

me* for their sons; that each having two fathers and mothers, four hearts of heroes and heroines must be in the chill of death, ere the hand of a foe could make orphan mourners of their helpless infancy. The sons of the chieftain of Mull were reared by the spouse of the Turrets, and the leader of *Clan na Geallana*, in his castle of the Isle of Mull, receives the hope of the Turrets to the fostering bosom of his chieftainers, from generation to generation.

"The chief of *Argathela*, with his ten thousands, pours suddenly on Mull, and lays *Clan na Geallana* under a perpetual tribute of conquests. Long groaned a race of the brave, under a yoke of overwhelming power; till Allan the Lion arose, a sparkling star among warrior kings. A hero unmatched on burning plains of the east, refused to bow before *Argathela*. *Maccaillanmore* decrees fire and sword for Mull, and summons his vassals to ravage the land of the valiant. They gather in war boats, bristled with lance and spear. The chief of the Turrets appears with his foster, the spouse of her that thought him on her bosom, and gave him to the bosom of the chieftainers of Dowart. The foster and his three sons are all that stand with *Niel Oig*, as firm in heart he spoke to *Maccaillanmore*.

"I have come at the word of the lord and chief of *Argathela*, yet no brand of the Turrets can be drawn against the chieftain of Mull.—His mother nourished my days of infancy, and he drew the sinews of his strength from the breast of her that gave me birth.

"Then, returned *Maccaillanmore*, 'whenever I shall have broken the sinews of Mull, I turn my weapons against you and yours.

"Be it so, replied *Niel Oig*, 'if only the breach of a bond of friendship can avert the clang of deadly weapons—a bond of friendship is more than life to the true and valiant. With locks as the silver spray of fearful leaping waves over the rocks of Mull, the foster of *Niel Oig* passed by night in a little skiff to Dowart, all unknown to the leader of his people, to reveal the perils of the Turrets.

"To ruin the friend knit to my soul by the name of brother will not save me; said the undaunted chief of *Clan na Geallana*. 'Forty Berlins ride before my castle; take them, and tell *Niel Oig*, his sworn brother conjures him, by the fame of our fathers, to save his ancient house from desolation.

"The foster brothers had made a hasty array of the powers of the Turrets. The day decreed for fire and sword shewed the Berlins of Dowart, manned by the followers of *Niel Oig*.

"Whence come those well-appointed war boats?" said *Maccaillanmore*.

"They were sent by the chieftain of Mull," answered *Niel Oig*; 'and he conjured his sworn brother by the fame of our fathers, to save his ancient house from desolation.

"He has saved himself," responded the high-souled *Maccaillanmore*. 'Let his sworn brother admonish him to pay the feudal dues, not to our prowess, but to his own soul of honour; and let *Maccaillanore* stand a third in your friendship of heroes."

B. G.

* *Alaine* signifies milk nurse.