

# PREFACE.



“Tradition’s lore and Celtic lay  
May well beguile the longest day,  
While we pursue our Highland way,  
Or, sad delight.  
Recall the elms and straths of rapid Spey  
When far from sight.”

These words move me to quote from Ossian in his prayer to Malvina. “But lead me, O Malvina! to the sound of my woods; to the roar of my mountain streams. Let the chase be heard on C’ona; let me think on the days of other years. And bring me the harp, O Maid! that I may touch it, when the light of my soul shall arise. Be thou near, to learn the song; future times shall hear of me! The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on C’ona; and, looking up to the rocks, say, ‘Here Ossian dwelt.’ They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more! while we ride on our clouds, Malvina! on the wings of the roaring winds; Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert; we shall sing on the breeze of the rock.”—*Ossian*.

Knowing that anything which I might write would not compensate the reader for the time taken