

FIRE AND SWORD:

A STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

CHAPTER XX.

ALLAN THE SHERIFF'S DREAM OF BLOOD.

Things had settled into their ordinary peaceful attitude in Glencoe. The Chief had duly convoked his Clan, and acquainting them with the terms of his "submission," enjoined them therefore to live peaceably and give no cause of offence under pain of his displeasure.

The month of February had come in, accompanied by a heavy and continuous fall of snow. The air was soft but chilly, and when the wind blew it had a sharp and cutting edge.

The surrounding mountains, too, were once more clothed with samite and white robes. The peaked brew of the lordly "Chancellor" was re-urvested with snows, and the softer bosoms of the "Three Sisters" were draped with a yet softer and more than their wild and romantic beauty owned.

From the hundred shelving cliffs of the hills the erewhile white cataracts hung black and gloomy by contrast with the winter snows.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and the rude labors of day being over, a company of clansmen were gathered for social talk in the public room of the Inn at Auchincloss.

The talk, which was at first general, reverted naturally to the impending crisis from which M'lan's recent "submission" had just delivered them.

"And I am not sure yet, lads," broke in old Allister Macdonald, the village tacksman, "whether or no we can cry ourselves safe. I have just heard from old John, the ferryman at Balachulish, that there has of late been a great stirring amongst the soldiers comprising the guard at the north side of the ferry, and the yesterday the guard was doubled—explain it who can!"

A commotion of feeling succeeding on the tacksman's words stirred the company from end to end, and whetted their appetite for alarm into a keen and a spacious glare.

"Let us look well to our claymores, lads," said Roland, younger brother of the tacksman, "we must not allow the redcoats to come upon us with the plough-horns in our hands."

"I fear Broadalbane's treachery move than ought else," acknowledged Malcolm, "but given fair play the passes of the Glen can be held against any odds."

"Argyll's regiment will never overawe the men of Glencoe," said a voice; "if Campbell's are powerful the Macdonalds are brave."

"Has Duncan Don, the Braemar letter-carrier, been in the Glen during your absence?" questioned Malcolm, looking inquiringly round the circle.

"He has," affirmed several voices. "And what's his news, men? What saith he of M'lan's submission? And how wags the public tongue in the pest town of Braemar?"

"We have had his honest crack, Malcolm," replied the tacksman, "and the Braemar folks, he often says, are weary of their ain sma' concerns to intermeddle much, or actively, with other folk's affairs; but he bringeth a bird's whisper that the Glenlyon folks are already rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy destruction, and their abolition of the Glen."

"Let them then look east of Raith, if they have the lust of conquest strong, for they will never plough the hand fields of Glencoe. Surely though it be rugged and unscalable its precipitous mountain heights; strong and frequent its destructive floods; grey and mist-woven its cloudy skies; yet, with all that, lads, we love it well, and would willingly die any day in its defence!" and Malcolm's eyes glowed with the light of a high and resolute spirit, his comments being reprobated by noisy demonstrations of approval.

"Ay, Malcolm," said the tacksman, "but erst while'st ye were so bold and deeper than the sea, and Broadalbane's treachery as ye admit, is ye to be watched and feared."

"He and Argyll set a trap for us, assisted by the malicious Dalrymple," said Malcolm, "but they are now the tool of their purpose. The Sheriff of Argyllshire has accepted and witnessed M'lan's 'submission,' as ye all know, and the wolves will each snap their savage teeth on an empty nothill. Praise Heaven for that!"

"Which is our misfortune," impetuously added Ronald, the tacksman's brother, "God, I would have shouted triumph at the sight of two hundred claymores defensively bared in the Glen. The proud hills would have reflected

their brave glitter, the craggy peaks rose to them as a new sun, and the wild hawks and vultures of the valley followed in their destroying wake. Heaven send us soon a' brush with Argyll's red-coated minions!"

The extraordinary animation and daring which marked the delivery of the speaker's vaulting words infected with manifest power the group of excitable clansmen who surrounded the board, and the walls of the Inn rang for a space with demonstrations of feeling hostile to the Broadalbane Campbells, to Argyll's conscripted soldiery at Fort-William, and to the plotting enemy of the Jacobites—Dalrymple, Master of Sair.

"Nay, nay, men," interposed Malcolm, casting a reproving glance towards young Ronald. "We must not allow our feelings to over-ride our judgment, and what's of more concern, our pledged oaths. What are our Chief's commands?—Live peaceably, conforming to the 'oath,' and if a Government-musket is levelled against us the undying infamy will be theirs."

"But what if Allister's words be true?" argued Ronald. "Are we to be butchered in cold blood? With the guard doubled at North Balachulish, and a whisper of coming vengeance on Glencoe in the mouths of the Glenlyon Campbells, I for one will sleep with the sword-hilt within reach of my hand."

"Ready, aye ready!" is a safe motto," shouted an enthusiastic clansman, and a commotion of alternating voices followed, in the midst of which honest Duncan Don, the Braemar letter-carrier, pushed up the door and stepped into their midst.

Malcolm, with the enthusiasm of a true Highland friendship, hurried to the door and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"And what are the folks up to in Glenlyon saying about us, Duncan?" he asked of him.

"Deed, the Earl's folk are just red-wal at you men," frankly replied the letter-carrier. "They never had much notion of ye but ever since they got head of the outrage on their old partisan, the Red Hughie—who has gone the Gude knows where—they have nursed their simmering hate into open impeachment, and let me say it in a discreet whisper, they're now saying that the west will be soon harried, and never a fugitive it will be allowed to fly the Glen."

The concluding sentence, which was breathed rather than spoken into the ear of Malcolm, was overlaid by several of the clansmen, and produced an obvious feeling of alarm. "And what say they in support of their malicious hopes?" questioned Malcolm.

"That Broadalbane, Argyll, and the perfidious Dalrymple are together hatching a plan of revenge on Glencoe, and that M'lan still refuses to subscribe to the oath. But we should know things better than that, Malcolm," he added, "for I hear ye and John, the Chief's son escorted him to Inverary and back."

"The 'oath' was duly administered and accepted in my presence," replied Malcolm. "The private malice of the Broadalbane men that would seek to injure us. What you have said are things as they really are. Let us hope for better regard, even at the hands of our open enemies."

"And what," interrupted young Ronald, "what but mischief and injury are we to expect at the hands of a sept whose progenitors first stole our lands, and, because we have made just reprisals on their cattle, fattened on these lands, are branded by their titled lord, Broadalbane, as a set of harrying rascals. Let us take to our daily field work with belted claymore till, at least, the clouds lift."

Further argument was for the moment interrupted by the entrance of Malcolm's father, the old Inn's man, accompanied by Allan Macdonald, the bard and local Ossian of the Glen, who was also something of a seer and mystic. He was a man of many years, of venerable aspect, and lofty stature yet unbowled by time. He lived at Invercoe, the Chief's village, at the north-eastern extremity of the Glen, and had, by virtue of his years and position, free access to all houses and social boards in the Glen. He had been "sweetest the Glen" a bit, and had "in the by-gone" looked in on their most independent at Auchincloss. And right welcome was he at Malcolm's bar.

"And what's this I hear the Invercoe folk saying about an true vision of fire and blood ye had the other day, ye say?" Malcolm asked, the speaker when they were seated in the public room. "Was it about Glencoe?"

"Deed, ye had," answered the venerable bard, "it was of the Glen in truth, and a sad sight it was."

"Where the redcoats are, ye say?" asked a voice.

"Aye, ye," replied the bard, with a sad and shuddering glance towards the Glen, "I saw the redcoats, and the stream of Ossian wept and sobbed with sorrow, and the crossed exile screamed from its wild eyrie on the hills—and, struck with terror, the blessed moon withdrew

itself behind obscuring clouds. Eh, lads, but that was a sad night for the poor, harried folks of the Glen!" and touched with emotion at the recital of his own harrowing dream, the aged bard shaded his dimmed eyes with his hand.

A touch of sadness momentarily fell on the hearts of the Clansmen, and each looked to the other for a word of cheer. "And you awoke and found it to be only a dream," remarked Malcolm, anxious to counteract the feeling of despair which the bard's vision seemed to suddenly engender. The reassuring explanation, however, was only half successful. The loneliness and dreariness of the Glen as a place of human habitation were peculiarly favorable to impressions of mysticism and to the dominance of strong superstitious feeling.

"True, true, Malcolm, lad; it was, thank Heaven, no more than a dream; but Heaven sometimes forewarns folks, we know of coming ills, and only yestereve the grey February sky took the color of blood over above the Glen." An awed feeling, which had more of a superstitious horror than actual fear, took possession of the company for the moment, and a painful silence supervened.

"Nay, nay, good sir bard," lightly retorted Malcolm, "we are not to be frightened by dreams and celestial spectacles ominous of blood. Come, Allan, cultivate a brighter fancy; drink, for the ale is good," and he handed the aged bard a flagon of the stoutest home-brew.

The bard drained the foaming jug, and relapsed thereafter into a rapt and meditative mood, which for several minutes was scarce broken by more than the briefest whisper, or words, the company understanding the mystic's moods.

"And has Allan never a song to chant us?" questioned Allister, the tacksman.

The bard's meditative attitude had prompted the request, and, thus importuned, he began to fill the apartment wherein they sat with a low, rhythmic, and rich, though monotonous movement of voice, which was rendered in the manner of a song, and which embellished with the flowers of a high-flown rhetoric the glory of their Chief, and the devotion, prowess, and bravery of the Macdonalds of the Glen.

Under the bard's inspiring words, the feeling of awe with which the recital of his forewarning dream had filled them passed from their minds, and was exhaled in the enthusiasm of their reawakened spirit, like the clouds in the absorbing light of morning sun.

The scene, humble and rude though it was, would have formed a striking subject for the genius of a painter's graphic brush, and those alone who know and understand the Celtic character—impulsive, credulous, generous, and vain-gloriously brave and ardent as it still is in a great measure, and as history eminently proves it to have always been—can appreciate the ardour, intensity and bold and striking personal outline of the characteristically Highland scene.

Although the meeting in the inn was an essentially social one, the native warlike ardour of the Clansmen showed itself in the gleam of their eyes and in the aggressive physical demonstrations with which they sought to accompany and illustrate the singer's words. In the fire of their wild spirit several dirks were drawn from undiscoverable depths of waist-belt and shoulder-plaid, the Clansmen digging them into the rude table, or striking them frenziedly against each other until the murky, peat-reeked atmosphere of the place was filled with a crowd of steel-struck sparks.

The bard's inspiring words, cumulative of the deeds of their ancestors and of his own progress, had more or less reflected every individual Clansman in the room.

Young Ronald, the tacksman's brother, impetuous and rash-spoken at all times, was aflame with high and proud excitement. The old tacksman himself felt ten years younger under the inspiration of the bard's heroic strain; even Malcolm forgot for the moment the prudent counsel dictated to him by the Chief, being full of martial ardour and fire, and honest Duncan Don was confessedly ready to fling aside for a time the prosaic and glorious post-bag that he might buckle on a claymore in defence of the Glen.

But this high-sounding exaltation and warlike display were destined to be of shorter duration than even its own natural subsidence—which was bound to have quickly followed—would necessarily have been.

In the midst of this delirious exaltation of feeling and sentiment the door of the room was quickly thrust up, and a villager with a disturbed look and an excited manner thrust his matted head inside and signalled the company to separate.

"What would Angus say?" inquired Malcolm, approaching the visitor, who remained speechless for the nonce. "Speak, man? what ails your teckit to-day?"

"The redcoats are coming up the Glen," he at length cried; "so rise, lads, and get each one to your homes, for wha but God kens whether or no we willna hev to make the heather and the bracken serve us for beds tonight. Up-wil ye, and awa!"

In two seconds the inn, from end to end, was cleared of its noisy occupants, and all hurried from the village towards the main pathway of the Glen, anxious that they might perchance get a glimpse of the redcoats before their arrival at the precincts of the clachan, if they (the soldiery) should elect to come that length.

"Where is the evidence of your words, Angus?" cried many, looking inquiringly about in all directions. "Where are the redcoats? We see them not."

"Yonder they come, lads," answered Angus, pointing straight down the winding slope of the Glen to its eastern end, and, true to his words, a long thin line of redcoats were seen defiling into the opening of Glencoe from the Inverloch side, and making their way in the direction of the Chief's residence at Invercoe.

"Allan's dream is read," cried the impetuous Ronald. "Every man to his claymore!"

"Nay, lads," interposed Malcolm, "whether so fast away on a supposition? The soldiers cannot harm us. We are accepted of the Government which owns them. Let us each peaceably adjourn."

"What! does Malcolm fear to fight?" retorted the former speaker.

"When the Chief sounds the slogan," calmly answered the other, "then, Malcolm Macdonald's daymore will flash first and farthest into the thickest of the fight. Meantime, to your homes every one of you, and I shall hurry down the Glen and learn the purport of this unlooked for visit. Disperse!" and waving his brother Clansmen back in the direction of their village homes, he drew his shoulder-plaid tightly about him and hurriedly set off in the direction of Invercoe.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Mighty Dollar.

Is long distanced by a ten cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures cold, cramps, colic pain in the head, sciatica, pain in the chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great pain remedy, NERVILINE. Sold at J. Wilson's. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of NERVILINE, only 10 cents.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health! The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer despairing of a cure, can be remedied by that unfailing regulator and unfailing tonic—Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your Druggist for proof.

Bright's Diser, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

Every household is liable to be visited by sudden sickness. Often it occurs in the night, distant from the doctor, nothing in the house to give relief, the patient is sure to get worse. A box of Ayer's Pills, in such an emergency, would arrest disorders which, if not taken in season, may become deadly.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion—the oldest, best and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you feel bad or miserable use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

IN THE MODERN KEEN RACE of business competition the dyspeptic is the very handicapped, and is like a man fighting with one hand tied. The brain is disabled from insufficient phosphorized fat to carry on the mental processes, and the feeling of intellectual paralysis is very distressing, and a serious drawback to mental workers. There is poisoning from the products of indigestion getting into the blood, fogging the brain, exciting headaches, neuritic pains and a general sense of discomfort, stretchedness and inability of consecutive thought. Wheeler's Phosphoric and Gallics are a remedy for stomach troubles as nearly as specific as quinine in malarial.

SMOKE V.T.C. TWIN-NAVY THE BIG 10CT. PLUG

Domainion Carriage Works GODFRICH ALEX. MORTON. Largest Stock of Finished Carriages to Choose from in the County REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. CALL AND INSPECT. (SHOP OPPOSITE COLBORNE HOTEL.)

NEW ARRIVALS OF SPRING & SUMMER GOODS Scotch, English, Irish & Canadian Tweeds HUGH DUNLOP

TO THE FARMERS OF THE COUNTY OF HURON GENTLEMEN.—By request of a large number of the yeomen of the County, we have decided to manufacture REAPING AND MOWING MACHINES, in connection with our Plow business for the year 1888, which for material and workmanship will be second to none. Do not give your orders for reapers or mowers until you see those manufactured by us. We will attend all the spring fairs in County, which will give the farmers a good opportunity to inspect our machines. We will warrant our machines to do as good work as any other made. We will also have a number of LAND ROLLERS for the Spring trade, COOKING STOVES always on hand, and will be sold cheap for cash, or be exchanged for wood. Cash paid for old iron. SEE MILLER & CO. Goderich Foundry

DANIEL GORDON CABINET MAKER, THE LEADING UNDERTAKER. FURNITURE AT REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH. I have now on hand every large stock, such as Chairs of all kinds, Tables, Bedsteads, Parlor Setts, Side Boards, Rattan Chairs &c., &c., &c. 2 Doors West of the Post Office.

CHAS. A. NAIRN HAS ON HAND A SELECTION OF New Fruits, Groceries, Provisions, etc., An Inspection Invited. COLLET HOUSE SQUARE.

Sarnia Agricultural Implement Manufacturing Company, LIMITED MANUFACTURERS OF Reapers, Mowers, Binders & Threshers. See the Dominion Separator before you purchase. The Easiest Running, Simplest and most durable machine in the market.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED. Address at Once GEORGE A. ROSS, General Agent, Goderich.

Art Designs in Wall Papers. Now is the time, if you wish one or two nice rooms at home, to see Butler's new paper. He has over 20,000 Rolls of the Latest Designs Beautiful colors, and at prices less than ever for such inferior goods. Call and see them, they are the best value in town, and must be sold. The Latest Spring Bazaar Patterns and Fashions, At BUTLER'S

A No-1 lunchcon A little 'Aint th dren? th "I love said a Ph is if I say married "Oh, away into customer a hour's replid th pin." "A your cannot es rims." "Teache the elnet swer." "Pupl goe When cessful ca to say he vote," no may be. "Yes, certain h I ever a cold exce cake fell week." "Are? cern?" a the sub-e engineer ceeded to fold into "Whe asked, I poor but, party. dignant i my child. A Rew ry" to at rhyme or little gen your dru "Mary weather "Dickey, weather t coman op never by Georg rich. "Thous every ys he doct not be ct by Georg rich. "Ef it git drunk would h De mach trary ar oughten things ye hard." "Says D "She kn Can draw But it such peo ensured RENEWE At an guests pt ter what sation, T to him man, yo In the nation h mendati and the ney dise Cure. "complain by J. W. "Coss out last woman street, de grou lsted e steel, "Shoo! "bout it to begi Now kidney to these For the Nam B praise f consid It was i Wilson For to rub Copp upon t min aw Ceili a kero with si Gosh house doors? "Drai sour t time-w sead. Salt before dirt, a new. "Pap bents, ly sating bu "If t smoke patche not st mine. "The tive e MAN I has to debill etc. abuse in con ture will t box, CURE the U and's Rlyr