

lost her head, the ubiquitous John Brown appeared upon the scene, and the mysterious word was translated.

Meanwhile (*Eheu fugaces!*) time does not stand still, and life is not all repose. The cannon of far-off battles echo in the peaceful glens, and the mighty conquerors, Love and Death, work their changes. "The Duke" dies, and has a noble tribute from the mistress he had so faithfully served. Pipes play and (tell it not to the prohibitionists!) whisky is tossed off, in honour of the fall of Sebastopol. Prince Charming comes a-wooing the Queen's eldest born, and a piece of white heather—the Highland emblem of good luck—"enables him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes." In 1856 there occurs this entry in the *Journal*: "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise; and so much more so now that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation—his own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere." Five short years, and the "dear hand" had vanished, and when next the Queen revisited the scenes of so much happiness,

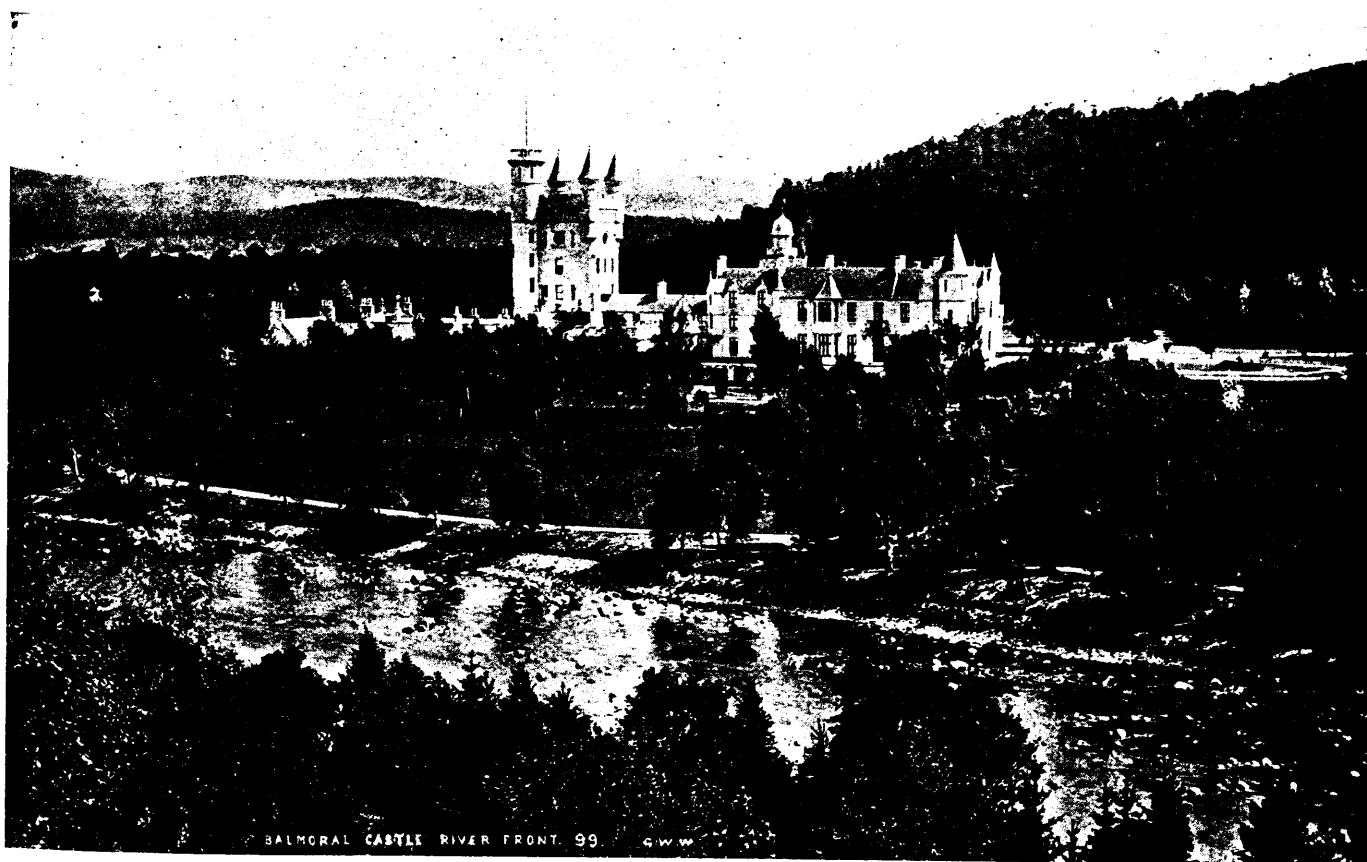
Such objectors, we take for granted, never heard of Duty—the "shadow" (to quote Gladstone) which "rises with us in the morning," and which "never leaves us till we leave the light of life." They never heard of Self-Reverence and Self-Control, the magicians by which noble spirits are touched to fine issues. And therefore such a life as the Prince's is as great a mystery to them as if it had been lived in some far-off star.

The Queen's devotion to the Highlands has been for some years a source of discontent to those of her subjects who, if they were not grumbling at that, would be grumbling at something else. Since the Home Rule agitation, especially, it has been affirmed that, had the light of the royal countenance shown oftener upon Ireland, the agitation would never have been. Certainly no one could wish to that generous and warm-hearted people less than their share of all the good things going; and in the matter of royal visits, they have not had their due. But does anyone seriously believe that the favour of a queen—or of an angel—would put a stop to Irish fighting? For one *casus belli* it removed, it would probably furnish a hundred. I

turn away and think of it no longer. The highland regiments, once the flower of the British army, find no volunteers now-a-days in the deserted glens. They are recruited from the purlieus of cities; and the "bonnets nod," the "tartans wave," over Bill Sykes from London and Paddy from Dublin. I am glad the old colours, for which our fathers poured out their blood like water, are safe in St. Giles'.

But the harm done to the people is as nothing compared with that done to the land. The older exiles may die of longing, but the steady heads and strong hands of their children go to the making of other Britains beyond the seas. But what will become of our country when her dark days come, and she has banished the sons that would have died for her?

What will become of our country, do I ask? O brothers! "many waters cannot quench love"—not all the waters that lie between the old home and the new. We would die for Scotland yet! The principle of loyalty is far too deep and sacred to be sacrificed to any feeling of personal grievance. The skies above us have changed, but nothing



BALMORAL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

it was to realize how exquisite may be the pain of remembering, even when we would not for all the world forget.

How the small souls of this world carp at greatness and goodness! My copies of the Queen's books have been a good deal borrowed; and in one of them—opposite the entry, "Albert played patience last evening," appears the remark, "Poor Albert! I guess he often did that." Of course I laughed when I read it; but, after all, does it not put human nature in rather a pitiable light, to know that it is an article of faith with some people that the royal couple were not as happy as they said they were—that the Queen was jealous and the Prince henpecked, and that all these touching records are mere gush and twaddle. Some spoken comments in reference to the Prince's early death are even more disheartening. "Well, 'one end happeneth to the wise man and to the fool,' he might just as well have had an easier time. So might the 'blameless prince' of Tennyson—to whom our prince has been so often compared—have had an easier time; so might the Lycidas of a diviner poet:

"Were it not better done as other use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair."

am sure any fair-minded Irishman will confess that if the legend of the Kilkenny cats fails as a moral fable, it is only in sparing the tails. If our race should ever dwindle to that "last man," about whom there has been so much discussion, and that man should be an Irishman, the probability is that in the absence of other material, he will pick a quarrel with his shadow and fall in a duel with himself.

It is impossible for any lover of the Highlands not to lament the change that is fast taking place in the *morale* of the people. The qualities which I have claimed for them are still found among them, but unless some speedy remedy can be found for certain evils, I fear, they will soon be of the past. The greatest of these evils is forced emigration. The men who were the bone and sinew of the Highlands have had to choose between leaving the hills to which their hearts cling with a passionate love which no stranger can understand, and dying of starvation. Have you ever seen a picture by a Scottish R.A. representing a family group gathered on the deck of a vessel—their faithful collie beside them—looking their last upon the Lochaber hills? The story it tells is all too true; and people look and admire, and are touched by the pathos of it, and ask if you have ever happened to hear the beautiful song, "Lochaber No More;" and then

more. When a colonist from the old country goes in for annexation, or a Scottish-American millionaire fancies he has thrown off his allegiance as he has filled his purse, he thinks himself a worse man than he is; and were his loyalty put to other test than that of words, I believe it would come out triumphant. Let me tell you, in this connection, the story of the Trotters:

A good many years ago, when my home was in one of the Southern states, an American lady came to me one day and tersely said: "I have just seen two specimens of the Ancient Briton, feminine gender, in town. You must go and see them." On asking how she had recognized them, she enumerated certain signs which, she declared, were not to be mistaken: shapeless tweed garments, antediluvian bonnets, and an eye-glass, through which one of the two, halting in front of the principal hotel, had calmly surveyed the loungers. I went to see them; their discoverer went; everybody went; and before a month had passed they were known everywhere as the "dear old Trotters."

At that time they had a mortal antipathy to everything American, excepting, of course, their personal friends! Did a person do a rude or dishonourable deed, they pronounced it "so Amer-