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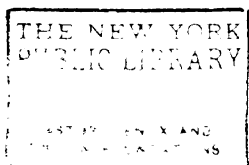
THE STORY OF  
**GLENCOE**  
and other POEMS.

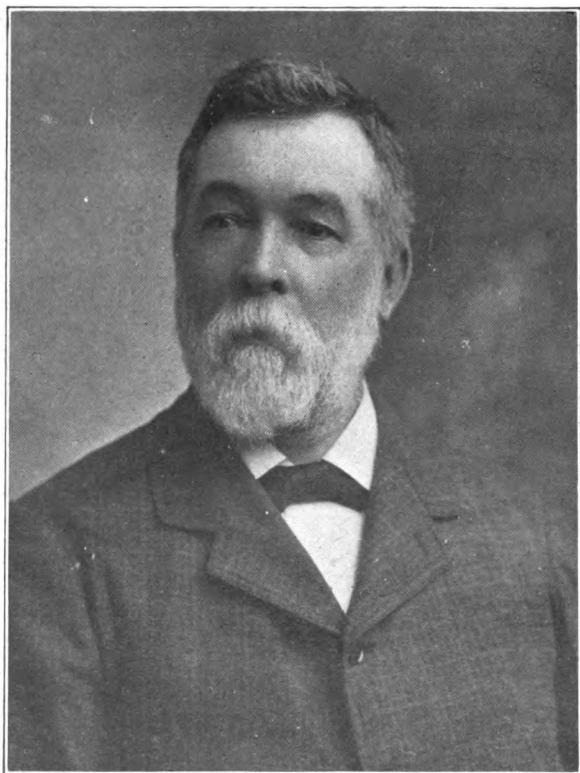


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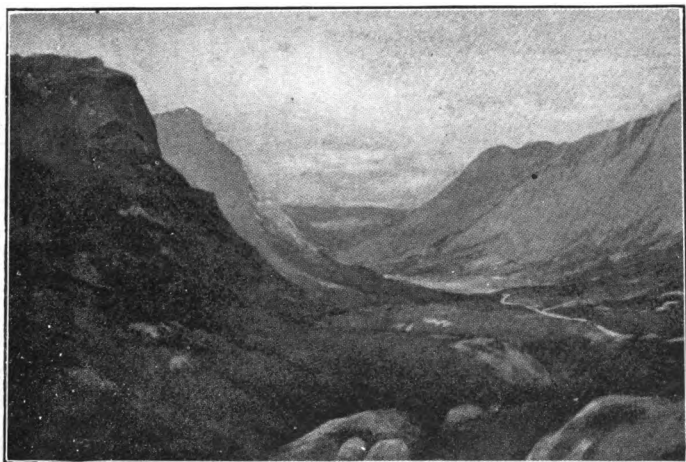


*George Taylor*

# THE STORY OF GLENCOE

*and other Poems*

By GEORGE TAYLOR

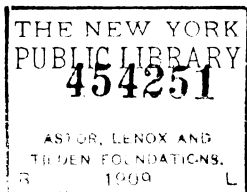


*Glencoe*

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**BY GEORGE TAYLOR**

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## DEDICATION

In June, 1902, there appeared in the "New York Caledonian" a poem entitled "The Men of Glencoe," which attracted considerable attention among the members of the "Order of Scottish Clans."

My friend, John H. MacDonald, of New York, after reading it, expressed the opinion that no fitting memorial had yet been written of the men, the women and the children who died in that night over two hundred years ago, in the Valley of Glencoe, and that the spirited interest I had manifested in the sad story seemed to point to me as the one on whom the task should be laid. I shrank from the task as one unfitted for such a theme, but it haunted me and grew upon me, till after a lapse of two years I began to note down the thoughts in that connection that came to me in the leisure hours of an otherwise busy life. The result of my labor of love is now with great diffidence, presented to the descendants of the heroic old race, represented by the Highland Clans of Scotland, whose names have adorned the pages which record the heroism and progress of the world's history for hundreds of years. The Poem I here respectfully dedicate to the Order of Scottish Clans.

GEORGE TAYLOR.



## INTRODUCTION

The Massacre of Glencoe, which occurred February 13, 1692, stands out as the ugliest blot on the pages of Scottish History. Conceived in secret for private ends, planned by a traitor under the pretense of public policy, consummated under the guise of friendship by a guest living under the sacred obligations of hospitality, it remains pre-eminently one of the most dastardly outrages ever perpetrated against the instincts and traditions of the Scottish people.

The number slain in cold blood, many while asleep in their beds, is stated to have been thirty-eight, and there is a strong probability that a greater number perished on the mountains during the snow storm then raging, for many persons missing from that vicinity have never been accounted for. The monstrous act was so cunningly contrived that three years elapsed before suspicions of it had sufficiently leaked out to arouse the Scottish people to demand an investigation of the circumstances.

A Royal Commission was then reluctantly appointed and the principal participants were exposed. The report named the Secretary of State, Stair, as the instigator, and the various military officers employed by him as the perpetrators. It also suggested that Parliament should address His Majesty requesting him to recall Glenlyon, who was then on foreign service, and that he and the other murderers should be brought to trial. But



the fact remains that King William neither ordered them to be brought to trial, nor did he dismiss them from the public service.

The MacDonalds of Glencoe were the actual victims, but the plan of the massacre had a much wider scope, as was shown by the investigation. As a matter-of-fact record of events, Macaulay in his *History of England*, Scott and others have perhaps, done justice to the affair. But touching the deeper springs of human nature, the heart motives, the old loyalty, the hopes and aspirations of the Highland nature, these, so far as the present author knows, have never been considered. Nor has the policy inaugurated under the government of William of Orange ever been abandoned or discouraged; it has only been changed in its methods. From the time of the massacre to the present day, the Highland regiments have been made to bear the brunt of every campaign. They are the first to be ordered out, the last to be recalled, and almost invariably are given the longest terms of service at the deadly foreign posts.

The straths and the glens of the Scottish Highlands, which were once the abode of a brave, loyal people, have (in a large measure) become merely the grazing run of sheep and cattle, and sporting grounds for the aristocracy. If conditions were otherwise this present effort to vindicate the rude old heroic-race, who were worthy of a better fate than that meted out to them, had never been made.

For the enlightenment of readers unfamiliar with Highland customs, it may be necessary to state that such names as Mac Ian of Glencoe, Mac Cullom of Argyle, Lochiel of Clan Cameron and others were not individual names, but hereditary titles, and

in many cases the name of the chief or of the clan, or the lands held by the clan, were interchangeable. Thus, Breadalbyn, Glenlyon, Lochiel, etc., were called by the name of their lands.

Charles II. died February 6, 1685. His brother, the Duke of York, ascended the throne as James II. of England and James VII. of Scotland.

Mary, daughter of James, was married to William, Prince of Orange, who thus became joint heirs to the English and Scottish thrones, unless a son should be born to James. James was zealous for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic faith, and was in communication with the Vatican with that object in view.

William of Orange was an adherent of the Protestant faith. A son was born to King James on June 10, 1688. William, who had hitherto been cautious and conciliatory in British politics, seeing himself excluded from the desired succession to the throne, became bolder and took an active part in the affairs of State. With the aid and sanction of the States of Holland, he collected an army of fifteen thousand men, and a fleet of five hundred sail, and, on November 5, 1688, landed at Torbay, Devonshire. There was an immediate and general desertion of King James and his cause, so completely had the British sovereign weaned away his people by his false policy, and his only safety was in flight. He escaped to France, where he died September 16, 1701."

William of Orange and his wife, Mary, were crowned April 11, 1689. The only active opposition to the new dynasty in Scotland was carried on under the leadership of John Graham of

Claverhouse, better known as Viscount of Dundee. He was idolized by the Jacobite clans, and by their aid, on June 17, 1689, won a splendid victory over William's forces at the Pass of Killiecrankie, where he fell mortally wounded, and his army disbanded, simply for want of a trusted leader.

At this juncture of affairs, a scheme was concocted by Sir John Dalrymple, Secretary of State, or Master of Stair, as he was called. He and his intimate friend (the Earl of Breadalbyn) persuaded King William that the allegiance of the Highland Chieftains could easily be bought, and that on account of their unmistakable poverty and high military spirit, they could readily be formed into a very efficient auxiliary force for his support. Breadalbyn, the head of a powerful branch of the Argyle clan, was a person of great power and influence. In furtherance of this plan, he was entrusted with a sum variously estimated to have amounted to ten thousand or twenty thousand pounds. It has always been doubted whether any of this blood money ever found its way into the hands of the Highland Chiefs, whom it was intended should thus be won over to King William's service.

In August, 1691, a Royal Proclamation was issued ordering the Highland Chiefs to swear allegiance to King William before the first day of January, 1692. It was stated that after that date all who had not submitted should be subjected to the extremities of fire and sword.

Breadalbyn should have been the last man to be entrusted with such a fund, or such a mission, for not only was he the hereditary foe of the MacDonalds and the Lochaber Clans generally, but he was hated and distrusted by all.

Such was the man who invited the Jacobite Chiefs to a conference at his residence in Glenorchy, which ended in a quarrel. It has been shown by correspondence and by State papers that a reconciliation of the clans was not so much desired as their destruction, and that Sir John Dalrymple, Secretary of State, conspired with Breadalbyn and others with that end in view; and when driven to desperation and vindictiveness by the fact that all the Chiefs, with the one exception of MacIan of Glencoe, had taken the oath within the specified time, they eagerly settled upon that clan for destruction. This extermination would gratify their implacable hatred; so they withheld from the Council the fact of MacIan's subsequent allegiance and also the note of excuse for delay, which was sent by the Sheriff of Argyle, who had administered the oath.



# The Story of Glencoe

## INVOCATION

Glencoe, O Glencoe! there is woe! there is woe!  
That comes like an echo from days long ago;  
And the mists hang a veil o'er the Valley of Weeping,\*  
And the winds sob and sigh where the clansmen are sleeping  
Who died in the night, long ago, long ago,  
And the Cona leaps down from her sorrow-fed fountains  
To chant her wild song to the rocks and the mountains;  
The song that she learned in the night long ago,  
When the sons of Diarmid, with crafty Glenlyon  
In guise of a friend, sought the home of MacIan,  
The heart and the head of the tribe of Glencoe.

But who shall essay to rehearse the sad story,  
Or chant the Coronach in alien tongue?  
The bards who of old shrined their heroes in glory  
Have died with their Chief, and the song is unsung.  
O, spirit of song that flowed down through the ages,  
Inspiring to valor the heroes of old;  
Shall ye nevermore stir the heart's throbbing pages,  
And wrongs of Glencoe be forever untold?

\*Glen-Coe in Gaelic, means Valley of Weeping.

Shall Ossian's spirit be silent forever?

The mountains of Fingal resound nevermore?  
The clan have no bard but the wild rushing river  
And wail of the wind on its desolate shore?

O come ye proud spirits of days long departed,  
Whose mission and pride was to weave into song  
The deeds of the mighty, the brave hero-hearted,  
Whose virtue was courage and hatred of wrong,

Give voice to a scion of the race still undaunted,  
Whose bosom still swells with its ancient renown,  
Whose heart, like the old Scottish glen, is still haunted  
And fired with a passion that seas cannot drown.

Give voice as of old, when untrammelled by measure  
The heart had a voice for the message it bore,  
Now soft with the rhythm of love's tenderest treasure  
Or wild as the tempest that sweeps Skerryvore.\*

And thus would I sing of the days long departed,  
With withering scorn for a treacherous foe,  
And send from afar from a son loyal-hearted  
A garland of song for the graves of Glencoe.

\*A storm centre reef on the west coast of Scotland.

## I

## CALL TO THE CHIEFS

Angus, the bard of Strath-Coe, rehearses the general tenor of Breadalbyn's call and then denounces its hypocrisy.

Gather ye! Gather ye! Chiefs of the Highlands!  
Come from Lochaber, Strath-Earn and Braemar,  
Come from Glengarry, Lochiel and the Islands,  
Verdant Strathmore, and the wild Loch-ny-gar!

Chiefs of the clans that are famous in story,  
Worthy the sires that were famous of yore;  
Bulwarks to stand for the old Scottish glory,  
Sons of the heather that swing the claymore.

Think of the days when your fathers united,  
Baffled the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane,  
Shall their proud laurels be withered and blighted  
By such vain feuds as your sires would disdain?

Shall we immure in our self-isolation  
Men who were born to be leaders of men?  
Chiefs who should lead in the van of the Nation,  
Dwarfing their powers in their own narrow glen?



Shall it be said that our courage is waning?

Shall it be said that our honor is dead?

Shall we, the old martial spirit restraining,

Shrink from the fields where our forefathers bled?

Turn from the vain petty feuds that defame us,

Foster the pride of our fathers of yore;

Fan the old fires lest our children should shame us,

Shrinking in fear from our dear Scottish shore.

See our fair land that hath long been distracted,

Torn and dissevered by factional strife;

Take of the bounty the King hath enacted,

Rise for the King! Let old Scotland have life!

## II

Heard ye the slogan that comes from Breadalbyn?

What are the tidings his messengers bring?

Come to the Council, ye Chiefs of old Albyn,

Pledge your allegiance to William, the King.

This is the slogan that comes from Breadalbyn!

Come, sell your honor, your men and your lands.

Stifle the old independence of Albyn,

Perjure your manhood and fetter your hands.

Come to Glen-Orchy, to council of cravens;

Pledge ye your sons like your herds to be sold;

Stair, the sly fox, spreads a feast for the ravens,  
Baiting his traps with the Sassenach's gold.

Shun ye Breadalbyn! The guide to disaster,  
Death and dishonor lurk under his wing.  
Touch not his bounty, nor choose for your master  
The icicle heart in the robes of a King.

Go, crafty Stair, to thy cold-blooded master;  
Go, base Breadalbyn, who covets our lands;  
Honor may weep o'er the grave of disaster,  
But we shall not die with your bribe in our hands.

Go tell your master his gold cannot buy us;  
The King of the Highlands is over the sea;  
O for a spirit to lead us and try us,  
Like gallant Montrose or our Bonny Dundee.

Then would the step of the clansman be sprightly,  
Brave hearts would bound for the cause we adore;  
Then would our claymores from scabbards leap lightly,  
Then should ye see "Killiecrankie" once mor:.

Fair flowers may cover the pathway to ruin,  
Foul deeds be covered by words fair and bland:—  
Men of the Highlands! there's mischief a-brewing;  
Look to your honor, your lives and your lands!

## III

## THE EXILED KING

King James, an exile o'er the sea, sat pensive and alone;  
An alien from his regal line was seated on his throne;  
And gazing on the flickering fire before him on the hearth,  
Old fancies of the past came back from childhood's days of mirth.  
But fancy now saw other things than those his childhood traced;  
The glamour and the mirth were gone, the glory all effaced,  
The tinselled lackey at his door, the forms of regal state,  
Enhanced the fancies that revealed the irony of fate.  
"Lost! Lost!" he murmured, "all is lost of that which once was  
mine;  
Nought but disaster seems to cling to my disastrous line;  
Shades of my fathers, must it be that some malignant power  
Shall rule thy regal dynasty down to its latest hour?  
I backward glance and trace afar its trail of blood and tears,  
Its Flodden Field, its civic strife and Mary's martyr years;  
I see a regal head discrowned and rolling in the dust,  
And the rude rabble drunk with power of liberty and lust.  
They spurn authority and law, and all its powers disown;  
And flout the 'Majesty Divine' that doth surround a throne.  
And I the last, the least, to bear the load of this sad line;  
The burden of three Kingdoms laid on this poor heart of mine!  
Three Kingdoms! with their three-fold weight of envy, hate and  
pride,  
Where Papist, Prelate, Presbyter, like rampant furies ride,

Each in his own embittered heart for plot and treason rife,  
And clamorings of holy war, O most unholy strife!  
An exiled King looks o'er the sea with sad and wistful eye:  
To bring the old land back to God: 'O, I would gladly die.'"

## IV.

## THE MESSENGER

A boisterous stranger at the gate desires to see the King.  
Whence cometh he? What is his name? What tidings doth he  
bring?

He hath a rude, uncourtly air, and saith with haughty fling—  
"I have no name; I have no word for any but the King!"

"Call out the guard and search him well, and watch for sign of  
strife,

And tell him he shall see the King at peril of his life."

Ten stalwart guards with sabres drawn, march in with martial  
din

And to the presence of the King the stranger ushered in.  
And he, most stalwart of them all, erect with martial pride;  
Three guards before and three behind, and two at either side.  
Then with salute he reverent knelt in presence of the King,  
And silently with outstretched hand gave to the King a ring.  
The King a while gazed at the ring between his finger tips,  
Then tremblingly he turned aside and pressed it to his lips.  
His face took on an ashen hue, his eyes a dreamy stare:—

"Dismiss the guard," he feebly said, and sank into a chair.  
The guards withdrew, though boding ill from such a strange be-  
hest.

They feared to leave the King alone with such an uncouth guest;  
But martial law ruled at the court, forbidding such a thing  
As lingering in the audience room unbidden by the King.

## V

## THE ABBE

Meanwhile wild, anxious fears were spread, and silence reigned  
within,

Till the good Abbè, bold in faith, presumed to enter in:  
And bowing lowly said: "Oh King, I pray you, pardon me  
That I so rudely should intrude, but let love be my plea:  
A boding rumor came to me, your Majesty was ill,  
And, as in duty bound, I came to learn your gracious will."  
"Most welcome, and most timely, too," the King then made reply,  
"For I am ill, and slow of wit, and fateful moments fly:  
See'st thou, good Father Fergus, this dread relic in my hand?  
It is a message from the dead, a challenge, a command!  
Take thou this relic, scan it well, and I shall make it speak,  
Even though the words should wring my heart, and tears be on  
my cheek;  
See'st thou the gold with hair inwrought, dark as the raven's  
wing?"

That hair was on my father's head when severed from the King,  
And that fair pearl with rubies set, emblem of peace in strife,  
Is for the soul of her who bore the martyrdom of life,  
And martyr died by wicked hands, which by that deed alone  
Kindled a hell in her own heart that seared it on her throne.\*  
And I, when adverse fate pressed hard and all was dark with me,  
My hopes rose with the rising star of gallant, brave Dundee,  
And in the fullness of my heart I gave to him this ring,  
And said, 'When Heaven and thy good sword some brighter days  
    shall bring,  
Bear this to me, and claim thy right to aught that I can give,  
And know this pledge shall honored be so long as I shall live.'  
And now, alas, my pledge is brought, but not by brave Dundee;  
Oh, would that I, by Gary's side, had glorious died with thee!"

## VI

## THE CLANSMAN'S STORY

"But time is flying! Great our need! Speak, Highland clans-  
    man, speak!  
Tell us in thy rude, honest speech the boon that thou dost seek:  
Tell our good Abbè who thou art and what the news you bring,  
And how Dundee, with dying breath, gave your brave Chief the  
    ring."  
The clansman made obeisance low, and blushing he said:  
    \*Queen Elizabeth.

"My name is Ronald, near of kin to the brave Chief who led  
Your Majesty's most loyal clan, MacDonald of Glencoe,  
At Killiecrankie on that day of glory and of woe:—  
MacIan to my father said, 'Forbid that youth's mad pranks,  
Your son is but a stripling boy; go call him from the ranks.  
This is a time for well tried men to deal out sturdy blows;  
We meet no rabble here to-day, for veterans are our foes;  
Or if his Highland blood is up, and must a battle see,  
I'll give him for a messenger to wait on Lord Dundee:  
For he must rule the fight to-day, and with his eagle eye,  
Shall see our clansmen sweep the field, or see them bravely die.'  
I stood beside my Lord Dundee upon the rising ground,  
Lord! how my heart leaped in my breast when rose the pibroch's  
    sound!  
And the wild yell of Highland men as down the steep hillside,  
They threw themselves upon the foe in a resistless tide.  
Upon the right MacDonald's might broke through the ranks of  
    steel,  
And down the line swept Keppoch's men, Glengarry and Lochiel!  
And surging like a raging sea, with clash and yell and scream,  
The lowland men were swept like sheep into the Gary's stream:  
But in the centre of their line their solid ranks stood still  
Unbroken, where our weakened line divided on the hill.  
Then spurring down to where our men stood panting from the  
    fray,  
'Now, brave MacDonald!' cried Dundee, 'come finish up the day.  
By ancient right you've led the fight on many a bloody field,  
Now for our country and King James make the last traitor yield:

Charge, valiant clansmen! Charge with me, in such a gallant  
fight

Who would not share this glorious day, though he should die to-  
night?’

Then screamed the pibroch to the charge, then rose the High-  
land yell,

Then rang the claymore on the targe, and on their ranks we fell:  
And as we closed, their serried ranks poured their last volley in,—  
We caught their bayonets on the targe, and clove them to the chin.  
Brief, wild and bloody was the strife, and wild the victor’s shout,  
And not a man dared look behind in all that dreadful rout.

And I, true to MacIan’s charge, kept at my master’s side.

’Twas I who caught him as he fell. I watched him till he died,  
And as I laid him on the heath, ‘Go, call your Chief,’ he said.

And when he came, ‘Kneel down,’ he said, ‘ere my last breath is  
sped,

For thou hast been my strong right arm in this most glorious day,  
Wilt thou be faithful to the cause when I have passed away?’

With moistened eyes, MacIan said, ‘Take thou my bloodstained  
hand,

For weal or woe, henceforth I live, true to the King’s command.’

Then said Dundee, ‘I die content, unclasp my cloak and mail,  
There is a treasure near my heart which some day may avail  
To bring great honor to thy house, take thou this sacred ring,  
And when some boon thou wouldst desire, present it to the  
King.’

Thus having said, from glorious field his brave soul passed away;  
And I, O King, had mine own grief; my father died that day.”



A while he paused with downcast look, then grief gave way to pride.

"Thus would I die," he proudly said, "as all my fathers died!  
MacIan took me for his own, I was his brother's son,  
And I in turn was mother's stay, I was her only one,  
And I was absent from the glen, toiling for daily bread.  
His own sons dared not leave the glen, so I was sent instead:  
For be it known that since the day we fought by Gary's tide  
We have been haunted night and day by spies on every side;  
And our hereditary foes have now a scheme in hand,  
With one eye set on England's gold, the other on our land:  
And STAIR, the Minister of State, hath late matured a plan  
To buy up every Highland Chief and every Highland Clan,  
And raise an army of the North, fore-sworn to William's will,  
And base Breadalbyn, trusted chief, their mission to fulfill.  
And proclamation hath gone forth that every tribe and clan  
Shall swear allegiance to the King or fall beneath the ban  
Upon the last day of the year. And thus, O King, we stand:  
The last clan faithful unto thee in all the Scottish land:  
For it is said your loyal clans have been absolved by thee,  
That they might bow before the blast and keep their conscience  
free

Till better days shall come again, and brighter stars arise,  
When every loyal heart shall leap to shed its base disguise:  
But no such word was given to us, but shunned by friend and foe,  
As though some plague by Heaven were sent to hover o'er Glen-  
coe.

Now, O my King, our Chief is old, his message here you see,

The pledge he took at Gary's side he now returns to thee:  
But that he gave to brave Dundee he never can recall,  
And that which binds our honored Chief doth bind us one and all;  
We stand by him whate'er befall, our fate is in your hand,  
We ask no boon, we make no plea, I wait the King's command."  
The clansman ceased and for a while the Priest and King were  
still,  
As though his words had sealed their lips and paralyzed their will:  
Then for a time in whispers low they talked in anxious plight,  
Then called the guard to keep him safe in comfort for the night.

## VII

## THE MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE

Long sat the King into the night with his good faithful friend,  
His chaplain and his counsellor through fortune's downward  
trend.

"When Fortune frowns and friends are few," half musingly he  
said,

"'Tis sweet to know in darkest hour that honor is not dead:  
And this brave Chief who sent the ring, it seemeth unto me  
Hath also caught at Garyside, the spirit of Dundee;  
For he hath kept this treasure safe and sacred in his hand,  
Which might an earldom have bought in that distracted land;  
And with a lofty scorn of pelf, he doth no favor crave  
When he restores what I had thought had long been in the grave.

He asks no boon, the young man saith, nor seeketh he release;  
The pledge he gave a dying man he seeketh not shall cease.  
O brave, true, loyal Highland heart, would I had more like thee;  
Would I had such to lead the clans that followed brave Dundee:  
Then were it joy to see our foes in serried ranks arrayed,  
But Oh the bitterness of soul to see such friends betrayed;  
For this is what I learn to-night from what the clansman saith:  
Oh pity, Lord, for this exceeds the bitterness of death!"

## VIII

"Dost thou remember, Reverend Sire, about a year ago  
Grave rumors came of vengeful threats against this same Glencoe,  
And all the clans that bore a part in that most glorious day  
To be remembered with the name of him who passed away?  
Now this Breadalbyn, suave and fair, hath favor sought of me,  
But held aloof from our good cause upon the specious plea  
That he was bound by clannish ties and treaty to Argyle,  
Who hath a hungry eye for land by treaty, feud or wile.  
And he too, hath an itching palm, and wisely trims his sail  
To speed his way to wealth and power by every favoring gale,  
His emissaries came to us, but guarded well his name,  
Lest by miscarriage of his plans, not his should be the blame;  
But well we knew the schemes of Stair to win each Highland  
clan;  
And in three kingdoms William failed to find a shrewder man

Than this Breadalbyn. But 'twas found, though much they loved  
the gold,

That none of them would take from him a new love for the old.  
But darker plots were being wrought than were to William  
known,

And dearer schemes were in their hearts than love for William's  
throne;

For this Breadalbyn and his friend, the Minister of State,  
Nursed in their hearts a deeper joy—the ministry of hate;  
And stranger allies never met than they who then joined hands.  
One hated the MacIan's clan, the other loved his lands,  
And when they found that there are things that gold can never  
buy,

A viler scheme their perjured hearts were then resolved to try.  
They issued letters as from me—forged letters, be it known—  
And with great pledge of secrecy showed them to each alone.  
Each loyal Chief was thus deceived, unknown to all the rest,  
And as it seemeth kept the oath a secret in his breast.  
And thus the villainy appears. The malice of their foe  
Hath weaved the meshes of the law around the brave Glencoe,  
And much I fear their base intrigue shall have a bloody end  
And that the foulest blow shall fall on our most faithful friend.  
Come, Father Abbè, thou art wise; pray tell us if you can  
How we may thwart this base design against our faithful clan."

## IX

### THE ABBE'S ADVICE

The Abbè rose and paced the floor absorbed in anxious thought;  
Not of the action, but the means, was that for which he sought—  
How best to bridge with least alarm the clansmen's direful strait,  
And best equip the messenger to run a race with fate.

For he was wise by Nature's dower and lifetime's varied schools  
Of threescore years with crafty men, philosophers and fools:  
He knew smooth statecraft's foul deceits, he knew both how and  
when

To soothe the anxious troubled soul, or fire the hearts of men.  
So turning to the King he said, "Sire, thou dost see our need;  
The pressing problem of the hour is one of urgent speed:  
For it is near to Christmas-tide, and the uncertain sea  
Gives fickle service at such times between Glencoe and thee:  
But by God's favor and fair winds he may not be too late  
To pledge the letter of the law and foil Breadalbyn's hate.  
The young man brought no written word, in that the Chief was  
wise,

Let none go back save in the heart, the best of all disguise;  
For by the token which he brought there is no room for doubt,  
Your message to his Chief is safe till he shall draw it out.  
To-morrow, ere the break of day, he with a courier guide  
Shall post to Havre, where our craft doth still at anchor ride.  
Then trust our faithful service men to spirit him away

And up the coast to some safe cove or unfrequented bay.  
Once with his foot on Scottish ground and silver in his hand,  
No earthly power shall bar his way in all the Scottish land.  
For he hath got a lofty soul though cast in rugged mould,  
And knoweth well how much to tell, and how much to withhold.  
And even now at this late hour, though sore he needeth rest,  
I would recall him by your leave, to take the King's behest;  
And I in turn your gracious words will unto him impart  
In Highland speech, which best befits a Highland head and heart.  
Then speed him off before the dawn, back on his homeward way,  
And may God's favor waft him there to foil the vengeful day."

## X

The King's assent, a quick command, but not with martial din,  
From needed rest and sound repose, the stranger ushered in;  
The Captain of the guard alone, sufficient now to bring  
The drowsy clansman from his couch to presence of the King;  
And as instructed by the King, and standing by his chair,  
The Abbè to the clansman spake in brief and solemn air:  
"Young man, the message which you bring from your most noble

## Chief

Hath filled the bosom of the King with gratitude and grief:  
The threatened evil to your clan admits of no delay,  
It is in kindness thus in haste we hurry you away.  
A fleet winged vessel waits for you, and with a trusty guide,  
You must be off before the dawn as fast as man can ride  
To board this ship before it sails, and pray all winds that blow

To speed you on your homeward way back to your loved Glencoe,  
Then hasten to your honored Chief, salute him for the King,  
And in his name thus shall ye say, in answer for the ring:

‘Betrayed! Before the year shall close:

Bend to the storm and foil your foes!’ ”

“Betrayed!” he cried, and in his rage he rose to all his height,  
And like a lion roused to wrath he quivered in his might:  
He clutched the chair by which he stood, his visage seemed to  
gloat

As though the death grip of his hand clutched on a traitor’s  
throat:—

“Betrayed!” he cried, “and I in France a thousand miles  
away!

Oh my poor brain will be consumed by moments of delay;  
Let me begone, I pray, O King! Waste neither time nor breath,  
My every nerve is overstrung to run a race with death.”

The Abbè gently raised his hand forbidding further speech,  
Well pleased within himself to know the lesson he would teach  
Had not been lost. The clansman’s haste well fitted to his part  
And showed the King volcanic fires hid in the Highland heart.  
Then spake the King in kindly words of gratitude and cheer  
And fervent hope that dangers pass and brighter days appear.

“And tell thy Chief I pledge to him the honor of a King  
That when they come I’ll not forget the token of the ring.”

Then Ronald knelt, the Abbè laid his hand upon his head  
And prayed that he and all his clan might fill their foes with  
dread,

And that the good cause might revive and each come to his own,  
And peace caress the dear old land, with James upon the throne.  
Thus with a blessing on his head, before the dawn of day  
With fleet steeds and with eager heart he sped his homeward  
    woe,

## XI

## THE MESSENGER'S RETURN

Who e'er hath sailed the winter sea from Havre to Montrose,  
Would never covet such a trip for any but his foes;  
With biting blasts and chilling haar, and blinding snow and sleet,  
And choppy seas, where every hour opposing currents meet;  
The days and nights pass gloomily unlit by sun or star,  
The laboring vessel buffeted by elemental war.  
Such was the fate that lay in wait for Ronald on his way,  
Till he was put ashore by night inside of Lunan Bay:  
There resting in a fisher's hut, he waited through the night  
Like an impatient homing bird, to scan with eager sight  
For landmark bold or well known scene, of mountain, wood or  
    lake,  
To mark the course his anxious heart and willing feet should  
    take.

And following the paths that led back from the Eastern shore,  
The rising mist revealed to sight the valley of Strathmore,  
With the low Sidlaws on the left and Grampians on the right,  
Lifting their snowcaps to the skies, broke on his raptured sight,



Imparting vigor to his heart and strength to every limb  
To reach the goal that lay beyond the west horizon's rim.  
With scarce an hour for food or rest he pressed on night and day,  
Through Strath and glen and rugged pass he held his toilsome  
way;

Half frozen bogs and swollen streams and banks of drifted snow  
Increased his toil by many a mile before he reached Glencoe:  
And when at last at midnight hour the toilsome march was o'er,  
His giant strength exhausted, fell inside MacIan's door.

"Welcome! My son!" MacIan cried, "what tidings do you  
bring?"

Then Ronald looked him in the eye and cried, "Thus saith the  
King—

'Betrayed! Before the year shall close:

Bend to the storm and foil your foes.'"

The old Chief like a statute stood, rigid in form and limb:  
No word escaped his granite face, so silent, set and grim,  
And while the ministries of love soothed Ronald's weary form,  
He silent took his staff and plaid and stole out in the storm.

## XII

### THE JOURNEY TO THE FORT

Wild was the night when from his door the old chief turned  
away.

With dark forebodings in his heart that filled him with dismay,

But not alone he braved the storm of that bleak, stormy night,  
For not a move nor glance escaped his faithful gillie's sight;  
He knew that face in storm and calm, he knew each mood and  
look,

The purpose of his Chieftain's heart was like an open book;  
So, lithe of limb, and fleet of foot, with desperate race to run,  
He glided past the Chief unseen and roused the old man's son—  
"Ho, Alister MacDonald, rise! O 'tis a woeful plight  
That draws your father from his bed on such an awful night.  
Ronald fell fainting at our door, and he could only say,  
'We are betrayed! Rush to the fort before the fatal day!'  
Your father now is on his way, and O the woesome sight  
To see his agony of soul! O woe is me this night!  
To-morrow and our fate is sealed! Yes, sealed for weal or woe,  
And rude and rugged is the way the old Chief now must go!  
To reach Fort William were a task for a long summer's day,  
But for a night like this, it seems a thousand miles away."

### XIII

Scant were the moments to prepare for such a pressing flight,  
And scant the words the Chieftain spake; he kissed his wife good  
night;

Then out into the night they passed, he and the gillie lad,  
And at their heels unbidden came Flora, with visage sad;  
A collie wise beyond her breed, and kindly as her race;  
She understood her master's voice and read his anxious face;

She knew it was no social call, nor young folks' frolic light,  
Nor raid on moor or mountain side that called them out that  
night.

"Go, Flora, find out where the Chief is floundering in the snow,  
And when you find him, my good dog, speak up and let us  
know."

Thus spake the Chieftain to his dog, she answering with delight  
Gave three sharp barks, a mutual sign, and vanished out of sight.  
Then following the upward way, unmarked by road or path,  
Save where the Cona's darksome flood came roaring down the  
Strath,

Like inky streak but dimly seen between its banks of snow,  
Its rumbling o'er the rocky bed the only guide to show  
The luckless travellers of the night the rough and rugged way  
To the grim Fortress of the North where hope of safety lay:  
And as they wrestled with the storm, watchful with eye and ear  
For Flora's voice to pierce the din or moving form appear;  
The signal came, three short sharp barks, full half a mile away;  
With three sharp blasts they started off like clansmen to the  
fray;

They soon were at the old Chief's side, who, breathless and dis-  
tressed,  
Still wrestled with the greater storm that raged within his breast.

## XIV

Strange silence bound them for a time, the Chieftain and the Chief,

As though the power of speech congealed beneath the stress of grief;

But filial love was stronger still, and thus the young man spake:—

“Speak, O my father! speak to me before my heart shall break;

Tell me by whom we are betrayed, or what malignant fate

Drives you from home on such a night, or why you cannot wait

For light of day to show the way o’er such a rugged path,

When all the elements are out to smite you in their wrath?

Donald hath told me Ronald came in sore distressful plight

And wildly said, ‘We are betrayed; rush to the fort to-night!’”

“Hush, hush! my son, you wildly speak; come, let us hurry on,

Let Donald hasten on before and call your brother John.”

“Nay, nay, my father, by your leave, we will abide by you.

Here is a fleeter messenger, as trusty and as true:

Come, Flora! go call young Chief John, give him the clan haloo!

And stay with him that he may know that we are coming too.”

The faithful messenger sped on more swiftly than the men

To where the young Chief’s clachan served as outpost to the glen:

And soon the canine voice gave out what every clansman knew;

In human speech, a voice replied, and echo cried “Haloo!”

And when the Chief and escort reached the outpost of the glen,

There stood before him half a score of stalwart Highland men.

## XV

## MAC IAN'S CONFERENCE WITH HIS SONS

The old Chief and his sons retired into an inner room,  
In hasty conference to plan against the threatened doom:  
The young men pleaded for delay, at least till morning light,  
For it were madness to proceed on such an awful night.  
"The course lies over rugged ground, where road was never  
made;

A dreary level to the eye with neither light nor shade;  
Sky there is none, but just the night hung over like a tent.  
A dim monotony of gloom, with neither seam nor rent:  
Rock, scar and bush lie in the path, torrent and rugged pass,  
Wild Rannoch moor with pit and howe and treacherous morass.  
Nay, father, do not go to-night; you will not gain an hour,  
And should the worst come unto us, defy the tyrant's power,  
And let us meet the hireling hordes beneath an open sky,  
And let MacDonalds hold their own, or fighting let us die!"  
Then spake the Chief, "Once I was young, now I am growing old,  
But never hath MacIan learned to let his blood grow cold;  
You are my sons, your blood is hot, your judgment immature,  
You cannot know the anguish that an old Chief must endure:  
There was a time when to the field I led five hundred men;  
The bulwark of Lochaber's clans was in our rugged glen,  
And from the height of glories past I scan a wider field,  
The present and the future lie before me unconcealed:

From ancient days we held the name beneath the Scottish crown  
First to defend a neighbor's right, the last to lay it down;  
The first and last upon the field to save a tottering throne,  
Till like deserted forlorn hope, at last we stand alone:  
Our old hereditary foes stand hungry at our door,  
And Stair decrees our lands shall nurse the whelps of Cullom  
Mohr!

Oh, think not that my courage fails, or that my blood grows cold,  
Or that the deeds of later days shall shame our sires of old;  
Give me again the good old days when clansmen were not few,  
And honor bound Lochaber men and kindred chiefs were true.  
But now deserted by our friends and pressed by treacherous foes,  
The glory of our ancient clan may have a bloody close:  
But rather would I see our foes sweep o'er us like a flood  
And Somerled's last son go down in glory and in blood  
Than live to see my children stoop to wear the badge of shame,  
Or have a craven bow the knee and bear MacDonald's name!  
We stand the last of all the clans faithful to good King James,  
All others secretly have pledged their honor and their names  
To William, the usurper King, who sits upon the throne;  
We take our orders from King James, and from King James  
alone;

And we of all the Highland clans obey the King's commands,  
Bend to the storm and thus retain our honor and our lands.  
And when King James comes to his own, or any of his line,  
Our loyalty shall shrive the sin that his command makes mine:  
I go to-night at his command, and would not lose an hour  
To make the letter of the law frustrate the tyrant's power:

The time is short, so let us go, defying storm and fate,  
Let us do all that men can do, God help us, not too late."

## XVI

"You John! hereditary Chief, shall stay here in the glen,  
Prepare for either friends or foes, and marshal all your men;  
And keep your young men well in hand; let them do nothing rash;  
And watch your signals night and day, from every peak and pass;  
And Allister shall go with me with four of your best men  
To help us through the heavy drifts and bring us back again:  
But should the elements conspire to foil us on our track,  
I know not what foul fate shall fall before you see us back."

## XVII

Thus went they forth into the night, with mingled hopes and  
fears,  
With Flora and the gillie first advanced as pioneers;  
Whose wondrous canine instinct joined to native Highland skill,  
Combined to shun the icy slopes and snowbanks deep and chill,  
Thus through the darkness of the night they groped their fickle  
way,  
Which to the sight alone revealed impenetrable gray;

The wild winds shrieked among the crags, and moaned among  
the pines ;

And sank to sobbing and to sighs where the dark river twines  
Among the gorse and hazel banks, and o'er its rocky bed,  
As downward to Loch Leven's tide its murky waters sped.  
But slow and toilsome was their course and rugged was their  
way,

And giant strength was sorely strained before the dawn of day ;  
And with the light the chilling mist swept up from Leven's shore,  
And day of grace closed while they toiled through forest of  
Mamore.

Hope fluttered in the old chief's heart and faded with the light  
As all exhausted he sought rest and shelter for the night  
Within an old turf-cutter's hut, that like a molehill stood  
Where great Ben Nevis' rugged slopes emerges from the wood,  
And rears its solemn cliffs on high, enwrapped in Artic shrouds,  
And hides its head twixt earth and sky in canopy of clouds :  
The tenant of the lonely hut, though his domain was small,  
Had heart of hospitality worthy a castle hall ;  
His manner and his martial air belied his humble trade  
And told he had not always been the hero of the spade.  
His decorations, not all hid, stood out in seamy scars,  
Mementos of the Highland feud and of the foreign wars :  
He knew by instinct and by sight he had no common guest,  
And he surmised by his sad plight, the object of his quest.  
And soon a bounteous feast was spread unlikely for the place ;  
But Highland hospitality a humble hut may grace :



The host had learned in war's rude school, in home and foreign  
land,  
To use whatever Nature gives with scant or lavish hand;  
And he could snare the silly hare or trap the timid doe,  
Or take the wild fowl of the moor on clearings of the snow.  
And was not this a festive time, the last night of the year,  
With larder, full and Usquebaugh to crown the Highland cheer?  
It were but courtesy to aid a stranger in his need,  
But entertain MacDonald's Chief were privilege indeed!  
The guests reclined as best they could around the glowing peat,  
But Donald knelt and rubbed with snow his master's frozen feet:  
And when the glow of life returned they all dropped off to rest,  
And slept as only clansmen can on Nature's naked breast.

## XVIII

Before the dawn the men arose all eager to depart;  
And the old Chief, with aching limbs and with an anxious heart,  
Could ill disguise the strong desire he struggled to conceal,—  
To breach the Highland courtesy and slight the morning meal.  
But the wise host had long outgrown the weak punctilious law,  
When stern necessity swoops down and desperate chances draw;  
And had provided sumptuous fare to help them on the way,  
And he himself should be their guide to where Fort William lay;  
For he had dealings with the Fort and knew the winding way,  
And ushered in his weary guests upon the New Year's Day.

## XIX

## THE DISAPPOINTMENT

Alas! the bitterness of heart, the sorrow and the cost,  
When mortals play a stake with fate and find that they have lost.  
The King's Commissioner had gone on the preceding day,  
And not a moment's grace was given for weather or delay;  
The old Chief pleaded long and sore for children of his clan,  
With the Commander of the Fort, to save them from the ban  
And cruel edict of the law, even though the time were spent:—  
To take his pledge, and credit give for effort and intent.  
The generous martial spirit rose within the soldier's breast,  
That scorns to trample on the weak or harry the oppressed:  
He could not take the old Chief's pledge, the malice of the law  
Would not regard the good intent behind such fatal flaw:  
The nearest civic officer was distant many a mile,  
So he a kindly message sent the Sheriff of Argyle  
Beseeching him for pity's sake to take within the fold  
"A poor belated sheep detained by tempest, storm and cold."  
Thus armed with letter from the Fort, without an hour's delay  
The old Chief and his weary men were on their homeward way;  
But home and rest were not for them, even within a mile  
They passed their home in eager haste to reach the far Argyle;  
Where dwelt the officer of law, how distant few may know,  
For it was measured not by miles but toilsome march and slow,  
O'er tangled moor and torrent flood, snowbank and deep morass,  
By stormy Loch, by deep defile, and rugged mountain pass;

Until at last by dark Loch Fyne; those rugged clansmen saw  
Their honored Chief bow down before the majesty of law.

## XX

## MAC IAN TAKES THE OATH

Sir Colin Campbell, of Argyle! Honor be to his name!  
He knew the bitterness of heart with which the old Chief came:—  
Traditions of a thousand years, the honor of his clan  
Rose in rebellion in his heart, and he were less than man  
Could he forget wrongs unavenged and loyal pledge withdraw,  
And thus bow down before his foe at bidding of the law:  
All this and more, Sir Colin knew of Highland hate and pride;  
He knew MacCullum Mohr himself was dallying with the tide  
That ebbed and flowed in fickle moods in the affairs of state,  
And titles wavered insecure upon the winds of fate:  
Now William's star was on the rise and James's on the wane,  
And policy would hail the cause that promised greater gain;  
And thus with generous, tender touch, unusual in that age,  
He kindly spake to the old Chief, his sorrows to assuage,  
And while he ministered the pledge for William and his throne,  
He knew by fealty to his Chief how fickle was his own:  
So with assurances of peace he sent him on his way  
And issued warrants under seal all vengeful acts to stay:  
And thus assured his clan escaped the menace of their foe,  
The old Chief and his men returned to their beloved Glencoe.

## XXI

## THE CONSPIRACY

Dun Edin! round thy lofty towers, what mingled memories  
cling!

What deeds of glory and of shame from other days they bring!  
At once they thrill the patriot's heart, and stir his martial pride,  
And bring the blush for tyrant rule, and martyr's crimson tide.  
Thou playground of the sycophants who moved their puppet  
kings,

And wrung the majesty of law to gain ignoble things!  
Thus was foul deed most foully wrought, when in the council hall  
It was decreed that on Glencoe the vengeful stroke must fall.  
MacIan's pledge was in his hands, but malice, gain and hate  
Had steeled the vengeful heart of Stair to wield the sword of  
State,

The cherished scheme of many days, and many a wakeful night,  
"Shall maudlin pity now," he said, "defraud me of my right?  
Shall the great schemes of State that brought these furrows to  
my brow

Be set at naught by timid souls, and foiled and baffled now?  
No! I shall stand upon the law! King's Minister am I!  
He hath decreed as I advised, all rebel clans should die:  
But he is lenient of heart, and now delay is crime,  
The rebel rogues have all come in, save one beyond the time:

And he the rankest of them all, MacIan of Glencoe,  
But his repentance, all too late; the King shall never know.  
The majesty of law must move in vengeance swift and sure;  
For this defiant, desperate clan demands a desperate cure."

## XXII

Glencoe's allegiance was withheld, the Sheriff's note ignored,  
Warrant was issued by the King for vengeance, fire and sword.  
Like panther crouching for the leap and hungry for the prey,  
Lord Stair watched the MacDonald clan, impatient of delay.  
He laid his plans, he chose his tools, he fanned the fires of hate,  
And gave the mandate "There must be no prisoners of State!  
Your duty's plain, your hands are free, unfettered by red tape;  
Now prove your loyalty to the King, let not a wretch escape."  
Such was the mandate that went out from high Dun Edin's hall;  
And ere an hour, in eager haste it passed beyond recall.

## XXIII

GLENLYON SEEKS THE HOSPITALITY OF GLEN-  
COE

The cold gray mantle of the sea with fringes trailing low,  
Spread o'er the mountain and the moor and over dark Glencoe;

When through the mist a straggling band, like spectres grim and gray,

In martial form and sullen mood filed up the rugged way,  
Till entering the deep defile, the gateway to the glen,  
Athwart the pass stood young Chief John, backed by a score of men.

"Halt!" cried the chief, "What seek ye here? Before ye further go—

Glenlyon stand! Declare thyself, come ye as friend or foe?"

Captain Glenlyon then stood forth and laughed a loud ha, ha,

"Why John, you crack a sturdy joke upon our martial law;

Come put your dignities aside, and we shall not be slow

To prove the hospitality, far-famed of your Glencoe.

Have ye not sworn to serve the King and live a quiet life?

Has not your brother Sandy made me kinsman by his wife?\*

I come to pay you my respects; and these my sturdy men

Will gladly stay and rest a while in your secluded glen;

For we have tramped o'er moor and hill, by order of Lord Stair,

To show off brave King William's men like cattle at a fair:

Now we are tired of climbing hills and camping on the moors,

And nights like these help not our health by sleeping out of doors;

The Fort is filled with southern troops, and so to serve their ends

Our Highland lads are turned adrift, to billet on their friends;

And thus King William honors you with visit of his men,

Who, doubtless, in a day or two resume their march again."

\*MacIan's second son was married to a niece of Glenlyon.

## XXIV

Chief John, with eye and ear alert, in feigned composure stood:  
Though truth to tell, the sight of steel stirred up no peaceful  
mood:

More to his liking had it been, instead of smiles a frown,  
And his hereditary foe had thrown the gauntlet down.  
Instinctive nature was not slow to whisper there and then,  
Within the pass his little band could bar a hundred men:  
But prudence whispered "Have a care, and keep within the law;  
Be not the first against the pact a hostile sword to draw:  
These are the minions of the King whom we are pledged to  
serve,

And for a time, though not for love, the law we must observe."  
Advancing then with fearless mien he took the proffered hand  
And said, "Glenlyon, we welcome you with all your warlike band;  
Call in your men and rest awhile, and taste our humble fare  
While I send gillies up the glen your quarters to prepare."  
Soon came MacIan with his staff, the head men of the glen,  
Well primed in prudence how to act toward King William's men.  
For now they needs must play the host to those they did not love,  
And it is hard to teach the hawk the manners of the dove:  
But Highland hospitality is strong as Highland hate,  
And just as sacred in the hut as in the halls of state.  
A foe beneath its thatch is safe as in the castle hall,  
And treason to a host is deemed the darkest crime of all;

This was the warrant each man knew should hold a Highland  
heart;

And bind alike both foe and friend till friend or foe they part.  
Thus with punctilious care they met; and in the old Chief's  
heart

There rose the pride of Highland host to play a worthy part.  
And when Glenlyon clasped his hand in smiling merry mood,  
His fears dissolved, he felt assured his tardy pledge held good.  
Then every cottage, house and hut was taxed throughout the glen  
To lodge Glenlyon and his band of well nigh six score men.  
Then there came social calls by day, and revelry by night;  
The hosts were liberal, and the guests profuse in their delight.  
But two unruly inmates dwelt beneath MacIan's roof:  
Against both threats and blandishments their stubborn hearts  
were proof:

One was old Angus Dhu, the bard, he muttered and he frowned;  
The other was Sith-Fadda-dubh, a rough and shaggy hound,\*  
Who bristled up and showed his teeth when the new guests  
drew near,

And scarce could be controlled whene'er Glenlyon would appear.  
The Chief was grieved and sore perplexed to see their surly mood,  
Yet well he knew their wrath revealed some motive for his good.  
Though most imprudent were it now to show the old time hate:  
Old enmities must be subdued to win the smiles of fate.  
Then sharply to the bard he said: "What spirit haunts you now,  
To bring the lightning to your eye, the thunder to your brow?"

\*The dark hound of the long stride.



Its mutterings are heard by day, and in the silent night  
Your wailings like an Ossian dirge for heroes slain in fight.

! What evil genius wrings your heart and clouds your waning  
years,

And weaves for your declining days a heritage of fears?

Thou livest in the past too much; the whirling wheels of time  
Have brought round many a woeful change since thou wert in  
thy prime:

The heroes of the bygone years that charmed thy youthful tongue  
Have vanished, and their valiant deeds must be no longer sung.  
The dear old dynasty we loved, for which we fought and bled,  
Seems overthrown, a stranger reigns, and James's hope is dead.  
Our ancient foe sits at our board and sleeps beneath our roof,  
And 'Stair' presumes to strain our pledge by such a bitter proof,  
And wounds our pride to make our foe his instrument of power,  
To blast our hopes of future good by one unguarded hour;  
But let our patience foil his plans and better serve our own  
When Scotland's exiled King shall come and take his rightful  
throne."

A moody silence hung a while, like the brief space of dread  
In which expectant Nature waits the tempest overhead;  
But not in tempest tones he spake, but husky-voiced and slow,  
The anguish of a burdened heart began to overflow.

## XXV

## THE SEER'S WARNING OF TREACHERY

"Son of Somhairle!\* And worthy the name;  
Heir of the spirit that runs through the years;  
Chief of the clan that is foremost in fame,  
Lauded by minstrels and guarded by seers!

From the dim twilight of days long ago  
Children of Cona have heard the refrain;  
True heart in friendship, and terrible foe,  
Strong arm of Scotland and scourge of the Dane.

When the high councils of shades of the great  
Spirits of heroes in days long ago,  
Gave to thy fathers the care of the gate,  
Heir of Great Fingal, they gave thee Glencoe!

This as thy portion, O son of the rock,  
Vigilance ever to cunning oppose:  
Stealthy intrigue and the wild battle shock,  
Lurk at thy border in treacherous foes.

\*Somhairle, the Gaelic name, Somerled the English, of the great ancestor of the MacDonalds.

When the proud Southron so vauntingly came,  
Spreading his legions to cover the land,  
Bruce, the deliverer, called on thy name—  
Red was the harvest that fell to thy hand.

Dark "Inverlochy" remembers the day  
When ye went out with the gallant Montrose:  
Gary's wild waters ran red to the Tay.  
When brave Dundee saw the last of his foes.

Front rank in battle line ever was thine;\*  
Faithful in council and fearless in war,  
Steadfast and true to the old regal line,  
Bound in thy fate to the Jacobite star.

Now it is waning, and dim grows its light,  
Now the dear name must not rise to our lips;  
O' that mine eyes could be blind to the sight  
When it goes down in its bloody eclipse!

This was thy portion, O son of the rock:  
Vigilance ever to cunning oppose;  
Stealthy intrigue and the wild battle shock:—  
Lo! thou dost harbor thy treacherous foes!

\*At the Battle of Culloden the MacDonalds were so insulted by their ancient position, "right of line," being ignored, that they did not join in the battle.

Woe to the day when the children of Ian  
Opened their ears to the craft and the wile,  
Opened their hearts to the traitor Glenlyon,  
Opened their doors to the wolves of Argyle!

Woe to Strath Cona where feasting is spread,  
Woe to the dwellings where now there is mirth;  
Soon shall thy doorsteps be strewn with the dead,  
Blackened the roof tree and blood stained the hearth!

Dim grows my sight, and my heart it grows cold,  
Tears have no solace for sorrows like mine!  
Here let me sleep with my fathers of old,  
Last of the Seers of the Ossian line."

The old man's head drooped on his breast, the weight of four-  
score years  
Was on his brow, and in his heart the burden of the seers  
Which few may know, and only they cast in heroic mould  
Who seek the welfare of their race through sorrows manifold.  
Such as of old in Judah's land in sorrow wept and prayed  
O'er pending doom on blinded souls, by their own hearts  
betrayed.

## XXVI

The old Chief sat in silence long, his look seemed far away,  
His reverence for the dear old seer brought fancy into play.  
It travelled down the old time paths, and many a valiant deed  
Stirred up the embers of his heart, and spurred the pulses' speed;  
He saw once more the battle smoke, he saw the broad-swords  
gleam,  
Heard the fierce yell of charging ranks and the wild pibroch's  
scream;  
And ever mingling with each scene and with the din of war  
The sad refrain of the old bard, "Bound to a waning star."  
Then shaking off his morbid mood and blushing for his fear,  
He strode across the room a while, and thus addressed the seer:  
"Our lot is cast on evil days, our skies are overcast,  
And present gloom looks dark against the glories of the past;  
But you and I are growing old, the world must still move on  
And brighter days shall come again when you and I are gone.  
'Tis true that a usurper rules in good King James's stead,  
But Fortune's wheel may turn again, and honor is not dead;  
By his command I bow the knee, when he revokes that vow  
He shall repay a thousandfold what pride must suffer now.  
Though Fortune frowns upon us now, 'tis not the final cast:  
By his command we bide our time and bow before the blast.  
His exiled brother was recalled and set upon the throne,  
And what hath been, may be again, and James come to his own:

So let not pride disturb your heart, nor fears disturb your rest,  
Our loyal service to King James makes William's friend our  
guest.

And herein lies our safety now, no weapons in the glen,  
We give a welcome to our homes to six score armed men.  
By every hospitable law e'er known on sea or land,  
No guest could stoop to smite his host with nothing in his hand.  
It may not be for love of us King William's men are here,  
But they are men of Highland blood and we have naught to fear.  
So ease your heart, my dear old friend, and cease to fret and  
grieve,

For doubtless in a day or two our unsought guests will leave,  
And ere they go I have arranged, Glenlyon and his chief men,  
Shall dine with me and my two sons before they leave the glen.  
So, if such uncongenial guests suit not your present mood,  
Your absence for a day or two might prove our mutual good;  
Go you where you are wont to go when fellowship you crave  
With the great spirits of our clan who meet in Ossian's cave,  
And my brave Ronald too shall go to guard your every need,  
And thus your lofty soul shall feast, while grosser mortals feed  
On the poor husks of sensuous things and know no higher good  
Than ministering to appetite with Nature's common food."

## XXVII

## OSSIAN'S CAVE

The cave of Ossian, hid away in Aonach's rugged breast,  
Was soon prepared to meet the wants of its most honored guest:  
Three stalwart men prepared the way, by toilsome march and  
slow,  
O'er ice clad rocks and snow packed paths where few would dare  
to go;  
They knew each rock and shrub and turn that marked the rugged  
way,  
Where in their youthful summer days their venturous feet would  
stray;  
But now disguised in winter garb, no timid heart would crave  
To tread the path at such a time to Ossian's mystic cave.  
There they prepared the old bard's couch with springy heath o'er  
spread  
With the soft covering of the doe, and wreathed around the  
head  
With the red rowan of the ash, entwined with hazel wood,  
Combined to bar all baleful sprites and welcome all the good.  
The glowing turf gave warmth and light, and kindly nature sent  
The mantle of the Western sea to hide them like a tent.  
There oft in other days the bard his footsteps did incline  
To the seclusion of the cave, as to a holy shrine.

There on the eve of great events he dwelt for many days,  
And thence returning poured his song of counsel or of praise.  
But in his latter years, he said, no comfort could he bring  
For a declining dynasty or for an exiled King.  
And thus he drowsed away his days and muttered in the night:  
"O that mine eyes could turn away from that which haunts my  
sight!"

## XXVIII

## THE FIRST NIGHT IN OSSIAN'S CAVE

The young men slept all undisturbed, as youth and vigor sleeps;  
The old man half reclining sat as one who vigil keeps  
With reverent mien as they who watch in presence of the dead.  
A little while he whispered low, then audibly he said,—  
"Speak unto me, ye mighty shades, whom blinded mortals dread,  
Ye are the living, free as air, and we on earth the dead,  
We move like misty phantoms rocked by soft winds from the sea,  
We move by impulse all unknown, and know not what shall be.  
To-morrow is the great unknown, the past we partly know,  
Grief cometh soon and lingers long, but wisdom cometh slow:  
Speak unto me great Ossian; speak, as thou didst speak of yore,  
To thy heroic sons who dwelt on Cona's rugged shore!  
Down through the cycles of the years thy spirit moved along.  
Renewing in Strath Cona's bards the legacy of song;  
But I, whom thou hast oft inspired to fire the hearts of men,



Stand barren as a blasted tree that blossoms not again.  
My heart is seared, my lips are sealed, my soul is filled with fears;  
Calamity hangs o'er Strathcoe and I have naught but tears.  
O, speak to me! that I may speak and give my heart relief  
And warn my people to arise ere wrath be turned to grief;  
And grant to me before in death my tear-dimmed eyes shall close,  
That I shall see my children rise triumphant o'er their foes."  
The old bard's voice sank to a moan, and then he prostrate lay  
Like fallen tree when through the woods the storm hath died  
away.

## XXIX

## OSSIAN SPEAKS TO ANGUS THE BARD

A spectral form then slowly rose like vapor from the ground  
And slowly rounded into shape; of reverence profound;  
Bearded and tall, in features strong, cast in heroic mould,  
Such as devoted fancy paints of bards and seers of old,  
Pity and love like halo shone about his noble face,  
And to the bard entranced, he spake with tenderness and grace:—  
"Son of the sorrowful heart, the burden of years are upon thee,  
And greater than burden of years, the multiplied burden of sor-  
row:

The wane of the Jacobite star hath passed down beyond the  
horizon,  
And they who have worshipped the star and bled neath the sheen  
of its glory,

The men who shed blood, but not tears, now weep for the glory  
departed.

Gloom settles down on the land and woe in the straths of the  
Highlands;

Flames lick the thatch from the roofs and blood stains the hearths  
of Strath Cona:

Mothers with slain in their arms now press the white snow for  
a pillow:

Lowling of cattle resounds from the glades and bleating of goats on  
the mountains:

Ravens are calling afar on the crags, impatient for light of the  
morning.

Woe! Woe! to Strath Cona's wild stream and mountains beloved  
of Fingal:

Woe to the home of my youth where the shades of the mighty  
assemble!

From the far days of the past, when I dwelt in the garb of the  
mortal

And moved among men chained to earth, I loved thee O rugged  
Strath Cona;

Thy children have been as mine own, I have watched them down  
long generations;

And peered down the path of the years, and over time's misty  
horizon:

Away from the glory of war, and longed for a brighter transition:

And now, O my son, it draws near, but it cometh in blood and  
in sorrow.

The eagles that dwelt in the cliffs and swooped on the prey from  
their eyrie,  
Shall die by a treacherous foe, and not in the glory of battle.  
And the remnant of them that escape shall be scattered abroad  
like the eaglets;  
They shall fly from the ruin of nests, and the tempest shall  
strengthen their pinions:  
They shall fly to the lands far away where the shadow at noon  
leaneth southward:  
And to out lands o'er the western sea, where the sun in its glory  
declineth;  
And the race that was reared on the rocks and nursed on the  
gleanings of war,  
Shall march in the vanguard of peace, and fight for the building  
of nations.  
And thou, O my son, full of years, the last of the seers of Strath  
Cona;  
Strengthen thy heart for the hour thou shalt sing to the shades  
of thy fathers."

## XXX

When morning dawned the old bard lay so silent on his bed  
With dreamy eyes so motionless, the young men thought him  
dead:  
With kindly speech and kindlier touch young Ronald made  
advance

And tenderly by slow degrees aroused him from his trance.  
The misty clouds swept overhead,—the denser clouds below,  
And thus shut in, the weary hours dragged tediously and slow.  
But when the shades of night came down, he moved with nervous  
pace,

As fretted untamed lion moves within his narrow space:  
And nearing to the midnight hour, his pent up soul gave way,—  
“Let me begone,” he fiercely said, “I cannot longer stay.  
What! hear ye not the moaning kine? the howling of the hound?  
And chanticleer’s defiant note, down on the lower ground?  
O men are duller than the beasts when danger draweth near;  
The very swine predict a storm and sound the notes of fear!”

### XXXI

#### CHIEF JOHN CHALLENGES GLENLYON

Down in the valley far below dark forms moved to and fro,  
And glint of steel, and whispered words passed through the fall-  
ing snow:

“Ho’ who goes there?” cried young Chief John. “Glenlyon,  
what is this?”

Why to your men at dead of night, you secret orders hiss?—  
Why call ye not by bugle call or by the tap of drum?

And I perceive by twos and threes your straggling heroes come.”  
“Now my good host,” Glenlyon said, “You do me grievous  
wrong,

You would not have me at this hour parade my martial throng?  
I summon but a score of men to meet a sudden call  
To head off raiders on the moor, then why disturb them all?  
Or why arouse the sleeping glen? Your dark suspicions rise  
To wrong your guests, and in themselves are neither just nor wise:  
Shame on you John! If thought of wrong had come into my  
    head  
Would I not warn my kindred here, and blush to eat their bread?  
Go to your home and rest content, and second thoughts will show  
Such dark suspicions ill become a scion of Glencoe."

## XXXII

## THE IRISH CORPORAL'S SIGNIFICANT HINT

Off half a league another group was crouching in the snow,  
And sharp ears heard them curse the fate that brought them to  
    Glencoe:

Said one, "I am a soldier bold, just for the fun of fighting;  
But such a dirty job as this I never could delight in;  
In all the scrapes where I have been I never felt so scary  
In ten years since I ran away from home in Tipperary;  
And Sergeant Barbour says to me: 'Now corporal go aisy,  
An clip their heads off at a blow, as ye would clip a daisy;  
For if ye fire a single shot ye'll scare away the game,  
And every mother's son of us will hang up for the same.

Now show your raw Argyle men how to end this bloody scrape;  
Wait for the word; the orders are, Let not a wretch escape.'  
But between you and I my friends, I was not built to shine  
At playing cut-throat in the dark—that is not in my line—  
I somehow think shots will be fired! and if in air I dance,  
Tim Brady always was the boy to give poor div'ls a chance."

## XXXIII

## THE MIDNIGHT MASSACRE

Meanwhile throughout the silent glen, when Nature's balmy  
sleep  
Should seal the eyes and ears of men, and all their senses steep  
In sweet repose: A strange unrest, a dark, suspicious dread,  
Which moving in a Celtic mind will keep a wakeful head:  
Such was the mood that ruled that night, a sense akin to fear—  
A premonition in degree that blossoms in the seer.  
Thus some were watchful through the night, of every move and  
sound,  
They marked the stealthy footfalls tread upon the snowclad  
ground:  
They saw the phantom like deploy, in silent files of four,  
Creep up and crouch, like beasts of prey, beside each cottage door,  
And round the old Chief's home were hid a score of chosen men,  
Eager for the initial sign of carnage in the glen:

When Hark! A tapping at the door, a drowsy voice within:  
"Who's there?" it said. A voice replied, "Make haste and let  
me in,

'I have a message for the Chief. Glenlyon begs to say  
He has an order from the Fort, to move without delay;  
He sends his greeting and farewell!"—But through the opening  
door

Speech was cut short by rush of men upon the cottage floor;  
The words of welcome that were meant were in his throat sup-  
pressed

By half a score of bayonets, thrust into the old Chief's breast.  
The women's screams, the gillie's shout, the brave hound's gallant  
fight,

Were quickly silenced, and the men went out into the night.  
"Now, move ye cautiously, my men," the cool assassin said;  
"The old fox has run his last raid, make sure his cubs are dead;  
Then pass the word to fire the roofs along the sleeping glen,  
And leave no hut nor living thing to mark the robbers' den."

### XXXIV

But the suspicions once aroused were not so soon allayed.  
MacIan's sons were on their guard, and quick provision made  
For hasty flight. They watched their guests with jealous ears  
and eyes,  
And passed the word where'er they could, to guard against sur-  
prise.

The guest of honor in their home—the second in command,  
Suspiciously hilarious, proposed they take a hand  
In their accustomed game of cards, to while away the hour,  
With usquebaugh accompaniment, of potency and power;  
And while dissembling to their guest, to cover up their fear,  
They felt within their inmost hearts some foul event was near.  
It was a game of mutual bluff, and O the stakes ran high,  
For in their hearts the players felt the losing side must die:  
And as they played, with spurious glee, the soldiers lounged about,  
With furtive glances and strained ears, for signal to turn out.  
When suddenly, a scattering fire of crackling muskets spake,  
And in a moment all was dark, and every eye awake:—  
“To arms, my men!” the soldier cried, “Meet me outside the  
door.”

Then as by lightning stroke he fell, all senseless on the floor.  
The soldiers rushed to reach their arms, stacked in an inner room,  
And chieftains, wives and children all, passed out into the gloom,  
While strong arms held the door outside, till all in safety stood  
Upon the neighboring mountain side, hid by the moaning wood.

## XXXV

Nearby, within a veteran's home, a sergeant and six men,  
Moved by the firing premature, that echoed through the glen,  
Poured out a volley on their hosts and laid the inmates dead,  
All save the veteran, who alone in pleading accents said,



"Ye men arrayed in soldier's garb, grant me a soldier's boon.  
All that were dear to me are dead, and I must follow soon.  
I too am soldier undismayed; I do not fear to die;  
Grant unto me a soldier's death, beneath an open sky."  
Then spake the sergeant to his host, "Now, by the wheel of fate,  
And by the bed whereon I slept, and for the bread I ate,  
A soldier's boon be unto you! File out, men, and prepare,  
And let us pay the score in full out in the open air."  
Four men stepped out to pay the debt. The clansman undismayed,  
Stood forth, and seemed to fold his arms beneath his tartan plaid;  
"Come near me, men," he calmly said. "Kind death I would  
embrace."  
The word was given, and like a flash his plaid spread o'er each  
face;  
The men fired wild; he, crouching low, like wildcat slipped  
behind,  
And in a moment disappeared, as trackless as the wind.

## XXXVI

Glenlyon, when he heard the shots, grew furious with rage,  
And cursed the blundering lubberheads, whose folly should engage  
In senseless sounds, when sure success demanded silence grim;  
And every rebel that escaped meant censure upon him:  
He vowed and swore a fearful oath that he who fired a shot  
Would swing upon the nearest tree convenient to the spot.

"Now fire the roofs!" he wildly cried, "and ply the naked steel,  
And woe betide the craven wretch who fails to make them feel  
The righteous vengeance of the Law. Heed neither sex nor age,  
Nor puling child, nor woman's scream, nor man's impotent rage:  
The stern necessity of law forbids all human speech.  
And let your muskets only speak to those beyond your reach."  
But vainly did he curse and rave to his excited men,  
For few could hear while fire and din ran all along the glen:  
Death held high carnival that night. The huts with furnace roar,  
Gave choice of fiery death within, or cold steel at the door.  
And they who baffled fire and steel, how many? None may  
know,  
Slept their last sleep on mountain side, beneath the falling snow.

## XXXVII

But to return to Ossian's Cave. The young men ill at ease  
By the persistence of the bard, and with desire to please  
His fevered fancy, left him there, to Ronald's tender care,  
For he alone could soothe his heart and all his fancies share.  
When suddenly a ruddy glare lit up the mist below,  
Like that which crowns the mountain peaks when summer sun-  
sets glow;  
Swift rose the crackling musket shots, the shouts of struggling  
men,  
The women's screams,—the children's cries, along the narrow  
glen!

Through all that night in wild Strath Coe defenceless blood was  
shed

By those who half a month had shared their bounty and their  
bed.

Then silence fell upon the glen, and all the morning gray  
The sunlight struggled through the mist, to semblance of the day,  
But mist and smoke commingled lay o'er the appalling sight,  
As if to cover from the day the horror of the night.

### XXXVIII

Up at the cave brave Ronald strove with pity, rage and grief  
His duty kept him with the bard, his heart was with his chief.  
And all night long the old bard cried with broken prayer and  
moan:

"O give me light that I may go and mingle with my own;  
O let me see my chief once more before mine eyes shall close,  
And let me bless Strath Cona's men and curse their brutal foes!"  
And soon as light sufficient came to show one step ahead,  
Adown the steep with many a slip, o'er dangerous paths they  
sped.

And when at last at noontide hour to Cona's stream they came,  
The bard exhausted, paused to rest on rock that bare his name;  
For often here in summer nights he sat as in a dream  
And taught his muse to mingle with the music of the stream.  
And Ronald from his charge released, then bounded like a roe  
To where MacIan's home had been. He paused and stooping low

To pass the ruined lintel—he peered within the room  
To make his eyes familiar with the darkness of the gloom—  
There lay the chief upon the hearth, his wife upon the bed,  
And hungry ghouls tore with their teeth the jewels from the dead;  
He rushed upon the foremost wretch and felled him with a blow,  
The others met him on their swords, and Ronald was laid low:  
A clansman's glory came to him, through service bright and brief;  
He served his clan and country well, and died beside his chief.

## XXXIX

## THE LAST SONG OF ANGUS, THE BARD

The old bard sat upon the rock, his eyes gazed all around,  
As if to take a last fond look at memory's hallowed ground;  
But narrow was the prospect now, for mist and smoke hung low,  
And mortal eyes could not discern the dull clouds from the snow;  
But not with mortal eyes he gazed, for every well known scene  
Was on the tablets of his heart, and memory kept them green;  
He looked in fancy on the cliff, where in his boyish pride  
He climbed up to the eagle's nest on Beall's rugged side;  
And standing on the giddy height he cast a wondering look,  
When nature opened to his eyes, her wondrous picture book;  
He thought upon the raptured hour, when with a fluttering heart,  
He heard old Ossian whisper low, "Come, learn the minstrel's  
art."

He thought of one he wooed and won, and loved with tender care,  
Robina! of the lovelit eyes, and of the raven hair,  
Who drooped and died, when three brave sons marched with  
    Strath Cona's men,  
To fight for country and King James, and came not back again.  
And thus the old bard vaguely mused around his loved Glencoe,  
As old men's minds will wander off to scenes of long ago.—  
When suddenly his dreams dissolved by sound of pipe and drum,  
And struggling o'er the rugged way, four hundred soldiers come.  
They were belated from the fort, impeded by the snow;  
Their purpose was to bar each path of exit from Glencoe.  
Their orders were to "close the trap, and make sure of the game"—  
"Let not a rebel wretch escape that bears MacDonald's name."  
And when he saw the murderous band so swiftly march along  
The narrow Strath, he raised his voice, and broke forth into  
    song—

## XL

"Farewell, O Strath Cona! the land of my love!  
Thy dark whispering pines, and the mountains above,  
Where the misty clouds rest, and the thunderbolts dwell,  
Are dear to my heart. O Strath Cona, farewell!

Farewell, O my kindred! Ye sons of the rock  
Who revel in tempest and wild battle shock;

The thunder of war! it hath long been our knell,  
But it bringeth no terror, O kindred, farewell.

Ye mountains of Fingal's and Ossian's pride,  
Where spirits of heroes and bards still abide,  
When summer winds whisper, or winter blasts shriek;  
The dull ear of mortals know not what ye speak.

But soon I shall join them and meet with my own,  
The hearts that have loved, and the eyes that have shone;  
And then in their councils of this day I'll tell,  
Till then, O Strath Cona, Strath Cona, farewell!"

## XLI

The old bard's quavering voice was hushed, still with prophetic  
air,

He crouched with head upon his hands, as one who weeps in  
prayer;

Then looking round; an idle group drawn by their curious mood,  
Paushed by the stream, and back a space, Captain Glenlyon stood.  
A thrill of vigor shook the bard; he bounded to his feet;  
His voice broke out in thunder tones; his eyes flashed lightning  
heat:—

"And thou, O Glenlyon! Accurs't be thy name!  
Thou prince among traitors the blackest in fame;  
The brand of old Cain on thy brow have a place,  
That time's slow erosion shall never efface!

Of men be ye scorned, and by women abhorred:  
Proud honor disown thee, and break thy foul sword;\*  
May thorns be thy bed when thou liest to rest;  
And barren the wife who takes thee to her breast;  
This horror of night haunt thee still when awake:  
The peace thou shalt crave may you never o'ertake:  
Thy sickness, thy death, may no mortal bemoan:  
Thy soul go unshrived, and thy grave be unknown."

## XLII

Glenlyon trembled where he stood; grim terror blanched his  
cheek:—

"Ye cowards!" he cried, "Why stand ye there to hear the dotard  
shriek?

Obey your orders, Sergeant!—Fire, and stop this horrid din!"—  
A flash, a moan, and Cona leaped to take the old bard in:  
In glad embrace enfolding him, it kissed his brow with spray;  
The surging waters rushed along and bore him far away,  
Far from the hands of cruel foes, and from the haunts of men—  
The bard of Cona sleeps no more in Cona's haunted glen;  
The waters were his funeral train; they bore him to the sea;  
Old ocean chants his coronach; his spirit roameth free.

\*The breaking of the sword is the last act in degrading a soldier.

## XLIII

## CONCLUSION

Glencoe! O Glencoe! In the gloom of thy woe  
Stands the deathless reproach of a treacherous foe!  
There the gray clouds shall weep, and the dark pines shall sigh,  
And the lone owl shall screech, and the raven shall cry  
In the haunts and the homes of the heroes of yore,  
Where the voice of the clansman is heard nevermore.

And the sons of the stranger shall come from afar,  
The captains of peace, and the heroes of war;  
And with uncovered heads they shall look on the scene  
Where the humble abodes of their fathers have been.  
They shall look on the mountains beneath whose dark shade  
Foundations of strength and endurance were laid  
In the race still undaunted, whose sword, tongue and pen  
Proclaim them afar to be leaders of men.

## XLIV

O sons of the Somerled! Heroes of old!  
Whose line hath descended through ages untold:  
Through long generations undimmed shone thy star,  
The truest in friendship, the bravest in war:



The nurslings of hardship, so quick to discern,  
So swift to avenge, and so slow to unlearn.  
The rude honest impulse of stern mother's breast,  
Whose scanty resources ne'er wooed thee to rest;  
Thy lullaby song was the harp of the pines,  
When stirred by the breeze when the twilight declines:  
And the crooning of deeds that your fathers had done  
On the red fields of strife, where their laurels were won  
O rude was thy homeland, and rugged thy life,  
With man and with nature, unending thy strife;  
And true to thy mission, and true to thy day,  
The Fates ne'er designed thee for lingering decay.  
But woe to the traitor who sat at thy hearth,  
And smote thee unguarded and bore thee to earth.  
Be theirs the foul stain of an undying shame,  
And thine the proud boast of an untarnished name.  
And Cona's dark waters shall chant the refrain  
Of requiem unending for them that were slain;  
Whose bones lay un-graved on the bleak mountain side,  
Or charred in the ruins of homes where they died:  
O cruel was the pathway by which thou hast trod,  
Through the malice of men, to the mercy of God.—  
A son of the race that was wronged long ago  
Lays a garland of song on the graves of Glencoe.

## **APPENDIX**

Fac-simile of Major Duncanson's Order to Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, for the Massacre of Glencoe. The supposed original was sold in London for \$7,000, May 29, 1907.

You are hereby ordered to fall upon the Rebels, the McDonalds of Glencoe, and putt all to the sword under seventy. You are to have a special care that the old ffox and his sones doe upon no account escape your hands: you are to secure all the avenues that no man escape. This you are to putt in executione att fyve of the clock precisely; and by that time or verie shortly after it, I'll strive to be att you with a stronger party. If I doe not come to you att fyve, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on. This is by the Kings speciall commande, for the good & safety of the Country, that these misdoers be putt off root and branch soe that this be putt in executione without fynd or labour, also you may expect to be dealt with as one not true to King nor Government, nor a man fitt to carry Commissions in the Kings service. Expecting you will not faill in the fulfilling hereof, as you love your selfe. I subscribe this with my hand att Balintore this 12. 1692.

For the Orders signed

E. Capt  
Robert Campbell  
of Glenlyon.

You are hereby ordered to fall upon the Rebels the McDonalds of Glencoe and putt all to the sword under seventy. You are to have a special care that the old ffox and his sones doe upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues that no man escape. This you are to putt in executione att fyve of the clock precisely; and by that time or verie shortly after it I'll strive to be att you

## WHO WAS THE HEAVY VILLAIN IN THE GLENCOE TRAGEDY?

The massacre of Glencoe is a sore spot in Scottish history. To mention it, is to touch a tender spot in every Scottish heart, and after a lapse of over two hundred years, there is still a diversity of opinion as to who was to blame for that foulest blot on British history. We say "British history" advisedly, for some of its foul roots run over into England, and the deed was perpetrated under the warrant and signature of William, known as William of Orange—son-in-law of the fugitive King James. But the measure of his guilt is the largest question in the discussion of the disgraceful affair, and a few simple facts, well established by subsequent investigation, may help to set him in his proper light in relation to it.

John Graham, of Claverhouse, known to the Jacobites as "Bonnie Dundee," and to his enemies as "The Bloody Claverhouse," was really the last heroic leader of the Jacobite cause. He, with the Jacobite clans—notably the MacDonalds and the Cam-

with a stronger party: if I doe not come to you att fyve you are not to tary for me butt to fall on. This is by the King's speciall command for the good and safety of the country that these miscreants be cutt off root and branch. See that this be putt in executione without feud or favour else you may expect to be dealt with as one not true to King nor Government, nor a man fitt to cary Commissione in the King's service. Expecting you will not faill in the fulfilling hereof, as you love your selfe I subscribe these with my hand at Balicholis ffeb. 12, 1692.

Ro. DUNCANSON,  
ffor ther Maties Service,

To Capt.  
Robert Campbell  
of Glenlyon.

erons of Lochiel—won a splendid victory against great odds, and inflicted a terrible defeat, which ended in the total rout of the army of King William, under General Mackay, in the narrow defile known as the Pass of Killiecrankie; but it was a dearly bought victory. The idolized leader, who had won the hearts of the Highlanders, fell mortally wounded, and died upon the field, and soon after the Highlanders disbanded and went to their homes, for the want of a trusted leader.

In 1691, two years after the Battle of Killiecrankie, it was determined at Kensington, says Macaulay, "that a sum of twelve or fifteen thousand pounds should be laid out in quieting the Highlands."

It was supposed that with the extreme poverty and high military spirit of the Highlanders, such a mass of treasure could not fail to win them over to the cause of King William.

With this object in view, the money was entrusted to John, Earl of Breadalbane, the head of a branch of the great house of Campbell, and Macaulay says of him: "He ranked high among the petty princes of the mountains, and seems to have united two sets of vices: in his castle among the hills he had learned the barbarian pride and ferocity of a Highland chief; in the council chamber at Edinburgh, he had contracted the deep taint of treachery and corruption; he had joined and betrayed every party in turn; he had sworn fealty to William and Mary, and had plotted against them." Such was the man who was entrusted with the money with which to purchase the peace of the Highlands. He invited the Jacobite chiefs to a conference at his residence in Glenorchy, but the conference was foredoomed to failure, for they were

not at war with the government so much as they were at war with MacCullum-Mohr, which was the general term as applied to the Campbells, that being the patronymic name of the clan, and the title of its chief.

The neighboring chiefs had a well grounded suspicion and distrust of the Campbells, and had reasons for believing that the scheme was advanced more in the selfish interests of the Campbells than for love of King William or his government. The very ground upon which they were invited to hold the conference had been confiscated from the MacGregors; so also was that of Glenlyon, another branch of the Campbells.

The encroachments of this avaricious clan are enumerated in the wild and defiant chant of the outlawed MacGregors by Sir Walter Scott.

“Glenorchy’s proud mountain, Col-churn and her towers,  
Glen-strae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours;  
We’re land-less, land-less, land-less, Gregalach.”

MacIan of Glencoe was nearest neighbor to Breadalbane, and it appears significant that the most prominent feature of the conference was that Breadalbane charged MacIan with having allowed his people to run off with some of his (Breadalbane’s) cattle. This conference ended (perhaps as designed) in a quarrel. It does not appear that any of the chiefs ever received a penny of the money entrusted to Breadalbane, and when the Privy Council later demanded an accounting for the money, he sent the curt reply: “The money is spent, and the Highlanders are quiet, and that is the best way of accounting between gentlemen.”

In August of the same year—1691—a proclamation was issued by the Privy Council, under the direction of Sir John Dalrymple (Master of Stair, as he was called), Secretary of State for Scotland, calling upon the chiefs of the clans to formally submit to the government and take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary before the first day of January, 1692, on pain of fire and sword.

The political movements and intrigues of the time brought together two men, very different in temperament, training and disposition, but they became strongly knit together in their friendship by the common desire to subdue the Jacobite clans.

The legal mind of Stair sought to bring them under legal restraint, and make them a powerful auxiliary for law and order in the service of the government. Breadalbane, on the other hand, sought the humiliation, or utter destruction, of his hereditary foes, whose enmity had been well earned and paid for in many a bloody feud, and running through many generations.

The cool, calculating methods of Stair seemed to have moulded and disciplined the ferocity of Breadalbane into the forms of legality: and the barbarian thirst for revenge and blood seems to have impregnated every fibre and thought of the legal advocate, as is exemplified in such sentiments as are expressed in his dispatches.

Scott says: "Breadalbane and Stair were greatly disappointed and irritated against those chiefs and tribes, who, being refractory, had caused a breach in their favorite scheme. Their thoughts were now turned to revenge, and it appears from Stair's correspondence that he nourished a secret hope that several of

the most stubborn chiefs would hold out beyond the time, in which case it was determined that the punishment would be of the most severe and awful description.

A month before the expiration of the time, Stair intimated that the government was determined to utterly destroy some of the clans, and he hoped "the MacDonalds of Glencoe would fall into the net." Such messages as "Maul the wretches in the winter when they cannot escape"; "Don't trouble the government with prisoners": "To plunder their land or drive off their cattle would only make them more desperate; they must be all slaughtered, and the manner of execution must be sure, secret and effectual."

In order to carry out such fiendish instructions, the instruments best fitted for the work were chosen. Before the end of January, 1692, a party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, approached Glencoe. MacIan's sons, with a body of men went out to meet them and demanded whether they came as friends or foes? The officer replied that they came as friends, being sent to get quarters for a short time, in order to relieve the garrison at Fort William, which was crowded. On this they were welcomed with all the hospitality which the chief and his people had the means of extending to them.

That the laws of domestic affection might be violated at the same time as those of humanity and hospitality, it should be mentioned that one of MacIan's sons—"Alaster"—was married to a niece of Glenlyon, captain of the soldiers, and thus through the sacred ties of relationship was the chief instrument of infamy and



destruction introduced into the homes of a defenceless people, for moved by a suspicion that having taken the oath, there might be a general disarmament, the weapons of the clans were hidden away.

But apart from the mere act of butchery by which thirty-eight defenceless persons were slain in the night, besides a probably greater number who died from exposure in the mountains in the snowstorm then raging, there stand out distinctly the bold figures of Breadalbane and Stair—the generalissimo and the strategist of the infernal campaign—equal in infamy, though moved by different motives. There also stand out two men to the honor of humanity, whose names should be remembered with gratitude—Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, to whom MacIan tendered his oath of allegiance. He had no power to receive it, and there his duty ended. He was a soldier and not a civil officer; but he had a chivalrous feeling of pity for the old chief, who pleaded for the children of his clan, and he gave him a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, the Sheriff of Argyle, he being the nearest civil officer, requesting him to receive the “belated lost sheep”, and administer the oath, that he might have the advantage of the indemnity, though late in claiming it. MacIan hastened to Inverary, without even turning aside to enter his own house, though he passed within a mile of it.

Sir Colin Campbell showed a spirit of magnanimity and kindness unusual in that age and country. Here was an old hereditary enemy of his clan in sore distress, and he pitied him; he administered to him the oath of allegiance to King William, and doubtless he thought of how fickle and uncertain was his

own loyalty, for was not his own chief—MacCullum-Mohr—ever ready to trim his sails to the favoring breeze.

The sheriff immediately sent letters to Fort William, and to the Council in Edinburgh to stay all hostile acts against MacIan of Glencoe, he having taken the oath, and the old chief went back to his home, where he supposed he might dwell in safety under the protection of the government to which he had sworn allegiance.

Then followed the most atrocious act of this most malignant conspiracy. The sheriff's letter was never laid before the council by the Secretary of State. The certificate of MacIan's oath was never produced, and it seems highly probable that the fact of that chief's submission was concealed from the King. "But if it be admitted that William acted under misrepresentations, it is remarkable that these fatal instructions are both superscribed and subscribed by the King himself, whereas in most state papers the sovereign only subscribes, and they are countersigned by the Secretary of State, who is answerable for their tenor, a responsibility which Stair on that occasion was probably not ambitious of claiming."

But if the King was deceived by his trusted Secretary of State, it does not appear that he was greatly concerned about it, nor is it to be supposed that he, a foreign born prince, could have known all the intricacies and intrigues of Scottish politics in those troublous times, and much less could he have known of the proud spirit and loyalty of the Jacobite clans. He only knew them as lawless barbarians, who a few years before had inflicted a terrible defeat upon his army at Killiecrankie.

It is not to be believed that he remained in ignorance as to whether his order was executed, and yet the terrible tragedy was so effectually hushed up that three years elapsed before it was sufficiently known even in Scotland to arouse the indignation of the nation. An investigation and punishment of the murderers was demanded. A royal commission was appointed, which made laborious efforts to exonerate the King, and reported that "the instructions of Stair was the warrant for the slaughter; that it was unauthorized by His Majesty's order, and that it was worthy of no other name save that of a most barbarous murder." Finally it named the Master of Stair as the devisor, and the various military officers employed as the perpetrators of the same, and suggested that His Majesty call home Glenlyon and the other murderers to be tried, or to do otherwise as His Majesty pleased. And it seems to have pleased His Majesty to do nothing in regard to the matter. Such was the outcome and the end of the royal commission. In the present age it would doubtless have been called a "white-washing commission." Its main object seems to have been to find a "scapegoat" whose enmity was least to be dreaded. The time-honored tradition that the King could do no wrong was not yet entirely obsolete with the courtiers.

But what of Breadalbane? Behind him stood the most powerful clan in the Highlands, and his name does not appear in the report, notwithstanding the fact that he was the only one who profited by the consummation of the foul conspiracy.

From the day that Stair, the polished gentleman, the jurist and the scholar, came under the influence of the strong, masterful and malignant spirit of Breadalbane, his nature gradually

changed, and we find him wholly dominated by the strong will of the master spirit, while he in turn became the trusted minister and secret advisor of the King.

All evidence points to Breadalbane as the heavy villain! Stair the catspaw! King William the dupe! and an old and patriotic clan the victims!

That the clan was not entirely blotted out was due to the providential intervention of a heavy snow storm, which delayed the troops from Fort William from arriving in time to "close the trap," as the order stated.

Sir Walter Scott, in summing up the story of the massacre, concludes with an anecdote, which was the subject of a poem, which appeared in *The Caledonian* in June, 1902, which shows how the descendants of the remnant that escaped from the massacre acted toward their old enemy after the lapse of half a century.

## THE MEN OF GLENCOE

When the Clans of the North like a torrent swept down,  
To win for Prince Charlie a kingdom and crown,  
From Highland and island, from Moorland and glen,  
Came forth the swift streamlets of brave Highland men.

The towns of the Lowlands were stricken with fear,  
The troops of the Southland were scattered like deer;  
Like hirelings, half-hearted, they cared not to stand  
When the sons of the heather swept over the land.

One night when encamped by the mansion of Stair,  
Said the Prince to Lord Murray, "My lord, have a care;  
We are camping to-night upon treacherous ground.  
Have the eye of the owl and the ear of the hound.

"Though brave are our Clansmen, and laggard the foe,  
There is danger to-night from the men of Glencoe,  
And I fear that our campfires shall pale in the glare  
That shall rise from the roofs of the home of Lord Stair.

"We must watch them to-night!" But the word was not slow  
To reach to the ears of the men of Glencoe—  
"What! watch us?" they cried. "No! that never shall be,  
And Prince Charlie shall know the MacDonalds are free."

Then up strode the chief, and his bearing was high,  
With a storm on his brow, and the fire in his eye,  
And with courteous salute said, "'Twere well you should know  
There is honor and pride in the men of Glencoe.

"We serve you free-hearted, no hirelings are we,  
Rude men from the mountains, uncouth we may be;  
But craven dishonor, a friend or a foe  
Hath never yet found in the men of Glencoe.

"On the field or the march, have you heard a complaint?  
The pride of our Clan is our ample restraint,  
And our honor demands that the home of our foe  
Shall be guarded to-night by the men of Glencoe.

"We pledge you our honor—I pledge you my head,  
And swear by the reverence we owe to our dead,  
Who died in the night when the hand of our guest  
Spared not son, sire nor mother, nor babe at the breast.

"And fear not dishonor shall come to your cause  
From men whose high spirit is stronger than laws.  
It were well for your cause, and 'twere ill for the foe  
Had you ten thousand more like the men of Glencoe."

That night the MacDonald men marched round the walls,  
They guarded the gates, and they strode through the halls,  
But no midnight alarm disturbed the still air  
When the men of Glencoe kept the mansion of Stair.

And long to their honor the tale shall be told,  
No trinket for trophy, nor lamb from the fold,  
Was missed in the morning, nor token of foe  
Was left for Lord Stair by the men of Glencoe.



## LAYS OF THE OLD LAND

*O Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child.*  
—Scott.





## SCOTIA

O Scotia, dear beloved land where first I saw the light,  
When shall thy mountains wild and grand rise on my raptured  
sight?

When shall I see the tempest break on Staffa's storm-swept isle,  
Or see the summer sunset gild the mountains of Argyle?

I long to see my native land with all its storied scenes,  
Whose recollections thrill my heart and haunt me in my dreams;  
For thou art freedom's holy land, unfettered still and free.  
The foot of conqueror ne'er found a resting place in thee.

When Rome's proud legions swept the earth, or Vikings swept  
the sea,  
Thy rugged sons all unsubdued still kept thy mountains free,  
And heedless of the glittering fame that wins the world's applause,  
What deep libations thou hast poured in freedom's holy cause!

When Agricola's conquering hosts swept northward like a flood,  
Till sparkling Isla flowed like wine, with Caledonian blood,  
Then backward from the Grampian peaks old Rome recoiled  
again,  
Her line of conquest sharply drawn by stubborn Highland men.

The Dane hath dyed thy rivers red, and fattened Barry's sand,  
Where the brave Thistle first was crowned the guardian of the  
land;

The land of legendary lore, of sagas and of seers,  
Where Dane and Scot so bravely fought for half a thousand years.

And when the haughty Southron came to chain a vassal slave,  
His army and his pride both found at Bannockburn a grave;  
And kings and tyrants oft have found, with all their vaunted  
powers,

The God of Battles hath a hand in this dear land of ours.

No lust of conquest ever stained the sword that Scotia wields,  
But it hath swung for liberty upon a thousand fields:  
Untarnished is thy modest fame, unclouded be thy star,  
The foremost in the arts of peace, and in the ranks of war.

O rugged, fair and glorious land! the land of love and song,  
Around thy name how many sweet and hallowed memories  
throng;

They rise sublime as purple peaks above the silent glens,  
And sweet as briar at gloaming hour, along thy straths and dens.

How rich and varied are the hues of Nature's verdant loom,  
By river bank and gowan lea, and haughs of golden broom,  
And O the thrilling melody! when tuneful laverocks hover  
Above their treasures lowly hid among the fragrant clover.

O friends and scenes of childhood's days, so doubly dear to me,  
When seen through all the mist of years across life's stormy sea:  
One prayer ariseth in my heart: "Before life's voyage is o'er,  
God grant my longing eyes to see the dear old land once more."

## GOD BLESS THE DEAR AULD LAND

When friens and brithers far frae hame  
Sit down in social glee,  
To crack o' days o' Auld Lang Syne,  
An' friens ayont the sea  
There comes a tinglin' o' the bluid—  
A claspin' o' the hand,  
And ilka heart says to itsel'  
"God bless the dear auld land."

Now let each loyal heart speak o't,  
Till like an anthem grand,  
Auld Scotia's sons sing round the earth,  
God bless the dear auld land.

Nae son o' Scotia needs to blush  
To own his dear auld mither,  
Nor e'en be flattered though a king  
Should own him for a brither,  
For Scotia's sons are free by richt,  
An' not by royal favor;  
Be thankit, Lord! for loyal hearts  
An' strong richt arms to save her.  
Sae let us sing a freeman's sang  
Till like an anthem grand,  
Auld Scotia's sons sing round the earth,  
God bless the dear auld land.

## LAYS OF THE OLD LAND

O Scotia! Loved in every land,  
Thy sons ayont the flood  
Still pledge to thee their strong right hand,  
Their honor and their blood.  
Thy rugged bosom ne'er had room  
For conqueror nor slave,  
An' Scotia till the crack o' doom  
Shall aye be free and brave.  
Sae let us sing a freeman's sang  
Till like an anthem grand,  
Auld Scotia's sons sing round the earth,  
God bless our native land.

## FAREWHEEL TO BONNIE SCOTLAND

The light fades in the western sky,  
The weary seagulls landward fly,  
And far away a golden haze,  
Like memory of happy days,  
Hangs o'er the hills o' Scotland!  
Wi' a' the pain that love can feel,  
The love o' hearts baith true and leal,  
Wi' tearful e'e we say fareweel—  
Fareweel to bonnie Scotland!

And when I lay me down to rest,  
Like sobbing child on mother's breast,

There, rocking to a pensive rhyme,  
The great ship's throbbing heart beats time—  
Fareweel, fareweel, to Scotland!

Wi' a' the pain that love can feel,  
The love o' hearts baith true and leal,  
Wi' tearful e'e we say fareweel—  
Fareweel to bonnie Scotland!

Oh land whose restless children roam  
O'er sea and land to find a home;  
However fair that home may be,  
The heart is anchored fast to thee,  
O Scotland, bonnie Scotland!

Wi' a' the pain that love can feel,  
The love o' hearts baith true and leal,  
Wi' tearful e'e we say fareweel—  
Fareweel to bonnie Scotland!

O Scotia, ever dear to me,  
Where'er I roam by land or sea,  
May ill befa' baith me an' mine,  
If in our hearts should e'er decline  
The love o' bonnie Scotland.

Wi' a' the pain that love can feel,  
The love o' hearts baith true and leal,  
Wi' tearful e'e we say fareweel—  
God bless thee, bonnie Scotland!

## A WEE SPRIG O' HEATHER

A wee sprig o' heather frae ower the saut sea,  
Brocht my heart to my mou' and the tear to my e'e,  
And the freends o' lang syne a' sae croodit th'gether  
Were pressed to my lips in that wee sprig o' heather.

O wee sprig o' heather frae land o' my birth,  
Sweet emblem o' a' that is dearest on earth,  
Ye kindle anew a' the heart hungry pain,  
That langs for the heather-clad mountains again.

O land where the joys o' my childhood were sped,  
O land for whose freedom my forefathers bled,  
Thy children may roam to the ends o' the earth,  
But their hearts aye are leal to the land o' their birth.

O freends that I love in the land o' the West!  
O freends o' the land I love dearest and best!  
At the last lang fareweel when you lay me to rest,  
Let a wee sprig o' heather be laid on my breast.

## O LASSIE, MIND YER MITHER'S WORDS

O lassie, mind yer mither's words,  
And heed them while yer young:—

A bashfu' wooer's better far  
Than ane that's glib o' tongue;  
It is na aye the leal true heart  
Wha's passion is maist strang:  
Nor is it aye the constant bird  
That sings the sweetest sang.

If some lad praise yer bonnie face,  
Or stroke yer glossy hair,  
Or sing aboot yer form an' grace,  
Beware my lass! beware!  
It may be that he means it a';  
I dinna say it's wrang.  
But dinna throw yer heart awa'  
For only silly sang.

Love at first sicht may be a' richt,  
But be a little blate,  
An' keep yer heid aboon yer heart  
In choosin' o' a mate;  
An' gin he ask yer heart an' hand,  
Look weel afore ye leap:  
For love that canna bide a wee,  
Is unco hard to keep.



## LAYS OF THE OLD LAND

## ON DUNDEE LAW

## A PICTURE FROM MEMORY

A hilltop on the banks of Tay,  
Above the busy town,  
Upon the right the plumed Balgay,  
And woods of Camperdown.

Beneath me lies the busy town,  
Where labor's pulses beat,  
Wreathed in its aerial carbon crown,  
O'er many a winding street,

And there the venerable tower,  
Its hoary head still rears,  
The guardian of the passing hour  
Throughout a thousand years.

Beneath its shade brave "Wallace Wight"  
Struck the first fateful blow, <sup>(1)</sup>  
That led to many a gallant fight  
Against a tyrant foe.

(1) Beneath its shade brave "Wallace Wight"  
Struck the first fateful blow.

The Old Tower in Dundee is supposed to have been built in the tenth century. It was doubtless used as a watch-tower in troublous times. The town, though much older, clustered and grew around the tower as a central figure. There is a legend that when Wallace was a student in

And just beyond the misty haze  
And hum of busy life,  
The spreading Firth, its tranquil bays,  
And wooded hills of Fife.

And eastward where a truceless war  
Piles up the old debris  
Of crumbled Grampians, spreading far,  
To bar the Northern sea.

And out at sea, unseen by day,  
From Law top's grassy height,  
I oft have watched the flashing ray  
Of Inch-cape's circling light,

Where "Ralph the Rover" long ago,  
As Southey loved to tell, (2)  
Found his reward in doom of woe,  
Where he had sunk the bell.

Dundee, the English garrison made themselves obnoxious to the inhabitants by freely helping themselves to whatever they wanted. One day Wallace saw a "fishwife" struggling with a soldier who wanted to appropriate some of her fish. Wallace resented the outrage; there was a fight, and as a consequence a dead soldier, and Wallace had to flee from the town.

(2) "Where Ralph the Rover long ago."

See Southey's poem, "The Inch-cape Rock."

And southward, where the white-capped bay  
 Kisses the hoary fane  
 Where bones of loved "Saint Andrew" lay  
 And gave the place a name.

Whose name and fame hath gone abroad  
 In glory and renown;  
 There love of liberty and God  
 Won many a martyr's crown.

There Scotland's proto-martyr died  
 In the fair flush of youth;<sup>(3)</sup>  
 And by his death spread far and wide  
 The seeds of gospel truth.

There Christ-like Wishart, braving fate,  
 The path of duty trod,  
 Till from the faggot fires of hate <sup>(4)</sup>  
 His soul went up to God.

(3) "There Scotland's proto-Martyr died."

Patrick Hamilton, a young Scottish nobleman, while on the continent became imbued with the teachings of Luther, and the doctrines of the Reformation, and freely spoke of them when he returned to Scotland. A snare was laid for him by Cardinal Beaton and the Roman Hierarchy at St. Andrews. He was brought to a formal trial, and condemned to die the death of a heretic, and was burned at the stake on the last day of February, 1527. Aged 24 years. The tidings of his cruel death, his youth, and his nobility of birth and character, stirred up a spirit of inquiry among the learned men, which finally led to the overthrow of the Roman power and influence in Scotland.

(4) "There Christ-like Wishart, braving fate,  
 The path of duty trod."

Nineteen years after the death of Patrick Hamilton, another victim

There Knox, like an Elijah, rose,  
As with a mighty flail,  
And smote the idols of God's foes,  
The modern priests of Baal. (5)

Down on the left from Barry's sand,  
To Panmure's lofty tower,  
There's not a rock nor rood of land  
Unscarred by battle hour.

Here, year by year, the Danish hordes  
For centuries came down  
To reap the harvest with their swords  
From village, field and town.

was ensnared, tortured and put to death. He was burned at the stake just outside the castle gate. Cardinal Beaton, arrayed in his robes of office, sat at a window overlooking the horrible spectacle, and it is said that Wishart, while being mocked in his agony, predicted the fate of his tormentor at that same window. The martyrdom of George Wishart was the crowning and final atrocity of his malignant persecutor. It created such an outburst of indignation throughout the country that within three months of Wishart's death, a party of reputable and well known gentlemen surprised the garrison early in the morning. They found Beaton in the same room in which he had gloated over the agonies of Wishart. They exhorted him to repentance, as he was about to die. He begged for mercy, crying "I am a priest! I am a priest!" Then they slew him with their daggers, and hung him from the window to exhibit the dead tyrant to the people.

(5) When in 1560 John Knox announced his purpose to preach the Gospel in St. Andrew's, the Bishop hastily raised a force of a hundred spearmen, and sent a message to the Lords of the Congregation, saying that if John Knox attempted to preach in St. Andrews, he would warrant him a warm reception. John Knox did preach, and such was the revul-

And up the Firth, to where the Tay  
Receives the Earn's flood,  
Each fertile field hath had its fray,  
And bought by Scottish blood.

And northward in a crescent line,  
The rampant Grampians rise,  
Whose hoary peaks at sunset shine  
Against the Northern skies.

There Rome's imperious march was stayed, (6)  
Her legions backward hurled,  
When Scotia's mountaineers arrayed  
Their prowess to the world.

O grand old guardians of the land,  
We hail thee from afar;  
The nestling place of heroes grand,  
The brave in peace or war.

Thy sons have scaled the Arctic peaks,  
And tracked the torrid sands;  
Whenever love or duty speaks,  
Or honor's call commands,

sion of feeling that on the fourth day of his preaching the people, led by the Magistrates of the city, broke, burned and destroyed the idolatrous images and burned the monastery.

(6) "There Rome's imperious march was stayed."

The site of the old Roman Camp at Balin-luig, in Perthshire, is marked by a Latin Cross, to indicate the last outpost of the Roman Conquest.

There are thy sons, and o'er the earth,  
Wherever they may be,  
The heart clings to the place of birth,  
The home-land of the free.

And thus, O Scotia! from the west  
My fond heart turns to thee,  
And knows not which I love the best,  
Dunedin, or Dundee.

### THE AMERICAN SCOT'S CORONATION SALUTA- TION

For mony a year in the auld land,  
We sang "God Save the Queen";  
Nor need we edict nor command  
To keep her memory green,  
For a' the virtue and the grace  
That e'er adorned a throne,  
The world concedes her highest place,  
And there she sits alone.

Now we maun sing "God save the King,"  
Yes, save the King, sing we;  
We'll send nae blessin' wi' a string  
To Edward o'er the sea.

The Scottish bluid flows warm an' true,  
And joins wi' heart an' hand  
In a' the int'rests auld an' new,  
That touch the dear auld land.

Yes, bless the King, although it's true  
We dinna like his name,  
And muckle he may have to do  
To dignify the same.  
For a' the breed aboon the Tweed,  
Frae days o' lang, lang syne,  
Ha'e synonym o' graspin' greed  
In that same name o' thine.

And a' the Edwards that cam North,  
They aye were backward driven;  
Our stubborn Dads wad nane o' them,  
Hoo then could we ha'e seven?  
But cheer up, Edward; we will try  
To help ye a' we can;  
We'll let the auld feuds a' rin dry,  
And treat ye like a man.

And blithely sing "God save the King"  
And a' his wide domain,  
And ever may he seek to bring  
God's blessin' on the same,  
And ne'er forget our fickle race  
Will share God's smile or frown,

As kings and rulers set the pace  
That leads them up or down.

The King o' Kings, high over all,  
Rules wi' nae fickle sway.  
By Him the nations rise or fall,  
And life is "to obey!"  
And come there wars by land or sea,  
Or perils stalk abroad,  
May thy first ally ever be  
The ever-righteous God.

And Edward, lad, think o' your Dad,  
And o' your sainted mither!  
O' a' the kings that ever reigned,  
Nane e'er had sic anither,  
And when ye mingle, as ye may,  
Amang the world's gay thrang,  
Let scandal ha'e nae word to say—  
Just tak' y'er wife alang.

But since o' names ye had na' few,  
We wish ye'd chosen better,  
Yer figgers, too, are a' askew,  
Accordin' to the letter,  
But whether wise or itherwise,  
Our patriotic thirst  
Suggests a cup o' compromise,  
And ca' ye' "Ned" the first.



## THE SIEGE OF BERWICK

## A BALLAD OF THE OLDEN TIME

After the terrible defeat of the English at Bannockburn, June 24, 1314, and the death of King Edward the Second, foully murdered by connivance of his own family, the kingdom of Scotland was firmly established by King Robert Bruce.

A treaty of peace was held at Northampton, June 24, 1328, a re-arrangement of boundaries and a confirmation by marriage of David, son of King Robert, to Joan or Joanna, sister of King Edward the Third.

After the death of Bruce, July 9, 1329, his son, David, was proclaimed King, and was sent to France to be educated in a manner becoming his high rank and station, and it was during his minority and absence that intrigues were begun by King Edward, and the subsequent siege of Berwick, and disastrous battle of Halidon Hill, July 19, 1333.

King Edward third, who bore the name  
And wore the English crown,  
Set hungry eyes on Scottish land  
And on old Berwick town.

With small regard for vested right,  
For treaty or for truce;  
He only knew he coveted,  
And Scotland had no Bruce.

His ships came sailing up the Tweed,  
His army swarmed the land,  
And to the City Governor  
He sent this stern command.

"Come forth, Sir Seaton, come in haste,  
And on your bended knees,  
Surrender ye the citadel,  
And bring to me the keys.

And if ye wealth and honor crave,  
Or favor at my hand,  
Your honor and your safety lies,  
In heeding my command.

But be ye tardy to obey  
Such simple terms as these,  
We'll fire the roofs above your heads  
And smoke ye out like bees.

And we shall scourge your Scottish rogues  
Beyond our English line,  
For by the right of English might  
Old Berwick shall be mine."

But Edward wist not that his foe  
Was made in sterner mould  
Than quail before a monarch's threat,  
Or fawn for England's gold.

"Go tell your master," Seaton said,  
" 'Tis not a soldier's choice  
To take his orders from a foe,  
Nor quail before his voice.

Mine honor and my duty lies  
In serving King and State,  
And for old Scotland's absent King,  
I scorn both foe and fate.

And spurn the base un-kingly king  
Who in a time of peace  
Would rob his helpless brother king,  
Like lamb shorn of its fleece.

And by God's favor, here we stand,  
Let fortune smile or frown;  
Our trusty men, though one to ten,  
Are here to hold the town."

Then day by day the arrows flew,  
Through castle, court and street,  
And night by night the catapults  
Threw fire-brands from the fleet.

But soon the sailors found their game  
Was one that two could play,  
The ships were better fuel than walls,  
And so they sailed away.

But partial victory was won  
At cost of precious life,  
For Seaton's first born son went down  
Amid the fiery strife.

And day by day and night by night

The deadly game went on.

Assault and sally! breach and rout!

Till three long months had gone.

But though the Burghers kept the town

And held the foe at bay,

Fever and famine's stealthy grasp

Grew stronger day by day.

Till babes drew blood from mothers' breasts,

And maids fell faint and died,

And the gaunt warders scarce could trail

The weapons by their side.

Then Edward 'neath a flag of truce,

Sent crafty words and said:

"Now we can calmly bide our time

Till you shall all be dead.

But bravely ye have held the town,

I fain would spare your lives;

Like brave men, open now your gates,

And save your babes and wives."

Sir Seaton saw the sore distress;

It wrung his heart with grief;

Yet with tenacious hope he prayed

The North might send relief.

And thus made answer to the King;  
    "If Heaven that rules our fates,  
Send not relief e're Magdalen's Day,  
    Then we shall ope the gates."

"Now, speak ye fair," King Edward said,  
    "But that the deed be done,  
Pledge me a hostage with your word:  
    Send me your gallant son."

"I hold mine honor," Seaton said,  
    "More sacred than my life;  
But seek ye more? I give my son,  
    A pledge to end the strife.

One with your burning ships went down,  
    And one by fate's decree,  
Is now a captive in your hands,  
    And one is left to me.

But never hath a Seaton's blood  
    Been deaf to mercy's call;  
In mercy's name, I pledge him, too,  
    And wait what may befall."

Then there came tidings from the North,  
    Of army of relief,  
And at its head the dreaded name  
    Of Douglass for their chief.

Then cried King Edward in his rage,  
    "Haste! rear a jibbet high,  
And tell Sir Seaton now to yield,  
    Or see his two whelps die."

O bitter, bitter, was the dree  
    Of Seaton in that hour,  
To see his sons arrayed for death  
    Before the castle tower.

While tauntingly King Edward cried:  
    "Bend now your stubborn knee,  
Or see your gallant sons swing high  
    Upon the gallows tree."

Then Seaton groaned: "O cruel death!  
    And worse than death to yield.  
O would that I and all my sons  
    Had died upon the field."

O if it be that angels dwell  
    In tenements of clay,  
A blessed angel kissed his cheek,  
    And spake to him that day.

The tender, strong, heroic soul  
    Of mother, wife and saint,  
Poured strength into the anguished soul  
    That for a while was faint.

## LAYS OF THE OLD LAND

"Courage, my lord! God rules," she said,  
"And better death than shame;  
Your duty is to keep the town  
And your untarnished name.

To yield to such a faithless wretch  
In his unholy strife,  
Would shame the bitterness of death  
With bitterness of life.

Our sons, gallant, noble sons,  
In the fair bloom of youth,  
May die as holy martyrs die,  
For honor and for truth.

And who can tell? (We are not old),  
But God for thy fair fame  
May bless us still with other sons,  
To bear thine honored name."

Thus while she spake brave words of hope,  
She turned her lord away  
From foulest deed king ever wrought  
In the fair light of day.

Next day, before the truce was spent,  
The Scottish host drew nigh,  
And when they saw brave Seaton's sons,  
Hang between earth and sky,

Forgetful of their toilsome march,  
They rushed upon the foe  
(Who now were trenched on Halidon),  
They on the plain below.

Alas! for such a reckless charge!  
In that unequal fight,  
With rocks and arrows half were slain  
Before they scaled the height.

All breathless and exhausted, then;  
The foe all fresh and lithe,  
The remnant of the Scots were mown  
Like grass before the scythe.

O rueful day! that dawned in hope,  
But ere the sun went down,  
A perjured monarch's banner waved  
Above old Berwick town.

## AN APPEAL FOR THE AULD BRIG O' AYR

What means that blast, like trumpet blare,  
To stir the bluid, an' lift the hair?  
Roseberry cries, "The Brig o' Ayr  
'S about ta fa',  
An' little matter o' repair  
Wad save it a'."



This is the Brig whaur Robin stood,  
Ae' Autumn nicht in dreamy mood,  
While in his heid a hummin' brood  
O' strange idees  
Were workin' for the common good,  
Like busy bees.

Ah, Robin, little did ye ken,  
The meshes ye were weavin' then,  
Wad warps the hearts o' fellow men,  
A' round the earth:  
An' great an' sma' wi' tongue an' pen,  
Wad bless yer birth.

Yes, Robin! at thy honored name  
Ilk Scottish heart is a' aflame:—  
(We winna breathe oo'r fathers' shame,  
But say things nice:)  
Sweet is the flattery o' fame;  
But O the price!

Now fame is thine, and bravely won,  
The World applauds Auld Scotia's son,  
And while the circling years shall run  
Thy fame shall grow;—  
To ken thy wish, is work half done,  
As we shall show.

A' round the earth, sons o' the heather  
Upon thy natal day forger;—

In sunny lands or wintry weather,  
They sing thy lays,  
An' kingly men a' ca' ye brither,  
And swell thy praise.

Ye sons o' Scotia! far an' near,  
And a' that name o' Burns revere;  
Show to the World a heart sincere,  
And love profound:—  
The stanes on which he stood haud dear,  
Like holy ground.

Nor let us stop wi' vain pretence,  
But act in time, like men o' sense:—  
Oot wi' your dollars, pounds, or pence,  
Dimes or bawbees;  
The heart o' love coonts nae expense,  
“Step lively, please!”

Men o' the Auld Land! Yours the blame,  
Should “Ayr's Auld Brig” prove Scotland's shame:—  
Some men o' alien bluid an' name  
Wad sell their sark  
To see the Auld Brig find a hame  
In Central Park.



## SCOTS WORTHIES

*Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.  
—Longfellow.*



## JOHN KNOX

O, stern Elijah of our Scottish clime!

Thy rugged speech grates harshly on our ears

In these calm days when thunder wakes our fears,  
And mars the cadences of peaceful time;

We miss the harmony that makes sublime

The fitness of thy speech to other years,

When in the storm and stress of blood and tears,  
Soft speech were craven speech, and silence crime.

Not thine the suave address, nor velvet tongue,  
To fawn on tyranny exalted high,

But with thy thunder tones and flashing eye,

Thou didst assail the tempter, fair and young,

While from thy patriot heart the cry was wrung,  
"Give freedom, Lord, to Scotland, or I die!"

## SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

The name of Samuel Rutherford holds an honored place among the "Scots Worthies." He played a leading part in the Reformation, in the troublesome times of Charles the First, and the Cromwellian era. Shortly after the ascension of Charles the Second to the throne, Rutherford, who was then Professor of Theology in Saint Andrews University, fell under the malignant attention of that profligate monarch. His writings were ordered to be burned by the "Common Hangman," and he himself deposed from all offices, and summoned to appear before Parliament on a certain day and plead to the charges of heresy and treason. When the summons reached him he was on his deathbed, and

he calmly said: "I have a summons to appear before a Superior Judge. I must answer my first summons, and before your day arrives I will be where few kings or great folks come."

In old Saint Andrews by the sea,  
A Christian soldier lay,  
Longing in spirit to be free  
From Earth's long, thorny way.

The sunset of a stormy life  
Lit up his saintly brow,  
Transforming marks of pain and strife  
To dawn of glory now.

When came a summons from the king,  
That on a certain day  
He stand before the bar and bring  
His plea without delay.

He calmly said: "Earth's mighty things  
Dwindle in their import  
When summons from the King of Kings  
Calls to a higher court.

His court is in Immanuel's land,  
Where love and justice flow,  
And when He issues his command,  
No power may answer, no!

And the grave charges that ye bring  
Give me but little care,

My crimes against my earthly king  
Shall not be heard up there.

There no profane and Godless kings  
Tell prelates what to preach;  
Nor hireling priests throw leading strings  
The people scorn to reach.

Grant, O my Father, when I go,  
After endurance long,  
Scotland shall rise and overthrow  
The ribald rule of wrong.

And from the blood of martyrs slain,  
And all their prayers and tears,  
The Prince of Peace shall rise and reign  
Through all the coming years."

## JENNY GEDDES

There's mony a name o' honest fame,  
Enshrined in sang and story,  
To keep the Scottish heart aflame,  
Wi' tales o' Scottish glory.  
In ilka toun, the auld wives croon,  
O' its brave lords and leddys,  
But Edinboro beats them a'  
Wi' brave auld Jenny Geddes.



## SCOTS WORTHIES

Hooray for Jenny Geddes!  
Oo'r brave auld Jenny Geddes,  
Nae leddy grand e'er served oo'r land  
As did brave Jenny Geddes.

When first King Charlie took the throne  
O' oo'r great sister nation,  
He vow'd he'd mak' us serve the Lord  
By royal proclamation;  
Sae he sent down his Bishop Laud,  
Wi' book o' prayers an' masses;  
But he was no the kind o' laud  
To win oo'r Scottish lasses;  
He kent na Jenny Geddes!  
Weel groundit, Jenny Geddes,  
Nae prelat' loun, sent by the croun,  
Could warsle Jenny Geddes.

In high Sant Giles' rose the dean,  
Wi' a' his priestly airs,  
And as was wont, deaf Jenny sat  
Upon the poopet stairs;  
And the douce bailies twirl'd their thooms,  
An lookit glum as neddies,  
Till Scotland's pent-up wrath was fired,  
By brave auld Jenny Geddes,  
Hooray for Jenny Geddes!  
Oo'r brave auld Jenny Geddes,

Nae prentit prayers, nor priestly airs,  
Wad suit auld Jenny Geddes.

Her cutty stool flew at his heid,  
An' thus her tongue brak' loose,  
"Daur ye to drone mass at my lug  
Within the Lord's ain hoose?"  
The fire that flashed frae Jenny's e'e,  
Spread like a flamin' brand,  
And left men free to worship God,  
Through a' the Scottish land.  
Hooray for Jenny Geddes!  
Oo'r brave auld Jenny Geddes,  
She made a stir an' gard things whirr,  
Oo'r wrathfu' Jenny Geddes.

Oh, it's no aye the wise an' great,  
Wha' teach the greatest lesson;  
Nor is it aye frae high estate  
There comes the greatest blessin',  
We look for great things frae the great,  
Whiles frae life's quiet eddies,  
The Lord ca's up some simple soul,  
To flare like Jenny Geddes!  
Hooray for Jenny Geddes!  
Oo'r brave auld Jenny Geddes,  
I lift my hat an' bless the name.  
O' brave auld Jenny Geddes.

## ARCHIE ARMSTRONG

*The Last Court Fool**A lesson from history*

Poor fool! Like many another fool,  
He sadly fell from grace,  
Because he could not curb his wit  
To suit the time and place.

The licensed fool at court was he;  
And jester to the king:  
And oft in times of revelry  
He made the rafters ring.

The king, he dearly loved a jest,  
More than he loved his prayers;  
And loved him best who could divest  
His mind of State affairs.

His regal mind was much inclined  
To the old regal sway:—  
He held it was his “right to rule!”  
“The people’s—to obey!”

And there was trouble in the North:—  
The rude, cantankerous Scots  
Were tangling up their pious souls  
In Theologic knots.

When in a beatific mood,  
His Grace the "Primate" came,  
And showed the king a wondrous plan  
To glorify his name,

And bring contentment to the realm,  
And spread his fame abroad;  
By teaching the benighted Scots  
How they should worship God.

For He! "Defender of the Faith!"  
All error should expel,  
And turn their crude Schismatic souls  
From paths that lead,—Oh, well,—

We need not say all that was said  
By pious Bishop Laud:—  
For to this day the Scotians say  
He was a pious fraud.

With proclamation from the King  
The vested priests went forth,  
To lead like lambs in velvet strings,  
The lions of the North.

They little knew of Scottish faith:  
Or Calvinistic yeast:—  
As loves a bull a scarlet robe,  
So loves the Scot a priest.

## SCOTS WORTHIES

Before the service well began  
    (So fickle are things human),  
The priest was flying for his life,  
    Before a wrathful woman.

The populace was roused to wrath:—  
    The sullen Calvinistic  
Resented insult to his faith  
    With demonstrations fistic.

The tumult spread throughout the land  
    Mid scenes of wild disorder:  
The pious priests packed up their prayers  
    And fled beyond the border.

When the Archbishop heard the news,  
    He fled in consternation  
To seek the King! Then Archie grinned,  
    And made this observation:

“Good morning to your Reverent Grace;  
    Pardon! my lord, I pray,”  
“Heard ye the tidings from the North?—  
    Who plays the fool today?”

The outraged Bishop told the King:  
    And sober history tells,  
They flogged poor Archie nigh to death,  
    And burned his cap and bells.

And when the "Court Fool" was deposed,  
And laid upon the shelf,  
It seems as though the King resolved  
To play the fool himself.

He bully-ragged his councillors,  
Till all the wise ones fled:—  
He lost his friends! He lost his crown!  
And then he lost his head!

Thus the court fool became extinct  
Upon the banks of Thames:—  
A few survive in other lands,  
But known by other names.

One makes grimaces at the world  
Where "Neva" seeks the sea;  
Another cuts up monkey shines  
Suggestive of the "Spree."

Thus history repeats itself,  
But in its solemn school,  
Men who wear crowns, should not combine  
The ruler with the fool.

## SCOTS WORTHIES

## ROBERT BURNS

O who shall sing his praise to-night?  
Or who shall speak his name?  
What gifted tongue, or fancy's flight,  
Can soar beyond his fame?

He whom a thousand bards have sung,  
Down through a hundred years,  
In Scottish, and in alien tongue,  
With mingled mirth and tears.

He the unhonored lowly one,  
Who trod toil's dusty ways,  
And brightened all he looked upon:  
How meager then his praise!

The poor said, "He is but our own,"  
(As prophet might expect,)  
The rich looked on with hearts of stone,  
And chilled him with neglect.

Pedantic learning looked askance  
Upon the rustic bard,  
'Twas Love alone that dared advance  
To pay its sweet reward.

His bosom felt the eager clutch  
Of every warring fate,  
But love and pity claimed so much,  
They left no room for hate.

His heart was like Aeolian lyre,  
Attuned to passions strong;  
His soul glowed with Celestial fire,  
That turned all things to song.

Beast, Bird, and "modest little flower,"  
Unhonored thus before;  
He breathed on them his mystic power,  
To charm for evermore.

The woodland streams that long were mute,  
And nameless flowed along;  
Were stirred as by Apollo's lute,  
And rippled into song.

Life's tangled web, its woof, and warp;  
And all life's secret springs,  
He played on them as on a harp,  
And thrilled its thousand strings.

O Robin! Scotia's darling son;  
In thy brief stormy years;  
How vast the trophies thou hast won?  
With thy heart's blood and tears.

Not humble birth, nor low estate,  
Could bind thy pinions long;  
Thou soarest high among the great:—  
The deathless sons of song.



## SCOTS WORTHIES

Milton, and Dante, we revere;  
And Shakespeare we admire;  
Scott and a hundred more are dear  
Among the minstrel choir.

But He who holds our hearts in thrall!  
On earth, or gone above,  
The dearest, sweetest, of them all  
The Bard of Love! we love.

To-night upon the stormy sea,  
And on all lands of earth,  
The sons of Scotia think of thee,  
And land that gave thee birth.

And thus with Scottish hearts aflame,  
This old world rolls along,  
And to the honor of thy name,  
Ringed with a wreath of song.

O Peasant, Patriot, Bard and King!  
Thou each and all by turns;  
Till birds and freemen cease to sing,  
Shall live thy fame o' Burns.

And Scotland! Should thy fields be spread  
Once more in martial strife,  
His "Scots' wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"  
Shall rouse the dead to life.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

[*After reading William Watson's Poem of the same name.*]

Yes, there he sits, before the human tide,  
Too great was he to fawn on fickle fame;  
He wove his magic spell, without a name,  
Till o'er the earth the charm spread far and wide,  
Betrayed its source—the “wizard” of Tweed side;  
His genius shrined and glorified the past;  
He faces now the future, far more vast,  
Making the past its counsellor and guide,  
Yes, Scotland! thou didst well to set him there,  
To show the world your model of a man;  
Ignoring fame to work a God-like plan,  
Steadfast he stood where heroes might despair;  
Now, men! Behold him, where life's currents run,  
And as for gods; Scotland knows only one.

## SCOTS WORTHIES

## WILLIAM CRAIG

President Roosevelt's body-guard. Died at his post, September 3, 1902. The following message was sent by King Edward to the President:

London, September 5, 1902.

*To the President of the United States:*

The news of the accident caused me the deepest concern. I earnestly trust to receive further assurance that it has not resulted in serious consequences to yourself.

EDWARD, R. AND I.

If unto thee, O Truth, 'tis given  
To guard the scroll of fame,  
Take thou thy stylus and indite  
Another kingly name.

Write "William Craig," who craig-like stood  
Where duty bade him stand—  
Symbol of steadfastness and strength  
That marks his native land.

His was the courage that in war  
Braves dangers fierce and wild;  
His was the giant strength in peace  
That frolics with a child.

The praise that spurious heroes crave  
By him were all unsought,  
Though he was bravest of the brave  
Where none but heroes fought.

True to his name and to his trust,  
In peace, and not in strife,  
He died when at a single bound  
He might have leaped to life.

On peaceful mission while he rode,  
Imperious death outran,  
And snatched away the plebeian mask  
And showed the kingly man.

### THE UNCROWNED KING

He needs no prefix to his name,  
Nor lettered tail to swing  
Among the lofty sons of fame,  
Serene he stands, a king!

One whom great honor flatters not,  
And great wealth cannot spoil;  
His only pride, from lowly lot  
He rose by honest toil.

When fickle Fortune, sweet and coy,  
Went out her pranks to play,  
There ran an eager, anxious boy  
To meet her on her way.

## SCOTS WORTHIES

And call it genius if you will,  
Or call it fickle chance,  
But Fortune smiled upon him still  
At every bold advance.

The paths he opened, thousands more  
Have followed in his train,  
And that which brought him golden store  
Hath been the wide world's gain.

No brooding heart was his, to scan  
The frowns of adverse fate;  
The hero heart was in the man,  
And not in his estate.

Wealth cannot make a kingly man,  
Nor poverty a boor;  
The road to blessing or to ban  
Lies before rich and poor.

And when the poor spurn envious hate,  
And base men cease to fawn,  
And God gives worth with great estate,  
Millennial days will dawn.

## SALT WATER SONGS

*What! no more sea? O lonely seer,  
What heaven could there be  
In all the universe of God,  
Without the glorious sea?*



## THE OLD SALT'S SOLILOQUY

Oh, often when I hear the winds  
Strike up their stormy glee,  
My heart beats high and oft I sigh  
To be upon the sea.

To-night the moon is in the sky,  
Enwrapt in stormy shrouds,  
And like a ship upon the sea,  
She saileth through the clouds.

A flickering star is faintly seen  
And quickly fades away,  
Like a far distant beacon light  
Lost in the rising spray.

And every sight and every sound  
Fans up my wild delight,  
Till fancy wafts me out to sea  
On such a stormy night.

Ho, boatswain! sound your shrilly pipe  
Make all things snug and tight,  
I hear the minstrels that shall play  
A lively tune to-night.



The waves put on their crests of foam,  
The clouds fly low and fast,  
And wild Æolian minstrels tune  
Their harps around the mast.

And down below the iron heart  
Begins to throb and beat  
With quickening pulses to keep time  
With prance of nimble feet,—

For the wild war-steeds of the north  
Are rushing to the fray,  
And from distended nostrils blow  
Their clouds of frozen spray.

The lee rail ripples in the sea,  
The stem cleaves through the ridge,  
Till solid water sweeps the deck,  
And flying scud the bridge.

And groaning, creaking, quivering on,  
In every beam and spar,  
The good ship bravely holds her way  
Through elemental war.

And like a conqueror drives on  
Through the tempestuous night,  
Till rainbow-tinted billows play  
Beneath the morning light.

Oh, scream aloud, ye stormy winds!  
And roar, thou glorious sea,  
Heroic souls are borne aloft  
On thy tumultuous glee.

I envy not the timid souls  
That dream of starlit seas,  
Whose milder feelings are expressed  
By sighing summer breeze;

Give me the rapturous delight  
Of music wild and free,  
That God's heroic minstrels play  
On stormy nights at sea.

## FALLING STARS

## I

In dreamy autumn days, upon the sand  
Two neighbor children played in thoughtless glee,  
Till evening shadows gathered o'er the land,  
And stars looked down upon the tranquil sea,  
When suddenly, athwart the northern sky,  
A flitting star drew its long train of light,  
And like a startled spirit seemed to fly,  
Into the dark recesses of the night.

"Now have a wish the lassie said,  
And if your heart be true,  
The thing you wish with all your heart  
Will surely come to you."

I wish, I wish, with faltering tongue, he said,  
I wish I were a man, to sail the sea  
Far, far away, where gold and gems are spread,  
And then come back and give them all to thee.

## II

Two happy lovers wandered hand in hand,  
When harvest moon was rising from the sea  
And threw a shining pathway from the land,  
Into the darkness of infinity—  
A sparkling jewel from the brow of night  
Fell on the heaving bosom of the sea,  
And for a moment dimmed the shimmering light,  
And died away in silent mystery.

“Now have a wish the maiden said,  
And if your heart be true,  
The thing you wish with all your heart  
Will surely come to you.”  
I have a wish, a life-long wish he said,  
And if your words be as my heart, so true,  
The wish is granted. And the blushing maid  
Gave silent answer with her eyes of blue.

## III

The lovers parted, and the years rolled on,  
And eager eyes look out upon the Main,

Where storm and calm have often come and gone,  
But ship, nor lover, cometh not again.  
And in the silent watches of the night,  
She listens to the breakers on the bar  
Or looks intensely for the train of light  
That marks the pathway of a falling star.

And then she says, "I have a wish,  
God grant it unto me,  
That I were with my love again,  
Beyond life's troubled sea."

O seas may roll, and years may pass away,  
And aching hearts still watch upon the shore,  
But love's great mystery shall be solved some day,  
And lovers true be parted nevermore.

### THE WRECK OF THE STELLA

A crash! A cry! A terror shock!  
And Stella on the Casquet rock  
Sends forth a thrill around the world  
When all her living freight were hurled  
Into the surging deep.  
Brief space, and briefer speech was there  
For wild farwell, or parting prayer.  
The pall of death lay on the sea,  
And up the slanting deck in glee  
The hungry waters leap.

Into the life-boats hurried fast  
The women, and the children passed;  
And to the glory of our race  
No craven coward strove for place.  
They stood, Old England's common stock,  
    But like a hero band  
Unterrified by strain or shock  
Of sudden death and certain doom;  
They braved the chill and watery tomb,  
    True to the brave old land.

O Land, encircled by the sea,  
We send our greeting unto thee;  
The brave and true of every land  
Claim kinship with the gallant band  
    Who stood the strain that day,  
And showed the world a nobler strife  
Than comes of craven love of life;  
When duty prompts to nobler things  
The spirit of the old sea kings  
    Hath suffered no decay.

### SING ME A LULLABY, DARK ROLLING SEA

Sing me a lullaby, dark rolling sea,  
    Waft me in dreams far away from the shore,  
Oft thou hast been as a mother to me,  
    Rock me to rest on thy bosom once more.

When I was weary with sorrow and pain,  
Broken in spirit and burdened with care,  
Came thy kind mother-heart's soothing refrain,  
Lifting me up from the gloom of despair.

Fair is the land of the myrtle and palm,  
Sweet is the breath of the woodbine and pine,  
Dearer to me is thy life-giving balm,  
Scenting the breeze with the odor of brine.

Far have I roamed over mountain and plain,  
Oft have I lingered o'er scenes fair to see;  
But old love is true love, and absence is pain,  
Nowhere is home that is distant from thee.

And when the stormy winds rushing afar  
Over the forest and unsalted sea  
Sound like a mimicry of thy wild war,  
Then my heart thrills with a longing for thee.

Sing me a lullaby, dark rolling sea,  
Waft me in dreams far away from the shore,  
Oft hast thou been as a mother to me,  
Rock me to rest on thy bosom once more.

## NO MORE SEA!

"And there was no more sea." Rev. xxi-i.

What! no more sea? O lonely seer,

What heaven could there be

In all the universe of God,

Without the glorious sea?

In streams of blessing round the earth

Its circling waters flow,

Free as upon creation's morn

It bounded long ago.

Oh how sublime in all its moods!

Whether in tempest's roar,

Or when it deigns to laugh and play

With children on the shore.

Behold its diamonds set in blue,

Far sparkling in the light,

While at our feet its fringes flow

In emerald and white.

The mountain rills, the valley streams,

The mighty rivers course

All down to thee, thou mighty sea,

Their fountain and their source.

O restless, ever changing tide,  
O never changed sea,  
Emblem of thy Creator's power,  
And of eternity.

O shepherd on the lonely isle,  
Thy ravaged flock I see,  
Far sundered by a cruel hate  
And separating sea.

Did the bright portal of the morn  
Suggest thy glorious theme?  
Or did the western cloudland's glow  
Give color to thy dream?

And soaring in thy raptured flight  
From all earth's fetters free  
Didst see in all the realms of love,  
No separating sea?





## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

*I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.*

*—Tennyson.*



## WHEN THE PILGRIM MARCH IS ENDED

When the pilgrim march is ended,  
And the earth campaign is done,  
And its checkered scenes all blended  
At the setting of the sun:  
O how longingly I wonder  
If the thoughts that come to me  
Shall awaken over yonder  
At the dawn of eternity.

There were friendships fondly cherished  
By youth's ardent, hopeful heart,  
That in life's campaign have perished  
Or have drifted far apart,  
And the horoscope of gladness  
For the years that were to be,  
Wears a mystic veil of sadness  
Like the missing ships at sea.

There were sweet, melodious voices,  
That have made my heart to thrill,  
That have long been hushed in silence,  
But whose echoes linger still.  
And their cadences of sweetness  
Bear the impress of a vow  
Of harmonious completeness  
That is marred and broken now.

There were bright angelic spirits  
Dres't awhile in human guise  
Whose sweet benedictions dawned not  
On my sin beclouded eyes.  
There were eyes whose light hath blessed me,  
And whose lashes have been wet  
With the pathos of the parting  
I can never more forget.

There were children who unbidden  
Came and nestled in my heart,  
That have gone and left a longing  
That shall never more depart:  
There were wants and aspirations,  
Unbegotten of the will;  
And a hungering and thirsting  
That the world hath failed to fill.

There are mines of hidden treasure  
Unrevealed to mortal sight,—  
There are gems of sparkling splendor  
That have never seen the light;  
There are scenes of Eden beauty  
That were passed in life's campaign:  
And my heart is filled with longing  
To revisit them again.

O the garlands that were blighted  
In the passion fires of life,

And the love all unrequited  
In the turmoil and the strife:  
O the grand tasks uncompleted,  
And the sweet songs all unsung,  
And the kind thoughts that have fled  
Unrepeated by my tongue.

O I know not what awaiteth  
When I cross the misty stream,  
And the mystic veil is lifted  
From the vision and the dream.  
Call it faith, or call it fancy,  
That illumines this daily strife,  
With a blessed hope while waiting  
In the vestibule of life.

### THE MOURNERS

The evening shades were falling, and the fading light was shed  
Like a parting benediction on the city of the dead.

And through all the silent city a stillness filled the air,  
As though all earthly voices were hushed in silent prayer.

When the bell above the gateway tolled the solemn hour to close,  
Calling living to the living, leaving dead to their repose.

Then a voice of lamentation like the voice that "Ramah" gave,  
From a "Rachel" prostrate lying on a little new made grave.

And wild words of love and sorrow from her anguished heart  
were wrung,

Words of madness and upbraiding, all unfit for mortal tongue.

When another form drew near her, silver-haired and sombre clad,  
Statue-like it bended o'er her, silent, pitiful and sad.

Then it quietly knelt beside her, gently stroked the prostrate head,  
And breathed words of consolation, "Blessed, blessed are the  
dead!"

Weep, O weep, poor stricken mother, for your heart is crushed  
and sore,

But O think upon your darling, safe with God for evermore.

Think of Him who loved and taught us what mankind had  
never known,

That the children are God's angels, ever near the Father's throne.

And who knoweth! O who knoweth, but your darling now may  
be

With the Father interceding for poor souls like you and me?

Weep, O weep, heart broken mother, but O tempt not love  
divine,

Lest the Lord should lay upon you some great sorrow like to  
mine.

I am old and bowed with sorrow, but I once was young and gay,  
All unthinking of to-morrow, I would have my wilful way.

I was mother's only darling, and my father went to sea,  
And one day a gallant sailor plighted his brave heart to me.

And the happy years flew onward, life seemed all without a  
cloud,  
Till one day upon my heart there fell the shadow of a shroud.

My only child, my darling child, O she was fair to see,  
God's dark-plumed angel seemed to stand between my child and  
me.

And when they said, "The child is dead," I cried, "We shall not  
part:

Take what thou wilt, but spare to me the idol of my heart."

I clutched my darling to my heart in frenzy of despair,  
And swooned as in the arms of death, my darling's fate to share.

And when I woke and wondering if I had crossed the tide,  
There lay the child in glow of life, in slumber by my side.

My mother wept and sobbed aloud to hear the pastor pray,  
"Grant, Lord, thy handmaid may not live to rue this wilful day."

And there was sorrow in his heart, and tears were in his eyes,  
When from his knees beside my bed I saw the good man rise.

Like prophet of the olden time, he wept and prayed o'er me,—  
My husband and my father died within a year at sea.



My mother drooped and pined away, grieving for others' grief,  
But God was pitiful to her, and gave her kind relief.

But I have walked a weary way, and borne a weary load,  
O that my child were like to thine! safe in the arms of God—

Safe in the everlasting arms of love and power divine,  
With pledge that where your treasure is, there shall your heart  
incline.

Go to thy home, poor stricken heart, and love shall soothe thy  
grief,

There is a balm for wounded hearts, seek thou its kind relief.

For God is good! Alas! that we poor creatures of an hour  
Should lift our puny hands to stay Omnipotence and power

So mighty that the mountains rise and fall at His command,  
So gentle that the thistle-down is guided by His hand.

And time shall teach a lasting truth and soothe thy sorrows o'er,  
Even as the stormy billows smooth the sand upon the shore.

But I must walk a weary way, in sorrow and in dread,  
A living sorrow gnaws my heart, O blessed are the dead!

O hasten, Lord! the happy day that brings my soul's release,  
And earth's green mantle wraps my breast in folds of eternal  
peace.

## MEMORIAL DAY

## A REVERIE

Yes, this is my memorial day,  
But few may know, and no one cares:  
I move in my accustomed way,  
A toiler in the world's affairs.

The busy throng doth not incline  
To know the sorrows I have known;  
And hearts that are attuned to mine,  
Will all have sorrows of their own.

The pain, the passion and the tears,  
That wrung my heart so long ago,  
Have mellowed with the passing years,  
And love sends back its after-glow.

Love dies not with the passing breath,  
But all the gross material things,  
And meaner passions die with death:  
And love unfolds its spirit wings.

The selfish sorrow of the hour  
Awhile may paralyze the will,  
But love demands a richer dower  
In deeds of loving service still.

Faith is the antidote of grief,  
Hope is the star to banish fears,  
And ministries of kind relief  
Is better far than silent tears.

Love triumphs still, and sorrow dies  
As storm clouds lingeringly depart,  
Transformed in glorious twilight skies  
That leave a longing in the heart.

Thus shall I go my destined way,  
Trusting in Him who knoweth when  
My raptured soul shall wake some day,  
And I shall clasp my own again.

## MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

### *To One I Love*

The day rose in sadness, the tears of the night  
Reflected no gladness by sparkle of light;  
The sky was o'ershaded, the earth was in gloom,  
And life drooped and faded like flowers on a tomb.

At noontide the sunshine had parted the gray,  
Transforming the teardrops on leaflet and spray,  
And out of the sparkling of gem-studded bowers  
Came the music of birds and the fragrance of flowers.

At eve when the sunlight declined in the West,  
In azure and gold lay the isles of the blest,  
And the mists of the morning that darkened the day  
Resplendent in glory were fading away.

O! Soul, whose young morning was watered by tears,  
The sunlight shall break through the mist of the years,  
And the sorrows that hung o'er thy life like a blight  
Shall yet be its halo of glory at night.

### HOBBIES

Have you a hobby? I have mine,  
And dearly do I love it.  
I hold it as a gift divine,  
And prize few things above it.

It bears me through the trials of life,  
Despising sham and shoddy,  
And tones me up for all its strife,  
In health of soul and body.

It carries me o'er land and sea,  
From frozen pole to line.  
Fleet as the lightning and as free  
It owns no will but mine.

The cares that crush men by their weight  
Are but my balance wheel:  
Life's duties are my precious freight,  
To keep an even keel.

I pity all who fret and grieve,  
And run a killing pace  
To clutch the baubles they must leave  
When they have won the race.

I envy not the rich and great,  
Who pine in palace halls,  
I covet not the proud estate  
Where sensuous pleasure palls.

I crave not wealth's luxurious home,  
A wider range is mine;  
I live beneath the frescoed dome  
Whose artist is divine.

And when He draws the purple shades  
About the setting sun,  
And scatters gems in bright cascades  
Where crystal streamlets run,

And shining sands of silver streaks  
The amethyst lagoon,  
High overhead of gilded peaks  
He hangs the crescent moon,

And when the curtains overhead  
 Shut out the light of day,  
 And star-dust o'er the heavens is spread  
 To pave the Milky Way—

I turn from gross material things  
 That fret like prison bars,  
 And mount my steed with spirit wings,  
 And roam among the stars.

And view God's mantle vast and grand,  
 With orbs that interlace;  
 Like gems thrown from a lavish hand,  
 Upon the floor of space.

Arise, O miniature of God!  
 Aspire to lofty things,  
 Even though thy feet be leaden shod,  
 A living soul hath wings.

Look out upon the infinite,  
 And wave thy pinions free.  
 Look where in myriad orbs of light  
 His many mansions be.

There! are the recreation fields,  
 Where lofty souls may roam;  
 Wherever God His sceptre wields  
 His children are at home.

O think not the Creator's power  
Spent on this little sphere:  
The wealth of our Celestial dower  
May be enjoyed while here.

So mount your hobby if you will,  
Your fancies to pursue.  
But here you owe some duties still—  
See that it don't ride you!

Men have their fancies and their freaks,  
But this is worth the knowing—  
The trend and course your hobby seeks  
Determines where you're going.

### ODE TO SPRING

When Nature's minstrels sing  
Their rhapsodies to Spring,  
They must be bound by no poetic tether;  
But wild and free, and fickle as the weather;  
Thus would I sing  
The giddy freaks of Spring.

"Hail, gentle Spring!"  
Thus I began my ode;  
But all too zealously the giddy thing  
Began to hail, then snowed;

And then, coquettish as a wayward child,  
She pouted for a while, and then she smiled.

And thus encouraged by her sunny smile,  
I ventured thus, her favor to beguile:

“We hail thy glorious reign!”

But I was fooled again;  
Her fickle character she still sustained;  
There was no doubt she rained!

Then I essayed to praise the breath of Spring  
(Not that I wished to get her “on a string”);  
And then her gentle breath began a-blowing,  
And called “Boreas” to resume his snowing:  
Who kept it up till all the fields were white,  
And then she laughed aloud in wild delight.

O fickle Spring! coquettish in thy wooing,  
Think of the ardent hopes thou art undoing;  
A dozen times thou hast renewed the scare  
Of ruined peach crops down in Delaware;  
And then she seemed as though she had relented,  
And went like one who thinks she has repented.

And then the vocal harbingers of Spring,  
The robin and the bluebird, tried to sing:  
But thou didst put a protest on their notes,  
And planted Laryngitis in their throats;  
They had no brazen throats, nor lungs of leather,  
That thou shouldst pelt them with such Arctic weather.



Again she smiled! oh, such a winsome smile!  
I thought the fickle jade reformed at last;  
I donned my new spring suit and shiny tile,  
When lo! she struck me with an icy blast,  
That made me chase my hat through mire and sleet,  
Jeered by the vulgar rabble of the street;  
Then "whiskey and quinine," and into bed,  
With a young saw-mill buzzing in my head.

Now, "gentle Spring!"

Some other dupe may sing  
Thy praises with a "gall" that's superhuman;  
But if you were a man, or even woman,  
I would revile you more than tongue could tell;  
But as for you, I wish you were—Ah, well,  
I will not be so wicked as the thought;  
But why not run your business as you ought?

### THE THREE GRACES

What a blessed thing to see,  
And O such a rarity,  
In one home the graces three!  
Faith, Hope and Charity:—  
Lizzie faithful as can be  
In life's daily rounds;  
Tillie bright and fancy free,  
Hope in her abounds;  
Aggie, greatest of the three,  
Weighs two hundred pounds.

## THE SLUMP IN POETRY

*Advice to the Minor Poets*

O ye aspiring sons of toil, in cottage, hut or hovel,  
Incline your noses to the soil, and ply the pick and shovel,  
And fly not rashly to the pen, when thoughts within you flutter,  
Leave literature to wiser men, and think of bread and butter.  
And ye, whatever be your rank, who try to climb Parnassus,  
By working at the rhymers' crank, like literary asses,  
Your sonnet trim in every line, fit to adorn a Venus,  
Will fail without the trademark sign: The modern stamp of  
genius.

The Priests of literary things prescribe a scornful halter  
For the unlicensed lout who brings an offering to the altar;  
Genius alone hath license there. The gentlemen, and scholars,  
Whose literary gifts will bear transmission into dollars.

And \*\*\*\*\* says, "He's a' wrang, an' ripe for the fool-  
killer,

Wha' writes a screed or sings a sang, without the klink o' siller."  
So settle this, all ye that rhyme, for be ye dunce or scholar,  
The stamp of genius in our time is the almighty dollar.

Thus little men, of little things, shine in their little day,  
They clutch the tinsel favor brings, and with it pass away;  
But greater men have time to wait, Great Critics, too, are slow,  
Hence the great Bards are like the saints, they all died long ago.

A "Homer" now were but a tramp, Virgil of no renown,  
Shakespeare a romping, poaching scamp, and Burns a rustic  
clown,  
Poor Milton, with his aching brow, and Goldsmith, scant of  
grub,  
Would both be snubbed and black-balled now by any author's  
club.

When Byron first began to thrum, the Critics' fusilade  
Taught him that "Poets, too, must come, like critics, ready  
made."  
Their's is a gift, and not a whim of any son or daughter,—  
As ducks are qualified to swim before they see the water.

So now let minor poets wilt, before their lofty frown,  
Let neither tears nor ink be spilt, "Go way back and sit down;"  
Or if your rattle brain gets fired, and labors for expression,  
Wait till Pegasus can be hired, and learn this wholesome lesson.

It's not for you, low scribbling crew, to win an honored name,  
But for the great and gifted few to win both cash and fame;—  
But still we have a word to say, such lofty scorn repelling;  
The bird that sings the loftiest lay, soars from the lowliest  
dwelling.

And so we quarrel not with those who ply an honest trade,  
Whether they weave in rhyme or prose, or wield the pen or  
spade;

Men may revere the soul whose flight transcends the Milky  
Way,  
But love clings to the lower lights, that cheer Earth's paths  
to-day.

The lofty themes prescribed by rules in academic halls,  
May please the high pedantic fools within the college walls;  
But songs that circle round the earth, whose echoes come again,  
Spring forth untrammelled at their birth from hearts of living  
men.

Sing on, then, happy sons of song, in lofty strains or lowly,  
Sing with a spirit pure and strong, and aspiration holy;  
Sing on if to your heart shall come a spark of nature's fire,  
The nightingale needs not be dumb, because the lark sings  
higher.

Sing like the poets of the air, and swell the minstrel throng,  
Your songs, like theirs, may banish care, when love inspires the  
song;

The song unheeded by the throng, a burdened heart may lighten,  
A word to those who suffer wrong, a darkened soul may brighten.

Thus, like the birds, the songs I give, with loving heart I bring,  
Like them, I do not sing to live! Like them, I live and sing;  
One of the minor minstrel throng, heedless of pelf or fame,  
They sing just for the love of song, and I shall do the same.



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