simplicity of one who is talking to friends, or is
careless if they are foes. A looker-on could
have discerned a checkered shade of pleasure
and triumph cross his countenance as M'Greg-
or's lip quivered, and the scowl of anger fell
along his brow at the tale of his kinsmen's
destruction by the arm of his most hated
enemy.

"He must be a brave warrior," said the young
chief, compressing his breath, and looking with
anger and astonishment at the tenacious and
cool old man. "I should like to see this Calum
Dhu."

"Ye may soon enough; an' gin ye were a
M'Gregor, feel him, too. But what is the man
glooming at? Gin ye were Black John himsel'
ye couldn'a look mair deevlish-like. And what
are you fiddling at, man?" addressing the third
M'Gregor, who had both marked and felt the
anger of his young chief, and had slowly moved
nearer the old man, and stood with his right
hand below the left breast of his plaid, probably
grasping his dirk, ready to execute the ven-
geance of his master, as it was displayed on his
clouded countenance, which he closely watched.
The faith of the Gael is deeper than "to hear
is to obey," the slavish obedience of the East.
His is to anticipate and perform,—to know and
accomplish, or die. It is the sterner devoted-
ness of truth.

But the old man kept his keen gray eye fixed
upon him, and continued in the same unsus-
ppecting tone: "But is there ony word o' the
M'Gregors soon coming over the hills? Calum
wad like to try a shot at Black John, their chief;
he wonders gin he could pass an arrow through
his great hardy bulk as ready as he sends them
through his clansmen's silly bodies. John has
a son, too, he wad like to try his craft on; he
has the name of a brave warrior—I forget his
name. Calum likes to strike at noble game,
though he is sometimes forced to kill that which
is little worth. But I'm fearfu' that he o'errates
his ain strength; his arrow will only, I think,
stick weel through Black John, but — - - - - ."

"Dotard, peace!" roared the young chief,
till the glen rang again, his brow darkening.

"Peace! or I shall cut the sacrilegious tongue
out of your head and nail it to that door, to
show Calum Dhu that you have had visitors
since he went away, and bless his stars that he
was not here!"

A dark flash of suspicion crossed his mind as
he gazed at the cool old tormentor who stood
before him, unquailing at his frowns. But it
vanished as the imperturbable old man said:
"Haoh! ye're no a M'Gregor; and though ye
were, ye surely wad na mind the like o' me! But
anent bending this bow," striking it with
the long arrow, which he still held in his hand,
"there is just a knack in it; and your untaught
young strength is useless, as ye dinna ken the
gait o'jt. I learned it frae Calum, but I'm sworn
never to tell it to a stranger. There is mony a
man in the clan I ken naething about. But as
ye seem anxious to see the bow bent, I'll no dis-
appoint ye. Rin up to yon gray stane; stand
there, and it will no be the same as if ye
were standing near me when I'm doing it; but
it will just be the same to you, for ye can see
weel enough, and when the string is on the bow
ye may come down, an' ye like, and try a flight.
It's a capital bow, and that ye'll fin."

A promise is sacred with the Gael; and as
he was under one, they did not insist on his ex-
hibiting his art while they were in his presence.
But curious to see the sturdy bow bent,—a feat
of which the best warrior of their clan would
have been proud, and which they had in vain
essayed,—and perhaps thinking that Calum
Dhu would arrive in the interval, and as they
feared nothing from the individual who seemed
ignorant of their name, and who could not be
supposed to send an arrow so far with any effect,
they therefore walked away in the direction
pointed out, nor did they once turn their faces
till they reached the gray rock. They now
turned, and saw the old man (who had waited
till they had gone the whole way) suddenly bend
the stubborn yew, and fix an arrow on the
string. In an instant it was strongly drawn to
his very ear, and the feathered shaft was fiercely
launched in air.

"M'Alp—hooch!" cried the young chief,