

As Lord Glenlyon he participated as one of the knights at the memorable Eglinton Tournament in August, 1839, attended by a band of upwards of 100 Athole men fully equipped. When her Majesty first visited Scotland, in September, 1842, the Duke, as Lord Glenlyon, and her presumptive to the honors of the family, gave a splendid reception to the Queen and her late illustrious Consort, at Dunkeld, on the Royal progress from Scone Palace to Taymouth Castle. The present Duke, born on the 6th of August, 1840, is a lieutenant in the Scots Fusileer Guards, and only returned from serving with his battalion in Canada last autumn. The *Scotsman* in a sketch of the Duke, says:—"Some men have character, more or less, others have none; and some few are characters; it is of their essence and what they are made of. Such was the Duke of Athol; he was a character, inscribed and graven by the cunning, inimitable, and unrepeatable hand of nature, as original, and as unmistakable as his own Ben-y-Gloe. He was a living, a strenuous protest, in permanent kilt, against the civilisation, the taming, the softening of mankind. He was essentially wild. His virtues were those of human nature in the rough and unreclaimed, open and unsubdued as the Moor of Rannoch. He was a true autochthon, a terrigena—a son of the soil—as rich in local color, as rough in the legs, and as hot at the heart, as prompt, and hardy, and heathery, as a goroock. Courage, endurance, stanchness, fidelity, and warmth of heart, simplicity, and downrightness were his staples; and, with these as his capital, he attained to singular power in his own region and among his own people. The secret of this was his truth and his pluck—his kindness and his consistency. Other noblemen put on the kilt at the season, and do their best to embrown their smooth knees for six weeks, and then return to trousers and to town. He lived in his kilt all the year long, and often slept soundly in it and his plaid among the brackens; and, not sparing himself, spared none of his men or friends—it was the rigor of the game. Up at all hours, out all day and all night, often without food—with nothing but the unfailing pipe—there he was stalking the deer in Glen Tilt*, or across the Gaick Moors, or rousing before day-break the undaunted otter among the alders of the Earn, the Isla, or Almond; and if in his pursuit, which was fell as many a hound's, he got his hands into the otter's gripe, and had its keen teeth meeting in his palm, he let it have its will till the pack came up—no finching, almost as if no sense of pain. It was this game-ness and thoroughness in whatever he was about that charmed his people; charmed his very dogs; and so it should. But he was not only a great hunter, and an organiser and vitaliser of hunting, he was a great breeder. He lived at home, was himself a farmer, and knew all his farmers and their men; had lain out at nights on the Badenoch heights with them, and sat in their bothies and smoked with them the familiar pipe. But he also was, as we have said, a thorough breeder, especially of Ayrshire cattle. It was quite touching to see this fierce, restless, intense man—*impiger, acer, iracundus*—doating upon and doing everything for his meek-eyed, fine-limbed, sweet-breathed kine. It was the same with the other stock, though the Ayrshires were his pets to the end. Then he revived and kept up the games of the country—the throwing the hammer and casting the mighty caber; the wild, almost naked, hill-race; the Ghillie-Callum, and the study of the eldritch melancholy pipes, to which, we think, distance adds not a little enchantment; all the natural fruits of human industry—the dyes, the webs, the hose—of the district. Then the Duke was a great organiser of men—he was martial to the core; had his bodyguard dressed and drilled to perfection—all mighty men of valor—after whom at the Princess's marriage the lively and minute Cockneys gazed in awful wonder. And of all the men about him he was as much the friend as the master; and this is saying much, as those who knew his peremptory nature can well confirm. This power over men—not from mere birth, though he knew he was "to the manor born"—not by high intellect, or what is called knowledge; for, though he had a stout and keen sense, it was not high or cultured—not because he was rich, which he never was—but simply because he was immediate, honest and alive, up to anything, and always with them—this power gave him a hold over all about him, which, had it not been something deeper and better, would have been almost ludicrous. His Athole guard (many of whom, with Struan at their head, were his peers in birth) would have died for him, not in word, but in deed, and a young capable shepherd, who might have pushed his fortune anywhere and to any length, was more than rewarded for living a solitary deer-keeper at the far end of Glen Tilt, or up some to us nameless wild—where for months he saw no living thing but his dog and the deer, the eagles and the hill fox, the raven and the curlew—by his £18 a year, his £3 for milk, his six bolls and a half of oatmeal, with his annual coat of grey tweed, his kilt, and his hose, so that he had the chance of a kind word or nod from the

Duke, or, more blessed still, a friendly pipe with him in his hut, with a confidential chat on the interests of the 'Forest.' Everyone knows the interest our Queen had in him—in his Duchess and in Blair—where she first saw and loved the Highlands, when she and her husband were in their first young joys, and where she went when the Duke, her friend, and her friend's husband, and her husband's friend lay dying by inches of that terrible malady against which he bore himself so patiently, we may now say so sweetly—submitting that fierce, restless spirit to the Awful Will, setting his house in order, seeing and comforting his friends, remembering his people, not even forgetting his Ayrshires—waiting steadfastly and like a man for the end. We all know that meeting of the quick, honest, chivalrous, devoted chieftain with his sorrow-laden but sympathising Queen—their mutual regards, their brief, measured words from the heart. The dying man rising from his final room and accompanying his royal mistress to the train—kissing her hand, and bidding her, not without dignity, farewell; and when his amazed and loving people stood silent and awed almost scared, by something greater than Majesty, when with his dying lips he raised to her the parting cheer."

V. Miscellaneous.

THE CHILDREN.

BY THE "VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER."

When the lessons and tasks are ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was around me,
And the glory of gladness within.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough to shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself—
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray from himself.

The twig is so easily bended
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in autumn,
To travel the threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones!
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss their "good nights" and their kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve—
Their song in the school and the street;

* Our readers will remember Punch's famous cartoon on the Duke's closing of Glen Tilt to the Cockney Tourists.