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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND;

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

An HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER XX.

Lord Dacre spread the banner free. That waved in gales of Galilee.

Oh, Christ! it was a grief to see, And likewise for to hear, The cries of men lying in their gore,

And scattered here and there. They closed full blast on every side, No slackness there was found,

And many a gallant gentleman Lay gasping on the ground.

CHEVY CHASE It was a sharp morning at the end of January, and a sunbeam as bright though not as fervid as that of summer shone upon the towers of Lord trees and shrubs which fringed the ice-bound waters of the Eden, on those banks that castle stood. The bustle and preparations for war were manifest in the fortress. Culverins and falcons were ranged upon the walls; throngs of armed mencrowded the courtsbold and stalwart borderers, well skilled to draw

of cavaliers; and ladies stood upon the great tower Carlisle. Armed but unhelmed were the cavaliers: and one of them, standing on the verge of the tower, gazed even more anxiously towards Carlisle than his companions. Two ladies approached him, one attired in a deep mourning habit, the other a graceful, dame, with blue eyes and floating flaxen locks. "Most noble Dacre," said the latter, "truly thy voracious appetite for hard blows has awakened a

terror in my breast, lest should Marmaduke bring news that the churlish Hunsdon refuses the battle thou mayst even wreak thy wrath on the head of thy messenger; and it must be a stout helm, I that love's excess. All the vigor of her mind, all I think, to stand its wearer in good stead against a the glow of her imagination, all the exquisite tenblow of thine at this precise moment. Then, as if derness of her heart, were a likecalled into action by such a terror for my husband were not a sufficient evil for the passing time, I have here our pensive her to such an ecstatic enjoyment of her own feel-Gertrude Harding, looking daggers at me for impuguing so much the impartiality of thy justice."
"Fear not for Marmaduke, gentle Mistress Norton," answered Lord Dacre, "for in sooth we have determined that Hunsdon shall fight whether he

will or no. We do but wait the return of Master Marmaduke to intercept the army of the Baron, if he refuse our challenge and endeavors to pass on to

"Are you so resolved to dare the field?" whispered Gertrude, in a timid tone.

"Blench you, my gallant one?" said Lord Dacre, as he looked upon her pale lip. "Oh, Gertrude, do not lack on my behalf that courage which never failed you on your own. Smile, rather, sweet lady of mine heart's dear love, and grant me this favor for the battle-field."

So saying, Lord Daore playfully snatched a knot

of ribbon from her dress.
"Ah; no, not that!" exclaimed Gertrude, in an agitated tone. "Not a symbol from a mourning "Why, thou recreant to thy soul's firmness," said

Lord Dacre, "what matters the color of a ribbon, if it be the gift of a true hand and a truer heart?" "Yet will not I place a sable ribbon on thy crest," answered Gertrude,

At this moment the quick over of Leonard being again directed towards the road to Carlisle; he mournful parting perceived in the distance a party of horsemen ap-

amount of my hope that gives birth to its sister fear. But yonder, indeed, comes thy brave husband. Let us hope that if Hunsdon accepts the challenge of my Lord, that the victory will rest with those whose swords are unsheathed for the right cause."

Even while Gertrude spoke, a gallant looking party of about fifty horsemen, led by Marmaduke Norton, came galloping along the road beneath the Castle. They had been sent by Leonard to meet the army of Lord Hunsdon, then hastening to join at Carlisle the other forces of Elizabeth, under the command of Lord Scrope, the Warden of the Scottish Marches. It had been expected that Lord Hunssdon would have laid seige to Rockliffe, but as no symptoms of such a design appeared on his approach, Lord Dacre had commissioned Marmaduke Norton to bear his defiance to the Queen's general,

With how much anxiety the return of the youth to Rockliffs was awaited, we have already said. News, too, there had been in the last few days, of an incursion of some of Queen Mary's Scottish partizans, the border clans of the Scotts and Kers, incited it was believed by the Earl of Westmoreland; and this news did not lower the spirits of Lord Dacre and his friends. Meanwhile, on came Marmaduke and his horsemen, the points of their pikes glittering in the sunbeams, and the white pennon which he bore at the end of his lance dancing in the brisk wind. Lord Dacre hastened to meet his friend in the court

"How now, Marmaduke, what news from the Baron of Hunsdon?"

"He greets you well, noble Lord," said young Norton, vaulting from his horse, "but he wills not to taste unless it be upon compulsion of our border prowess; nay, I will not wound your ear, by repeating the despiteful terms in which it pleaseth him to refuse the combat."

"Nay, then," said Leonard Dacre, "since he denieth us the combat in knightly courtesy, we must even force it from him in churlishness akin to his own. What say ye, my merry men, have ye no mind for a brisk ride and a brisk fight this sharp M ring? We shall, in truth banquet poorly tcmorrow, if Hunsdon sup to-night at Carlisle."
"An' he do," said one of the archers, "we will

first wet his stomach with a cloth yard shaft." "Or try the temper of his steel jerkin with a volley of round shot," said an arquebusier. Then there rung a deafening peal through the courts of

"To the field ! and long live our noble Lord Dacre of Gilsland !"

the castle.

Orders were issued for an immediate sally of the garrison, to intercept Lord Hunsdon on his way to Carlisle | and having given these orders, Leonard withdrew for brief space into the castle.

The courage of the gentle Blanche now failed, and when she learned that Lord Dacre was indeed ing upon her husband's neck. As for Gertrude Harding, she had withdrawn to her chamber and knelt in earnest prayers, while the castle rung with all the din of war, and troop after troop of armed men Dacre's Castle of Rockliffe, and danced among the | sallied from beneath the arched and Gothic gateway, the ponderous and raised portcullis gleaming above them. Tears meanwhile flowed down the face of Gertrude, something had her late calamities | gracious, my idolized Queen." subdued the high tone of her spirit; she was yet oppressed by the dying agonies of her unhappy sunt, and the last murmured accents of her father full either the bow or wield the pike or brand. A group often rung sadly in her ears. Lord Dacre, the idolized of her soul, was now the object of that by of the custle, looking anxiously on the road to right, no less than inclination, claimed the dearest portion of her love. Oh, she had not forget that dying smile with which her poor father had hailed Leonard's whispered assurance of the love he bore the merchant's lowly child, and more did she rejoice in that love which so soothed his spirit in its flight. And impassioned and generous as was the affection of Lord Dacre, bearing down even in its mighty cur-rent the long established barriers of his ancestral pride, did he fully estimate the amount of that love which Gertrlde bore to him? Oh, no, not he, the idolized object of her love, could image to himself her preference for him, and he who had awakened ings, seemed more a god to worship than a man to love. No, not even Lord Dacre could fully understand how a powerful mind, so far from freeing woman from the weaknesses of that passion, which is the very destiny of her sex, rather makes her their willing victim, the strong mind serving to quicken the natural susceptibility of the decitful heart.

And now, as we said, Gertrude knelt even in an

agony of prayer, while the tumult of war resounded in the castle; but above that tumult she heard a knock upon her chamber door. Hastily drying her tears, she rose and opened it, and lo, before her stood the object of her thoughts, glittering in that dreadful panoply, whose brightness she shuddered to be-hold. He wore his helmet, but his vizor was raised; and his eyes, those dark and brilliant oyes, whose eloquence had first fascinated the spirit of Gertrude, were now bent down upon her, speaking such a world of tenderness as mocked the feeble utterance of the tongue. A horrible forboding seized her soul as the mailclad arms of Lord Dacre closed around her slender form, and when he clasped her passionately to his breast her tears dimmed the lustre of his corslet, and the terror of her heart found speech. "And if we should never meet again, don to himself, as the Earl rode away, "And he will

my love?" "Nay, doubt it not; and when success has crowned us in the field, then will I upbraid you for this ning caltiff?

Meanwhile Lord Hunsdon and his army were now

"Dost thou fear when I even am full of courage and hope?"

by the forces of Lord Daore. It was after he had dismissed Marmaduke Norton that the troops of Ucod Hunsdon were winding among the alternately amount of my hope that gives birth to its sister fear.

by the forces of Lord Daore. It was after he had dismissed Marmaduke Norton that the troops of Lord Hunsdon were winding among the alternately wooded and rocky eminences which overhung the moor than they were assailed by a shower of arrows deep narrow glen that forms the channel of the river Gelt. He was himself riding a little apart, with several of his principal officers, and was somewhat surprised when a knight in gay armour, and mounted on a noble charger, spurred suddenly from the cover of the dark woods.

Two men wearing corslets and steel caps, followed this knight, apparently his retainers. The knight with an air, as if his company must needs be acceptable wherever he vouchsafed to bestow it, rode straight up to the commander-in-chief; but that honorable baron happened to be a very blunt and plain-spoken person, and one, too, who had no extraordinary veneration for a suit of armour, merely because it glittered with gold. In truth, the honest baron thought the appearance of the stranger somewhat too gay to be warlike, and his embossed armour fitter for a tilting match with blunt lances than a fray with borderers, who dealt in blows not to be given by a "lady's fan." Under the impulse of these thoughts, then it was that Lord Hunsdon extended the truncheon which he carried in his hand, exclaiming in a haughty tone:

"Keep thy distance, sir glittering knight, we admit not every wanderer of the wayside among the hosts of Queen Elizabeth, because forsooth the varlet can go pranked as for a pageant."

"Gracious Baron of Hunsdon," said the stranger, in a sneering voice, "wilt thou not admit me to some speech with thee?" "No, truly," answered the baron, "address thy

speech to my good Morden here." And as he spoke he pointed with his truncheon

to that young nobleman who rode on his right hand. The stranger tossed his head, and the white plumes upon his helmet certainly waved in a most majestic manner; but their dignity in no wise moved the imperturbable Hunsdon.

"Dost thou positively refuse to speak to me?" said the knight, "thou churlish Lord, thou would speak me fair were my vizor raised."
"I would even speak thee then, according to thy

deserts," answered Hunsdon.

"Wilt thou give me the command of a hundred demi lances?" inquired the stranger.
"Give thee the command," said Lord Hunsdon, in a voice of great anger. "Fellow! fellow! go thy ways in peace, or I will order my grooms to

strip thee of thy finery and whip thee through the ranks." "Nay, my good Lord," said the knight, "I will

spare thee, even in compassion, the issuing of that order, which would go hard with thee if once delivered." With these words he lifted his vizor, and displayed to the vexed eyes of Lord Hunsdon the countenance of the Earl of Leicester.

"How say you now, my Lord?" said the latter with a malicious laugh. "Wilt order thy grooms to whip me through the ranks, or even give me the hundred lances?"

"Knows our royal cousin of this enterprise, my Lord," enquired Hunsdon.

"Nay, her Grace knows it not," answered Leicester, with an air of insolent indifference. "Out of pure love and loyalty have I ventured to leave London without her knowledge. Could I suffer others to be in arms and not myself strike a blow for my

"I will not give thee the demi lances," said Lord Hunsdon, in a dogged tone. "The Queen knows nothing, thou dost own, of thy journey, and had she willed, she would have known it. Thy secrecy will occasion her displeasure. We will give thee no command under us."

"You will not?" said the Earl. "I will not," said the baron.

Leicester now rode closer to him, and spoke in a more serious tone.

"Hark you, my good Lord of Hunsdon! Think you the anger of the Queen will lie as light upon your neck as upon mine?"

A shrug of the shoulders and a grumbling: "It ought," was the General's reply.

"Good lack, my Lord," said Leicester, in a low but mocking tone, "do the affairs of this world ever take that course they ought to take? How well would be the condition of my honest Lord of Hunsdon if they did!"

"Aye, aye," answered. Hunsdon, shortly; "and did the world wag as it ought, how ill would be the condition of my dainty Earl of Leicester!"

"And in the present condition of this wicked world," said Leicester, "I take it my Lord Hunsdon will yet let me have the hundred lances! Hark you, my Lord," he added, in a whisper, "If I have them not, I will make my cause good with Queen Elizabeth."

"Thou must have them, I suppose!" growled Lord Hunsdon. Then he mumbled to himself, 'The times prosper with recreants and fools." After thus venting his spleen, he gave the order which Leicester had requested. But as the men wheeled round, and placed themselves under his command. the stout Baron could not resist the opportunity of a rude joke, and he called to Leicester:

" Have a care, my Lord, that scathe happen not to thee! Keep thou in the rearward of the fight if we encounter the rough Borderers, lest a chance arrow, or an ill-directed lance, mar the excellence of thy beauty ! And it were then, indeed, hard for me to procure grace or pardon from the Queen !" "Oh, never fear me for that," answered Leicester.

I will take all proper care of mine own person !" "The fiend doubt thee for that," muttered Hunsspare thee for a while, in that he is sure of thee at last, thou pernicious coward—thou false, and cun-

mournful parting.

"Heaven grant that you may so upbraid me," anapproaching a high moor, stretching from some of
the most precipitous of the rocks which overhung the river. Tufts of straggling bushes skirted this At this moment a loud blast of the trampet and on the loud party headed by Marmaduke North and the river. Thuts of, straggling poshes skirted this olden. North, "yonder, good sir, cometh thy eldest nounted that the party headed by Marmaduke North and yonder good sir, cometh thy eldest ton had sallied from the loast of the winter for the off repeated looks, the whispered could not long, have held to so under the content but at that moment. Marmaduke was there for the off repeated looks, the whispered could not long, have held to so under the content but at that moment. Marmaduke was there for the off repeated looks, the whispered could not long, have held the sallied from the coastle gates. Little, time to had sallied from the coastle gates. We have the could not long, have held to so under the content but at the moment. Marmaduke was there for the off repeated looks, the whispered could not long, have held to so under the content but at the moment. Marmaduke was there for the off repeated looks, the whispered could not long, have held to so under the content but the moment. Marmaduke was the content but at the moment. Marmaduke was the content but at the moment. Marmaduke was the content but the moment aloud blast of the party the ded by Marmaduke was the content but the moment. Marmaduke was the content but the moment aloud blast of the wind the content but the moment aloud blast of the wind to had sallied from the bank of the Hunsdon; and the party the ded its off the wind the content but the moment. Marmaduke was the content but the moment aloud blast of the wind the content but the moment. Marmaduke was the content but the moment aloud blast of the wind the content but the moment aloud blast of the wind the content but the moment. Marmaduke was the content but the content but the moment aloud blast of the wind the content but the cont

and small shot, directed, they speedily found, from the cover of those bushes by which it was skirted. At the same moment, as if by magic, groups of armed men rose out of the furze among which they had lain concealed; and the quick eye of Lord Hunsdon, glancing along the higher ground of the moor, perceived it occupied by the forces of Lord Dacre. The unexpected discharge of the arrows and shot startled the soldiers of Lord Hunsdon, and a moment decided with them the chances between flight and a valorous resistance. But the tones of their commander were like thunder in their cars; their antagonists were now in sight, and the arque-busiers of the Royal army poured in a volley of shot which did fearful execution. The discharge of the foe, meanwhile, had not been without effect; and on the level ground, which bordered that side of the moor which had been approached by the Queen's forces lay many of her soldiers, either wounded or dead. A long space there was between the straggling bushes that edged the moor; and here a body of pikemen under the command of Marmaduke Norton, made a desperate charge upon the Royalists.— With a sort of frantic energy they rushed on, bearing down all before them upon the sharp points of their weapons; while the fire-arms of their opponents becoming useless, a hand-to-hand fight ensued. The wild valor of the Borderers was of a nature, however, which soon exhausted itself; and that steady determination with which the Royal forces received their headlong charge again turned the tide of the battle; and Marmaduke's party was driven back upon the moor, over the bodies of the slain and wounded, both of their own party and their foes. Then it was the hoofs of the horse came thundering over the field, braining, in the onset, many an unhappy wretch who had been borne down by the current of the fight. At the head of this body of horse was Lo.d Dacre. He had perceived his friend Marmaduke driven back from the charge; he knew that did his troops once yield, that all was lost; and that their wild enthusiasm once checked by the symptoms of defeat, that their fees would then win the day from the advantage of their supcrior numbers. He pressed to the point at which he could perceive the plume on the helmet of Marmaduke tossing over the steel caps of his soldiers.

There was a mighty shock as Lord Dacre and his followers encountered the main body of the Queen's forces. Then ensued a bideous scene, men and horses rolling together on the ground, friends and foes mingled in the fell confusion. Lord Dacre's horse had been shot from under him, and as he extricated himself from the fallen steed, a heavy blow fell upon his shoulder, and a voice, which even amid the horrible tumult, the ringing of falchions, and the groans of the wounded, he knew for that of his opponent of Bernard Castle, Sir Philip Wynyard, defied him to the conflict.

"Traitor of Gilsland.

Philip Wynyard, thou shalt not again escape me." Sir Philip, like his antagonist, had been unhorsed. and so far the fight was equal; but the excessive passion of the knight, while it called upon all the dexterity of his foe, exposed himself to every disadvantage from his superior coolness. He allowed Lord Ducre no rest; he compelled him, as it were, to press him on to death, though the blood flowed in many places over his bright armor; he relaxed not in his fury, abandoning all defensive care in the bitterness of his rage. Lord Dacre, meanwhile, by the stream of the fight, had been borne with Sir Philip to the edge of some shelving ground. The eyes of the knight caught fire. Could be deprive his enemy of his focting, the victory were his own. He dropped his sword, and flinging his arms round the person of Lord Dacre, endeavored to hurl him down the sloping descent. The turf on the edge of that hollow was, alas, wet with blood, and Sir Philip's own foot slipping, his weight and his strong grasp bore down his adversary. They rolled to the bottom of the hollow; but by an almost superhuman exertion of strength, Lord Dacre managed to get Sir Philip under his arm, and to wrench himself from that deadly grasp.

The knight then felt for his degger; but the sword of his antagonist passing through a broken rivet in his armor, his hand dropped nerveless by his side. His last bitter execration was choked by the life-blood which bubbled in his threat, and Lord Dacre turned from his slain foe, preparing to rush again into the thickest of the fight. The roar of the battle still echoed hoarsely among

the surrounding rocks and through the dark woods but Leonard stamped his mailed heel in the bitter ness of his rage and grief when he perceived the Royalists advancing over the moor, and manifestly beginning to bear his followers before them. Ho caught by the bridle a steed, the master which had been slain; he vaulted on his back; he gathered together the broken body of his pikemen and led again to the charge. But vain was his valor-his own heroic determination. In vain it was that the ranks of the enemy were thinned by that desperate charge, when a troop of halberdiers galled by the steady fire of a column of the Queen's forces, under the command of Lord Morden, wavered, yielded, and at last fairly took to flight. Leaving the pikemen to pursue that advantage which they had gained Lord Dacre galloped across the field, bearing down all impediments in his impetuous course, and calling in tones hoarse with excitement, upon the runaways to return. Neither his voice nor his example could reanimate the panic-stricken soldiers; and while they fled before the now advancing column, he was left; with his horse again slain under him on the field! Then it was that he was assailed by two of the royalist soldiers, by whom he had been recognized, and who hoped to secure him as their prisoner. In vain it was that he turned with the speed of thought from side to side, raining blows like hall upon the plated coats of his adversaries;

by the little band who had abided by Marmaduke. turned to fly; but the borderers, enraged by their defeat, pressed hard upon him, and he fell with his steel head-piece literally battered through his skull. Meanwhile the triumph of the Royalists was complete. Here and there a small but gallant band collected in scattered groups over the moor, vainly attempted to fan into a flame the dying embers of the fight.

Far away were seen the main body of Lord Dacre's troops, overpowered by numbers, flying for very life over the rocks and hills. Gradually, too, these still resisting groups were thinned, either as those, the unyielding and the gallant, who composed them, sunk slain upon the field, or, as finding the inefficiency of resistance they likewise submitted to the foe. Among the rocks which overhung the river was yet a sprinkling of the groups, and fearful was the contest waged in more than one instance as to which party should urge their opponents over the rocks; then as either one or the other was prossed to the brink of the precipice, came a crashing among the leafless shrubs, or the ringing of their steel array upon the bare points of the rocks; and anon, a dull sound and a sullen splash as their mangled bodies broke the ice which had crusted the surface of the river. Nor had the Royalists obtained an easy a bloodless victory. The number of slain was nearly equal on both sides; but the headlong: and undisciplined valor of the borderers had led them to break their lines in pursuing the enemy, and when they were thus thrown into confusion the superior numbers of the Queen's forces had of course secured to them that advantage which Lord Dacre had forseen when he first observed the disorder of his own troops.

Still surrounded by the little troop of borderers who had fought by the side of Marmaduke till he fell, Leonard bent in bitter anguish over his friend. It was a brief parting; a few detached sentences broke from the lips of the dying man.

"All is lost, Dacre. My father still bears up the fight. Oh, seek him out, let not the old man be Dear Dacre, have a care for her." And thus the gallant spirit departed, and Lord Dacre only supported the corpse of his friend.

But the trumpet of the enemy at that moment sounded to recall Lord Morden from the pursuit, and his troops bore back upon the field. Then it was that the standard of the Dacres was once more raised by a band of brave borderers, who had faithfully guarded it through all the dangers of the bat-Then it was that the gallant few who had still prolonged the remnants of the fight rallied about their noble chief—a hundred horsemen and perhaps twice as many foot, presenting to the fue a bristling fence of pikes and lances, and securing at least an honorable retreat. The elder Norton, with two of his sons, Edward and George had joined this gallant party. Inch by inch almost did they retire from the moor, and it was not for the broken troops of Lord Morden to attack them. They were fairly clear of the battle-field, and then it was that Lord Dacre perceived a band of lances, which amid the turnult of the fight he had observed hovering on its skirts, but not taking any conspicuous share in the conflict; then it was that he perceived this same body of lances bearing at a furious rate along the road to Rockliffe Castle. A horrible apprehension immediately seized him. A sufficient number of the garrison had been left in the Castle to guard the females; but those who had first fled from the battle. had the gates been opened to them? And had the gazrison, then, proved faithful to its trust, or dismayed by the panic of their defeated comrudes, would they attempt an escape from Rockliffe? Lord Dacre turned to Edward Norton. A few words served him in that hitter moment. He spoke of Marmaduke's death, and then he saw the head of the gallant old man, his father, drop over his horse's neck and the arm of a stout borderer stretched out to support him. Lord Dacre bade the youth take command of the party and fly with his father towards Scotland. Something, too, he then said, he scarce knew what, of Gertrude and of Blanche; and the next moment, accompanied by about twenty horsemen, he was riding at headlong speed towards Rockliffe. One of these horsemen kept close at his

"My Lord," said the horseman.

But Leonard Dacre did not hear him. His soul was absorbed in the agony of defeat—an indefinable sense of an overwhelming calamity. The review of each proud hope now humbled to the dust; the shadows cast upon his future lot; the bitter sorrow for those who had fallen in his cause: the pining wasting discontent of an ambitious spirit condemned for ever to inactivity—these were the separate drops of gall lurking in the dregs of that cup which was now presented brimming over with misery to his lips. But those gall drops were to be tasted at a future time, when the bitter draught was well nigh drained. But now, yet warm from the excitement of the conflict, yet smarting under the shame of a defeat, and agonized with thoughts of Leicester and Gertrude, and of the gentle Blanche, Lord Dacre's mind was a kind of chaos. At length he came with his followers in sight of Rockliffe Castle.

"My Lord," egain exclaimed the horseman at his rein, and Dacre, now breathing in the sight of Rockliffe, could now hear his voice.

"Aye, my good Norbert." "Were it not well to take the ladies for a few days to Lanercost. The good monks will gladly conceal them, and the country will be hunted with the Quee 1's troops. You, too, my Lord, would be safe at the

Abbev." -Norbert was that peasant who had been acoustomed to attend on and assist the poor monks, and he had enrolled himself under the banner of Lord Daore If we meet the worst, my friend," said Leonard

Dacre, "it may be well indeed to seek the concealment which you name; but we must for Scotland if