

D. K. BROSTER



***THE GLEAM
IN THE NORTH***

D. K. BROSTER



THE GLEAM



IN THE NORTH

D. K. Broster

The Gleam in the North

Enriched edition.

Introduction, Studies and Commentaries by Isla Caldwell

EAN 8596547006657

Edited and published by DigiCat, 2022



Table of Contents

[Introduction](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Historical Context](#)

[The Gleam in the North](#)

[Analysis](#)

[Reflection](#)

[Memorable Quotes](#)

[Notes](#)

Introduction

[Table of Contents](#)

Poised between the fading radiance of a lost cause and the unforgiving claims of survival, *The Gleam in the North* explores how allegiance—national, familial, and personal—can illuminate a path with hope even as it imperils the traveler with duty, testing bonds across enemy lines, measuring courage not only in open defiance but in restraint, and tracing the painful negotiation between memory and change in a Highland world where the past refuses to release its hold and the future demands compromises that sting, asking whether honor is a destination, a compass, or the very terrain on which one must walk.

D. K. Broster's novel is a work of historical fiction set in eighteenth-century Scotland in the shadow of the Jacobite rising of 1745, first published in 1927 as the second volume of the author's celebrated Jacobite trilogy. Moving through Highland straths, guarded coasts, and garrisoned towns, it situates private decisions within the wider pressures of occupation and recovery. Broster writes from the interwar period, yet she looks back with disciplined research and a classic storyteller's economy, crafting a narrative that stands on its own while deepening the sequence begun in *The Flight of the Heron* and continued later in *The Dark Mile*.

A spoiler-safe premise: in the aftermath of failed rebellion, a Highland gentleman bound to a defeated tradition and an English officer invested in new order find themselves repeatedly thrown into situations that force cooperation, forbearance, and reevaluation. Their paths weave through tense journeys, clandestine errands, and fraught encounters where a misread gesture can imperil

lives. The voice is measured, precise, and attentive to landscape; the style favors clear, elegant prose over flourishes; the tone balances romantic adventure with moral seriousness. Readers encounter suspense without sensationalism, action punctuated by quiet reflection, and dialogue that reveals character through what is spoken and withheld.

At its core, the novel meditates on loyalty—how it binds communities, sustains individuals after defeat, and complicates the straightforward categories of friend and foe. Broster probes the ethics of obedience and resistance, the claims of kinship against those of conscience, and the uneasy coexistence of idealism with prudence. The Scottish landscape is not merely backdrop; it mirrors the characters' inner weather, alternately sheltering and exposing them. There is also a persistent inquiry into mercy: what it costs, who can extend it, and when it becomes a form of courage. These themes inflect every choice without reducing people to emblems.

Broster's craft gives the book its durable appeal. Scenes are structured with stage-ready clarity and cinematic momentum, yet she favors understatement, allowing the reader to register implication and motive. Period detail is woven lightly into the texture—habits of dress, the cadence of speech, and the protocols of rank—anchoring events without pedantry. Humor glints through moments of danger, and tenderness appears in small, unguarded gestures rather than grand declarations. The pacing alternates between swift, high-stakes sequences and contemplative pauses that let consequences settle. The result is a reading experience that feels nimble and humane, immersive without sacrificing moral perspective.

For contemporary readers, the novel speaks to the difficulty of living honorably after political catastrophe, when yesterday's certainties curdle and belonging frays. It models how principled opponents might recognize each other's

integrity without retreating from conviction, a lesson in empathy urgently relevant to polarized times. Its attention to surveillance, suspicion, and collective punishment prompts reflection on the power and risk of state authority, while its compassion for the vulnerable recalls the many who bear the heaviest costs of conflict. The book thus becomes not an escapist pageant but a meditation on repair, responsibility, and the work of reconciliation.

As part of Broster's trilogy, *The Gleam in the North* enriches a tradition of Jacobite fiction by tempering romance with psychological acuity and a historian's restraint, offering not nostalgia but clarity about courage, compromise, and endurance. Its continuing significance lies in the question that animates every chapter: how to carry a shattered inheritance without repeating its ruin. Readers new to Broster will find a self-contained story with the satisfactions of a classic adventure and the afterglow of moral inquiry; those who continue through the sequence will notice how this middle movement deepens the cycle's music without foreclosing hope.

Synopsis

[Table of Contents](#)

The Gleam in the North, the second novel in D. K. Broster's Jacobite trilogy, returns to the Scottish Highlands in the aftermath of the failed '45 rising. Its narrative resumes the intertwined fates of Ewen Cameron, a Highland gentleman loyal to the Stuarts, and Captain Keith Windham, an English officer of the victorious government. Where the earlier volume charted the forging of an improbable friendship across a battlefield divide, this book turns to the harsher work of survival, reconstruction, and watchfulness under occupation. Broster frames a landscape of vigilance and restraint, where private honor persists while public allegiance is policed.

Ewen's return to his people sets the tone: scattered tenants, curtailed customs, disarmament, and officials intent on extinguishing clan authority. He must balance stewardship with prudence, mindful that any misstep can bring reprisals upon Ardroy. News travels in whispers—exiles abroad, sympathizers at home, and the faint possibility of renewed coordination—and the pull of a defeated cause competes with the need to protect kin. Broster's scenes emphasize the everyday costs of defeat: farms kept by forbearance, hospitality given at risk, and duty reframed as endurance. Into this precarious order come messages and visitors that test how long caution can restrain conviction.

Windham, still bound by his commission, navigates the Highlands with a trained eye and an uneasy conscience. Charged with enforcing security and reporting suspicious movements, he also remembers obligations freely chosen: gratitude and respect for an erstwhile foe. Their renewed encounters are edged with danger, conducted under the

scrutiny of subordinates and informers. Broster uses their exchanges to probe the line between obedience and judgment, showing how restraint can be its own defiance. Small decisions—an overlooked name, a delayed patrol, a warning given obliquely—carry disproportionate weight, and the friendship that once seemed miraculous becomes a discipline of measured risk.

Against this backdrop, clandestine activity threads through glens and straths: letters carried at night, safe houses that are homes first and hiding places second, and routes known to cattle drovers turned to other uses. Ewen is drawn into escorting and relaying, not as a grand strategist but as a trustworthy local whose loyalty is quietly acknowledged. The novel's pace favors pursuit and evasion, weather and terrain as decisive as swords. Patrols tighten, and a single misread gesture can undo months of care. The cause may be weakened, yet its couriers and caretakers persist, bound by habit, hope, and obligation.

Broster builds several tense passages from converging itineraries: a crossing attempted ahead of a cordon, a refuge compromised by an indiscreet word, an officer's visit that arrives too soon or too late. The human texture remains central—hosts who must feed guests they scarcely dare to name, soldiers likewise fatigued by their rounds. At a critical juncture, Ewen's protective instincts and Windham's official duty collide, forcing both to choose which risk they can live with. Outcomes are not grandly resolved; the costs are counted in futures narrowed, not just in victories denied, and the next step proves harder precisely because the last succeeded.

The title signals the emotional register: a gleam persists in the north, neither full dawn nor extinguished ember. Characters argue over what hope now demands—renunciation in service of survival, or continued service in hope of redemption. Broster refuses to romanticize suffering, showing instead the quiet valor of keeping faith

with the living. The narrative gathers toward a mission whose success or failure matters less than what it reveals about the participants' measure of themselves. Without dismantling suspense, the book affirms that honor can coexist with disillusion, and that friendship, tested, may shape choices more deeply than allegiance alone.

As a middle work, *The Gleam in the North* widens the trilogy's canvas from battlefield encounter to the moral aftercare of defeat. Broster's even-handed characterization of Jacobite loyalists and Crown officers invites reflection on civil conflict beyond Scotland, where neighbors must relearn trust within imposed peace. The novel's restraint heightens its pathos, and its attention to place preserves a Highlands not as museum but as lived ground. It points toward the concluding volume without requiring it, leaving central relationships intact yet complicated. The book endures for its meditation on how private decency endures amid political fracture and punitive calm.

Historical Context

Table of Contents

The Gleam in the North (1927) by D. K. Broster, second in her Jacobite trilogy, is set chiefly in the Scottish Highlands during the later 1740s and early 1750s. Its locales—Lochaber, Appin, and the central-western glens—were strongholds of clans that had backed the Stuart cause. In this period the Hanoverian state, through the British Army, sheriffs, and factors managing forfeited estates, sought to consolidate control. Clan chiefs, tacksmen, and tenants negotiated new conditions under close supervision. The institutions shaping daily life included garrison towns, kirk sessions, and circuit courts, creating a setting in which loyalty, law, and kinship intersected under strain.

In 1745, Charles Edward Stuart landed in the Hebrides and raised his standard at Glenfinnan on 19 August, inaugurating the last Jacobite Rising. Highland regiments quickly won at Prestonpans on 21 September and entered Edinburgh. The army advanced into England as far as Derby in early December before retreating. A further victory at Falkirk Muir on 17 January 1746 was followed by reverses. On 16 April 1746, government forces under the Duke of Cumberland defeated the Jacobite army at Culloden, near Inverness. This sequence of campaign and collapse frames the subsequent pacification that governs the circumstances depicted in Broster's narrative.

After Culloden the government undertook a determined suppression of Jacobitism in the Highlands. Troops pursued fugitives, broke depots, and collected arms, while naval patrols tightened control of sea routes. Parliament reinforced policy with the Act of Proscription (1746), which, among other provisions, proscribed Highland dress in

designated districts, and with renewed Disarming Acts. The Heritable Jurisdictions (Scotland) Act 1746 abolished many private judicial powers of chiefs. Hundreds of prisoners were tried for treason on English and Scottish circuits; some were executed and many transported to the American colonies. These measures reshaped Highland society and frame the risks faced by Jacobite sympathizers.

The post-1746 settlement also targeted the economic and legal bases of clan authority. Forfeiture of estates belonging to leading Jacobite families transferred control to the Crown and to the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates, who managed revenues, leases, and improvements. The Annexing Act of 1752 tied several forfeited properties to the Crown in perpetuity. Tacksmen and tenants encountered new leases and landlords' policies that reduced traditional obligations and privileges. In parallel, the Church of Scotland consolidated parish oversight, while the penal laws constrained Scottish Episcopalian congregations associated with Jacobitism. These institutional changes form the backdrop to the altered obligations in Broster's Highlands.

Military infrastructure underpinned the government's presence. Earlier military roads engineered under General Wade, and extended by William Caulfeild, linked forts and garrisons across the central Highlands. Fort William and Fort Augustus guarded key corridors, and construction of Fort George at Ardersier began in 1748 to secure the Moray Firth. Patrols, watch-houses, and informant networks monitored movement through passes and along sea lochs. Civil administration intersected closely with this apparatus through sheriffs, factors, and circuit courts, notably at Inverness and Inveraray. The novel's settings reflect this landscape of roads, checkpoints, and official oversight, through which travelers required passes and allegiances were scrutinized.

Despite defeat, Jacobite networks persisted among exiles and Highland contacts. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748)

ended the War of the Austrian Succession and curtailed French support, pushing Jacobitism into clandestine channels. Agents used ciphers and couriers to coordinate schemes such as the Elibank Plot (1752), an abortive plan centered in London. Dr. Archibald Cameron of Lochiel, a physician and brother of the Cameron chief, returned covertly to Scotland, was captured in the Highlands, and was executed for treason at Tyburn on 7 June 1753—the last Jacobite so executed. Such episodes document the lingering 'gleam' of Stuart loyalty that informs the book's milieu.

Tensions were sharpened by the management of forfeited estates and by high-profile crimes. In Appin on 14 May 1752, government factor Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure was shot and killed while supervising estate affairs. The subsequent trial at Inveraray convicted James Stewart of the Glen, who was executed later that year, an event that became notorious in Scottish legal history. Government factors, rent collections, and evictions were intensely contested, and surveillance was pervasive. Meanwhile, dress proscriptions, arms searches, and penalties on Episcopalian worship signaled continuing suspicion. This climate of watchfulness and reprisal shapes the stakes for characters navigating loyalty and law.

Broster's novel draws on this documented environment to explore how communities adapted to defeat while sustaining memory and allegiance. Her narrative situates personal loyalties amid statutes, garrisons, and courts that sought to remake Highland society, and it attends to the practicalities of passes, informers, and clandestine correspondence. Published in 1927, it integrates documented settings and procedures of the post-Culloden Highlands. By emphasizing competing duties - kinship, conscience, and obedience - it reflects the era's tensions without disclosing plot outcomes, illustrating how the suppression of Jacobitism and the persistence of its adherents continued to shape the north in the early 1750s.

The Gleam in the North

Main Table of Contents

Chapter I. The Broken Claymore
Chapter II. Lieutenant Hector Grant of the Régiment
d'Albanie
Chapter III. A French Song by Loch Treig
Chapter IV. The Man with a Price on His Head
Chapter V. Keithie has Too Many Physicians
Chapter VI. 'Who is this Man?'
Chapter VII. A Great Many Lies
Chapter VIII. On Christmas Night
Chapter IX. The Worm at the Heart
Chapter X. 'An Enemy Hath Done This'
Chapter XI. The Castle on the Shore
Chapter XII. After Sunset
Chapter XIII. The Reluctant Villain
Chapter XIV. In Time—And Too Late
Chapter XV. ' 'Twas There that We Parted——'
Chapter XVI. The Door in Arlington Street
Chapter XVII. Foreseen and Unforeseen
Chapter XVIII. Crossing Swords
Chapter XIX. Keith Windham's Mother
Chapter XX. 'Lochaber No More'
Chapter XXI. Finlay Macphair is Both Unlucky and
Fortunate
Chapter XXII. 'Stone-dead Hath No Fellow'
Chapter XXIII. Constant as Steel
Chapter XXIV. 'The Sally-port to Eternity'
Epilogue

“He sent our Lawfull Prince amongst us, and
I followed him.”

Laurence Oliphant the younger of Gask.

“A brighter courage and a gentler disposition
were never married together.”

Lord Clarendon (of Sir Bevil Grenville).

In all that concerns Doctor Archibald Cameron this story follows historical fact very closely, and its final scenes embody many of his actual words.

CHAPTER I

THE BROKEN CLAYMORE

Table of Contents

(1)

“And then,” said the childish voice, “the clans charged ... but I expect you do not know what that means, Keithie; it means that they ran very fast against the English, waving their broadswords, and all with their dirks in their left hands under the targe[1]; and they were so fierce and so brave that they broke through the line of English soldiers which were in front, and if there had not been so many more English, and they well-fed—but we were very hungry and had marched all night....”

The little boy paused, leaving the sequel untold; but the pause itself told it. From the pronoun into which he had dropped, from his absorbed, exalted air, he might almost have been himself in the lost battle of which he was telling the story this afternoon, among the Highland heather, to a boy still younger. And in fact he was not relating to those small, inattentive ears any tale of old, unhappy, far-off things, nor of a battle long ago. Little more than six years had passed since these children’s own father had lain badly wounded on the tragic moorland of Culloden—had indeed died there but for the devotion of his foster-brothers.

“And this,” concluded the story-teller, leaving the gap still unbridged, “this is the hilt of a broadsword that was used in the battle.” He uncovered an object of a roundish shape wrapped in a handkerchief and lying on his knees. “Cousin Ian Stewart gave it to me last week, and now I will let you see it.... You’re not listening—you’re not even *looking*, Keithie!”

The dark, pansy-like eyes of his little hearer were lifted to his.

“Yes, My was,” he replied in his clear treble. “But somesing runned so fast down My’s leg,” he added apologetically[1q]. “It comed out of the *fraoch*.”

Not much of his small three-year-old person could be seen, so deep planted was it in the aforesaid heather. His brother Donald, on the contrary, was commandingly situated on a fallen pine-stem. The sun of late September, striking low through the birch-trees, gilded his childish hair, ripe corn which gleamed as no cornfield ever did; he was so well-grown and sturdy that he might have passed for seven or eight, though in reality a good deal younger, and one could almost have imagined the winged helm of a Viking on those bright locks. But the little delicate face, surmounted by loose dark curls, which looked up at him from the fading heather, was that of a gently brooding angel—like that small seraph of Carpaccio’s who bends so concernedly over his big lute. Between the two, tall, stately and melancholy, sat Luath, the great shaggy Highland deerhound; and behind was the glimmer of water.

The historian on the log suddenly got up, gripping his claymore hilt tight. It was big and heavy; his childish hand was lost inside the strong twining basketwork. Of the blade there remained but an inch or so. “Come along, Keithie!”

Obediently the angel turned over, as small children do when they rise from the ground, took his brother’s outstretched hand and began to move away with him, lifting his little legs high to clear the tough heather stems.

“Not going home now, Donald?” he inquired after a moment, tiring, no doubt, of this prancing motion.

“We will go this way,” replied the elder boy somewhat disingenuously, well aware that he had turned his back on the house of Ardroy, his home, and was making straight for Loch na h-Iolaire, where the two were never allowed to go

unaccompanied. "I think that Father is fishing here somewhere."

(2)

Conjecture or knowledge, Donald's statement was correct, though, as an excuse for theirs, his father's presence was scarcely sufficient, since nearly a quarter of a mile of water intervened between Ewen Cameron of Ardroy and his offspring. He could not even see his small sons, for he sat on the farther side of the tree-covered islet in the middle of the loch, a young auburn-haired giant with a determined mouth, patiently splicing the broken joint of a fishing-rod.

More than four years had elapsed since Ardroy had returned with his wife and his little son from exile after Culloden. As long as Lochiel, his proscribed chief, was alive, he had never contemplated such a return, but in those October days of 1748 when the noblest and most disinterested of all the gentlemen who had worn the White Rose lay dying in Picardy of brain fever (or, more truly, of a broken heart) he had in an interval of consciousness laid that injunction on the kinsman who almost felt that with Lochiel's his own existence was closing too. All his life Lochiel's word had been law to the young man; a wish uttered by those dying lips was a behest so sacred that no hesitations could stand in the way of carrying it out. Ewen resigned the commission which he bore in Lochiel's own regiment in the French service, and breathed once more the air of the hills of home, and saw again the old grey house and the mountain-clasped loch which was even dearer. But he knew that he would have to pay a price for his return.

And indeed he had come back to a life very different from that which had been his before the year 1745—to one full of petty annoyances and restrictions, if not of actual persecution. He was not himself attainted[2] and thereby

exempted, like some, from the Act of Indemnity, or he could not have returned at all; but he came back to find his religion proscribed, his arms taken from him, and the wearing of his native dress made a penal offence which at its second commission might be punished with transportation. The feudal jurisdiction of the chiefs was shattered for ever, and now the English had studded the Highlands with a series of military outposts, and thence (at a great expenditure of shoe-leather) patrolled all but the wildest glens. It was a maimed existence, a kind of exile at home; and though indeed to a Highlander, with all a Celt's inborn passion for his native land, it had its compensations, and though he was most happily married, Ewen Cameron knew many bitter hours. He was only thirty-three—and looked less—and he was a Jacobite and fighter born. Yet both he and his wife believed that he was doing right in thus living quietly on his estate, for he could thereby stand, in some measure, between his tenants and the pressure of authority, and his two boys could grow up in the home of their forefathers. Keith, indeed, had first opened his eyes at Ardroy, and even Donald in England, whither, like other heroic Jacobite wives in similar circumstances, Lady Ardroy had journeyed from France for her confinement, in order that the heir should not be born on foreign soil.

Besides, Lochiel had counselled return.

Moreover, the disaster of Culloden had by no means entirely quenched Jacobite hopes. The Prince would come again, said the defeated among themselves, and matters go better ... next year, or the year after. Ewen, in France, had shared those hopes. But they were not so green now. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had rendered French aid a thing no more possible; and indeed Jacobite claims had latterly meant to France merely a useful weapon with which to threaten her ancient foe across the Channel. Once he who was the hope of Scotland had been hunted day and night among these Western hills and islands, and the poorest had

sheltered him without thought of consequences; now on the wide continent of Europe not a crowned head would receive him for fear of political complications. More than three years ago, therefore, poor, outcast and disillusioned, he who had been “Bonnie Prince Charlie” had vanished into a plotter’s limbo. Very few knew his hiding-places; and not one Highlander.

(3)

“My want to go home,” said little Keith, sighing. The two children were now standing, a few yards from the verge, looking over the Loch of the Eagle, where the fringing birches were beginning to yellow, and the quiet water was expecting the sunset.

Donald took no notice of this plaint; his eyes were intently fixed on something up on the red-brown slopes of Meall Achadh on the far side—was it a stag?

“Father not here,” began the smaller boy once more, rather wistfully. “Go home to Mother now, Donald?”

“All in good time,” said Master Donald in a lordly fashion. “Sit down again, if you are tired.”

“Not tired,” retorted little Keith, but his mouth began to droop. “Want to go home—Luath goned!” He tugged at the hand which held him.

“Be quiet!” exclaimed his brother impatiently, intent on the distant stag—if stag it were. He loosed his hold of Keith’s hand, and, putting down the claymore hilt, used both his own to shade his eyes, remembering the thrill, the rather awful thrill, of coming once upon an eight-pointer which severe weather had brought down almost to the house. This object was certainly moving; now a birch-tree by the loch-side blocked his view of it. Donald himself moved a little farther to the left to avoid the birch branches, almost as breathless as if he had really been stalking the beast. But in

a minute or two he could see no further sign of it on the distant hill-side, and came back to his actual surroundings to find that his small brother was no longer beside him, but had trotted out to the very brink of the loch, in a place where Donald had always been told that the water was as deep as a kirk.

“Keith, come back at once!” he shouted in dismay. “You know that you are not to go there!”

And then he missed the claymore hilt which he had laid down a yard or so away; and crying, “How *dare* you take my sword!” flung himself after the truant.

But before he could reach it the small figure had turned an exultant face. “My got yours toy!” And then he had it no longer, for with all his childish might he had thrown it from him into the water. There was a delightful splash. “It’s away!” announced Keithie, laughing gleefully.

Donald stood there arrested, his rosy face gone white as paper. For despite the small strength which had thrown the thing, the irreplaceable relic was indeed ‘away’ ... and since the loch was so deep there, and he could not swim.... Then the hot Highland blood came surging back to his heart, and, blind with a child’s unthinking rage, he pounced on the malefactor. One furious push, and he had sent his three-year-old brother to join the claymore hilt in the place where Loch na h-Iolaire was as deep as a kirk.

(4)

A child’s scream—two screams—made Ewen Cameron throw down his rod and spring to his feet. In that stillness of the heart of the hills, and over water, sounds travelled undimmed, and he had for a little time been well aware of childish voices at a distance, and had known them, too, for those of his own boys. But since it never occurred to him

that the children were there unattended, he was not perturbed: he would row over to them presently.

But now.... He ran across the islet in a panic. The screams prolonged themselves; he heard himself called. God! what had happened? Then he saw.

On the shore of the loch, looking very small against the great old pines behind him, stood a boy rigid with terror, screaming in Gaelic and English for his father, for Angus, for anyone ... and in the water not far from shore was something struggling, rising, disappearing.... Ardroy jumped into the small boat in which he had rowed to the island, and began to pull like a madman towards the shore, his head over his shoulder the while. And thus he saw that there was something else in the loch also—a long, narrow head forging quickly through the water towards the scene of the accident, that place near land, indeed, but deep enough to drown twenty children. Luath, bless him, thought the young man, has gone in from a distance. Before he had rowed many more strokes he himself dropped his oars, and, without pausing even to strip off his coat, had plunged in himself. Even then, strong swimmer though he was, he doubted if he should be in time.... The dog had got there first, and had seized the child, but was more occupied in trying to get him bodily out of the loch than in keeping his head above water. But with a stroke or two more Ardroy was up to them, only praying that he should not have to struggle with Luath for possession. Mercifully the deerhound obeyed his command to let go, and in another moment Ewen Cameron was scrambling out of Loch na h-Iolaire, himself fully as terrified as either of the children, but clutching to him a sodden, choking little bundle, incoherent between fright and loch-water.

The old house of Ardroy stood some quarter of a mile from the loch, rather strangely turning its back upon it, but, since it thus looked south, capturing the sun for a good part of the day, even in midwinter. Comfortable and unpretentious, it had already seen some hundred and thirty autumns, had sometimes rung with youthful voices, and sometimes lacked them. Now once again it had a nursery, where at this moment, by a fire of peat and logs, a rosy-cheeked Highland girl was making preparations for washing two small persons who, after scrambling about all afternoon in the heather and bracken, would probably stand in need of soap and water.

And presently their mother came through the open door, dark-haired like her younger son, slight, oval-faced, almost a girl still, for she was but in her late twenties, and combining a kind of effortless dignity with a girlish sweetness of expression.

“Are the children not home yet, Morag?” she asked, using the Gaelic, and Morag answered her lady that surely they would not be long now, and it might be that the laird himself was bringing them, for he had gone up past the place where they were playing.

“Ah, there they are,” said Lady Ardroy, for she had heard her husband’s step in the hall, and as she left the room his soft Highland voice floated up to her, even softer than its wont, for it seemed to be comforting someone. She looked over the stairs and gave an exclamation. Ardroy was dripping wet, all save his head, and in his arms, clinging to him with an occasional sob, was a pitiful little object with dark hair streaked over its face.

Ewen looked up at the same moment and saw her. “All is well, dear heart,” he said quickly. “Keithie has had a wee mishap, but here he is, safe and sound.”

He ran up the stairs and put the small wet thing, wrapped in Donald’s coat, into its mother’s arms. “Yes—the loch ... he fell in. No harm, I think; only frightened. Luath got to him first; I was on the island.”

35 Inversnaid is a place on the eastern shore of Loch Lomond in Scotland; in the 18th-century setting of the novel it is referred to as having a government garrison stationed there.

36 A colloquial 18th-century term for a soldier of the British (government) army, named for the distinctive red coats worn by regulars and commonly used in Jacobite-era writing.

37 A Gaelic word (diminutive of *laoch*, 'hero') used as a familiar or affectionate form of address meaning roughly 'little hero' or 'young warrior'; exact nuance can vary by dialect and context.

38 A Scots-Gaelic expression (rendered in the text without Gaelic orthography) meaning roughly 'battle-fury' or 'frenzy of combat'; here it describes the Highlander's sudden berserk fighting mood.

39 A reference to the popular French song often titled 'Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre' about the Duke of Marlborough (early 18th century); the quoted French phrases in the passage are lines from that song.

40 An 'attainder' was a legal declaration that a person was guilty of treason without a conventional criminal trial, carrying penalties such as loss of civil rights, property and often death; the date 1746 places this attainder in the aftermath of the 1745–46 Jacobite rising (Culloden and its suppression).

41 A legislative pardon or amnesty granted after a rebellion to exempt many participants from punishment; here it refers to the post-Jacobite-rising indemnities, from which some individuals were explicitly excluded for failing to surrender in time (the exact parliamentary act involved can vary by year).

42 A historical reference to the woman famed for rescuing her Jacobite husband from the Tower of London after the 1715 rising by a disguise stratagem (the celebrated escape is usually dated to 1716).

43 A parliamentary Act declaring a person guilty of treason or felony without a judicial trial, typically resulting in death and the forfeiture of property; such Acts were used in Britain in the 17th–18th centuries, including against Jacobite rebels.

44 A common name for the Jacobite uprising of 1745–1746 led by Charles Edward Stuart ("Bonnie Prince Charlie") that sought to restore the Stuart monarchy; the rebellion ended in defeat at the Battle of Culloden in April 1746.

45 Dunstaffnage Castle is a medieval fortress on the west coast of Scotland near Oban in the historic district of Lorne; much of the surviving structure dates from the 13th century and it has long associations with Highland clans such as the MacDougalls and MacLeans.

46 Montezuma is the pet name given to the macaw in the room; the name alludes to Moctezuma (often anglicized Montezuma), the Aztec ruler, and was commonly used in Britain in the 18th–19th centuries as an exotic name for parrots and other tropical birds.

47 The King's Bench (Court of King's Bench) was a principal royal court in England that heard serious criminal and some civil cases; in the period of the novel it was where trials and sentences in high-profile cases would be pronounced (the court's separate institutions were reorganized in the 19th century).

48 The Court of King's Bench was a senior English common-law court, based at Westminster, which historically heard important criminal and civil matters; it continued under that

name until major judicial reorganisations in the 19th century.

49 Here 'the Tower' is shorthand for the Tower of London, the historic royal fortress and palace that was frequently used as a state prison for high-profile or political detainees.

50 The battle of Culloden (16 April 1746) was the final, decisive engagement of the Jacobite Rising of 1745–46, in which government forces defeated the Jacobite army; it effectively ended large-scale Jacobite resistance in Scotland.

51 The Byward Tower is a medieval gateway tower at the eastern side of the Tower of London complex, historically used as an entrance and guard/search point; visitors to the Tower were commonly searched there in the early modern period.

52 An act of attainder was a legal instrument (commonly by Parliament) declaring a person guilty of treason or felony without a judicial trial, causing loss of civil rights and often forfeiture of property; it was used in Britain especially in the 16th–18th centuries to punish political opponents.

53 Tyburn was the main public execution site for London from the medieval period until 1783, where hangings (often large public spectacles) were carried out on the appointed day.

54 A French medical phrase used in 18th-century English texts to denote an acute inflammation of the chest, commonly referring to conditions like pleurisy or pneumonia rather than a precisely defined modern diagnosis.

55 A gillie (from Scots/Gaelic usage) is a personal attendant or servant, especially one who attends a Highland laird or

huntsman; here it denotes the servant who accompanies a Highland gentleman.

56 The Tower refers to the Tower of London, a historic royal fortress and prison where high-profile and political prisoners were often confined in the 17th–18th centuries.

57 MacCailein Mor is a Scots-Gaelic epithet used for the Duke of Argyll and the chief of Clan Campbell, signaling his status as the leading Campbell (literally a form meaning the great son of Colin) and his authority in the Highlands.

58 Murray of Broughton (Archibald Murray) was the secretary to the Jacobite leadership in the 1745 rising who later acted as an informer for the government; his name became associated with betrayal after the uprising.

59 These refer to two Scottish peers (the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino) who were imprisoned and subsequently executed after the Jacobite rising of 1745–46; their trials and executions took place in 1746. The names here denote historical figures associated with that uprising.

60 This denotes the 1637 edition of the Book of Common Prayer that Archbishop Laud and Charles I tried to impose on the Church of Scotland; its introduction sparked widespread opposition (notably riots in 1637) and it was subsequently rejected or proscribed by many Scots Presbyterians. The phrase signals the ritual was forbidden or controversial for some groups.

61 This refers to William Murray of Broughton, the Jacobite secretary during the 1745 rising who, after capture in 1746, is historically associated with cooperating with government interrogators and whose conduct was widely regarded as betraying fellow Jacobites. Accounts vary in detail, but his name became linked to accusations of informing.