TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1849.

THE MUSIC, POETRY, AND TRADITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY DONALD CAMPBELL.

When the following melodies were selected, it was my intention to translate the verses originally wedded to them, as specimens of Gaelic poetry; but I soon discovered that it requires nearly twice as many English as Gaelic words to convey the same ideas, and hence that I could not do justice to the Gaelic verses in similar stanzas. I have, therefore, departed from my original intention, and contented myself by attempting merely imitations. To render these imitations as much as possible like the originals, I have, in most of the specimens, adopted the same subjects, and have not rejected any of the ideas or similes that naturally infused themselves into the new verses. Although the imitations, where the original verses have been assumed as a model, are not therefore wholly original, neither can I honestly publish them as translations.

The Celtic bards were the second grade of the Druidal order, whose enlightened theology and beautiful morality, as well as great knowledge of the laws of nature and the sublime properties of matter, have been rendered, in a great measure, unavailing to posterity by the destruction of their manuscripts. The bards were employed by the Druids in moulding and training the character of the people; hence it was their object, by the exercise of all the charms of vocal and instrumental music, to make the audience identify themselves, in thought and feeling, with the singer or rehearser of their songs and poems.

With the above view, the bards were in the habit of making the audience take part in singing all songs composed to their more simple melodies. This object they accomplished by making them repeat the verse, or a suitable chorus, generally on a different key from that assumed by the vocalist, and with an expression corresponding to the emotion that would naturally be excited in the hearts of the hearers by the subject of the song. The chorus was formed of a combination of appropriate sounds and exclamations, with words or lines introduced at intervals, to give a meaning to these sounds, and preserve the connection of the subject. The repetition of the verse, or the chorus, was so managed by the ancient bards as to have all the effect of a response to the thoughts and feelings of the vocalist, and of a second part to the melody. But when the "order" of the bards became extinct, poetry suddenly declined in the Highlands; and hence the chorus in some modern Highland songs is an unmeaning rant, little better than the "Derry down" of English songs of the same age. The audience also but too frequently lose sight of the bard's object in the repetition of the verse or the introduction of the chorus, and seldom sing them in such a way as to correspond with the emotion that might naturally be excited by the vocalist; but some of the ancient Gaelic songs, when the verse is repeated, or the chorus sung with taste and feeling, are exceedingly pleasing and animated.

When the subject of the song was elevating, such as successful love, loyalty, fidelity, or magnanimous heroism, the repetition of the verse, or the tone of the chorus, became thus an enthusiastic and joyous expression of approval from the audience; but when the subject was unhappy love, a clan or national disaster, or some affecting bereavement in private life, it became a subdued echo of the thoughts and feelings breathed by the vocalist.

By their simple and sublime theology, and this system of rendering all the charms of poetry and music available in the cultivation of the hearts of the people, the Druids produced a state of society of which only those who are intimate with the poetry and traditions still floating in the Highlands can form any correct idea. The religion of the Druids was addressed to the common sense of the people; and the poetry of the bards was addressed to the cultivation of all the better feelings and features of the human character. This system of tuition, founded in nature and in reason, produced the result that might be expected from it. The Celtic race were magnanimous, brave, and patriotic in their public, and hospitable, true, and affectionate in their private life; and have been reduced to their present condition by their inflexible adhesion to a vital principle of the constitution of clanship—"the principle of disunited independence"—and not by the superior knowledge, capacity, or bravery of their opponents. Their adhesion to this principle—which rendered union or combination for warlike enterprises illegal, excepting for national defence—enabled their feudal enemies to draw them into civil broils and raids, one after another, and thus to cut them to pieces (or render them "broken men") in detail. The reader who will not use tradition as a key to the perusal of history, little knows the fund of unnoticed

evidence which may be discovered, capable of affording the most ample confirmation of the views which the following pages will open up for the elucidation of much that is involved in doubt and darkness as to the condition of the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland.

The original verses to the following air appear to be very ancient. I am disposed to ascribe them to the pastoral and hunting era that produced the "Aged Bard's Desire," which has not as yet been introduced to the English reader in so good a translation as I could wish to see; although the attempt has been made by myself, and by two or three other true-hearted Highlanders of far superior genius and attainments. The following air, and the verses sung to it, "'Sann tha mo rùn an Láudal," are well known and deservedly popular in the Highlands. These verses are written on a subject still more dear to my own associations; the scenery and imagery are, however, strictly in accordance with those of the original song. These have reference to the legend of a Highland officer, who had joined the army of the Peninsula with a party of his clansmen. Being on an outlying picquet in front of the British line, on the occasion of a forward movement of the enemy, he had considered it necessary, with characteristic devotion, to maintain his ground until his party was surrounded, and he himself mortally wounded, and only saved from being made prisoner by the zeal and fidelity of one of his clansmen, who, with superhuman strength, carried him forcibly out of the melée (before his men were overpowered), and across a stream, where he placed him, leaning against a rock, and stood over him like an enraged tiger, until succour arrived from the encampment. The officer who had charge of the depôt at which he died, and related to me the tale of his fate, was much affected by the grief and fidelity of his last follower, who hung over his couch, night and day, until he breathed his last; and who, as the wounded officer, in the delirium preceding his death, sung snatches of Gaelic songs, connected with his young love and adventures among his native hills, was affected even to tears, "strong and rugged as he appeared to be." I have inquired since, but could not ascertain who this officer was.

Believing that this may appear proper, and gratify the curiosity of those who are unacquainted with the language, I have premised the imitations with a single verse, and the chorus of each of the originals which I have attempted to imitate:—

'SANN THA MO RUN AN LAUDAL.*

Aird mo chri an airdlia,
Air an ailli dh'eireis grian—
Aros a' chrui lói 's na fia,
A chial! nach ro mi'n Láudal.
Ho ro, calana, ho gu,
Ho hi rio, ho hi u;
Ho ro, ealana, ho gu,
'Sann tha mo rún an Láudal!"

LAUDAL.

Leaning faintly on his side,
By the Ebro's crystal tide,
The wounded chieftain deeply sighed—
He sighed and thought of Láudal—

"Ho ro, ealana, ho gu,
Ho hi rio, ho hi u;
Ho ro, ealana, ho gu,
A cloud obscures thee, Láudal!"

Thought on scenes where oft he roved,
Wooed and won the maid he loved,
And the joys of young life proved
Till Mary slept in Láudal.
"Ho ro," &c.

Where his deerhound, baying wild,
Oft his joyous course beguiled,
Ere in war, by grief exiled,
He drew the sword of Láudal.
"Ho ro," &c.

Where, on Ardmore's heathy crest,
The shy moorfowl makes her nest,
And his Mary loved to rest,
And fondly gaze at Láudal.
"Ho ro," &c.

Where the wavy woodlands ring
While the thrush and cushet sing,
And wild swans, on graceful wing,
Soar o'er the hills of Láudal.
"Ho ro," &c.

Where the stag, at evening-close,
While his heart with transport glows,
Hurls defiance at his foes,
And calls his hinds to Láudal.
"Ho ro," &c.

"Ah! why left I home," he cried,
"With my clan, in bannered pride,
Though in Albyn's cause they died,
And by the side of Láudal!"
"Ho ro," &c.

"Last of my brave band, draw near—
Thou who knowest nor guilt nor fear—
My arm has failed, my heart is sear—
I've lost the men of Láudal!"
"Ho ro," &c.

"Bear me softly o'er the bay,
To the clachan lone and gray,
There the war-worn soldier lay,
Beside his maid of Láudal."
"Ho ro, calana, ho gu,
Ho hi rio, ho hi u;
Ho ro, ealana, ho gu,
A cloud obscures thee, Láudal."

Mr. Logan, in his valuable work on the Scottish Gael, has published a somewhat different version of the following air, as a specimen of the melodies called "Iorram." Some of these iorrams are very beautiful, and the verses written to them are often tender and touching, from the softness and flexibility of the Gaelic language; but, so different is the character of the English, that I found the necessity of providing words, capable of expressing the double note, at the end of every line—required by the measure—a great impediment to the easy flow of thoughts and feelings necessary to anything like a successful imitation of the original song; and those I use have far too hard a sound to do justice to the melody. This peculiarity of these Gaelic melodies seems to have escaped the notice of the gifted musicians who noted them down, and the poets who have written Scotch or English verses to them, in former times—not excepting even Burns himself. Hence, perhaps, the reason why several of the songs written by him to Gaelic airs are not so popular as many of his other songs. Indeed, these airs have been seldom improved by the changes which they have undergone in modern times—

* I have slightly modernised the spelling (but without violating the admirable rule for the preservation of the radix), for the sake of the English reader.

for they have rarely lost less of wildness and pathos than they have gained in sweetness and softness—by the Gows, Marshalls, and others, who have copied, altered, and given them new names. "Ho ro, mo run a chailinn," "Banarach dhonn a' chruidh," "Ho ro, gur toil linn drama," &c. &c., may be mentioned in proof of the above remarks. Nor is it altogether consistent with propriety, that these musicians, or their friends, have neglected to mention the fact that the melodies were not their own composition.

FHIR A' BHATA, NA HO RO EILE.

Tha ma chri briste, brùite;
'S trio na deòr a rui o m' shùilean—
'N dig u 'n diu, na'm bi mo dhùil riut,
Na'n dùin mi'n dorus le osnai chiùrte!
"Ir a vata, na ho ro eile,
Ir a vata, na ho ro eile;
Ir a vata, na ho ro eile,
A rúin s'a lúai gur a trua s'd' dhéigh mi!"

Mary sits, as the day is dawning,
All lone and pale on high Benvaning;
Her snowy bosom with sorrow swelling,
Her tearful eye o'er the far sound dwelling.
"Ir a vata, na ho ro eile,
Ir a vata, na ho ro eile;
Ir a vata, na ho ro eile,
'Tis sair to luve whan by luve forsaken."

Mary now is the child of sadness!
No more she sings in tones of gladness—
No more sweet slumbers attend her pillow,
Her love is far o'er the heaving billow.
"Ir a vata," &c.

The people's joy, through the clachan moving,
Was guileless Mary, beloved and loving—
A guiding star on a lone glen beaming,
A stately swan on a hill-lake swimming.
"Ir a vata," &c.

But now our maids pass her by unheeding,
While stoops her form, and her heart is bleeding—
Oh, blame the sea 'cause the tide is making,
But spare the heart that with love is breaking!
"Ir a vata," &c.

Though clouds surround her, and night nor morrow
Can bring a balm to her hopeless sorrow,
Undying love her fond heart inspiring,
She, swan-like, sings while of grief expiring.
"Ir a vata, na ho ro eile,
Ir a vata, na ho ro eile;
Ir a vata, na ho ro eile,
'Tis sair to luve when by luve forsaken!"

There is no subject on which the general reader has more erroneous ideas than the state of society among the patriarchal clans. The same system of government unquestionably prevailed among all Celtic nations. Hence, the Greek and Roman statements as to the condition of the people of Great Britain, at a period when those of Gaul had attained a high state of civilization (at all times inconsistent with themselves), are gradually losing ground with the better-informed classes of society; but still the general opinion is, that the Highland chiefs were despotic, and the clans in a state of vassalage and villanage, still more degrading than prevailed in feudal states.

But the fact is, that the soil, in all patriarchal states, belonged to the people in common. The King was not the fountain of honour or jurisdiction, nor had the legal fiction of his being sole proprietor of the soil ever been dreamed of in the Highlands. He could neither give lands, titles, nor jurisdictions, therefore; and was merely the supreme chief of the people, powerful in war, but powerless in peace.

The Brehon laws, which became familiar to the people under the name of "cleachdadh," or use and wont, were, like our common laws, founded in equity, and every way well adapted to their circumstances; and they were, as all laws ought to be, understood and approved of by the whole people. They were administered by a judge and jury—the former called the Brehon (corrupted *Vergobritus* by the Romans), and the Cinn-tàighe (or heads of the houses composing the respective clans)—and executed by the chiefs. These officials were elected in lineal descent, and for life, by the people, on principles which reconciled the consideration due to high talents and a virtuous life, to an illustrious descent. For, although elected in lineal descent, and from the nearest of kin to the founder of the clan, the office was purely elective; and every member of the clan had not only a vote, but was personally eligible to be himself elected—the whole clan being on a perfect equality, one with another, for purity of blood and antiquity of family, the two great marks of aristocracy among the Celts. This system of government is briefly, but graphically, described by Richard, of Cirencester, when he states that the Britons were "governed by a democracy which resembled an aristocracy;" but the best description of it will be found in a small work published by the poet Spenser on his return from Ireland, in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This work is exceedingly illustrative of the ideas of clanships formed by feudal authors, the writer's facts and inferences being in antagonism in every sentence from the beginning to the end of the narrative—but it is not the less valuable and instructive on that account.

The Brehon was selected from the Druidical orders, but had no criminal jurisdiction; all cases tried before him being settled by compensation. Cases which did not admit of being so settled were transferred to the criminal court, composed of the Druids, and which was presided over by the chief Druid. The sentence of this court (probably death by phlebotomy) was carried into effect, with great solemnity, within the Druidical circle; which, according to the learned and acute Dr. Smith, was the cause of the report that the Druids sacrificed human victims to the deity—a report equally inconsistent with the enlightened character of their theology and philosophy, as is well proved by many traditions and proverbs preserved and cherished in the Highlands to this day, and many of which are quoted by this eminent scholar in his Life of the Druids.

The perfect equality of the whole clan in political privileges, their community of property in the soil, and the equal division of the moveables among the whole members of a family, in accordance with the Brehon laws (whereby any great accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals was, in a great measure, prevented), created a feeling of equality, and a spirit of independence, among clansmen; which, being preserved from coarseness by the tone of honour and refinement belonging to their cherished aristocracy of birth and rank, had a most elevating effect on their principles and manners.

Although the kings of Scotland, unhappily for themselves and for their country, became enamoured of the feudal system, and imported it from England (or

perhaps the Scots carried it along with them to the country), the people resisted feudal charters and jurisdictions, and even looked with contempt at all persons whose rank was derived only from the king. They adhered with inflexible tenacity to the laws and customs of their ancestors, especially beyond the friths. For although the long-continued and persevering assiduity of our kings had gradually succeeded in spreading charters over the country, these charters were held to be a trust reposed in the chiefs; and no person ever presumed to use them as conferring on him a personal right, in the clan districts, until the *esprit du corps* of the clans was distracted by the religious and political differences fomented among them by the reformers and revolutionists, and their spirit was finally crushed by the expulsion of the Stuart family. And even when the clan estates were restored to the representatives of the last chiefs and chieftains, without the customary election and inauguration, and without any reservation of the rights of their people, such was their habitual confidence in the honour of their hereditary nobility, that the circumstance never created the least uneasiness or suspicion in the Highlands. On the contrary, many clansmen who had secured long and advantageous leases from the government commissioners, for themselves and their immediate clansmen, actually brought these leases to the feasts prepared to welcome the new chiefs and chieftains, and flung them in the bonfires kindled on the joyous occasion; never for a moment conceiving it possible that these persons would, within thirty years afterwards, claim to be the proprietors of the soil which had been inherited by their clans, in common, from a long line of warlike ancestors.

It will scarcely be credited, but such is the fact, that the descendant of the only person whose lease had not been committed to the flames at the feast of the descendant of the crested ———, is the only gentleman of his name who holds lands this day on that estate! I do not mention this as at all discreditable to the present proprietor, or leave his title blank on that account; for the dispossession of their clans, by the chiefs and chieftains, is not more discreditable than general throughout the whole length and breadth of the Highlands. The high-minded Glengarry men (to be afterwards referred to), rather than submit to being thus defrauded of their inheritance, or, by resistance, exhibit to the world the unseemly spectacle of rising in arms against their chief, and the now understood law of the case, abandoned their country in a body.

At the same time, the defection of the chiefs and chieftains from their clans, on their being so unexpectedly converted into lairds, by the result of the rebellion, may be accounted for independently of mercenary motives. The feudal and Protestant proprietors may well have attached themselves to reform and revolution principles, from motives purely religious and patriotic; and the descendants of such of the patriarchal chiefs and chieftains as adhered to the house of Stuart, were chiefly the sons of exiles, born and educated in foreign countries. The former, from religious and political predilections, wished to see Scotland assimilated in all things to England; while the latter, deteriorated by privation and dependence, had ceased to have any community, in feelings or in principles, with their high-minded and single-hearted clansmen—or, in short, had ceased to be Highlanders. It is an affecting illustration of the eternal principles of retributive justice, that it is now a race, "neck and neck," whether the descendants of these chiefs, or their defrauded clansmen, will first lose hold, for ever, of the country of their common ancestors.

But, from whatever motives the chiefs and chieftains acted, they consummated the spoliation of their clansmen, very soon after the restoration of the forfeited estates, by bringing a number of Lowland peasants into the country, "to civilise the Highlanders." The reader who would form a correct idea of the species of civilisation likely to be taught by these persons, would require to read *Chalmers' Caledonia*, and also to be capable, not only of understanding, but of feeling the poignant satire of "Oran nan Ciobairean." From the historical facts related by Chalmers, it appears that such of the peasantry of the Lowlands as may boast an Anglo-Saxon descent, are the offspring of unransomed prisoners of war, who had been reduced into villanage by the kings and feudal nobility of Scotland. These unhappy persons, during the high and palmy days of feudalism, were in the same category with oxen and horses, with whom they were yoked in the ignoble labours of the field, or sold or bartered without compunction; and the gay and witty and spirited Celtic satirist, who knew those of them who had been brought to the Highlands well, represents them in colours every way befitting their pedigree and breeding. I do not, by any means, wish to be understood as applying these remarks to all the Lowlanders who took lands in the Highlands at the above and subsequent periods. Many of them were highly respectable, and of the better classes; but, generally speaking, they were merely ignorant peasantry, descendent from the feudal "villeyns."

When the estate of Ardnamurchan fell into the hands of the Riddel family, one of these churls was "planted" in the neighbourhood of Malcolm Macdonald, a Glencoe gentleman, whose Highland heart and courtesy prompted him to lavish much kindness on the stranger before he became aware of the difference between a villeyn and a clansman—the former being altogether unknown beyond the firths. It so happened, that Malcolm and his new neighbour had each an only daughter; and the maidens, being thrown much together in their secluded locality, became great friends—at least, so thought and felt the kind-hearted daughter of the Highlander.

The Lowlander, in the course of a short time, became a rich man—for he grasped at all, and parted with nothing—while the Highlander, accustomed to the community of feeling and profuse hospitality of the clan system, although by much the more energetic and talented man, was less keen in the pursuit of wealth, and infinitely less careful in keeping it together.

The Lowlander (as is usual with persons of mean birth, when unimproved by society or education) became purse-proud as he became rich; and upon the occasion of his daughter's marriage, above her degree, to a gentleman who valued tocher above pedigree, with its then accompanying superiority of heart and head, he did not think it at all incumbent on him to remember the kindness and courtesy lavished on her by her fair companion, when she arrived in the district, poor and rustic. One would require to be thoroughly

acquainted with the manners and customs of the Highlanders of the olden time to be able to appreciate the feelings of Malcolm's daughter, when, instead of being confidante and bridesmaid, she had neither been informed of the intended marriage, nor asked to the wedding. She took the neglect much to heart, and even shed tears at the defection of her "friend." But Malcolm had, by this time, begun to obtain an insight into the character of his neighbour, and was aware that his own declining circumstances was the cause of the slight his daughter had met with. He accordingly addressed to her the spirited verses of which the following is a poor imitation:—

AIR—"Mo Chailinn Donn Og."

My auburn-haired maid, so fair and comely,
So sprightly and gay, so kind and lovely;
Of thee I would sing, the cause relating
Why thou art not wooed when others are wedding,
My auburn-haired maid.

Thou art pure as the snow on the hill-crest swelling,
In beauty arrayed, in mind excelling;
But, ah me! thy sire in his shell delighted,
And thou, my young, tocherless daughter, art slighted—
My auburn-haired maid.

When I meet, round the board, with a set of good fellows,
My heart it expands, my feelings it mellows;
I drink, laugh, and sing, with the glee of a callan,
Yet my wife's harshest phrase is but "God sain thee, Allan!"
My auburn-haired maid.

My social profusions, the darg of my cronies,
Have lessened my faids and scattered my monies;
But none values Allan at less than he's owing,
And fortune, still friendly, her gifts is bestowing,
My auburn-haired maid.

Yon sour-hearted boor, who scorns my example,
Who grubs and who moils, though his means are ample;
Who spends in the year scarce the tithe of a gallan,
Will bring 'neath the mools no more than Allan,
My auburn-haired maid.

I still, for my friends, have a cellar and pantry;
I still have an arm and a sword for my country;
For the old and the poor I've a neuk 'yont my hallan;
And I've scorn for ilk knave who deems lightly of Allan,
My auburn-haired maid.

The original verses to the following air were written by a young lady of exquisite beauty. They are very much admired for their *naivette*, and their unaffected elegance of language and expression. But the devotion of Gillie Guanach, who was the subject of them, to the fair sex, was formed on a scale by far too liberal to exclude all excepting the young and the beautiful from his admiration. He married a lady *air le maise*, as the Highlanders politely designate a lady having only one eye. As this lady happened to be a "tochered lass," censorious persons did not give Gillie Guanach credit for disinterestedness in his desertion of the accomplished beauty. But it may be mentioned that the preferred lady had all, excepting beauty, calculated to recommend her to the heart of a worthy country gentleman—good sense, good temper, and a virtuous disposition. The sensitive and haughty poetess could not, however, be expected to appreciate the Gillie Guanach's preference of worth and prudence over youth and beauty. Having shortly afterwards become also a "tochered lass," and met him, while driving through the country in her splendid equipage, accompanied by a fair friend, she determined to exhibit the power of female fascination over his heart, to appease her hurt pride and amuse her friend. Ordering her carriage to be stopped on his approach, she extended to him her small, white hand, radient with jewels, and, looking for a moment passionately in his face, with eyes that outshone the diamonds which glittered in her raven hair, leaned forward, as if overcome with emotion, until her lips almost touched his. Thrown into the most admired disorder by this apparently overwhelming gush of tenderness, our hero felt a thrill of ecstacy rushing through his frame, and, in the maddening impulse of the moment, extended his arms to embrace her. The wily poetess instantly drew back, and, casting at him a glance of scorn, exclaimed, sarcastically. "What! is the honeymoon already over, James? Poor man! Return to your old, crooked, one-eyed wife at home; and—say your prayers!"

It is said that the above interview was not auspicious to the after-peace and happiness of either party. It probably showed them, for the first time, the real strength of their attachment to one another. I quote a verse of the original, although the following verses are not an imitation, but merely written to the same air, and have reference to the unhappy passion said to have been revived in the heart of the Gillie Guanach by the interview above related.

MO GHILLE GUANACH, HO IRI OVO.

'Núair a theid u do Dhuneidein,
Fear do cheum tha 'n fhalbh an tráid,
Bidh na bain tearnan uille an deigh ort—
'S bidh me fhein mar the do chach.
Mo Ghille Guanach, ho iri ovo,
Mo Ghille Guanach, ho ro vo hi
Fleasgach usal an leadain dualich,
Tha mi fo ghruaim bho na d'fhàg u mi!

OH, SAY NO MORE WE MUST CEASE FROM LOVING.

The voice of spring, when the groves are wooing
Her early steps with their choral song,
No joy imparts to a heart subduing
Undying love, the wild woods among.
Oh, say no more we must cease from loving,
That all our fondest regrets are vain—
Since, fate opposing and friends reproving,
'Tis ours for ever to live in twain.

When thou art gay, my fond bosom, glowing
In every chord, thrills with joy the while;
When from thy lips tender plaints are flowing,
My soul is breathed in thy pensive smile.
On thy loved image for ever dwelling,
Cold wisdom's maxims are not for me,
Her freezing voice still with scorn repelling,
I cling with rapture—I cling to thee!

The religion of the Druids was founded on the belief that the will of God is manifested by the properties of matter, and the laws by which nature is governed. Wisdom and benevolence being the most prominent features of the great scheme of creation, they held that mankind are bound to conform themselves to the principles of wisdom and benevolence, as in accordance with the will of God. Dr. Smith found many traditions and proverbs, common in the Highlands, even in his day, which convinced him that wisdom, love, and mercy, formed the main elements of the Druidical religion.

The Druidical order consisted of four different grades. They all entered as eubages, and were promoted from rank to rank, according to proficiency and merit, after a long and severe course of study and probation. The bards were the second highest order, and, conse-

quently, had the advantage of an education suitable to their important position in the state. They accompanied the army into the field of battle, to be eye-witnesses of the heroic deeds which it was their duty and their privilege to immortalise.

The strict morality of the Druidical religion forbade the use of fiction to the bards; but they allowed full play and expression to the thoughts and feelings excited and inspired in their hearts by magnanimous sentiments and high achievements. Hence, their poems have ever been regarded as historically and biographically true and authentic, and prized accordingly. Indeed, such was the estimation in which the bards were held, from their pure lives and dignified character, not less than from their genius, that we are told their influence over the hearts of the people was unlimited—so much so, that they are known, by their interposition, to have arrested armies in the moment of victory, and the ardour or panic of pursuit and flight!

Though the Culdees, by whom Christianity was introduced into the Highlands, were pure and holy in their lives, they were not destitute of sectarian feelings and priestcraft any more than their successors. They destroyed the manuscripts and other monuments of the Druids, calumniated and misrepresented their lives and their religion, and considered everything, excepting their own tenets, as darkness, ignorance, and barbarity. Their successors, the Roman Catholic priests, lent themselves to the unholy feudal system, and fattened on its successful usurpations, as many grinding charters, yet extant testify. But so deep was the love and veneration of the bards seated in the hearts of the people, that they survived the fall of the Druids for many centuries, even despite the enmity of the Romish or feudal priesthood. Indeed, it was not until feudalism flung these off, and adopted Protestantism as its most able ally, that the light of ancient genius, and the lays and lore which had been consecrated and preserved in the hearts of the people for thousands of years, were utterly quenched and extinguished in the Highlands. The reforming chiefs and chieftains were completely poisoned by the sour and acquisitive principles of the reforming priests against poetry and music, and the lands of the bards were seized on with the same avidity as those of the church. "Work they could not, and to beg they were ashamed;" and so the old and dignified of the order shrunk into obscurity, and died; while the young and unscrupulous lent themselves to the political busy-bodies of the age, or wandered through the country under the name of "gentle beggars," prostituting their genius to the vulgar taste, by travestying the poems of Ossian, and the other ancient bards, and retailing them from door to door for their lodgings and entertainment, under the name of "wisgeuls." Some of these monstrous parodies are referred to by Dunbar, Mari nighn Alastair Ruai, and others; but the very discriminating taste of one or two of the gentlemen who have recently been pleased to charge themselves with the Ossianic controversy, does not seem to have discovered any difference between the parodies and the originals—and they have accordingly published them "mixty maxty," to the disgrace of Gaelic poetry; and thereby confirmed the scepticism they meant to remove.

The mendacity of these "wisgeul" bards, compelled to disreputable courses by spoliation and want, not only degraded the reputation of the order to which they belonged, but also brought discredit on the divine art of poesy herself in the Highlands. From the above circumstances, Mari nighn Alastair Ruai, at once the most plaintive and impassionate Celtic poetess of her day, was forced, by her kinsman and chief, Sir Norman Macleod, to promise that she would write no more songs, and, also, that she would reside in the island of Scarba, a wild isolated mountain, situate in the vicinity of Corryvreckan, that she might be kept apart from the importunities of those vagrant minstrels, who consumed her little pension, and made her house their home.

In the island of Scarba, the sweet songstress, like a thrush in a cage of iron, felt the love of song returning on her heart with irresistible inspiration. Anxious to keep her promise to her chief, but unable to resist the power of poetry and music, she is said to have invented the species of melodies which are called "Cronan," in contradistinction to "Oran," or song, this last being the word used in her promise to the chief. Sir Norman, and "his high-descended race," are the subjects of the greater number of these beautiful lyrics; but I have heard many of them, of a still more touching character, on subjects less heroic. One in particular, which was a favourite with a true-hearted Highlander of the old school, Bishop Fraser, now of Nova Scotia—"'Se thuirt a bhen an de rium," &c.—is among the best specimens of the Highland lament. But the mournful cadence of the music, and the wild pathos of the verses, have rendered the whole of Mari's elegiac poetry very popular in the Highlands.

The genius of Mari nighn Alastair Rui, which her chief attempted to suppress, has added an enduring laurel to the ample wreath achieved in many a well-fought field by the loyal faith and chivalrous heroism of the illustrious house of Macleod. Alas! that the time has come, when it may with safety be predicted that no such strains shall ever again be composed in the Highlands. Scattered, broken-hearted, and degenerated, the poor remnant of the Gael can afford no encouragement for the preservation, much less the composition, of works honourable to their country or their race; and the vaunted liberality of the kingdom in which they are soon to be lost does not appear equal to the enlightened generosity of endowing a single chair, much less college, for the revival and cultivation of the music, poetry, or literature of the Celts, the illustrious but ill-prized ancestors, paternally or maternally, of the whole inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland.

Oh! for one hour of one of the ancestors of the Duke of Argyle by the side of the Queen! Who can doubt that it would be easy to prevail on her gracious Majesty, at least, to restore the office of the Royal Celtic Bard, which had been in existence since Scotland was a kingdom, until the reign of the unfortunate James VII. There is more than one Highland gentleman still living, qualified to fill the situation with credit; and such an appointment would enable at least one Highlander to devote himself to Gaelic literature, without being, like Dr. Smith and many other illustrious scholars, the victim of his nationality.

BEGONE, O HOPE!

AIR—"Crònan nighn Alastair Ruai."

Begone, O Hope! thou dreamer, begone,
Though fond, and fair, and smiling;
Thy pleasing tale of the golden tone
Is sweet, but, ah! beguiling.
Thou tell'st me my image lives bright in his breast,
In grief, in toil, in danger;
And in dreams of love he breaks my rest,
Though to love and to me a stranger.

Thou join'st us, pleasing dreamer of joy,
In hands which none may sever;
While he glows in the beams of a brighter eye,
And thinks of me—ah! never.
Then, pleasing, smiling dreamer, away,
And leave me to my sorrow;
Thy tale is sweet as an angel's lay,
But its burden is aye to-morrow.

I have already referred to the long-continued struggle between the feudal and the patriarchal systems in Scotland, and the ignorance which prevails on this subject. To this struggle tradition ascribes all the feuds and forays which disfigure our record; yet, strange to say, Chalmers, the learned author of *Caledonia*, is the only eminent historian or antiquary who seems even to have known that the king, the clergy, the people, the constitution, and the laws of Scotland, were purely Celtic, until a comparatively recent period of our annals; and, indeed, our history, in consequence, is little better than the modern history of Ireland—the history of the dominant classes, whose greedy violence, within their circle of action, has so engrossed the attention of writers as to leave all beyond a mere subject for the research of the traditional antiquary, who may find, however, in that neglected space, much to interest and to instruct both his heart and his head.

Whether the feudal system has, as Chalmers asserts, been borrowed from the Anglo-Norman kings of England by the Scoto-Irish kings of Scotland, or whether it was imported by the ancient Scots into Scotland, at their first arrival, is now difficult to say. I am in favour of the latter opinion. Indeed, the violence and bloodshed of the Scots among themselves, and their eternal warfare and disputes about lands, while they were yet confined to Dalriada, is to me conclusive both as to the Gothic descent of the Scots, and the prevalence among them of the bloody and barbarous feudal system. We hear of no such civil or family wars among the civilised and Celtic Picts, about lands, territories, or successions.

Than the feudal, it is impossible to conceive any system better suited to the purposes of military conquest and occupation; but, being conceived in a spirit of aggression and spoliation, it naturally subdued every feeling of equity and honesty in the hearts of its inventors and adherents, and stimulated to excess their avarice and ambition. In England, being introduced and established by conquerors, feudalism conducted its operations in an open and manly spirit, not altogether destitute of generosity and chivalry; but in Scotland, being assumed by the legitimate sovereign of a free and spirited people, with the object of surreptitiously subverting their laws, rights, and privileges, by the establishment of a heartless despotism, it clothed itself in irremediable cunning and treachery.

The clans, true to the vital principle of "disunited independence," without which the patriarchal system could not exist for a day, never interfered with the local government of one another, and recognised no principle of warfare except the defence of the national independence. Hence, by drawing them into feuds, one after another, the kings and their favourites gradually rendered many of them what, in feudal parlance, is called "broken clans;" and this afforded the king the wished-for opportunity of granting charters of their lands, on feudal service, to such as were willing to serve and obey him as their feudal superior, and to support him as the fountain of honour and jurisdiction, and the sole source of all heritable rights. By these means the kings of Scotland, from being simply the supreme chiefs of the people, became despotic, and gradually reduced almost the whole of the inhabitants of the country, south of the friths, into vassalage and villanage.

Of the means used to carry the system beyond the friths, our historians seem to have found one instance only worthy of being recorded—namely, that which resulted in the clan tournament on the Inch of Perth. It would appear that the feudal nobility had contrived to make one clan claim jurisdiction and precedence over another, with the view of involving them in a deadly feud, that might leave no small extent of country uninhabited and open to the feudal favourites. The atrocity of working on the high sense of honour and independence of these clans, so as to make them cut one another's throats, is, of course, represented by our feudal historians as a high stroke of national policy! But the fact is, that this system of organising district against district, and clan against clan, for the destruction of one or both, was really the system on which Scotland has been governed, from the accession of the Scoto-Irish kings to the throne until the revolution, both on the south and the north of the friths.

The barbarous system above-mentioned was scarcely known, however, in its worst colours beyond the friths until the reign of James IV. This sovereign seems to have believed himself, in reality, to be the vicegerent of Heaven; and concluded, as a matter of course, that resistance to the unlimited jurisdiction he was pleased to assume or confer amounted to a just forfeiture of all legal rights and privileges. The clans who adhered to their ancient jurisdictions, by their native chiefs, Brehons and chieftains, were accordingly treated in this reign as robbers, thieves, and outlaws; and it is recorded to his honour and glory, by our feudal historians, that he could ride sixty miles a day to hang up chief, judge, and jury by the dozen, at his royal will and pleasure!

The feudal nobility had attained great power in the above reign—so much so, that there is reason to believe the loss of the battle of Flodden alone saved the last remnant of Celtic independence in Scotland. It was in this reign that the high-minded Clan Gregor became a doomed race.

The country of the M'Gregors projected into isolated straths and glens, remote from one another, and was surrounded by clans who had been engaged in the war of independence, under Wallace and Bruce, and whose chiefs, from their natural devotion to this latter hero, had accepted charters from him of their respective clan estates. Among these we may mention the Campbells, the Murrays, the Græmes, &c. The element of weakness in the position of the M'Gregor

district tempted the feudal acquisitiveness of the chiefs of some of these clans, and plots were accordingly laid to draw them into feuds that might lead to their reduction or expatriation. This, unfortunately, it was not difficult to do; for the M'Gregors were of a temper rather "to chide the thunder" than to shrink from a challenge. After a long succession of battles and skirmishes against the Gordons, the Menzies, the Murrays, the Campbells, &c., they at length chastised their enemies at Glenfruin, with a degree of severity which afforded the wished-for opportunity of such exaggerations and calumnious inventions as to create a strong feeling against them in the country.

At the above period, every avenue to the ear of the sovereign was possessed by the feudal favourites; and, consequently, there was then less known at the court of what was passing in a clan country in the Highlands than is known to our present Government of what is passing in one of our Canadian forests. The enemies of the M'Gregors, with the view of justifying the cruel measures intended against them, formed a procession of women, representing the wives and daughters of the "murdered" Colquhouns. These "bereaved" females waited on the king, each bearing before her the pretended bloody shirt of a murdered husband, brother, or father, and, singing her coronach or lamentation, called loudly for vengeance on the "murderous Clan Gregor." The "kindly Stuart" was of course greatly shocked and excited. The procession answered the purpose of the feudal conspirators. The name of M'Gregor was proscribed, their country given to fire and sword, and their lands and moveables confiscated to their enemies; or, in effect, to all whose cupidity could be tempted, by such a bribe, to betray their hiding-places, or to take arms for their extirpation.

During the persecution of the M'Gregors, their chief fell in love with the daughter of one of their most deadly enemies, and prevailed on her to elope with him to a wild romantic glen in the Highlands of Perthshire. Here their retreat was discovered by one of her clansmen, who had wandered to an unusual distance in the pursuit of a wounded deer, and heard her singing to her infant at the mouth of a cave, in the dusk of the evening. Her father was, at this period, a very old man; and the generous clansman communicated his discovery to her brother, in terms which he considered calculated to awaken his love and compassion, for the purpose of inducing him to exert himself to reconcile the old knight to his brave and high-minded son-in-law, and his devoted and affectionate young wife.

The brother of the unfortunate lady (afterwards well known to tradition for much of good and evil) affected to be moved by the tale of his clansman, and to comply with his wishes; but, instead of doing so, he made him an unconscious instrument for getting the chief into his power, when he struck off his head! The lament of the bereaved widow, addressed to her infant son (who became afterwards one of the most celebrated chiefs of his clan), is one of the most touching elegiacs in Turner's collection. It was my intention, when these remarks were written, to attempt an imitation of it; but I find myself unequal to the task. I have, therefore, resolved to publish the melody, in the hope that one or other of our charming poetesses may be induced to supply suitable verses. The tradition is calculated to interest their hearts, and the melody, though very simple, appears to me, when sung with taste and expression, to represent, in the most appropriate and affecting manner, the subdued breathings of overwhelming and hopeless sorrow. The following verses, written to the air she was heard singing at the mouth of the cave, are scarcely worthy of the subject or the melody:—

THE CUSHAT THAT WANDERS.

The cushat that wanders the wild woods among,
Comes home in the evening, and breathes his love song;
But thou, my unkind one, art far, far away,
Though the night round me gathers on lonely Glenfay.
  Oh, leave the wild haunts of the deer and the roe;
  Thy hills have been marked by the steps of the foe;
  And fondly I wander to chide thy delay,
  Though I see their red blades in the shade of Glenfay.

Oh, come to the bower thou hast made for thy love,
The osier-lined cave by the Fairyknowe grove—
Rough torrents wind round it, and, rising in spray,
A cloud kindly cast on the path to Ua-fay.
  If my voice, as thou say'st, thrilling joy can inspire;
  If my hand can give soul to the strings of my lyre;
  If thy steps may be wooed by the spell of my lay;
  Oh, come to delight the lone shiel of Glenfay.

Although the late Glengarry was honourably distinguished from many of the other gentlemen who succeeded to clan estates in the questionable manner I have ventured to relate, by his attachment to Highland feelings and usages, yet he very soon became obnoxious to his clan, by offering to change from the ancient voluntary tribute or "calpa," payable to the chief Brehon and chieftains, to a regular money rent. This attempted innovation caused the clan to emigrate in a body to North America, where they founded the colony of Glengarry, which has ever since been the nucleus of British strength and loyalty in Canada.

The breaking-up and removal of a whole clan from the country was not then a matter of every-day occurrence, and the above determination of the Glengarry-men created considerable excitement. Instigated by the chief, Mr. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) made a motion in Parliament to prevent their leaving the country, which afforded a theme for one of Burns's most early and poignant satires. Every obstacle was thrown in the way of these spirited warriors, but to no purpose. Their resolution was taken, and carried into execution with a determination characteristic of the clans in the better days of the ancient Gael.

Much has been said and written—chiefly by nameless men of the daily press, whose lucubrations have no higher aim than to "catch the applause of the groundlings"—as to the "want of energy" of the Celtic character. On the parity of reasoning adopted by these persons, we must come to the conclusion that a Life-Guardsman wants energy because he cannot sit cross-legged on a board, and ply his needle like a tailor; and that a tailor wants "energy" because he cannot climb to the mast-head of a ship of war, and reef the sails like a seaman. They never seem to have read history, or to have attained to that knowledge of the arts and sciences whereby it is ascertained that a person must serve an apprenticeship before he can be a tradesman; and as to any allusion to the effect of climate and circumstances, "the great moulders of the human character," such an idea never seems to have entered into their heads. The only difference, or cause of difference, they can

possibly recognise between one man and another is, that the one is a Saxon, and the other not; although, for my own part, I believe it would be just as easy to find a unicorn as a Saxon in Great Britain at this day. But with all their ignorance, these persons think that they have only to put "we" before their names to lead our whole nation of wise and intelligent would-be Saxons "by the beard," and at once to dictate to them the singular fact that the only reason why the people of one locality are rich, and of another poor, is merely because the former are Saxons, and the latter Celts! They will presently argue that the top of Bennevis is as fertile as the Carse of Gowrie; and that the reason why they don't grow beans there is, that the people of Lochaber are Celtic, and "want energy."

But where was Celtic energy tested and found wanting? On the Grampians, where the Romans claimed a victory, and achieved a retreat? At Largs, where the Northmen terminated their military triumphs, previously unequalled? At Bannockburn, or Prestonpans? At Alexandria, or Quatrebras, where three Highland and one English regiment, without cavalry or artillery, maintained their position against an army led by "the bravest of the brave!"

But perhaps it will be argued by these philosophers that the field of battle is not the place where "energy" is most truly tested—that the true test of energy is the weaving of cotton, and the flinging of mud out of a ditch? Be it so. I have no objection that Celtic energy should be thus tested against Saxon energy, if genuine Saxons can be found for the trial; but let the parties be brought to the test on equal terms. Let them be fed and trained alike. But that there is nothing inherent in the Celtic character to render the one race inferior to the other, is abundantly proved by the fact that there is no part of the known world where men of undoubted Celtic lineage are not to be found standing as prominently forward for energy and talent as the most distinguished of the so-called Saxon race in every situation. But be this as it may, God grant that when the Celtic portion of the people have left the country for ever (as is very soon likely to be the case), she may not miss their ill-prized energy in her hour of trial and extremity! The millennium is not yet come, and neither nations nor individuals have cast away evil thoughts nor bloody weapons.

But, to the credit of the Celtic race, it may be seen that even exile cannot eradicate their devoted loyalty to their native sovereign, and love of their fatherland. The Canadian Glengarry-men retain not only their loyalty and love of country, but even their war-cry of "Albyn," and other "Old World" associations, pure and strong in their Highland hearts; and that war-cry is still as much a prelude to the final charge and the assured victory, when ringing in a Canadian forest, as when it reverberated through the glens and hills of Killiecrankie.

The clans, in the battles which they were compelled to fight against the feudal lords and their vassals, in defence of their lands, rights, and privileges, used the name of some dear object, in their respective districts—such as glen, mountain, lake, or river—for their war-cry; but, in the battles of their country, they used only her name of "Albyn, Albyn!" (as in the battle of the standard, &c.)

When the Druidical orders, which included the historians, as well as all the other learned orders of the Celtic nations, were suppressed, the Culdees destroyed their manuscripts, and, possibly, from the same motives which induced a questionable character, at a more recent period, to destroy certain manuscripts which have been proved to have been given to him; and the ignorant and prejudiced writers who succeeded the Culdees either sneered at the historical facts which came down to them, or, with Greek and Roman impudence or credulity, exaggerated them into monstrous fables. Hence we have really no authentic history until the introduction of feudalism; and our history, since then, is the history of a class, and not of a people.

From the above circumstances, a variety of opinions prevail as to the origin of the Lowlanders of Scotland. That they are of two separate races of people, may be discovered even by the eye, in many localities, to this day. The mere peasantry among them bear distinctive marks of being unquestionably the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon villains mentioned by Chalmers; but the body of the people are evidently and decidedly of a superior race; and my opinion is, that they are the descendants of the Scots. Some writers, notwithstanding, argue that they are Anglo-Saxons; some, that they are Picts; and some make them Northmen; but I presume that the following facts prove that they are neither the one nor the other, but the descendants of the ancient Scots, as already stated:—

About two thousand years ago, the Celts and Goths spoke dialects of the same language, as nearly akin to one another, in all probability, as the Scotch and English, or the Manx and Irish, of the present day; but the difference was sufficiently marked to enable us to say to which dialect certain words belonged. Now, we find that the name by which the Scots are first mentioned in Irish manuscripts is a Gothic, and not a Celtic word; for the learned Mr. Bosworth, in the specimens he publishes of Anglo-Saxon, for the purpose of showing the manner in which it was progressively elaborated into the present ponderous language of England, proves that Scuit or Scuid is the old Saxon name of a shield. Now, this is the very word by which the Scots are first known in Ireland. In the specimens of the Lord's prayer quoted by Mr. Bosworth, as translated in different ages, the word is first "scuit;" second, "scuid;" third, "seld;" and fourth, "shield." Now, as it were absurd to suppose that a Celtic people should be universally known by a Gothic name, the presumption certainly is that the Scots were a Gothic people.

I have thus shown that the ancient name of the Scots is Gothic; and it is well known that, on their arrival in Ireland, they gave their own name to that country, as they afterwards did to Scotland. Now, had they been a Celtic people, and spoken the same dialect as the people among whom they settled, this fact would be unaccountable; but being a hostile and a different race, and speaking a different dialect, the circumstance is consistent as well as natural.

We also find by the history of the Scots, while they were yet confined to Dalriada, that they had individual baronries or properties, about which they were continually disputing and at war with one another; while no such properties, no such disputes, and no such wars are ever recorded as existing among the Caledonians or Picts, who possessed the soil in common, and elected

their own rulers. Nay, from the traditions of the Highlands, it would appear that the great chiefs of the Scots made grants of lands to vassals on something like a feudal tenure, or for military service; for John Lom M'Donald states that the Lords of the Isles made such grants to many clans, chiefly of Scoto-Irish extraction. The words are:—

> 'S ioma clann a huair coir uaiv
> Ann san am ad, le ir gòrich,
> Bann diu Róich a's Rósich;
> Clann Choinnich, siol Ghòrdain,
> Clann-Illein von Dreolan,
> 'S clann Aoidh.

TRANSLATION.

> Many clans received grants of land of you
> In the days of your folly;
> Of these are the Munroes and the Roses,
> Mackenzies, the Gordons,
> The Macleans from Dreolan,
> And the Mackays.

He might have mentioned the Macintoshes also, who received from them the whole district of Lochaber. These grants are characteristic of feudalism, since the Lords of the Isles had thus been giving away what they never possessed, and was never theirs to give; as the King of Spain is said to have ceded the Oregon territories to the United States.

It is also well known that Malcolm Canmore, the first Scoto-Irish king who got himself firmly seated on the throne of Scotland, adopted the feudal system and laws of the Goths as the national polity, and the language of the Goths as the court language. The romantic story about his having imported them, along with his queen, from England, has more the air of poetry than authentic history about it. We may also very reasonably conclude that the Scots, when they attained the upper-hand in Scotland, did not fail to possess themselves of the more fertile plains or districts of their subject kingdom; for although they succeeded to the kingdom of Caledonia, as the heirs of the Caledonian or Pictish dynasty, it is very evident, from the Gothic laws and language being immediately thereafter made the laws and the court language of Scotland, that they did not respect the laws, rights, or privileges, of the kingdom to which they had succeeded.

While the above circumstances lead to the inference that the Scots were a Gothic people, history affords no substantial grounds for the contradiction of their own traditions, that they came from Asia to Portugal and Spain—from Spain to Ireland—and from Ireland to Scotland. But although they had thus selected for themselves a separate and distinct line of operations, there is nothing in the circumstances to invalidate this opinion of their Gothic extraction—supposing the Sythians to be the parent nation of all the Gothic tribes. Nor is there anything in this tradition of the Scots inconsistent with the tradition of the Caledonians, that they had previously colonised the north of Ireland, under their name of "Cruthini," or wheat-growers; for the ancient names distinguishing the Pictish Lowlanders and Highlanders were "Caledonian" and "Maiate," or "Coil-dhaoine" and "Maigh-àtich;" *i. e.*, the men of the woods and the cultivators of the plains—whence, of course, the "Cruthini," or wheat-growers of Ireland.

Chalmers seems to have been satisfied that the Scots and Picts or Caledonians were of different races, and spoke different languages; but his opinion was, that the Picts spoke the Cumreag, and the Scots the Irish Gaelic. His mode of arriving at this conclusion, however, by merely showing that the names of places in Ireland and those parts of Scotland first occupied by the Scots are similar, and evidently one language, is not satisfactory. The names of these places in Ireland and Scotland may have existed previously to the arrival of the Scots in either kingdom.

But the fact is, that although the Gothic and Celtic dialects were different, the difference was not greater than may be found betwixt the provincialisms of England at this day. He who reads Mr. Bosworth's works, and acquires a knowledge of the different provincialisms in France, England, and Scotland, if he be a Gaelic scholar, can have no difficulty in believing that orthography and locality might be the cause of every difference to be discovered between one language and another at this day. At the same time, there is no doubt that the multitude of new inventions required at the building of such stupendous piles as Babel and Cholula, must have had a powerful effect on the primitive language, and might well have puzzled the workmen, and still more the spectators. It is a remarkable fact, that the tradition about the Tower of Cholula is exactly the same with the Bible account as to the Tower of Babel; and they were built of similar materials. Although the Gothic and Celtic were merely dialects of the same language, as already mentioned, the distinction was sufficiently broad to enable us to see that they were spoken by different tribes.

We accordingly find that the Scots are no sooner seated on the throne than the kingdom receives a Gothic name; and the court, and the whole fertile plains occupied by its adherents, speak a Gothic language; and a Gothic constitution and Gothic laws are then for the first time imposed, or attempted to be imposed, on the people. Nay, more, we find that the courtiers and the inhabitants of the plains call themselves Scots, and their country Scotland; while the people of the glens and mountains call themselves Gael, and their country Albyn. They also call the people of the plains Gall, and their country Galltac, *i.e.*, stranger and the strangers' land. We also know it to be equally consistent with natural causes and historical facts, that the original inhabitants of all countries, overwhelmed by strangers, have clung longest to the possession of their glens and their hills. From these and many other arguments, too numerous to be stated here, the inference appears inevitable, that the Scots were a Gothic people, and that the fertile plains of Scotland are occupied by their descendants, purified and improved, no doubt, by continual accessions from the free Gael of the hills. Hence their dialect of the Gothic, unlike that of England, has retained its expressive brevity, without losing the lively softness of its parent language.

The war-cry of the feudal clans, unlike that of the patriarchal, was merely the name of their lord or leader. The Gothic confederation had been originally organised for the purposes of conquest and spoliation. Hence, the feudal clans recognised no ties but those of discipline, no motives of action excepting self-interest and individual aggrandisement. They were, therefore, appropriately reminded, in every emergency or extremity, of the leader in whom was centred the absolute power to punish, and the prospective power

to reward. Hence the very sound of his name, in battle, carried in it a threat as well as a promise—reminded them of the dungeon under the tower, with all its horrors, not less than the levee, with all its splendour.

The elected chiefs of a free and a conservative people, on the other hand, were reminded, with equal dignity and propriety, of some object in their common country, equally dear to all their associations—some object whose talismanic name, exalted by their united voices high above the noise and the tumult of battle, was capable of at once recalling to their hearts all the home affections and patriotic feelings which bind the hero to his kindred and his country, and nerve his arm in their defence. Oh, how much of the history of Scotland is lost to the reader who cannot open it with the key of tradition! A thousand apparently trivial remarks, incidentally made, afford the most conclusive evidence of the superior civilization, patriotism, and moral dignity of the very people whom the unconscious or one-sided writers would represent as thieves, outlaws, and barbarians! They have been long governed on principles well calculated to make them what they are said to have been.

The philosophical reader of history can scarcely fail to see at this day, in the mercantile enterprise of some countries, the onward movement of the after-current of greed and ferocity which flung the gaunt and famishing Goth, in the days of old, on the naked steel interposed between his hunger and the fertile and well-cultivated plains of Europe. He may also recognise in the more cautious, nay suspicious, enterprise of the Celts, the hold-what-you-have habits so natural to the descendants of a people whose fields and folds had been the objects of the fearful Gothic crusade of spoliation and rapine which overwhelmed the civilization of Europe.

Let us take care that when this after-current, which still stimulates the acquisitiveness of their descendants, shall have left the Celts nothing to lose, they may not turn on their spoilers, and become aggressive. Hardened by toil, inured to privations, stimulated by want, demoralised by suffering, and trained in cunning and ferocity by a knowledge of the power of organization and a sense of injustice, who can say that they may not exclaim, with Shylock, "The lesson you have taught us we will practise, and it will go hard but we better the instruction?" Then will the descendants of the Goths be put on the defensive, as those of the ancient Celts have been, to save their fields and their folds, until the prominent feature of their character becomes a trembling adhesion to their vanishing estates, and they shall first have become cottars, and then paupers, on the land which was once their own—just as the Celts have done. Then will the editor of some future *Times* or *Scotsman* taunt them with the poverty which shall have resulted from spoliation, class legislation, and feudal oppression, and ascribe it to the want of energy of the Gothic compared to the Celtic race!

Dr. Smith, in his collection of ancient poems, quotes a stanza or two, composed at a remote age, to a melody in imitation of the "Song of the Swans!" It seems to be the opinion of naturalists that swans do not sing, and that the sounds—although not without cadence—which have been mistaken for a song, is made by their wings; but I am inclined to doubt this. I once saw a flight of swans. They moved in a wedge shape, receiving signals from their leader, and bending, as it were instinctively, in the direction indicated. Whether the sounds accompanying their flight were really intended for a song, or merely signal-notes and responses, I cannot say; but they assuredly were not the sounds of wings, and had certainly, to my thinking, a resemblance to the following melody. I never heard this melody well and expressively sung without thinking of the heart-sickening sight of Highland emigrants moving slowly and faintly to the shore, as if they had left their very souls behind them.

GUILEAG EALA.

Guileag eala seinn a ceol,
A h-iorram grái air trái fo leon,
'S comunn gaoil an eian a trail,
Le ceol a' fás an ard nan nial.
  Guileag i, guileag o,
  Guileag i, guileag o,
  Guileag i, guileag o,
  Fann air cuan thig fúaim a vroin!

ALBYN, LAND OF DEATHLESS FAME.

Albyn, land of deathless fame,
Hearts are kindled at thy name!
Freedom 'mid thy mountains lone
Still preserves her vestal throne.
  "Elúi!—iéro!"
  Echoes from the wailing shore.
  "Elúi!—iéro!"
  Albyn we will see no more!

Land where heroes fought and bled,
Land where tyrants fell or fled,
Land now fading from our view,
Listen to our last adieu.
  "Elúi!" &c.

But should serried foes again
With bold front thy soil profane,
Though our joyless lands be far,
Who can keep us from thy war?
  "Elúi!" &c.

While thy sacred thistle grows,
Where our patriot sires repose,
Proud of heart, and strong of hand,
We are thine, dear fatherland!
  "Elúi!" &c.

While one arm its power retains,
While one life-drop warms our veins,
While one heart can beat or feel,
Albyn's cause shall edge our steel.
  "Elúi!" &c.

Land whose thrilling lays and lore
Fired and melted hearts of yore,
Land where worth and valour dwell,
Now, for ever, fare thee well!
  "Elúi!—iéro!"
  Echoes from the lonely shore.
  "Elúi!—iéro!"
  Albyn we will see no more!

SKETCHES FOUNDED ON HIGHLAND TRADITION.

BY DONALD CAMPBELL.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

Come, roam with me 'mong mountains high and stern,
Where Cona's landscape sleeps in mist and gloom,
Where ruined clachan, and grey mouldering cairn,
Speak of a people slumbering in the tomb!
For 'mid these hills, now silent, sad, and lone,
Once lived a race, whose hearts were wont to swell,
When glorious fields by patriot clans were won,
Or, in their country's cause, they bravely fell.

Clan-Ian dwelt in peace. The feast, the chase,
The dance, the song, the minstrel's thrilling strains,
Were, in their turn, the joy of the gay race,
Till foemen came to desolate their plains.
Smiling they came. An olive branch they bore.
The clansmen trusted, and received them well;
But soon the olive branch was steeped in gore—
The * traitors triumphed, and the loyal fell!

Say, ye wild mountains, have ye heard the sound,
When the cros-tari and the clanging shield
Waked, like a spell, among the glens around,
Three hundred warriors eager for the field?
Bright waved their tartans, and each trenchant blade
Leaped from its scabbard like a flash of light,
Its heather badge each bonnet blue displayed,
And every heart beat high with stern delight.

Say, aged oak, that crown'st the rocky height,
Whose long bare arms would fain embrace yon grove,
Hast thou seen Albyn in her day of might,
And, 'neath thy boughs, pure scenes of faithful love?
And has yon crystal torrent leaped and sung,
In gladsome cadence to the minstrel's lays,
Or listened to high strains, that, aptly flung,
Light on the warlike deeds of former days?

The stranger comes, and asks of those that were;
But who remains, to tell the tale, lone glen?
The fox-glove and the fern are waving where
Stood the warm shiels of hospitable men!
On yon grey tower no more the warders tread,
The ivy rustles on the tottering walls,
And the aged thistle bends his hoary head,
Amid the faded grandeur of its halls.

Sad silence reigns around. The ruthless storm
May rush in fury o'er the shivering sky;
The hills may groan, the earne scream in alarm,
And bellowing thunder make the rocks reply;
New torrents may burst forth in the wild heath,
And make the wanderer shudder and grow pale;
But silence reigns in Cona's halls of death,
And ruin triumphs o'er the prostrate vale!

Sad silence reigns around, save the wild scream
Of the strong eagle, as he cleaves the skies;
Or the deep voice of yon rough mountain stream;
Or boding raven, croaking as he flies—
Recalling deeds of darkness, when the hand
Of ruthless tyrants swept the peaceful plain,
And gave the sleeping hamlets to the brand,
Till—young and old—the high-born race were slain!

See, where yon mountain sinks its ample base
In the blue lake's cold, calm, and sombre tide,
And mirrors boldly on its lucid face
The caves and cliffs that mark its rugged side—
There, where the rock its shadow deeply throws
Far o'er the flood, two hapless lovers fell!
Calm in each other's arms they now repose;
But of their fate, sad tales the minstrels tell.

On yonder holm fell Ronald of the Shield:*
All unavenged he fell!—the arm of might
That often strewed with foes the crimson field,
When gallant Græme shone in the loyal fight.

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* The Highlanders consider that man as very unfortunate, who, inheriting or achieving greatness, leaves no lineal descendant to succeed to his titles and estates. Regarding King William and the Earls of Stair and Breadalbane as the authors of the massacre of Glencoe, and Campbell of Glenlyon as their instrument, the fact that none of these personages is now represented in his titles or estates by a lineal descendant, is considered, in the Highlands, to this day, as a memorable instance of retributive justice. King William left no heir, and John Glas, as the first Earl of Breadalbane is named by tradition—king-conferred titles being only recognised for contempt by the clans, until they were reduced to their present condition—disinherited his eldest son for having fought with the clan at Sheriff-Muir, although it is well known that he was himself a consenting party to the expedition; and the descendants of his other son have become extinct. Hence he is, at this day, represented in his titles and estates by the descendant of a remote clansman, while his own, sunk into unmerited obscurity, is known, in his ancestral district, only to two or three individuals of extreme age, who are afraid to mention his name, and with whom even the traditional knowledge of his pedigree will, in all probability, pass away like the morning mist. Nor has the Earl of Stair, it is said, been more fortunate in his representatives, scarcely two of their number having succeeded to one another in lineal succession. But the history of the last lineal descendant of Glenlyon is still more singular and romantic.

The late Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon was the *beau ideal* of a Highlander and a soldier. Having been in the command when a soldier was to be executed, he intimated to the party that they were to fire when he should drop a white handkerchief. He had previously received a pardon for the man; but, in order to render this act of grace as impressive as possible, he concealed it in his pocket (unfortunately the same pocket in which he had the signal-handkerchief) until his arrangements were completed. Hence, when drawing the pardon from his pocket, the handkerchief dropped to the ground, and the man was instantly shot. "The curse of Glencoe is here!" exclaimed the sensitive and chivalrous soldier, clapping his hands to his forehead, and rushing distractedly from the spot.

Colonel Campbell retired into private life immediately after the occurrence of the above fatal accident, and was beloved by all who had the honour of his acquaintance, or were within the sphere of his influence. He was often urged to marry, by his friends; but his reply was—"I am the only person of my name, lineally descended from the man who disgraced his clan. It is time the family was extinct, and it shall be so." He accordingly never married.

* *Raonul na Ske, or Sce*, was the son of Allan, the second son of Achatriachaden. He is said to have received the soubriquet from the following circumstance:—A celebrated English swordsman had been taken prisoner in one of the battles of Montrose, who affected to despise the sword and target of the Highlanders, and to look on the latter rather as an incumbrance than a defence. He offered, with his sword alone, to fight any man in Montrose's army with sword and target, on the condition that he should be set at liberty if victorious. "Fye," said Ronald, "do you think that any Highlander would take odds against you. I will fight you with my *scian* and *skian du*,"—*i.e.*, my shield and black knife. The Englishman laughed at the idea, and expressed himself willing to afford Ronald the opportunity of trying the experiment, provided he could afford him a guarantee that he would be set at liberty if victorious. Ronald was indignant that his word was doubted, and exclaimed, in his broken English—"If she be kill me, an ane MacIan be left alive, she be fill my word tat I promised." Just as the combatants were ready to begin their singular duel, *Allan Du na Fia*, the cousin of Ronald, and one of the best swordsmen in Montrose's army, made his appearance, and interposed. "This is altogether an unequal fight, Ronald; and if you fall, who will believe that you fought unarmed? Leave him to me. I will fight him without a target."—"Must he not break the target before he can hit me?" said Ronald, quietly; "and do you think, before he can do that, that I will not find an opportunity to grapple with him?"—"At him, Ronald," said Allan, "you know what you are about!" Ronald did grapple with him, and the Englishman felt the *skian du*.

And there his chieftain, too, lay, dirk in hand,
Just where he fell, low weltering in his gore;
When, in the dark, the silent Southron band
Stole on his couch, amid the tempest's roar!

Now in his halls the fox prepares his lair,
Yet seers, in midnight revels, still descry
The red-haired* chief and clan assembled there,
In all the pomp of warlike pageantry!
They drink, they sing, till, stealthy-paced and slow,
The murderous bands approach, with visage pale;
Then forth they rush! unearthly war-pipes blow,
And shrieks and war-cries wake the answering vale!

Fain would I linger 'mid thy scenes, lone glen,
While sadly musing o'er high scenes gone bye;
And give to words a wild, yet pleasing strain,
To win bright tears from melting beauty's eye.
Then come with me: we'll range the silent vale,
And call the warriors from the early tomb;
With pious hand withdraw the chequered veil
Which wraps Clan-Ian's latter days in gloom!

Nor think to village swains alone
Are these unearthly terrors known,
For not to rank or sex confined
Is this vain ague of the mind;
Hearts firm as steel—as marble hard—
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity, barr'd—
Have quak'd, like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway.—SCOTT.

THE GATHERING.

AT the period of which we write, the chivalry of the Highlands had no representatives more fiery, generous, and romantic, than the Glencoemen. From the influence of their customs and adventures over the lore and lays of their native land, we are led to conclude that they were peculiarly distinguished for their poetic endowments and warlike propensities. Their principles were certainly much more reconcileable with the visions of the warrior and the bard, than the deductions of the philosopher or utilitarian; and they were never known to sacrifice their principles to expediency. Different people and different ages have often differed in opinion as to right and wrong. It would, therefore, be ridiculous to blame the ancient Roman for differing from the modern Christian in his conduct and opinions; and it must be admitted that the former had at least one merit over the latter, namely, that of rigidly adhering to his sense of what he considered right—and the Glencoemen emulated the Roman in this characteristic. They were thus placed in hostility to those who, if they had sounder views, had scarcely so much integrity, and seem to have been devoted to destruction from an early period of the Revolution, by that party in the state who ultimately were indebted for their elevation to power less to their own bravery and merit, than to a foreign king and a foreign army.

Their chief, alive to their danger, although loyal to his native race of princes, became anxious to avert the destruction of his clan, by transferring his allegiance to William III. This gave rise to a temporising negotiation with the Campbells, the hereditary enemies of the Glencoemen, then in high favour with the new sovereign; which was anything but agreeable to the more honest and fiery spirits of the clan. There was, consequently, a strong and uncompromising party opposed to the politics of the chief, headed by Angus More, of Dalgart, and Allan Og, of Balbena; and this party now made a hunting appointment with such of the neighbouring clans as most resembled themselves in their characteristic spirit of loyalty and independence—the real object of which was, to consult with one another in the present crisis of their affairs.

In those days, although hunting was their favourite amusement, the chiefs and chieftains of the clans seldom pursued that mode of skulking for or stealing on the game, now appropriately named stalking. On the contrary, they were generally accompanied to the chase by their armed followers; and when political motives, as in the present instance, was the chief cause by which they were called together, the scene of sylvan war was usually selected with a view to the picturesque display of all that was showy and warlike in the array of the chiefs assembled, amid all that was lovely and sublime in the landscape of their country. At the greater of these hunting parties, the opportunity afforded for producing an imposing effect, and conciliating and perpetuating ancient friendships and alliances, was highly calculated to inspire or preserve the *esprit du corps* which characterised clanships.

The meeting which we are about to describe took place at the side of Lochlaggan, a scene now associated with all that is most pleasing in the intercourse of the sovereign with the ancient race of that district, from the accession of Kenneth M'Alpine to the throne of the Pictish dominions to the present time; for her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, is the only sovereign of the Scoto-Irish race that ever visited those regions, excepting for the purpose of trampling the free and equitable patriarchal laws and liberties of the people under foot, and establishing the tyrannical and degrading feudal system on its ruins; or for the purpose of calling these brave and loyal clans to the rescue, when made the victims of the monstrous feudal power which they had themselves created or assumed in the mere wantonness of despotism and usurpation.

Nevertheless, the scene was of old consecrated to the memory of kings and heroes, long celebrated in the poetry and traditions of the Highlands, and central

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* The Macdonalds are a black-haired clan, but the chieftain referred to in the following pages, as well as a few other members of the Achatriachadur family, was red-haired. Those writers who profess to discover invidious distinctions between Celts and Saxons, affirm that the former are red, and the latter brown-haired! Now, the Saxons are of Gothic extraction, and the Celts and Goths are equally descended of Japheth, although they emigrated to Europe from the East, at different periods, and formed separate colonies or kingdoms. There cannot, therefore, be any organic or any other difference between them, excepting such as must have arisen from "climate and circumstances," those great moulders of the human form and character. At the same time, it is well known that the Northmen (of whom the Saxons are descended) were red-haired, possibly from their more severe climate. Hence, there has always been an unreasonable prejudice against red hair in the Highlands. This fact is illustrated by the following well-known traditional anecdote:—A gentleman of the name of Cameron had seven sons, who were reputed as the handsomest, and the best swordsmen, in the clan. The chief being on a visit to his house, only six of the sons made their appearance. "Where is your other son?" said the chief to the old man. "Never mind him," was the reply, "he has a blemish." "Poor fellow!" said the chief, who concluded that he was either lame or deformed, "that is not his fault. His friends ought only to be the more attentive to him on that very account. Bring him in. I want to shake hands with him in particular." When the seventh son made his appearance, he turned out to be the most handsome, the most powerful, and the best swordsman of the family—the blemish referred to being a shade of hair almost, but not exactly, red!

and convenient for the assembly of the clans with whom the Glencoemen wished to associate themselves. Lochlaggan is situated on the ridge of the Grampians, called Drimalbin, and nearly in the centre of the ground occupied by the ancient forest of Caledonia. It is a beautiful sheet of water, adorned with several woody islands, and is bounded on either side by chains of bold and lofty mountains, which at first ascend easily and gracefully from the pebbly shore, variegated by romantic glens and groves, but which soon start, as it were, in scorn of man and all that man in his selfishness would value, and shoot their bare, towering, and darkening peaks into the sky, in frowning defiance of the oft-tried power of thunder and lightning.

In one of the islands of Lochlaggan, the ancient Pictish kings had a hunting-lodge, the ruins of which are still interesting. It is called *Ealain an Righ*, or the King's Island. Another island is called *Eglain nan Con*, or the Dogs' Island, the kennel being there situated. The bank on which Lord Aboyne's house now stands was called *Ardmherigie* (mh pronounced v), or the Hill of the Standards, being the ground on which the chiefs and clans who attended the Sovereign used to bivouack and fix their banners. The hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, all around, are, in like manner, called after individuals popular in the traditions of the country, as the Strath of Ossian, the Cliff of the Fingalians, the Mountain of Gaul, &c. The parallel roads lead to the neighbouring valleys, and tradition states that they were used of old as pallisaded avenues for conducting the deer on the plains and wolds most suitable for greyhound coursing. That they had been used for this purpose (although evidently water marks) is extremely probable, and as it is rare to find a Highland tradition which is not founded on fact, we have no right to refuse our belief, in this instance, merely because they were not *made* for the purpose for which they are said to have been rendered available.

The above scene, so indissolubly associated with the adventures of the ancient kings and heroes of Caledonia, was appropriately selected by the Glencoemen for a meeting, the object of which was to fan the flame of loyal faith, and take precautionary measures for the defence of the lives and properties of the allied clans. These were the Clanchattan, the Camerons, and the M'Donalds of Lochaber and Glencoe. The Camerons proceeded to the rendezvous, by Glenloy, Annet, over the bridge of the single stone, Corryroy, and *Corry nan Uiseag*, a route which we would recommend to every tourist who desires to see the lovely, the astonishing, and the sublime in Highland landscape. The Glencoemen proceeded by the *Mona Du* and the head of Lochtreig; while the Clanchattan and men of Braelochaber approached, the former from the valley of Gahig, and the latter from that of Glenspean.

When the Camerons and the Glencoemen attained the opposite brows of Aberairder and Gaulben, they had not only an imposing and picturesque view of one another, but also of the Clanchattan, who were winding their way through the straggling wood along the bending bays of Lochlaggan. So much were both parties affected by this sudden view of the straths, lakes, rivers, and mountains, and the warlike appearance of one another, that they burst into a loud and simultaneous shout of admiration. In a moment, however, all eyes were turned towards Glenspean, to discover the advent of the M'Donalds of the Braes, but nothing could be seen but a column of mist, flowing slowly and smoothly eastward, and gradually growing on the bases of the mountains, but still leaving their towering summits to reflect the faint but various tints of the sky, which seemed to dwell on the sublime but wintry landscape, with a cold and hectic complacency, little resembling the effulgence which usually attends on the course of the setting sun, in those regions, at a more early period of the season.

The sudden appearance and picturesque effect of mist was too well known to the clans to have created anything more than a mere passing observation; but as the column of mist in question approached Lochlaggan, each clansman seemed to breathe some remark into the ear of his neighbour, until the extending whisper grew into a mingled expression of admiration and awe. This was caused by the singular circumstance, that the whole column of mist seemed absolutely animated by a strain of music which appeared to be ethereal, for it could not be traced to any particular point of emanation. It is true they all agreed that the music in question every way resembled bagpipe music; now plaintive and solemn, as if in appeal to the kindly feelings and warm affections of the Highland heart; now bursting forth into all the pomp, vehemence, and rapidity of the claymore-charge; and now redolent of all the wildness of manaiacal grief and joy. But no one present could, for the moment, remember that bagpipe music, at a distance and in a humid atmosphere, possesses the power of pervading a whole region with its sound. At length, however, to the no small disappointment of the seers among them, the favourite pioberac and masterly execution of M'Glasrich, the hereditary piper of Keppoch, were distinctly recognised, in the mysterious strains—a war-tune, equally characteristic of the piper and the warrior. I shall, therefore, quote and translate the first two lines of the verses by which it is illustrated:—

"Mo dhi! mo dhi! gun tri lamhan,
Da laimh sa phiob, 's lamh sa chlaimh."
Ah me! ah me! without three hands,
Two in the pipe, one in the sword!

The moment the clans recognised the "Clan-raonil Gathering," they broke into a simultaneous cheer; but, while the warriors stood in stern rapture, listening to the approaching strain, the pipers of the Camerons and the Glencoemen, catching the enthusiasm it inspired, ascended the rocks which crowned their respective hills and poured forth the gatherings of their own clans, in sounds which, according to a bard of the period, seemed capable of "inspiring a soul into the bosom of the dead."

After all, the Highlands themselves are the appropriate region for bagpipe music. When, borne on the breeze of the mountain, it chimes with the sound of the distant torrent, and breathes into the bosom of echo, which, waking suddenly from her slumbers, bestows a voice on the vales, the rocks, and the towering cliffs of the reverberating hills, that heart must be cold indeed which denies to bagpipe music the power to create enthusiasm, and to wing every emotion, every impulse of the heart, into the regions of poetic inspiration and warlike resolve.

At length, becoming enveloped in mist, and M'Glasrich's strains, as he advanced into the vale, intimating

that the Braelochaber men would be first at the rendezvous, the clans descended the hills, directed by the music, and encamped for the night on the plain of Aberarder.

The dawn of a dull and sombre morning had scarcely appeared on the plain of Aberarder, when the clans, starting from their heathy pillows, arranged themselves for the chase. I shall endeavour to give the reader an idea of the scene, and doubt not that he will sympathise with me in the regret that the unholy charters whereby the people had been deprived of their lands, and the chiefs converted into lairds, had so totally depopulated the country as to have left the district without the means of showing her Majesty a similar scene when she honoured it with a visit.

Lochlaggan, as formerly mentioned, is a beautiful sheet of water, running from east to west. The mountains next the lake, on the south side, slope gracefully backwards, and present an undulating surface of corries, thickly covered with brushwood, connected, one with another, by a straggling forest, which, while it contributes to the picturesque appearance of the landscape, rather favours than checks the luxuriance of the verdure with which it is clothed. This is the remains of the ancient forest of Caledonia, and the favourite resort of all that remain of deer and roe in that part of the Highlands. Behind this mountain is a deep, heathy valley, which runs parallel with Lochlaggan, and which embosoms two smaller lakes, called *Lochain Earba*, or the Lakes of Roes. These are separated from one another by a plain, through which a small but deeply-embanked river winds on its own sluggish course. Ranged at some distance behind this river, from lake to lake, the chiefs and chieftains of the clans stationed themselves, behind a broken turf dyke, with their gillies and greyhounds, casting their anxious eyes, from time to time, to the ridge of the hill between them and Lochlaggan, for the approach of the *teanal* or gathering, and the deer.

In the meantime, the clans composing the *teanal*, having been divided into two parties, formed themselves into *streathen* or lines, from either end of *Lochain-earba*, to either end of Lochlaggan. These lines now gradually approached one another, advancing the wings next Lochlaggan till they met; and thus they formed a semicircle, the ends of which rested on the Lakes of Roes. The signal of the junction of the wings next Lochlaggan soon resounded from wing to wing, in a shout that seemed to rend the hills; and, on the instant, hundreds of deer, invaded among their secret haunts by the sudden and terrific noise, were seen bounding and glancing through the woods for the ridge of the hill, where they soon formed a deep and dense column, crowned with a moving grove of stately antlers. On seeing the fence, between the lakes, occupied by the ambushed sportsmen, the waving mass rolled around the summit of the hill, in apparent indecision as to the point of their attack and escape. At this moment, the sovereign hart of Benaler, followed by a small body of stags, which appeared to attend him, and to obey his glance, came coursing along the ridge, and rushed through the herd, butting furiously at such as were slow in making way for him. Then placing himself at the head of the column, he moved gracefully and boldly down the face of the hill, followed by the whole herd. This was a moment of intense excitement to the ambushed sportsmen. Every eye dwelt on the hart of Benaler, and every heart breathed the wish, that the glory of his conquest might be his own.

Angus Mor, with his famous hound, Oscar, leished in his hand, creeped from his own station, and placed himself behind his friend, Allan Og. No sportsman of his day carried a better carbine, or practised a truer aim, than Allan of Balbena, whom he found leaning behind the bank, on his bent knee, unconsciously poising the deadly tube in his hand, with his eyes fixed on the approaching hart. Though aware of his friend's presence, he remained immoveably in his place, and breathed as to himself, rather than to Allan, "fifty paces more and I have him." "Eternal shame!" exclaimed Angus, "would you shoot such a hart and Oscar in the field!" "The hound was never fleshed in Glencoe," replied Allan, "that would pull down the hart of Benaler; and, were Oscar even fit so to do, he would miss him in the rush of the scattering herd." "Never. I'll stake my life on his singling out the hart, and adhering to him unto death." "Very well," replied Allan, with an air of dissatisfaction. "Have your own way; but you will lose the stag, and, perchance, the greyhound also." So saying, he handed the deadly gun to his servant, as if scorning to aim at a meaner prize. At this moment, the herd came to a stand, and, on the instant, a phalanx of stags rushed from the wings of the column, and, joining the hart of Benaler, dashed forward, at full speed, along with him, until almost on the bank of the river, and within rifle-shot distance. The line of sportsmen were, however, too experienced to be tempted into premature hostility; and, for a few minutes, the whole herd stood immoveable, reconnoitering their position, in meditation of a charge. The advanced guard, having failed in their manœuvre, now wheeled round, and, chasing and butting at one another, as in sport, joined the column, and, on the instant, the whole mass bounded through the plashing water, regardless of the volley they received; and, bursting through the line, stretched themselves, fleetingly, over the plain for the wilds of Stratherrick and Benaler. Sixty couples of greyhounds, of the old Highland breed, were now slipped behind them; and these, true to the peculiar instinct of their noble race, shot fiercely through the scattering herd, selecting each his own prize. The scene now became animated in the extreme. A hundred warriors were seen running at full speed over the plain, each in pursuit of his own greyhounds; while these, coursing and winding their respective stags among them, were, some distanced in the chase or in the turn, some trailed along the ground, some flung from their hold of the bounding stag, owing to their defective grip or inequality of strength, and some gored and tossed on their bloody antlers. The river now became the scene of singular daring and dexterity. The number of stags which succeeded in casting off the greyhounds by which they had been assailed, or dragging them into the river, stood, with their backs to the banks, at furious bay. To slay these with the dagger seemed to be a point of ambition; and such was their agility and fierceness, that to assail them without success was death.

In the meantime, Oscar vindicated the confidence

of his master, by singling out and fiercely pursuing the bounding hart of Benaler. But the hart, stretching his free and matchless limbs over the plain, gained the rough channel of the upper Lake of Roes; and, aware of his advantage along the rocky beach, continued his course till Oscar was thrown considerably behind him, when he turned suddenly against the steep, bare, hard face of the hill, for his distant and beloved haunts of Craig-fa-lairè.

> "'S math a rui'as tu suas
> Ri leac'ain chruaidh a's i cas—
> Mol usa, shealger, do chu,
> Ach molumusa an tuu tha dol as!"
>
> DONUL MAC IUNLAIDH.

> Well canst thou run against the hard, steep brae;
> Try now thy speed—away! away! away!
> Praise thou thy dog—hunter of mountains wild—
> I praise the stag, the desert's matchless child!

The Glencoemen now left the plain behind them, and darting along the face of the hill, with a speed scarcely inferior to that of the hart and Oscar, soon heard the sullen and hallow bay of the hound, apparently engaged behind a towering precipice at some distance before them. Their hearts beat high at the sound, and, calling forth all their speed, they stretched their eager limbs again forward in the chase.

It required no ordinary share of speed and strength to have kept the lead of Oscar in a chase of this length; but such was the matchless power and fierceness of the hart, that, though frequently seized and wounded, he still succeeded in shaking himself free of the fierce and unyielding Oscar, and they now found him at bay, with his back to the rock, and his antlers covered with dust, ready to rush at the least unguarded movement of his sullen but watchful opponent. It was a lovely, but a fearful sight, to see a creature whose form was the perfection of size, symmetry, and beauty, elevated into frenzy, spurning the earth with his hard hoofs, his "beamed frontlet" balanced in the air, pointed with terror, and instinct with the science of defensive and offensive power; his expanded nostrils breathing fury, his eyes on fire, and the whole energy of his ethereal spirit concentered into an attitude for bounding into the air, or darting into the bosom of the hill through the very heart of his opponent.

Nor was the form nor the attitude of Oscar less worthy of admiration. Uniting the size, strength, and fierceness of the old Highland with the symmetry, agility, and beauty of the modern English greyhound, he couched himself in a springing posture on the ground, his rough and shaggy mane standing on end, his long head and snout stretched between his forelegs, his ample teeth bared, his mouth surrounded with blood and froth, his eyes kindled into flame, his sweeping tail waving behind him, his frame animated with adder-like power, and springing in this attitude backward and forward, and from side to side, tempting and avoiding the rush, and gaining, inch by inch, on the position of his fierce and flexible opponent, while the hoarse growl, the hollow bark, and the snappish yelp, indicated the fury and determination of his heart, and the various pauses and charges of the desperate and bloody struggle in which he was engaged.

The hunters stood gazing at them for a moment in anxious and silent admiration, when Angus, alarmed at the situation of Oscar, whom he had never before seen so fiercely, so dangerously engaged, snatched his dirk from the sheath, and stepped hastily forward to his side. The movement was rash and ill-advised, for Oscar, whose high blood and fierce courage were almost incapable of being restrained, even by the instinctive science so beautifully displayed by his race, when in conflict with a stag at bay, on receiving this encouragement, started boldly on his legs, and rushed furiously in. The watchful stag instantly saw his advantage, and, bounding forward, stooped on the instant to the ground, and received him on his lacerating antlers, while evading the thrust of the desperate Glencoeman, by a side leap, he flew with renewed speed against the face of the hill.

Oscar, though wounded and stunned by the fall, was yet neither disabled nor subdued. He rose sluggishly on his haunches, and for a moment gazed stupidly around him; but catching a glimpse of the hart, fleeting over the brow of the hill, he sprang forward again in the chase, and began to consume the distance with a degree of vigour and determination which appeared only to increase with his exertions.

The hunters followed at the top of their speed, but they were soon only enabled to discover the direction of the chase, by tracing the bounding trail of the hart along the heathy ground. The chase proved long and uninterrupted, and they were entering the rugged and romantic ridge, called Craig-fa-lairè, when the mist, threatened by the sombre appearance of the morning, suddenly descended on the hills; and, by its dim and disguising influence, rendered their progress through the long and winding pass both toilsome and dangerous. Their enthusiasm in the chase, and their anxiety for Oscar, however, still impelled them onward at the same pace, until, at length, almost exhausted, they were fain to rest themselves on the ridge of a pass or vista, among the rocks, by which they meant to descend to the plain of mossy ground that separates this chain of mountains from Benaler.

Here they had but for a moment remained, when they fancied that they heard the faint and echo-like music of a plaintive lay stealing along the bosom of the hill. They started on their feet, in a state of emotion unaccountable even to themselves, for the strain had scarcely reached their ears when it was abruptly snatched from them by an intervening rock; thus leaving so dubious an impression of its reality as almost led to the belief, that it had only been an illusion of their own excited imaginations. In those days, the pedantry which runs into the opposite extreme from the philosophic remark, that "all we know is, nothing can be known," had no existence. On the contrary, an intuitive knowledge of his own incapacity to grasp and explain the whole mystery of creative power rendered the heart of man open to the reception of those interesting tales in which ethereal beings acted a prominent part. The Glencoemen, therefore, stood for a moment reasoning with themselves as to whether the sounds they had heard might not, in reality, be the lay of some spirit of the hill, as she crossed the vista between the cliffs, when, lo, the same strain again stole on their ears, now mild and mournful, and now rising into ethereal wildness; while the soul-subduing influence of the air, and the rapidity of its approach, contrasted strangely with the human feelings which seemed to agitate the

bosom of the airborne minstrel, by whom the following verses were breathed:—

THE FORSAKEN FAY.

Oh! what avails it, what avails,
To climb Torfena's brow,
As o'er the sky night dimly sails,'
And veils the scene below?
No longer by the trysting tree
Thou meet'st my kindling eye,
Thy plume and tartans waving free,
Thy step of bounding joy!

Thy form of warlike symmetry,
Thy proud, thy ample brow,
Thy mildly bright, yet fervid eye,
Thy voice whose accents flow
Like music from the fairy knowe,
Are absent to my heart;
The victim of regret and woe,
Ah! never to depart!

I am a tree, all dark and lone,
On the bleak and dreary heath,
Whose blooming boughs fell, one by one,
Before the lightning's breath;
I am a flower, some wayward child
Snatched from the sunny brae,
A moment pressed in rapture wild,
Then flung in scorn away.

I am a swan, whose snowy side
Has caught some archer's eye,
While sailing on the dimpled tide,
The soul of life and joy;
The arrow finds her buoyant wings,
Her sisters soar the skies,
Her own lone elegy she sings,
And, in the music, dies.

Fays are liable to human passions—have loved and been crossed in love. The character of the verses, therefore, could not reassure the hearts of the Glencoemen, or prevent them from thrilling with indefinable emotion; and they stood in silence, listening to the approaching minstrel, gazing intensely down the vista among the rocks, and concentrating their native courage to the high resolve of maintaining, in the hour of danger and of doubt, the firmness and the attitude which characterised their race—for danger and doubt powerfully marked the feeling which arose from their conviction, that the medium was now dissolving, and perhaps for ever, which had hitherto concealed from their sight the mysterious creatures of the invisible world.

They could now distinctly observe that the mist was flowing back from around them, as if retiring to leave a sacred space for the approach of some being on whose defined circle it seemed forbidden to encroach; and in a moment afterwards the Fay of Craig-fa-lairè appeared. The outline of her form was but imperfectly seen amid the ambient flow of the green and ample robe in which she was enveloped; but her snowy bosom, and face beaming with supernal beauty, were partially seen through the floating ringlets of golden hair that spread and played, like a bright stream of vapour, around her neck and shoulders. Her sublime attitude, gliding in all the loveliness of ethereal motion on the wings of the breathing air, the beautiful herd of hinds with which she was accompanied, and to which she sung; the celestial power and pathos of her voice, and the wild and dimly visible character of the scene around, left on the hearts of the Glencoemen an impression never to be effaced. They stood spell-bound at the sight; but ere the Fay had even disappeared over the hill, the strong impulse of inveterate habit seized on the heart of Allan, and snatching his Spanish piece from the ground, he levelled it at the snow-white hind which seemed to lead the herd, and shot her through the heart! The scream of the Fay, powerfully contrasted with the previous music of her voice, was, for a moment, heard above the thousand echoes awaked among the cliffs by the report of the gun, and on the instant she and the whole herd had vanished from their sight.

The sounds had scarcely died away ere the Glencoemen felt appalled by the deed committed by Allan. Such a deadly offence to the Fay as the killing of a white hind was never known to have escaped her retributive vengeance; and they accordingly experienced such superstitious dread as induced them to hasten from the scene of his rashness with accelerated steps.

They had scarcely descended the precipices, and entered on the plain, when the trail of the chase was again discovered, bearing, as they expected, directly for Benaler, and the shortening bounds of the stag, compared to those of Oscar, promised a vigorous termination to the chase. Every thought but this last was soon banished from the hearts of the Glencoemen; and they flew over the plain with unabated enthusiasm and speed.

As they approached a deep and frowning moss-hag, which was now deserted by the mountain-spate by which it had been caused, they perceived, by the increased extent of the hart's bounds, that he had put forth all his vigour to gain it, with the view of again escaping to bay. Leaping over the hag, they accordingly found, from the ploughed-up state of the ground, in front of a channelly part of the bank, that a severe conflict had here taken place; but Oscar and the hart were nowhere to be seen, and they at length discovered, by the marks of a few desperate bounds, that he had again trusted to his speed.

There was a considerable extent of the same dry, mossy plain, however, still between them and the hard, rocky base of Benaler, and the hunters conceived, unless Oscar had been again wounded in this last conflict, that the hart could not escape. They accordingly again stretched themselves forward on the trail, and soon came to the place where the last and final struggle took place.

Following the trail for about a hundred paces, they came suddenly to the brink of a deep, verdant, basin-like hollow, which had been formed by the escape of the mossy water through some under-ground aperture in the rock; and here they found the hart and Oscar lying motionless side by side—the former dead, but the other only wounded and exhausted. Angus leaped in to his assistance, and soon bore him in his arms to the bank; when their wild who-hoop of triumph rung far and wide over the hills.

At the above period, the breaking up of the quarry was attended by ceremonies resembling the religious sacrifices of the Greeks and Romans. Every gallant bird of prey was considered entitled to, and religiously received, its allotted perquisite; and the mysterious speed with which they assembled at the scene of the fallen deer, if it did not originate, was well calculated to perpetuate the observance. The knife had scarcely gleamed in the hand of Allan when they began to

make their appearance. The eagle, taking his flight from the lofty peaks of Craiguana, wheeled in airy circles over their heads, while all kinds of hawks and ravens assembled in hundreds around them. Their respective portions of the offals having been laid out for them by Allan, the stag was carefully covered up, and they moved forward (the day being now too far spent for their return to Aberarder) to pass the night in a shieling well known to Allan, in a wild glen on the side of Benaler.

Ere they had arrived at the shealing, the night descended on the hills, in clouds and storms; but finding a considerable quantity of dried fir-roots in the bothy, together with some long beams of green timber, they were enabled instantly to kindle a sparkling and cheerful fire. They now, therefore, applied themselves to the task of cooking their venison steaks, by running them up on wooden pins, the ends of which rested on the greenwood rafters, extended across the fire. While thus employed, strange as it may appear to the reader, they realised in a high degree those feelings of gratulation and enjoyment usually felt at heart by the wanderer among the desert wilds of the Highlands, when he finds himself beside a blazing fire, and in sight of a savoury supper, in the snug shealing, while the howling winds and the plashy rains are exhausting themselves on the outside.

Supper being over, and the cheerful horn having circulated once or twice around the coverless board, Angus asked his friend if their day's sport had realised his lofty ideas of a gallant stag and a noble greyhound? "Will you now confess," he continued, "that you never had the match of Oscar in Glencoe?" "He is a splendid hound," replied Allan, with the unenvying enthusiasm of a true sportsman; "but we must not forget the celebrated *cu ban* of Donald, son of Findlay, which was known to kill his deer on the side of Buachail Etive," (*i. e.* the *herd* of Glenetive.) "I have scarcely enough of faith to believe that. But was Donald a native of Glenetive?" "He was. Have you never heard of his wonderful archery in the royal forest of Dalness and Coriba, when he fell into the hands of Ardchattan and his keepers?" "No; I certainly have not." "Fy! you Glenetive Macdonalds are becoming poor traditionists. You should place yourselves under the tuition of his namesakes, the Rankines, that the deeds of your renowned ancestors, orally communicated by father to son, may revive the declining spirit of the race.

"Macian leidh, of Ardchattan, had, at one time, obtained a charter of the lands belonging to our clan in Glenetive, and became chief forester, under Argyle; for it was long held a disgrace by the patriarchal clans, as it still is, to accept charters and sink into vassalage, as had been long previously done by the Campbells and other clans. Well, Donald, to whom deer-stalking was as precious as the air he breathed, was thus deprived of his usual privileges in the royal forest; and, being inveterate in his habit, and fearless in his character, he became an eternal annoyance to Ardchattan and his keepers. At length, as ill-luck would have it, Donald was caught by a strong party which had been watching for him, while he was ensconced behind a rock, waiting patiently for a noble stag that was coming slowly up the face of the hill. One of the foresters had his dirk at Donald's breast, ready to stab him, when Ardchattan, anxious to test his extraordinary dexterity in archery, said, 'Now, Donald, you have long been the pest of the forest, and of my people; but if you will shoot that stag through his far eye, I will forgive you once more.' 'I have done a greater feat for a smaller gift,' replied Donald, dauntlessly, 'and will try; but you and your men must keep quiet and hold back, while I advance to yon fissure in the cliff, lest you alarm the deer.' This was agreed to: Ardchattan not being aware that the fissure in the cliff was Donald's usual passage from the almost inaccessible position in which they found him. Placing himself close to the fissure, Donald snatched a blade of grass from the rock, and, applying it to his lips, imitated the call of the hind; when the stag raised his head, in a listening attitude, and looked most conveniently over his shoulder, and thus brought his far eye nearest the marksman, who instantly drew the arrow to its head. The shot proved true to the aim of the matchless archer; the stag fell, pierced through the eye, and, at the same moment, Donald disappeared through the fissure in the rock.

"Ardchattan and his party spread themselves in the pursuit of Donald—for it was never meant that he should be allowed to escape, as he well knew; but they little understood the man they had to deal with. A sudden thought entered into the head of Donald, and, stealing round the back of the rock, he stood high on a cliff in the opposite direction, drew another arrow to the head, and sent it through Ardchattan's thigh. He then turned his face, and fled at full speed to Glencoe; but the archers sent their shafts after him, and one of them took effect in his heel. Considering his painful state, running over the rocky hills, with an arrow sticking in his heel, he arrived in Glencoe in an incredibly short time. Sending his voice before him, on his approach to Achatriaden, the alarm was spread, and the old chieftain advanced to meet him. 'Fly! fly!' cried Donald; 'gather a party, and fly quickly, quickly, in pursuit of Campbell of Ardchattan. He was wounded in the royal forest; and if you don't seize him before he has been carried out of Glenetive, carry him to the Cave of Corrigaval, and compel him to restore the lands of Dalness to its native clan, you are not worthy of the men from whom you are descended.'

"The chieftain obeyed, a party was gathered, Ardchattan pursued, seized, carried to the Cave of Corrigaval, and the charter was destroyed, and the lands restored to the people to whom they of right belonged."

"Donald is a different person, then, from the Braelochaber hunter and bard—the author of the poem of 'The Hunter and the Owl?'" "Not at all. He was the author of 'The Hunter and the Owl,' and several other popular poems, still preserved among his clansmen of Glenetive. There are some who even believe that he is the author of 'The Aged Bard's Desire;' but that is a mistake. The scene of both poems is placed among the hills on which we have this day hunted, and the same glens, lakes, rivers, and mountains, are mentioned, by the same names, in both poems; but 'The Aged Bard's Desire' is not only ascribed, by tradition, to a much more ancient date, but bears intrinsic evidence of its superior antiquity."

"How is it that Donald, if a native of Glenetive has left his native hills, lakes, and rivers unsung, and

immortalised those of Braelochaber?" "His mother was of the Keppoch family, and, while he was yet an infant, (his father having been killed in a skirmish between the Macdonalds of Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenorchy,) she retired with him to her native place. Here the young deer-stalker was brought up, with his maternal uncle, and cultivated his poetic genius among the lofty race from whom it was inherited; for his father's people were more distinguished as historians than bards. He became, at a very early period of his life, the favourite of Macdonald of Keppoch, a distinguished chieftain of that family of poets and of heroes; and it was with him and Cameron of Glenevis (who was also lineally a Macdonald) that he had been hunting on the day on which he composed his poem of 'The Hunter and the Owl.'"

"Pray tell me the tradition relative to the circumstances which suggested the poem, for I have heard you say that the bards of our country differed from the poets of Greece and Rome, in so far as they held it inconsistent with the dignity of the poetic office to invent imaginary characters, and to prostitute genius to the celebration of imaginary achievements." "Such was certainly the characteristic of the ancient bards of the Druidic orders. They held it necessary that their theme should be founded on fact, and their characters drawn from the life; but, in treating the subject, they allowed full play to feeling and imagination. And, as real events and real characters are not less various or less interesting than fictitious, their poetry is equally as well calculated to move the heart, and to fascinate the imagination, as the poetry of Greece or Rome; while it is at once historically valuable, and much more chaste and consistent with the dignity of human nature, and the improvement of the human race.

"At the time at which the poem of the 'Hunter and the Owl' was composed, the Keppoch family resided in a castle built on an artificial island in Lochtreig, the remains of which, and of the now fallen castle, are still to be seen. The boat-house, opposite to the castle, had been allowed to fall into decay even then; and Donald, who was in the habit of separating from his party, and wandering alone among the hills, arrived at it after Keppoch, Glenevis, and the rest, had crossed to the castle. By some oversight, there was no boat sent back for Donald, and he had, consequently, to remain in the boat-house for a considerable time. In the meantime a solitary owl took possession also of the premises, and furnished a hint for their conversation, in which the bard has embodied much of the traditional lore of the district, and portrayed many striking features of Highland scenery and manners.

"After Donald had entered the castle, he expressed his displeasure at the apparent neglect he had met with, in the following verses:—

DONALD.

The soul's fair gifts are ours from age to age;
Her pleasing thoughts, and her reflections sage,
Endear us, living, and embalm, when dead,
In hearts which consecrate the light we shed!
While the rich boor—my scorn of human kind—
Gross in his manners, grosser in his mind,
Leaves but a bubble to his thriftless heir,
Whose eager grasp soon proves 'tis empty air.
Throw wide thy gates then, chief, to wealth's broad pride,
Donald contents him with the mountain's side!

THE CHIEF'S REPLY.

Macfindlay, master of soft lays and lyres,
Whose social converse never fails, nor tires!
Son of the mountain wild, and winding glen,
Whose shafts in thousands the red deer have slain!
Welcome art thou, 'bove all my honour'd guests,
Thou high-born hero, to my hall of feasts!

"Donald had not followed a profitable profession. He was a professed hunter, and despised the attention or consequence which wealth alone might purchase. A wealthy boor, at that period a rare monster in the Highlands, had, from the genuine hospitality of Keppoch, been that day feasted in the castle, while Donald was cooling his heels in the boat-house; and the circumstance added a little to his feeling of indignation. He accordingly addressed the above lines to Keppoch, the moment he entered the castle; but was appeased by the chief's reply."

"If I remember well, Donald was crossed in love, in his younger days, and composed some tender verses on the subject. Do you recollect, and will you do me the favour to recite them?" "I do; and shall recite them with much pleasure:—

Mary, farewell! break, if thou list, my heart;
Hope has expir'd, I leave thee—I depart!
This lonely wish must now content my breast—
Be thou, sweet Mary, be thou ever blest!

In toil, in danger, poverty, and pain,
Still must thy image in my soul remain;
Thy pleasing smile, thy warm, thy melting eye,
Inspiring love, or sympathy, or joy.

The bosom, rising slowly on the sight,
A breathing throne of loveliness and light!
The pliant neck, which beamy gems infold
'Mid flowing locks, that seem the smoke of gold!

The form, whose perfect shape, and graceful air,
Moving, breathes rapture into dark despair;
Or, swimming light the mazy measure through,
Makes every heart beat high, and every eye pursue.

But farewell! Mary—wheresoe'er thou mov'st
Bright smile the landscapes, for their smile thou lov'st;
High soar the larks, thou lov'st their fluttering wing;
Sweet be their song, thou lov'st to hear them sing!

Around her footsteps drop, ye pearly dews,
And bathe the flowers; she loves their lovely hues—
She loves them, for they breathe the breath of God,
And raise the soul in thought to His abode!

But farewell! Mary—can I wish thine eye
Bath'd in a tear I may not live to dry?
'Thy God reveals pure bliss to those alone
Who feel the woes of others as their own.'

* * * * *

When my lone heart is dead to love and woe,
And the green turf is all it owns below,
Approach that turf—let fall one pitying tear—
And say, 'A tender, constant friend, sleeps here.'"

"These verses," observed Angus, "are indeed very touching, and it is almost a pity that the feelings they express were not a reality. You say that the bards of the Highlands rejected mere fiction in their poetry, yet those very verses are mere fiction, for I have heard it stated, on good traditional authority, that Donald, instead of dying in despair, had married in Braelochaber, and brought his love romance to a most prosaic conclusion by begetting sons and daughters!"

"True it is that he did so. Nevertheless, that does not militate against my statement; for Donald *was* crossed in love, Mr. Critic, and the verses, therefore,

are *founded* in fact, and give, I have no doubt, only the real picture of his feelings and thoughts at the time. This is exactly what I meant to describe as the characteristic of ancient Gaelic poetry. Every poem must be (according to the Druids) not only founded in fact, but its every character, scene, and deed, must be reconcileable to the verity of the history or tale it relates. But, at the same time, the dignified and strict morality of the Druids permitted, nay, encouraged, every embellishment calculated to move the heart and to captivate the imagination; but no deviation from truth and nature.

"Donald, when he was old, and blind, 'under the conquest of age,' as he himself expresses it, was left at Fersat, then one of the winter *towns* of the clan, attended by his grandaughter, while all the rest of the family had ascended to their summer shielings on the mountains. He had long and fondly cherished the belief, founded on the promise of some spirit of the hills, that he would kill one deer more before he died. To this belief he seemed to cling, as if it constituted his last tie to existence; and it was now to be verified by a singular accident—for, one morning, while brooding over the joys of former days, and reciting a tale of successful deer-hunting to the lassie, his ears were assailed by some unaccountable noise, at the back of the house. 'Look out, my Fawn!' exclaimed Donald, 'and see what is the cause of that noise.' The lassie ran out, but returned in a moment, crying that a stag had got his antlers entangled in the car; and that, in struggling to set himself free, and escape, he was sometimes rolling over with, and sometimes dragging it along the field. 'My bow and arrow,' cried Donald, 'and lead me forth with speed.' This order was promptly complied with, and the blind old deer-stalker, led forth by the hand of a child, drew his last shaft at the sound, and killed the last of his deer! He requested, on his death-bed, that the skin of this deer, which he had got carefully dressed and preserved for that purpose, should be used as his winding-sheet; that he should be buried in Kilkaril, and his face turned to his beloved Craiguana—directions which were piously and literally complied with."

"I never had the pleasure of hearing the poem of 'The Hunter and the Owl,' excepting once; and it was then recited by a fair Badenoch lady, who neither understood nor felt the bard's meaning; and who was yet so persuaded that she did, that she occupied more space with her own version or dissertation on the subject, than in the recitation of the poem itself. I should, therefore, like very much to hear a few stanzas of it from you, feeling convinced that you will preserve the poetry of the original in your recitation."

"With all my heart," replied Allan, "provided that you promise not to fall asleep, as you lately did, in the shieling of Benerulaist, leaving me to repeat every line of the 'Aged Bard's Desire,' and my own inimitable remarks on its beauties, before I discovered that I was *minus* a listener."

"I promise to escape the sin of not listening, on the condition that you avoid your old sin of lecturing, for I had enough of that, on this subject, from my fair Badenoch friend."

HUNTER.

Poor owl of Strone, this ruin, lorn and drear,
Is a sad shade for age's dark decline;
Yet, if thy sorrowing tale I rightly hear,
Dongal thou'st seen, and better days were thine?

OWL.

Behold yon oak, which towers above the glade,
On many a fleeting age 't has looked with scorn;
I have seen the day when scarce his tender head
Above the yellow, dwarfish moss was borne.

I've seen the Brehon's bold and stately son;
Fergus, the great in arms, I also knew;
And grey-hair'd Torradan of echoing Strone—
Leaders of armies—warriors stern and true.

Alastair Carra often have I seen
Clearing resounding forests with his band;
He was a gay and courteous man I ween,
Social at feasts, and glorious in command.

And his successor, Angus, too, I've known—
A chief still valued in his clan's esteem—
For rural arts he earned his renown,
And built yon mill on Eara's winding stream.

HUNTER.

Lone creature! surely thou art frail and old;
Hie thee, for absolution, to the priest;
First let thy various tales with truth be told,
And syne thy thoughts and actings be confest.

OWL.

I never thieved—I never told a lie,
Nor broke into a consecrated place;
Poor though I live, in innocence I'll die,
A harmless carline of a harmless race.

HUNTER.

But thou hast known some chiefs of lofty name,
Who from their people gained the meed of praise;
Rehearse their actions in the field of fame,
Their lofty deeds and their immortal lays.

OWL.

Oh! many a Northman's raid and patriot deed
Lochaber witnessed in her days of woe;
But who would shield the carline's helmless head,
If, 'midst the strife, she showed her threatening brow?

When loud was heard the war-cry and the fray,
And rescued forays scattered o'er the wild,
I've spread my wings and lightly flew away
Where peace and quiet in fair Creguana smiled.

HUNTER.

O Creg of joy! Creguana of my heart!
In which I passed my youth's exulting day;
Creg of the swiftly-bounding hind and hart!
Creg where the warblers breathe their earliest lay!

Long has it been my glowing heart's delight
To try my speed among thy mountains grey,
Following the noble stag's resounding flight
Till all thy rocks replied to hounds at bay.

Sweet are thy eagles in their flight sublime;
Sweet are thy swans; and thrushes, when they wake
Their lays of love; but sweeter far thy chime,
My speckled fawn, amid thy sheltering brake!

"By heavens, the fellow is asleep!" exclaimed Allan, suddenly detecting the somnolence of his friend, "at the very moment at which Donald, fired by the recollection of his hunting days and favourite mountains, yields himself wholly up to his enthusiasm, and travels over every favourite haunt of the deer, naming and describing every mountain with the eye of the poet and the feelings of the patriot! If some heavy-headed Campbell has not been intimate with thy ——; God forgive my raillery!—what awful sounds!"

Allan had laid his hand on the shoulder of his friend, to awake him, but was unheeded. It seemed as if the

melancholy *coronach* which terminated his sarcasm had deprived him of the power of exerting himself, and he stood for a moment in that state of helpless agony sometimes experienced under the influence of a painful dream, when the soul *feels* conscious of the delusion, and its want of power to break the spell. He could hear a gushing noise, resembling that of a stream that had burst its banks, descending the hill and approaching the bothy; while the same dirge-like voice, breaking forth at solemn intervals, poured forth these words:—"Wail through the narrow glen! They come! they come! they come!"

Angus Mor continued in the same trance-like sleep, but not so Oscar. He sprang on the heather mattress on which his master reclined, with a furious growl, and stood over him, watching, and in the attitude of springing at, the door, but in a state of excitement which more resembled the frenzy of terror than the energy of his usually fierce courage and determination. The creaking and crazy door sprang suddenly open, and a cloud-like form, gigantic and hideous, huddled itself forward into the bothy, and crouched opposite to Allan; and, with an appalling leer of recognition, spread its large paws over the fire to enjoy the warmth they seemed so much to require. In this position she remained for a moment immovable; when, just as Oscar's growl became convulsively violent, and he was in the act of springing upon her, across the fire, her body started at once to its terrific height, with a jerk resembling that of a well bent bow escaping the bondage of its snapped string; and bending forward above Allan, with her head touching the roof, she cried, in her supernatural and yelling voice, "Tie the dog, Allan! tie the dog!" But Allan, though appalled at the first by her horrific appearance and petrifying voice, was restored to his presence of mind by her threatening gesture and command. He instantly sprang to his feet, and snatching his dirk from its sheath, pointed it at her breast, replying, calmly but sternly, "I invoke the presence of the living God between us, and neither fear nor obey your commands!" Her red eye glared malignly in his face, her armed mouth opened from ear to ear, she stooped forward as if to snatch him up in her hand; and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, she broke into an eldritch laugh, while she hissed these words in his ears:—"Thou shalt see it! thou shalt see it! thou shalt see it! The sacked cottage, the burned hamlet, the strong and the brave of thy doomed race sinking without resistance in their own blood, the pure and the lovely dragged in ruffian arms, or flying from impure violence to the clefts of the rocks or the bosoms of the snow-wreaths and the lakes! With thy proud and generous heart uncooled, untamed—thy strong and expert arm unshrunk, unwithered—thou shalt gaze at the melting sight, impotent to relieve, powerless to revenge!" After having uttered these denunciations, with gestures of malignant triumph, more easily imagined than described, she resumed her crouching attitude, and huddled herself out at the door. But the same appalling dirge—"Wail through the narrow glen! They come! they come! they come!"—uttered in the same petrifying tones, continued to ring in Allan's ears, until her voice seemed to dissolve itself in the tempest-invoked echoes of the towering cliffs which surrounded the shieling.

THE NEMESIS OF FAITH.*

It is not often our practice to notice at length books exclusively devoted to the discussion of religious opinions, but the appearance of the "Nemesis of Faith" permits a deviation from ordinary practice. In Germany and France, where distempered minds have long been impregnating the moral and religious atmosphere with pestilential speculations, its advent would have excited but little notice and no surprise. Here, on the contrary, where once, perhaps, in half a century some perverted intellect discolours the lucid current of our literature, such a turbid infusion generally creates astonishment and indignation. Men feeling themselves, and all they hold dearest, boldly aspersed, look for an echo of their sentiments from every man connected with the press, who, conversant with the interdependencies of things, can appreciate the baneful effects of such a publication on the creed and morals of the people, the professions and institutes of the country. Had it emanated from a quarter less influential, and been likely to attain little notoriety, we should have left it, like others of its class, to glide into merited oblivion. But, written by a man in holy orders, a fellow of Exeter College, a good scholar, of some intellectual grasp, and recently appointed by the Council of University College, London, to the headship of a large and important seminary in Hobart Town, it is certain to obtain a very extensive circulation. To doubt is a necessity from which no thinker can escape. By his very constitution he is compelled to it. But no thinker, worthy of the name, can rest satisfied there. He knows there must be truth somewhere, and truth discoverable by him, since he consciously possesses those faculties of cognition which God must have bestowed for the end to which they are so manifestly adapted. Doubt, therefore, is to him a beginning, not a conclusion—a mean, not an end—a starting post, not a goal. He thinks away every proposition he has been taught to believe, that he may resume all that will abide the touchstone of his rigorous analysis and inflexible synthesis. He reduces his mind, with the exception of the first truths, which no power can obliterate, to a mere *tabula rasa*, that thereon he may engrave, in regular series, as with an iron pen, the utterances of eternal truth. He descends into darkness that he may ascend into light. He empties his intellectual wardrode of every habiliment, that he may replenish it with nothing but the best and the richest apparel. He discredits everything that he may grasp all the attainable *credendo*. This, and this alone, is the art of doubting well, an art which we are glad to think multitudes of minds, at least in

* "The Nemesis of Faith," by J. A. Froude, A.M., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

he would first show all the points in which the two beliefs agree, and then gradually attack as errors, condemned by both, the points on which they differ, in favour, of course, of his own church. As we went along, I inquired into the mental and physical condition of the Valaisans, on which he exhibited extensive information, though himself a native of Alsace. Our conversation then turned upon the summit of the Alps, where he had often wandered, and which he described admirably. The name of Pervenche, used accidentally in our conversation, led to the mention of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that again to Madame de Warrens, and that to love. I felt not a little anxious to learn the opinion of a Jesuit on this passion, but observing that Madame Carli and the rest of our companions were listening too attentively to our conversation, he said he would speak of it another time when I did him the honour to visit his college. That visit was never paid, neither did the promised discussion ever take place; but instead, he related to me a story which did honour to his frankness, for it represented a Jesuit in love. What will be the opinion of the reader when he hears the anecdotes, it is, of course, beyond my power to conjecture, neither shall I at present state my own; but when I have related faithfully all the incidents of the narrative, the event will speak for itself.

It was towards the close of the day, and not many leagues from Brigg, when observing an extraordinary appearance in the valley and mountain on our right, I inquired of the Jesuit the cause of the phenomenon. Across the small plain from the foot of the rocks to the river, extended a broad irregular chasm some fifteen or twenty feet deep. On its edge stood the ruins of several cottages, and above, in the face of the mountain, was a tremendous gap like the mouth of an immense sluice, large trees torn up by the roots, rocks of enormous size rolled down and jammed together among the ruins of the forest, appeared to indicate the passage of some resistless flood, but all was now dry; and from the nature of the ground, it was clear that no river or even brook or streamlet could ever have flowed in that channel. The Jesuit viewed the scene with a look expressive of sorrow and painful recollections, which suggested to me the idea that he had witnessed some tragedy on that spot. "I will tell you," said he, "as we go along, the history of the destruction of this little plain, which, as you perceive, is of very recent date. I happened to be here when it took place, and was blessed with more than one opportunity of affording aid or consolation to the sufferers. Similar occurrences are not rare in the region of the Upper Alps, but probably nothing so terrible has been known in the valley within the memory of man. Look yonder among the trees. At every advance of the diligence we discovered the ruins of fresh cottages; indeed, a whole hamlet once stood where you now behold only loose stones and piles of rubbish. Look at yon cross how it nods over the chasm like the light of religion gleaming over eternity. Close to it stood the little village-church, and graves of the dead. All are now buried beneath the sands of the Rhone." He then commenced his relation in these words—

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES FROM HIGHLAND TRADITION.

BY DONALD CAMPBELL.

(*Continued from page* 376.)

On the day following the fearful visit of the Glastic to the Glencoe men, a detachment of about five hundred men, from the garrison at Fort-William, were seen descending the hill to Altnafay, by the bridle-path which then occupied the course of the picturesque road whose serpentine windings bear evidence of General Wade's sympathy in the toilsome marches of his *breeks-gyved* soldiers into the glens and valleys of the mountaineers. A person standing at Beal-an-Inian might, at the same time, have seen two bands of Highlanders advancing—the one through the pass of Laug-gart-an, and the other up Glencoe—with flashing eyes, brandished swords, and advanced targets, their broad blue bonnets and heather crests shading their knit brows, and their picturesque tartans waving around their light and manly forms, while their countenances and bearing indicated stern joy, energy, and excitement at the news of the approaching foemen.

There was also a motley band, of an unwarlike appearance and formation, winding through the ravines of the frowning Boduch or Carle of Glencoe, towards the ridge of the hill immediately above him, diminished, to his eye, by the giddy height, to the size of a flock of hoodie-crows. Nor was this movement the least dangerous of the two to the approaching red-coats. This party consisted of the old men, and the more masculine widows and youths of the clan, whose duty it was, upon an agreed-on signal, to set in motion a chain of gigantic cairns, which had been piled by the warriors in a line, extending from the deep ravine above the old house of Achtriden to that which runs northward from the Juain rock. Behind these cairns (which, from the almost perpendicular declivity of the mountain, might be easily set in motion, so as to rush, thundering and smoking, on the heads of the soldiers, in avalanches of thousands of tons at a time) this party now stationed themselves. While the Glencoe men took up their position, with charged hearts and carbines, in the ravine, the Glenetive men, concealed themselves effectually near the rock of Juain, among the rocks and heather, ready to bound over the stream and take possession of that important pass the moment the last file of soldiers should descend the gorge between it and their ambushed clansmen in the ravine. Such were the skilful and deadly arrangements made by the Glencoe men to receive the enemy, who advanced, with reckless daring, into the toils, without even taking the precaution of throwing out an advanced guard to feel their way and cover their front, or forming a reserve, to sustain or protect them in the rear.

The soldiers had now descended the Juain rock, and

their front was within a hundred paces of the ravine, where the Glencoemen lay in wait for them, under the command of their chieftains, Glencoe and Achitriaden—the former a tall, powerful, brave, but benevolent and peacefully-inclined gentleman; and the latter a bold, fiery, impetuous chieftain, whom no danger could intimidate, or no expediency divert from the path of loyalty and duty. Having seen the Glenetive men bounding over the river, and forming behind the pass, in rear of the red-coats, and having also noticed the preconcerted signal, intimating that the party behind the avalanches (formed on the face of the hill) were ready to set them in motion the moment the report of fire-arms should be heard, he repeatedly attempted to catch Glencoe's eye, and to urge him to give the word to fire, when a stately and warlike officer, advancing from the rear of the column of red-coats, stepped aside with the officer in command, and, on the instant, the party was halted and formed into line, while the light company, thrown out in extended order, covered its front, and advanced cautiously towards the dangerous-looking ravine. Achitriaden, observing this movement, cast a glance of fiery indignation at the good-natured Glencoe, and was on the point of ordering the party to fire, without waiting any longer on so slow and undecided a leader, when the latter, always kind and soft-hearted, unwilling to fall upon an enemy so completely in his power, raised his huge form over the verge of the cliff, and demanded, in a voice of thunder, their business in the country of the Clanian.

Glenlyon, who commanded the party, at once advanced towards him, and requested an interview halfway between both parties. This, after a consultation with Achitriaden, was agreed to by Glencoe, who descended to meet Glenlyon, and, saluting him with stern but studious politeness, demanded the object of the expedition. "Come, come, Glencoe," replied Glenlyon, with a bland and conciliating smile, "let the remembrance of old friendships, and of my fair cousin, the mother of your children, banish the memory of recent political divisions, at least in so far as you and I are concerned. A soldier must stand by his colours, and do his duty; but be assured that, if anything more serious than a week at free quarters, as a slight punishment for your apparent contumacy, were meant by King William, he would have found it necessary to send some other officer than Campbell of Glenlyon at the head of the party." "Our marts," replied the chieftain, "have been more numerous, and our girnals better supplied, owing to the unhappy state of the times; but if free quarters for a week, or even a fortnight, be the extent of the exaction, you and your party shall be made most heartily welcome. But here comes the diomede of the Glencoemen, who must be satisfied of your good faith, or, by my soul, you will find that you have put yourself and your party in a pretty position. Speak him fair," said the good-natured chieftain, whispering in his ear, with a feeling of anxiety, which caused a slight tremour in his manly voice, "and pledge him your honour as a Campbell, without a moment's hesitation, for, though he hates your clan, he values and respects their sense of honour; and if he doubts, God have mercy on you and your miserable party." A sensation of terror passed through the heart of Glenlyon at these ominous words, and he exclaimed, hurriedly, "I pledge you my honour, Glencoe, as a soldier and a gentleman, that nothing more is meant by this expedition than to exact submission, and a week of free quarters in Glencoe. Your tardy and reluctant submission to the King has suggested this measure, and prompt compliance will lead to a perfect reconciliation."

While the above conversation was passing, they were joined by Achitriaden, who distrusted Glenlyon, and had little confidence in his superior chieftain's firmness and penetration—he having, by his many acts of indiscriminate generosity and benevolence, earned for himself the enviable cognomen of *Fear mor coir, i.e.*, the big worthy man. So soon as Glencoe had descended from the ravine, the party stationed there, as well as those in possession of the pass in the rear of the soldiers, considered it no longer necessary to conceal themselves, or to disguise their impatience at the unwelcome party, and leaned forward over the rocks, eagerly watching the result of the negotiation, which threatened to defeat their anticipated victory. Glenlyon's face became blanched when the formidable position of the Glencoemen was thus unmasked to his view; nor did even the dauntles heart of his second in command, the gallant Captain Byng, feel perfectly unmoved at the sight. He cast a glance of fire around, and instantly projected a dash, with the light company, across the river, to possess himself of the pass to Glenetive, the men of that glen having, incautiously, left it unoccupied when they bounded over the river to take possession of that of the Juain rock. He sounded the call, which hung by a gold chain across his breast, and the light company, with inconceivable quickness, was instantly on the left flank of the line, ready to spring over the river. But Glenlyon was incapable of seeing or anticipating the movement contemplated by Captain Byng, and which, if successful, would have rescued the party from present destruction at least, and might even eventually lead to their escape. He gazed around him in undisguised alarm, and saw no hope of safety either in advancing or retreating. On either side of him he saw an impassable chain of towering mountains, rearing their frowning masses, rock above rock, and cliff above cliff, until their bare, shattered, and riven heads were lost in the now descending darkness; while any attempt to force either pass, in the face of such opponents, was more than his heart dared to think of. Deeply did he curse his own unofficer-like rashness, in leading his party into so desperate a position, when Achtriaden, who watched him for a moment with eyes that made his soul tremble within him, observed, with a sneer, "The gallant captain has declined to pledge the honour of the Campbells to his truth. Perchance he conceives that we place a higher value on that of the hirelings of the Dutchman? You had better undeceive him, Mac-vic-Ian."

"Pardon me, Achitriaden," hastily stammered out Glenlyon, "you do great injustice to my meaning. The commission I bear was never pledged to dishonour; but, if you prefer the pledge proposed by Glencoe, be assured that I have no wish to evade it. Glencoe, I pledge you the honour of a soldier and a—a—Cam—'ell, that—the—the object of my party is none other than to exact submission, and a week's free quarters, in token thereof, in Glencoe." Achitriaden was not satisfied with Campbell's looks, and hesitation in pronouncing the required pledge; and Glencoe hastened to anticipate his reply, by exclaiming, "I will not doubt

the honour of my wife's relative, and I am satisfied with your guarantee, Glenlyon. Come, let us join your officers and party, and lead them down the glen, where you shall all meet a hearty welcome. Do, then, Achitriaden, explain the amicable determination of King William to the men of Glencoe and Glenetive; and, hark ye, cousin," he whispered aside, "speak them fair on behalf of their guests. They are chafed, like yourself, my fierce friend, at the disappointed conflict; but peace is wisest and best. Think of our wives and children. Why should we make widows and orphans, when the cause we have at heart could not thereby be achieved? Better times may come. Let us reserve our strength; and let not the courtesy and hospitality of our high-minded clan be called in question. Speak them fair on behalf of their guests, cousin."

So saying, the cheftain joined Glenlyon, and, passing his arm cordially through his, advanced to his party, and received the officers, as they were presented to him, with the utmost degree of kindly courtesy; while Achitriaden sullenly flung aside, muttering something, the real purport of which could not be caught, about "Clan-duine, ever fair and false." Immediately after the introduction of the officers to Glencoe, the party of soldiers were led by him down the glen, followed, at some distance, by Achitriaden and the men of Glencoe, in a mingled mood of dissatisfaction and doubt; while the men of Glenetive retraced their steps down Larigarten, to their own sweet and romantic country, wondering at the forbearance of the chieftain, and the facility with which friendship was made with the red-coats, whom he had completely in his power.

The clans passed the night on which the Glastic visited Allan in the Shealing of Benaler, in their mountain bivouac, and the next morning repaired, by different glens and passes, to their respective countries, with the exception of the Glencoemen, who crossed over the southern range of hills, to join Stewart of Fortingall, with whom they had agreed to make a descent on the lands and barony of Wymes, that district having been wrested, as they conceived, by injustice and usurpation from the rightful owners of the soil. Much ignorance prevails, even among the best educated classes, as to the origin of the ancient forays of the Scottish clans, and the agrarian disorders of Ireland; and as the character of the people, as well as the cause of equity and justice, in both countries have suffered, and is suffering, from that ignorance, the following brief explanation, although a digression, may not appear unimportant, nor prove uninteresting to the reader.*

Scotland and Ireland, of old, were patriarchal countries—that is, countries occupied by clans, or tribes, who were governed by a system called *cleachda*—*i.e.*, use and wont. The government of each clan consisted of a chief, tanister, brehon, and chieftains. The chief was their executive as well as military commander; the tanister represented them in their civil rights, and succeeded the chief on his death (when a new tanister was elected); the brehon was their judge, and the chieftains their jury, as well as their military officers. Their laws were unwritten, founded in equity, few, simple, and well adapted to their situation and circumstances. They were taught to the people periodically at the *mod*, or mote, where their courts were held.

The poet Spenser published a small work, in 1596, on his return from an official appointment in Ireland, which is valuable, and throws much light on the laws, rights, and privileges, of the clans in Ireland. It clearly shows that English statesmen did not understand the difference between the patriarchal and the feudal systems; and my own opinion is, that to this ignorance is to be ascribed, in some measure, the fraudulent and pernicious system on which Ireland was originally subjected to England, and has hitherto been governed. The principles of the clans were moulded by tradition. Their ideas of justice were founded on the Brehon laws, and in accordance with their ancient rights and privileges, to which they adhere with inflexible tenacity. Hence their sense of honesty and equity has ever been in antagonism with the feudal system of Government; and our modern laws, especially as regards landed tenures, are not less inconsistent with these principles. I wrote, some time ago, a paper on the Tanistry and Brehon Laws of Ireland, in the *Scottish Journal*, for the purpose of enlightening the general reader on this subject; but, as that journal never attained any great circulation, and is now out of print, it is probable that few, if any, of the readers of *Tait* have seen that paper. I take the liberty, therefore, of quoting part of it here, as illustrative of my present subject.

Spenser informs us that, "In a parliament holden in the time of Anthony Saint Leger, Lord Deputy, all the Irish lords and principal men came in; and, being by fair means moved thereunto, acknowledged the King (Henry VIII.) for their sovereign lord, reserving (as some say) unto themselves their own former privileges and seigniories inviolate." Both parties seem to have misunderstood one another as to the effect and extent of this submission. The English seem to have conceived that the chiefs and chieftains of Ireland were proprietors of the soil, and that the people were their serfs and vassals; and they accordingly con-

* I have, in a former paper, shown that the Lowlanders were the descendants of the Scots, and the Highlanders the descendants of the Caledonians, or Picts; and these names, by which they are uniformly distinguished, the one from the other, by English writers, is a strong confirmation of my statement. Indeed, nothing but the facility with which the most able men run into a beaten track, instead of beating about to discover a new road to the truth, can account for the tame and silly assertions whereby the Lowlanders have attained to themselves the unenvied name of Saxons—unenvied at least in so far as every true and well-educated Celt is concerned. I adhere to what I have more than once repeated, that the Celts and Saxons are lineally descended from Japhet, and spoke dialects of the same language long after they arrived and formed separate nations in Europe, and that any difference that could be discovered between them, either in form or character, was to be ascribed to "climate and circumstances," to which the learned and philosophic historian of Europe traces the difference between one race of people and another. This difference, until within these few hundred years, was decidedly in favour of the Celts, because they had more closely adhered to the enlightened theology, and the simple and equitable laws and principles of early ages. Why, Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, although a beaten-track writer, like the rest of their eulogists, confesses that, "When they first landed in this island, they were bands of fierce, ignorant, idolatrous, and superstitious pirates; enthusiastically courageous, but habitually cruel." Another eulogist confesses that they were greatly refined and elevated by their intercourse with the Britons and "the Roman progeny." In short, until the descendants of the few bands of Saxon pirates, who landed in Britain, became the sons of Celtic mothers, and were humanised by their dispersion among a Celtic people, they never were distinguished for anything but courage, rapacity, idolatry, and cruelty.

cluded that, when they obtained their consent to the sovereignty of the King of England, the whole nation was at once reduced to subjection. The chiefs and chieftains, on the other hand, knowing the limited power they possessed, meant that this sovereignty should be exercised only in the Celtic sense of the word, that is, within the bounds prescribed by the *cleachda*. This is to be inferred from the reservation of "their own former privileges and *seigniories inviolate*." Indeed, the chiefs and chieftains (as shown in the May number of this magazine) had no power beyond that conferred on them by the people. Had English statesmen, at the above period, understood the character and the institutions of the Irish, they would probably have advised the king to be contented with the limited sovereignty tendered to him by the chiefs and chieftains of the people, who, in that case, would have got him elected and inaugurated, according to use and wont, by a convocation of the nation—for it could not have been done, according to their laws, by the chiefs and chieftains.

That English statesmen were entirely ignorant of the institutions and laws of Ireland, and the resolute adhesion of the people to them, is evidenced by the works of Spenser, from which I quote the following dialogue between *Eudox* and *Iren*:—

Eudox, in reference to the above submission, or treaty, observes—"By acceptance of the above sovereignty, they also accepted of his *laws*. Why, then, should any other laws be now used amongst them?"

To this *Iren* very complacently replies—"True it is that thereby they bound themselves to his *laws* and obedience."

Eudox—"Do they not still acknowledge the submission?"

Iren—"No, they do not; for now, the heirs and posterity of them, which yielded the same, are, as they say, either ignorant thereof, or do wilfully deny or steadfastly disavow it. They say their ancestor had no estate in any of their lands, seigniories, or hereditaments, longer than during their lives, for all the Irish held their lands by tanistry."

Eudox is, of course, greatly astonished at this answer, and exclaims—"What is that which you call tanisht, or tanistry? They be names and terms never before heard of or known to us."

Iren—"It is a custom among the Irish, that, immediately after the death of any of their chief lords or captains, they do assemble themselves unto a place generally appointed and known unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest son, nor any of the children of the deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is, the eldest, and the worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kin or sept. And then, next to him, do they choose the tanist, who shall next succeed him in the captaincy, if he live thereunto."

It will be seen from the above that the chiefships did not proceed in a direct line of succession. The preference was given, not to the nearest of kin to the last, but the first chief or founder of the clan. Hence every clansman, being eqally descended from the founder of the clan, was on a footing of equality with the best of his race, and equally entitled to be elected to the chiefship; but the preference was given to him who was nearest of kin to the founder of the clan—that is, if "the eldest and the worthiest in that kin or sept." Hence, the next brother of the deceased chief was always preferred to his son, because he was a step nearer in descent to the founder of the clan. This appears to have also been the principle of succession of the Caledonian or Pictish kings, and explains the controversy between the different claimants to the Scottish crown, on the death of Alexander III., some of whom founded on the feudal, and some on the patriarchal laws of succession.

It will be seen by the above that the Irish, like the Highland clans, kept the offices of chief and tanister separate and distinct the one from the other—the former being the military commander, and the latter the trustee of the civil rights or tenures of the clan. Hence, in the Highlands, the chief, at the inauguration, received a sword, and the tanister a wand, as the symbols of their office. Spenser, in a subsequent quotation, says the chief in Ireland receives a wand; but I suspect that this must be a mistake, as the patriarchal laws of all nations were derived from the same source, and, in all probability, were everywhere the same. The tanister, as above observed, held the land in trust for the clan and their posterity, to whom they belonged in common. We find that the tanister accordingly continued to be elected in the Highlands, even among those of them who had accepted feudal charters, such as the Stewarts of Appin, &c., down to the year 1745, which clearly shows that these charters were merely looked upon as a matter of form. They were never allowed to interfere with the rights and privileges of the clans until after the restoration of the forfeited estates. Thus, the chief represented the clan in a military, and the tanister in a civil capacity—as is indicated in the previous quotation, where it is stated that the ancestry of the Irish clans referred to by Spenser, "had no estate in any of their lands, seigniories, or hereditaments," which they held "by tanistry;" that is, the tanister held the lands by virtue of his office, in trust for the whole clan and their posterity.

Spenser gives the following description of the forms attended to in the election of a chief or tanister:—

"They used to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly on a hill; in some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, whereon he, standing, received an oath to preserve all the ancient former customs of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peacefully to his tanist (when he should succeed to the chiefship); and then hath he delivered unto him a wand, by some one whose office that is; after which he turneth him self round, and boweth himself thrice forward and thrice backward. I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordnance was specially for the defence and maintenance of the lands in their posterity, and for excluding all innovation or alienation thereof to strangers. Hence they say, as erst I told you, that they reserve their titles, tenures, and seigniories, whole and sound to themselves."

There is here sufficient evidence that in every submission made by the people of Ireland to the King of England, there was a special reservation of the lands, rights, and privileges. The violation of this condition is, and always has been, at the root of all the agrarian disturbances and other evils of Ireland.

"The Brehon laws," continues Spenser, "is a rule of right, unwritten, but delivered by tradition from one generation to another, in which oftentimes there ap-

peareth great show of equity in determining the right between party and party, but in many things repugnant quite both to God's law and man's. As, for example, in the case of murder, the Brehon, that is their judge, will compound between the murderer and the friends of the family murdered, which prosecute the action, that the malefactor shall give unto them for the child or wife of him that is slain, a recompense, which they call eriach, by which vile law of theirs many murders are made-up or smothered."

The word "compound," as used above, is apt to mislead the general reader. The Brehon had no power to compound the crime, the penalty being fixed by the *cleachda*, or use and wont. His powers were similar to those of our lords of justiciary. The evidence was taken before him, and he declared the class of the crime and the eric payable therefor; and the jury of chieftains decided guilty or not guilty. When the sentence, and the fact of the penalty having been paid, was declared at the moad or mote, the criminal was acquitted in the presence of the people.

If sometimes happened that the means of the criminal fell short of the compensation required; but in all such cases, when the crime was committed within the bounds of the clan, the "kith and kin" of the criminal charged themselves with the deficiency, and could not thereafter be reproached with the crime of their kinsman. In like manner, when the crime was committed against, or within the bounds of another clan, the whole clan of the criminal charged themselves with the deficiency, and thus preserved the honour of their clan from being stained with the crime of any individual of their number —for so close was the unity, that the clan was liable for the individual, and the individual for the clan, until the eric was paid. But, should the crime be considered infamous, either in itself or from the circumstances connected with the perpetration of it, the criminal was handed over to the Druids, by whom he was tried, and, if guilty, executed with great solemnity within the Druidic circles. Since the fall of the Druids, it has been the practice to banish individuals guilty of infamous crimes forth the bounds of the clan. This was a severe sentence, but it saved the honour of the clan from being affected by the crimes of any individual member. The compensation, when paid, purged the disgrace; but when the crime was of a character that did not admit of compensation, the clan could only efface the stain by disowning and banishing the criminal. The exile was sometimes received under an assumed name, by some clan not cognizant of the nature of the crime, and resident in some distant part of the country. The descendants of many persons who had thus been received under the protection of other clans have only reassumed the names of their ancestors since the fall of the clan system. When the banished individual was not thus fortunate, he became what is called *cearmach coille*—*i. e.*, a warrior of the wood—for whose misdeeds neither his country nor his clan was held to be responsible.

It has thus been shown by Spenser, that in Ireland no individual had any right of property in the soil which belonged from age to age in common to the whole clan, or people of a district. They elected their own rulers, and maintained them by a voluntary tribute, regulated by the *cleachda*, or use and wont, denominated *caeha*. That the people of Ireland have never been able to recognise the title of a king who neither conquered their country, nor was elected, nor inaugurated, according to their laws, to gift their lands to their friends, is, therefore, not very surprising. These rights and privileges appear to have been possessed by the people of all Celtic nations, antecedent to the appointment of kings, who were, in all patriarchal countries, merely the commanders-in-chief in the time of war. No king, unless he were a conqueror, could therefore be entitled to encroach upon the rights and privileges of the ancient clans. Hence, it had been the practice of the Scottish clans, from the date of the introduction of feudalism into the country, to make periodical incursions into the districts of those who accepted laws and jurisdiction from their kings, for the purpose of exacting from them and their vassals, serfs or villeyns, the *calpa* due by the fraudulent possessors to the legitimate owners of the soil. This species of "wild justice," as exercised by the clans, has long been reprobated, chiefly by persons who did not understand the circumstances in which it originated. It was certainly inconsistent with centralization, but the blame must attach to the usurpers, and not to the people. Assuming, however, that the people were in the wrong, it must be admitted that the king and his sheep-skin adherents, as the Highlanders derisively styled all who accepted lands and jurisdictions under royal charters, have ultimately been fully avenged;—for the sovereign, and those who were to profit by his usurpations, constituted themselves the legislators, brehon, jury, and executive of the people, stripped them of their lands, rights, and privileges, and reduced them, in effect, into vassals or outlaws. The record of such hole-and-corner proceedings now forms the foundation of the only history of Scotland extant, or at least recognised; while the acts of the people themselves have been proportionally depressed, and are now represented to, and known by, the general reader, merely as the acts of thieves and robbers! Nay, their very wars—the war, for instance, of independence, which, for thirty years, they maintained against the English—is compressed, in the "History of Scotland," into one or two chapters, representing only the treachery, or undecided and vacillating policy of two or three petty sheep-skin lords and barons, relieved only by trifling notices of the "ill-requited" heroism of one illustrious chief of the Strath Clyde Britons—William Wallace, or, more properly, Walence. Such is the History of Scotland, compiled by men totally ignorant of her ancient patriarchal constitution, and of the language, laws, rights and wrongs, of her people.

But, as the great and good Being who created the world did not, at the same time, create kings and lords, and divide it among them, surely, having discovered the potency of sheep-skins, they were entitled to create one another, and to appropriate everything good and desirable to themselves. So thought the kings and lords of Scotland, and their vassals and villeyns; but not so thought the elected chieftains of the Stewarts of Perthshire and the Macdonalds of Glencoe. Hence, in the winter of 1692, when the inhabitants of the district of Wymes awoke one morning, they found their country cleared of every hoof belonging to them. Then did their women and children scream and clap their hands—then did the war-pipe sound, and the fire-cross flame and fly—then did every peel give egress to its petty tyrant, and his household martinets and menials

—then did every vale, glen, and corry, pour forth its vassal or villeyn inhabitants, who flew to their alarm post at Caisivile, where, forming under their respective leaders, they set off in pursuit of these daring avengers of the plundered clans.

After a long and rapid chase, the pursuers came up to the so-called spoilers, who seemed in no haste to escape, but were coolly resting and refreshing themselves at the head of Lochranach, while the patriarchs of the expedition were making a fair division of the exacted *calpa* among the descendants of those to whom the district originally belonged, and their allies. The Menzies halted, until such of their numbers as had been distanced in the ardour of the chase should come up, and then formed into a sort of a line, preparatory to an immediate attack, while the foragers, "nothing loath," stood to their arms, and formed themselves on a small level plain, which is still indicated by one or two old and venerable trees near the head of Lochranach.

The battles of the clans afford little scope for a flourishing description. They were mere matter of fact affairs, aiming at no military display, and involving no skilful strategy or tactics. There were no cavalry prancing on their flanks with burnished armour, waving plumes and polished sabres, made apparently to glitter unstained in the sunshine; no dark and flying bands of artillery, taking up their stations on the surrounding heights, scaring the face of nature with clouds of smoke and sheets of flame, and shaking the solid earth with successive crashes of thunder; there was no cloud of skirmishers, extended and thrown forward to cover their front, nor a column of reserve formed in the rear to sustain the attack. In short, the battles of the ancient clans were totally destitute of the whole "pomp and circumstance" of modern warfare. The Stewarts and the Macdonalds stood on the defensive, and the Menzies advanced in a sort of line, until they were within about one hundred paces from one another, when both, as if by one impulse, discharged their Spanish pieces, and then, flinging them on the ground, drew their claymores, "scrugged their bonnets," and rushed to a close, with a yell that rent the hills.

The conflict, in time, lasted but for a moment. Many were stretched on the ground in the twinkling of an eye, and those who stood firm in the tulzie seemed each to have discovered "a warrior worthy of his steel," until the whole bands became scattered over the plain, in a fierce and bloody contest, which assumed an appearance as if a multitude of warlike maniacs were in single combat, one against another. The whole field thus presented a wild scene of individual combats, where man was matched against man, and chieftain against baron, in a fierce, stern, and deadly struggle. Swords clashed, armour rang, and warriors shouted, while the minstrels of the contending clans poured forth *Eaolibh gear*,* in streams of maddening rapidity, which communicated the stern joy and boiling enthusiasm of their own daring hearts to the warlike actors in the fierce and exciting conflict which raged around.

The knight and barons of Wymes and their followers were so cased in armour, and the Highlanders so dexterous in the use of their light and elegant targets, that the deaths were few compared to the noise and spirited character of the battle, and the energy, bravery, and obstinacy of the combatants; but it was soon evident that the Menzies were effectually repulsed, and retrograding, foot by foot, to the rear, instead of making the steady and onward movement necessary to recover the foray. This was partly owing to the furious enmity between the knight and barons and the chieftains of the Stewarts. Through this excess of enmity, the Menzies leaders sunk into mere combatants, thus throwing away the coolness and the skill which should have been devoted to the achievement of victory, and the consequent recovery of the foray, in fierce but valueless efforts, for the gratification of their personal feelings of vengeance. Their followers fought with a degree of bravery and obstinacy worthy of success; but they had no leader to direct the combined movement, without which they could achieve no victory, and they were thus evidently losing ground, and receding slowly over the plain, while the knight, barons, and a party who adhered to them, with the faith and constancy of a *seine chrios*, continued to make furious onslaughts at every point at which the Stewart leaders, especially Fortingall, showed themselves.

Fortingall, Gartha, and Hincarvale, the gallant leaders of the small Stewart party, felt towards the knight and his barons the same intense enmity and the same thirst of vengeance; but the former was a cool, crafty, and wary leader; and from the moment he saw the incautious game the Menzies leader was pursuing, he formed the design of so manœuvring as to draw him away so far from his own party as to make him prisoner, when he had no doubt of being able to compel him to submit to very convenient terms, for the settlement of all questions pending between them.*

* The following specimen of the *Eaolibh gear* is from a MS. of the syllabic music of the day. The equivalent note for each syllable is still known to many of the more eminent pipers of the Highlands. We may mention, in particular, the piper of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex:—

SPECIMEN OF THE "EAOLIBH GEAR," FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Hodariddo chedaridde hedaridde I dar,
Hodariddo chedaridde hedaridde ho,
Hedariddhe chedaridde hodariddo,
Chedaridde hodariddo hiodarimto hiho.
Hodariddo chedaridde hedaridde I dar,
Hodariddo chedaridde hedaridde ho,
Hedariddhe chedaridde hodariddo hio,
I darid, I hedariddhe chedaridde, hoe,
Hiodariddo hioem.
Hodaridde hoen hedariddhe cheda,
Hodariddo hioem I darid I hedarid,
Chedariddhe chedharid I hedariddhe,
Chedaridde hodariddo hioem.

* THE RAID OF WYME.—The raid which ended in the burning of Wyme Castle, and the plundering of Sir Robert Menzies' lands, arose out of a dispute between Menzies and Niel Stewart of Fortingall, regarding the lands of Rannoch, of which Menzies had got a grant, dated 1st September, 1502; and from an incidental notice in the Lord High Treasurer's account, would appear to have taken place in October of that year. That this was a very destructive inroad will be seen from the following statement, which is likewise curious, as showing the warlike furniture of a baronial mansion in the Highlands, at the commencement of the 16th century. This I have taken from a decreet of the Lords of Council, in an action of damages raised by Menzies against Stewart. The latter had attempted to get rid of the action, by producing a discharge of all damages, which he had forced Sir Robert Menzies, then his prisoner, to sign. This plea failing

He, accordingly, threw himself continually in the path of the knight, and, the moment the latter assayed to assault him, artfully receded among his immediate attendants. This ruse having been practised repeatedly, without acquiring the advantage he aimed at, Gartha and Hincarvale, to whom he had found no opportunity of communicating his object, were at first surprised at his manœuvres, and became ultimately suspicious of his bravery. No sooner did this idea —so humiliating to their clan pride—begin to enter into their heads, than, excited into the utmost degree of indignation, each, determined to be the first to meet the knight in deadly conflict, rushed towards him from different parts of the field.

The high-minded Fortingall saw and understood their feelings, and, stung to the heart by the bare idea of being suspected by his friends of cowardice, darted from his *seine chrios*, and, clearing his way with the rapidity and strength of a thunderbolt through the attendants of the knight, instantly challenged the combat he seemed to evade, if not to fear. The knight beheld him with stern joy, and, ordering his men, on their lives, to fall back and leave them ample space and fair play, instantly advanced to meet his opponent.

The translation of *seine-chrios* into "tail," by Sir Walter Scott, and which has now become the cant word for the attendants of Highland gentlemen, of the more ignorant writers in the periodicals and newspapers of the country, shows how little the spirit of the patriarchal system can be understood by the descendants of the vassals and serfs of the feudal system. All men were equal under the former, excepting when in the field, or at the *mod*, where the chief and chieftains commanded, or acted as the jury of their respective clans. In birth, they were all equals, being equally descended from some one illustrious patriarch, venerated by all as their common ancestor. Hence their fraternal name of *clann*, or children. Hence, too, when Sir Walter Scott placed the salt as a division between the chief and chieftains of Glennaquoich and the clan, he again showed that he little understood the spirit of clanship, which, at the feast or the council, made them all just as equal, in rank and liberty of speech, as the officers of the British army are at the mess table. This is characteristically expressed in the following words, which were proclaimed by the seneschal at all clan festivals (see Ronald Macdonald's collection). *Suidh a thuairn-ear; suidh a thail-ear fugar; suidhe gach duine mar as deise; agus suidh usa a lisd-ear; i.e.*, sit turner, sit tailor, sit every man as is most convenient, and sit thou arrow-maker.

These terms, indicating the perfect equality in rank of every individual of the clan, were never omitted at any clan festival, until the chiefs and chieftains were converted into lairds, in the ignorance or policy of the British Parliament, in 1770; from which date the mere cock-laird of a hen-roost in the Highlands claps three feathers in his bonnet, and struts to a Waverley ball in his toy-shop imitation of the ancient Highland dress, aping the absurd consequence of a feudal lord, and affecting to look on those who have been swindled of their inheritance, in his favour, as beings of an inferior creation!

In the meantime, the barons of Dale and Culdares, seeing the knight and the chieftain prepared for single combat, and observing the excited advance of Gartha and Hincarvale to the same point, also rushed to the support of their leader. The knight and barons, as previously mentioned, were armed with spears, as well as swords and daggers. Their heads were protected by helmets, and they wore back and breast plates, as well as iron shields, while the chieftains had no defensive armour except the target. Thus armed, however, and animated with equal hate and equal bravery, both parties drew up, front to front, and ordered their men to fall back, and not to interpose, in tones which produced instant obedience.

The knight, wielding his ample spear in his powerful grasp, and extending his iron shield like a rampart before him, hurled the deadly weapon full at the breast of his foeman, little valuing the slight target by which it was covered. The spear, true to the steady aim and strong arm, rushed through the target, entangling the ample plaid of the cheftain, and inflicting a wound on his left breast; but the undaunted Fortingall, excited into fury rather than intimidated by the wound, with one cut of his keen-edged sword divided the spear in two, and advancing fiercely on the knight, delivered a cut on his arm, which almost severed it from his shoulder. Nor did this fearful wound satiate the aroused vengeance of the chieftain, who was only saved from the stain of completing the fate of the wounded knight (at whom he made a deadly thrust, with the point of his sword) by Allan Og, who sprang, like an eagle, to the rescue, and, extending his target over the wounded knight, bore back the excited victor.

But if the sword, in the powerful hand of the chieftain of Fortingall, showed its superiority over the spear (as it always should in single combat), the result was different in the conflict between the barons of Dale and Culdares, and the chieftains of Gartha and Hincarvale. Culdares aimed a well-directed thrust of that formidable weapon at the throat of the brave and high-minded Gartha, which, glancing obliquely over the brazen studs of his target, penetrated between his jaws, and showed its point at the back of his head. The gallant chieftain fell prone to the ground, writhed for a moment in agony, and closed his eyes in death.

Nor was the discomfiture of Hincarvale, if less fatal,

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him, he was ordained by the Lords of Council to pay the following sums, by way of damages:—

£200 0s. for the house.
10 0s. for twa stand of harness.
20 0s. for twelve Jakkis.
8 0s. for certane splentis.
0 14s. for ane bust splint.
0 28s. for twa settalis and gorgeatis.
0 20s. for ane hawmond (helmet.)
0 40s. for certane stele bonnetis.
0 48s. for twenty-four speiris.
0 40s. for four culveringis.
8 merks for certane bowis and arrowis.
12 merks for certane swordis, bucklaris, and gluvis of plate.
£3 0s. for certane burdettatis and cowbelles.
3 0s. for a pewter weschell.
5 0s. for pottis.
£0 10s. for chandillaris.
0 20s. for pannis.
0 20s. for gurdellis.
8 merks for caldronis.
£0 6s. 8d. for spitis.
10 0s. for the clothing of the said Robert and his servants.
10 0s. for butter and cheese.
12 merks for twelve bollis of meal and malt.
£0 32s. for twa bollis of qwhite.
0 54s. for three martis.
40 merks for other victuals and gear pertaining to the said Robert and his servants.
£40 0s. for oxen.
400 merks for 50 chalders of aittis, with the fodder: 12 bollis of bere, with the fodder, at 16 merks the chalder,

either less sudden or complete. The spear of Dale rushed through his target and arm, and fixed them to the stump of an aged tree, which bent, in decay, behind him. But the triumph of the victors was of short duration. The Glencoemen deemed them "worthy of their steel," and advancing upon them, waved back their followers, and claimed the equal combat of the Fingalians. Scarcely had the victorious baron of Dale, whose spear stood quivering in the wood, through the impaled arm and target of Hincarvale, time to draw his sword, when the target of Balbena dashed his shield aside, and before he could contemplate his death, the keen and trenchant blade passed with admirable precision over the edge of his gorget, and entering his throat, projected behind his ear.

In the meantime, Culdares, on seeing the fate of his companions, and that the day was lost, shouted his war-cry, to arrest the slowly-retiring steps of his clan, and began to retire slowly and obliquely towards them—keeping the point of his spear in a direct line with the face of his pursuer, Dalgart. The spear, though not a match for the sword in single and offensive combat, is an excellent weapon of defence in the hands of a cool, strong, and skilful soldier; and a better or braver than Culdares seldom wielded either the spear or the sword.

Angus pursued him with rapid but cautious steps, seeking an opportunity of getting within the point of the spear, and fixing it in the target by a forward dash of his own arm; but the latter saw and defeated his purpose, by continually and dexterously withdrawing, advancing, and changing its direction, at every new effort of the Glencoeman. This manœuvring continued without any advantage being acquired by Dalgart, until Culdares found himself entering on some rough and stony ground, which lay directly in the line of his retreat, and which threatened to bring the contest to a crisis, by compelling him to stand to and fight it out. Again and again he raised his voice and shouted for his friends; but the forayers, although, on driving the pursuers over the plain, they had ceased the slaughter (having no wish to shed blood unnecessarily), felt strongly interested in the contest of their leaders, and were determined to prevent either a rally or a rescue in favour of Culdares.

Dalgart, tantalized by the successful retreat, at length determined to bring his wily adversary to a stand-still. He stooped suddenly to the ground, and, like another Ajax, seizing the fragment of a rock, swung it high in the air, preparatory to discharging it, with all its crashing weight, full at the head of Culdares; but the cool and daring baron, instantly seeing his advantage and his jeopardy, launched his spear at the same moment, with a strong and dexterous arm, full at the heart of Dalgart. The irresistible spear pierced through the centre of the target, passing between the Glencoeman's plaid and breast, and inflicted a slight wound on his side. Angus, instantly dropping the stone, seized the spear with a quick and angry grasp, and wrenching it out of the hand of Culdares, rushed upon him like a flash of lightning, and with one heavy blow of the clubbed ashen spear on the helm, made him measure his length on the ground. In the excitement caused, for a moment, by the narrow escape he had made from a weapon which he despised, the fiery Glencoeman yielded to his passion, and, placing his foot on the breast of his prostrate opponent, and his sword to his throat, sternly demanded whether he would "beg his life, or die?"

Allan Og, who had stood close by his friend during the whole period of his pursuit, now interposed, and whispered to Dalgart, that Culdares had borne himself bravely, and did not deserve to be brought to the humiliation of asking the courtesy he so well merited. "He is not only worthy of his life, but also of his arms," continued the generous Allan, "baron though he be." Dalgart's passion and excitement being already over, he was well pleased at the suggestion of his friend; and raising Culdares (who had merely been stunned by the blow, owing to the strength of his casque) from the ground, he delivered to him his spear, observing, "that he would not have parted with it, had he known any other so worthy of possessing or so able to wield it as himself." Culdares received the spear, and offered his hand to the Glencoemen, one after the other, without speaking a word. He was much affected by the defeat of the Menzies, the wound and imprisonment of the knight, and the death of Dale; but he parted with the wild and chivalrous Glencoemen "more in sorrow than in anger," for he saw that the feudal system must ultimately prevail, and that their adherence to the patriarchal constitution and the rights and privileges of the people would inevitably lead to the destruction of their race.

On the arrival of the soldiers in the bosom of Glencoe, they were halted, and the necessary arrangements were made for distributing them among the clan Ian. It was then found that, without troubling the families of those who were absent with Balbena and Dalgart, or the widows of those men who had fallen in the wars of Montrose and Dundee, four soldiers would require to be billeted on every family in the glen. They were accordingly told off by fours, and every four given in charge to a clansman, to be introduced to their respective hostesses. The officers were invited to the houses of Glencoe and Achitriaden, and accepted the invitation with great pleasure, although informed that several of them would require to sleep on "shakes-down," and in one apartment.

Captain Byng, before the party dispersed, again took Captain Campbell aside, and recommended it to him to ask for a house in some central and convenient situation, where a strong guard should be placed; and although Glenlyon, like all bad officers, was envious of the superiority of Byng, yet the alarm he had recently experienced from his ignorance of, or inattention to, his duties as a commander, disposed him, on this occasion, to listen with complacency to his advice. An empty barn, where the house of Leckintuirn now stands, was assigned to them for that purpose by Glencoe, and a sergeant's guard having been stationed there by Captain Byng, the party was dismissed, and the soldiers repaired to their respective hamlets and cottages throughout the glen

In a few hours after, the soldiers were settled in their quarters—they and the Glencoemen who had met in the forenoon with their passions and prejudices excited against one another as to desire nothing more earnestly than the most deadly conflict, were seen united around the same table, or the same hearth, discharging and enjoying the social and hospitable duties devolved on them as hosts and guests, with the utmost cordiality Nor did the slightest interruption occur in the inter-

course of the soldiers and their entertainers during the whole period they remained in Glencoe, until the last fatal night, when the bosom of Scotland's loveliest valley was stained with the life-blood of her loyal, brave, and generous children, and her history with one of its most dark and revolting chapters.

The soldiers were delighted with the frank manners and warm courtesy of their entertainers, and the gay, romantic, and wild character of their poetry and traditions; and, although the females of the glen were somewhat shy and distant, and studiously avoided anything approaching to a free or familiar intercourse with persons of such coarse manners and dissolute habits, comparatively speaking, yet they appeared amused at the fantastic originality of their attempts at wit and humour, and their various and whimsical imitations or mimicry of the simple verses or popular airs of the country, and rewarded them occasionally with a smile and a glance, the fascination of which can only be appreciated by such as have felt the charms and witnessed the kindness and the worth of the Highland maiden. There was, however, one instance in which the subtle god manifested his power on this occasion; but it falls within our limits to relate only the fatal termination of the attachment in a subsequent chapter.

Glencoe, whose kindly and unsuspicious nature disposed him to form hasty friendships with persons of plausible and polished manners, became very fond of his stranger guests, especially Glenlyon; and he determined to invite not only the cheftains of the clan, but also several of the neighbouring gentlemen, to be present at a farewell dinner he resolved to give them, on the day previous to their departure from Glencoe. This day had now arrived, and extensive preparations were being made at Glencoe, when a sergeant waited upon all the officers with the orderly-book, requiring their attendance at the guard-house. On arriving at Leckintuirn, they found the men formed in squares, pacing inwards, and Glenlyon already present, waiting for them with apparent impatience. The vicinity of the square was strictly searched, to prevent any person from lurking there as a listener, and sentinels were then posted all around to keep off intruders.

These precautions being taken, Glenlyon drew forth a packet he had received that morning from the Governor at Fortwilliam, ordering a massacre that night of the whole male inhabitants of Glencoe! We will not stain our pages by copying the atrocious document. It was written in a style quite befitting its object, and detailed in language suited to a gathering for the destruction of bears and wolves—the steps that should be adopted for the secure massacre of all, from the old, blind, and attenuated grandsire, "hurkling and hosting" in his easy chair at the chimney-*neuk*, to the babe, whose sweet smile and chubby form warmed and melted the heart of the mother. Nor did the language of Glenlyon, while representing to the soldiers the fate that would befal any of them that should be found backward in discharge of the duty imposed upon them, fall short in ferocity of the despatch itself. Even the common soldiers themselves, infected by the horror of his language, stared at one another with pale faces and doubting hearts; while the officers, with only one or two exceptions, literally trembled, looking silently and aghast at their commanding officer, totally at a loss how to extricate themselves from the cruel position in which they were placed.

The common herd of the officers, as well as the privates, felt that their own lives depended on obedience and secresy, and reluctantly resolved to succumb to discipline, and leave their superiors to answer for the infamy of the cruel and ruthless order which they were called upon to execute. Glenlyon took instant advantage of the impression which had evidently been made upon them, by coolly proceeding with the usual routine of parade duty. The officers were first called to the front, and then the sergeants, who, in their presence received more particular instructions for the conduct and proceedings of themselves and men. We shall not detail these cold-blooded instructions, but leave them to the imagination of the reader, who can scarcely picture to himself anything to exceed them either in atrocity or treachery.

When the parade was over, and the men dismissed, Captain Byng, who had retired into the picket-house to conceal his emotion, took Glenlyon aside, and, presenting a packet to him, said—"Major Campbell, I beg to hand you my resignation of the commission I had the misfortune to accept in King William's service, and to request that you will send it to the commander of the forces without delay."

Glenlyon's face became distorted with rage, and his eye flashed and glared, for a moment, at the erect figure and proud and scornful air of Captain Byng; but they sunk before the firm and steady glance of the soldier and man of honour, and it was with difficulty he could command sufficient resolution to say that, in the painful circumstances in which he found himself placed, he could not consider it his duty to accept of or to forward his resignation, and would by no means be answerable for the consequences to himself, of the desertion of his duty, at such a crisis, to the detachment.

"And pray, sir," he continued, with an effort at coolness and calmness, "in what direction do you propose to make your escape?"

"Being no longer a commissioned officer," replied Captain Byng, "I do not feel myself privileged to encumber Major Campbell with matters which concern only a humble individual like myself. You have my commission in your hands, sir, and must relieve me of my duties and responsibilities as an officer."

"And what if I should consider it my duty neither to forward your resignation nor to permit your escape? I am in a peculiar position, and may not risk anything whereby my secret may be divulged, and the traitors prepared to avenge rather than to suffer. How am I to know that he, who is evidently not favourable to his Majesty's service, may not, in a fit of fantastic horror or romantic generosity, choose to sacrifice his own reputation, and to afford the benefit of his high military talents and experience to the Glencoemen, for our destruction?"

Captain Byng looked carefully up and down the glen, and saw that the whole officers and men, excepting the guard, which was under the command of his own feudal vassal and follower, Sergeant Stavely, had disappeared. He therefore felt satisfied that no attempt would be made for his arrestment;—for the sergeant was well-known to Glenlyon for his devoted attachment to Captain Byng, and his influence over the

men. The Major, therefore, saw that he was not in a position to enforce the arrestment he had at first contemplated, and looked puzzled and dissatisfied. The Captain then calmly replied:—

"Major Campbell, when I leave the service, I shall not leave my honour and reputation behind me; so that your secret is safe in my keeping, as you know full well, for our acquaintance is not of yesterday. I also know you, sir; and you see that in my hand which, in so far as you are individually concerned, forms a sufficient passport for my departure from Glencoe. But, were your courage less doubtful, I know that the service in which you are now engaged is too agreeable to your native character, to induce you to risk its success on the issue of a personal conflict with me. All this I am aware of; and, as I now doubt your honour not less than your courage, I request that you will step into the guard-house, where you will find pen, ink, and paper, and acknowledge that you have accepted my resignation."

Glenlyon looked "unutterable things," but he seemed to consider compliance as his most prudent step; and he soon wrote and returned with the required acknowledgment, and delivered it to Captain Byng.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD—ITS DEFECTS AND REMEDIES.

The interposition of the Premier has resulted in the postponement for the present session of Parliament of the question of a Royal Commission of inquiry into the state of our ancient Universities. We need hardly point out that in this interposition is involved a pledge of future investigation on the subject.

We have already brought before our readers a very remarkable production, bearing on it the broad seal of the University of Oxford; having been written by one of the fellows of its colleges.* The author originally started as a disciple of the Tractarian body, and after various voyaging, has arrived at the state of mind we have described. According to the account which our author gives of himself, a select band of individuals, starting with the same principles, have ended with the same results. They have formed part of a great intellectual movement, which have shaken alike the Church and the Universities; for even the Universities, the centre of the opposition to the progress of the age, have been drifted down the mighty flood of progress. This is the result of an irresistible law of human nature—the law under which man cannot help developing himself either for good or for evil. Under its influence, principles the most completely Conservative, by adhering strictly to the letter of institutions—and Conservatism, as a principle, adheres to the letter—under the agencies which act, and must act, on human society, become the authors of changes of the most important kind. An instance of this we have in the obstinate adhesion to the forty-shilling freehold, as a qualification for the elective franchise. The value of money changed, and the forty-shilling freeholder became the most democratic portion of the old constitution. Human nature is carried on with the age in which it lives. Things external to the mind, over which the mind exerts no control, become the subjects of incessant alteration. An institution in one age assumes a wholly different character in another, although its outward form may have been carefully preserved.

It has fared with the University of Oxford as it has fared with all things human. Whig, Radical, Churchman, Dissenter, must change, whether they will or no, because they exist in time, and time drags us along with it, although we ourselves may not be sensible of its progress. The significancy of the old passes, and new meaning is generated. Though struggling against the stream, the universities have been carried onward by the mighty torrent of human thought. Their friends have imagined that they were preserving the old edifice intact. They preserved the walls, the buildings, and the framework; but to preserve the same meaning, while all external things were changing, was above the power of man. Oxford and its institutions had a significancy in the fifteenth century; but coming into contact with a wholly different external world, the very same institutions have a totally changed signification in the nineteenth. They are addressed to altered feelings, principles, and characters. Light may continue the same element, but what would follow if the seeing principle were in a state of perpetual flux? Such has been the fate of Oxford. It has resisted progress. It has refused to modify its institutions. Even the very same spirit is still there—its great animating principle—but still it has been compelled to drift with the tide of time, and all its institutions have suffered a violent jar with the feelings of the age.

The watchword has been "Catholicism and immovability." The result has been, Mr. Newman and his school have drifted one way, Mr. Froude and his friends another, Dr. Pusey another; while all started with a common origin, and all fondly imagined that they had found out a principle which would secure the human mind in infallible purity and unchangeableness of faith. Professing to bow to unlimited authority, results have followed more diverse than those which could have flowed from the most unlimited exercise of private judgment. One is become a papist, another an infidel, another eats the bread, while he denies the doctrines, of the Church, another is a dissenter, another is a nealogian; and all this has resulted from an attempt to force the human mind into uniformity on points on which its author never intended that it should be uniform, because these points involve the mere outward form which truths assume, and not the realities of truth. Still, however varied be its results, a spirit has of late years emanated from Oxford which, in its character, is essentially one. Whether it be animating the mind of Mr. Newman,

* Since writing the above a similar work has appeared from the pen of another Oxford graduate, the Rev. F. Foxton, M.A., formerly of Pembroke College, and perpetual curate of Stoke Prior, and Docklow, Herefordshire. It is entitled "Popular Christianity."

SKETCHES FROM HIGHLAND TRADITION.

(*Continued from page 525.*)

Some hours after the above scene had passed at Leckintuim, another still more affecting was passing between a young soldier, nicknamed, by his comrades, the "Connaught Prince," and a maiden, known among her people as the "Thrush of Glencoe." The Prince was kind, gay, and generous in quarters—forward, impetuous, and daring in battle. His bearing was proud and lofty; but redeemed, in the eyes of his rude but kind-hearted companions, by manners at once frank, courteous, and sincere. A mystery hung over his history; but there appeared no doubt that he was a high-born son of the Emerald Isle, who had been forced into his present position by the political degradation of his country, and the revolution it occasioned in the rank and circumstances of families as well as individuals. He was, accordingly, both loved and respected, not only by his company, but the whole regiment.

Mary, or, as she was called in playfulness, the "Thrush of Glencoe," was the daughter of Allan of Balbena, and sister of Allan Og, with whom we parted at the head of Lochranach, after the skirmish between the Menzies and the Stewarts, which terminated in favour of the latter clan. Old Allan, as he was now called, in contradistinction to his son, served with honour in the wars of Montrose and Dundee, and was now a gray-headed, aged man; but his sagacity and integrity, combined with the chivalrous bravery of his younger days, and his *status*, as one of the chieftains of his clan, gave him great influence, not only with the patriarchs, but also with the younger warriors of his race. He was one of the three to whom the secret cave of Glencoe was known. This cave is said to have been sufficiently large to accommodate the whole clan on an emergency; but only three of the most distinguished of the race for prudence, firmness, and bravery, were allowed to know the entrance at the same time, the fate of the Macdonalds of Egg being a warning against having recourse to it for concealment, excepting only in the last extremity.

This gay-hearted, sweet-voiced girl, combined in her own person the beauty of form, loveliness of face, simple playfulness of manners, and warm and kindly feelings, together with that turn for the humorous sarcasm and the smart repartee, characteristic of the fascinating maidens of the Straths and Glens of Albyn. The Connaught Prince was one of the four soldiers quartered in her father's house; and, imperceptibly even to themselves, kindred feelings and kindred manners, combined with the warmth of imagination equally characteristic of both, had drawn their hearts together before any thought of winning her love had been conceived or expressed by the stranger.

When the cruel object of the expedition to Glencoe was divulged by Major Campbell, the generous heart of the Connaught Prince was moved almost to madness. He determined to make every effort, consistent with the safety of his brothers in arms, to save the Glencoemen. With this object strong in his heart, he sought an interview with Mary. Her romantic and unsuspecting simplicity of mind, her imaginative character and strong leaning to the superstitious legends of the clan, were such as encouraged him to believe that she might be influenced by the innocent ruse he meant to practise for the purpose of getting the Glencoemen to retire for one night into their secret cave. This he thought justified by the end he had in view, since he could not disclose the intended massacre without compromising himself as a soldier, and bringing destruction on his comrades.

The legend he composed to effect his purpose was conceived in the true spirit of the age and the district, and it was poured into the ear of the maiden, by the excited soldier, in language so emphatic and impassioned as to move her terror while engaging her conviction. She accordingly went to her father, a sympathetic messenger, and her lover's legend lost nothing of its touching pathos in her advocacy. The old man was moved, for he was not without suspicion of Glenlyon, and lacked none of the superstitious belief of the period. But, unfortunately, his acquaintance with the knavery and sensuality of the soldiers of the period gave a wrong direction to his apprehensions.

The prejudices and suspicions of his fiery nature being thus armed against the round-headed soldiery (although his first impulse was to assume his staff, and consult his colleagues in the secret of the cave), he now changed his mind, or rather determined to take no notice of the circumstance. Nay, he began to feel indignant at the supposition of his being capable of acquiescing in the suggestion, and exclaimed, "Ha! does Terence O'Neil advise the Glencoemen to seek their secret cave without a battle lost, and to leave their wives and daughters in charge of the English fanatics? Tell him, from me, that he does not truly appreciate the character of the Glencoemen. We duly value our lives; but they ever have, and ever shall be, subservient to our honour. I, at least, shall never be made the tool of the lustful and crafty fanatics, who have enrolled themselves in the Dutchman's service, and banished their legitimate sovereign from his native kingdoms."

"Dear father," said Mary, with an imploring look into his withered but expressive face, "you do cruel injustice to Terence. He is the soul of truth and honour, and would not mislead or betray us for the treasures of the universe. Nor were the dreams and omens, which warn us of some fatal calamity from the visit of these hateful red-coats, vouchsafed to Terence alone. Old Evan has tested the ordeal of the Wizard's Glen, and has seen our vale deluged with the blood of our slaughtered clan, without distinction of man from child. Oh, listen to the voice of prudence and of caution and, let the clan pass this night in the cave."

"I doubt neither the honour nor the truth of Terence," replied the old man, softening; "but I know the true character of these fanatics, and how easily a perverted text can reconcile them to the perpetration of any act of treachery and cruelty whereby the desires of their selfish hearts may be gratified. The dream may have been whispered into his ear in his broken slumbers—for I have seen such tricks played, as an innocent joke, by far honester men; and the omens may have

been but the natural effect of our mountain scenery on his inexperienced eye and ear, when disguised in mist and clouds, and when the mysterious winds whisper and wail among the cliffs. Leave me to my thoughts, my beloved daughter; but temper with courtesy and kindness my opinion of the source of the dreams and omens of Terence."

Mary wrung her hands in despair, for she knew the resolved character of her father, and repaired to keep tryst with her lover on Dun-deur-huil, with a stooping gait and a tearful eye. Terence was waiting for, and sprang to receive her, with impatience. He was greatly excited, and trembled in every limb, despite all his efforts at coolness; for a single glance at her face and tearful eye convinced him that she had not succeeded with her father. He seized her hand with a hard and hasty grasp, and attempted to speak before he could articulate words. "*Cuisle mo chri*," at length he gasped forth, "yield a first and a last embrace. And witness, God and angels, that I now take leave of all I love, and of my last hope of earthly happiness." So saying, he pressed her wildly in his arms, imprinted kisses on her cheeks and brow, and, before her rising indignation could check or rebuke his freedom, he bounded over the rock, followed, in full chase, by a small party who had evidently been watching this interview with suspicion. Mary cast one fond and lingering look of despair after her lover; but, alarmed by the hasty return of one of the party, retraced with hurried, but joyless steps, her way to her father's house, impressed with real alarm for the fate of her lover, and of prophetic fears for that of her clan.

While the scenes we have described were passing on the farm of Leckintuim, every hearth in Glencoe was occupied with bustling preparations for giving a farewell banquet to their guests—for the parties had been drawn closer together in conciliation and kindly feeling, during their short acquaintance, than can easily be conceived by persons unacquainted with the frank manners and hospitable habits of the Highlanders of that age, until old prejudices had been almost wholly obliterated, and the unsuspecting and warm-hearted inhabitants of the doomed glen entered zealously into the generous spirit of their chieftain, and determined to devote the last day of the sojourn of the soldiers among them to festive enjoyment and hospitality.

The feast is spread in the hall of Invercoe—the welcome guests arranged around the social board—the pipers have ceased playing on the lawn—the minstrels and bards are in their places—the jest, the anecdote, the tale, and the lay, succeed one another in brilliant succession—every heart harmonises, or seems to harmonise, with the open, honest, and smiling brow and the warm-hearted pleasantries of the chieftain, and nothing is heard in the mansion of Invercoe, or in any house or cottage throughout the glen, but the voice of courtesy, mirth, and revelry. Alas! how deceitful are the smiles which sometimes warm the unsophisticated heart when the bowl mantles on the social board; and how often is the gleam of joy that spreads over the festive scene the precursor of the deepest strokes of suffering and calamity!

The festivities of Invercoe proceeded in the uninterrupted flow of social merriment. Amid the whole of that gay and warm-hearted assembly, the eyes of one person only wandered from the joyous scene, with gloomy restlessness, along the ceiling of the hall. We refer to those of the principal guest of the evening, the commander of the detachment, who had been toasted and complimented in the most courteous and kindly manner, not only by Glencoe himself, but by the whole of the company. He could not enter into the prevailing spirit of the party, and retired as soon as he could decently obtain the permission of the chieftain, to whom he pled the necessity of issuing orders and making all necessary arrangements for the following day's march. But instead of confining himself to his own room for the above purpose, he proceeded to that of Mrs. Macdonald in a very short period thereafter.

Mrs. Macdonald was such a lady as a Highland chieftain might well be proud to have for his wife. Descended, paternally, from the same clan with her husband, and her mother being a Campbell, she possessed what was considered in that age the first essential to a lady—high blood. In the present state of society, when the daughter of a man born in the labourer's cottage, and trained at the forge or the loom, may be educated and reared in a palace (won by the talents, industry, and worth of her parents), and endowed not only with the natural but also the acquired graces of the high-born and best-educated class of society, we are apt to smile, derisively, at the great importance attached by the aristocracy of former times to birth and rank; but do we not, in so condemning such apparent prejudices, forget that, in former times, the high-born alone had the advantage of being orally taught and trained among those who prided themselves not less on the high honour, polished manners, generosity of heart, and integrity in word and deed, than on the pure blood and high rank of their ancestors?

Mrs. Macdonald was tall and elegantly formed, though inclined a little *en bon point;* and her features were extremely pleasing, if not even beautiful. Her hair was dark-brown, and so also were the thin lines of her gracefully-arched eyebrows. Her eyes, large and blue, were tempered, in their fervid lustre, by long and silken eyelashes of raven blackness; and her nose, mouth, and chin, were exquisitely modelled. Her small, even, pearly-white teeth were partially seen through her rosy and tempting lips; but a chaste, matronly expression of purity and firmness breathed in the *tout ensemble* of her face and figure, which overawed, if it could not subdue, the emotions she was so well calculated to inspire.

Glenlyon admired the chieftainess, and indulged in feelings and speculations, in reference to her, suited to the coarseness of his nature, and the moral baseness of his character; but he never presumed to utter an unworthy thought in her presence, nor to attempt the slightest advances towards that familiarity with her which his heart so much desired. On this fatal day, however, his mind was in an agitated and reckless state; and he flew from one extreme to another in a manner that might have excited the suspicion of the vigilant and distrustful Achitriaden; but his vigilant toady saw the excited state of his patron, and fastened himself on the polite, though scornful chieftain, so pertinaciously as to divide, since he could not engross, his attention. Glenlyon accordingly sought the presence of the lady this day with a bolder and darker purpose than he had hitherto dared to entertain.

When Glenlyon was announced, Mrs. Macdonald re-

garded him with a scrutinising look, and then said, "How is this, sir? Has a cloud cast its shadow over the hospitable table of Mac-Vic-Ian; or has the wine run to the lees, that you, a chieftain and a soldier, have deserted the festivities at so early a period of the entertainment?" "He who is privileged with the *entrée* here," replied Glenlyon, advancing gallantly and taking her hand in his, with a significant pressure, "may well be excused for flying to the sunshine of such a presence, though Momus had throned himself in every heart, and Bacchus presided at the table of the chieftain." The lady again looked in his face with haughty surprise. She did not like its expression, nor the presumption of his manner and his address; but she had far too much dignity and self-possession to be disconcerted. She calmly withdrew her hand, and observed, sarcastically, "I have heard (but until now I deemed it an idle satire), that an unworthy proneness to high-flown compliment had been the cause of the *soubriquet* of 'the sweet-mouthed Campbells,' bestowed on my mother's clan. If such be the fact, their practice must have begun elsewhere than in Glencoe, otherwise the commemorative epithet would, in all probability, have been less flattering; for we love neither inflated compliments nor strained metaphors." At this moment, an interesting boy, her second eldest son, who had entered a short time previously, and was amusing himself, trying to string his father's bow, at a distant window, was now addressed by Mrs. Macdonald, who called out to him, "Come hither, John, and tell Major Campbell what passed between Achitriaden and Captain Lawrie, after he had left the banqueting-room?" Glenlyon saw that her object in calling the boy was to avoid any private conversation with him, and his face swelled with a scowl of indignation, while his dark-brown eye glared ominously beneath his shaggy eyebrows; but conscious treachery cowed his doubtful courage, and he did not dare to trust himself with a single glance at the lady, until the little fellow, who had been so amused stringing the bow, and watching the heavy fall of snow, as not to have noticed the entrance of Glenlyon, hearing his mother's voice, stepped briskly to his side, seized one of his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin Major, but I am so happy to see you. I got a terrible fright from Achitriaden and Captain Lawrie after you went out, and fled from the hall, although so fond of music and the songs of the bards; who this day even exceeded themselves, as my father told the bard Macmathon, who presided. Was not that very provoking? But since you have come, perhaps mamma will take the harp, and sing *Ovan uri*. Did you ever hear it, cousin Major? It always makes me cry—it is so melancholy."

"And what is the subject of this favourite lay of yours, John?" said the Major, who was not unwilling to hide his feelings from the lady, by turning aside and addressing the boy. "It must be a rare song that has the power of drawing tears from the eyes of my fierce and volatile cousin."

"Oh," said the lady, who found that the boy was entering on dangerous ground, by introducing a tradition distasteful to the Campbells, and who wished to divert his attention from the subject, "you mistake the character of your friend, John, who is a true Glencoe-man, soft as a maiden, fiercer than the flame, as has been said of them by the bard who best knew the race. But come, John, never mind *Ovan uri* at present. Tell the Major what passed between the fierce chieftain and his follower, Captain Lawrie. It may concern him to hear it without delay." The lady's chief object in adverting again to the above circumstance was to evade the detail of the painful tradition; but Glenlyon was ignorant of it (which is possible, as he had been educated in England), or he was not disinclined to hear, in the conduct of a chief of his clan, a parallel to his own meditated treachery to the Glencoemen. He accordingly urged the boy to repeat to him the subject of the song he so much admired.

"It was in those days," said the boy, with an arch and significant look at the Major, "when the brave Clan Gregor were proscribed, because they would not follow in the wake of some other Highland clans, by accepting chapters, and so sinking into feudal vassals and villeyns, (for this, according to the wise and learned bard, Macmathon, was the true cause of their proscription, and not the deserved chastisement they inflicted on some of their sheep-skin neighbours,) that Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy's only daughter fell in love and eloped with the chief of the M'Gregors, who was, at that time, hiding himself from a strong combination of his rapacious enemies, in a wild glen in Braeranach. One of her clansmen, in the pursuit of a deer he had wounded, strayed to the vicinity of their cave, and heard the daughter of his chief singing.

"The hunter well knew the sweet voice of the lady, and, filled with compassion at her situation, hastened to Bealach, and addressed her brother, Black Duncan of the Blue Cap, in the most moving language, to intercede with his father, then a very old man, to pardon and receive into his favour herself and her husband. The treacherous Duncan pretended to acquiesce, and sent him back the following day, with an invitation to the chief to come and dine with him at Bealach, promising to use his influence to reconcile his father to the marriage, and to make them friends.

"The brave and honourable M'Gregor, fearing no deceit, accepted the invitation, much against the advice, nay the entreaties, of his affectionate wife, who had little confidence in her brother's word, and knew, from her father's age, that he could now act as he pleased. The chief, as she feared, was cruelly betrayed by Sir Duncan, and *Ovan uri* is the elegy in which his unfortunate and lovely wife commemorated her heart-rending grief on the occasion.

"Tradition says, but I hope it is not true," continued the boy, "that Sir Duncan had the inhumanity to entice the lady to the castle afterwards, on the pretext that she was expected by her husband, and that he was reconciled to her father and brother. When she arrived, some plausible excuse was made for the absence of her husband, and she was thus inspired with confidence, and induced to sit down to dinner along with the family, being placed in her usual seat at the head of the table. After dinner, the fruit was placed before her, when, on the removal of the napkin—oh, horror! what did she behold?"—"Stop, for your life, John!" exclaimed the lady; "that addition to the legend is not true. Sir Duncan was a stern, grasping man, and not incapable of treachery any more than the other feudal barons of Scotland, and he has enriched his clan by the persecution and betrayal of the Macgregors; but he, as well as every chief and chieftain

of his bold and noble clan, was distinguished for affection and generosity to his relatives and clansmen. The Campbells, like all other clans, have produced traitors; these, however, have been but few in number; while, for love of country in the olden time, and for chivalrous bravery even in our own, no other clan can be compared to the illustrious race of Duine."

The Major, disturbed by a tradition which seemed to foreshadow the enormity of the treachery in which he was himself engaged, scarcely heard the extenuating or redeeming observations of Mrs. Macdonald. He sprang from his seat, and flew to the window, pretending to look out eagerly, as if he had seen some object passing of which he wished to recover another sight. Believing that he was highly offended, the lady said to the boy, "How have you forgot your courtesy and politeness so far as to tell that tradition to a Campbell, and in your father's house too? What will the bard say of his young chieftain when he hears of this breach of hospitality?" This made the matter worse; for the sensitive and manly boy, reproaching himself with discourtesy, flew to Glenlyon to apologise. Seizing the Major's hand, he looked in his face with great anxiety, and, with tears in his large dark eyes, exclaimed, "Cousin Major, can you forgive my thoughtlessness? I never meant to hurt your feelings. Indeed, I never did. Oh, do forgive me."

"Forgive!" replied the Major, trying to clear the dark scowl from his face; "you silly boy, I have nothing to forgive. Do you think I have been twenty years in the English army without learning to see the injustice and absurdity of blaming a whole clan for the conduct of a single individual of their number? Pooh, pooh! these are antediluvian ideas, which nobody heeds now a-days, but the crazy seers and bards of Glencoe and Glenetive. Come, come," continued the Major, for the boy looked puzzled rather than satisfied with these, to him, incomprehensible new ideas, "I forgive you with all my heart; but you must now let me hear what passed between Achitriaden and Captain Lawrie."

"I myself do not know the meaning of it," replied the boy; "but Achitriaden was in a terrible passion. I shall never dare to play tricks on him again. His looks made me tremble."

"But what was it all about?" continued the Major. "Come, you little coward, let us have the story."

"I am no coward," said the boy, quickly, raising himself to his full height, throwing back his head, and casting a look of fiery indignation at the Major; who, knowing the odium in which the word coward was held, above all others, in the Highlands, took the boy by the hand, smoothed down his curly locks, and said, in a kindly voice, "Tut, my little cousin, I spake only in fun—I never meant to offend or twit you with cowardice—I know and love you much better." The little fellow was softened by these words, but not exactly satisfied, and he replied, "No person of my name was ever charged with cowardice; and I will not be called a coward, even in fun, Major Campbell." "Why, my little gamecock," said the Major, "you are as passionate as Achitriaden himself. But come, let us forget these little offences, and do tell me at once what passed between him and Captain Lawrie. I long to hear it, because you seem so unwilling to tell it." "It is not that," said the boy; "but really I have nothing to tell, for I myself do not know what they quarrelled about."

"I was standing at the back of Achitriaden's chair, sticking short chips of horse hair in the great cluster of massive curls that cover his neck and shoulders, thinking all the time of the nice fun I should have to-morrow when he came down to call on my father; and, pretending to be in a great rage at my tricks, he chases me through the house with his drawn dirk, but laughing in his heart all the time. Thus was I employed, and thinking, when I heard Captain Lawrie saying, 'Losh, I never seed so complete an ambuscaad. Ye had us, jammed atween the hills and your twa covered and inapproachable lines, as fairly in your power as the godly soldiers o' Lesly had the malignants o' Montrose in the castle court o' Newark, when, to tame the pridefu' scorn o' the Hielan' devils, they began, for divertisement, noo to shoot aff a nose, and noo an ear; but'—and he stopped as if a dirk had been driven into his heart. I looked over Achitriaden's shoulder, and there I saw the Captain sitting like a wizard in a trance; his large goggle eyes staring and projecting from his head; his face elongated, and as pale as ashes; his cheeks clapped together like a pair of dismantled branks; his mouth open; his tongue lolling about, in an effort to speak; his large chin hiding his short neck, and touching his breast; and his long arms hanging down by his sides; while his hands, for all the world like two skate-bubbles floating on the tide, were twitching and moving, as if they sought for something to cling to. I thought he was dying, and was going to tell Achitriaden to assist him; but when I looked in his face, I was terrified at its expression. His shaggy brows were drawn together and knit over his eyes, which kindled and glanced like two coals of living fire; his nostrils were expanded, his teeth set, and the veins and sinews of his face and neck were so swollen and started, that I might seize them with my hand. He had a hold of the Captain's collar with his left hand, and his dirk, grasped firmly in his right, was elevated to strike; but Ballachulish, who sat beside him, whispered something in his ear, and he instantly dropped the Captain's collar, and returned his dirk to its sheath. My father observing that there was something wrong at Achitriaden's end of the table, started to his legs, and exclaimed, in a tremendous voice, 'The toast I now propose craves Highland honours. Up, then, my friends, neighbours, and clansmen, and let us drink a bumper to the health of all and each of our stranger guests;' but what more he said I cannot tell. I was frightened that Achitriaden would kill the Captain, and ran up to tell my mother to send for him—for she can tame him with one word; but she said that the Captain was safe in the hospitality of the clan and his own insignificance."

"Dolt! madman!" broke from Glenlyon; "is this his promised caution and vigilance? Madam, I fear the consequences of this prolonged banquet; and the officers have to visit the quarters of the men to ascertain that the people have no complaints against their lodgers, as a special report is to be made on this subject. Will you do me the favour to allow a servant to deliver a note to Captain Lawrie? I must remind him of the duty we have yet to perform this night; and so recall himself, and any of the other officers who still prolong the feast, to a sense of their situation."

"I should regret much," said the lady, "to see any

message sent to the hall, that may break in upon Mac-Vic-Ian's hospitality; and, believe me, if the duties you require of your officers can be postponed but for an hour or two, that your not recalling them sooner will greatly oblige the chieftains. You know our Highland customs by much too well, I trust, to have any fears of a quarrel at a Glencoe feast. Be assured that your officers will meet with nothing but kindness and courtesy—although to make a jest of the butchery of Newark tower, where Achitriaden's father and several others of our brave and gallant clansmen suffered, is rather a delicate subject in Glencoe.''

"Pardon me, my dear madam," said Glenlyon; "I must entreat your permission to send a note to Captain Lawrie—for how can I any longer leave exposed to these exciting festivities a man who has so far forgotten himself as to speak of the tower of Newark at the table of Glencoe?" Thus saying, Glenlyon bowed courteously to the lady of Glencoe, and retired to his own apartment, whence he sent his own man with a note to the half-oblivious Captain Lawrie.

Silence succeeded the festivities of Invercoe. The guests had retired to their respective homes, the minstrels and the servants to their own ample apartment, and the whole household was sunk in sleep; when the young chieftain of Glencoe, whose rest had been disturbed by a fearful dream, in which he saw Achitriaden forcing his dirk over the hilt down Captain Lawrie's throat, while he himself was being pierced through the back by a dozen bayonets, started from his bed in strange excitement, and saw that the back-door of the house was open; and the long lobby or passage, from which the whole bedrooms along the range of the buildings were entered, was completely filled with soldiers, who possessed every bedroom door excepting that in which his father and mother slept. The panic-struck boy flew back into his own room, and, springing through the window, on the lawn in front of the house, rushed to the window of his father's bedroom, which opened to the same side of the building; and, dashing in the shutters with a stone, screamed out, "Treachery, treachery, father! the red-coats are filling the house, armed with fixed bayonets.'' His father heard the alarm, and rushed to the window with a sword in one hand and a dirk in the other, shouting in a voice of thunder, "Arm, Clan Ian, arm! Treachery, treachery!" Just as his father was bursting through the window, the boy was flung violently back on the ground by one of a party of soldiers (who had turned the angle of the house) commanded by Major Campbell, muffled up in a large cloak, and who, on seeing the chief, shrunk behind his men, but, at the same time, gave the word of command to fire. Glencoe was half through the window when he received the volley, the muzzles of the muskets being within half-a-dozen paces of his breast. He fell back into his bedroom without a groan. Screams of horror and agony were now heard from every part of the building, which had never before echoed to aught less pleasing than the sweet voice of song and music, mirth and gladness.

The boy, terror-struck at the sight of his father's murder, and the screams and groans which issued from the mansion, sprang to his feet, and, rushing under Glenlyon's cloak, clung to him with the grasp of despair, exclaiming, "Save me, cousin Major, save me! They are murdering my father and mother! Save me! oh, save me!" "Take him away, and be damned to you!" roared Glenlyon to a soldier who stood by him in an attitude of pity and hesitation. "Take him away, and slay him instantly, or, by Heaven, I'll bury my sword in your body to the hilt." Thus admonished, the soldier dragged the boy away from Glenlyon, but with no intention to slay him—for he felt that he would rather die than be guilty of such an atrocity. At this moment Captain Lawrie, who commanded on the opposite side of the house, and had completed the butchery of the family, the minstrels, and the servants, made his appearance, and, seeing the boy struggling in the soldier's grasp, and stretching his arms imploringly towards Glenlyon, plunged his sword through his body to the hilt. The boy fell, and rolled in his agony to the feet of Glenlyon; when the *gallant* officer again plunged his sword through his body, exclaiming, "Tak that, thou wild cub of the mountain wolf, and see gin it men' your girnin'!"

While the above scenes were passing at Invercoe, similar atrocities were being perpetrated on the sleeping inhabitants in every cottage and hamlet from the one end of the doomed glen to the other. It should, however, be recorded, in justice to the brave men employed in this butcherly service, that in every instance in which it was possible for them to allow the infants, boys, and youths, and even the warriors to escape, without being detected and exposing themselves to punishment, they not only winked at, but showed the utmost anxiety for their escape. Many of them, therefore, slyly concealed themselves in their own houses, fully armed, and prepared for deeds of vengeance, the moment their suspicions should be confirmed by any movement of the red-coats. Hence, in most instances, the Glencoemen, instead of trying to make their escape on the first approach of danger, turned furiously on the unwilling instruments of the murderous Government, and died fully avenged. But to detail the bloody and deadly encounters which, in many instances, took place between the parties in the different houses and hamlets of the glen, were tedious and unavailing. We leave them to the imagination of the reader, and return to the Connaught Prince, with whom we parted, making his escape through Torrance, from a party of soldiers, who had been despatched to bring him dead or alive before Glenlyon, the moment his stolen interview of the morning with old Allan's daughter had been reported to him.

The Connaught Prince was tall, swift, and strong beyond any man in his regiment. Nor was he less distinguished for skill in the use of his weapons than for his strength, agility, and bravery. He was not, at the time we mention, therefore, much inclined to turn his back on four men; but honour and discipline combined in making him hesitate to turn his arms against his comrades. He was, however, determined, "come what come may,'' to save the Thrush of Glencoe and her father, or to die with them; but he was also equally determined that, if compelled to strike against his fellow soldiers, he would only do so in their sacred cause.

The River Coe had been a good deal flooded, as is usually the case at that period in the season, and the great fall of snow during the day had contributed not a little in giving it an unusually forbidding appearance to the eyes of the strangers. Terence O'Neil, however, was well acquainted with flood and mountain

while under hiding from the bloodhounds of the feudal system, who, with some degenerate relatives of his own, had accepted charters from a foreign usurper of the lands of his oppressed and divided clan; and he had discovered a leap over the waterfall at Achnacone, which was frequently taken by the more bold and active youths of the glen when the river was flooded. The least mistake in measuring the distance when taking the leap, or the least slip of the foot, would leave the adventurer little chance to escape with life from the boiling cataract; but Terence, always daring, was now so excited by his interview with Mary, and the sight of the pursuers, that he would not turn on his heel to save his life. He accordingly threw one of the romantic knolls of Torrance between himself and his pursuers, turned suddenly to the cataract, and, rushing at the leap, cleared it with a bound; while the soldiers pushed on at full speed toward Achitriaden, believing that Terence was *en route* for Fortwilliam, after Captain Byng and Sergeant Stavely; for the thought that he had betrayed their dangerous secret never once entered their heads, notwithstanding the denunciations of their leader. Hence, the pursuers were toiling up the glen, while Terence was leisurely winding his way through the bosom of Glen-lea-na-mui, where he had resolved to hide himself during the day, and to repair to the protection of the old man and his family by midnight, being the time appointed for their massacre.

The desertion of Terence caused the Major to add two soldiers more to old Allan's guests, although, from the absence of his son and servants, his household only consisted of his daughter and two boys, with two servant-girls and his henchman, who was more aged and more frail than his master. The soldiers lived in the large kitchen along with the domestics, but they slept in the stable.

Old Allan gave a banquet to his guests, in imitation of his chieftain—for as the privates were inadmissible to the banquet, the clan did not, as was usual, on this occasion, dine at Invercoe; the feudal, unlike the clan system, being sustained by a wide and impassable difference between the barons and officers, and the vassals and serfs, so that the former could not dine with the latter; while, under the patriarchal system, the whole clan was considered equally noble in their descent, and no distinction was ever admitted or shown between them excepting when on duty, in the obedience due to the chief and chieftains whom they elected to command them in battle, and to be their jury at the *Brehon mod*, or Court of Justice. Nor was the celebrated mountain dew absent from the feast of old Allan; but his suspicions being excited by the message of Terence (whose pursuit by the soldiers was also made known to him), and the addition to the number of his guests, as well as by their constrained manners, and occasional bursts of unnatural mirth, he could not so successfully enter into the spirit of the jest and the song as was his wont; so that the entertainment lacked, in a great measure, its usual accompaniments in the hospitable house of Old Balbena, and the soldiers retired more early than usual, much to the relief of the old man and his daughter.

Mary had passed an anxious and a melancholy day, although she had witnessed the escape of Terence; for the snow had continued its heavy fall, and she could not comprehend his object in diving into a solitary glen, in which he could find neither a shealing nor a cave to shelter himself from the storm. His excited and extraordinary conduct to herself, his bounding over the waterfall in a state of the river which would have rendered the leap dangerous even in the eyes of her brother Allan himself, and his wandering up the houseless and dreary glen in such a dreadful snow-storm, all combined to influence her heart with the suspicion that he had gone mad, and that his dreams, omens, and pursuit by the soldiers were thus abundantly explained. Agitated by the emotions these suspicions and circumstances were so calculated to excite in a bosom so kind and sensitive, Mary had passed a day of sorrow, and the night found her almost destitute of hope, the last stay of the heart, and of which the Highland bard thus sings:—

> Fair child of heaven, whose form ethereal, beams
> Irradiant on the paths of human woe,
> And, like the star of eve, still lovelier seems
> Wading afar, as storms and darkness grow;
> What were this world should'st thou resign thy breath?
> A dreary waste of silence and of gloom,
> Where, brooding o'er the tardy steps of death,
> Each for himself would dig the ghastly tomb!

The hollow sound of the wind, as it rushed wild through the cliffs of the mountains which towered around their dwelling, or swept over the desolate plains, carrying whole fields of snow in its whirling vortex, fell like the death-warning of the Benshee on her heart. Yet her ear and eye seemed only quickened in their vigilance and perception by the state of nervous excitement in which she was placed; so that neither the least sound without, nor so much as the erection of a greyhound's or a terrier's ear within (as they stretched themselves at the kitchen fire), could escape her notice.

While the soldiers remained in the house, she went as seldom as possible to the door, although her anxiety and impatience to watch the corners of the outhouses (where her heart told her he might possibly be now watching over her safety), in the hope of once more catching a glimpse of his manly form, and hearing of his future intentions, were almost unbearable. When they retired, however, and she saw the stable door shut behind them, she instantly wrapped herself up in her plaid, and took her station at the end of the house, cold and terrific as was the night, watching for the return of her unfortunate lover, almost against hope.

Mary had not been long stationed at the end of the house, when she observed something moving at the corner of the barn, which her heart assured her was her snow-covered and unfortunate Terence. She sprang to the spot without a thought of alarm, although, the moment before, she felt convinced of his insanity.

"Dear Terence," "Dear Mary," for the first time broke from their hearts, and told a tale of mutual love, which, in ordinary circumstances, might never have been revealed; and Mary found herself clasped to her lover's bosom with emotions which for a moment prevented her from feeling that she was half-smothered in the wreath of snow which clung around him. The moment she became sensible of his condition, alarm for his sufferings became her first thought, and she exclaimed, "Good God! you are starving. The soldiers have retired. Follow me instantly into the house. I will only precede you to prepare my father. Your sus-

picions are now shared in by himself, and you will be gladly received."

"Stop a moment," said Terence. "Fear not for me, for I have that within which defies the storm. Will the old man fly with his family to the cave, or what has he determined on doing? The hour of fate is at hand."

"Follow, and you shall hear," said Mary, as she tripped into the house before him, to apprise her father.

Terence was received with great kindness by the old man, who insisted on his instantly shifting himself out of his knapsack, which fortunately hung in the kitchen. He also insisted on his both eating and drinking, greatly against his inclination; but the old man's importunity would not be gainsaid. Terence being thus refreshed, the old man and himself retired together to the former's apartment. What passed between them never transpired, but, on their return, the old man kissed and then solemnly blessed Mary and his two boys, and then, embracing them with deep emotion, he said to Mary—"Child of my heart, pure and perfect image in form and nature of thy now sainted mother, remember that on your presence of mind and devoted firmness of purpose now depends the lives of my sole earthly treasures—thyself and thy brothers. I might yet lead you to the cave; but you would scorn the safety that would be secured by means which might have been taken for all, and which, if now taken for you alone, might throw a suspicion of treachery, or at least of selfishness, on the character of your father." He then desired her and the boys to enter into a place of concealment under the floor, which they had never before seen, and in which they had just room to bestow themselves, and no more. "Whatever you hear, my dear children," continued the old man, "move not, breathe not, until called from your concealment by some friendly voice; and oh, God bless and protect you, my darlings!" Here Terence whispered something, and the old man suspended the lowering of the trap-door for a moment, and said, "Surely, surely! And hear me, Mary, my child; should Terence and you survive this night, you have my consent to your union. He is the son of a chief, and his conduct this day is worthy of his pedigree. And now farewell," he said in an almost sobbing voice, as Terence stepped back, after kissing the boys as well as Mary, and the artfully-contrived floor was lowered over the concealed aperture.

Mary and the children having thus been disposed of, the old man instantly ordered the two servant-girls, who were still in the kitchen, and ignorant of all that had passed, to retire to their closet, to barricade themselves within, and keep quiet, whatever noise or tumult might reach their ears. He then ordered the old henchman to arm himself, and hastily handed one of his own pistols and a dirk to Terence, telling him that he would find it "the best of all weapons at close quarters." The door of the house was then closed and barred; and the two old warriors and the brave and powerful Terence seated themselves in stern silence in the darkened kitchen, waiting the event.

Nor had the above precautions been taken a moment too soon. They heard the door stealthily and silently approached, and a hand moving cautiously over its surface, as if feeling for the latch, which it at length found, and tried to lift, but without success. Some whispering succeeded; and then three firm raps were given. "*Co sin?*" said the old henchman. "*Seider dearg*," was the ready answer. "Open the door, Ewen; one of my comrades has got very ill, and I want a light." "Be she her lane sell," asked Ewen, in his best Saxon, "or be more *seider* than lane sel at the yett?" "No more. I am quite alone. Ye old *foutre*, what are you afraid of? Open the door instantly, or I'll drive it about your ears." "Ye be lie," said the old man, sternly. "Ye no be lane sel. Aff ta bed! She'll no open ta yett."

Some more whispering was soon heard, and, immediately afterwards, a heavy stone was dashed against the door, which flew from its hinges; and instantly the five ruffians rushed into the kitchen. Ewen threw himself across their path, and struck at one of them with his dirk, but fell short of his aim, and, receiving a bayonet-thrust through his heart, fell to the ground a dead man. In the meantime, old Allan, who had placed a supply of lint in a corner, lifted a tuft on the point of his dirk, and flung it on the fire, which suddenly blazing up, exposed and dazzled for a moment the eyes of the soldiers, and in that moment two of their number were stretched in the dust by the dirks of the old man and Terence; and the light having expired as quickly as it blazed up, the survivors rushed back to the door, where they stood on the defensive, with their bayonets pointed, and their muskets levelled in the direction of the fire; but the darkness rendered it incautious in either party to fire or advance upon the other.

A pause of a few minutes ensued, when the soldiers again whispered together, and instantly thereafter three shots were fired, one of which, unhappily, took effect, when Terence staggered and almost fell. The old man instantly threw another tuft of tow on the fire, and, as it blazed up, discharged a pistol with unerring aim, which brought a third soldier to the ground. He then drew Terence quickly back behind a large dresser, which formed no insecure breastwork in the direction of the door, and anxiously inquired where he was wounded, and whether dangerously. Terence replied that the wound was by no means dangerous, but that, unfortunately, it disabled his right arm. The old man felt for the wound, and hastily wrapped a bandage round the arm, saying, "Never mind, my friend; hand me your pistol, and we shall soon be on equal terms. But, should I fall, remember that everything depends on your life. Pledge me your honour then, in this solemn moment, that, as soon as the coast is clear of these two ruffians, you will leave the house, and hide yourself until the patrol (which will soon be here on their rounds, to see that the tale of murder is complete) shall have withdrawn; when I leave it to your discretion to relieve my unhappy children from their dismal confinement. And now, farewell, my friend, for this conflict must be terminated before the guard make their appearance." So saying, the old man cautiously advanced towards the door, in which the remaining soldiers were stationed, with his dirk in one hand, and a loaded pistol in the other, followed by Terence, who still clung to him, although now but little able to afford him support. The two soldiers, standing in the doorway, had their muskets again loaded, and levelled in the direction in which the old man and Terence were approaching. The outline of the forms of the former were thus darkly seen, while the position of the party advancing upon them could only be guessed at by the

slight noise of their footsteps. The old man, now within three paces of the door, levelled and fired. The soldiers, from the mere effect of impulse, also fired at the same moment; and old Allan and one of their number fell, the latter dead, the former mortally wounded; while the other soldier turned on his heels, and fled.

Terence knelt by the side of the old man, and felt for his wound. He pressed his hand against the old man's left side, and felt the blood welling from it. He was sensible, but too faint to speak, for he pressed the soldier's hand feebly, in token of recognition. Encouraged to hope, from this circumstance, Terence instantly flew to the fire, and flung on some dried fir roots, whereby the house was instantly lighted. He now placed the old man in a more easy posture, and applied himself in earnest to stanching the wound with his only hand, in which he partially succeeded. Though it was evident that life was ebbing fast, the stopping of the blood enabled the old man to breathe the words, "Remember!" and "fly!" which showed that he had noticed the retreat of the fifth soldier. Terence's resolution was severely tested. To leave Mary and her brothers in such a situation, and to desert her old father ere he had closed his eyes in death, appeared like cowardice and ingratitude; but what could he do—a single individual, and with his right arm broken and disabled—against the whole strong patrol, now momentarily expected? And the chances were, that, on finding the two old men dead, and seeing no signs of Mary and the boys, they might suppose that they had fled, and so make their inquisition less searching than they would be apt to do if he were found lingering on the spot—which would naturally give rise to a suspicion of their being still concealed about the premises. These thoughts glanced across the mind of Terence, and determined his conduct. Casting a single look of sorrow at the prostrate form of his brave and venerable host, whose breathing was now becoming husky and interrupted with groans, he stole cautiously out of the house, and, reconnoitring the vicinity with keen and suspicious looks, slipped along the side of the wall, and again placed himself in a crouching attitude at the corner of the barn, watching the approach to the door with the most intense anxiety.

But who can describe the alarm and agony of Mary and the two boys, confined in a dark hole under the ground, while the above scene was passing almost over their heads? The report of the muskets and pistols were deadened, but the trampling of feet was exaggerated to their ears; and they expected every moment to hear the trap-door lifted, and to feel themselves dragged forth by the murderers of their father and friends. Nor were their feelings of terror lessened when dead silence succeeded to the struggle we have attempted to sketch.

Mary's heart was agitated with fears, now for her father, now for her lover; but the precious lives entrusted to her care, and the preservation of which was wholly dependent on her presence of mind and firmness of purpose, nerved her resolution, and suppressed her every impulse to throw up the trap, and spring forth to ascertain the worst. The husky breathing and groans were distinctly heard in the cave; yet she adhered to her resolution, although her heart was fearfully tried. But when at length she could recognise the broken and solemn voice of her father, mingling, feebly, her own name and that of her brothers, and buried mother, with snatches of songs, and prayers, and faint attempts at shouting the Macdonald battle-cry of "*Fraoch 's lamh dheary!*" (*i.e.*, the heather and red hand), in his dying delirium, she could no longer command herself; but, forgetful of every other consideration save the state of her father, threw up the trapdoor, with a violent effort, and rushed to the kitchen.

At the sight of the old man weltering in his gore, with the light of the decaying fire shining on the bare crown of his head, and on the gray locks which, long and silken as threads of gossamer, spread over his neck and shoulders, and on the decorated hilts of the pistol and dirk he still grasped in either hand, Mary stood in motionless silence—not like a statue, the perfection of the Grecian chisel, breathing apparent life; but the living representative of the most perfect model of the workmanship of the Creator, petrified with horror at the sight of the cruelty and treachery of man—with her reason struck blind for ever!

In the meantime, Terence, who still preserved his watchful and crouching attitude at the corner of the barn, saw the soldier who had fled when the last of his comrades fell, stealing back along the side of the house until he came to the door; when, stooping down, he remained for some time gazing eagerly at the scene we have attempted to place before the reader. Terence's heart leaped, with ominous alarm, when he recognised in the skulking assassin the sturdy and fierce "Roving Tomkins," an English soldier, who concentrated in his own person and character the formidable strength, reckless daring, and voluptuous ruffianism of the very worst of the class to which he belonged.

The first impulse of Terence, on recognising the ruffian, was to spring upon and crush out his life at once; but, alas! he soon felt that he was not only wounded, but also unarmed, and therefore utterly unequal to a contest with so desperate a caitiff—for the old man had taken the pistol from his hand before he shot the fourth soldier, and he had himself laid the dirk on the ground, and forgot to take it up when carrying him forward to the light of the fire. Admonished by his almost helpless position, Terence deemed it his wisest course to forbear. He accordingly stole cautiously towards the house, in the door of which Tomkins was crouching down, resolved to watch him as the lioness watches the steps of the hunter who has discovered the lair of her cubs in the desert.

When the ruffian satisfied himself that all was safe, and that the Thrush was utterly helpless, alone, and in his power, he rose to his feet, and, with a chuckle of triumph, rushed forward and clasped her in his arms.

Her little brothers—although the eldest was only thirteen, and the youngest eleven years of age—were restrained in their hiding-place less from fear than from their habitual deference to the command of their lovely and affectionate sister. Her absence, though short compared to the time we have taken to describe it, caused a degree of anxiety, on her account, in their little hearts, which had already almost overcome their patience; but the moment they heard her screams, they broke from their concealment, and flew to her assistance.

The spirited boys no sooner saw the situation of their sister than they drew the little black knives carried by all Highland boys in those days, and flew at the

ravisher, inflicting miniature gashes on his neck and face. The ruffian instantly sprang to his legs, and seizing his fallen musket, destroyed the two boys.

At this moment, Terence, who had not heard the screams of Mary, but whose anxiety was intense, drew himself cautiously to the door, and got his eye on Tomkins and his victims, one of them exalted on his bayonet, and the other two prostrate, and—as he concluded—lying dead at his feet. He had previously deliberated coolly on the means of recovering the dirk, with which he had unconsciously parted in his anxiety and distress; but the horrific sight which now met his eye excited his feelings to insanity, and, totally forgetting his unarmed and disabled condition, he sprang furiously at Tomkins—dashed him to the ground with his fist—and falling heavily upon him, planted his knee on his chest—grasped his throat with all his strength with his left hand—and, in the excess of his horror and his fury, struck him with the elbow of his fractured arm! And thus, as in most cases, the extremity of his passion defeated his purpose; for, one of the bones being broken below the elbow, the torture he inflicted on his arm reacted on his heart; so that the proud, the brave, the strong, and true-hearted Irishman fainted, and sunk, helpless as a child, by the side of his intended victim. The grip on Tomkins' throat being relaxed, and his chest relieved from compression, he soon came to himself, and started to his feet. His first impulse was to fly, but on seeing the prostrate body of his opponent, the clumsy bandage, and the bleeding arm, he instantly comprehended the state of the case; and, exulting in heart over his anticipated and sure vengeance, burst out into a hoarse laugh, exclaiming—

"Ho, ho, Prince of Connaught! have I caught thee at last? Now, then, how am I to put him out of his hateful life? By the powers, I thank thee, Prince, for thy lesson—not the first, but surely the last I shall owe thee. A strong dig of the knee in the pit of the stomach, and a powerful grasp of the clenched fist in the throat, are very delicate, maidenly means, which, having been taught by thyself, shall be duly practised on thy own person anon. Perhaps thou hast learned them from thy beloved Thrush." Here some grateful idea seemed to have crossed his mind, for a hideous smile passed over his gloomy face; but his rage instantly returned, and he stamped on the ground with furious impatience, exclaiming, "Will he never recover from his swoon? It were poor revenge," he said, hesitatingly, "to put him out of the world before he knows his victor. Ho!" he continued, leaning over his unconscious foe; "ho, Terence! dost thou hear me? Thou wert not wont to be deaf to time, and to lie prostrate before thine enemy. Ho!" reiterated the ruffian, pressing his knee heavily on his chest; "my patience is out, and I will put thee out, without being half revenged, if thou continue any longer insensible."

The ruffian now went coolly and deliberately to work. He firmly grasped the wrist of Terence's unbroken arm, planted his knee on his breast, and compressed his throat with a grasp of death. His victim groaned deeply, but was utterly unconscious or helpless.

At this moment, Mary, who had all this time been in a faint, sprung up, and, seeing the dagger, which had, in an evil hour, been flung out of the agitated and careless grasp of Terence, lying glittering on the ground, seized upon it, and, with the cunning and energy sometimes shown by maniacs—for Mary, alas! was now in that condition—she stole quietly to the side of the exulting murderer, just as Terence was on the eve of expiring under him; and, although all unconscious of the presence of Terence and the cold-blooded murder which was being perpetrated, she struck the dirk upward through the side of the ruffian, until the point was buried in his heart. Tomkins fell without uttering a groan; and Mary darted out of the house with a maniacal laugh, ending in a piercing scream.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

Author of the "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," "Margaret Ravenscroft," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JESUIT'S STORY.

"As nearly as I can recollect," he said, "it was in the month of May; and the spring, always beautiful in these Alpine regions, appeared to have come forth with tenfold splendour. The sun's warmth, in that season of the year, thaws the mind as well as the earth. People put on sportive looks for the summer, and the joyousness of their feelings is represented externally by bright-coloured clothes. Suddenly the clouds gathered, and hung from ridge to ridge, entirely roofing over the valley. Through tunnels, as it were, in their substance, the thunder rolled incessantly; while the lightning flashed downwards, with a brightness so vivid and piercing, that it threatened to consume, utterly, both man and beast. Then followed indescribable torrents of rain, descending as from the open windows of heaven, until every brook and streamlet swelled to a torrent, and the Rhone rushed through its bed with tremendous force and velocity. In the midst of the storm, a noise was heard in the mountains, compared with which the thunder shrunk into a whisper. It appeared as if the foundations of the everlasting hills had been violently shaken from their place. All the villagers hurried to their doors, where they stood, pale and trembling, not knowing what to do. Then came another frightful crash. The curtain of rocks which you behold yonder, disparted from top to bottom; and out rushed an irresistible flood, with a roaring like that of the ocean. There was no time for flight. Terror paralysed all limbs. Onward swept the torrent, ploughing up the plain in various directions, flooding