

skill. Dalkeith told him he was bleeding and dying fast, and in his kindly way asked for a drink of water, after receiving which, even in that time of agony, he courteously thanked him, and, with his back on the heather, and without a murmur or complaint, like a noble Border Chief as he was, went his way to the "Far, Far Land." All over Scotland, and more especially on the lands owned by Buccleuch, sorrow for his untimely end is deep and genuine. But after all, his was a noble life. Born the heir of vast estates, surrounded with everything that could make life pleasant and temptations powerful, yet he passed through all a manly, modest, and pure life. Those who knew him best loved him most. It is only the other day that he was in the midst of us, during all the heat of an election; but even those most keenly opposed to him in politics were the first to acknowledge the straightforward and manly way in which he carried through the warfare. Now, all who knew him are glad to point to the young life (prematurely closed) as a pure and unselfish one, striving, by kindly deeds and loving words, to be helpful to all, whatever their position, with whom he came in contact. May we not apply to him the words of the Highland Coronach?

"The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are serest,  
*But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.*

"Fleet foot on the corrie,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand of the Hunter,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!"

Achnacarry has heard the wail of the Cameron men for beloved Chiefs, and many a Border Peel heard the sounds of woe for the loss of a Bold Buccleuch, but the wail of the Border Land for Dalkeith, and the wild voices of the pines and torrents of Lochaber and Lochiel, will sound in loving remembrance of that young and noble Christian life so tragically closed at the age of 26 years.

I enclose a Lament for Dalkeith by Captain Clark Kennedy of Knockgray in Galloway—a noble tribute from a keen sportsman and an intimate friend. If you can afford space for it at the end of this letter, please insert it; it has the genuine ring.

I am yours, very truly,

DAVID CLARK.

## LAMENT FOR DALKEITH.

AIR—"Lochaber no more!"

(Specially composed by ALEXANDER CLARK KENNEDY.)

Chaidh e shealg anns a mhadaidn, ladair luath  
gu leor.  
Ach mun thainig am feasgair, bha sin n silcadh  
nan deor.  
Air son an t-sealgair og nasail, tha nis gun deo,  
'S do ghlcanntan Lochaber, cha till e ni s mo!  
Lochaber ni s mo!"

### I.

How fair are the mountains at dawning of day!  
How glorious the heather in purple array!  
How brightly the sunshine is gilding the ben!  
How lovely the bracken that waves in the glen!  
Then up! to the forest! come, hasten away!  
To the corrie, the mountain! no longer delay!  
And we'll seek, as we clamber the precipice side,  
The "lord of the forest"—the stag in his pride!

### II.

In the glens of Lochaber gay laughter we hear,  
It startles the grouse, as it rouses the deer;  
Where Charlie, our monarch, his banner out-  
spread,  
Where birches and rowan are wreath'd over-  
head,  
The quarry is crouching 'mid boulders so grey,  
But, see, in a moment he's up and away!  
Away through the forest—away like the wind,  
But the stalkers are eagerly pressing behind.

### III.

Hark, hark! 'tis a rifle shot that rings through  
the air,  
Another!—but what is yon cry of despair?  
Can the scream of the whaup be so plaintive  
and shrill?  
Or is it the Angel of Death on the hill?  
Hush! hush! on the mountain a gallant one lies;  
Alas! for Dalkeith on the precipice dies,  
And the breezes waft mournfully down to the  
shore  
The refrain, "He shall see Achnacarry no more!"

### IV.

As darkly the night falls on corrie and glen,  
Is heard the sad wail of the Cameron men:  
The croak of the raven resounds overhead,  
"Alone on the mountain! alone with the dead!"  
Thy waters, Loch Artraig, seem darksome and  
drear,  
Though we saw them this morning so sparkling  
and clear;  
And now the wild coronach rings on the shore,  
"Alas! he returns from the forest no more!"

### V.

The hurricane rises and sweeps thro' the trees,  
The scream of the eagle is borne on the breeze:  
The silver birch, weeping, is bent to the ground,

\* The literal translation of the Gaelic is—  
Hale and hearty in the morn he went hunting  
the deer.

But ere evening fell we were shedding the tear  
For the gallant young sportsman whose fate we  
deplore.

Who now will return to Lochaber no more!  
† Prince Charles Stuart raised his banner, in  
the year 1745, in the wilds of Lochaber, not far  
from this very spot.

‡ Lament for the departed.