THE BLACKSMITH.

I passed about at the blacksmith's door,
And heard the ringing of an anvil
Where the smith stood to the evening sun
Smiting upon it with great sounding blows.
And his great sinewy arms were bare to the wind
With hair resembling gold.

"Iron, I know not what it may be;
But I know right well what it may be
To wrench and twist in the fire and smite
Upon the anvil till it burns and sparks
Fly off in showers beneath the smiter's blows.
Sometimes it seems to me
Like iron I am forged upon
The anvil of life.

"Iron is the foundation—day without
Iron is there within—
Iron which the smiter fashions
From the fire-forged mass
And out of which he makes
Its the hammer and anvil's fate.

"Iron to match the bright and gold
Are the heaven's flaming bars,
And the thick and red shadow with flat
Edges
Iron is in the blood
And in number men I look my work,
Within a quiver and subject to
—New York Ledger.

SOME OLD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY ALFRED H. CALHOUN.

The Dance of McGregor, a Scotch Gathering—The Secret Law of the Scottish Clans—A Life Taken and a Life Saved.

BOSTON, Mass., (Special Correspondence of the Deseret News.)

Years ago in my father's employ an old Scotch gardener named McGregor, and my delight as a child was to sit at the old man's feet and listen while he told stories of the Highlands, and particularly of the Scots fighting clan whose name he bore and of whose exploits he felt so proud. Certainly records, which have come down to us from those times, and verified the truth of Thomas McGregor, the same story, which passed from sire and received the 19 a gentleman of the same name, and which I have good reason for believing that it is true.

It appears that there had been the people of the McGregor clan that they had always been true to Stuartism, and that it was always a stumbling to the Hanoverian, if any would be found whom all were equal, who were powerful and ready with the claymore and target. It was over the enlightenment of the clan to be commonly at variance politics with its neighbors, the McDonalds and Campbells, and the McGregors, in short, was in the habit of having to defend their rights against the clans, who were under Hanoverian influence, they were ready opposing the government in all matters, and ready to defend it. It is said that during the 100 years that passed between the reigns of James I and George I of England, this clan McGregor was in a state of almost outlawry, and was scarcely allowed to be the land at some one of its chiefs.

In Dumbarton there lived, when Donald was a boy, a Scotch gentleman, who was a man of wealth and standing, rich in cattle, a family of position, but remarkably small, proud Presbyterian. The Lowlanders, who lived in the valleys above these Highland adventurers, hated them, they were "outlaws"—that is they could read and write, while the Scotch and Gaelic McGregor looked upon such accomplishments as beneath the dignity of soldiers, and only suited to priests and expert knights.

Kenneth Lamont went over from Dumbarton, on the Clyde, to Lion, on Loch Lomond, and he brought with him a wife and one little boy, and announced his purpose to have the red deer from the Trossachs to Loch Katrine, on the estate of Donald McGregor, of Glenfinlas.

One night as young Lamont and his servant were returning to their camp they met two of the McGregors. Daggers were drawn and the Lowlander was struck down, a struggle that followed the servant and one of Lamont's sentinels were killed.

FACE TO FACE.

Hearing others coming to aid the McGregors, Lamont, with the red dagger still clutched in his right hand, and into the Lilts till he saw a light for to front, and he knew that it avenged the death of one of the clan whom he so bitterly hated and whose treasured rights he was keeping at an enhance. He also knew that if he could reach the light before the pursuers, now close behind, overtook him, he could claim and find protection under the laws of Highland hospitality, which are shelter and protection to the benevolent, and, stand the rather the outlaw, he placed his life in the hands of the chief.

Lamont sprang through the open door of the house and stood face to face with a girl of surpassing beauty. At the same moment a tall, high-toned, true-natured man, and the fugitive recognized the chief Donald were McGregor.

"I was attacked beside in the hills," said Lamont, "and as we are my life I claim a moment's stay in of this McGregor. Here in the house of the chief I claim the protection of the Highland sound."

"And you shall have both," said the chief, then hearing near by the Prince steps and the pacing of well armed, he motioned to his daughter to show the stranger into an adjoining apartment.

As Donald went out, with drawn claymore, in their hands, stood before McGregor men, and some of the Scots gaped, but the fugitive could have time.

"The Lowlands of Dumbarton this night killed a man in the hills and we have pursued him hither."

The chief eyed the foreigner and surgeon back as if to find how after a personal blow, and, with a smile, motioning himself, to call to his followers.

"Lamont is now beneath my roof, and my word is pledged for his life."

Knowing full well the secret law of the Gaelic clans, the men did not attempt to argue, but turned their heads, sheathed their claymores and went back to their home the hills.

At daylight the next morning the chief led his guest then accompanied him till they reached that part of Loch Lomond's shore from which they could see the spire of Lion, then he halted, and holding his hand in its glad of silence and grace to said, "Lamont, good-by. I give thee thy life, though that has taken one of my only son. Henceforth there will be death warring feud in the land of the McGregors," and he has been honed and parted.

In Dumbarton he found to his astonishment and sorrow that the Anglican version that most closely resembles it looks the romantic and compassionate side of the Highland narrative.

Some days after the Duke of Argyle, at the head of an army numerically strong, or than the whole of clan McGregor, marched out to the Trossachs "to hut and burn and destroy." Donald were McGregor was declared to be an outlaw, and a reward of 300 was offered for his head.

And Kenneth Lamont, of Dumbarton, knew of the chief's danger and swore to repay the kindness, and only his hope for home, but the life he had saved.

Again the young man entered the McGregor's retreat, but no longer as a fugitive, but as a friend. The chief, who, during his and his wife and daughter to Dumbarton, where they were warmly praised for his the red room to our own.

It was the daughter, Sir Kenneth Lamont with the Glen Fine left to the wilderness of Argyle's successors and the release of the chief and his clan from the ban of outlawry.

At court have been entertained, Kenneth Lamont subsequently married Jeanette McGregor, the beautiful daughter of the chief, and within a month he was formally adopted into the clan.

A "Lost" Visitor.

After the battle of Prestonpans in Aberdeen city Cross officers met the same soldiers of Cumberland, who under Bagot's lead as Charles had retreated in search of arms with the result to prisoners, at that time, for the exchange of prisoners.

The officers on both sides appeared in their best uniforms and engaged conversation on the opposite side of a table. They became complicated the purpose of their meeting when an old gray headed female, dressed in a homespun gown, came in, and approaching the "guest" he addressed him as offered to live by asking:

"Any strangers in this the town's office?"

"What do you want?" asked the Chief officer.

"I want a pass to get out."

"Have you anything to explain to the town from the Prince? Have you any thing to tell the town? Have you any prisoners?"

"Tut! tut! I want a pass."

"Have you anything to report