

A MODERN RESURRECTION. A MIRACLE THAT TOOK PLACE IN OUR MIDST UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC—THE DETAILS IN FULL.

(Detroit Free Press) One of the most remarkable occurrences 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. Crombie, 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 sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort 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 enthusiasm. 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 of the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malady. 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 blot 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 scarcely see 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 culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational 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 other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred 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 eyes 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 continued 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 certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation. I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the blotting 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 Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was vitally in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital. "Yes, I think it was," was the reply, "and it has been a most interesting lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney 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 attack 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 late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham Eccentric, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation Mr. Crombie'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 his next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. B. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, 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 miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end are legion. To note 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 neglect it."

Louisville will have a crematory.

Home Items.

All your own fault. If you remain slob when you can get Hop Bitters that never fails.

The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use Hop Bitters with safety and great good.

Old man tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble and 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.

Malicious fever, ague and biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive.

My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with Hop Bitters.—Ed. Orange Sun.

Keep the kidneys healthy with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness.

Ice 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 one that sheltered 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 feedings left on the waste, and the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one has gone to his rest; And the tears of the poor he benighted, their wealth of affection attest. From the midst of the people he 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 hated, 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. "Disorder!" and "Dreamer," the Philistines cried when he preached an ideal creed, Till they learned that the men who were the world's wrongs had disapproved; That the remnant is right, when the masses are led like sheep to the pen; For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a King and write them down in a book; There are no classes of men, but one; and the fathers the sons may never brook. What is liberty now? Must be license then; their freedom our yoke would be; And each new decade must have new men to determine its liberty. Marking its marching army, with a broadening wing, the white wings of the wind, Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or clear to the outward field? Its pioneers are those streamers who lead neither tongue nor pen Of the human spiders whose silk it wove from the lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial! But weep not, rather rejoice; For his fearless life and his fearless death; for his true unequalled voice. Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human right; For his brave heart always ready to pierce the weak one's flight; For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout or the socialist's angry diatribe; For his free-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. There are no classes of men, but one; but one brotherhood; There are no creeds to be hated, no colors of silk debarr'd; Making 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 such greed. By his life he taught, by his death we learn the goal to which we should tread. And the unseen chaplet is brightest and best which the toil-worn hands lay down On his coffin, with grief, love, honor—their sob, their kiss, and their crown.

THE QUEEN'S SECRET

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

"Av course he has," responded Biddy. "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, he'll not wait for judge or jury, but shoot him on the spot. So, as I was sayin', yer ladyship, the sooner ye send some one to put him on his guard the better." And again rising, he made a low bow to the worthy dame, and was turning to leave when she halted something about sending herself.

"O, bedad, it's myself id do it, an hundred times more, for my kind protector an' friend," replied Biddy; "an shure it's well he deserves it from me, and till it id by my common to refuse him in this amplex he's in; but in troth, mam, it's out iv my power entirely by raisin iv an' out iv my mine that a burly day, an they'll be expectin' me to the funeral."

"Nay, thou'lt excuse thyself to thy friends," pleaded Mrs. Sowell, the more urgently as Biddy began to appear reluctant. "O, may I never do harm, mam, but its clane out iv all manner iv raisin."

"I shure reward thee right bountifully."

"O, begorra, I darnt, mam; it id go clane agin' my conscience to desert 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'lt pry to the affair from the beginning—"

"Shure haven't ye Masher Davidson?" interrupted Biddy.

"Nay, nay," she responded, "Davidson is more in Sir Thomas Plimpton's especial confidence of late than bodes us much security."

"Well, there's a fine strappin' fellow that ran up stairs to shoot me, a while ago. Can't ye send him?"

"Fehagh, 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 Biddy's reluctant hand—"take this—it will hire thee a horse, an' thou'lt murder, mam, jewel, an' whall my friends say when they miss me at the funeral?" muttered Biddy, looking like a thief just sentenced to the gallows.

"Gramercy for thy friends," she replied. "Marry, friends indeed! better serve 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 Southward side, and distant but two or three hundred paces from the house, occupied, as a summer lodge, by Sir William Ocell, her majesty's chief secretary. She informed him her husband had that morning sent her intelligence by a friend, that he intended carrying the spoils to the hut that very night, (having 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 subordinate, 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 and trusty a friend, he instidly to the hut; and should have no tardiness of him there, get thee a horse, and proceed on to the Luxton road, till thou'rt 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'rt carried 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, 'thout a token," observed Biddy.

"Ah, verily I had forgotten that," replied Mrs. Sowell. "And truly, Tom Outwater is a most shrewd and cunning knave, and might show thee little grace an' thou ventured to meddle in this affair without a token for thyself. So here, take this ring; it will win thee fair speeches from the old fisherman. And now, once more, away, and tarry not by the road."

Biddy, 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 dame, and stepping from the hall door for the last time, with a knowing wink and a peculiar motion of his forehead, to indicate the necessity of silence and caution, at length sallied out to rejoin his friend Sam Wabble.

Having related to the honest apprentice what passed during the long interview, much to the latter's amusement and satisfaction, Biddy acquainted him with his intention of securing whatever plunder Sowell had already deposited at Tom Outwater's, and then make all haste to meet the steward as far from the city as possible—for both whar-

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.

CHAPTER XLVI.

When her majesty the queen had reached Tintop, Sir William Ocell's retreat on the left bank of the Thames, 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 majesty's hand as she stepped on the silken carpet from the state barge, conducted her to his residence amid a profusion of lights, crowds of musicians, smiling faces and loyal welcome. It was remarked by some of the bystanders, as the procession entered the lodge and disappeared from public view, that her majesty's suit was unusually small on this occasion, and consisted only of those employed immediately about her person—none of the foreign ambassadors being present, a thing quite unusual on such occasions—and what was still more strange, even the Earl of Leicester himself was absent.

"O, there be reason for that," said one of the crowd; "his lordship being wounded at the broil in Whitstone Hollow, hath not yet quitted his bed."

"Gramercy for thy news," said another; "wounded, Jootho, and by my sooth, the angle he carried might well have frightened a whole ship's crew."

"D—!" muttered the stranger, "it must be that infelicitous Connor; and so thou'lt given him the packages."

"Most truly I have," replied Tom; "and the more readily," he added, coolly up his tankard and leaning at the stranger, "since Sowell was afraid of a certain Master Houghton coming this way with no friendly intentions towards himself, though with regards for his packages. And so being gossip of the honest steward and his right well-wishing dame, I cared not to refuse her messenger, especially with such a token."

"And so—and so, being a friend," repeated Houghton, jeeringly, "for the stranger was no other—'thout delivered the plate to Biddy Connor, the recusant's serving man, who, we thought, had been consumed in the flames together with his master."

"What! he whom Sowell 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 wife."

"Impossible, man; nay, nay, he must be a more cunning knave than I take him for, to deceive the cautious Mrs. Sowell."

"Ha, ha! gramercy, man, he could deceive the devil himself, and laugh at him to boot. O, he's a most unconceivable villain."

"At sure he escaped from the fire?" inquired Tom Outwater, feeling more and more uneasy as he now reflected on Biddy's peculiarity of conduct and manner when demanding the packages.

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

"The villain!" ejaculated Tom; "the sly, simple-looking damnable villain!" He told me as how Sowell 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 availing 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 Outwater, "Sowell himself hath sent me a similar message."

"Herke, Master Outwater," said the trooper, buttoning his doublet about him; "being a friend of Master Sowell's, thou'lt be hardly one of mine, I trow, since doubtless he hath told thee how matters stood between us at Brookton. But I see not, nevertheless, 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 Sowell 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 whether he hath carried the booty," gruffly responded Tom, now angry with himself for having permitted so sly a looking churl as Biddy Connor to impose on him. "Odds, tar and tow ropes! did I not 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 his account, but so damnable a trick as this hath not been practiced on Tom Outwater since he first handled a handspike."

"Moreover," added Houghton, "being a beggarly foreigner, and a cutthroat Romanist, he deserveth the gallows."

"Humph! as for that," muttered Tom, "it's but little concern to me; for Tom Outwater cares not a bodle whether the queen or the pope hath the weather-gauge; an' old sinner hath little business to muddle with strange gear of a kind, I trow, but I tell thee what, Master Houghton, it takes an old seaman's work-

"And this Mrs. Sowell," pursued the stranger, indignantly, "is passing rich?"

"Ay, indifferently well for her time, and the small wages of her husband."

"Humph! is her good man at service?"

"Ay, is he these five years and more down in Worcester-shire, with an old fleet as rich as my Lord Leicester, from whom he expecteth good store of gold at his death."

"Hast not heard he left Worcester-shire?" inquired the stranger.

"Not I; what! with all his expectations? 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 of, he said, being the goods of a friend flying the country for debt, and awaiting a cast over to Deippo."

When the speaker had finished the sentence, he turned round, probably to make some inquiry into Sowell's unexpected departure from Worcester-shire; but the stranger was gone: and as it was 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 preparations 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.

Reining the latch, the stranger entered without the least ceremony, and seating himself unbidden on a bench near the fire, at which the proprietor himself was engaged discussing the merits of a foaming tankard, begged to know if Master Sowell was there of late.

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

"Why, I've heard of his quitting Brookton, Master Outwater," replied the stranger, "and being an old acquaintance, would like to see him."

"Humph!" ejaculated Tom, eying the tall man knowingly, "thou'rt most likely to find him at his wife's, I trow."

"Nay, I inquired of the good dame some two hours ago, and she directed me hither, saying her worthy husband had sent various packages and boxes to thy charge from Worcester-shire."

"By my troth, it's some'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, thereby, since she sent a burly, blundering, half-witted Irishman here with a wagon for the packages; and wasn't not for the token he had to vouch for his honesty, I know not but the boat-hook and his cranium had made their acquaintance, in requital for his sanctity."

"An Irishman, didst thou say?"

"Ay, marry; and a sly, witty knave wital."

"A tall, curly-headed, stalwart-looking churl, was he not, eh?"

"O, a most sturdy varlet; and by my sooth, the angle he carried might well have frightened a whole ship's crew."

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back when he hath spent well nigh forty years driving an honest trade with all kinds of sea-sharks and water-dogs from Marcellus."

"Have not ye," speak of a cast among the Dutchman's puddles once a year or so, and no lubberly foreigner of them all ever yet able to take the wind o' my sails; now, I say, to find myself laid on my beam ends by this half-damned Irishman—Fehagh! it maketh me doubt whether I be old Tom Outwater still, or some poor devil cast ashore on a false reckoning."

"Hearken, then, Master Outwater," repeated the trooper, impatient of Tom's loquacity; "we have little time to spare in useless speeches; get thee ready instantly and let us in pursuit of this fellow, or at least give me some clue to his whereabouts."

"And what advantage might that be, an thou find not the plate?" demanded Tom.

"Nay, a pilot at his ear will soon find the plate, I'll warrant it?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old sailor; "an I accompanied thee, I fear me thou'lt a pilot bullet would be thy share o' 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. Nathless, since the villain hath so bedeviled me, I would fain see him pushed, and, therefore, I may tell thee Master Sowell is expected to come by the Luxton road, and doubtless thou'lt find the Irishman somewhere in that direction, waiting to pass the honest steward of his money bags."

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

"Truly doth it; so haste thee, thou'lt find him there; for few travellers pass that way without alighting to quaff a stoup with Oliver Gooduff, the fat host of the Whitehorse of Wimbleton. Away! his thee on, good sir, and watch the varlet well; an' conclude Tom, turning to resume his flagon, and then mumbling in an under tone, "The more each other's blood ye spill, the better for Master Sowell."

Tom Outwater's countenance wore an expression of disappointment and chagrin as he sat down again on the bench, after Houghton had closed the door behind him. He paused for a moment to reflect, with the flagon resting on his knee. "Odds, tar and tow ropes," he muttered to himself, "this is summat beyond my calculation. I had hoped to make something o' this business, and here now have I suffered a clown to whip it out o' my hands like a running forebait in a game o' wild. Well, well, there's a chance for Sowell still; while the dogs worry each other, the cur often escapes. But, hark, what's all this sudden clamor?" he cried, starting up and spilling the ale over the hearth in the flurry of his excitement; "mayhap these French aples, attacked by the mob, be occasioning, mistaking the cause of the uproar."

"Ha, ha! I thought their black cloaks and slouched hats should win them little favor hereabouts."

The noise now increased every moment, and amongst the rattling of arms, which met the old sailor's ear as he opened the door, he could clearly distinguish the tin cry of an infant, and the voice of some one shouting to secure it at all risks. The crowd had gathered within a few paces of the secretary's steps, and the timbrels, 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 oaken staves against the pike heads and halberds of Ocell's retainers, who happened to be on guard at the time for the queen's protection. A few steps farther down, with her sharp bow touching the dry sand, was a small skiff and two stout silvers standing in it with oars in their hands, ready to shove off at any moment's warning.

"Secure the child!" again shouted the same stern voice, in tones that told above the din like a trumpet in a storm. "Secure it at all risks—throttle the witch—pike the hag through the gullet!"

"Hugh! hell-pet, I'm no gaun to throw its wizen for," and then fling it among the tumultuous, cried Neil Gower; "na, na, Robert Southron, I'm na murderer, I ween. Come, my bonnie lass," she continued, turning to her trusty followers, "mak way, mak way to the boat, for I have won by the cross and the mass to save the bairn gin I swing for!"

"The spawwife—the spawwife!" exclaimed a pikeman, recognizing her voice; "stab the old she devil!" and making a plunge of his weapon over the shoulders of the rioters, fairly ran it through Neil's hood, and tearing it off her head, exposed to the gaze of the multitude her fiery countenance, and long gray locks tossed over her shoulders in wild disorder.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the damnable old woman in a scornful tone, as she glanced round the fearful circle of pikes and halberds now gleaming in the twilight; "ha, ha! put that silly sump, she canna harm me—my hour is na come; God has gien me a promise o' years, and I'll no ball to bide it. Noo then, my dooce caldrons," she continued, in a voice clearly audible 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 occupants began to feel interested also in the fate of the infant; "noo then, my bonnie lass, gie't them wi' the plith o' yer stout arms; gie't the dogs wi' a sough; yal, yal! that's it, lass; that sound goes to my heart; O! it's music to my auld ears. Weel done, Ned, my bonnie man! doon wi' the oowards—drive over the necks of the beagles—think o' the massacre o' Whitstone Hollow, an' the martyred priest; O, think o't, think o't, and strike wi' the plith and grit o' yer Irish thews, till they snap in the stretchin'. Gude God, gude God!" she ejaculated, looking up in earnest supplication to heaven, "gie't them strength to win through wi't, for the late o' twa the purest and bonniest in a' the land depend on the life o' the 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 rowlocks, 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 "spawwife" distinctly pronounced by different voices in the crowd in connection with an abducted infant, suddenly became so troubled and excited that the captain, attributing her alarm to the fear of personal injury, shouted to the boatmen to recross to their oars and pull away from shore.

By this time the night grew desperate, and assumed quite a serious character, some twenty men being engaged on either side—the blue blows with their heavy waken staves, and their antagonists with pikes, paterons, the latter of which, however, were entirely harmless, it being impossible to use them in the dense crush of the fray. Clear above all the din was Neil's voice still heard

haranguing her followers to drive on and save the bairn.

"Down! the outthroat dogs!" she vociferated, her voice coming out shrill from the hoarse roar of the melee; "down wi'them!" she shouted the fearless old woman; "God's on yer side, an' ye need na fear; outw'yer drinks now, and rive lika honnors' heart o' them; awa! wi' yer cudgels, ye canna begethem mare; awa! wi'them, an' grip the beagles by the throat; on, on wi' ye drive on—drive on for the gude queen ye ken o', an' the bonnie lass o' Brookton."

"Shoot down the spawwife!" suddenly screamed Elizabeth, no longer able to restrain herself; "shoot her down!" she cried, springing on the gunwale, and balancing by the hold of Sir Nicholas Bacon'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!" ejaculated Elizabeth, turning a wild and almost savage count upon her councillor; "better she were killed, and