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# The Celtic Tragedy

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE, DEALING ESPECIALLY WITH THE OPPRESSION OF THE CELTIC ELEMENT BY THE ANGLO-SAXON OR GERMANIC ELEMENT IN LAND, LANGUAGE, AND RELIGION.

*By*

NORMAN MURRAY

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THIS PART CONTAINS EXTRACTS FROM THE LATE LAMENTED THOS. D'ARCY McGEE'S HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN IRELAND, ALSO EXTRACTS FROM "THE TRAGEDY OF THE STARLING," SHOWING SOME OF THE ABSURDITIES AND FANATICISM OF SABBATARIANISM IN SCOTLAND UNDER PRESBYTERIAN SUPREMACY.

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"THE GLORY OF GREAT EMPIRES LIKE THE OLD ROMAN AND MODERN BRITISH EMPIRE IS THEIR VARIETIES OF RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS, ALL FREE TO SPEAK THEIR OWN LANGUAGES AND PRACTISE THEIR VARIOUS RELIGIONS UNDISTURBED."

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MONTREAL

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## RAPPEL DU PASSE.

Quand les Bretons une fois encore ont versé leur sang comme de l'eau sur le sol français, et que les soldats écossais une fois de plus ont fait preuve de l'indomptable valeur de leur race, l'esprit écossais est sensible à la tradition des âges dans les annales desquelles la vieille amitié entre l'Écossais et la France prend une forme variée quoi qu'indistincte. La presse a touché d'un doigt léger la tradition, des hommes d'état l'ont rappelé comme une inspiration au service et le soldat dut sentir que dans le passé lointain un bien fut formé qui plut à l'imagination national et émut le coeur jusqu'au jour présent. Ce lien est connu comme l'ancienne Ligue avec la France une alliance qui signifie beaucoup pour les deux pays, et dont l'origine a été investie de romance non banale. De la recherche comparative des temps pré-historiques quelques faits émergent. Il peut être accepté comme un fait que dans une période première la chrétienté florissait en Irlande, la partie nord de laquelle était alors connue sous le nom de Scotia et ses habitants les Scots. Avant Colomba, les Scots avaient passé de Scotia en Albyn, et avaient formé l'établissement de Dalriada, correspondant en général à l'Argyleshire. Nous n'avons pas besoin de nous enquerir minutieusement si tous les hommes de talent du temps de Colomba, et pour deux ou trois siècles qui le suivent dont les noms sont associés à Iona, et l'Écosse moderne, et qui étaient connus comme Scots, étaient d'origine Irlandaise où Albanique. Ces termes étaient presque échangeables et le sang était grandement allié. Quand donc, nous lisons de Colmace, ou Aidau le Scot en Angleterre, ou de Gillemes Scotis, Jean Scotus, ou Clément le Scot en France ou en Allemagne, il n'est pas nécessaire de discuter que parceque la partie nord de l'Irlande était anciennement connue sous le nom de Scotia, tous les hommes désignés comme Scotus, jusqu'au neuvième siècle étaient nécessairement de naissance irlandaise. Un cas parallèle se trouve au Canada. Les Écossais qui combataient avec Wolfe à Louisbourg et sur les plaines d'Abraham s'établirent sur les rives inférieures du Saint-Laurent et plus tard dans la Nouvelle-Écosse. Ils devinrent bientôt absorbés par la population française, il se fait donc que tandis que des noms tels que Nairne, Fraser, Macpherson, Forbes, Campbell se trouvent en nombres considérables, beaucoup de ceux qui les portent n'ont qu'une

faible idée de leur origine et sont plus Canadiens-Français que les Français dans leur langue, leur religion et leurs coutumes.

Il est supposé que Jean Scotus, qui mourut en 884 A.D., fut le premier professeur à l'Université de Paris, l'Université connue telle ne fut organisée qu'à la fin du onzième siècle, mais il est très probable que Jean l'Écossais enseigna à Paris, et établit une réputation telle que ce fut un honneur de connecter de mouvement culmanatif dans l'Université avec son nom. Qu'il en soit ainsi ou non, il laissa l'impression de sa personnalité dans le pays, et un certain nombre de ses compatriotes achevèrent à l'honneur continental aussi bien. La possibilité que la France et l'Écosse se soit unies dans le champ congénial de l'éclaircissement mutuel avant le dixième siècle est une situation aimable à contempler et quelque légère que soit l'évidence à la réalité de cette croyance, elle tient l'esprit écossais et français, et le fait que l'alliance ancienne fut acceptée comme vraie, exerça une influence importante sur les générations successives quand intérêt militaire et politique furent combinés pour suggérer l'utilité de coopération.

N'importe comment ce soit, on ne questionne pas que Charles VII. forma un corps de gendarmes Écossais en 1422, et en 1440 la Garde Écossaise. Pendant longtemps ce corps tenait la position d'aide personnel comme garde pour les rois français, et se prouvèrent des plus fidèles et vaillants. Les membres étaient pris dans de bonnes familles Écossaises (on regardait comme un honneur de servir dans le corps) et la "Garde Écossaise" devint si fermement établie comme une institution française que le nom en fût retenu longtemps après que les Écossais cessèrent de la joindre.

La Ligue ancienne dont ces faits sont une évidence avait d'autres traits aussi bien. Le commerce commença entre les deux pays et fut encouragé. Les produits d'Écosse trouvèrent en France un marché profitable et ainsi des produits Français en Écosse. Les coutumes sociales étaient contagieuses et pénétrèrent dans le royaume du nord. Les modes françaises ainsi que les mots pour les exprimer, se trouvèrent longuement dans la vie et dans le langage, et les cours de loi écossaise furent influencés par les procédures et méthodes de celles de France. L'Écossais aventureux trouva en France l'avantage pour ses talents qui ne se trouvait pas dans son pays natif, et ainsi un élément viril et fort fut ajouté à la population qui enrichit considérablement le sang Gallic de France. Dans sa lecture intéressante sur les Écossais dans la Nouvelle-France, Macpherson Lemoine, Québec, retrace plusieurs fa-

milles Canadiennes-françaises d'une position seigneuriale et officielle qui furent parmi les premières à s'établir au Canada, à travers plusieurs générations en France et des ancêtres Ecossais, aux jours où les Scots sous la bonne volonté des traités et alliances anciennes, trouvèrent de l'abondance et de la soutien dans les provinces florissantes de Gaule, comme de nos jours les descendants des deux pays trouvèrent un chez-eux sous un drapeau pas moins généreux, sur les plaines fertiles du Canada.

(Miss Dorothy Fraser, in Fraser's Scottish Annual, 1920.)

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#### ANSWER TO CRITICISMS.

"What is the use of stirring up old sores of past history?" This is one of the many objections that some people make to this history, who take much pride in their Anglo-Saxon or Germanic ancestry. The great use of writing a true history of the past is that it helps to avoid the same mistakes in the future. Man being the same, selfish brutal animal in all ages, it is only by experience which is often a very hard master that he learns to improve his etiquette and ethics. Some people point out with pride the great extent and power of the British Empire, and as nothing succeeds like success, the methods of the past should be forgotten. They are mistaken, however, in advocating this policy of silence as to the past. If we have more liberty now than our ancestors had in many respects, it is owing to new conditions under a powerful United Empire. The ruling passion with most people either as individuals or as communities, is self interest. It has taken many people a long time to discover that slavery was a curse to the slave holder as well as the slave in the long run. The same rule applies to the exasperating question of the varieties of religions. The uniformity idea as the ideal state of society is hard to eradicate. In my opinion, the best cure for it is the Imperial idea, which is based on *true nationalism*, and the union of various races, of various languages and religions for the common purpose of self defence and commercial co-operation. I don't acknowledge the divine right of kings, races or religions, or peoples of any kind to expel one people from the land of their ancestors, enforce a new language or a new religion on other people, as the Anglo-Saxon or Germanic element has been doing for many years on the Celtic element of the British people. I am in favour of a limited liability partnership between John Bull, Sandy,

Pat, Talby and Jean Baptiste, but I object to the idea of any member of that partnership forcing any particular language or religion down the throats of others.

Then I am supposed to have made a mistake in reprinting Saladin's "Impeachment of Martin Luther," as they suppose it helps the Catholic Church against Protestantism. Now I hold no brief for the Catholic Church or any other church. They are all welcome to any gain they can make through my method of propaganda. I am writing from the point of view of Humanitarian Philosophy, which certainly has not been advanced by either Martin Luther, John Calvin or John Knox. I think the world owes more to men like William Penn and the Quakers than to the policy of the so-called reformers of the Luther, Calvin, Knox and Henry the 8th type. The last awful world war has shown that Protestant Germany was more cruel and barbarous than Catholic Austria. For many years it has been much easier for a Protestant to live quietly in the Catholic part of Ireland than for a Catholic to live in the Orange Protestant part of Ulster. The same is true of Canada. There is much more liberty in many ways in French Catholic Quebec than in Orange Protestant Ontario. The menace to liberty always comes from the stronger party. In the British Isles, Canada and other parts of the British Empire, Protestantism is much stronger than Catholicism and therefore much more dangerous to the liberty of the growing masses, outside both of them than the Catholic Church. Circumstances alter cases. Protestantism, with its Bibliolatry and Sabbatarianism, has been tried in the balance and found wanting. We need a new Reformation of Protestantism. Another very serious disadvantage that followed the revolt against the Mother Church was that the clergy being the nominees of the landed aristocracy, they became the servants of the landlords instead of the natural protectors of the people, as they ought to have been. Even in Canada, I have long ago discovered that clergy and laymen of Highland Scotch Catholic origin have more live interest in the injustice of landlordism in the Highlands of Scotland than Protestant clergy and laymen. This again has another bad effect as it leads in many cases to Atheism, the most dangerous state of mind mankind can get into. They draw the mind of the people away both from the teaching of the New Testament and national patriotism, by exciting the minds of the people by Old Testament war stories. As for the right of private judgment, the Civil Wars of religion after the Reformation is proof that the laity had no more freedom in private judgment than they hand in the Mother Church.

*THE SAXON INVASION OF BRITAIN.*

(Continued from Part IV., page 64.)

The more effective way to get back at the Aristocracy is to fight it out at Westminster instead of Dublin. The present movement will end in disaster, but it will have an aftermath. When the Irish come back to Westminster I expect to live long enough to take part with them in the fight. I have been waiting patiently for it for years. We had also the Celtic Tragedy in Canada. Any one who has read of the expulsion of the Acadians can easily see another chapter of the Celtic Tragedy. We have it in a milder form in the treatment of the beautiful French language in Canada. Instead of learning that beautiful language themselves, the one-language fiends put forth all their efforts to crush it out. How many of these Fanatics know that the best half of the English language, is derived from the French language, and that a man cannot know his own language perfectly unless he knows the roots from which it is derived. Unfortunately, the last agitation on this question came from a quarter where it should be least expected.

When the present upheaval in Ireland is over, the first thing to be done is to curb Orange open air 12th of July fanaticism. Many of the original natives have been driven from their homes, and alien people put in their place. That is the origin of the present agitation in the neighboring republic. The ancestors of these people have been driven from their native land, all of which has been due to a wicked, cruel feudal system, which is still a black spot on the British Empire, for the worst land laws in the whole world still exist in England, Scotland and Wales, as well as Ireland. The Celtic people have always been doing foolish things and backing up the wrong horse and playing cards that never win. The South Britons invited the Anglo-Saxons, and we know the result. In 1152 there was a quarrel in Ireland between Dermot MacMurrough and Rudavi O'Connor. Dermot asked Henry II. of England for assistance, and Henry sent over Strong Bow with an Army and an English Army has been in Ireland ever since.

In the Highlands of Scotland, my native country, there was a foolish rebellion in 1745, which ruined that part of the country, and is now almost a desert, where aliens amuse themselves hunting wild animals. It has always been a puzzle to me, with all the praise that the Military men give of the fighting qualities of the Scottish Highlander, why the powers that be did not catch on to the idea that it would be more profitable to use the Highlands for racing men than for raising wild deer.

What could have been more foolish than the Fenian raid of Canada about 50 years ago, unless the Irish rebellion of 1916. Shooting policemen, to say the least of it, is a strange way of starting a revolution, when we have arrived at manhood suffrage system of politics. Wise men do not waste time or energy on playing a game in which the odds are fifteen to one against them.

There is a story told of Spurgeon and a Plymouth Brother. The Plim. told Spurgeon he was going to join the perfectionists. The man happened to be deformed, and Spurgeon looked him over. "I don't believe," said Spurgeon, "the Lord would put a perfect soul in such an imperfect body as you have." The man got into a violent rage and Spurgeon patted him on the shoulder and said: "My dear brother, I see you are still a poor sinner like myself, you better stay with ourselves a little while longer." The same remark applies to Ireland, our unfortunate foolish Celtic brother, they had better stay with ourselves a little longer. With all the faults of the partnership complete separation would not benefit either parties at present. There is always more liberty in big strong Empires, than small petty states.

The Clan system has always been a weakness to the Celtic people. Nowadays with difference of race, language and religion into small separate clans to keep up old clan feuds about trifles seems foolish. If they spent half the time and energy in making roads through the country, that they spent in clan feuds, it would be much better for them. Instead of trying to break up the Empire they should rather try to improve conditions in other ways.

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#### *A COMING TRAGEDY.*

There is a great tragedy coming shortly, not only for the British people, but for the whole human race, when the coal supply will be exhausted. In the strange and wise provision of Providence it was only a comparatively short while ago since man discovered that there was a large supply of fuel under his feet underground. This tragedy will first affect the British people, for they are the only people we know of living in Islands who raise only enough food for themselves to last about three months in the year, while they have to take their food for the rest of the year from other countries, and what will make the tragedy more acute, is that at present the barbarous aristocratic parasites conspired to make a large part of the country a desert to provide themselves with a barbarous kind of sport in chasing and killing

innocent animals out of pure devilment. Necessity knows no laws and when conditions become unbearable the people of course, will seize all the available land and make short work of the supposed rights of property of the barbarous aristocracy.

The British people, however, with all their faults and follies have one remedy that no other people have, they have more spare room for their surplus population than any other, and this is one particular point in which the proverbial folly of some of the Celtic part of the population of the British Empire is quite evident, they are rather weak on the Imperialistic idea. With the strange perversity that have followed their history, there was less hostility, and more friendship to the Germans in the late war among some of the Celtic part of the people of the Empire than any other. In this their folly appears to be absolutely incurable. This proves the wisdom of the old proverb. No matter what sufferings his folly causes one who is a victim of hereditary folly, he will not depart from his folly. The Jewish and Celtic races are special illustrations of this observation.

If I were a member of Parliament I would make it my business to make 12th of July Orange Processions illegal and move the disallowance of any Provincial Act interfering with the teaching of the French language in the schools.

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*EXTRACTS FROM THE PROTESTANT (so-called)  
REFORMATION IN IRELAND,*

By the late Thos. D'Arcy McGee.

According to the Pragmatic, Utilitarian and Stoic Philosophies, the particular form of religion does not matter so much "per se" as what suits best and helps most to develop character. It was wisely said by some one that religion was largely a matter of latitude and longitude. Europe would have been saved much trouble if many kings and politicians since his time had followed the advice of the Emperor Tiberius, who advised his pagan subject, who complained that the new sect of Jews called Christians, were blaspheming Jupiter, to leave that matter to Jupiter, whose business it was to punish phasphemers and not the business of the Roman Emperor.

Ireland had no Wickliff like England, or Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, or John Knox, like Scotland. The religion founded by St. Patrick suited the whole Celtic Irish people, and it seems to us now in the light of history, quite extraordinary that the people of England and Scotland should have caused so much



trouble and worry to themselves, and the Irish people by their persistent efforts to force a form of religion on that people that they never wished for. The methods followed by Protestants to convert Ireland to the new form of religion that took their own fancy seemed more like the methods of Moses, Joshua and Mahomet, than the methods of Christ and his first disciples. While the latter were in many cases like sheep among wolves, the former seemed more like wolves in sheep's clothing. In former numbers of this series I have given extracts from reliable historians as to the violence of the people who boast of Anglo-Saxon origin towards the people of another race in England and Scotland, and now I am going to give some examples of the conduct of the same class of people in Ireland—

Page 64—"While the war against the Desmonds was raging in the south, under pretence of suppressing rebellion, no one could help seeing that in reality it was directed against the Catholic religion. If any one doubted the real object, events which quickly followed Elizabeth's victory, soon convinced them. Dermid O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, being taken by the victors, was brought to Dublin in 1582. Here the Protestant Primate Loftus besieged him in vain, for nearly a year, to deny the Pope's supremacy and acknowledge the queen's. Finding him of unshaken faith, he was brought out for martyrdom, on St. Stephen's Green, adjoining the city; there he was tied to a tree, his boots filled with combustibles, and his limbs stripped and smeared with oil and alcohol. Alternately they lighted and quenched the flame which enveloped him, prolonging his tortures through four successive days. Still remaining firm, before dawn on the fifth day they finally consumed his last remains of life, and left his calcined bones among the ashes at the foot of the stake. The relics, gathered in secret by some pious friends, were hidden away in the half ruined church of St. Kevin, near that outlet of Dublin called Kevinsport. In Desmond's town of Killmallock, were taken Patrick O'Hely, Bishop of Mayo; Father Cornelius, a Franciscan, and some others. To extort from them confessions of the new faith, their thighs were broken into with hammers, and their arms crushed by levers. They died without yielding, and the instruments of their torture were buried with them in the Franciscan convent at Askeston. The most Rev. Richard Creagh, Primate of all Ireland, was the next victim. Failing to convict him in Ireland of the imputed crime of violating a young woman, who herself exposed the calumny and suffered for so doing, they brought him to London, where he is said to have died of poison on the 14th of October, 1585.

Twenty years after the incidents previously recorded, we

have the following, which took place in 1605—two years after James VI. succeeded Queen Elizabeth, thus uniting the crowns of England and Scotland.

Page 87—James, alarmed by the gunpowder plot and the publications of the Irish exiles in Rome and Spain, and swayed, moreover, by Cecil, his minister, in his third year, openly declared against toleration. His proclamation ran as follows:—

“Whereas we have been informed that our subjects in the Kingdom of Ireland, since the death of our beloved sister, have been deceived by a false rumour, to wit, that we would allow them liberty of conscience, contrary to the laws and statutes of that Kingdom, and the religion we profess. From this some deemed us less zealous than we ought to be in the administration of the Irish Church, as well as that of the other churches over which it is our duty to watch; and very many of our Irish subjects seem determined to persevere in their obstinate continuancy, Jesuits, Seminarists, priests and bishops, who have received ordination at the hands of foreigners, thus emboldened, have lain concealed in various parts of that Kingdom, and now emerging from their hiding places, exercise their functions and rights, despising us and our religion.

“Wherefore it hath seemed good to us to notify our beloved subjects in Ireland, that we shall never tolerate such a state of things; and notwithstanding the rumors so persistently circulated, we are firmly resolved never to allow any religion save that which is consonant with the word of God, established by our laws. By these presents, therefore, let all men know that we strictly order and command all and every of our subjects to frequent the parochial churches, to assist at the divine offices, and attend to the exposition of the word of God, on Sundays and festival days, according to the rule and spirit of the laws. They who will act contrarywise will incur the penalties provided by the statutes, which we now order to be rigorously enforced. And as it has been notified to us that Jesuits, seminary priests and many other priests, wander about the kingdom of Ireland seducing our subjects to the observance of their superstitions, thus bringing our laws into contempt: We now order and command that all such Jesuits, priests, seminarists, etc., who have been ordained in foreign parts, or derive any authority from the Roman See, do, after the expiration of the last day of November, instant, withdraw from our kingdom of Ireland, nor let any such persons after that date, venture to return into the aforesaid kingdom. Should they contravene this order, we strictly ordain that they are to be punished with the utmost rigor of the laws in this case already specified. We, moreover, strictly forbid all our sub-

jects of Ireland to shelter or countenance any Jesuit, seminary priest, or any other priest, who will dare to remain in Ireland, or return thither after the 10th day of December, inst.

"But if any of the foresaid Jesuits, seminary priests, or priests of any order, shall dare to remain in the kingdom of Ireland, or return thither after the 17th day of December, instant, and if any of our subjects shall dare to receive or shelter them, we strictly command all our mayors, constables, sheriffs, judges, etc., etc., to act as faithful subjects, and to seize the body of each and every Jesuit, seminary priest, and other priests who have received ordination in foreign parts, and commit them to close confinement until our viceroy or his deputy shall have inflicted on them just and deserved punishment.

"But if any of the aforesaid Jesuits, seminary priests or others shall, before the aforesaid 10th day of December next, present himself before our viceroy, or any of our officers of State, signifying his desire to frequent our churches, according to the spirit of our laws, we will give permission to such Jesuits, seminary priests and others to tarry in our kingdom, and return thereto as long as they shall continue faithful to the observances which we prescribe. Such persons shall have and enjoy all the privileges belonging to our faithful and loving subjects. Given at Westminster, July 4, 1605.

(To be continued in Part VI.)

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#### *SURE CURE.*

Many people, like myself, have suffered and endured many long years of agony from dizziness, headaches, indigestion and costiveness, which very simple remedies would have cured if people only knew of it. Having accidentally found a very simple remedy in a medical book on home treatment, I will be glad to send particulars to any of my readers for 25c. To any one far away from a good drug store I can mail a small package for 30c.

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#### *NON-UNION PRINTING.*

For some years now union printers and their employers have actually been holding up the public, especially since the Great War, so that the cost of printing has gone up in some cases three or four times what it was a few years ago. If any of our friends who have little job printing to do will communicate with me I will introduce them to more reasonable job printers.

*THE TRAGEDY OF THE STARLING.*

By Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod.

One of Queen Victoria's most popular chaplains in Scotland, Norman McLeod, was a man whose name will long be remembered, especially by patriotic Highlanders. He was in many respects ahead of his time. In the sixties of last century the question of running trains on Sunday was a live issue. Dr. Norman McLeod refused to join the Sabbatarian fanatics who wished to stop all Sunday travel, and continue the Hebrew Sabbath instead of the more liberal view of the keeping of that day as he found it in the New Testament. In fact he had very much the same view of the questions that many liberal Roman Catholics always had that a man need not make a god of sloth as the Hebrews did, and that a certain amount of liberty on that day need not interfere with devotional exercises. As a result he suffered considerable persecution from the "unco guid" in Scotland in consequence. Our good friend Norman turned the tables on his persecutors, however, by writing the *Story of the Starling*, and printing it in his monthly magazine, "Good Words." The leading characters in the story are David Mercer, an old ex-soldier and shoemaker, who in his early days had done some poaching or shooting game, which, according to the custom then, as it is still in Scotland, was a kind of sport reserved only for the gentry. Next to David in the story is the Rev. Mr. Porteous, the parish minister, and two elders, Peter Smellie and Robert Menzies. Some day I would like to publish the whole story in full. It makes very amusing reading to the present generation. The extent to which Sabbatarianism was carried among some Scotch people, as well as so-called Puritans, in England and America, some time ago can hardly be realized in this more liberal generation. To make a long story short, David Mercer, ex-soldier shoemaker, and Presbyterian elder, got married, had a boy whom he named Charlie. He got a starling, which he taught to speak a few words, which was a great pleasure to his little boy Charlie. Some extracts from the story run as follows:

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*BOOKS.*

Another way our friends can help is by ordering some books. At the present time I am offering a bargain of the best stories of the great American humorists—Mark Twain, George Ade, Joseph Billings, Mr. Dooley, and others, in one volume of over 300 pages, illustrated, for 90c. post paid, which is only about half the original price.

## THE STARLING.

By THE EDITOR.

Chapter I.—Adam Mercer, Poacher and Soldier.

"The man was ance a poacher!" So said, or rather breathed, Peter Smellie, grocer and elder, with his hard wheezing breath into the ears of Robert Menzies, a brother elder, who was possessed of a more human disposition. They were conversing in great confidence about the important "case" of Sergeant Adam Mercer. What that case was, the reader will learn by and by. The only reply of Robert Menzies was, "Is't possible!" accompanied by a start and a steady gaze at his well-informed brother. "It's a fac' I tell ye," continued Smellie, but ye'll keep it to yersel'—keep it to yersel' for it doesna do to injure a brither wi'oot cause; yet it's richt ye should ken what a bad beginning our freen has had. Pit your thumb on't, however, in the mean time—keep it, as the minister says, in retentive which I suppose means, till needed."

Smellie went on his way to attend to some parochial duty, nodding and smiling, and again admonishing his brother to "keep it to himsel'." He seemed unwilling to part with the copyright of such a spicy bit of gossip. Menzies repeated to himself, "A poacher! wha would have thocht it? Yet—" We shall not record the harmonies, real or imaginary, which Mr. Menzies so intuitively discovered between the early and latter habits of the Sergeant.

And yet the gossiping Smellie, whose nose had tracked out the history of many people in the parish of Drumsylvie, was in this, as in most cases, accurately informed. The Sergeant of whom he spoke had been a poacher some thirty years before, in a district many miles away. The wonder is how Smellie had found the fact out, or how, if true, it could affect the present character or position of one of the best men in the parish; yet true it was, and it is as well to confess it, not with the view of excusing it, but only to account for Mercer's having become a soldier, and to show how one, "meek as a sheathed sword" in his later years, had in his earlier ones been possessed of a very keen and ardent temperament, whose ruling passion was the love of excitement, in the shape of battle with game and keepers. We accidentally heard the whole story, truly told, and, on account of other circumstances in the Sergeant's later history, it interested us more than we fear it can do our readers.

Mercer did not care for money, nor seek to make a trade of

the unlawful pleasure of shooting without a licence. Nor in the district in which he lived was the offence then looked upon in a light so very disreputable as it is now; neither was it pursued by the same disreputable class. The sport itself was what Mercer loved for its own sake, and it had become to him quite a passion. For two or three years he had frequently transgressed, but he was at last caught on the early dawn of a summer's morning by the well-known John Spence, who for many years protected the game on the lands of Lord—. John had many assistant keepers, from whom he received reports every now and again of some unknown and mysterious poacher who had hitherto eluded every attempt to seize him. Though rather old for active service, Spence resolved to concentrate all his experience—for, like many a thoroughbred keeper, he had himself been a poacher in his youth—on the securing of Adam Mercer; but how he did so it would take pages to tell. Adam never suspected John of troubling himself about such details as watching poachers, and John never suspected that Adam was the poacher; for the keeper was cousin-german to Mercer's mother, and he therefore felt his own credit and honour involved in the capture. The capture itself was not difficult; for John having lain in wait suddenly confronted Adam, who, scorning the idea of flying, much more of struggling with his old cousin, quietly accosted him with, "Weel John, ye hae caught me at last."

"Adam Mercer!" exclaimed the keeper, with a look of horror. "It canna be you! It's no' possible!"

"It's just me, John, and no mistak'," said Adam, quietly throwing himself down on the heather and twisting a bit about his finger. "For better or waur, I'm in yer power; but had I been a ne'er-do-weel, like Willy Steel, or Tam McGrath, I'd have blackened my face and whammel'd ye ower and pit your head in a well-ee afore ye could cheep as loud as a stane-chucker; but when I saw wha ya war, I gied in."

"I wad rather than a five-pun-note I had never seen yer face! Keep us! what's to be dune! What wull yer mither say? and his Lordship? Na, what wull onybody say wi' a spark o' decency whe n they hear—"

"Dinna fash yer thoomb, John; tak' me and send me to the jail."

"The jail! What gude wil that do to you or me, laddie? I'm clean donnered about the business. Let me sit down aside ye; kee'n laigh, in case the keepers see ye, and tell me by what misshanter ye ever took to this wicked business, and under my nose, as if I couldna fin' ye oot!"

"Sport, sport!" was Mercer's reply. "Ye ken, John, I'm a shoemaker, and it's a dull trade, and squeezing the clams against the wame is ill, they tell me, for digestion; and when that fails, ane's speerits fail, and the warld gets black and dull; and when things wad be thus gaun wrang wi' me, I couldna flee to drink: but I thocht o' the moors that I kent sae weel when my faither was a keeper to Murray o' Cultrain. Ye mind my faither was he no a han' at a gun!"

"He was that—the verra best," said John.

"Aweel", continued Adam, "I used, when doon in the mouth and dowie, to ponder ower the braw days o' health and iie I had when carrying his bag, and getting a shot noo and then as a reward; and it's a truth I tell ye, that the whirr kick-ic-ic o' a covey o' muirfowl aye pits my bluid in a tingle. It's a sort o' madness that I canna accoot for; but I think I'm no responsible for't. Paitricks are maist as bad, though turrips and stubble are no to be compared wi' the heather, nor walkin' amang them like the far-aff braes, the win'y taps o' the hills, or the lown glens. Mony a time I hae promised to drap the gun and stick to the last, but when I'm no'weel and wauken and see the gun glintin', and think o' the wide bleak muirs, and the fresh caller air o' the hill, wi' the scent o' the braes, and hear the whirrin' cratures—man, I canna help it! I spring up and grasp the gun, and I'm aff!"

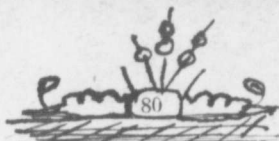
The reformed poacher and keeper listened with a poorly-concealed smile, and said, "Nae doot, nae doot, Adam; it's a' natural—I'm no' denying that: it's a glorious business; in fac' it's jist pairt o' every man that has a steady han' and a guid e'e and a feelin' heart. Ay ay. But, Adamè were ye no frightened?"

"For what?"

"For the keepers!"

"The keepers! Eh, John, that's half the sport! The thocht o' dodgin' keepers, jinkin' them roon hills, and doon glens, and lvin' amang the muir-hags, and nickin' a brace or twa, and then fleein' like mad doon ae brae and up anither: and keekin' here and creepin' there, and cowerin' alang a fai' dyke, and scuddin' thro' the wood—that's mair than half the life o't. John! I'm no sure if I could shoot the birds if they were a' in my ain kail-yaird, and my ain property, and if I paid for them!"

"I faith", said John, taking a snuff and handing the box to Adam, "it's human natur'! But, ye ken, human natur' wicked, desperately wicked! and afore I was a keeper my natur' was fully as wicked as yours,—fully. Adam, if no waur. But I hae repented ever since, I was made keeper; and I wadna like to hinder your repentance. Na, na. We mauna be ower prood! Sae



I'll—Wait a bit, man, be canny till I see if ony o' the lads are in sicht;" and John peeped over a knoll, and cautiously looked around in every direction until satisfied that he was alone. "—I'll no mention this job", he continued, "if ye'll promise me, Adam, never to try this wark again; for it's no respectable; and, warst o' a', it's no safe, and ye wad get me into a habble as weel as yersel; sae promise me, like a guid cousin, as I may say, and then just creep down the burn, and along the plantin', and ower the wa' till ye get intil the peat road, and be aff; but I canna wi' conscience let ye tak' the birds wi' ye."

*The continued in part 6.*

#### GET SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE TRAGEDY.

The Celtic Tragedy is making a bit of a sensation in some circles. Some people, more or less to their credit, are getting ashamed of the past history of their ancestors, and would like very much that no more Celtic Tragedies would be printed. If our friends will continue their help as they have been doing, the Celtic Tragedy may be continued at least during my lifetime. Ask your friends to subscribe to it.

#### THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

By Leo Tolstoi.

Over 25 years ago, that wonderful man, Tolstoi, wrote this little book, and I reprinted it then, and I have some copies of it which I am now offering for 10c. post paid. The same conditions which Tolstoi described in Russia 25 years ago, which caused the present upheaval in that country through the oppression of landlordism, still continues in the Highlands of Scotland, both before and after that work of the Evil One, called Highland Clearances. How long the oppressed people will endure that sort of thing is not for me to say. I have done all I could in the matter for many years, with very little thanks from some of the people whose cause I have been strenuously advocating for many years.

#### THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY.

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