

EXTRACT FROM MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE—DEATH OF DUNDEE.

The most important military post in Atholl was Blair Castle. The house which now bears that title is not distinguished by any striking peculiarity from other country seats of the aristocracy.—The old building was a lofty tower of rude architecture, which commanded a vale watered by the Garry. The walls would have offered very little resistance to a battering train but were quite strong enough to keep the herdsmen of the Grampians in awe. About five miles south of this stronghold, the valley of the Garry contracts itself into the solitary glen of Killiecrankie. At present a highway as smooth as any road in Middlesex ascends gently from the low country to the summit of the defile. White villas peep from the birch forest; and, on a fine summer day there is scarcely a turn of the Pass at which may not be seen some angler casting his fly on the foam of the river, some artist sketching a pinnacle of rock, or some party of pleasure banqueting on the turf in the fretwork of shade and sunshine. But, in the days of William the Third, Killiecrankie was mentioned with horror by the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the Perthshire lowlands. It was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. The sound, so musical to modern ears, of the river brawling round the mossy rocks, and among the smooth pebbles, the dark masses of crag and verdure worthy of the pencil of Wilson; the fantastic peaks, bathed at sunrise and sunset with light rich as that which glows on the canvas of Claude, suggested to our ancestors thoughts of murderous ambuscades and of bodies stripped, gashed and abandoned to the birds of prey. The only path was narrow and rugged—a horse could with difficulty be led up—two men could hardly walk abreast; and, in some places, the way ran so close by the precipice that the traveller had great need of a steady eye and foot. Many years later, the first Duke of Atholl constructed a road up which it was just possible to drag his coach. But even that road was steep and so strait that a handful of resolute men might have defended it against an army; nor did any Saxon consider a visit to Killiecrankie as a pleasure, till experience had taught the English Government that the weapons by which the Highlanders could be most effectually subdued were the pickaxe and spade.

Early in the morning of Saturday the 27th of July, Dundee arrived at Blair Castle. There he learned that Mackay's were already in the ravine of Killiecrankie. It was necessary to come to a prompt decision. A council of war was held.—The Saxon officers were generally against hazarding a battle. The Celtic chiefs were of a different opinion. Glengarry and Lochiel were now both of a mind. "Fight, my Lord," said Lochiel with his usual energy; "fight immediately; fight, if you have only one to three. Our men are in heart.—Their only fear is that the enemy should escape.—Give them their way; and be assured that they will either perish or gain a complete victory. But if you restrain them, if you force them to remain on the defensive, I answer for nothing. If we do not fight, we had better break up and retire to our mountains."

Dundee's countenance brightened. "You hear, gentlemen," he said to his Lowland officers; "you hear the opinion of one who understands Highland war better than any of us." No voice was raised on the other side. It was determined to fight; and the confederated clans in high spirits set forward to encounter the enemy.

The enemy meanwhile had made his way up the pass. The ascent had been long and toilsome; for even the foot had to climb by twos and threes; and the baggage horses, twelve hundred in number, could mount only one at a time. No wheeled carriage had ever been tugged up that arduous path.—The head of the column had emerged and was on the table land, while the rear-guard was in the plain below. At length the passage was affected; and the troops found themselves in a valley of no great extent. Their right was flanked by a rising ground, their left by the Garry. Wearied by the morning's work, they threw themselves on the grass to take some rest and refreshment.

Early in the afternoon they were aroused by an alarm that the Highlanders were approaching.—Regiment after regiment started up and got into order. In a little while the summit of an ascent which was about a musket shot before them was covered with bonnets and plaids, Dundee rode forward for the purpose of surveying the force with which he was to contend, and then drew up his own men with as much skill as their peculiar character permitted him to exert. It was desirable to keep the clans distinct. Each tribe, large or small formed a column separated from the next column

by a wide interval. One of these battalions might contain seven hundred men, while another consisted of only one hundred and twenty. Lochiel had represented that it was impossible to mix men of different tribes, without destroying all that constituted the peculiar strength of a Highland army.

On the right, close to the Garry, were the Macleans. Next to them were Cannon and his Irish foot. Then came the Macdonalds of Clanronald, commanded by the guardian of their young prince. On the left were other bands of Macdonalds. At the head of one large battalion towered the stately form of Glengarry, who bore in his hand the royal standard of King James the Seventh. Still further to the left were the cavalry, a small squadron consisting of some Jacobite gentlemen who had fled from the Lowlands to the mountains and of about forty of Dundee's old troopers. The horses had been ill fed and ill tended among the Grampians, and looked miserably lean and feeble. Beyond them was Lochiel with his Camerons. On the extreme left, the men of Skye were marshalled by Macdonald of Sleat.

In the Highlands, as in all countries where war has not become a science, man thought it the most important duty of a commander to set an example of personal courage and of bodily exertion. Lochiel was especially renowned for his physical prowess. His clansmen looked big with pride when they related how he himself had broken hostile ranks and hewn down tall warriors. He probably owed quite as much of his influence to these achievements as to the high qualities which, if fortune had placed him in the English Parliament or at the French Court, would have made him one of the foremost men of his age. He had the sense however to perceive how erroneous was the notion which his countrymen had formed. He knew that to give and to take blows was not the business of a general. He knew with how much difficulty Dundee had been able to keep together, during a few days, an army composed of several clans; and he knew that what Dundee had effected with difficulty, Cannon would not be able to effect at all. The life on which so much depended must not be sacrificed to a barbarous prejudice. Lochiel therefore advised Dundee not to run into any unnecessary danger. "Your Lordship's business," he said, "is to overlook everything and to issue your commands. Our business is to execute those commands bravely and promptly." Dundee answered with calm magnanimity that there was much weight in what his friend Sir Ewan had urged, but that no general could effect anything great without possessing the confidence of his men. "I must establish my character for courage. Your people expect to see their leaders in the thickest of the battle; and to-day they shall see me there, I promise you, on my honor, that in future fights I will take more care of myself."

Meanwhile the fire of the musketry was kept up on both sides, but more skillfully and more steadily by the regular soldiers than by the mountaineers. The space between the armies was one cloud of smoke. Not a few Highlanders dropped; and the clans grew impatient. The sun, however, was low in the west before Dundee gave the order to prepare for action. His men raised a great shout. The enemy, probably exhausted by the toil of the day, returned a feeble and wavering cheer. "We shall do it now," said Lochiel, "that is not the cry of men who are going to win." He had walked through all his ranks, had addressed a few words to every Cameron, and had taken from every Cameron a promise to conquer or die.

It was past seven o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids.—The few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber, that Lochiel took off what probably was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men. The whole line advanced firing. The enemy returned the fire and did much execution. When only a small space was left between the armies, the Highlanders suddenly flung away their firelocks, drew their broadswords, and rushed forward with a fearful yell. The Lowlanders prepared to receive the shock; but this was then a long and awkward process; and the soldiers were still fumbling with the muzzles of their guns and the handles of their bayonets when the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds, and Camerons came down. In two minutes the battle was lost and won. The ranks of Balfour's regiment broke. He was cloven down while struggling in the press. Ramsay's men turned their backs and dropped their arms.—Mackay's own foot were swept away by the furious onset of the Camerons. His brother and nephew exerted themselves in vain to rally the men. The former was laid dead on the ground by a stroke from a claymore. The latter, with eight wounds on his body, made his way through the tumult and

carnage to his uncle's side. Even in that extremity Mackay retained all his self-possession. He had still one hope. A charge of horse might recover the day; for of horse the bravest Highlanders were supposed to stand in awe. But he called on the horse in vain. Belhaven indeed behaved like a gallant gentleman; but his troopers, appalled by the rout of the infantry, galloped off in disorder; Aunandale's men followed; All was over; and the mingled torrent of redcoats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie.

Mackay, accompanied by one trusty servant, spurred bravely through the thickest of the claymores and targets, and reached a point from which he had a view of the field. His whole army had disappeared with the exception of some Borderers, whom Leven had kept together, and of Hastings' regiment, which had poured a murderous fire into the Celtic ranks, and which still kept unbroken order. All the men that could be collected were only a few hundred. The General made haste to lead them across the Garry, and having put that river between them and the enemy, paused for a moment to meditate on his situation.

He could hardly understand how the conquerors could be so unwise as to allow him even that moment for deliberation. They might with ease have killed or taken all who were with him before the night closed in. But the energy of the Celtic warriors had spent itself in one furious rush, and one short struggle. The pass was choked by the twelve hundred beasts of burden which carried the provision and baggage of the vanquished army.—Such a booty was irresistibly tempting to men who were impelled to war quite as much by the desire of rapine as by the desire of glory. It is probable that few even of the chiefs were disposed to leave so rich a prize for the sake of King James. Dundee himself might at that moment have been unable to persuade his followers to quit the heap of spoil, and to complete the great work of the day; and Dundee was no more.

At the beginning of the action he had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him, and rode forward. But it seemed to be decreed that, on that day, the Lowland Scotch should in both armies, appear to disadvantage. The horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and, waving his arm, his cuirass rose, and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket ball struck him; his horse sprang forward and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust, which hid from both armies the fall of the victorious general. A person named Johnstone was near him, and caught him as he sank down from the saddle. "How goes the day?" said Dundee. "Well for King James," answered Johnstone, "but I am sorry for your Lordship." "If it is well for him," answered the dying man, "it matters the less for me." He never spoke again, but when, half an hour later, Lord Dunfermline and some other friends came to the spot, they thought that they could still discern some faint remains of life. The body wrapped in two plaids, was carried to the Castle of Blair.

IMPORTANT TRIAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The following account of a trial of scales at the Fair of the American Institute, held in the Crystal Palace in New York, is from the *Pennsylvanian*. We take pleasure in transferring it to our columns, reflecting as it does, great credit upon a well known and successful New England manufacturing firm. We would add that the scales manufactured by the Messrs. Fairbanks were taken from their usual stock in New York, and since the account of the trial was published have been adjudged the best, and a gold medal has been awarded for the larger one and a silver medal for the smaller one:

"We had the pleasure of witnessing, a few days since, an interesting test trial of various weighing machines on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute in the Crystal Palace. The trial was confined to the relative merits of the celebrated Fairbanks Scales, the scales manufactured by Duryee & Forsyth, of Rochester, N. Y., and a newly patented scale manufactured at Vergennes, Vt. To test the real merit of the scales, the committee placed upon the platform of a scale having the capacity of six tons, a weight of 3398 pounds, and then removed the weight to various parts of the platform. With this weight on one corner of the Vergennes Scale, opposite corner the beam indicated 3390 pounds, when placed on the opposite corner the beam indicated only 3378 pounds showing a difference of 13 pounds, and when removed to the centre of the platform the beam showed 3387 pounds.

A request was then made that the weight be again placed on the corner first tried, which was done, and the weight the beam now indicated was 3382

pounds, showing a difference of 8 pounds from the first trial. This variation is attributable in part to the arrangement of the platform upon the bearings which forbids the possibility of its giving correct weight or agreeing with itself. The test was then applied to a Fairbanks Scale, and when the weight was placed on one corner of the platform the beam indicated the true weight, 3398 pounds, on the second and third corners the result was the same; on the fourth corner a slight variation was perceptible. So extremely delicate was the operation of Fairbanks' Scale, (capacity 6 tons,) that a quarter of a pound weight placed on any part of the platform raised the beam.

A Duryee & Forsyth scale, of 40,000 lbs capacity was next tested, and like the Vergennes Scale, it failed to give correct weight, or to agree with itself; it showed a variation of ten pounds when the weight was removed from one corner to another. One of Fairbanks small Platform Scales was then tested with U. S. standard weights, and it exhibited unerring accuracy. The sealed weights were then placed on a similar scale manufactured by Duryee and Forsyth, but the result was far from satisfactory, one corner was half a pound too light, the other half a pound too heavy, and another corner two pounds too heavy."—*Boston Daily Journal*.

REMARKABLE CASE OF POISONING.—A most extraordinary case of poisoning occupies a considerable space in public attention. The circumstances are briefly these. Dr. William Palmer, a surgeon but who made betting his profession,—in other words "a sporting man"—was in company with a gentleman named Cooke, at Rugby, Staffordshire settling up some gambling accounts, when Cooke, who had just drank a glass of liquor, suddenly became sick and exclaimed that Palmer had poisoned him. Cooke died next day, and Palmer was arrested. A discovery that Palmer was indebted a large sum to Cooke confirmed the suspicion against him, and it was then remembered that his (Palmer's) wife had died suddenly of symptoms similar to those that had carried off Cooke.

This led to further inquiry, when the astounding fact came gradually out that sixteen persons, all immediately connected with Palmer, had died suddenly within a short time, and that on the lives of some of these persons he had effected insurances, while with others he had had betting transactions. The most astounding incident of these developments is, that Lord George Bentinck (who, it will be remembered, died suddenly) had transactions with Palmer, and it is now believed he was poisoned! The corpses of some of the supposed victims have been exhumed, and, submitted to chemical research for traces of poison, Strychnine, or some other vegetable preparation is supposed too have been the means employed.

It is somewhat curious that the accused had a fast horse, that figured conspicuously in his turf speculations, and bore the name of "Strychnine."

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SCOTCH PARISH SCHOOLS.—By this memorable law it was, in the Scotch phrase, statute and ordained that every parish in realm should provide a commodious school-house and should pay a moderate stipend to a school-master. The effect could not be immediately felt. But, before one generation had passed away, it began to be evident that the common people of Scotland were superior in intelligence to the common people of any other country in Europe. To whatever land the Scotchman might betake himself in America or in India, in trade or in war, the advantage which he derived from his early training raised him above his competitors. If he was taken into a warehouse as a porter, he soon became foreman. If he enlisted in the army, he soon became a sergeant. Scotland, meanwhile, in spite of the barrenness of her climate, made such progress in agriculture, in manufactures, in commerce, in letters, in science, in all that constitutes civilization, as the Old World had never since equalled, and as even the New World has scarcely seen surpassed.

"Can you let me have twenty dollars this morning to purchase a bonnet, my dear?" said a lady to her husband one morning at breakfast.

"By-and-by, my love."

"That's what you always say, my dear, but how can I buy and buy without the money?"

The husband handed over.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—It is understood beyond dispute that but for walker's revolutionary movements, Nicaragua and Great Britain would before now have concluded a treaty satisfactory to the former, regarding the Mosquito territory and kindred questions, and at the same time not conflicting with the Clayton and Bulwer treaty.

A Mr. Kittleblack, of Illinois, has married a Miss Potts. This is the latest news we hear about the "potts" calling the kettle "kettle black."