Written for CATHOLIC RECORD.

Transfiguration.

IN MEMORY OF HER MOTHER

Mysterious death! who in a single hour Life's gold can so refine; And by thy art divine Change mortal weakness to immort

Bending beneath the weight of eighty years, pent with the noble strife

Spent with the house.
Of a victorious life,
e watched her fading heavenward,
through our tears.

But, ere the sense of loss our hearts had wrung,
A miracle was wrought,
And swift as happy thought
She lived again, brave, beautiful and
young.

Age, Pain and Sorrow dropped the veile

they wore
And showed the tender eyes
Of angels in disguise,
Whose discipline so patiently she bore.

The past years brought their harvests rich and fair.

While Memory and Love
Together fondly wove
A golden garland for the silver hair. How could we mourn like those who are

bereft,
When every pang of grief
Found balm for its relief
counting up the treasure she had left?

Faith that withstood the shocks of toil and

time,
Hope that defied despair,
Patience that conquered care,
And loyalty whose courage was sublime.

The great, deep heart that was a hom for all:
Just, eloquent and strong,
In protest against wrong:
Wide charity that knew no sin, no fall.

The Spartan spirit that made life

grand,
Mating poor daily needs
With high, heroic deeds,
That wrested happiness from Fate's hard
hand. We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,

Full of grateful peace
That followed her release;
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

O noble woman! never more a queen Than in the laying down Of sceptre and of crown, To win a greater kingdom yet unseen.

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal,
To earn the true success,
To live, to love, to bless,
And make death proud to take a royal

-LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

THE MISSION CROSS.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

LIZZIE SETS UP FOR HERSELF.

If Sunday had been a sad day for poor little Lizzte, the Monday following was still more terrible. Her mother returned from the police station, where she had spent the night, ill, wretched and sahamed, to be told that her husband had forsaken her. The landlord, coming for payment of three weeks' back rent, heard the story, and, knowing well the character of the woman with whom he had to deal, without more ado took her by the shoulder out more ado took her by the shoulder and turned her out into the street, seizing

her furniture in lieu of payment.

The frightened child hid herself in the The frightened child hid herself in the angle of a mew close by, where she could hear the angry, threatening tones of the landlord as he bade the weeping woman be off to "the House," and watched her creeping slowly through the soaking rain in the direction of the handsome-looking pile of red brick within iron gates, which called itself the last refuge of the poor. Then going to the Raffertys', she begged

them to take her in, and not force her to go to the dreaded workhouse until she had tried, at least, to support herself by her

own work.

"My poor girl, what can you do?" said
Mrs. Rafferty, as Lizzle paused and clung
breathlessly to her. "You can't earn
enough to keep yourself, I'm afraid.
However, if my husband don't mind, I
don't. At least, you can stop on here for
the present."

don't. At least, you can stop on here for the present."

This was all Lizzie wanted by way of permission, for she felt quite sure she could maintain herself, especially with the certainty of a shelter and home to come to every night, which many of the boys and girls of that quarter who went out etreet-selling did not get, but had to sleep under railway arches or in the dark corner of a mean; and she was by no means at a of a mews; and she was by no means at a loss how to set about business, as she sat loss how to set about businees, as she sat down on a doorstep that evening to cal culate how much capital she would have to expend in order to begin her campaign. Often and often had she thought over what she should do, if only her mother were away, and she alone with her father, by way of swelling the small store of manney which was to make their home

ten months respectively. There was also a big brother of eighteen cailed Jim, who went out to work with his father.

The first thing Lizzle did was to borrow fourpence from Ned, who was full of interest and sympathy in her efforts to "set up for herself," and pressed upon her the loan of his purse—a dirty little red cotton bag tied up with string and swelled with copper, in which he was saving up money to buy a new, or, rather, a second-hand, pair of boots.

"I goes and looks at them boots every day, Lizzie," he confided to her, as they counted out the coppers on a doorstep; "and I'm so afeared they'll be sold before I can save up money enough to buy them.

I can save up money enough to buy them. But I'd like to lend you fourpence, L'zzle;

I can save up money enough to buy them. But I'd like to lend you fourpence, L'zzie; so de take it."

"What shall I begin with, do you think?" asked the girl, frowning anxiously over her coppers as she tied them up in the corner of a ragged handkerchief. "There's boot laces, and oranges, and matches, and sweets, and nuts, and cresses, and all sorts of things."

"Well, oranges would be heavy to carry, wouldn't they?" said Ned, looking doubtfully at the small, thin figure beside him. "Cresses are nice, but there are so many sellers of them about here, and cresses or flowers don't make as much as boot laces or matches. Yes, L'zzie, matches is the thing. You'll buy them at our shop; we sell lots of 'em wholesale—twopence-half-penny the dozen boxes, for selling in the street a ha'penny each."

"All right, so I will. And I say, Ned, will you show me some of your customers' houses? I mean where you told me the servants gave you pennies for running their errands?"

Ned nodded and laughed gaily.

"Ah, that's where I got all theee," he said, holding up the little red bag and shaking its contents at her ear. "When I go round every morning for orders, it's "Oh, I haven't a drop of oil; do run and fetch me two penn'orth, there's a good boy;' or, 'I declare I haven't got a match left, and I can't run out to get them while my water's boiling;' so I keep on fetching something for everyone, backwards and forwards, and they always give me a haifpenny over, and very often a bit of cold ple, or bread and cheese, or some scrape for my dinner."

"Well," said Lizzie, with a sigh of envy, "I shall never get such luck as that; but come along with me and get the matches and I'll hegit to rowers."

"I shall never get such luck as that; but come along with me and get the matches and I'll begin to morrow."

CHAPTER V. FANNY'S VISIT.

"There will be no one but ourselves, Aunt Eliza," she said, "for I know father won't be allowed to come; so we'll just have a quiet day out somewhere. I forgot, there's Will's brother would like to come, but you needn't mind him."

The children, who were listening all this time, and especially the two girls, Polly and Lizzie, looked delighted as they sat by, hearing all these little arrangements discussed; and as for Polly, she looked as if the room would hardly contain her when, towards the end of the conversation, her cousin turned to her and asked if she would act as bridesimaid.

"You've got a dress that will do, I dare say," said Fanny, in a patronizing manner; "some light summer one, you know."

Polly looked rather downcast and per lexed, as she suggested that Fanny migh come and look" at what she had; and the two retired together to an old box in the farther corner of the room, where, after much consulting and whispering, and promises of stray morsels of ribbon and lace from the bride's superfluity, a

and the two departed, saying that "they would be late for church," and promising to return on the following Sunday.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Rafferty, as the door closed behind Fanny and Will, "it's a long time since I've seen any of my poor sister's children. It quite takes one back to old times again."

"Why don't they come and see us

a long time since I've seen any of my poor sister's children. It quite takes one back to old times again."

"Why don't they come and see us oftener?" asked Polly, sitting meditatively upon the edge of the bed, rolling a bit of ribbon round her finger.

"Well, they weren't pleased with my marriage, you know, you father being Irish—and the religion—and that—"she went on murmuring, as she replaced the tea things on the shelf.

"Is your cousin a Catholic?" asked Lizzie of her friend, as she assisted in closing the rickety old box which contained all Polly's treasures.

"No, she is not. Mother only became a Catholic when she married father, and all her people are Protestanta."

She might have added that her mother had been but an ill-instructed convert, and the whole family, in consequence, were little more than Catholics in name.

The pretty, lively young servant girl, with but little notion of religion beyond an occasional attendance at "evening service," and a vague notion that all those who were not "converted" must go to hell, wherefore she intended to become converted some day, when the more pressing interests of dressing, courting and enjoying herself had been attended to acceied readily enough to her lover's wish that she should be "baptized a Catholic" before their marriage, even though she incurred thereby the displeasure of her family. And it; was arranged by the priest who received her that she should attend evening classes for instruction before making her First Communion. But a change of quarters, which occurred soon after her marriage, having removed her from his supervision, all these good intentions quickly faded away; and, beyond having her children baptized, and tending them more or less regularly to Mass, she troubled herself little on the subject up to this time.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

SILVER BRINGS LUCK.

It was plain that Rafferty did not much relish the introduction of a new member into the already overcrowded family; so Lizzie kept out of his way so much as possible, often taking her supper seated upon some quiet door-step, and waiting for nightfall before she venture to slip in and curl herself up in the warm corner by the fireplace with Polly and little Jane. It was very cold work, lingering at street corners and by esting-house doors, and once or twice she pushed her way into one of the bright, warm, gaslit, and ever-crowded gin palaces which stood at every corner, and got a "two penn'orth of gin," which made the blood course a little more freely through her half frozen veins, and brought a warm glow to her chilled frame; only she half dreaded to meet that big carter again, who had looked at her with such surprise, and said, "You are too young to begin yet;" and one night as she sat down the empty glass, her arm was grasped by a haggard woman, red-eyed, and clothed in rare, who had been vainly CHAPTER V.

Fanny's visit.

On the following Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Rafferty was engaged in setting out the cups for an early tea, while the chill dren, sa usual, ran in and out, their father came a knock at the door, and a smartly-dressed young woman entered without further cremony, followed by a good-looking mechanic in his Sanday best, evidently her lover. Mrs. Rafferty stood still, and stared in amazement at the newcomer, kettle in hand, while are unworted hush fell upon the babel of voices at the other end of the room.

"What might you be pleased to want, in is?" hazarded Mrs. Rafferty at lergth.

"Why, Aunt L'za, don't you know metose state other end of the room.

"What might you be pleased to want, in is?" hazarded Mrs. Rafferty at lergth and clothed in ragg, who had been vainty trying to persuade her drunken husband to see you, and this is my young man," pulling Will forward as she spoke.

Mrs. Rafferty put down the kettle and came forward.

"Why, Fanny! how you've grown! I did not know you, my dear. Pm very glad to see you. You'll have a cup of the with us, work't you?"

Fanny and Will expressed themselves willing, and very soon the whole party was call and still got the plans for the wedding, and asking her aunt whether it might take place from there, if she pad all expenses and made the necessary arrangements.

Annu Eliza," she said, holding out the bit of money between her thumb and finger, and watching it as eagely as if she extraction of the two was reasoned and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as if she extraction and watching it as eagely as

after all. Somehow the poor woman's words had given her a shock which she could not altogether forget; and the next time she felt chilled after her long day's tramp through the cold, wet street, when her tired little feet stopped almost instinctively before one of the innum erable gin palaces which blazed out so temptingly at every corner she passed, a sudden thought struck her, and she ran down a well-known turning where, snugly ensconsed in a sheltered corner, she knew that one of Ned's acquaintances, a lad of about sixteen, stood every evening with a potato-can selling big hot potatoes for a penny each.

her with a muffled thud.

Where was she? A great blaze of light all around completely dazzled

pealed forth again, the crowd rose and thronged out, and with them L'zzle passed back into the cold, dim street.

where was she? A great blaze of light all around completely dazzled the child for a few moments. As she stood motionless and bewiidered, there came a burst of music—the great organ pealed out loud and clear, and a long train of white-robed men and boys came slowly forth from a side door and mouted the steps of the altar. Then she saw that the whole place was full of people, mostly of the poorer class, all kneeling; and as she stood looking, a woman near motioned her to her side, and whispered with a strong Irish accent, "You must kneel down, dear." She knelt as she was bidden, and stared wonderingly about her, while the white-robed acolytes passed to and fro, the censers sent up clouds of sweet incense, and the music floated softly through the crowded aisles. Then there was a bush—a long, intense silence, making the child tremble with vague awe and catch at the woman's dress who knelt beside her; and then the music pealed forth again, the crowd rose and thronged out and with them i juzica reased the strong of the pealed forth again, the crowd rose and thronged out and with them i juzica reased. potato-can selling big hot potatoes for a penny each.

"Perhaps they might warm me almost as well as the gin," she thought, "and make me a good supper besides."

And sure enough she found herself one among a little group of shivering people, boys and men, eating and chatting and enjoying their hot supper as heartily as any of their less temperate brethren tossed off his unsatisfying draught.

"Here's the stuff for my money!" spoke one, as he broke a large smoking potato in half, and dived for a pinch of salt. "A cup of coffee in the morning from a coffee

was the should do, if only her mother were away, and he slowe with her father, by way of swelling the small store of money which was to make their home bridght. Ah. it was the one bitter drop in her little cup of hopefulness just now that he had gone away and left her alone: in, her father, for whom she would so gladly have worked, with whom he had been arrived at the state of th

for themselves. Ladies and gentlemen, too—so the lad declared to Lizzie, used sometimes to buy a penn'orth of him as they passed, declaring they were better than anything they could get at home. And they were jolly good customers, too, the lad would remark, for they never took any butter or condiments, and always praised his bright can and its contents, and promised to come again.

One evening when Lizzie had been selling matches as usual all day, and had walked on and on, as it seemed to her, for hours, until the gathering dusk warned her that she must turn homewards, she wentured into a small tobacconist's shop to sak timidly "How far she might be from F—street?"

"Miles away!" replied the old man, who was bending over a drawer full of cigars as he spoke, after one keen glance up at her.

"How long should I take to walk it, do you think, sir?" she hezureded, lingering, "Much more than an hour, I should think. You had better go by train, if you've got four fourpence to spare; the station is just down there," and he nodded across the road.

Lizzie felt in her pocket for the slender score of coppers which that day's labor had brought, and counted them anxiously out, "One, two, three pennies; nine halfpence, and—why, how did this bit of silver get in there?"

She had no recollection of having received it from any customer, and would At the end of the second mission at St. Joseph's, they brought among the sick a child born bind, that did not move the pupil of its eye when the flame of a candle was placed before it. The following day the parents came and thanked me, because the child had got the perfect use of its eyes. I told the parents to thank God and His servant Blessed Peter Claver;; but I felt no impulse or inclination to speak of the favor to others.

get in there?"

She had no recollection of having received it from any customer, and would certainly have remembered such an unsual occurrence as being able to give "change" out of her coppers, which were always used up as fast as they came in for dinner or supper. It must have been handed to her between two half-pence in exchange for a box of fusees; and her eyes sparkled at the thought of the unwonted treat she might have in "a ride home." Her father had often gone to his work by train she remembered, when late in the morning, but she herself had never yet been able to afford such a luxury. luxury.
"Please, sir," she began, again coming "Please, sir," she began, again coming up to the counter.

"Eh, what? ob, I thought you were gone! Well, what is it now?" said the old man, crossly, shutting up the drawer with a bang.

"Oh, please, if you wouldn't mind telling me whether this is a threepenny or a fourpenny?" she said, holding out the bit of money between her thumb and finger, and watching it as eagerly as if she expected it to melt in his fingers.

He took the money from her, and turned it about in the gaslight.

"Fourpence. An old fourpenny bit. I'll give you coppers for it, if you like?"

"Yes, please, sir," she answered, breathless with surprise. "Though I'm a little bit sorry to give it up. I never had a plece of silver before, and silver brings luck, they say," she thought to herself as she watched the old man counting out the pennies.

"Now you'll go down that road there opposite, and take the second turn to the right, and then you'll come to a big building with an open doorway, and people going in and out. That's the station:

Congregation of Rites for examination.

Father Boero added that two evident miracles would do; nay, that one miracle of the first class would suffice, if it happened after the beatification. So I sent only five miraculous cures to

Rome.

Of these, the Congregation selected three and sent the "Instructions" to the bishops. The first was that of a lady in Milwaukee (Barbara Dressen), eightytwo years of age, who had been sflicted for twelve years with a cancer on the right cheek. The second was that of a girl with a broken collar bone in Nippinose Valley, in the diouses of Philadelphia. The third of a man in St. Louis, who had caries of the breast-bone and three ribs, and pulmonary consumption.

and three ribs, and pulmonary consumption.

On the first case the Papal Court met in Milwaukee. It was in the year 1862 that the old lady went on the feast of St. Peter, to ask the blessing of his relics. I laid the relics on the cancer, and the cancer disappeared at once. She went joyfully home, rubbing her face with her hands, and telling the people: "See! I told you—I shall come home, and the cancer will be gone."

The second cure was that of a girl, who had broken her collar-bone, and for four months was under treatment of some doctors of Williamsport, and without success. The bones would not join, and her mother said to her, while dressing the arm before going to the church during the mission: "My daughter, you will never be cured, but console yourself with the thought that you can be saved, with one hand a wall as "ith twa."

will never be cured, but console yourself with the thought that you can be saved, with one hand as well as with two."

Coming to the confessional, the girl blessed nerself with the left hand; I asked her the reason. She answered: "I am disabled, and cannot move the right hand; the bone is broken." I then asked her if she felt devotion in the intercession of the saints. As she replied asked her if she felt devotion in the intercession of the saints. As she replied
in the affirmative, I brought her to the
sacristy and laid the relics on the bandage. She simply said: "Thank you,"
untied the bandage, and after Mass
went straight to the priest's house and
began to iron the wash. On coming
home, she joyfully swung her hand before her mother's eyes, exclaiming:
"See! no more broken bone?" and began to load a wagon with hay.

The third case was that of Ignatius
Strecker, in the year 1864. His breastbone and three ribs were eaten by the
caries; he was afflicted with a diseased
throat and pulmonary consumption.
The doctors advised his wife to prepare

ST. PETER CLAVER.

MIRACLES PERFORMED AT VARIOUS TIMES
AND PLACES IN THIS COUNTRY.

Fr. Weninger, S. J., in Messenger of the Seared Heart.

Devotion to Peter Claver in the United States began with his beatification. At that time, I preached a mission in the church at St. Joseph, at St. Louis. As Christ bade His Apostles preach, and lay hands on the sick, I resolved to do what Christ admonished the "Heralds of the Gospel" to do, and to place the relics of Blessed Peter on the heads of the sick. But in order not to interfere with the order and quiet of the mission, I announced to the people that I would attend to the sick only after the conclusion of the mission; that they must first take care of their souls, making the exercises as well as possible, and then continue the invocation of Blessed Peter Claver every day till his feast—the 9th of September.

At the end of the second mission at St. Joseph's, they brought among the sick a child born bind, that did not move the pupil of its eye when the flame of a candle was placed before it. The following day the parents came and thanked me, because the child had got the perfect use of its eyes. I told the

never heard what had been done with the processes sent to Rome, whether the Congregation had made use of them or not. Twenty years passed, and finally I heard that Blessed Peter was to be canonized in 1885; again that the canonization was deterred till 1886, and again until 1887. All that time, I did not inquire whether the Congregation had used the miracles proposed by me; and when the canonization took place on the 15th of January of this year, I did not know whether these miracles had been used. I thought I would offer to the Lord, in honor of St. Peter, this act of self-abnegation, saying: "Anyhow the news will soon be published," and so it happened.

de lessed Peter Claver; but I felt no impulse or inciliation to speak of the favor others.

After that I gave missions uninter appears of the condition of the control of t They have not, as I have been informed, obtained full control of every school in the land, but they are struggling to the best of their solility to teach their own schools—well, to mind their own business, and to abstain in their public utterages. ness, and to asstain in their public utter-ances from statements which would only bring upon them the ridicule of educated men. Had Mr. Joseph Cook imitated their example in this respect he would have spared himself the inconveniences of three or

FOUR LIES IN A SMALL PARAGRAPH.

Even though he resent the inconvenience of their inspection he would manifestly gain in dignity by following their teaching and their practice in this matter. As to the allegiance we owe the successor of St. Peter, it has reference to revealed truth and Christian morality and is usually accorded to definitions of Papal power which are technically said to be of faith and morals. That allegiance has no reference to temporal affairs whatever, except where they would clash with the principles of morality. The allegiance we owe to the Roman Pontiff has no reference to our temporal affairs or national aspirations, except where they clash with the principles of morality. Even then it is not so much the Roman authority which makes it unlawful to do the thing which so clashes, but rather the dictates of conscience teach a man not to do that which has been unerringly declared and defined to be wrong. The Roman authority exalts the dignity of obedience to lawful vulers and the genuine. FOUR LIES IN A SMALL PARAGRAPH, Roman authority exalts the dignity of obedience to lawful rulers, and the genuine Jesuitical ultramontane Popery so much decried by the Cook brothers will always be found to be a real safeguard and prop to be found to be a real safeguard and prop to every well ordered government using its power for its proper end—the common weal. It is a very consoling sign of the times that Joseph Cook expresses such boisterous enthusiasm in favor of the 'white Pope'—that is, of the Roman Pontiff, Leo XIII., white being the color of his robes. White and yellow have always been the color of the Papal fig. Perhaps in remote times it was prophetically in remote times it was prophetically chosen to typify the advent of the happy dawn, new breaking, when the Orangelem of Joseph Cook is to be united with the clear white lustre of the lumen de ccolo."

In chronic diseases, medicine should be restoring, and not debilitating, in their action. The wonderful strengthening and curative effects, realized from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sustain the reputation of this remedy as the most popular blood parties.

BY THE REV. ÆNBAS M'DONELL DAWSON LL. D., F. R. S., ETC. PART I. FROM 1592 TILL THE EXTINCTION OF TH HIERARCHY IN 1603. CONTINUED.

Argyle had full commission to against the Catholics; and he lost no tin n his endeavor to execute it. In marc ing towards Aberdeen, he was joined numerous bands; and, in a short time, he was at the head of ten thousa men. Of this number six thousand or were efficient soldiers. The rest, ho ever, were provided with such arms they were accustomed to, and they we undoubtedly warlike. There was a with him a noted sorceress who incantations were expected by reformed people to bring to light a treasures which might be hid unground by the terrified inhabitan The hope of abundant plunder was strong incentive to their brave He attempted the siege of some places his way; but relinquishing this hopel task, he proceeded through the hills Strathbogie, with the fell purpose ravaging that country which belonged Huntley, with fire and sword. Reach Drimvin in Strathdown, be encamp there; and soon after had informat that Huntley was near at hand, a notwithstanding his great inferiority force, intended to attack him. Catholic Lords had only two thous men, or, as some say, something of incantations were expected by t Catholic Lords had only two thousemen, or, as some say, something of fitteen hundred. They were, howe true soldiers and commanded by expenced officers. They had also six pix of ordnance under the skilful comm of Captain Gray. Huntley, having reac of Captain Gray. Huntley, having reac Auchendown, learned, by his scouts the 3rd October, that Argyle was a great distance. He sent lorward a horsemen to reconnoitre. They vonducted by a spy of Argyle to vicinity of his encampment which near Glenlivat in the mountainous trict of Strathavon. The officer had gone to observe the enemy, on turning concealed their numbers and had gone to observe the enemy, on turning, concealed their numbers and they might be easily beaten by a few solute men. Huntley followed his vice and marched forward. Erroll the advance, supported by Sir Pai Gordon, the Lairds of Gight, Bonn Wood, Captain Kerr and three hun gentlemen. Huntley commanded rear guard, having, on his right, Laird of Clunie Gordon, and on his Gordon of Abergelei. The six piec artillery were so placed as to be pletely masked by the cavalry, and they were dragged forward unprece within range of the enemy's posi They opened fire, and at the first disci which was directed against the y standard of Argyle, struck down and They opened are, and at the first also which was directed against the ystandard of Argyle, struck down and
MacNelll, the Laird of Barra's third
one of their bravest officers, and Cam
of Lochnell who held the standard. one of their bravest officers, and Cam of Lochnell who held the standard. great success spread confusion amon Highlanders. A large body of the yelling and brandishing their swords and axes, made some attempreach the horsemen; but receiving an fire from the artillery, they fied, as fast that they were speedily out of and pursuit. A large body remainevertheless, and they had the advance of the ground. Hantley's vanguard withstanding, commanded by Errol Anchendown, advanced boldly to a Erroll, dreading a march that lay be him and the enemy, moved for along some firmer ground that lay of side, hoping thus to take the ener flank. Sir Patrick Gordon, impel his extraordinary ardour, made defor the hill; but, he and his hore impeded by the swampy ground, rememy, who, in this vert of the field and the for the hill.

exposed to a murderous fire fro enemy, who, in this pert of the field led by McLean of Duart, a chieft great stature and prodigious at He was superiorly armed, wealting a battle-axe. He skillfully his force in a small copes wood I hand, from which, protected sgaln alry, they delivered their fire with effect. Auchendown's ranks wer fully thinged by the murderous fir effect. Auchendown's ranks wer fully thinned by the murderous fr far from being discouraged, he sur in disengaging his cavairy and gallothe hill. To the great sorrow of lowers, he was struck with a buffell from his horse. They were no ever, dismayed, but made strenuous to rescue their chief. The furious to whom he was well known, rushehim, despatched him with their diroff his head and displayed it in triumph. This craged the Gordon fighting with fury and regardless cipline, gave advantage to McLean chief, availing himself of the conhemmed in the enemy's vangus forced it into narrow space between chief, availing himself of the conhemmed in the enemy's van-gur forced it into narrow space betw own force and Argyle's, hoping cut them to pieces. But Huntley, ing their danger, hastened to their He made a furious attack on both and McLean, and called loudly friends to avenge Auchendown. rode beside Argyle a person who be said, had no business in bat Royal Herald. He was arrayed official costume with his tabard, a the red lion and double tressure dress could be no protection on the field. It only served to point his hostile vengeance, which was, moment, excited to the highest pit the Lion," roared the horsemen, ran him through with their applatd him in the dust. The bat raged for two hours with unusu Erroll was wounded by a bullet in and a sharp barbed arrow piere into his thigh, whilst his pen geridon, was torn from him by Gordon of Gight received thre wounds and two plates of his s were forced into his body. Wounds he died next day. Huntself was in the greatest danc horse was shot under him, and the ground with their knives and as

rushed forward to attack him ground with their knives and az there was aid at hand. A dev lower, Innermarkie, rescued hi his perilous position and supp