

so exceedingly narrow & dangerous that none but ^{the} most hardy natives ever attempt to pass over it, although it saves a circuit of several miles.

In former times, bitter, & even deadly feuds often existed between the families of the different clans inhabiting these highlands, which seldom ended but in blood. Such a feud between the families of Grant & McPherson was continued until very recent times.

One day a highlander was seen carelessly ascending the pass on one side, amusing himself by occasionally dropping or rolling a stone over the precipice & listening to the sound as it bounded from ledge to ledge & crashed among the branches of the trees far below. On reaching the summit of the arch, what should greet his vision but the form of a highlander leisurely ascending the opposite side. He at once recognized in the approaching ^{him} highlander, the form of the chief of his hereditary foes, & called out to him to turn & go back. "Go back yourself if you like," was the response that greeted his ear. "I was first at the top & first to call out, go back that I may pass in peace." "The Grant has never turned his back to an enemy, & I'll not be the first to turn before the McPherson!" "Lie down then that I may pass over!" "When the Grant prostrates himself before the McPherson, it