

by arms to settle the lot hidden as a darkened moon. They agreed that the fight must begin on the sands of the bay in view of the castle, when wreathing mists, tinged with a beau of the east, should pass away over a far receding tide. The dark splintered crags, and brown woody steep, are bright with warriors striding to the fray, or with flashing eyes looking for a signal of onset; and as a stream bursting from a rock glitters with quivering light to the face of day, the Berlins of Dewart, terrible in their gleaming strength, drew to the beach in aid of *Niel Oig*. But *Niel Oig* waved his hand of might in token of the music of words, and multitudes hung upon the sounds.

"In my soul," he said, "I still behold my father. His voice of age still is on my ear, as he forbade his sons to raise an arm against each other; and since no choice remains for me, but to disquiet his spirit in airy halls of rest, or to yield the right within my sure grasp, I give up to my brother the Castle of the Turrets, and go in peace to the halls Woody Oil.* All the valiant and wise must clearly see; and my brother must feel in his breast, that I am not ruled by the little soul of fear, nor the lack of power. He sees my followers are ten to one of his array. Dauntless in heart, their hands on their spears; and lo! the invincible chieftain of Mull with crowding Berlins cover the bay."

"The great in many wars, the hero of early youth, bright on frequent fields of manhood—the great in bending to the will of a father cold beneath his *cairn*—the friend of the chief of *Clan na Geallana*, bore his stainless banner in peace to the halls of Woody Oil. Happy in the spouse of his love—happy in the buds of valour and beauty springing around him—the unconquered leader of the brave—the far-spreading shield of the feeble—the companion of mighty chiefs—the mouth of wisdom—the song of bards—he shone forth as the sun sending his loveliest beams through the recesses of a forest. But the dweller of the Castle of Turrets darkened the fame of his race. Rovers of oceans at his feasts of shells; and he fell, gashed with strokes from their gore-dropping hands. No spouse, no son, no offspring, flower of tender beauty mourned over his grave. His deeds were wrapped in silence by the bards of the Turrets—his name is forgotten in song—no hunter points to the rank grass of his narrow house, to recal an echo of renown from times of old. Dark-browed, grinning clyes of mischief skin along the low heap of earth that covers his bones; and the spirit of the storm lingers there, when he descends from the rugged cliffs, that hide their peaks in dun mists, untill he rages abroad in whirlwinds over waves, cleaved by the forky fires of heaven, and awfully roaring around the base of the rock crowned by the Castle of Turrets."

"The people gather in joy to hail *Niel Oig*, the lofty head, that never for evil bared an arm of power, nor looked coldly on the weak of his tribe. He yielded to his furious brother, as a far-spreading forest waves before a blast of the hills. But again he rears his head—for the idle breath of winds has sunk to a whispering gale, hushed in the deep bosom of a thorn-skirted cavern."

"The bond of friendship between *Niel Oig* and the chief of *Clan na Geallana* has waxed in strength, by exchanging the nurture of *Mai*—

* A smaller estate, for many generations allotted for the second son.