

district as the chapel and burying-ground of Gillic-christ. Dr. Johnson relates, in his "Journey," that when eating, on one occasion, his dinner in Skye to the music of the bagpipe, he was informed by a gentleman, "that in some remote time, the Macdonalds of Glengarry having been injured or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden, and resolving to have justice, or vengeance, they came to Culloden on a Sunday, when, finding their enemies at worship, they shut them up in the church, which they set on fire ; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning." Culloden, however, was not the scene of the atrocity ; it was the Mackenzies of Ord that their fellow-Christians and brother-Churchmen, the Macdonalds of Glengary succeeded in converting into animal charcoal, when the poor people were engaged, like good Catholics, in attending mass ; and in this old chapel of Gillic-christ was the experiment performed. The Macdonalds, after setting fire to the building, held fast the doors until the last of the Mackenzies of Ord had perished in the flames ; and then, pursued by the Mackenzies of Brahan, they fled into their own country, to glory every after in the greatness of the feat. The evening was calm and still, but dark for the season, for it was now near mid-summer ; and every object had disappeared in the gloom, save the outlines of a ridge of low hills that rose beyond the moor ; but I could determine where the chapel and churchyard lay ; and great was my astonishment to see a light flickering amid the grave-stones and the ruins. At one time seen, at another hid, like the revolving lantern of a lighthouse, it seemed to be passing round and round the building ; and, as I listened, I could hear distinctly what appeared to be a continuous screaming of most unearthly sound, proceeding from evidently the same spot as the twinkle of the light. What could be the meaning of such an apparition, with such accompaniments,—the time of its appearance midnight, the place a solitary burying-ground ? I was in the Highlands ; was there truth, after all, in the many floating Highland stories of spectral dead-lights and wild supernatural sounds, seen and heard by nights in lonely places of sepulture, when some sud-