

and unyielding, is the monitor that guides the Gael. At times its commands take the form of self-sacrifice, as in the '45; sometimes of the sacrifice of others. Occasionally duty is tinged with romance. But few countries produce such men as William Wallace, John Knox and Walter Scott, three types apparently divergent as the rays of a wintry sun, but all following unquestioningly what they conceived to be the stern behests of duty. The Gael may be less reckless, less fiery, less impetuous than the equally brave Celt, but where the battle rages fiercest he is always to be found. The words of Lochiel might, with equal truth, have been placed in the mouth of General Wauchope, the hero of Magersfontein:—

Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like the ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Wauchope, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his face to the foe.
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.