A MODERN RESURBECTION. A MIRACLE THAT TOOK PLACE IN OUR MIDST UN-KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC-THE DETAILS IN FULL.

(Detroit Free Press.) One of the most remarkable cocurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge, and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows : Mr. William A. Orom. ide, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue, in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject, and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said :

"I had been having most peculiar sensa. sions for a long white. My head felt duli and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so plear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an affort to arise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthumissm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade my. self it was simply a cold or a little malaris. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bloot fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued so until I could scarceby sec out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said:

*It is an animated something, but I should like to know what. In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony."

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery oulminated. Nature could endure no more. I became itrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with the surroundings. I knew nothing of what contrid around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion, I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my oves was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible It was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way, and all was a blank. How long this pontinued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends, and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not cortain. I gradually regained conscicusness, however, and the palu lessened. I found that my friends had, during my un-consciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Bafe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Orombie," said the mitter who had been the recital. breathlessly lister

"Yes, I think ! ..., ' was the reply, "and It has been a v legeon to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same aliment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidmey disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to atzaok each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people to-day than any other complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham Eccentric, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterd sy, and in the course of conversation Mr. Cromble's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the Eccentric that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful DASe."

Bev. A. B. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Ohurch, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied : "Mr. W. A. Crombie was a member of

my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the Church were requested for him on different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a

Not one person in a million ever comes so mear death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end are legion. To mote the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this: they are on the sure road to death who neg-

Louisville will have a crematory.

Home Items. -"All your own fault If you remain slok when you can

Get Hop Bitters that never-Fail. The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use Hop Bitters with saiety and great good.

-Old men tottering around from Rheumstiam, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using Hop Bitters.

-My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend

them to my people. - Methodist clergyman. Ask any good doctor if hop Bitters are not the best family medicine

On earth. -Malarial fever, agus and billousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop

-" My mother drove the paralysis and

neuralgia all out of her system with Hop Bitters."—Ed. Oswego Sun. -Keep the kidneys healthy with Hop Bit-

ters and you need not fear slokness. -loe water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with Hop Bitters in

each draught. -The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in Hop Bitters,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S TRIBUTE, IN THE BOSTON "GLOBE,"

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate the that shaltered the young green wood? For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields from the flood? For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be worn, And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its earth return; And tears are never for those who die with their face to the duty done; But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the fields where the wild waves run. From the midst of the flock he defended, the trave one has gone to his rest; And the tears of the poor he befriended, their wealth of affection attest. From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily saw, Set over against the law books, of a Higher than Human Law; For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a prophet's cry, To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who bated, the threatening voice has past; But the lives of those who believe to the death, are not blown like a leaf on the blast. A sower of infinite seed was he. a woodman that hewed to the light, Who dared to be traitor to Union when the Union was traitor to Right!

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand
That the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land.
"Disturber" and "Dreamer," the Philistines cried when he preached an ideal creed,
"Ill they learned that the men who have changed the world with the world have disagreed;
That the remnant is right, when the meases are led like sheep to the pen;
For the instinct of equity slumbers till routed by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a King and write them down in a book; New men. new lights; and the code of the fathers the sons may never brook what is liberly now were license then; their freedom our yoke would be; And each new decade must have new men to determine its liberty. Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front the while: Shale it growd its bulk on the farm-puths, or clear to the outward file? Its pioneers are those treamers who heed neither tongue nor pen Of the human spiders whose slik is wove from the lives of tolling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial! But weep not, rather rejoice,!
For his fearless life and his fearless death; for his true unequaled voice.
Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human right;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the weak one's fight;
For his soul numoved by the mob's wild shout or the social encer's disgrace;
For his fre-born spirit that drew no line between class and creed and race.

Come, workers, here was a teacher, and the lesson he taught was good. Come, workers, here was a teacher, and the lesson he taught was good.
There are no classes or races, but one human brotherhood;
There are no creeds to be hated, no colors of ski... debarred;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrong—one right, one hope, one guard;
The right to be free and the hope to be just and the guard against se fish greed.
By his life he taught, by his death we learn the great reformer's creed;
And the unseen chaplet is brightest and best which the tell-worn hands lay down
Ou his coffin, with grief, love, honor—their sob, their kiss, and their crown.

THE QUEEN'S SECRET

CHAPTER XLV .- Continued.

"Av coorse he has," responded Reddy. Bedad, it's taken he may be by this time; and begorra, if Houghton once gets him in his clutches, with the rage he's in, after his disappointment, be'll not wait for judge or jury, but shoot him on the spot. So, as

I was sayin', yer ladyship, the scorer ye send some one to put him on his guard the batther." And again rising, he made a low bow to the worthy dame, and was turning to leave when she hinted something about sending herself.

"O, bedad, it's myself id do it, an a hundred times more, for my kind protecthur an friend,' replied Beddy; "an shure it's well he decarves it from me, and ill it id by my expectin' me to the funeral.'

"Nay, thou'lt excuse thyself to thy friends." pleaded Mrs. Sowall, the more urgently as Reddy began to appear reluctant.

"O, may I niver do harm, mam, but its clane out iv all manner iv raisin."

"I shall reward thee right bountifully." "O, begorra, I darn't, mam; it id go clane agin' my conscience to desart my own flesh an blood, that way, in a strange country. Why, if it was any thing in raisin, ye know ----"

"But I have none I can trust, my good friend, it being a most delicate and dangerous matter; and since thou'rt privy to the affair from the beginning -"Shure haven't ye Masther Davidson?"

Interrupted Reddy. "Nay, nay," she responded, "Davidson is ore in Sir Thomas Plimpton's fidence of late than bodes us much security."

run up stairs to shoot me, a while ago. Can't ye send him?" " Pehaugh, he's but a blundering bumpkin, and would spoil the game. Here, take this," she continued, drawing a well-filled purse

from her bosom, and pressing it in Reddy's reluctant hand-"take this-it will hire thee a horse, an thoul't need onc-"O, murdher, murdher, mam, jewel, an

what'll my friends say whin they miss me at the funeral ?" muttered Reddy, looking like a thief just sentenced to the gailows. "Grameroy for thy friends," she replied.

Marry, friends indeed! better gerve the living than the dead."

She then directed him to proceed immediately to a fisherman's cabin, some three miles down the river, below the last bridge on the Southwark side, and distant but two or three hundred paces from the house, occupied, as a summer lodge, by Sir William Ceoil, her mejesty's chief secretary. She informed him her husband had that morning sent her intelligence by a friend, that he intended carrying the specie to the hut that very night, (taving sent the greater part of the plate thither two days before,) and would remain there until he heard from her again; and furthermore, if he had good reason to believe Houghton, or his subordinates, had already reached London, and were in close pursuit, he should take passage in the first fishing-smack for Holland, and remain there till the storm had spent itself. " And now," concluded the good wife, "since thou'rt so prudent aud trusty a friend, hie instantly to the hut; and should heat no tidings of him there,

get thee a horse, and proceed on the Luxton road, till thou'st found him in the disguise of a Jew packman. and then advise him as may best suit the present aspect of the case. And as thou carriest thyself in this affair, shall it hereafter be rewarded unto thee. And now

speed thee on the road, for each moment's delay carrieth danger with it." "Bedad, may be the fisherman won't acknowledge me as a friend, 'ithout a token,"

observed Beddy. " Ah, verlly I had forgotten that," replied Mrs. Sewall. "And truly, Tom Outwater is a most shrewd and conning knave and might show thee little grace an thou ventured to father, old Abel Cutwater, for as many. Tom meddle in this affair without a token for hath seen as much sea life, I trow, and

will win thee fair speeches from the old fish-

erman. And now, once more, away, and tar-

ry not by the road." Reddy, after the most solemn assurances of his determination not to rest till he saw the good lady's husband, and apprised him of his danger, took his final leave of the worthy other side in his time, if report belie him not, dame, and stepping from the hall door for the last time, with a knowing wink and a psculiar motion of his forefinger, to indicate the necesity of silence and caution, at length

Having related to the honest apprentice what passed during the long interview, much to the latter's amusoment and satisfaction, Reddy acquainted him with his intention of securing whatever plunder Sewall had already deposited at Tom Outwater's, and then | quaff his ale, and sing his song o' nights; make all haste to meet the steward as far there be few tars anchored at port with fuller

sallied out to rejoin his friend Sam Wab-

purposes he requested his friend's company and assistance. Sam having readily consented, they set about making the necessary preparations. In this employment we must now leave them, and beg the reader to accompany us a few miles down the river, to witness scenes of an entirely different description.

CRAPTER XLVI.

When her majesty the queen had reached Tinton, Sir William Caoil's retreat on the left bank of the Thamss, accompanied, by Lady Harrington, her constant and faithful companion, her vice chamberlain, two or three gentlemen of the stole and bed chamber, and Sir Nicholas Bacon, whose philosophy had not hitherto been able to preserve him from the corruption of the court, the secretary met the cortege at the stairs, and reverently hissing her majesty's hand as she stepped on the silken carpet from the state barge, conducted her to his common to refuse him in this amplush residence amid a profusion of lights, he's in; but in troth, mam, it's out iv my power entirely by raisin is an cunt's son i' and loyal welcomes. It was remarked by mine that's a buryin' the day, an they'll be tered the lodge and disappeared from public view, that her mejesty's suit was unusually small on this occasion, and consisted only of those employed immediately about her person,-none of the foreign amb sesadors being present, a thing quite unusual on such excursions,—and what was still more strange, even the Earl of Leicester himself was ab-Benf:

"O, there be reason for that," said one of the crowd; " his lordship being wounded at the broil in Whinstone Hollow, bath not yet quit-

ted his bed." "Grameroy for thy news," said another; hearty. I saw him not two hours gone speaking with my Lord Montague, at the Tower

steps." "Marry, then," put in a third, "there's but little love between the pair, the earl being a token.' most stanch hater of all Papists and Papistry, "Well, there's a fine strappin' fellow that and my Lord Montague a right obstinate fautor of the same. And did they draw down their brows at each other, Master Randel, or challenge to mortal combat, as they were like to do in the Parliament House last week?" "As for that, I know not," replied the other: "I but heard the Lord Montague say. as he passed the earl, that the lady should not want a defender, nor come to injury, whilst he could stand up in her cause; and the earl smiled thereat, and bowed most ap-

provingly; so they are somewhat more friendly, I trow." "Ay, he speaketh bold enough for a Papist.'

"Bold-humph! I'd have him look to it neighbor; for by my good certies, an the queen disliketh his intermeddling in this matter of her religion, as report goeth, all the Spanish Catholicity he learnt from King bilip will hardly save him."

Whilst such conversation was passing in the crowd gathered on the steps leading to the secretary's residence, two men were observed to steal by, and without the least hesitation, enter the house as if they had been invited, or were members of the secretary's household. These men were evidently strangers, nevertheless, as appeared by their dress and deportment. Both wore long, black cloaks, muffling their faces, and broad-brimmed hats of a different fashion from those worn in England at the time.

"Those foreigners would pass unknown," said a sailor-looking fellow, leaning against the handrall of the steps, "as if they feared to look upon honest men's faces; and yet, by my certies, an they be knaves, they be lucky ones, for they come hither in as tight built a wherry, and as trim, as any I've seen on these waters for a twelvementh gene."

"Foreigners?" inquired a tall, dark-faced man at his side.

"Ay, be they, I'll warrant; for I saw them leave that French craft anchored there beyoud the royal barge yester eve, and land at Tom Cutwater's in a punt, where they hid themselves since like a pair of owls, never once showing their faces till sundown. " Tom Cutwater, didst thou say? ha! lives

he in this neighborhood?" "Within a cable's length of the steps," an-

swered the sailor, "and hath lived there for five and twenty years; and lolks say his thine honesty. So here, take this ring; it | weathered as many storms, as any between here and Havre. But now he hath hauled up, and lives at home to sing his old sea songs and quaff his pot o' ale o' nights with his neighbors."

"He hath conveyed many a yard o' Flem ish lace, and dozens o' French hose, from the observed the tail man.

"Ay, marry hath he," responded the sailor; "and many a fair dame of our good olty hath emptied her purse in Tom's horny palm, in exchange for his rich waren. There's my wlfe's sister, the buxom Mistress Sewall, of Blinder Lane, who trips it to church on Sunday with as gay head-gear as any in the balliwick; she could tell, I'll warrant thee, how Tom drives a bargain for his foreign wares. Ah, marry, well may he from the city as possible—for both which pouch than Tom Cutwater."

"And this Mrs. Sewall," pursued the stranger, inquisitively, " is passing rich?" "Ay, indifferently well for her time, and the

。中国各种企业的中国企业的企业,是由于一个企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业。 1961年1月1日 1

small wages of her husband." "Humph! is her good man at service?"
"Ay, is he these five years and more down in Worcestershire, with an old Papist as rich as my Lord Leicester, from whom he ex-peoteth good store of gold at his death." "Hast not heard he left Worcestershire? inquired the stranger.

"Not I; what! with all his expectancies? Gadzooks! but now that I remember on't, there came various boxes and packages last night to Tom Outwater's charge, the which the cautious old seaman cared not to babble the cautious old seaman cared not to babble less speeches; get thee ready instantly of, he said, being the goods of a friend flying and let us in pursuit of this fellow, or at the country for debt, and awaiting a cast over to Disppe,"

When the speaker had finished the sen tence, he turned round, probably to make some inquiry into Sewall's unexpected departure from Worcestershire : but the stranger was gone : and as it is with the latter particularly that our business is at present, we must follow him without further delay.

Rapidly descending the steps, he turned to the left, and making his way through boats, chains, coils of rope, barrels, and anchors, came at length in front of a fisherman's hut, or cabin, before which lay sundry spars and sails, as if the owner had been making pre-parations for a cruise. The habitation though low and thatched, was of considerable length, and more comfortable in appearance than most of those in the vicinity.

Raising the laich, the stranger entered without the least ceremony, and seating him-self unbidden on a beach near the fire, at which the proprietor himself was engaged discussing the merits of a foaming tankard, begged to know if Master Sewall was there

"And what be thy business of him?" demanded Tom, laying down his fiszon on the table, and throwing one leg across the other in a very social and scamanlike manner.

"Why, I've heard of his quitting Brookton, Master Cutwater," replied the stranger, "and being an old acquaintance, would like to see ton had closed the door behind him. He him."

"Humph!" ejaculated Tom, eying the tall man knowingly, "thou'rt most likely to find bim at his wife,s, I trow." " Nay, I inquired of the good dame some

two hours gone, and she directed me hither, saying her worthy husband had sent various packages and boxes to thy charge from Worcestershire."

" By my troth, it's som'at strange," observed Tom, with an incredulous smile, "that the good dame should acquaint so many with her husband's private doings. It's but the matter of an hour, or thereby, since she sent a burly, blundering, half-witted Irishman here with a wagon for the packages; and were't not for the token he had to vouch for his honesty, I know not but the host-hook and his cranium had made their acquaintance, in requital for his sauciness.

" An Irishman, didst thou say ?"

"Ay, marry; and a sly, witty knave withal," " A tall, curly-headed, stalwart-looking

churl, was he not, ch?" "O, a most sturdy variet; and by my sooth, the oudgel he carried might well have frightened a whole ship's crew."

"D-n!" muttered the stranger, "It must be that infernal Connor; and so thou'st given him the packages."

" Most truly I have," replied Tom; "and the more readily," he added, coolly up his tankard and leering at the stranger, " since Sewali was airaid of a certain Mas-ter Houghton coming this way with no "wounded, forsooth; the noble earl is right | friendly intentions towards himself, though with regards for his packages. And so being goesip of the honest steward and his and two stout sailors standing in it through the throng, made a desperate right well-wishing dame, I cared not to re- with oars in their hands, ready to spring after him, and had actually laid fuse her messenger, especially with such a shove off at y moment's warning, token.' Secure the child!" sgain shouted

Houghton, jeeringly,—for the stranger was no the din like a trumpet in a storm. "Secure other,—"thou'st delivered the plate to Reddy it at all risks—throttle the witch—plate the Connor, the recusant's serving man, who, we | hag through the gullet !" thought, had been consumed in the fismes together with his master."

"What! he whom Sewall feared so much?' cried the astonished Tom, beginning to suspect a trick. " The same; he hath doubtless discovered

the steward's residence in Blinder Lane, and hoodwinked his wite." "Impossible, man : nav. nav. he must be s

more cunning knave than I take him for, to deceive the cautious Mrs. Sewall." " Ha, ha! gramercy, man, he could deceive the devil himself, and laugh at him to boot.

O, he's a most unconscionable villain." "Att sure he escaped from the fire?" inquired Tom Cutwater, feeling more and more uneasy as he now reflected on Beddy's peouliarity of conduct and manner whon demand-

ing the packages. "Alive or dead," responded Houghton, rising and preparing to leave, " none could play that trick but the devil or Reddy Connor. Zounds, man. I could tell thee how he maltreated myself; but time presses, and I must leave. O, the mild-faced, oczening

wretch!" "The villain i" sjaculated Tom; "the sly, simple-looking damnable villain!" He told me as how Sewall had sent him with a message to his wife, to wit, that Connor and his master were burnt, and there was none to fear now but the avaricious and blood-thirsty Houghton, who, doubtless, would keep on the watch, and seize him on his entrance into the city; and what made the matter more truth-like," added Tom Cutwater, "Sewall himself hath sent mas similar message."

"Harkee, Master Cutwater," said trooper, buttoning his doublet about him; being a friend of Master Sewail's, thoul't be hardly one of mine, I trow, since doubtlesss he hath told thee how matters stood between us at Brookton. But I see not, natheless, why this Irish Papist boor should carry off property to which neither religion nor the law of the land entitles him: and therefore I would advise that Sewell and ourselves both forget what hath passed, and set out in pursuit of this fellow, in order to recover the plate for our mutual advantage eh? What savest thou to that?"

"Why, man, I know not whither he hath carried the booty," gruffly responded Tom, now angry with himself for having permitted so silly a looking churl as Reddy Connor to impose on him. "Odds, tar and tow ropes! did I but know where he steered for, I should willingly get my old gear in order, and give him chase right willingly; not that I care much for grappling with him on thy account, but so damnable a trick as this bath not been practised on Tom Cutwater since he first handled a handspike."

" Micreover," added Houghton, "being a beggarly foreigner, and a cutthroat Romanist.

he deserveth the gallows." "Humph! as for that," muttered Tom, "it's but little soncern to me; for Tom Cutwater cares not a bodle whether the queen or the pope hath the weather-gauge; an old sailor hath little business to meddle with strange aback when he hath spent well nigh forty Years driving an honest trade with all kinds

'land sharks and water dogs from Marsellles o Havre, not to speak of a cast among the Dutckman's puddles once a year or so, and no lubberly foreigner o' them all ever yet able to take the wind o' my salls; now I say, to find myself laid on my beam ends by this half-tamed Irishman—Psaugh it maketh me doubt whether I be old Tom Cutwater still, or some poor devil cast ashore on a false reckoning."

"Hearken, then, Master Outwater," re-peated the trooper, impatient of Tom's loguacity ; " we have little time to spare in useleast give me some clew to his whereabouts." "And what advantage might that be, an thou find not the plate?" demanded Tom. " Nay, a pistol at his ear will soon find the

plate, I'll warrant it?" "He, he !" laughed the old sallor; "an I secompenied thee, I fear me much a pistol bullet would be my share of the prize also; so I'll even stay at home, Master Houghton, leaving thyself and the Irishman to fight for the silver an ye like. Natheless, since the villain hath so befooled me, I would fain see him punished, and, therefore, I may tell thee Master Sawali is expected to come by the Luxton road, and doubtless thou't find the lrishman somewhere in that direction, waiting to ease the honest steward of his

money bags." "Ah, the Luxton road; doth it not run by Wimbleton?"

"Traly doth it; so haste thee, thou'lt find him there; for few travellers pass that way without alighting to quaff a stoup with Oliver Goodulff, the fat host of the Whitehorse of Wimbleton. Away! hie thee on, good sir, and watch the variet well," concluded Tom, turning to resume his fligon, and then mumbling in an under tone, "The

Tom Outwater's countenance were an expression of disappointment and chargrin as he sat down again on the bench, after Houghpaused for a moment to reflect, with the fisgon resting on his knee. "Odds, tars and tow ropes," shoulders of her detenders; both times, he muttered to bimself, "this is sum'at beyond my calculation. I had hoped to make something o' this business, and here Still he pushed forward to execute his mur.

now have I suffered a clown to whip it out descussintent; but the spaewife, regardless of o' my hands like a running foresheet in a the proximity of his weapon, stepped upon gale o' wind. Well, well, there's a chance for Bewall still; while the dogs worry each other, the cur often escapes. But, hark, what's all fire to the hearts and strength to their arms, this sudden clamor?" he cried, starting up She looked so wild and unearthly up there and spilling the ale over the hearth in the florry of his excitement; " maybap these Franch epies, attacked by the mob," he curtinued, mistaking the cause of the uprear. Ha, ha! I thought their black cloaks and slouched bats should win them little favor

The noise now increased every moment, and amongst the rattling of arms, which met the old sallor's sar as he opened the door, he could clearly distinguish the ting cry of an infant, and the voice of some one shout. ing to secure it at all risks. The crowd had gathered within a few paces of the secretary's steps, and the fimbeaux, which at that moment were lighting the royal train on its return to the barge, threw their red glare full on the faces of the rioters. The cry of the infant was now repeated again and again from the centre of the group, and was heard distinctly, notwithstanding the rattling of caken staves against the pike heads and halberts of Ceoil's retainers, who happened to be on guard at the time for the queen's protection. A few steps farther down, with her sharp bows touching the dry sand, was a small skiff

hereaways."

"And so-and so, being a friend," repeated same stern voice, in tones that told above

" Hugh! hell-pet, I'm no gaun to thraw its wizen for't, and then fling it among the tumetancer," cried Nell Gower; "na, na, Robert Southron, I'm na murderer, I ween. Come, my bonnie lade," she continued, turning to her trusty followers, "mak way, mak way to the boat, for I has sworn by the cross and the mass to save the bairn gin I awing

'The spacwife-the shaewife!' exclaimed pikeman, recognizing her voice : "stab the old she devil? and making a plunge of his wespon over the shoulders of the rioters, fairly ran it through Nell's hood, and tearing it off her head, exposed to the gaze of the multitude her flery countenance, and long gray locks tossed over her shoulders in wild dis order.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the dauntless old woman in a scornful tone, as she glanced round the fearful circle of pikes and halberts now gleaming in the torchight; "he, hal puir daft silly sau . . canna harm memy hour is na com; ; God has glen me a promise o' years, and me an init to bide it. Noo then, my douce call she continued. in a voice clearly audition above the shouts and curses, the ringing of staves against the steel weapons of her assailants, and the cry of voices from the royal barge, whose companies began to feel interested also in the fato of the infant; "noo then, my bonnie lads, gle't them wi' the pith o' yer stout airms; gie't the dogs wi' a sougch; yai, yai! that's it lads; that sound gaes to my heart; O! 16's music to my suld cars. Weel done, Ned, my bonnie man! doon wi' the cowards-drive ower the necks of the beagles-think o' the massacre o' Whinstone Hollow, an the martyred priest; O, think o't, think o't, and strike wi'the pith and grit o' yer Itish thews, till they enap in the stretchin'. Guid God, guid God!" she ejaoulated, looking up in earnest supplication to heaven, "gie them strength to win through wit, for the fate o' twa the purest and bonniest in a' the land dipend on the life o' the

bastard bairn." The royal barge, now freed from her moorings, fell down the stream a few fathoms, ere her long oars could be got in the rowlooks, and the boatmen ready for rowing, and thus happened to glide stern on to the punt that lay waiting to carry off the child.

The queen, who sat immediately before the captain, surrounded by her courtiers, now found herself within ten yards of the combatants, and happening to hear the name of the "spacwife" distinctly pronounced by different voices in the crowd by different voices in the crowd in connection with an abducted infant, suddenly became so troubled and exolted that the captain, attributing her alarm a moment, "what cause could we have? to the fear of personal injury, shouted to the cause; we have no special cause; we thought boatmen to stretch to their oars and pull away from shore.

By this time the fight grew desperate, and assumed quito a serious character, some twenty men being engaged on either sidethe blue blownes with their heavy onken staver, and their antagoniets with pikes, patronels, the latter of which, however, were engear o' that kind, I trow; but I tell thee what, them in the dense crush of the fray. Clear Master Houghton, it takes an old seamanshort shove all the din was Nell's voice still heard haranguing her followers to drive on and save the bairn.

"Down 1' the cutthroat dogs !" she vociferated, her voice coming out shill from the hoarse roar of the mele; "down wi them!" shouted the fearless old woman; God's on yer side, an ye need na fear outwi' yer dhirks now, and rive ilka hound's heart o' them; awa' wi' yer cude els, ye canna use them mare; awa' wi' them, an grip the besgles by the throat; on, on wi yel drive on—drive on in God's name, my douce cal-lants; drive on for the guid queen ye ken o', en the bonnie lass o' Brockton."

"Shoot down the spaewife!" suddenly sceamed Elizabeth, no longer able to restrain herselt; "shoot her down!" she cried, springing on the gunwale, and balancing by the hold of Sir Nicholas Becon's collar, which she had grasped in the flurry of excitement. "Shoot her down—the beldam! she deserveth well to die; shoot her down, and put an end to this murderous fray."

"My liege, my liege, "entreated the courtier, taking the queen gently by the arm to draw her back, "this is somewhat unseemly; I implore your majesty not to expose your

sacred person thus."
"What, man!" 'jaoulated Elizabeth, turning a wild and almost savage scowl upon her councillor; " better she were killed, and stop this fearful carnage; die she must sooner or later,"

"Stretch to your oars, men!" thundered the captain, impatient of the delay; pull with a will; boa! there, bow oar, shove her cff-shove her off!"

"Drive off the two boatmen, there," con. tinued the queen, trembting lest the child should escape, and almost reckless of excit. ing suspician by her extraordinary interest in the scene. But while she was speaking, the bratmen shoved off the punt about the length of an oar from the sand; for the riot more each other's bloodye spill, the better ers had now reached the water's edge, and it ior Master Sawali." was no longer safe, either for themselves or the frail eggshell they managed, to remain

there longer. Southron hed by this time fought his way through the crowd, dagger in hand, within arm's length of Nell Gower, and twice tried to stab her by plunging his weapon over the shoulders of her detenders; both times,

the lifeless body of one of her assatiants, and harangued her followers in words that carried on the breast of the corpse-her long wiry gray locks streaming behind her, her right arm raised in furlous genticulation, whilst the light of the torches irradiated her fiery countenance, that Southron himself, vil-Inin and murderer as he was, stood amazed

and appalled. But he soon recovered his self-possession, and again aiming a blow, missed the body as before. This time, however, in drawing back the dagger, he tore off the gray cloak, and Neil stood before him in her blue bodice, unbampered and erect-the infant was gone.

A cry then broke from the crowd that the ohild was killed; and as the words met the queen's ear, a smile brightened on her face lize that on a reprieved criminal's when the jeller announces to him the glad tidings. But her pleasure was of short duration; for hardly had the first cry died away, when a dwarf with the babe in its arms, was observed to creep out through the legs of the combatants, and plunging into the water, make its

way to the boat.

Now again was the shout raised from barge and shore, to rescue the child; and Southron. who was first to detect the dwarf crushing hold of Whitret Machairn, doubtless with the intention of drowning ling him, when fortunately for the creature, a stout arm come at that moment to his asi sistance.

Reddy Connor, who had just then returned from the Whitehorse of Wimbleton, efter depositing his master's plate in the cellar, and delivering the money bags he had recovered from Sewall to the charge of honest Oliver, now came thundering along on horseback through barrels and anchors, ropes and spars, reckless of life and limb, to the scene oi conflict. Nell's watchful eyesaw him as he appeared in sight waving his knotted cudgel above his head, and shouting back to Sam Wabble, his faithful associate, to come

"Drive ower them, the dogs!" cried the spacwife; "spare no a bane in their thewless bodies; on wi' ye, my faithfu' callant, and save the bairn at a' rieks;" and as she spoke she pointed to the water, and then waved her bare, thin arm, as if to give more speed to his

Reddy perceived in an instant how matters stood, and rushing his horse at the crowd. drove through it like a whirlwind through a field of wheat, and opened a passage to the shore over prostrate bodies and broken age to the shore over prostrate bodies and broken bones. But the fiery animal, happening to miss his step among the rough stones, fell forward, and threw Reddy into the water close by the very spot where Southron was struggling with the

dwart. On recovering his feet, the stout Celt sprung on his burly Saxon, and twisting his fingers in his cravat, swung him round till

he brought him face to face. "Look at me, base, cowardly Bassenagh i" he cried; "remember the blow at the Paycook; unhand the dwarf, and defend your-

Southron, on recognizing the voice and face of his old tormentor, let go his mortal grasp of Whitret's throat and drew his dagger. "Now, then," he orled, grinding his teeth, "we have met again; and I swear by all the fortes of hell thou'it never part me living." Reddy stepped back to evade the blow, as Southron made a thrust with his weapon. Both now stood within a few feet of the royal barge, which had been at this time held fast by some loose cordage that trailed from her stern, and got foul of a sunk anchor, despite

all the efforts of the caremen to free her. "There!" oried the queen, "look-lookthe child's in the skiff! sink it, sink it!" she ejaculated, carnestly calling to those around her as if her very existence depended on its

destruction. " Most gracious madam," said a half dozen courtless in a breath, "this would be murder,

and for no reason that we wot of." " Reason! what reason? nay, nay, my good sirs," she exclaimed, frightened at length at —that is—O, it matters not," she muttered, sinking back again in her cushioned seat,

confused and disappointed. Whilet this little scene was passing, Reddy and Southron had been engaged in mortal combat, as we have already observed, within a few feet of the royal barge. Southron had now driven back his antagonist up to his tirely harmless, it being impossible to use knees in the water, and sgain made a desperate attempt to reach him with his dagger. Reddy

(Continued on Third Pape.)