meaning to raise the M'Gregor war-cry, clapping his hand on his breast as he fell.

"Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he himself, "clap your hand behin'; the arm shot that never sent arrow that came out where it went"—a cry he used in battle, when his foes fell as fast as he could fix arrows to the bow-string. The two M'Gregors hesitated a moment whether to rush down and cut to pieces the old man who had so suddenly caused the death of their beloved young chief. But seeing him fix another arrow to his bow, of which they had just seen the terrible effects, and fearing they might be prevented from carrying the news of his son's death to their old chieftain, and thus cheat him of his revenge, they started over the hill like roes. But a speedy messenger was after them; an arrow caught Evan as he descended out of sight over the hill; sent with a powerful and unerring aim, it transfixed him in the shoulder. It must have grazed the grass that grew on the hilltop to catch him, as only his shoulders could be seen from where Calum Dhu stood. On flew the other M'Gregor, with little abatement of speed, till he reached his chieftain with the bloody tidings of his son's death.

"Raise the clan!" were Black John's first words; "dearly shall they rue it!"

A party was soon gathered. Breathing all the vengeance of mountain warriors, they were soon far on their way of fierce retaliation, with Black John at their head. Calum Dhu was in the meantime not idle. Knowing from the escape of one of the three M'Gregors that a battle must quickly ensue, he collected as many of his clansmen as he could; and taking his terrible bow, which he could so bravely use, calmly awaited the approach of the M'Gregors, who did not conceal their coming, for loud and fiercely their pipes flung their notes of war and defiance on the gale as they approached; and mountain, cliff, and glen echoed far and wide the martial strains. They arrived, and a desperate struggle immediately commenced. The M'Gregors carried all before them. No warriors of this time could withstand the hurricane onset, sword in hand, of the far-feared, war-like M'Gregors. Black John raged through the field like a chafed lion, roaring in a voice of thunder, heard far above the clash, groans, and yells of the unyielding combatants,—"Where was the murderer of my son?" None could tell him,—none was afforded time, for he cut down, in his headlong rage, every foe he met. At length, when but few of his foes remained on whom he could wreak his wrath or exercise his great strength, he spied an old man sitting on a ferny bank, holding the stump of his leg, which had been cut off in the battle, and who beckoned the grim chief to come nearer. Black John rushed forward, brandishing his bloody sword, crying in a loud voice, "Where is my son's murderer?"

"Shake the leg out o'that brogue," said the old man speaking with difficulty, and squeezing his bleeding stump with both hands with all the energy of pain, "and bring me some o' the water frae yon burn to drink, and I will show you Calum Dhu, for he is yet in the field, and lives. Run, for my heart burns and faints!"

Black John, without speaking, shook the leg out of the brogue, and hastened to bring water, to get the wished-for intelligence. Stooping to dip the bloody brogue in the little stream,—"M'Alp—hooch!" he cried, and splashed lifeless in the water, which in a moment ran thick with his blood.

"Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he again, "clap your hand behin'; that's the last arrow shot by the arm that sent those which came not out where they went in."

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**A Maid of Athens.**

I once had a niece of bearing fine; And meeting her after years of time, She'd grown to be quite a comely lass Since I'd seen her playing on the grass, With her hair blown over her shoulders free. And I asked her straight, as my heart bid me,— "Pray, how are your suitors, maiden mine; How go matters in the wooing line?" With a little toss of her shapely head, "I'm on my fifth lap now," she said.