

"True Macgregors? Weel, I'll no say that; the Lord never made sich a thing as a true Macgregor."

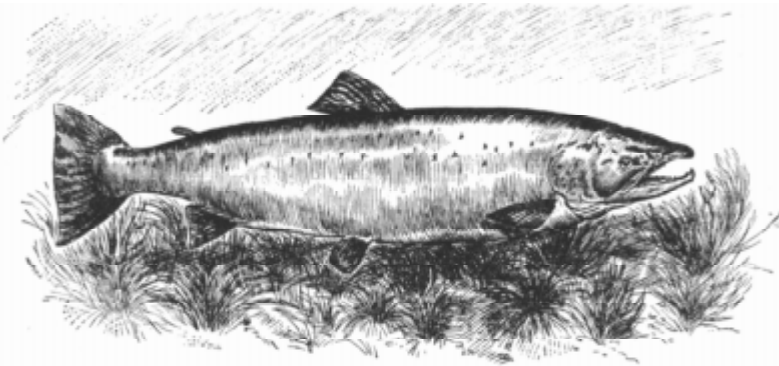
"And never anything but false Cammells. Saxty Macgregors!" and the champion of the old clan fairly wept for his unfortunate countrymen. Had the Maccalumore himself looked in and a claymore been handy, there would have been more tragic narrative. Humbled before the Sassenachs, he remained silent till the graves of Black Duncan and the old Campbell chief were, pointed out, and then he had his revenge.

Jumping into the vault, he shouted to the attendant piper to play up "Macgregor's March." He then danced on the stones above the grave till the sparks were, flying from the hobnails of his heavy boots. Ever and anon, as he wheeled and jumped, he uttered the words, "Saxty Macgregors!—hang saxty Macgregors! the scoundrels! Blaw up, piper, a guid auld Macgregor reel tune, Rothermurchis Rout, or anything with the music o' the deevil in it. I could dance over a Cammell's bones for a fortnicht!"

Mrs. Campbell possibly dih not relish the performance as much as the "Sassenach

fushing-men," but very wisely did not interfere. Had there been a hatchet on the spot, the gallows-tree would soon have been removed and flung into the vault or hollow. Fortunately there was nothing better handy than the old headsman's axe of the Stuart period (James Rex) given in the picture.

The Macgregor told no stories in the smoking-room that night about the feats of his ancestors, but if any "Bleck McFlea" roused him in the night-time, he was heard murmuring "Saxty Macgregors!" and then letting forth his opinions of the whole Clan Campbell in certain Gaelic words which are forbidden to be used by the Free Kirk in preaching Gaelic sermons. The little story of the gallows-tree at Finlarig Castle, where he was fair effronted afore the "fusher's folk," still haunts him, and he shows this by sudden fits of temper, which seemed to worry him when on the streets. But the smoking-room at Killin reeks with fishing stories and anecdotes of the kind, and more than one number of OUTING would be required to give them as they are given, over a tumbler of good Scotch whisky toddy, after a long day in the boats when salmon fishing on Loch Tay.



"HE WAS SENT HOME TO BE STUFFED."

#### SONNET.

THE moon shone full upon the tide,  
On whose dark, heaving bosom wide  
The white light broke, till far, and near,  
With dancing jewels, silver-clear,  
The sullen waves were glorified,

We spoke no word—all beauties vied  
To charm our souls; and, satisfied,  
We felt no care, no doubt, no fear—  
For there we vowed, in accents dear,  
To walk life's pathway side by side.

*Howell Stroud England.*