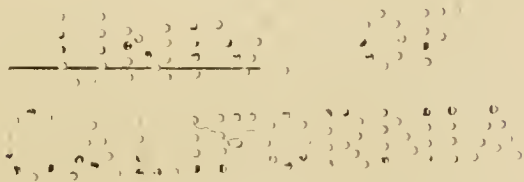


THE
Massacre of Glencoe

AND THE
Campbells of Glenlyon

BY THE
REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN,
DUNCAN CAMPBELL,
AND
PROFESSOR BLACKIE



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P R E F A C E.

GEORGE GILFILLAN, the author of the paper on Glencoe given in this book, was born at Comrie in 1813. He was ordained to the ministry of the U.P. Church at Dundee in 1836, and died at Brechin in 1878. He was a notable pulpit orator, and also obtained fame as a brilliant literary critic and essayist. He was the author of "A Gallery of Literary Portraits," "The Bards of the Bible," and "The Martyrs of the Scottish Covenant." His main work was his Library Edition of the "British Poets." He was the friend and adviser of all the young Scottish literary aspirants of his time. He "discovered" Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith. In his later years his influence waned, largely through the attacks of Aytoun on what he called the "Spasmodic

School.” But Sir W. R. Nicoll says, “It may be doubted whether even Carlyle had more power over young minds than Gilfillan,” particularly during 1849-1854.

Carlyle regarded Gilfillan highly, and sent to Emerson Gilfillan’s article on himself, now published in “Literary Portraits.” He said: “Did you receive a Dumfries newspaper with a criticism of me in it? The author is Gilfillan, a young Dissenting minister in Dundee, a person of great talent, ingenuousness and other virtues.” In a letter to Lockhart, Carlyle thus graphically described Gilfillan’s style: “A strange oriental, Scriptural style; full of fervour and crude, gloomy fire,—a kind of opium style.”

Gilfillan’s works show wide literary sympathies, and a rich if sometimes exuberant fancy. When he died, Dr Hutcheson, Stirling, wrote: “The

Preface.

Church has lost its most eloquent and honest pastor; literature its foremost and most genial critic—a man of true genius, who could not write a sentence that had not in some way the virtue of his inspiration in it.”

The Glencoe paper is taken from the original MSS., now in the possession of the publisher, and it contains a passage not hitherto printed. A reproduction of a portion of the MSS. is given in *fac-simile*.

Mr Duncan Campbell, the writer of the second paper, was born in Glenlyon, and inherited a rich store of tradition connected with that beautiful district. He was for many years Editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, of Inverness. Since his retirement he has published a very interesting volume of *Reminiscences*.

The material of Mr Campbell's paper has been extracted from his “*Lairds of Glenlyon*,” a scarce and valuable volume,

Preface.

privately printed, and dealing with the history of Glenlyon. Passages relevant to the old feuds between Glencoe and Glenlyon have been selected. They will be found to cast fresh illumination on the inner psychological workings of human passions that led, through a chain of events, to the ultimate ruin of the Macdonalds of Glencoe.

The minutely detailed "List of Goods and Gear taken from the Laird of Glenlyon by Coll Macdonald of Keppoch and his Associates," is a probably unique memento of the old cattle raiding days in the Highlands. Mr Campbell in his historical researches was fortunate enough to discover the original document.

We include also in this book a poem by Professor John Stuart Blackie on the tragic story of Glencoe. It is a vivid study, full of dramatic power.

M. N. M.

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I.
THE
MASSACRE OF GLENCOE



Yours very truly

George G. Phelps

(Face p. 15.)

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon.

I.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

BY G. GILFILLAN.

THE occasion of the massacre of Glencoe was as follows: The Earl of Breadalbane had received from Government a large sum of money to bribe the rebellious clans to submission to King William's authority. Some dispute or difference of opinion had arisen as to the distribution of the bribes. Breadalbane began to suspect that the chieftains meant to deceive and hoodwink him. Whether right or wrong in this belief, he betrayed his suspicions to Government. They, on the month of August, 1691, issued a proclamation,

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enjoining all and each of them to take the oaths to the Government of William and Mary, previous to the 1st day of January, 1692. In this proclamation, too, it was threatened that all who did not submit to these terms should be punished by the utmost rigours of fire and sword.

This proclamation was drawn up by Sir John Dalrymple, or the Master of Stair, in conjunction with Breadalbane. He had wished to form a Highland army in favour of Government, and to get, if possible, all the Highland chiefs to transfer their allegiance from King James to the new dynasty. This he found, however, very difficult. The chiefs were fond enough of the money, but fonder, at heart, of the Stewarts. Many of them, including the MacDonalds, stood out for more favourable terms—the negotiation was broken off, and the fatal proclamation was issued.

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We believe it is certain that Stair began now to entertain the private hope that the chiefs would not submit at all, or, at least, that they would hold out beyond the prescribed term, and, in the "gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things," had determined to make the broad Highlands a monument of his vengeance. He had collected troops at Inverlochy—he had resolved to take the advantage of the winter, when the passes would be stopped, when the Highlanders would not be expecting an attack, and would become an easy prey. And thus, like a tiger on the edge of his jungle, did this inhuman lawyer lie eagerly waiting for his hour.

The chiefs, however, were on their guard. Within the prescribed time, they, one by one, submitted to the terms of the proclamation. It has been said that this was at the secret suggestion of King James, who had penetrated

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Lord Stair's purpose, and had directed his friends rather to forswear their consciences than to lose their lives.

As chief after chief took the oath of allegiance, Stair became more and more chagrined, and increasingly anxious that some one of the clans should refuse, and become the victim of his revenge. And one such tribe at last did fall into his vindictive and quivering jaws. This was the tribe of the MacDonalds, inhabiting, as a "munition of rocks," the valley of Glencoe.

Glencoe is a softened Sinai—Sinai unscorched and uncrowned with all the leading features of that "great and terrible mountain" transferred to Scotland. Many of our readers may have seen the dissolving view of that mount which was crowned with a diadem of fire, and where the Ancient One came down to utter the ten precepts of the law. Then they have also, it may be

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said, seen the ridges of Glencoe. There are, indeed, many diversities. Through the valley of Glencoe winds a stream called the Cona—a name of perfect music, soft as softest Italian, and which seems the very echo of the tender and everlasting wail of a lonely river. No such stream laves the foot of Sinai's savage hill. Then there lies, below one of the boldest hills of the pass, a lovely lake, looking up with child-like, trustful, untrembling eye to the lowering summits above; and a fine verdure here and there creeps up the precipices, and green pastures and still waters encompass hills on which Aaron might have waited for death, or Moses ascended to meet God—features all unlike those of the Syrian wilderness. But the mural aspect of many of the precipices, the rounded shape of some of the mountains, contrasted with the sharp razor-like ridges of others—the deep and

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horrid clefts and ravines which yawn here and there—the extent, dreariness, solitude, and grandeur of the whole mountain-range above—the summits you see, but scarcely see, behind their nearer brethren, as though retiring, like proud and lonely spirits, into their own inaccessible hermitages—the appearance of convulsion, and tearing in pieces, and rending in twain, and fierce unreconciliation, which rests, like a black jagged wing, over the whole region—were all those of Horeb, as it might be seen in picture and in dreams; and the beholder becomes, for a season, silent and awe-struck, as if waiting for another avatar of the deity, upon those thunder-split and shaggy peaks. Another image which suggests itself, was that of two ranges of tempest-tossed mountain-waves of ocean, with a wide interspace of comparative calm between them, suddenly arrested and stiffened

into eternal granite. One mountain itself excites peculiar emotion. It is round-headed—knotted, too, with round rocks—it comes nearer the valley than the rest, although without impending over it—it is extremely steep, and has a large fissure glaring eastward over the glen, “like a gash on warrior’s breast.” This is called, popularly, Ossian’s cave, and perhaps the hill is also called Ossian’s hill. It might be named Mount Moses; for it seems an exact similitude of the precipitous and one-pathed mountain, up which that lonely man panted and quaked to meet with a thunder-shrouded and lightning-guarded God.

Further down, the valley becomes softer in its character; the mountains retire still further from it; the Cona murmurs gentler measures as it glides onwards to Loch Leven, where it is to be lost; and at a bend of the stream, on a

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green level meadow, about two miles from the Loch, at a place where, according to Talfourd, "the wild myrtle grows in great profusion," stood the cottage of the leader of the clan, MacDonald, and was transacted that massacre which all ages shall arise and call accursed.

"As the clime is, so the heart of man." The MacDonalds were worthy of their savage scenery, and more savage weather. True "children of the mist" were they—strong, hardy, fearless—at feud with the adjacent Campbells, the clan to which Breadalbane belonged; and, although their number never amounted to more than two hundred armed men, their name was a terror throughout all that country, and repeatedly had the blood of the race of Dermid smoked upon their swords. Their leader bore the patronymic title of MacIan. He is described as a man

of distinguished courage and sagacity, venerable in aspect, stately in bearing, and moved among his neighbouring chieftains like a demigod. He had followed Claverhouse to Killiecrankie; he had had, along with the other chiefs, a meeting to adjust differences with Breadalbane, and had come there to open rupture and recrimination with the Earl. He knew, and said afterwards, that Breadalbane was his foe, and would try yet to do him injury. And still, with a strange inconsistency, amounting almost to infatuation, he deferred taking the oath, and thereby securing his safety, till the appointed time had nearly expired.

This was a mode of conduct entirely after Stair's own heart, who, in a letter dated the 3rd of December—a month before the limits of the indemnity were reached—had expressed an ardent hope that some of the clans, and especially the

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MacDonalds of Glencoe, would “fall into the net”—*i.e.* afford the Government some tolerable pretext for their destruction.

A few days, however, before the 1st of January, Colonel Hill is sitting in his room, in Fort-William, when some strangers claim an audience. There enter several Highlandmen clad in the MacDonald tartan, with its intense centre of blue, lying amid variegated squares of green, and occasional cross-lines of white—one towering in stature and dignity of bearing above the rest—all armed, but all in an attitude of submission. They are MacIan and the leaders of his tribe, who have come at the eleventh hour to swear the oath of allegiance to King William. The colonel, a soldier and a gentleman, is glad and yet grieved to see them. For alas! being a military and not a civil officer, he has *no power* to receive their

Mean while Stair had procured
first ^{part} of the 11th January - contain
measures of fire and sword - by
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the hope of indulgence to the other
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will be proper, for the vindication
of that set of Thieves'

and wholly needless proclamations
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King William, with his own
Secretary, subscribed and super-scribed
of the ^{entire} Mac Donalds tribe.

the bloody commission. He wrote
'slaughtered and that the
secret and effectual' Hill
Task; ^{and} after trying for some time
the orders to Lieutenant Colonel
take ~~two~~ ^{four hundred} men of a Highland

oath. He tells them so—and the old chieftain first remonstrates, and at last in his agony, *weeps*; perhaps his first tears since childhood—like the waters of the Cona breaking over the stony channels of Glencoe! The tears of a brave old man are the most affecting of all tears, and the colonel, moved to the heart, writes out a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him, although legally too late, to receive the submission of the chief; and with this letter in his *sporrán molach*, away in haste hies the belated MacIan from Fort-William to Inverary.

The road to Inverary led to within a mile of MacIan's house, but such was his haste that he did not even turn aside to enter it. He pushed on through horrible paths, rendered worse by a heavy fall of snow: for the very elements seemed to combine in the conspiracy against the doomed MacDonalds.

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In consequence, notwithstanding all the speed he could exert, he reached Inverary too late—the 1st of January was past.

He told, however, his story, and the Sheriff, who seems to have been a humane and sensible man, on considering all the circumstances, did not hesitate to administer the oath; and sent off a message to the Privy Council announcing the fact, and explaining all the reasons of his conduct. He also wrote to Colonel Hill, requesting him to take care that his soldiers should not molest the MacDonalds till the pleasure of the Privy Council on the matter was known.

Meanwhile, Stair had procured and issued two proclamations. The first, that of the 11th of January, contained peremptory orders for military measures of fire and sword against all that had not taken the oath within the term pre-

scribed ; providing, however, that, were they promptly to submit, they might even yet obtain mercy. The second, which appeared on the 16th, while still holding out the hope of indulgence to the other clans, expressly excepted the inhabitants of Glencoe, in the following words:—“ As for MacIan of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves.”

In order to procure such savage and wholly needless proclamations (for be it observed all the Highlanders, without exception, had now submitted) from the King, very extraordinary measures had been used. The letter of the Sheriff had been suppressed—the certificate of MacIan’s having taken the oath had been blotted out from the books of Council—and, there can be little doubt,

private communications had represented the MacDonalds as obstinate rebels. At all events, King William, with his own hand, and not that of his secretary, subscribed and superscribed orders for the destruction of the entire tribe.

Stair lost no time in executing the bloody commission. He wrote to Colonel Hill enjoining them to be “slaughtered, and that the manner of execution must be *sure, secret and effectual.*” Hill shrank in grief and horror from the task; and, after trying for some time to evade it, at last transferred the orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, and directed him to take four hundred men of a Highland regiment belonging to the Duke of Argyle, and consisting, consequently, of Campbells—the neighbours and acquaintances—some of them friends of, and more of them at feud with, the MacDonalds.

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This seemed necessary, to bring the matter to its blackest point.

Toward the close of January, a company of armed Highlanders are seen wending their way up the banks of Loch-Leven to the opening of the valley. The MacDonalds, on hearing of this, are, at first, apprehensive that they have come to seize their arms, and they send them away accordingly to a distant and secure spot. This done, they go forth to meet them. They find it is a party of Argyle's soldiers, commanded by Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, whose niece is married to Alaster MacDonald, one of MacIan's sons. They ask whether they had come as friends or as foes. The reply is that they have come as friends—that as the garrison at Fort-William is overcrowded, they have been sent to quarter themselves for a short period in Glencoe. They are received with all the warmth of Highland

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hospitality. Feuds, political grudges, are all forgotten, and a fortnight passes away in the mutual exchange of every kindly office. Well, indeed, says Shakspeare—"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain." Thus they had continued till, at last, there arrive orders from Major Duncanson, commanding Campbell to put all the MacDonalds below seventy to the sword, at four in the morning precisely, and to take especial care that the old fox and his cubs do not escape, threatening him at the same time that, if he do not fulfil the orders, he shall be treated as not true to the King and Government. Duncanson had been instructed to this by Hamilton, who in his despatch used the remarkable words—"The Government are not to be troubled with prisoners."

This order is dated 12th February, and reached Glenlyon's hands a few

hours after. He speedily put it into execution. Well did he, meanwhile, play the hypocritical part. He had every day taken his "morning," as it was called—*i. e.*, a draught of raw usquebaugh, drunk on rising—in the house of his connexion, Alastair MacDonald. Nor had he omitted it on the morning before the massacre. He and two of his officers, moreover, accepted an invitation next day to dine with old MacIan, whom they had destined to dine that day with death. And on the night of the 12th we see John and Alastair MacDonald *playing at cards* with their murderer, in his own quarters.

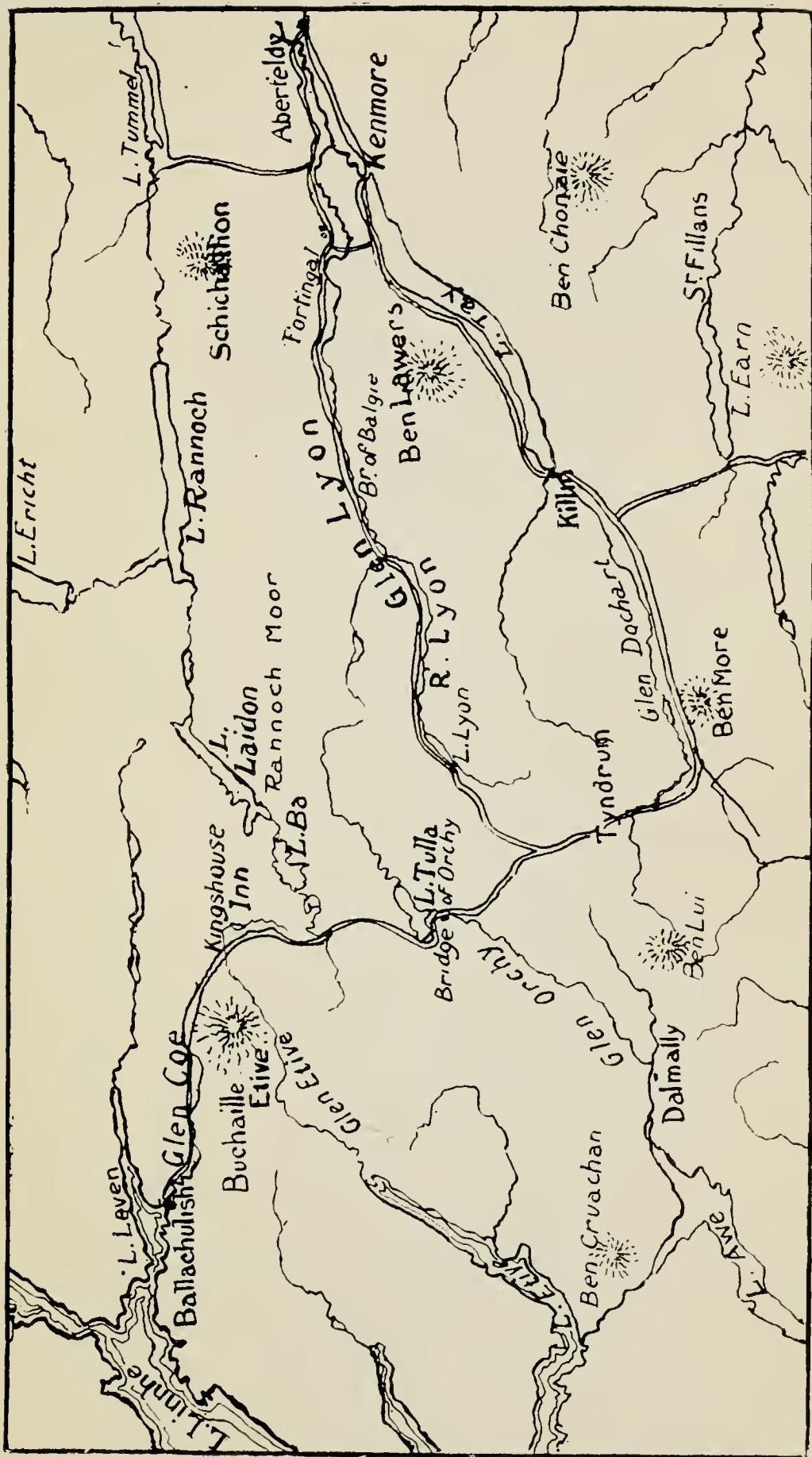
The MacDonalds had all retired to rest with the exception of the two sons of MacIan. Their suspicions had been, in some measure, aroused in reference to Campbell. They had noticed that, when evening came on, the main-guard was strengthened, and the sentinels in-

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creased. They had heard, too (as in that immortal description of Pollok, of the signs preceding the judgment)—

“ Earnest whispers ran along the hills
At dead of night,
And all the words they heard were spoke of
them.”

They had overheard the *sotto voce* talk of the soldiers, complaining that they were compelled to such an infernal service, while, very naturally, laying the chief blame of it upon their officers. Stung to a sudden consciousness of danger which was prophetic, and which, perhaps, secured their safety, the sons of MacIan rushed from their apartment to the military quarters, and found Glenlyon and his men getting ready their arms. They asked him what was the meaning of all this; and if aught was intended against them. He replied, with dauntless effrontery, that he and his men were thinking of an expedition



MAP OF GLENCOE AND GLENLYON.



against Glengarry's people, and added, "If anything evil had been intended, would I not have told Alastair and my niece?" Grumbling, yet in some measure satisfied, the two young men return to their own dwellings.

All now is silent over that devoted valley. A heavy snow-storm has indeed begun to fall, but as yet is reserving its full fury for a later hour in the morning, when there should be fugitives, partly to sink, but principally to shelter, under its drifts. The voice of the Cona is choked in ice. The great heights that tower behind—have no thunders or voices to proclaim the approaching doom. MacIan himself is sleeping the sound, deep sleep of innocence and security: the fatigues and mortifications of his journeys to Fort-William and Inverary all forgotten. Suddenly, at four precisely—for the devil is as punctual as the Deity—a knock is heard at

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his door. It is opened immediately, and the old man bustles up to dress himself, and to order refreshments for those early visitors. Without a moment's warning—without a preliminary word—he is shot dead, and falls back on the bed, into the arms of his aged wife! She is next assailed—stripped—the gold rings on her fingers torn off by the teeth of the soldiers, and so maltreated that in a day she shall die! All the servants and clansmen in the same house are massacred.

All, save one. He, an aged domestic, somehow escapes, and, running to the abode of the two brothers, cries out: “Is it time for you to be sleeping when your father is murdered on his own hearth?” They arise in haste—they hurry out, and hear all around them from every house and habitation, shrieks, shots, shouts, groans, the roar of muskets, and the cries of men, women,

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and children, combined into one harmony of Hell. One wonders how *they* were not assailed as soon as their father, and is tempted to suspect that Glenlyon, after all, had some pity for his niece's husband. As it was, they made for the mountains, and, by their knowledge of dark and devious paths through that howling wilderness, were enabled to escape.

What a glen did they leave behind them! and what a morning! The snow is falling thick, and is thickening every moment. In the valley there is not a house but there is one, or more than one, dead. Led through the darkness, as by the light of unearthly eyes, the soldiers pass from house to house, from hamlet to hamlet, rush, unbind their victims, lead them out, and shoot them dead. In Glenlyon's own quarters, nine men, including his own landlord, are bound and shot—one of them with

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General Hill's passport in his pocket! A lad of twenty had, in some strange fit of compassion, been spared by the soldiers, till a demon in soldier-shape, called Captain Drummond, came up, and ordered him instantly to be put to death. A boy of five is clinging to Glenlyon's knees, asking for mercy, and offering to be his servant for life, when Drummond (it was a deed worthy of Claverhouse) stabbed the child with his dirk, as he was in the act and agony of a prayer, by which even Campbell was moved.

Up the glen, a group of MacDonalds—some ten in number—are assembled on that cold morning around the fire of their hut. The men of the massacre, including one Barber, a sergeant, who, it seems, had been quartered in the house, fire in upon the party, and kill four of them. The owner of the house escaped unhurt, and expressed a desire

to be put to death in the open air. "For your bread which I have ate," says Barber, "I will grant the request." He was taken out accordingly; but, while the soldiers were presenting their muskets, he threw his plaid over their faces, broke away, and made his escape up the valley.

And now the blaze of burning cottages begins to illuminate that gloomy glen. The murderers, after massacring the inmates, set their dwellings on fire. Many, however, taking the alarm, escape, half-naked, into the storm; and, through profound wreaths of snow, and over savage rocks and ravines, find their way to safety. Some, indeed, are lost in the drifts, others stumble over precipices to rise no more. But the snow avails to save more than it destroys. Duncanson, in his letter to Glenlyon, had promised to be at Glencoe at four in the morning. Had

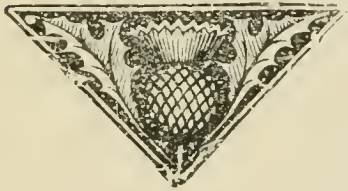
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he fulfilled his promise, and been able then to occupy the eastern passes, he would have intercepted and destroyed all the fugitives. Owing to the storm, however, he did not arrive till eleven in the forenoon, and by this time there was not a MacDonald alive in the glen, save an old man of eighty. Him they slew. The rest of the cottages they burned to ashes. They then collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred head of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison of Fort-William. In all thirty-eight were killed, and one hundred and fifty made their escape—having to flee more than twelve miles, through rocks and deserts, ere they reached a place of security. Such was the massacre of Glencoe!

As soon as its particulars were known they excited a tempest of disgust and horror, not only in Scotland, but

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throughout foreign countries, and brought immense odium upon the character and government of King William.



II.

GLENLYON.

SOME HISTORICAL REASONS WHY
CAMPBELL OF GLENLYON AND
THE EARL OF BREADALBANE
HATED THE MACDONALDS OF
GLENCOE.



Yours truly
Duncan Campbell

(Face p. 49).

II.

GLENLYON.

SOME HISTORICAL REASONS WHY CAMP-
BELL OF GLENLYON AND THE EARL
OF BREADALBANE HATED THE MAC-
DONALDS OF GLENCOE.

*Extracted from the "LAIRDS OF GLENLYON,"
by Duncan Campbell, by permission.*

Printed for private circulation by S. Cowan &
Co., Perth, in 1886.

GLENLYON stretches in a westerly direction between Appin of Dull and Tyndrum. It lies wholly in Perthshire, having Rannoch running parallel on the North and Breadalbane on the South. The road to Tyndrum not being open, and other reasons, have hitherto caused this glen to be a little world by itself. The scenery is unique and beautiful throughout . . .

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Glenlyon is a mine of legends, or was so a few years before it was 'swept' . . . Our principal object is to gather in one record the chief events in the traditional history of a family that one unfortunate circumstance made too notorious in the history of Scotland—the Campbells of Glenlyon.

[From the earliest days there were feuds and forays between the men of Glenlyon and the men of Glencoe and Lochaber. Mr Campbell relates an event that happened in the time of "Cailean Gorach," circa 1580, which was significant and prophetic of the future.]

A party of Lochaber men (by-the-by, they called all beyond the Moss of Rannoch and the Blackmount Lochaber men in those days), headed by Dougal, the second son of the Chief of Moidart, forayed a part of the estate of Glenlyon when on their way with,

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I believe, stolen cattle to one of the southern trysts. Two of Colin's tenants, making opposition to the spoilers, were slain. Before the Glenlyon men could muster, they had escaped with their prey. An ambuscade was laid against their return. Colin's eldest son, Duncan, and a strong party, encountered Dougal and his men at the head of Glendochart, and made them prisoners. They were brought to Meggernie Castle, and put in durance vile. Duncan went immediately to Edinburgh to give them up to Government. He sent a message to his father telling him there was every prospect of the prisoners getting off free through Court interest. "Pardon!" said Colin; "pardon men taken red-handed in the act of murdering my tenants! By the might of Mary, it shall not be so." The captives, said to be thirty-six in number, were taken out and strung up to so

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many trees, about a mile to the east of Meggernie Castle, on the brae-side called "Leachd nan Abrach," *i.e.*, the Lochaber men's brae. Carn Dughail—Dougal's Cairn—is a stone-cast above the Bridge of Balgie. Colin and his son were outlawed. That was all. Strong in the fidelity of his followers and the friendship of the neighbouring chiefs, who were mostly hostile to the Government, the mad laird of Glenlyon put King and Council to defiance

Mad Colin built the Castle of Meggernie probably about 1582. It was enlarged and altered by his great grandson of unhappy memory, the Commander at Glencoe

At the end of the next century misfortunes overtook the Laird of Glenlyon. After the death of his friend, the Earl of Argyll, in 1685, through complicity in the ill-planned rising of Monmouth, and after the battle of

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Killiecrankie and the fall of Dundee, the Laird of Glenlyon had to sell the greater part of his patrimony. He submitted to the chain his fathers had spurned, and became a most obedient dependent of Breadalbane, and in this great national crisis especially identified himself with the latter's policy—viz., like him, remained at home, preserving a dubious neutrality.

Cannan, the successor of Dundee, gave him a letter of protection, addressed to Glenlyon, but made out in the name of his *wife*.

Soon after the battle of Killiecrankie several of the clans left the White Standard to go to their several homes with the spoils gathered during the campaign. Coll of Keppoch left with his own men and with the MacIans of Glencoe, his confederates, in October. Determined to gather their winter *mart* in going home, and aware that they

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could not do so with any propriety or hope of success in the land of the Robertsons, who had fought with them under Dundee, they came round by Glenlyon, and gratified their love of plunder and their inveterate hatred to the Campbells by harrying the little property still possessed by the poor Laird of Glenlyon.

The Laird was completely off his guard. Relying on Cannan's protection, the raid of Keppoch was the very last thing he feared. No opposition was offered to the marauders. The women and cattle were just home from the sheilings, and the men were peacefully engaged in harvesting. The rapacity of the MacDonalds was unexampled. In one of the huts they found an infant in a basket cradle, wrapt in a blanket. The child was turned out naked on the clay floor, and the blanket taken away. One of the Glenlyon men at the mas-

sacre of Glencoe, perhaps, except the Laird, the only man of them there, as he was slaughtering one of the MacIans with his sword, used, it is said, at each successive thrust, the expressions of savage revenge—"There for Catherine's blanket!" "There for Colin's cows!" Colin was the brother of the Laird.

This was not the first time that Colin's cows were lifted by the MacDonalds of Glencoe and Lochaber. There was another great *creach* in 1645, when Montrose ravaged and burned Breadalbane and the lands of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenorchy. Montrose would have spared Glenlyon, but the confederate robbers of Glencoe and Keppoch violated his orders, and swept away the cows of young Colin. The "banarach bheag," or little dairymaid, Nic Cree, or M'Cree, who had charge of the calves, hid them in the *rath* of Cambuslay, and secretly

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followed the robbers to Glenmeuran, with the double intention of recovering the cows and calling out the country. The poor girl was discovered and killed by the robbers. They had got hold of the chief dairymaid, or "banarach mhòr," at first, and taken her captive with them along with the cows. In her captivity this famed but nameless poetess composed the beautiful song, or lullaby, of "Crodh Chailein," or "Colin's Cows," which has ever since been used as a charm to make fractious cows give their milk, and soothe crying babes to sleep. The little dairymaid must have succeeded, before being killed, in sending back information about the robbers. They were pursued, and most, if not all, of the cattle were recovered before they could be got into the Glencoe Thieves' Corrie.* This raid, and the

* This is probably Coire Ghoill, a vast corrie high up on the south side of Glencoe, the entrance to which is so narrow and steep that two men could hold it against a hundred.—ED.

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raid of 1689 swelled the already long list of grievous injuries suffered by Glenlyon at the hands of the MacDonalds of Glencoe. There was therefore a feud of centuries between the two glens.

The modern historian of the massacre of Glencoe aggravates Robert of Glenlyon's guilt by laying stress on the fact that Alexander, the son of MacIain of Glencoe was married to his niece.

But it was thus the matter stood: Jean Campbell, daughter of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenorchy, married, when very young, Archibald, the heir of Glenlyon, and was left a widow with two sons, Robert and Colin, when about 25 years old. Shortly afterwards, she married Patrick Roy M'Gregor, to whom she bore two sons and two daughters. After Patrick's death she married Stewart of Appin, and by him had children also. It was to this

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Appin family of Glenlyon's mother that Alexander's wife belonged. This much-married lady lived long, and the heavy settlements made on her by her first husband and his father, along with the spendthrift habits of her son Robert, ruined sadly the till then fairly flourishing Campbells of Glenlyon.

The *creach* of 1689 was not recovered, like that of 1645. The cattle and the spoils were got safely to Glencoe, and there divided.

A list of goods and gear of which Glenlyon and his tenants were robbed on this occasion is printed in full in the "Lairds of Glenlyon. It is interesting on many accounts, and of especial importance to the historian of the Glencoe massacre. (See pages 60 to 68).

Any one, by running his eye over the list, will understand at once the thorough way in which the Highland robbers swept a glen. Here, at one fell

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swoop, a poor landlord and his few dependents lose their whole stock—all they had in the world—36 horses, 240 cows, 993 sheep, 133 goats, and whatever was portable of their little household furniture, such as spits, trenchers, plates, and candlesticks. The money value was estimated at £7540 17s 11d Scots money, which was a large sum indeed in those days.

Campbell, driven in his old age—he bordered on 60—to earn his daily bread, resumed his sword, and became a soldier of the Revolution. Early in the year 1690 he obtained a company in the Earl of Argyle's Regiment of Foot

He spent the next two years with his regiment in Argyleshire, without being engaged in any particular service. His wife and children at home were struggling against the severest poverty. After their lands had been harried by the MacDonalDs, it was impossible for

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them, for want of means, to re-stock them immediately. The very meal, obtained from Sir Patrick Murray to keep the wolf of hunger from the door, could not be paid when the term came. Letters of outlawry were issued against Campbell, but what could be done? "It was ill to tak' the breeks aff a Hielandman." Robert could not pay, but necessity has no laws, another supply of meal must be procured or the family must starve. Robert's son-in-law, Campbell of Ardeonaig, paid Sir Patrick, and the necessary supply was obtained. Lord Breadalbane owed Robert of Glenlyon money, but at this, his hardest pinch, did not or could not pay him.

After carefully investigating the accumulating miseries entailed upon this family by the raids of the MacDonalds, the proofs of which I hold in my hands, I can almost understand the

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stern joy with which Glenlyon carried out the outrageous behests of his Sovereign, and slaughtered without remorse men who had treacherously violated the protection of their commander-in-chief, to plunder the lands of an inoffensive man.

The McLans, as hardened and habitual robbers, according to the criminal code of that age, probably deserved, every one of them that was above twelve years of age, the punishment of the gallows. But at the Revolution the Executive was not strong enough to vindicate and protect the life and property of the subject beyond the Highland barrier. The Campbells were the first to graft ideas of law and order upon the uncongenial stock of clanship. By consummate tact the celebrated Marquis of Argyle had, through the influence of religion, gradually habituated his followers to the new order of

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things . . . The country of the Campbells exhibited a picture of peacefulness and civilization which formed a strong contrast to the rest of the Highlands

As the Campbells were at the head of the new party of progress, the MacDonalds stood forward pre-eminently as the champions of clanship. At the era of the Revolution, Coll of Keppoch and MacIan of Glencoe vindicated the right of waging private war and of living by the systematic plunder of the sword as freely as any of the ancestors of the Isles had done hundreds of years before. . . . The King's garrison of Inverlochy bridled the more open country of Keppoch, but MacIan carried on with as much impunity as ever the trade of cattle-lifting. Once in Glencoe, it was impossible to recover the prey. Let any number of men be sent against them, his gillies guarded the narrow

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passes. At the preconcerted signal the cattle and people removed to the rocky fastnesses which a few men could hold against an army. The foe had nothing to wreak his vengeance upon but a few turf-built huts, as easily rebuilt as they were cast down.

King William and Dalrymple set their seals to the doom of Glencoe, not because MacIan had failed in obtemperating the letter of the law regarding the oath of allegiance, not because the MacIans were rebels—but because they were the last to adhere to the unmodified principles of clanship, to the idea of kingdoms within a kingdom, of the right of a private man or section of private men to exercise hatred, rapine, and war, uncontrolled by the central Government.

If the odium caused by the treacherous slaughter of beguiled men was so great as for a time to endanger the

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safety of the throne, still it was the means of making the Highlanders perceive the necessity of yielding obedience to the law, and it put an effectual stop to cattle-lifting on the grand scale. MacIan of Glencoe was the last katheran chief. The terrors of the law prevailed over the love of plunder, and shortly the thing formerly considered a mark of bravery sank into the catalogue of mean and disreputable sins.

The talents of Rob Roy, the last katheran, failed to make the profession what it was in the days of Keppoch: and when Rob died there was no one to take up his mantle, for cattle-lifting had degenerated into common thieving.

It cannot be said, therefore, that the massacre of Glencoe failed in the results expected by the Government. Dalrymple might plausibly enough justify to himself the horrible cruelty of the means, by the importance of the results

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to the well-being of society, ten times better *after* the massacre than before its commission.

But there was one man engaged in the affair—who though concealed was the chief actor—that had every reason to be displeased with the result, and that man was Breadalbane. He had made himself extremely active on the side of William at the conclusion of the war in 1691. The King placed £15,000 at his disposal to bring the Jacobite chiefs to reason. He held a meeting of them at Achalader, in the Braes of Glenorchy, on the 30th June, 1691.

MacIan attended the meeting, and quarrelled with the Earl about the reparation which the latter demanded from him for having plundered his lands. MacIan denounced the treacherous character of the Earl to the other chiefs, and was the principal cause of making the negotiations come to

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nothing. Further, he threatened to expose his conduct to Government, and show, that though he was Willie's man in Edinburgh, he was Jamie's in the Highlands. The charge was well-founded enough, as subsequent events show. In addition to this new insult, the more intolerable to the Earl because he felt that it was merited, the MacIans had been, with the other Macdonalds, harrying Breadalbane when the battle of Stronchlachan was fought, in which the Earl lost 18 of his nearest kinsmen. Besides, the position of Glencoe rendered the MacIans a perpetual thorn in his side. If he hoped for success in the complicated intrigues in which he was about to engage for bringing about another revolution, and making himself what he always aspired to be, the head of the Campbells and the chief man in the North, he saw it more necessary than ever to get rid of

the MacIans. The "mauling scheme" of the Earl, to which Dalrymple alludes without describing it, must have been the one at last substantially adopted. The time, the manner, and the agents could only have been chosen by a man intimately acquainted with Glencoe and the nature and habits of the people, and also aware of the mortal hatred existing between the MacIans and Campbells of Glenlyon—by a man determined, moreover, that "neither the old fox nor any of his cubs should escape." Such a man in every particular was Breadalbane.

Instead of 200, the whole male population of the Glen, but between 30 and 40 men were killed. That old intriguer foresaw the storm that would arise if many of the witnesses lived, and dreaded it. A few days after the massacre a person waited upon MacIan's sons and stated that he had been sent

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by Campbell of Barracalder, the Earl's Chamberlain, and that he was authorised to say that, if they would declare that Breadalbane had no part in the slaughter, he would procure their remission and restitution.

Breadalbane escaped adroitly enough through the after proceedings, as he managed that Campbell of Glenlyon should never stand his trial. But under what mortal fear must he have made the promise of "remission and restitution," with his revenge but half gratified, and the possession of Glencoe, which he longed to acquire, slipping for ever from his grasp!

As to Glenlyon, his own contemporaries accused him, not of his cruelty in the execution of inhuman orders, but of the few hours of treachery which preceded the massacre.

"For he smiled as a friend, while he planned
as a foe,
To *red*den each hearthstone in misty
Glencoe."

The Glencoe bard does not go further, as if conscious that he had not violated his plighted word and murdered men under trust. Campbell had received such provocation from the MacDonalds as justified the most unlimited revenge on his part.

The Scottish Parliament met in 1695, when King William found it expedient to yield to public indignation, and a Commission to examine into the affair was granted on the 29th of April. A few days after, Captain Campbell received orders to join his regiment in Flanders.

Campbell's evidence appears to have been peculiarly dreaded by the Earl, and had he been examined, perhaps history would not be so hard on the character of Dalrymple, and at anyrate the intrigues of Breadalbane, if revealed, would have astonished William himself, and shown him that even he could be outwitted.

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From the anxiety of the Commission to screen William, their labours ended in smoke, and the MacDonalds and the country had not the revenge they wanted. The recommendation of the Parliament to order home Campbell of Glenlyon, Barber, and others concerned, was never carried into effect.

Campbell was probably never made aware of the result of the Commission. He died at Bruges, in West Flanders, on the 2nd day of August, 1696. . . . Campbell of Glenlyon was at his death in the 65th year of his age. His early education had been good. He was a man of polished and plausible manners, and had mixed in early life in the best society. Like other men who have left a name joined to cruel deeds, his personal appearance was extremely prepossessing. Tall, well built, with a profusion of curling fair hair, and a face of almost feminine delicacy, he was

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in youth a very Adonis. Left a minor, with a large but burdened property, and shut out from active pursuits by the stern rule of Cromwell, he early gave the rein to selfish pleasures, a course in which he was confirmed by the gaieties which followed the Restoration. His greatest vices were gambling and the love of display, to which in later days he added an excessive love of wine. In another age he might have been a great warrior chief; for though devoid of chivalrous generosity he had all the martial talents of his warlike family; and the man who could resolve at sixty to repair his fortune by the sword could be reasonably expected to have been able to achieve his purpose thirty years earlier.

The Highlanders mortally hated William and Mary. For many years of William's reign there was a time of continual dearth and unfruitful har

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vests. The Highlanders' rude ideas of retributive justice associated the visitation of providence with the crimes and government of the King. They believed that through dearth the revenge of heaven fell on them for tamely submitting to the oppressor of their native prince. But the massacre of Glencoe no less deterred from rebellion than it provoked indignation; and the Highlands after that event remained quietly but anxiously waiting for William's death as the only escape from misery. In connection with that event an anecdote which I have heard may be given in proof of what has been said. On the 8th of March, 1702, a widow woman of Camusvrachdan, in Glenlyon, astonished her neighbours by giving them the news of the King's death. She had no visible means of information, and was far from being suspected of witchcraft, and still she asserted the truth

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of what she said with wonderful pertinacity. On being pressed for her reason, she replied, " My cow gives me twice the milk I ever had from her at any time for the last seven years!" By subsequent information it was discovered that William had died on the precise day.



THE CREACH OF 1689.

ANE LIST OF THE HAIL GOODS AND GEAR taken away from the Laird off Glenlyon, and the Tenants underwritten, out of Chesthill and Balentyre, and Carnbane Little and Meikle, about the latter end of October. 1689, by Coill M'Donald of Keppoch and his Associates:—

<i>Chesthill.</i>	Lib. Sol. D.
Impr. spulzied and taken out of Chesthill, belonging to the Laird of Glenlyon, sex great English Meares, Estimatt to Twelve pundis sterling each, and in Scots money Thirfore,	864 0 0
Item, ane Brown Staig of three yeirs old, the sd. Brute estimatt to	200 0 0
Item, ane young Meare, and the pryse of same Brute, inde	106 13 4
Item, three pleuch horses, worth fourty pundis the piece, inde ..	120 0 0
Item, taken away of great Cowes. Thre-scoir twelve, and fyftein	

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	Lib. Sol. D.
three-yeir-old Cowes, and seven- tein two-yeir-olds, the Three- scoir and twelve great Cowes and the fyftein three-yeir-old estimatt to twentie merks the piece, and the seventein two- yeir-old estimatt to . . the piece, inde	1,160 0 0
Item, taken away the sd. time, Eightscoir and nyn sheep, esti matt at Two punds 6 sh. 8d. the piece, all great	394 6
Item, Ten goats @ Twa punds the piece, inde	20 0 0
Item, Taken away out of the kitchen, several household plen- ishing, such as rack speitts, pleats, trenchers, and candle- sticks, and uydr things, estimatt to	40 0 0
	2,905 0 0

Crofts of Chesthill.

Item, taken away from John
Macindui, yr. nyn great Cowes,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

	Lib.	Sol.	D.
ffve two-yeir-olds, and Two stirks—the nyn Cowes, ffve two-yeir-olds, and Two stirks, to these their worth twentie merks the piece, inde	266	13	4
Item, Threescoir and three head of great sheep and eighteen hogs, the great sheep at 40 sh. the head, and the hogs at 20 sh. the head, inde	144	0	0
Item, twenty-seven old goatts and 29 yeir-old goatts estimatt over head to three merks the piece, inde	32	0	0
Item, ffour peir horses and mears, with their followers, estimatt to ffourty merks the peir	106	13	9
Item, Two ffilies, two-yeir-old, the peire estimatt to twentie pund the piece	40	0	0
Item, household plenishing, worth ffyftie merks	33	6	8
	<hr/>		
	672	13	9
	<hr/>		

Item taken from Duncan Cleroch,
cotter their, nyn cowes, great

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

	Lib.	Sol.	D.
and small, estimatt over head			
twenty merks the piece, inde ...	146	13	9
Item, ffyftie head of sheep esti-			
matt to 40 sh. the piece	100	0	0
Item, nyntein goatts, worth three			
merks the piece	38	0	0
Item, ane horse, worth	12	0	0
	<hr/>		
	296	13	9
	<hr/>		
Item, ffrom John Macilandrust,			
cotter in Chesthill, Threttein			
sheep @ three merks the piece	26	0	0
Threttein goatts at lyke pryce ...	26	0	0
Item, ane horse and ane mear,			
their worth	26	13	4
	<hr/>		
	78	13	4
	<hr/>		
Item, ffrom John Macindui,			
croftsman, Chesthill, Two			
pleuch horses, worth 20 pund			
Scots the piece,	40	0	0
Item, ffrom him Twa Cowes,			
worth 25 merks the piece,	33	6	8
Item, nyntein head off sheep			
ffrom his sone, and ffourty from			

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

	Lib.	Sol.	D.
himself, @ 40 sh. the piece, inde	118	0	0
Item, spulzied plenishing, worth	13	6	8
	<hr/>		
	204	13	4
	<hr/>		

Item, ffrom John Macalyster, in Chesthill, ffourty-two head of sheep and goats, @ 40 sh. the piece, inde	84	0	0
And from Margaret Macanrue, now his spouse, three heads of coves, at 25 merks the pryce,	50	0	0
And Threttie-seven head of sheep @ forsd. pryce	74	0	0
Item, Ten pundis worth of plen- ishing,	10	0	0
	<hr/>		
	218	0	0
	<hr/>		

Balentyre.

Item, taken from Donald M'Gore, ffour Cowes estimatt @ Twentie merks the head,	53	6	8
Item, ffourty-three sheep, at 40 sh. the piece,	86	0	0

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	Lib. Sol. D.
Item, off spulzied plenishing, worth	20 0 0
	159 6 8

Item, ffrom John M'Laren, then in Balentyre, now in Chesthill, threttie-seven head of sheep at the above pryce,	74 0 0
Item, seventein goatts, at Twa marks and ane half the piece,	28 6 8
Item, ane mear, estimatt to	9 6 8
Item, of spulzied plenishing, worth	6 13 0
	118 6 8

Item, from Margaret Nicdermid, ffive coves, great and small, worth 20 merks the piece, inde	66 13 9
Item, Twa-yeir horse and ane mear, worth twentie pundis the piece,	40 0 0
Item, Three-scoir head and three of sheep, @ 48 sh. the piece	126 0 0
Item, of spulzied plenishing, worth	10 0 0
	242 13 9

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Lib. Sol. D.

Carnbane More.

Item, from Patrick Macarthur, then in Carnbane, now in Chest- hill, sex cowes and ane Bull, at fforsd. pryce,	93 6 8
Item, Twentie-ffour head off great sheep, at three merks and ane half the piece,	56 0 0
Item, Eightein goatts at the lyke pryce,	30 0 0
Item, ane horse, worth	30 0 0
	<hr/>
	209 6 8
	<hr/>

Item, ffrom John Ogilvie, then in Carnbane, now in Chesthill, ffour Cowes, worth twentie merks the piece,	53 6 8
Item, ffourty head of great sheep,	80 0 0
Item, ane sword worth ten merks, and a plaid worth ten merks, ...	18 6 8
	<hr/>
	151 13 4
	<hr/>

Cambuslay.

Item, spulzied and away taken

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	Lib. Sol. D
about the fforsd. tyme ffrom Colin Campbell, broyr to the Laird off Glenlyon, Be Ronnald M'Donald, broyr to Keppoch, and Keppoch his kindred:	
Impr. Three pleuch horses, qrof two off them at 33 Lib. 6s. 8d. the piece, and the oyr at 20 Lib. inde	86 13 4
Item, three meares, with their followers, worth	100 0 0
Item, sex Cows worth 25 merks the piece	100 0 0
Item, ffrom the sd. Coline his subtennants, ffourscoir Cowes, great and small, at Twentie merks over head	1,160 0 0
Item, ffrom the sd. tennents 335 sheep,	670 0 0
Item, from the sd. tennents, of armour, worth 66 Lib. 13s. 4d, and of spulzied plenishing 100 Lib. inde	166 13 4
Sume of Lose,	2,283 6 8

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

Lib. Sol. D.

Galline.

Item, spulzied and away taken
from the 4 tennents of Galline,
ffytie head of Cowes, worth
twentie merks the piece, inde... 833 6 8

833 6 8



Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

CAILEAN GORACH AND THE ABRAICH.

I know I had some proof once of Glenlyon having suffered there several times during Colin Gorach's time from Clanranald and Glencoe raiders. I have lost the reference. Probably the first time was when Carnban Castle was set on fire. The following entry in the *Register of the Privy Council* records the second raid, which happened a year or two before that conducted by Dougal which ended in the capture of the spoilers and their wholesale execution:—

“ St Andrews, August 20, 1583.—Complaint of Colin Campbell of Glenlyon, as follows:— Alexander McCreland, John Dow M'Creland, Alexander McAine Dow Mhic Kreneld, Neil McConeill Mhic Coneill, Alexander McAemiss, Angus McAn Dow, Donald McInnuss, Alexander McAlexander McGorrie, John Dow McConeill McCreneld, Alexander McCain McAin Mhic Coneill, Donald McGerrie, William McConeill Mhic Gorme, Ewin McAin Mhic Coneill, John Dow McNeill Mhic Harther, Fercher Dow McConeill Mhic Alster,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

Donald McArther, John Dow McConeill McNeill, Rory McConeill Mhic Neill, Lachlan McTerlich Mhic Lachlin, — Nocheroy, John McInlay Roy, John Dow McInoss, with their complices, to the number of three score persons or thereby, with bow, darloch, and other weapons invasive, came upon the 24th day of June last bypast, by the break of day, and masterfully reft, spulzied, and away took from the said complainer, and Duncan Reoch, John Glass McEvin McDonald Dowy, and Donald McConald Reoch, his servants, furth of his lands of Glenlyon and Glencalyie, four score head of ky, eleven horses and mares, together with the whole insight and plenishing of their houses; as also they not satiated with the said open oppression committed by them as said is, struck and dang the women of the said lands, and cutted the hair of their head.—Charge having been given to the persons complained of to appear and answer under pain of rebellion, and they not appearing, while the complainer appears by James Campbell of Ardkinglas, his procurator, the Lords order all the culprits to be denounced rebels.”

When Colin was asked after the slaughter if he would put his hand to, that is sign, a state-

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

ment confessing his guilt, he replied at once that he would put his hand and foot to the confession in question. "An cuir sibh ar lamh ris an aideachadh so?" asked the limb of the law who was sent on the rather perilous errand. "Cuiridh, cuiridh, a laochain, an da chuid mo lamh 's mo chas," replied Colin, without hesitation.

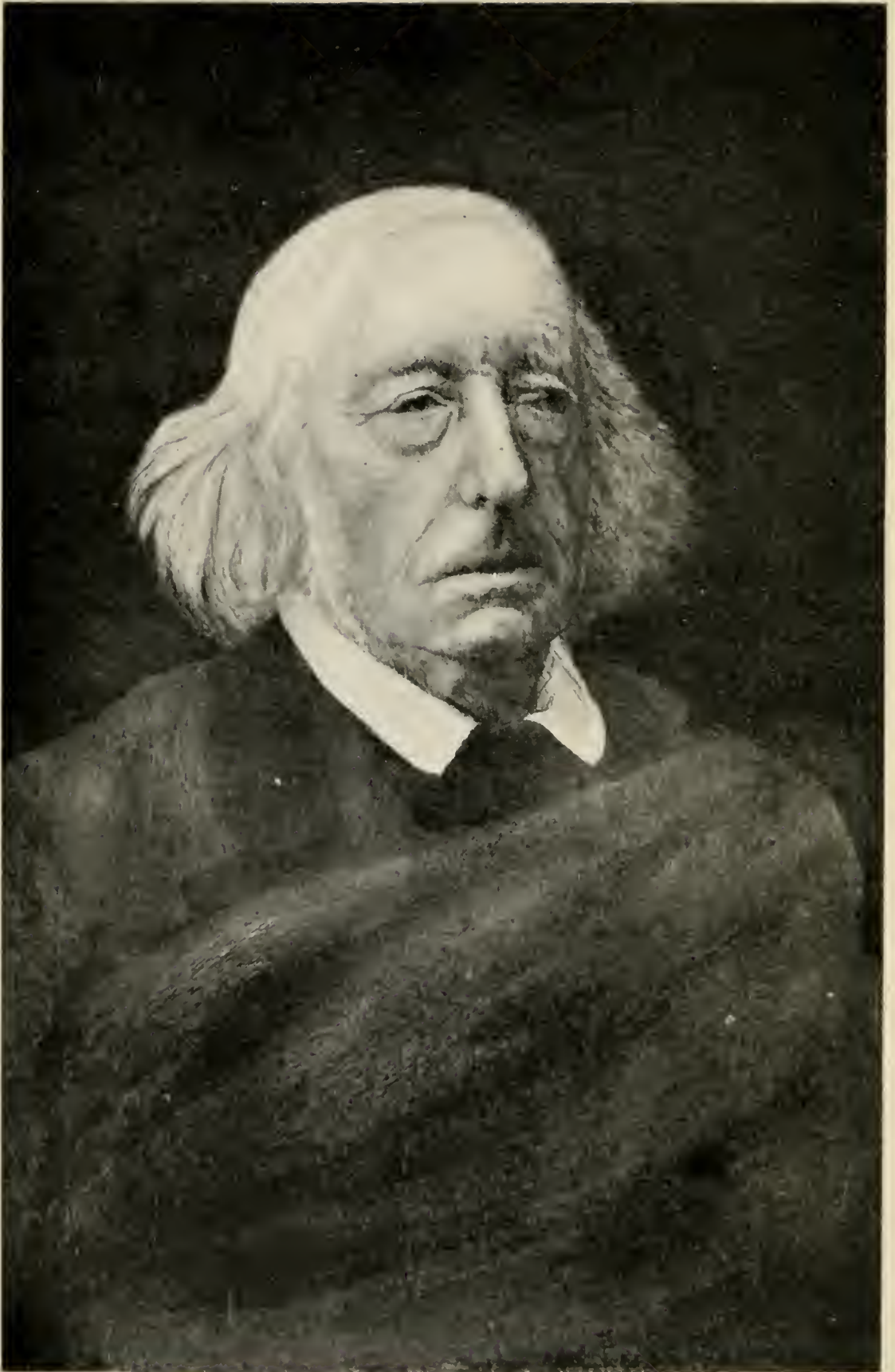


III.

GLENCOE

A HISTORICAL BALLAD

BY PROFESSOR J. S. BLACKIE



(Face p 91).

REV. PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

GLENCOE.

A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

I.

THE snow is white on the Pap of Glencoe,
And all is bleak and dreary,
But gladness reigns in the vale below,
Where life is blithe and cheery,
Where the old Macdonald, stout and
true,
Sits in the hall which his fathers knew,
Sits, with the sword which his fathers
drew
On the old wall glancing clearly,
Where the dry logs blaze on the huge
old hearth,
And the old wine flows that fans the
mirth
Of the friends that love him dearly.

Heavily, heavily lies the snow
On the old grey ash and the old blue
pine,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

And the cold winds drearily, drearily
 blow
 Down the glen with a moan and a
 whine ;
But little reck they how the storm may
 bray,
 Or the linn may roar in the glen,
Where the bright cups flow, and the
 light jests play,
 And Macdonald is master of men,
Where Macdonald is king of the feast
 to-night,
And sways the hour with a landlord's
 right,
And broadens his smile, and opens his
 breast,
As a host may do to a dear-loved guest :
And many a stirring tale he told
 Of battle, and war, and chase,
And heroes that sleep beneath the
 mould,
 The pride of his lordly race ;
And many a headlong venture grim,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

With the hounds that track the deer,
By the rifted chasm's hanging rim
And the red-scaured mountain sheer.
And many a song did the harper sing
Of Ossian blind and hoary,
That made the old oak rafter ring
With the pulse of Celtic story ;
And the piper blew a gamesome reel
That the young blood hotly stirred,
And they beat the ground with light-
some heel
Till the midnight bell was heard.
And then to rest they laid them down,
And soon the strong sleep bound
them,
While the winds without kept whistling
rout,
And the thick snows drifted round
them.

II.

But one there was whose eye that night
No peaceful slumber knew,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

Or, if he slept, he dreamt of blood,
And woke by Coe's far-sounding flood,
 To make his dreaming true.
A Campbell was he, of a hated clan,
 —God's curse be on his name!—
Who to Macdonald's goodly glen
 On traitor's errand came.
He had the old man's niece to wife,
(A love that should have buried strife,)
And shook his hand for faithful proof,
And slept beneath his friendly roof;
And he that night had shared the
 mirth
Around the old man's friendly hearth,
 And, wise in devil's art,
Had laughed and quaffed, and danced
 and sung,
And talked with honey on his tongue,
 And murder in his heart.
And now, to buy a grace from power
And men the slaves of the venal hour,
Or with the gust of blood to sate
A heart whose luxury was hate,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

His hand was on the whetted knife
That thirsts to drink the old man's life ;
 And soon the blood shall flow,
 From which the curse shall grow,
That since the world to sin began
Pursues the lawless-handed man ;
And false Glen Lyon's traitor name
Shall live a blazing badge of shame,
While memory links the crimson crime,
The basest in the book of Time,
 With Campbell and Glencoe.

III.

'Tis five o'clock i' the morn ; of light
 No glimmering ray is seen,
And the snow that drifted through the
 night
 Shrouds every spot of green.
Not yet the cock hath blown his horn,
 But the base red-coated crew
Creep through the silence of the morn
 With butcher-work to do.

And now to the old man's house they
came,
Where he lived in the strength of his
proud old name,
A brave unguarded life ;
And now they enter the old oak room,
Where he lay, all witless of his doom,
In the arms of his faithful wife ;
And through the grace of his hoary
head,
As he turned him starting from his bed,
They shot the deadly-missioned lead,
And reaved his purple life ;
Then from the lady, where she lay
With outstretched arms in blank dis-
may,
They rove the vest, and in deray
They flung her on the floor ;
And from her quivering fingers tore
With their teeth the rare old rings she
wore ;
Then haled her down the oaken stair
Into the cold unkindly air,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

And in the snow they left her there,
Where not a friend was nigh,
With many a curse, and never a tear,
Like an outcast beast to die.

IV.

And now the butcher-work went on
Hotly, hotly up the glen ;
For the order was given full sharply
then
The lion to slay with the cubs in his den,
And never a male to spare ;
And the king's own hand had signed
the ban,
To glut the hate of the Campbell clan,
And the spite of the Master of Stair.
From every clachan in long Glencoe
The shriek went up, and the blood did
flow
Reeking and red on the wreathèd snow.
Every captain had his station
On the banks of the roaring water,
Watching o'er the butchered nation

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

Like the demons of the slaughter.
Lindsay raged at Invercoe,
And laid his breathless twenty low ;
At Inveruggen, Campbell grim
Made the floor with gore to swim—
Nine he counted in a row
Brothered in a bloody show,
And one who oft for him had spread
The pillow 'neath his traitor head,
 To woo the kindly rest.
At Auchnacoin stern Barker pressed
The pitiless work with savage zest,
And on the broad mead by the water
Heaped ten souls in huddled slaughter.
The young man blooming in his pride,
 The old man with crack'd breath,
The bridegroom severed from his bride,
And son with father side by side,
 Lie swathed in one red death ;
And Fire made league with Murder fell
Where flung by many a raging hand,
From house to house the flaming brand
Contagious flew ; and crackling spar

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

And crashing beam, make hideous jar,
And pitchy volumes swell.
What horror stalked the glen that day,
What ghastly fear and grim dismay,
No tongue of man can tell ;
What shame to Orange William's sway,
When Murder throve with honours
decked,
And every traitor stood erect,
And every true man fell !

v.

'Tis twelve o'clock at noon ; and still
Heavily, heavily on the hill
The storm outwreaks his wintry will,
And flouts the blinded sun ;
And now the base red-coated crew,
And the fiends in hell delight to view
The sanguine slaughter done.
But where be they, the helpless troop,
Spared by red murder's ruthless swoop :
The feeble woman, the maiden mild,
The mother with her sucking child,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

And all who fled with timely haste
From hissing shot, and sword uncased?
Hurrying from the reeking glen,
They are fled, some here, some there;
Some have scrambled up the Ben
And crossed the granite ridges bare,
And found kind word and helping hand
On Appin's green and friendly strand;
Some in the huts of lone Glenure
Found kindly care and shelter sure,
And some in face of the tempest's roar,
Behind the shelving Buchailmore,
With stumbling foot did onward press
To thy Ben-girdled nook, Dalness;
And some huge Cruachan's peak behind
Found a broad shield from drift and
wind,
And warmed their frozen frames at fires
Kindled by friendly Macintyres.
But most—O Heaven!—a feeble nation,
Crept slowly from the mountain station;
The old, the sickly, and the frail,
Went blindly on with stragging trail,

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

The little tender-footed maid,
 The little boy that loved to wade
 In the clear waters of the Coe,
 Ere blood had stained their amber
 flow—

On them, ere half their way was made,
 The night came down, and they were
 laid,

Some on the scaurs of the jagged Bens,
 Some in black bogs and stony glens,
 Faint and worn, till kindly Death
 Numbed their limbs and froze their
 breath,

And wound them in the snow.
 And there they lay with none to know,
 And none with pious kind concern
 To honour with a cross or cairn

The remnant of Glencoe
 And on the hills a curse doth lie
 That will not die with years ;
 And oft-times 'neath a scowling sky,
 Through the black rent, where the tor-
 rent grim

Glencoe and the Campbells of Glenlyon

Leaps 'neath the huge crag's frowning
rim,
The wind comes down with a moan and
a sigh ;
And a voice, like the voice of a wail and
a cry,
The lonely traveller hears,
A voice, like the voice of Albyn weeping
For the sorrow and the shame
That stained the British soldier's name,
When kingship was in butchers' keep-
ing,
And power was honour's foe ;
Weeping for scutcheons rudely torn,
And worth disowned and glory shorn,
And for the valiant-hearted men
That once were mighty in the glen
Of lonely bleak Glencoe.



(Face b. 102)

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