THE MAID OF KILLEENA.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIVE BROTHERS OF DARROCH.

"Fair and fine is the Maid of Killeena. Her foot is light on the heather as the foot of the roe-deer on Corrabhal; her eyes are bluer than the blue seas round Uig; when she speaks the valley rejoices. And she has no lover, the Maid of Killeena; her heart is as free as the winds of the morning; the young men are afraid of her laughing; they avoid the road to Killeena."

Such were the phrases, mere echoes of Macpherson's Ossian, that were running through the head of a young lad who lay on the beach of the far and lonely island of Darroch, in the Hebrides. He was dressed in rough, dark-blue fisherman's costume; his hands and face were browned with the weather; but somehow he did not seem to have the robust and hardy look common to the inhabitants of that rough coast. His face was pensive and sad; his eyes large and thoughtful; his limbs appeared slender and supple rather than thickset and strong. At this moment he was regarding with an absent and indifferent look the sea before him, the islands that stood black in the pale colors of the water, and a large brown rowing-boat which was being pulled out through one of the channels to the open plain beyond. In that boat were his four brothers. He was to have gone out fishing with them as usual; but he had forgotten the time and missed them, and he had run down to this projecting point of the coast to hail them as they went by. For a second or two they hung on their oars, and seemed inclined to pull in for him; but then he could see his eldest brother, Duncan, turn round and address his companions with many angry gestures; and presently the oars were dipped into the wave again, and the boat made out for the open sea. The young lad, Alister Lewis by name, lay down on the shingle, disappointed, ashamed, and wretched. His heart was not in the fishing, and every one knew it; still it was hard that he should be left at home to mind the farm as if he were a girl or an old woman. But as he lay and dreamed of all these things, his fancy took him away to the neighboring island of Killeena and to a small farmstead there, where a mother and an only daughter lived. The daughter was Ailasa * Macdonald—the Maid of Killeena the boy used to call her to himself—and his heart grew light in thinking of her. The picture he had before his imagination was really one to dwell with delight on; that of a young girl of sixteen, graceful in figure, with light-brown hair that, unloosed, would have rippled down to her feet, eyes brightly blue and shaded with dark eyelashes, and a disposition as merry, and bright, and innocent, as ever cheered up a rude home. And that was a rude home enough—the small farm-house of Carn-Slean, which was set in the middle of a moor, with a few fields reclaimed from the black peat-moss all round, and with but a scanty show of sheep on the drier uplands abutting on the farm. She had no lover, this Maid of Killeena; but there was some one over the narrow channel that separated the island from Darroch who let his boyish fancies cluster around her in a tender and wistful fashion, keeping the secret, as he imagined, sacred to himself.

It was no secret, however, to his four brothers, the eldest of whom—a short, thick-set, hard-visaged man of fierce temper and passionate speech—was himself supposed to harbor some wish that he might in a year or two get this bright young lass to be his wife. Duncan Lewis spoke angrily of his younger brother's visits to the farm of Carn-Slean. He never had any great love for the lad, who was ill qualified for the rough work of the fishing; but sometimes he spoke of him with a sudden emphasis of hatred which startled the others. On this occasion, when young Alister came running down to the point, to hail the boat, the eldest brother had turned and said fiercely—

"We will not go in to the shore for him—no, by Kott, we will not go in to the shore. He is no use for the fishing, not more as if he was a child; and he will look out for the storms with those teffles of eyes of his staring. Let him go to the farm. Let him look after the hens and bring the cows home. We hef no more use for him in the boat!"

"But we hef got his fiddle with us," said another of the brothers regretfully; "and he is very goot with the songs and the stories."

"The songs and the stories!" said Duncan Lewis, with an oath. "Who will want to hef stories that will mek the ferry dead rise up in their graves? They are not goot songs for the middle of the night. His songs and his stories! —Let him, tek them over to that lass at Killeena—she will hef his songs and his stories!"

"But it is you, Duncan Lewis, yourself," retorted the brother, "who would like to hef a word with Mrs. Macdonald's lass."

The eldest brother did not answer; he struck his oar into the water, the other oars instantly following; and then the measured throb could have been heard along the shores of these lonely islands, while a gloomy silence prevailed on board the boat.

Meanwhile, Alistor Lewis had got up to his feet, showing himself a tall and well-made stripling enough, though he had not the stalwart make of his brothers.

"I will go over to Killeena," he said to himself. "I hef something to say to Ailasa."

He walked along the shores of the island—the shingly beach of which soon gave way to stretches of fine wind-swept sand. He came to a narrow channel on the other side of which was another island—darker and more rocky than Darroch; while the strait between had clearly a strong current running through it. How to get over it? There was not even a house within sight on these desolate shores. The lad coolly undressed himself, tied his clothes in a bundle and strapped them on his shoulders, then he made his way carefully into the water and swam the channel. The water was pretty smooth; but all the same the lower part of the bundle was considerably wet. Not heeding that much—indeed, he had calculated on it—he rapidly dressed himself again, and began walking smartly up and over the marshy green wastes of Killeena, until he reached a small farm set amidst the black moorlands that had been cut for peat. An elderly woman was at the door, in the misty sunlight, spinning wool. One or two people—mostly old men, who had given up the fishing, but who still wore fishermen's clothes—were at work in the fields. There was no sign of the young Maid of Killeena.

"Yes, is it you, Alister Lewis?" Mrs. Macdonald said, in the Gaelic; "and have you not brought your fiddle to give us a tune? And are your brothers not gone to the fishing to-day?"

"My brothers have gone to the fishing without me," said Alister, in the same tongue, "and they have taken my fiddle with them. I want to see your Ailasa, Mrs. Macdonald, for I am going away."

"You are going away, Alister Lewis! And where are you going?" she said.

"I am going to Glasgow—yes, that is where I am going. I am not any use at the fishing; and my mother and father they do not want me at the farm. It is a long way the way to Glasgow."

"You will find Ailasa in the kitchen" said Mrs. Macdonald.

Ailasa was raking up the peats—the fire was in the middle of the floor, with a chimney overhead going up through the thatch of the roof—with the intention of putting a big pot on the iron hook. She turned round suddenly as he entered—a bright look of surprise and gladness flashed into her face—and she said in English, "And iss it you, Alister, at last? You hef not been here not for more as two weeks."

"No, I hef not, Ailasa," he said, casting down his eyes; "and now I wass come to bid you good-bye, for it iss to Glasgow that I am going. It is no use my being here any more; and if I can get any work in Glasgow, that will be ferry well indeed; and if I can go to the schools there I will do that, too, for it iss not any great money you want to go to college there, as Malcolm Ross he wass telling to me when I will see him in Stornoway, and so—and so, Ailasa, I wass wanting to say good-by to you before I go."

"But you will not be for going to Glasgow all at once, Alister?" said the girl, with two big tears appearing in her eyes.

"It iss no use spending the time any more here," the lad said, wistfully. "I would write you a letter, Ailasa, from Glasgow, if you would like that, and if youwould send me the news, that would be a ferry good day the day that I got a letter from you with all the news in it."

"And are you going away like that, Alister Lewis?" she said; "and none of your friends to come and drink a glass to your health, and not a word to any one of them? And it is only in half an hour that we will hef dinner, Alister; and what is half an hour if you are going away to Glasgow?"

"But you will not be ferry angry with me, Ailasa," he said, rather shamefacedly, "bekass it is a hard thing to go away, and I will not hef the spirit to say good-bye to them all—only to you, Ailasa, and it will be a ferry good day for me that day that you will send me a letter to Glasgow."

Ailasa was now crying bitterly. She held out her hand; and he, unable to speak, shook itwarmly, and went away. Then, with some broken sentences in Gaelic, he bade good-bye to the old mother, and betook himself again to crossing the wild moor-land on his way to the sea.

That night the brothers, who had only been out with the lines, came home late and rather dispirited. The take had been small. When in due course they sat down to supper, the old father and mother included, Alister only was absent.

"I suppose he hass been all the day over with that girl, over at Carn-Slean," said the black-haired Duncan, angrily. "He is better there than at the fishing. He will go to the fishing with us no more—by Kott, he will go with us no more."

"You are right, Duncan Lewis, and it is a hard man you are," the old mother said, beginning to cry. "He will not go to the fishing with you, not any more, for the boy is going to Glasgow."

"And a ferry good thing too; and mirover," said Duncan, gloomily, "he will be ferry much better in a counting-house than at an oar; and he will hef his fiddle when he likes, and his stories, and his books. 'Tiss a ferry good thing that he will be going away to Glasgow!"

"By Kott," exclaimed one of the other brothers, with a sudden vehemence, "if Alister is going fur to go to Glasgow, it iss not with empty pockets that he will go to Glasgow!"

"No no!" cried the other brothers. "We will gef the lad something to put in his pocket! By Kott, he will hef something to put in his pocket!"

And here the white-haired old father interfered; and with many wise shakes of the head he intimated he knew all that lay before a young man who was going to seek his fortune in a strange and distant city. Old Hector Lewis, to be sure, had never been out of the Hebrides, and had never seen any greater or more glorious city than Stornoway; but he was supposed to know much more than most men of what was going on in the world. Alister would soon get a situation. He could be recommended to to Mr. Macilwham, the painter and glazier, of the Gallowgate; and though it was too late to apprentice him to that trade, Mr. Macilwham would surely be able to find an occupation for a young man who was learned in all matters of book-craft, handwriting, figuring, and the like.

"I wass thinking he will not get much money for the writing of verses of poetry—that is a verry bad trade," said Duncan Lewis, with some contempt.

"But this is what I say," said Nicol Lewis, the third brother, with unnecessary warmth, "I say there iss not any finer lad in the Western Isles as Alister Lewis, and it will surely be a shame, and a great shame, if we was to let him fight his own way in a strange town. And this is what I say, that if effery penny of my money that is in the bank of Stornoway will hef to go, if effery farthing and penny will hef to go, Alister he will be at the college, as sure as I am a living man, by Kott!"

And there and then the three brothers settled it, Duncan being the only dissentient. When Alister came in to supper he was pale and silent. He felt himself an outcast, and that his brothers had reason to despise him for that he could not work in the boat as they did. He was conscious that he spent his time in idling about the moors and solitudes—in playing his rude violin by the side of lonely streams—in reading books and studying algebraic puzzles that could be of no use to any one. So he came in and sat down at the plain wooden table, silent and ashamed.

"And where hef you been this day, Alister?" said Nicol Lewis.

The lad bit his lip and was silent; he did not wish to be laughed at.

"At Carn-Slean—that iss where he wass," said Duncan Lewis, looking dark.

"That iss true," the lad said at last. "I wass over at Carn-Slean—it wass to say good-by. For I am going to Glasgow—it iss no use my being here any more."

"That is a true word you have spoken, Alister Lewis," said his brother Nicol, in a kindly fashion; "and we are ferry glad you would think of going to Glasgow, bekass it is not many hass such skill o'reading and writing as you; and it wass Donald, and Hamish, and me, we wass sayin' there iss no great expense of the going to the college, and we wass saying that the expense—well, we will tek the expense, and it iss no great thing that we will tek the expense. And if you get a place in Glasgow that will keep you in your meat and your clothes, that was ferry well whatever; but the college, it iss Donald, and Hamish, and me, we will pay for the college, and you will send us the letter, Alister, that will tell us all the news."

Surely the boy was not fit for the hard life of a fisherman; for at this moment, when he ought to have been glad of heart, any one could have seen that tears were running down his face. He rose abruptly from the table. He went to the small window—a single pane of glass let into the wall—and stood there for a moment or two. Then he came back, and held out his hand to each of the three brothers in succession.

"It iss a ferry kind man you are, Nicol Lewis," he said to the last of them, "and a ferry good brother to me. And it iss not much of your money I will spend at the college; and when I can I will pay you back your money but there iss more than the money that I thank you for this night, Nicol Lewis."

And so, some few days thereafter, Alister Lewis sailed in the steamer for Glasgow; and many thought they should see him no more in this world, considering that he had gone away to that distant place; but as for Ailasa Macdonald she had no such thoughts, and used, on the contrary, to sit of an evening and wonder what the great city was like; and wonder, too, when Alister Lewis would grow to be a great and famous man and come back in pride and honor to the humble farm in the island of Darroch.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* The name is pronounced Alasa. Alister has also the accent on the first syllable.

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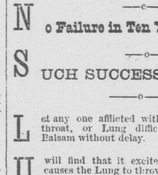

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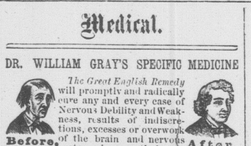

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General Business.

TO THE

FARMERS OF MIRAMICHI.

We have been Manufacturing

IRON FRAME MOWERS

For the last four years, and are now offering to the farming community this, the

BEST MOWER,

combining greater excellence of mechanical simplicity together with greater durability and entire reliability for all the requirements of the field, than any other Mower extant.—In construction they are similar to the celebrated Walter A. Wood's Iron Frame Mower, and the Richardson Buckeye, both American Machines. Of the former there are over 200,000 in use, and the extraordinary number of 20,000 were manufactured and sold last season, by the Wood Company of United States. We have over 500 of our manufacture now in use, every one of which (no exceptions) stands as a monument of the grand and unprecedented success of home manufacture and our enterprise. A list of our Agents in this section of the Province will be found appended, and farmers are requested to ask information of them relative to our Mowers in use in their respective localities, which will establish beyond doubt their unquestionable superiority over any other mower to be had in our market.

The facility of procuring all parts or pieces within a nominal length of time must show beyond the shadow of a doubt the claims such an enterprise has upon the farmers of the Maritime Provinces.

For the coming harvest of 1877 we will manufacture LARGELY in excess of our numbers of last season, and trust that our growing enterprise may find such increcments held out to it as will be commensurate with its merits.

Let it be remembered we have no hesitation at all times, in entering into a friendly competition in the field with any other machine in our market. WE GUARANTEE OUR MOWERS TO BE INFERIOR TO NONE. Farmers would do well to enquire prices and terms before purchasing elsewhere.

AGENTS:

Campbellton—MALCOLM PATTERSON.
Dalhousie—DAVID RITCHIE.
Bathurst—CHARLES ROSS.
Newcastle—STEPHEN Y. MITCHELL.
Doaktown—ROBT. SWIM & SON.
Richibucto—WILLIAM WHETEN.
Buctouche—B. FOLEY.

M'Farlane, Thompson & Anderson.

P. S.—Various patterns of the most improved HORSE RAKES to be had of our Agents, CHEAP.

Fredericton, June 5, 1877.

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The above work may be ordered through the Miramichi Bookstore.

Traveler's Column.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

St. John, Miramichi, Campbellton, &c

1877.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—1877.

ON and after MONDAY, MAY 7th, until further notice TRAINS will run as follows:—

FROM ST. JOHN.

EXPRESS leaves St. John at 8.10 a. m., arriving at Welsford at 2.15 p. m., Chatham Junction at 4.20 p. m., (at Chatham about 35 minutes later) Miramichi at 4.40 p. m, Bathurst at 7.10 and Campbellton at 11.35 p m

(The above is Accommodation North of Moncton.)

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves St. John at 10 p m., and reaches Welsford at 3.15 a.m ,Chatham Junction at 4.28 a. m., (Chatham about 35 minutes later), Miramichi at 4.40 a. m., Bathurst at 6.08 a. m., and Campbellton at 8.15 a. m.

FROM HALIFAX.

Express Passengers, who leave Halifax by 7.25 p. m train, reach Weldford, Newcastle, Chatham and other points North at same time as those leaving St. John by 10 p m. train.

FROM POINTS NORTH:

Passengers taking the Accommodation (or day train at Campbellton at 2 a. m; Bathurst at 6.1 a. m.; Miramichi at 9 a. m. (Chatham at 9.05 St John time), Chatham Junction at 9.25 a. m., and Weldford at 11.50 a. m., reach St. John at 7.25 same evening.

Passengers taking the Express train at Campbellton at 7.45 p. m.; Bathurst at 9.51 p. m.; Miramichi at 11.19 p. m., Chatham Junction at 11.31 p. m., (leaving Chatham at 11 10 p. m.) and Weldford at 12.40 a. m., reach St John at 6.25 next morning.

At all points in above on Northern Division (from Moncton North) Quebec time, which is 30 minutes slower than St. John time, is meant; Chatham alone being excepted, the train on the Branch Railway running on St. John time.

C. J. BRYDGES,
General Supt. of Gov't Railways

Change of Time Table.

STMR. "NEW ERA"

Will, on and after MONDAY the 10th inst., and until further notice run as follows:—

Leave Newcastle.	Leave Chatham.
7.15 a. m.	8.45 a. m.
10.30 "	12 noon.
2 p. m.	3 p. m
5 "	6.30 "

STMR. "ANDOVER,"

WILL, on and after THURSDAY, July 12th, run as follows:—

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays—

Will leave John Jardine's for Chatham at 9.00 a. m.
And Chatham for John Jardine's at 2.00 p. m.

ON MONDAY AND FRIDAY—

Will leave Newcastle for J. Jardine's, at 6.00 a. m.

AND ON WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY—

Will leave Jardine's for Newcastle, at 6.00 p. m.

This will allow the steamer to go up to Indiantown when the tide suits, and always leave John Jardine's at the advertised time.

THURSDAY—

WILL LEAVE Newcastle for Redbank, at 6.00 a. m.
Redbank for Chatham, 8.00 "
Chatham for Redbank, 1.00 p. m.
Redbank for New astle, 4.00 "

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NEW BRUNSWICK.

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COMMISSION MERCHANT,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C.

HEAD OF TOBIN'S SOUTH WHARF,

UPPER WATER STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CALL,

General Agent

SHIP BROKER,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

AND

DEALERS IN

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Next the Bank of Montreal.

QUEBEC.

Law, etc.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,

Agent for "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society."

Agent for "Imperial," "Ætna," "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

BATHURST OFFICE:—two doors from store of K. F. Burns, Esq.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

11-tf

L. J. TWEEDIE,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.

OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING,

WATER STREET

CHATHAM.

2-52

A. H. JOHNSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.

Chatham, N. B.

July 9, '77

Law Notices, etc.

Administrator's Notice.

I THE UNDERSIGNED, William M. Kelly, have been duly appointed Administrator of the Goods and Chattels, Rights and Credits of John Stothart, late of Harcourt, in the County of Kent, Mail Contractor, deceased, and all persons owing the said Estate will please make immediate payment to me.

All persons having any just claims or demands against the said Estate will render the same, duly attested, to me within three months from the date hereof.

Dated 11th July, 1877.

WILLIAM M. KELLY,
Administrator.

German Consul's Notice.

I AM instructed by the Department for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire to attend to any duties required of the Consul at Saint John, pending the appointment of a successor to the late A. C. O. Trentowsky, Esq., and hereby give notice to any person requiring information, or having any business at the Consulate, to communicate with me, direct, or apply through Mr Robert Thomson Jr., of the firm of Wm. Thomson & Co., whom I have, for the present, appointed my agent there.

ALEX. MORRISON,
Imperial German Consul, Chatham,

CONSUL'S OFFICE,
Chatham, 6th July, 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of February next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of George T. Murphy in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Ludlow, in the County of Northumberland, on the North side of the Southwest Branch of the River Miramichi, being the East half of Lot number sixty-five, granted to Daniel Duff in the grant to Ephraim Betts and associates, and is bounded easterly by land granted to Samuel Bridge, and westerly by the West half of said Lot number sixty-five, comprising eighty rods front, and containing One Hundred and Fifty Acres, more or less, being the land and premises conveyed to the said George T. Murphy by James Murphy, Senior, by Deed, dated 22nd April, 1875, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Also, all other the Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments of the said George T. Murphy, whatsoever or wheresoever situate, in the said County of Northumberland; the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court by William Long against the said George T. Murphy.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberl'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
6th August, A. D., 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the First day of March next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of Prim Brow in and to all that piece or parcel of land and premises, situate lying and being on the North side of the Great Road leading from Nequac to Tabusintac, in the Parish of Aln