati!" Here am wasting your time with my chatter; not that I want any disputation, but only to let you see how matters appear from my point of view as an English statesman. And now, my good sirs, what can I do for you?"

Babington then told him, not without a little embarrassment, at first, how we six fellow-students had formed a kind of club for manly sports, and had taken a room St. Giles for our symposia, and how on the evening before, old Clayton had made out a long story, giving us no rest until we promised to see the Secretary of State himself on the subject, for as much as in these troublous times, any misapprehensions might lead to serious conse quences

Whilst Babington was speaking Walsingham stroked his white beard, rubbed his long, aquiline nose, and smiled to himself. Then he laughed outright and said : "Old Clayton's advice was not particularly wise, if we are to believe the French prov-And erb. "qui s'excuse, s'accuse." really, I should feel inclined to take the matter up in earnest, if I did not know with whom I have to deal. Whatever should make you take up the idea that I should fancy you were conspirators? Is that wha you were afraid of? Ha, ha, ha! They are rather different looking to you! Sinister countenance, sneak ing manner, silent as the grave that is what conspirators are. Not high-spirited young fellows like you, overflowing with mirth and gaiety. I sent the agent who brought me the information about his business What has become of the paper? Here it is, in the waste-paper basket, with the Latin lines that he consi dered as particularly incriminating "Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericula jungunt."

Of course that only refers to dan gers encountered in boating, riding, and so on. And in gambling too No? Well, I am heartily glad that you are no dice-players. You must not be angry with the informer, bccause he misunderstood the lines

ententious ma

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902. quired whether Topcliffe was in the ber, and on hearing that he was, desired him to be shown in

Topcliffe on entering, looked not a little astonished to see Babington and me there. Walsingham spoke to him instantly, and pretty sharply "I must say you have done too. us great credit, by taking into cus tody a young lady and an innocent Who ever bade you do that? Show me the warrant I gave you, and let us see whether there syllable in it about either of your prisoners." Topcliffe stammered out in excuse

that he had taken them into cus tody because it was evident that they both knew the hiding place of the Jesuit, and he thought that a night spent in Newgate would unloose their tongues

"And then you imagined would go and seize the priest," Walsingham answered in a scornful tone. "Really, Mr. Topcliffe, such stupidity is inconceivable! Do you think that the man would wait at Woxindon for you? He is long ago over the hills and far away. Instead of patiently laying in wait for him on the spot, you come in triumph to London with two children, proclaiming your own folly, enraging me and bringing Her Majesty's government into contempt! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The best post for you will soon be one of the torturers in the Tower."

Topcliffe's countenance fell, while he listened to this tirade on the Secretary's part. Then he said : "I beg your worship not to be hard on me, and to remember how many mass-priests I have brought to the gallows. And I should have ceeded this time, for I had laid my snares devilish well, if I had been tricked so basely. I believe these two gentlemen here, more particularly Mr. Windsor, who pretends to be a physician, had no small share in deceiving me, and there fore I humbly beg that they may be arrested forthwith."

"You incorrigible blockhead!" exclaimed Walsingham. " Begone and bring the two Bellamys here to me at once. I will myself release them from custody, and do my utmost to compensate them for the fright they have received."

Topcliffe immediately retired, while Walsingham, turning to us, said in his excuse that the fellow had his good points, and was a useful ser vant of Her Majesty in the prosecution of the Jesuits and secular priests sent by the Pope into our country, and who were the cause o all the severity which the Queen who was the most merciful of rul ers, had of late years exercised towards Catholics. (I bethought my self of the hundreds who were put to death, and of the terrible penalties inflicted by law, long before Persons and Campion, who were the first Jesuits who came over, landed on our shores. But of course I kept these thoughts to myself.) "It would be greatly to the interest of you Catholics," continued Walsing "not to assist and harbor as you do these emmissaries of the Pope, whom our gracious Queen cannot but regard as her deadly emy, since the publication of the Bull of deposition, that most foolish act on the part of the usually wise Curia. The coming of these men is naturally a cause of great irritation to Her Majesty, the more so because of the extreme indulgence which she has shown for some years past, by commuting the sentence of death, passed on some hundred Je suits and seminary priests, into that of perpetual exile."

Much might have been said in answer to these assertions of Walsingham's, which he uttered in a grave,

of Scots is anything but satisfac ory. Her rheumatic pains are worse; she cannot sleep at night, and suffers from irritability and depression and depression

woman! This is not to be won-Poor dered at, after eighteen years of conment, and the bad tidings has about her royal son at she Of course liberty would be burgh. the only real cure for her ailments and it is not my fault that she is deprived of this boon. In fact, I addressed a memorial to the Queen, setting forth in full the reasons why she ought to release her Sister of Scotland. There it is"-and as he spoke he dret: a somewhat bulky document from under some papers. on his table-"there it is, if care to see it for yourselves, but. please remember that this is a state secret. Unfortunately, I must acknowledge that the arguments of my respected colleague, Lord Burghley, had more weight than mine, and the Privy Council is still of opinion, that it is necessary for the public welfare to keep Mary Stuart as a prisoner of state. So nothing

more can be done. However, I shall see that she is treated with all possible humanity. I proposed to send, a skilled physician to her, but she. declines my offer, because the man, was not a Catholic, and she was afraid his drugs might be too. strong for her. A person in her position naturally becomes somewhat suspicious. Now it has just occur-

red to me that the post of physician to the Queen of Scots would be very suitable for our young friend here, Mr. Windsor, not only on account of his lineage and learning, because he is unfortunately but (begging his pardon) a stubborn Catholic. What do you say to this. proposal, Doctor?"

It will readily be imagined how my heart leapt at this offer, so attractive and so unexpected! Babington nudged me with his elbow, to urge me to accept at once, as it. was evident that my presence at Chartley would be most advantageous for our project. The movement

did not escape Walsingham's notice. and a slight smile passed over his countenance. I suppressed the hasty acquiescence, which rose to my lips, made a formal speech of thanks. to my benefactor, and begged him to allow me a couple of days to consider the matter, lest my inexperienced shoulders were fit to bear the burden of so great an honor and responsibility. Walsingham commended me for my modesty, and bade me return within a week's time to let him know my decision.

As he finished speaking, the clock struck half-past ten. He rose and bade us farewell, shaking hands with us in the most cordial manner. As we were leaving the room, he added playfully : "Upon second thoughts, Mr. Babington, I think my suggestion that you should go to Court was rather ill-advised. It might occasion jealousies and intrigues, or even bloody duels, star arose to outshine Sir Walter Raleigh, who won her Majesty's favor at the cost of his cloak, not half so grand a one, by the bye, as that which you are wearing. So you had better beware how you launch your gallant bark on to such stormy eas. "Au revoir," dear sirs. and think of old Walsingham, who is not as bad as he is painted, as one of your best friends. What was I going to say? Oh, the two little Bellamys had better be sent to you, Mr. Windsor; you will be so good as to see that they reach Woxindon in safety. I believe you live in this neighborhood?" "Close by-next door to the Anch-

or on the Strand." 'That is all right. Pooley can

take the children to you, or perhaps my nephew St. Barbe had bet-

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FUNERAL

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IN PARIS.

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Coyle and her daughter

Father Quinlivan in Pau

after his arrival, both

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The pall-bearers we

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It was neo

Father Quinlivan had

icing the deep-seated

FATHER

more my poor child yonder, who is passing away. God reward you, Doctor, and if ever you need a service that old Bell can render you he will rather let himself be torn in pieces than fail you. Soall I carry you to shore, sir, or will you climb the ladder?"

I naturally chose the latter means of reaching my destination, and was soon in the room where the remainthe family were consuming der of supper of salt fish.

We must take our meals when w the old man remarked, as he kindled a lamp, to light me up the mewhat shaky stairs to the cham-There I found the poor above. girl in a high fever, struggling reath, on a straw pallet by the

"Oh you have come, Mr. Wind-or," she exclaimed "I thought the angel of whom you told me had come to call me away.'

should have come long ago," I explained. "but I had gone into the country and I have only just return-Take a little of this good physic I have brought you. Do you Mind, only one spoonful like it? every hour."

is delicious," the sufferer wered, sipping the wine I had pour-

House. truly thankful to you, sir, and still Lord Treasurer's mansion, near to which it was situated, but sufficiently imposing in contrast to the gen erality of London houses. Thanks to our fine clothes and Babington's asstudy, gentlemen. sumption of authority, the sentries who stood leaning on their halberds, let us pass without a word. The porter asked our names and

omparison to Burghley

called a young man, one Robert Pooley by name, a man of good birth and pleasing address, who was giving his services to Walsingham as unsalaried secretary, whilst wait-

ing for a post under government. I knew the young fellow by sight quite well, having often met him at various places of amusement. Babington seemed to be intimately acquainted with him; they greeted on another in the friendliest manner. I was introduced, and Pooley expres

ed himself as greatly delighted. He asked in what way he could be of service to us; when he heard that we desired an Interview with the Secretary of State, he said : "Then are about a dozen petitioners aldy waiting in the ante-chamb and some of them are influential persons. Besides, there is a meeting of the Privy Council at Lord Burgh ley's at 11 o'clock. But we must manage it somehow. I will take

you into the private ante-room and

had expected. The compliments paid to my companion greatly increased his sense of importance, and I will not deny that the incense offered at my shrine made me

everything through a rose-colored ze. Not until some months later did I perceive that his intention was to throw dust in our eys, so as to draw us simpletons more easily into his net.

Walsingham begged us to sit down in his room, and seated himself at a table which was covered with doct ments and papers of all kinds. He continued for several minutes speak of the pleasure our visit gave him. It came out that Babington's father and he had been fellow students at King's College, Cambridge ; they had known each other well, he said, but Babington had en by far the better scholar or the two. It was a pity, he con-

the offspring of your poetic talent. Mr. Windsor. Ha, ha, one has to knock one's He is new at bis pate against something very differwork, and we know that a young hound often mistakes the track ent to the stars when one gets older. Please to step into my poor the deer for th? slot of the wolf.'

It must be confessed that these Thus saying, Walsingham led us words were a great relief to both of into his private room, and it will readily be understood that we were us, as Babington showed very plain-We both thanked Walsingham ly. highly delighted at meeting with a for the good opinion he had of us reception so utterly unlike what we and assured him that Her Majesty had no more loyal subjects than ourselves. I then added the great kindness he showed us gave me courage to venture to lay another mat-ter before him. In a few brief but see forcible sentences, I told him what had occurred at Woxindon, concluding with these words :

to your judgment to decide whether such behaviour on Topcliffe's part, especially the arrest of a young lady not yet of age, and a boy ten years old, in the very room their father lay dead, is calculated to make Her Majesty's governmen more beloved. May I therefore request that you will give orders that both the children should be immediately set at liberty."

My story seemed to make an impression on Walsingham. He shook me by the hand, and thanked me for me by the hand, and thanked me for the good service I had done for the government. Then he sarg and in-

slowly from side to side, he shook his finger at me, and said: "Yes, mygood Windsor, there may be some truth in what that villain Topcliff

declared, that you had a hand in helping the Jesuit Edmund, of whom we are in search, to escape. Believe intentions me, it is with the best that I warn you to abstain from meddling in such matters for the future, or else you may meet with rougher handling than you will find agreeable. For the nonce, however we will wink at your doings, in order not to spoil the pleasure of our first interview."

I thanked him for this proof of his good will, and rose to go, saying we had already trespassed too much on his valuable time. But he beg ged us to stay a few minutes longer, as he could not consider his time otherwise than well spent in the

endeavor to disabuse the minds of two young men of talent and rank of their prejudices, especially those that related to Her Majesty's proceedings. "To prove my sincerity," he continued, "my dear Mr. Wind sor, I may perhaps be able to help you to a rise in your profession. have recently received intima

ter go. Once more good day to you!" So saying, with a polite bow, which we returned, he went back into his cabinet.

CHAPTER X.-In the entrance hall we found Robert Pooley waiting for us. Babington, who was almost beside himself for joy, literally fell upon his neck, exclaiming: "Hurrah for the Lord Secretary of State! Never amongst non-Catholics have I found a man of such good sense and good feeling, never did think that I should find one." In fact he was so boisterous in his rejoicing, that some of the clerks came out of the office, to see what the noise was about. I put my arm through his, and tried to get him way, but he would not be checked, and invited all present to join us at the Anchor, and drink Walsingham's health in a bottle of canary.

(To be continued.)



but a little late, by Mi whom Father Quinlivan on his arrival in Paris H. Fabre who assisted vice, several called at among whom may be n Dr. and Mrs. Geo. J. H Emile Vanier, Mr. Chas Mr. Edward Montet. I h these three last named not known until then. priests and laymen w probably come, had th vited sooner. One of t solations of Father Qu a letter from the priests rick's, which he wishes read to him the last de he was still well, and , most affectionate words correspondent concludes ing the fervent prayer : Lord and St. Patrick

A.O.H. RESOLUTIO Roard of the Ancient Board of the Ancient bernians, held on the 1 following resolutions "Whereas, the sorrow the unexpected death

children.