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FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE. It represents him as he appears giving the TEMPERANCE PLEDGE; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CORRECT ONE."

LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, THE RISING IN THE NORTH. AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart. CHAPTER XX. Lord Dacre spreads 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.

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 Dacre's Castle of Rockliffe, and danced among the 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 men crowded the courts—bold and stalwart borderers, well skilled to draw either the bow or wield the pike or brand. A group of cavaliers, and ladies stood upon the great tower of the castle, looking anxiously on the road to 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.

"Dost thou fear when I even am full of courage and hope?" "Oh, gentle friend," answered Gertrude, "tis the 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 Hunsdon would have laid siege 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.

by the forces of Lord Dacre. 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 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 corselets 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."

Lord Morden, but Sir Philip Wynyard, and Sir George Bowes. Scarcely had the foremost rank of the Royalists set foot upon the boundaries of the moor than they were assailed by a shower of arrows 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 ears; their antagonists were now in sight, and the archers 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 by 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 Lord 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 foes would then win the day from the advantage of their superior 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.

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 pressed 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 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 foreseen when he first observed the disorder of his own troops.