

FIRE AND SWORD:

A STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WARNINGS OF TREACHERY.

The Government "Proclamation" was at length a published fact, and on its terms being made known to the men of the Glen, great excitement was generally manifested, and all ordinary topics were subordinated to its daily, and in fact, almost hourly discussion.

The Jacobite party viewed it with mingled feelings of distrust and regret—distrust of the ambitious and grasping policy of the Whig Government which dictated it, and regret for the humiliating submission it imperatively enforced, and to which the misfortune of circumstances forced them to conform.

The utter ruin of King James' affairs in Ireland precluded all hopes on the part of the Jacobites of bringing the war in the Highlands to a successful issue. It was therefore desirable, if not imperative, that the armistice which was to expire, in terms of the "Proclamation," on the last day of December, should be ended in a peaceful compromise between the Government and the rebellious adherents of the deposed King James.

The proclamation alluded to had an addendum, that those who had not submitted within the prescribed time would be subjected to the extremities of "fire and sword."

It was framed by the Lords of the Privy Council, under the influence of Sir John Dalrymple (Master of Stair), who held the place of Lord Advocate, and who had been risen to the influential and important post of Secretary of State in 1690.

Subsequent to the original conference meeting of the Chiefs at Glenorchy, the leaders of the Jacobite party had arranged private conference, at which it had been finally agreed to submit themselves to the Government as required. Against this extremity of misfortune—subversive of high honor and pure unstained loyalty—several of the Chiefs openly rebelled, and heroic old M'Ian withdrew to the fastness of his mist-shrouded Glen, foaming with high indignation, and mentally resolved to resist and dare the Government vengeance to the last. In this fatal, though heroic cause, he was encouraged to persevere by the taunting insolence of his hereditary enemy Breadalbane, who foresaw in Glencoe's obstinacy a means of gratifying his privately cherished scheme of revenge.

Premising this much, we return to the course of our story.

It was on the evening of the Saturday following the incidents recorded in the preceding chapter, that a company of Clansmen were gathered together in the village Inn of Auchanach.

Malcolm was there—presiding over them by acquired privilege—and so also were Allister Macdonald, the Glencoe tacksman, and his younger brother Ronald, a high-spirited young Clansman who sought at such rude agricultural work as the fields required.

Old Ivan Dhu, a trusted domestic in the Chief's house at Invercoe, and one of M'Ian's "pipers," was also seated before the board, enjoying a share of such simple hospitality as the homely walls of the old Inn had to offer.

"Gie me a pair o' pipes, Malcolm," he said when the generous old began to warm his blood, "bring me a pair o' pipes, and when the crack lags I'll keep the company's heart in proper tune. Let ye! there's John and Allister (the Chief's sons) gun piping doon the Glen. Iken the skirt o' their bonnie pipes."

They all straight away listened, and clear and shrill the sound of pipes was heard waiving and winding through the intricacies of the Glen.

Presently old Ivan had the wished-for pipes laid against his right shoulder, and the small room wherein they sat soon rang with the varied and inspiring music of the district.

The music of no people touches the plebeian heart more effectively than does the music of the pipes when heard by a Highland audience. Its picturesque notes appeal to their ears as the heather blossom does to their eyes—heart and home are irrevocably enshrined in them. The little group of clansmen, therefore who sat round old Ivan Dhu on the evening in question were a picture to look at while his performance on the endearing pipes lasted. The kindling of the eyes, the snapping of the fingers, and the enthusiastic exclamations of delight and approval which accompanied it were all in graphic and fitting keeping with the picturesque performance.

"Good evening, and welcome Duncan," shouted half-a-dozen voices simultaneously, as the door was pushed up, disclosing to view the honest weather-beaten face and burly form of Duncan Dhu, the Braemar letter-carrier.

Duncan sat down before the board, and entered with quiet relief into the hospitality of the hour.

"And what's the news frae Braemar side, Duncan?" asked Allister, the tacksman, "how's the Breadalbane folks

viewing the 'Proclamation'—rejoicing ower't, I suppose?"

"Indeed, yes, Allister; they're a' for the Earl's policy a' pacification. He's their unquested law and their gospel in a' that affects their temporal concerns." A murmur of hatred, directed against the Earl's name and scheme, went audibly round the circle.

"M'Ian's health!" cried Ronald Macdonald, youngest brother of Allister, the tacksman.

"And confusion to Breadalbane," echoed Malcolm.

An emptying of quiaiks and tumblers succeeded, and the toast and counter toast were enthusiastically pledged.

"What about Red Hughie, then?" Has he gone back to Glenlyon, his maternal district?" asked the tacksman.

"You would hear that he had been revengfully stabbed by a Glencoe man on the hills, and that Captain Glenlyon, of Argyll's Regiment, now quartered at Fort William, had advised him for personal safety to retire to the Glenlyon district?"

Malcolm visibly started. He had heard nothing of either the Serpent or his spy, the Red Hughie, since the night on which they had thought to trap him on the hills.

"He is not in the Glenlyon district," said the letter-carrier. "Of that I am sure."

"Who said he had gone thither?" asked Malcolm.

"Sergeant Barber said so," answered the tacksman. "He told old Peter, the Ballachulish ferryman, so, who spread the report through the Glen."

"And what then was the cause of quarrel between Red Hughie and the Glencoe man?" questioned Malcolm, anxious to prove to himself, and the company in turn, the deep seated malice of the Sergeant named.

"It is said that some of the Glencoe men have a lurking suspicion of him as being a half Breadalbane by birth, and a whole one at heart, and judging that the best way to settle the doubt was to dirk him, an unknown hand had treacherously attempted to do the fatal and coward deed. That's the story, Duncan, isn't that the tone of it?"

"That's, indeed, what's said of it in Glenlyon," answered the letter-carrier.

"And the Sergeant is also responsible for the current version of the affair?" further queried Malcolm.

"No other party," replied the tacksman. "The rumor is that the poor, half-witted wretch was defenceless and that the deed, by whomsoever done, was a cowardly and malicious one."

"And the author of the murderous attempt remains undiscovered, I suppose?" put in Malcolm.

"Glenroy of the Glenheid is blamed for it," answered the tacksman. "He is said to have had a private grudge against the Red Hughie, but he denies the deed, and says that if he had done it the wretch would never have been allowed the chance of crawling home."

"Good for Glenroy!" shouted Ronald, the tacksman's brother. "It's the price of the treacherous wretch—a quick stab and a toss over a cliff."

A fierce, quick kindling of the eyes, and a sudden disclosure of white, gleaming teeth all round the circle, attested the intensity of the Clansmen's feelings on the subject.

"Glenroy is innocent of the charge preferred against him," put in Malcolm, with quick assertive force. "It was I who drove the dirk into the Red Hughie's shoulder."

"You?" simultaneously echoed half-a-dozen voices.

"Yes, I wrenched from his craven hand the weapon which was uplifted to strike me and struck it into his body," and without further proface Malcolm briefly related the incident of the Sergeant's treacherous plot just as they had occurred.

Great was the indignation of the Clansmen on hearing Malcolm's version of the story.

"I warned ye weel o' the Red Hughie the last time I forgathered wi' ye," said the honest letter-carrier, addressing his words to Malcolm; "I tell'd ye his color suggested blood."

"And he's not in Glenlyon, then?" questioned Malcolm.

"I am sure of as much," replied the letter-carrier.

"Then I believe he is in North Ballachulish with Sergeant Barber, and we may hope to hear of him yet. But he's a poor creature, and only worth being pushed out of a man's way," and Malcolm relapsed into silence.

"Conning is whiles more than a match for courage; he's no mean enough to be beneath the forethought o' watching," put in the honest letter-carrier.

"He can only share in a possible revenge on the men of the Glen," resumed Malcolm, "if circumstances should give the Government party an excuse for sending the soldierly upon us; and the issue seems probable, as M'Ian will never sign the Oath of Allegiance."

"In which case we can fight," exclaimed young Ronald, brother of the tacksman.

"And the Clans will rush to our rescue," added a voice.

"The fastness of the Glen are in their

elves a source of safety," replied Malcolm, "and given fairplay, if only true to ourselves, we have little to fear even if armed vengeance should confront us; but the craft and Court of that arch-schemer Breadalbane are the misfortune of Glencoe. The terms of the 'Proclamation' leave no doubt as to the intention of its authors, who are undoubtedly Breadalbane and the crafty Master of Stair. It's 'fire and sword' against all who remain outside its pale, and the and the threat is levelled at the men of the Glen. We are hated by Argyll and Breadalbane."

"Where a Glencoe man's interest is concerned, Campbell is not to be trusted," put in a voice.

"There are exceptions to that as to all rules," said the tacksman. "Captain Glenlyon is a Breadalbane man, and he is very friendly with Allister, the Chief's second son. Allister, you know, is married to a niece of Glenlyon's and being in the Glen, he put us with them the night before yestereen."

"He must be the exception surely," sneered Ronald, the tacksman's brother.

"He is not," said Malcolm, with strong correctional emphasis. "It is his policy to appear so. Depend upon it, men, the claws are only hidden for a time under the velvet paw."

"And Allister trusts him, of course?" put in Ronald, the tacksman's brother.

"He does, indeed," said a voice at the door, and a moment after Allister, the Chief's second son, entered the room, and was received with the kindest demonstrations of good feeling on the part of the loyal clansmen.

Allister was a fine young man, in the first flush of early manhood, and like his loved foster-brother Malcolm he looked the perfect impersonation of a stalwart and proud spirited young Highlander.

"I must misjudge matters if Glenlyon's word is honorable, or his professions of friendship sincere," said Malcolm, addressing M'Ian's son.

"Be charitable," said Allister, "he is a good friend of ours. He was with us the other night, and he advised M'Ian to hold out to the last, as Breadalbane is certain to double his share of the pacification money as the price of his adherence to the required oath."

The brows of Malcolm darkened with doubt, and mutterings of suspicion went round the circle.

"But the Chief," added Allister, "has openly expressed his determination of holding out to the last on principle, as an example to his brother Chiefs, and if he is supported by one or more, he will openly refuse the oath and abide the consequences."

"And in what spirit," asked Malcolm, "did Glenlyon receive the declaration of his sentiments?"

"The gallant Captain," answered the unsuspecting Allister, "highly commended his courage and lofty devotion to a romantic cause."

"I fear his sincerity," replied Malcolm, "but let us support our worthy chief whatever happens, and be on our utmost guard against treachery and surprise."

"We have heard that the cause is being daily deserted," remarked the tacksman, addressing the Chief's son.

"A good cause is in itself a tower of strength," answered Allister, "but if Glenlyon speaks true, we are not likely to be pushed to extremities. Breadalbane will cave in at the last moment, and the threatened execution of 'fire and sword' will be stayed."

Malcolm doubted Glenlyon in spite of himself, and that same night, when the circle left the cover of the Inn, he took Allister privately aside, and walking with him the length of the Glen, he warned him against an over-ready faith in Glenlyon's words, or belief in the peaceful and profitable attitude of the Chief, which he believed were baited traps to mislead and ruin a noble, unsuspecting and high-minded man, with the extermination of his people as an appropriate and designed sequel.

"Why, Malcolm, you forget Glenlyon is my wife's uncle!" urged the unsuspecting Allister.

"And your father's enemy!" rejoined Malcolm. "Good-night; and have a care."

And so they parted for the time; and as Allister walked home that night under the light of the silent stars he resolved on watching with a closer ear and eye the speech and movements of a man against whose insincerity and suspected machinations he had thus been duly warned.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Wonderful Change.

Rev. W. E. Gifford, well pastor of M. E. Church, Bothwell, suffered from chronic dyspepsia so badly as to render his life almost a burden. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. Wilson.

Victoria Who?

Now, if any one were to ask you Queen Victoria's 'other name' what would you say?

If you could answer correctly you would do better than most people can, according to a writer in an English paper:

"At dinner, the other night, the conversation lapsed, as it sometimes will lapse with the best, into questions hardly distinguishable from conundrums. A celebrated historian was present, and I put a question to him which I know has puzzled a great many people at different times. 'What is the surname of the royal family?'"

"Welph, of course."

"That is the usual answer, and it was the historian's. I ventured to suggest that, although the royal family are Guelphs by descent, her Majesty's marriage with Prince Albert of Saxo-Coburg, must have had the effect which the marriage of a lady has in all other cases, and that the surname of the present house must be that of the Prince Consort."

But what is the surname of the Prince Consort's family? Simple but staggering. No one knew. All guessed, and all were wrong. I happened to have looked up the subject a few months ago, to elude the name of 'Wettin.' Of course no one had heard it before. Every one smiled at the horrible idea of the Guelphs being reduced to Wettins. The point was referred to Theodore Martin. 'You are quite right,' said the graceful biographer of the Prince Consort; 'Wettin is the family name of the House of Saxony, to whom the dominion of Saxony came in the year 1420. The Kings of Saxony are, therefore, all Wettins, or German, Wettiner.'

To Go Home in the Autumn.

The English say that at Ottawa the Princess Louise has herself with scarcely a single person with whom she has two ideas in common, and that the princess and her husband will go home in autumn, on the expiration of his term of government, when Lord Lorne will be called up to the House of Lords. The princess' apartments in Kensington palace are to be re-decorated and put in order during the next few months. [New York Telegram.]

Sad Sequel to a Law Suit.

Halifax, March 20.—In the Supreme Court here, last fall, Miss Cameron, residing in a country town, sued a Mr. McDonald for breach of promise of marriage. The court gave her a verdict of \$200 or \$300. The young man was not in a position to pay the amount, so he was arrested and placed in jail in Pictou, where he died a few days since.

Who writes all the dead letters? Last year there were nearly six hundred thousand dead letters and post cards sent to the dead letter office at Ottawa. Some of them were unstamped, others insufficiently stamped, and others improperly addressed. Of the total number no fewer than nine hundred were registered. Many people write what they desire to say on a postal card, and then forget to write the address. What a history these dead letters could relate. No doubt many of the letters were anxiously waited for; perhaps some of them are being anxiously waited for even yet, while the writers are wondering why they were never answered. Only those who have had something to do with postal affairs have had something to do with postal affairs have a proper conception of the amount of carelessness of which many letter writers are guilty. Thoughtlessness is no doubt the real reason.

The Editor of the Grand River Sachem says:—"We are usually sparing in our encomiums toward patent medicines, but observation and enquiry has satisfied us that the preparation of Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., styled Burdock Blood Bitters, as a blood purifying tonic is worthy of the high reputation it has established among the people."

An authority upon such subjects says that wedding celebrations are graded from cotton to diamond after this manner:—At the end of the first year, the cotton wedding; at the end of the second year, the paper wedding; at three the leather; at five the wooden; at seven the woolen; at ten the tin; at twelve, the silk or fine linen, or both; at fifteen, the crystal; at twenty, the china; at twenty five, silver. After this the gifts grow more and more costly. At the end of thirty years the pearl wedding occurs; at fifty anniversary, the golden; and at the seventy-fifth, the diamond.

Krom's Fluid Lightning. Needs no advertising when once introduced. Every bottle sold sells hundreds of others by doing all that money can represent for Neuralgia, Tooth-ache, Headache, etc. It removes any pain instantly, quick as flash. Try it and you will say it is well named Fluid Lightning. Get a twenty-five cent bottle at Geo. Rhynas Drug Store.

The snake question must be an important one in the East Indies if some statistics, recently published, are accurate. During the year 1881 snakes are said to have destroyed 18,670 human lives in India, besides killing a much larger number of cattle. Of the snakes 254,967 are alleged to have been killed; but it is almost incredible that they were able to destroy a human life for every thirteen or fourteen of their own number put out of the way. These reptiles must be even more destructive than the kerosene lamps and toy pistols of civilization.

Be careful of your eyes, for once lost they can never be replaced. Churchill's Ointment Eye Salve and Ointment is applied. Price 25 cents.

Catachris is the seed of Consumption and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Rhynas, sole agent for Goderich. 3m.

Simply miraculous is all I can say of the effect of Dr. Van Buron's Kidney Cure in my case. An elderly lady writes from Antigonish, N. S., who had suffered from pains in the back for twenty years. Sold by J. Wilson Goderich. 2m.

Cure Free. Any reader troubled with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Liver Complaint, etc., should call at Geo. Rhynas Drug Store, and secure a free trial bottle of McGregor's Speedy Cure at once, which will convince you of the merits of the medicine. It cures permanently who all other medicines have failed. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Remember, it costs nothing to try it. Regular size, fifty cents and one dollar.

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