

Till past Clan-Alpine's utmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.
Fitz. I take thy courtesy as 'tis given!
And, though thy foe, will proudly share
Thy soldier's couch, thy soldier's fare.

SCENE II.

Enter RODERICK and FITZ-JAMES.

Rod. Now, stranger, say why wandered you
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.
Fitz. My safest pass, in danger tried,
Hangs on my belt here by my side.
Perhaps I sought a greyhound strayed;
Perhaps I sought a Highland maid.
Rod. But, stranger, if in peace you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Sir Roderick's vowed and mortal foe?
Fitz. Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed, ruthless man,
The head of a rebellious clan.
But now, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride;
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!
Rod. Have then thy wish! Thy rashness rue!
(Blows a whistle, when warriors appear on all sides.)
Those are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!
Fitz. (Drawing his sword.)
Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I.
Rod. (Waves his hand and the soldiers disappear.)
Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

(They walk around the platform until Roderick suddenly stops and facing Fitz-James, says:)

"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's utmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.
Fitz. Sir Roderick I have ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved.
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?
Rod. No stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel:
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."
Fitz. Then, by my word, the riddle's read,
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff;

There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
Rod. Soars thy presumption, then, so high?
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, ho, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? Ah, then, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.
Fitz. I thank thee, Roderick, for that word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief, can courtesy be shown:
Though not from copse or heath or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast,
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not,—doubt not,—which thou wilt;
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.

(A desperate combat follows. Roderick attacks, striking wildly. Fitz-James coolly defends himself, showing much skill, and occasionally making a home-thrust at his antagonist. At length he disarms Roderick and brings him to his knees. With his sword pointing at Roderick he excitedly exclaims:)

Now yield thee! or by Him who made
The world, thy lifeblood dyes my blade.

(Roderick springing at and seizing Fitz-James, fiercely exclaims:)

Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy,
Let miscreants live who fear to die.

(They struggle with all their power for the mastery, and at length they fall, Roderick on the top. He draws a knife and raises it to strike it into the breast of Fitz-James, but while his hand is raised he loses consciousness from loss of blood, and Fitz-James rolls him over dead. Fitz-James then takes the braid from his breast, and pressing it to the heart of Roderick, rises and holds the braid aloft, saying:)

Thus by just heaven's mighty aid,
Poor Blanche, thy wrongs are dearly paid.

REVIEWS.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF CANADA; Prepared for Use in the Elementary and Model Schools. By Henry H. Miles, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.

THE CHILD'S HISTORY OF CANADA; for the use of the Elementary Schools and of the Young Reader. By the same author.

These little volumes are no doubt well adapted for the schools of the Province of Quebec, owing to the prominence they give to the French régime. Indeed the author, in the preface to the larger work, expresses the opinion that English writers on Canadian History have hitherto greatly underrated the history of Canada prior to the Treaty of Surrender. This may be true of books intended for use in Quebec, but it is not true of Ontario school histories. No one who has looked into the charming works of Parkin can ever feel disposed to deny the value of a knowledge of early Canadian History, but at the same time the most important part of our history must be held to date from the year 1763. It was only after that date that the settlement of the country made any real progress, and it was long after it before the introduction of constitutional government imparted to our political history a value it never had before. It is to be hoped that before long we will have a school history which will do for the whole Dominion, and the aim of which will be to cultivate the feeling of Canadian nationality and the sentiment of patriotism with reference to Canada as a whole. Judging from the manner in which he has executed his