



THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Periodical

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AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

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Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles"; "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer";
"The Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," &c.*

VOL. VI.

INVERNESS: A. & W. MACKENZIE, 2 NESS BANK.

1881.

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CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXI.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,
AND
THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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XIII.

WHILE the Earls of Lennox and Arran were disputing about the regency, and other members of the aristocracy sold themselves to the English King, two great chiefs in the North, Huntly and Argyll, stood firm in their loyalty to Scotland, and thus became an object of the hatred of Henry VIII. of England and the Scottish nobles who had so unpatriotically joined him in his anti-Scottish schemes. In 1543, during this unsettled period of Scottish history, Donald Dubh of the Isles, who had been for nearly forty years kept in hopeless captivity, managed again to effect his escape. It will be remembered that we parted with this unfortunate chief, and left him, in 1506, a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that, with the exception of a few years at that period, he had been a State prisoner from his infancy. Gregory says, that though "stigmatised as a bastard," he "seems really to have been legitimate," and that it is certain he owed his second escape more "to the grace of God than to the goodwill of the Government." In any case he did manage to free himself from his enemies, and on his arrival shortly afterwards in the Isles "he was received with enthusiasm by the same clans that had formerly supported his claims; and with their assistance, he prepared to expel the Earls of Argyle and Huntly from their acquisition in the Lordship of the Isles" during his long imprisonment. He soon managed to arrange a truce with Argyll, which was to last until May-day of 1543, the same year in which he secured his liberty; but meanwhile both were engaged in making preparations for the forthcoming contest. In the month of June following both Argyll and Huntly are found engaged against the Islanders. About the same time the other Island Chiefs kept in prison since the late King's voyage to the Isles were set at liberty by the influence of the English party, so as to enable Donald Dubh the more effectually to cope with the two Earls, who were violently hated by those in power and

by those who pushed on the marriage of the young Queen with the son of Henry VIII. against the interest and independence of their own country. Almost immediately after the liberation of the principal Island vassals of the lordship, Donald assembled an army of about 1800 men, invaded Argyll's territories, slew many of his followers, and carried away a large number of his cattle, with a great quantity of other plunder. At this period all the vassals of the Isles, except James Macdonald of Isla, followed the banner of Donald Dubh against the Regent, and even Isla soon after joined the other Island lords and fought for the English faction.

In 1544, the terrible feud which broke out between the Macdonalds of Moydert, under John Moydertach, on the one hand, and their legitimate chief, Ranald Gallda, and the Frasers on the other, took place and culminated in the sanguinary battle of "Blar-na-leine;" but this will be more appropriately dealt with when we come to give the history of the Clanranalds of Moydert, under its proper heading, later on. In the following year, 1545, the Macdonalds of Moydert are found strenuously supporting the claims of Donald Dubh to the Lordship of the Isles, and fighting under his banner.

At the battle of Ancrum, in the same year, Neil Macneill of Gigha, one of the vassals of the lordship, was present; but whether as an ambassador from Donald Dubh, or fighting at the head of a body of the Islanders, it is difficult to determine. In June following a proclamation is issued by the Regent, Arran, and his Privy Council, against "Donald, alleging himself of the Isles, and other Highlandmen, his part-takers." The Council had been frequently informed of the "invasions" made by them on the Queen's lieges in the isles and on the mainland, assisted by the King of England, with whom "they were leagued," and which went to show, it was maintained, that it was their intention, if they could, to bring those parts of Scotland under the government of the King of England in contempt of the authority of the Scottish Crown. If Donald and his followers continued their "rebellious and treasonable proceedings," they were threatened with utter ruin and destruction from an invasion of their territories by "the whole body of the realm of Scotland, with the succours lately come from France." Donald and his followers paid no attention whatever to this threat, and the only effect it had was to throw the Islanders more than ever into the arms of the English. The Regent was consequently forced to adopt more stringent measures; processes of treason were commenced against the more prominent rebels, and these were followed up with as much despatch as the forms of Parliament would allow. While these proceedings were going on against the Islanders at the instance of the Government of Scotland, Donald Dubh, as Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, with the advice and consent of his Barons and Council, granted a commission to "Rorie Macalester, dean of Morvern, and Patrick Maclean, justice-clerk of the South Isles, to treat, under direction of the Earl of Lennox, with the English King, as Donald's plenipotentiaries. These gentlemen forthwith addressed a long letter to the Privy Council of Henry VIII., containing the following passage, explanatory of their hostile policy towards the Scottish Kingdom, and which we quote and modernise in spelling from a State paper given in a foot-note (page 20) of the "Macdonnells of Antrim":—"Wherefore your Lordships shall consider we have been old enemies to the realm of Scotland, and when they had peace with the

King's highness (Henry VIII.) they hanged, beheaded, imprisoned, and destroyed many of our kin, friends, and forbears, as testified by our master, the Earl of Ross, who has laid in prison before he was born of his mother, and not relieved with their will, but now, lately, by the grace of God. In likewise, the Lord Maclaine's father, was cruelly murdered under 'traist' in his bed in Edinburgh, by Sir John Campbell of Calder, brother to the Earl of Argyll. The Captain of Clanranald, this last year ago, in his defence, slew the Lord Lovat, his son and heir, his three brothers, with thirteen score of his men; and many other cruel slaughters, burnings, and herships, the which were lang to write."

The Barons and Council of the Isles who acted on this occasion, not one of whom could sign their names, are given in this document in the following order:—Allan Maclean of Torloisk, Gilleonan Macneill of Barra, Ewin Mackinnon of Strathardill, John Macquarrie of Ulva, Alexander Ranaldson of Glengarry, Alexander Ranaldson of Knoydart, John Maclean of Ardgour, Donald Maclean of Kingairloch, Hector Maclean, Lord of Dowart; John Moydertach MacAlastair, captain of Clanranald; Roderick Macleod of Lewis, Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, Murdoch Maclean of Lochbuy, Angus Macdonald, brother-german to James Macdonald; Archibald Macdonald, captain of Clanhuistean; Alexander Macian of Ardnamurchan, and John Maclean of Coll. Gregory, quoting from Tytler, gives the same names, but places them in a different order. The remainder of Donald Dubh's career cannot better be given than in the words of Gregory, by far the best and most complete authority extant. He says—"On the 5th of August the Lord and Barons of the Isles were at Knockfergus, in Ireland, with a force of four thousand men and a hundred and eighty galleys; when, in presence of two commissioners sent by the Earl of Lennox, and of the constable, mayor, and magistrates of that town, they took the oath of allegiance to the King of England, 'at the command of the said Earl of Lennox.' In all the documents illustrative of these proceedings, we find that Lennox was acknowledged by the Islesmen as the true Regent and second person of the realm of Scotland; and while, at his command, they gave their allegiance to the English King, they, at the same time, bound themselves in particular to forward Henry's views in regard to the marriage of the Princess of Scotland, and, in all other affairs, to act under the directions of Lennox. The name of James Macdonald of Isla, whose lands of Kintyre had been so lately ravaged by Lennox, does not occur among the Barons of the Isles who accompanied their Lord to Knockfergus. It appears also that in the month of April he had even received a reward from Arran for his services against the English. Yet, now, his brother, Angus Macdonald, was one of the foremost in support of Lennox; and his own conduct, in the course of a few months, justifies the suspicion that already this powerful chief contemplated joining the rest of the Islanders.

"The troops that accompanied the Lord of the Isles to Ireland are described in the original despatches from the Irish Privy Council, giving Henry notice of their arrival, as being 'three thousand of them, very tall men, clothed, for the most part, in habergeons of mail, armed with long swords and long bows, but with few guns; the other thousand, tall maryners that rowed in the galleys.' An equal number of warriors had been left behind, to keep in check the Earls of Huntly and Argyle, form-

ing a total force of eight thousand men now in arms, under the command of a leader who had passed most of his life in prison, deprived of all power and influence. It cannot be doubted that many of the Islanders acted on this occasion from a feeling of attachment to the representative of the family of the Isles, as well as from a deep-rooted hostility to the house of Argyle. But it is equally clear—and unfortunately harmonises too well with the venal conduct of many of the Scottish nobility of the period to admit of question—that English gold must have had a great effect in producing unanimity among tribes so many of which were at deadly feud.*

“From Knockfergus the plenipotentiaries of the Island Lord proceeded to the English Court, bearing letters of recommendation from their master, both to the King and Privy Council. By the last of these letters it appears that the Lord of the Isles (Donald Dubh) had already received from Henry the sum of one thousand crowns, and the promise of an annual pension of two thousand. After certain articles proposed by the Islesmen, together with their oath of allegiance, had been given in by the Commissioners to the Privy Council, and the opinion of the Earl of Lennox had been taken as to the best mode of proceeding, the following conditions were agreed to on the 4th of September:—The pension of the two thousand crowns was confirmed to the Lord of the Isles by letters patent, and Henry engaged that that nobleman and his followers should be included in any treaty made between England and Scotland. On the other hand, the Lord of the Isles became bound, with all his adherents, to serve the King of England truly and faithfully, to the annoyance of the Regent of Scotland and his partisans. He engaged to make no agreement with the Earls of Huntly or Argyle, or with any of the Scots, to the prejudice of the King of England; but, on the contrary, to continue steadfast in his opposition to them and in his allegiance to Henry. It was arranged that the Earl of Lennox, with a body of two thousand Irish, under the Earl of Ormond and Ossory, should lead an expedition against Scotland from the west, in which he was to be assisted by the Lord of the Isles with eight thousand men. As long as Lennox should remain in the country of the Earl of Argyle, the whole eight thousand men were to be placed at his disposal; but, in the event of his proceeding to another part of Scotland—and a march to Stirling was seriously contemplated—it was provided that only six thousand of the Islanders should follow him, while the remaining two thousand should be employed in occupying the attention of the Earl of Argyle. Lastly, three thousand of the Islesmen were to receive pay from the King of England for two months.

“In conformity with these arrangements, instructions were given to the Earl of Ormond to levy two thousand Irish foot for the expedition against Scotland, and the other necessary preparations for an armament of such importance were actively carried on by the Irish Privy Council. But at this moment the Earl of Hertford, who was about to invade Scotland from the Border, required the presence of Lennox in his camp; and

* Anderson in his MS. History of Scotland, says that the Islesmen *elected* Donald for their Lord, as being the chiefest and nearest of blood; and adds, that, besides a pension from the King of England, he was to receive “certaine rich apparel of cloth of gold and silver from the said Earl” of Lennox.—*II.*, p. 47.

the western invasion was necessarily postponed till the termination of the campaign. This delay caused, in the end, the total failure of the expedition. The Lord of the Isles, after waiting for some time in vain, expecting the arrival of Lennox, and naturally anxious about the safety of the vassals he had left behind, returned with his forces to Scotland. Meantime, dissensions had arisen among his barons as to the division of the English pay received for three thousand of their men, and their quarrels ran so high that the army seems to have been broken up, whilst the chiefs retired each to his own castle.*

Donald Dubh again returned to Ireland with Lennox, where, according to the Macvurich MS., he went "to raise men; but he died on his way to Dublin, at Drogheda, of a fever, without issue, either sons or daughters." Documents in the State Paper Office prove, however, that he left "one bastard son," whom, Gregory informs us, Donald Dubh "in his dying moments commended to the care of the King of England; but it does not appear that any claim was made on behalf of this individual to the succession." Thus ended the unfortunate career of this remarkable Island Lord, who, whether legitimate by birth or not, was recognised by all the vassals of the Lordship of the Isles as their natural and legitimate leader.

On the death of Donald Dubh in 1545 no other possible claimant (except his own bastard son), legitimate or illegitimate, remained to come between the Macdonalds of Sleat and the representation of the last line of the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles; but they were, at the time, "almost deprived of power." It has been already seen that their chief was at this period a minor, while "the title of the family to their estates was disputed by the Macleods of Harris," who did not fail to revive their claims at a period when they thought their chance of success in enforcing it had materially improved. The comparatively humble position of the house of Sleat at this period may be inferred from the fact that the Islanders, after the death of Donald Dubh, made choice of James Macdonald of Isla as their leader, a chief whose pretensions to the Lordship of the Isles were certainly far inferior to those of Donald Gorm of Sleat; but his greater power as an individual soon outweighed the higher and more legitimate claims of the Chief of Sleat. He was, however, opposed by many of those who were the stoutest supporters of Donald Dubh—such as the Macleans (with the exception of Allan Maclean of Gigha and Torloisk, better known as "Alein na'n Sop") the Macleods, the Macneills of Barra, the Mackinnons, and the Macquarries; all of whom acted independently, and sought with success to effect their own reconciliation with the Regent. It is certainly curious to find this chief, James Macdonald of Isla, who had hitherto opposed all the other Island Lords in their opposition to the Scottish Regent, now becoming their leader and placing himself at their head against the Government which he had all through, single-handed, among the chiefs, continued to support. Gregory, however, naively suggests that his patriotism "evaporated on his perceiving a possibility of obtaining the pension of two thousand crowns promised to his predecessor," Donald Dubh, by the English; while the author of "The Macdonnells of Antrim" says that the choice "was indeed remarkable, as

* Highlands and Isles, p. 170-174.

he had strenuously opposed the whole movement of his brother chieftains in favour of Donald Dhu. They, nevertheless, elected him Lord of the Isles, which may have been done, principally, to detach him from the Regent's service; and it seems to have had that effect, at least for a time." The same authority proceeds to say that "on the 10th of February 1546, a messenger appeared in Dublin, bringing a letter from James Macdonnell, which announced his appointment, and contained proposals for the consideration of the Privy Council." The document, which, under the circumstances, must be regarded as a curious and somewhat extraordinary communication, is (modernised in spelling) as follows:—

"At Ardnamurchan, the 24th day of January, the year of God, one thousand five hundred and forty-six.

"We, James Macdonald of Dunyveg and the Glens, and apparent heir of the Isles, grants us to send a special letter directed from your Lordship to our kinsmen and allies, thinking the effect and form of their promises to the King of the Inlands' Majesty, to fortify and supply our noble cousin, Matthew, Earl of Lennox. Wherefore we exhort and press your Lordship, my Lord-Depute of Ireland, with the well advised Council of Dublin, to show in our behalf, and explain to the King's Majesty, that we are ready, after our extreme power, our kinsmen and allies—namely, our cousin, Allan Maclean of Gigha, Clanranald, Clanchameron, Clanian, and our own surname, both north and south, to take part with the Earl of Lennox, or any whomsoever the King's Majesty pleases, to have authorised or constituted by his grace, in Scotland; loyally and truly the foresaid King's Majesty sending part of power to us, in company with the said Earl of Lennox, in one honest army to the Isle of Sanda, beside Kintyre, on Saint Patrick's Day next to come, or thereby, 'athowe' the said most excellent Prince giveth to us his Majesty's reward and succour, bond conforming and equivalent to his Grace's bond made to our 'cheyf maister, Donald Lord Yllis, qhowm God asolzeit,' who died in his Grace's service; this being accepted, promised, and admitted, we require two or three ships to be sent to us, to be at an 'expremit' place, with this bearer, Hector Donaldsone, being pilot to the same, twenty days' (notice) before the army comes, that we might be 'forrest' and gathered against the coming of the said army, to whom please your Lordship will give firm credence in our behalf. And for keeping and observing of these present promises, desiring suchlike to be sent to us with the said ships, we have affixed our proper seal to the same, with our subscription manual, the day, year, and place above 'expremit.'

(Signed) "JAMES MCCONIL of Dunnewaik and Glenis."

To this document the English King made no reply, his attention being now, no doubt, taken up with the events which led up the Reformation in Scotland, and the plots for getting rid of Cardinal Beaton, who opposed it as well as the English attempt to force on a marriage between Prince Edward, son of Henry VIII., and the young Queen of Scots, and who soon fell a victim to his efforts, for he was assassinated on the 28th of May 1546 in the Castle of St Andrews. James Macdonald soon dropped his newly assumed title of Lord of the Isles, became once more a patriotic Scot, finally got into favour with the Regent, and remained a loyal subject of the Scottish Crown as long as he lived.

Various feuds continued among the Islanders during the next forty years, but we find little or no notice of the doings of the Macdonalds of Sleat and their chief. In June 1554, the Earls of Huntly and Argyll were ordered to proceed, by land and sea, "to the utter extermination of the Clanranald, of Donald Gormeson (the heir of Sleat), and of Macleod of Lewis, and their associates, who had failed to present hostages for their good conduct."* They, however, met with little success. In 1565 the Earl of Argyll took part in the rebellion of the Duke of Chatelherault and the Earl of Murray, which took its rise in the opposition to the marriage of Queen Mary with Lord Darnley. Among the western chiefs who were summoned to meet the Earl of Athole in Lorn, on the 20th of September of that year, commanding the royal army against the rebels, we find Ruari Macleod of Lewis, Tormod Macleod of Harris, Donald Gormeson of Sleat, and Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail. The rebels, however, took flight to the Lowlands and their leaders to England, so that it was found unnecessary to lead Athole's followers to the district of Lorn. The grasping Argyll, who had shortly after been pardoned, soon found means to extend his influence again over the Macdonalds of Skye and North Uist, in the crafty manner so characteristic of his house. At present, however, we must refer the reader for more detailed particulars to Gregory.†

Those who have perused the past volumes of the *Celtic Magazine* and "The History of the Mackenzies," need not here be told of the terrible feuds and carnage which took place between the Macleods of Lewis and the Mackenzies of Kintail from this period until the former were finally almost exterminated, and their island principality acquired by the Mackenzies. In these struggles the Macdonalds of Sleat at first took part with the Macleods of Lewis, the result being that their territories in Skye were often ravaged and plundered by the Mackenzies. The violent proceedings of the two clans attained to such a pitch that they commanded the attention of the Government, and on the 1st of August 1569, a Decree-Arbitral by the Regent, Earl of Murray, was entered into at Perth, between Donald Gormeson Macdonald of Sleat and Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, which is couched, after the usual preamble, in the following terms, the spelling being here modernised:—

"The variances, controversies, debates, depra-dations, incursions, slaughters, herschips, and all others committed, and standing in question betwixt Donald Gormesoun of Skye, his friends, servants, tenants, and dependants, on the one part; and Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, John Mackenzie of Gairloch, and the remanent, his kin, friends, servants, and dependants, on the other part; being referred and compromised in the person of the noble and mighty Lord, James Earl of Murray, Lord Abernethy, Regent to our Sovereign Lord, his realm, and lieges, personally accepting the same in presence of the said parties, his Grace having certain of the Secret Council present with him, and at length advising and consulting about the enormities and offences committed by either of them, and willing to reduce the said parties to their pristine amity, friendship and kindness, both for their own weal and the common weal and public 'commoditie' of the country and our Sovereign Lord's lieges thereabout, evil-handled and

* Gregory, p. 183. Reg. of Privy Seal, xxvi., fo. 57.

† Highlands and Isles, pp. 203-207.

oppressed. Decerns, decrees, delivers, and for final sentence and bond arbitral pronounces: That either of the said parties, taking the burden upon them for their kin, friends, servants, and partakers, shall forgive, bury, extinguish, and forget all manner of slaughters, herschips, spuilzies, depredations, fire-raisings, damages, injuries, and destructions committed by them or any of their causing and command in any times bygone before the date hereof; Like as either of the said parties by these presents consents thereto, allows and confirms the same, and shall enter into reconciliation, friendship, and amity each one with the other, remain and abide therein in all time coming, according to the duty of God's servants and their Prince's dutiful subjects, laws of God and man: And in special decerns and ordains the said Donald to cause *Rory Mac Allan, alias Nimhneach*, and all others, the said Donald's kin, &c., to desist and cease from all troubling, molesting, harming, or invasion, of the said Laird of Gairloch's lands, 'rowmes,' possessions, tenants, servants, and goods, in any time coming, and suffer him and them peaceably to 'brouke' and enjoy the same in all time coming, as their heritage at their pleasure, and upon the same part in case the said Rory Nimhneach will not obey, stand, and abide by this decret, the said Donald shall, like as, in that case he by these presents discharges himself of the said Rory, and (will) neither support, aid, nor give him any manner of maintenance, nor suffer any of his friends, servants, tenants, lands or bounds, receive or give him help or residence of any sort, but expel and hold him off the same, and invade and pursue him to the uttermost, as they shall answer to my Lord Regent's grace, upon their duty and obedience: And, on the other part, decerns and ordains Colin Mackenzie of Kintail to cause Torquil Macleod, *alias* Connauch, and all others, his friends, servants, and part-takers, to desist and cease from troubling, harming, molesting, or invasion of the said Donald Gormesoun, his lands, &c., in any time coming, and suffer him peaceably to 'brouke,' enjoy, and use the same in all times coming, as his heritage and kindly 'rowmes,' conform to his rights and titles thereof; and in case the said Torquil Macleod refuse [obligation by Mackenzie the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as that given by Donald Gormesoun regarding Rory Nimhneach]. AND ATTOR in case any slaughters, murders, or herschips, be committed by any of the said parties' friends, tenants, and dependants, without the said parties' own advice or command, in that case the party aggrieved shall complain to the other, and desire reformation, assessment, and amends, and if he refuses, shall not seek satisfaction by his own force and power, but seek the same by the ordinary course of justice and law of this realm: Whereunto either party by these presents, as they are in duty obliged, restricts them, excluding and discharging all other means and ways of revenge and amends-taking: And in case, as God forbid, any of the said parties, their friends, servants, tenants, and dependants fail therein, or does anything contrary hereof; in that case my Lord Regent's Grace wills and pronounces him to be a plain and open enemy to the party failing, and will defend, assist, and maintain the party aggrieved to his uttermost: And also declares in that case, all herschips, crimes, slaughters, fire-raisings, and other offences above discharged and taken away by this present compromise, shall be again wakened and restored in the same place they were before the making hereof, to be pursued and followed by the party offended, such like, and in the same manner and conditions, in

all respects, as if this present decret had never been made nor given.”*

Though the Macdonalds of Sleat seem to have been constantly engaged in local broils with the neighbouring families during the reign of this chief, they do not appear to have got into any serious trouble with the Government.

Referring to the latter part of Donald Gormeson's rule—the period between the return of Queen Mary from France and the actual assumption of the government by her son, James VI., in the nineteenth year of his age, in 1585—the same year in which this Chief of Sleat died, Gregory says that “the general history of the Highlands and Isles possesses little interest. Repeated failures seem to have made the Western clans sensible of the impossibility of re-establishing, in any shape, the old Lordship of the Isles; and they gradually learned to prefer holding their lands under the sovereign directly, to being vassals of any subject, however powerful. Having now no longer a common object, they became, by degrees, more estranged from each other, whilst each chief laboured either to extend his own possessions, or to defend himself from the aggressions of his more powerful neighbours. It thus happened that, without any insurrection of a general nature, there were yet, during the interval of which we speak, many serious disturbances in the Highlands and Isles, which called for the interference of the Government.” Such was the state of the country during the latter part of Donald Gormeson's chequered career.

He married Mary, daughter of Hector Maclean of Duart, and by her had issue—

1. Donald, his heir.
2. Archibald, who married Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Isla and the Glynnns, ancestor of the family of Antrim, and by her had a son, Donald, who succeeded his uncle, as head of the family of Sleat.
3. Alexander.

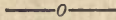
He died in 1585, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 92-94.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS AND LORDS OF THE ISLES, now passing through the *Celtic Magazine*, is to be published in a complete form, in a handsome volume of about 500 pages, as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers has been received to cover the cost. The work will be printed on toned paper, demy 8vo, in clear bold type, in all respects uniform with “The History and Genealogies of the Mackenzies,” published last year by A. & W. Mackenzie, the publishers of this Magazine, to whom intending Subscribers, whose names will be printed in the work, are respectfully requested to forward their names. Price, One Guinea. A few copies will be printed on large paper, demy quarto, for Subscribers only, price a Guinea and a-half. The whole edition will be limited. Any information, suggestions, or corrections, while the History is passing through the Magazine, will be gratefully received by the author, so as to enable him to make the permanent work as complete and perfect as it is possible to make it.

THE LATE JOHN CAMERON MACPHEE, PRESIDENT OF
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.



LAST month we were not able to say more than mention the death of our late friend, John Cameron Macphee, President of the Gaelic Society of London, at the early age of sixty-five. For nearly twenty years we had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and we can truly testify from personal experience that no better, warmer-hearted, larger-souled Highlander ever existed. In this respect, as well as in his manly and gentlemanly bearing, he inherited some of the best traits of his distinguished and gallant grand-uncle, General Sir Allan Cameron of Erracht, who originally raised the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and who so often, during the Peninsular War, led the famous corps to victory and glory in the field.

John Cameron Macphee, though so well connected, was born in 1815 at Fort-William, in comparatively humble circumstances. As soon as he arrived at a suitable age he entered the local school, where he very soon gave evidence of more than average ability. He used to tell a story about this period of his life which will bear repeating. A body of Irish students, under charge of one of their professors, took their holiday trip to Scotland, first calling at Glasgow, and afterwards working their way round by Fort-William, where their craft cast anchor. They came ashore, and meeting with the local scholars during the play hour, the Irish professor began to test their proficiency by asking them several questions. He soon discovered that John Cameron Macphee was the smartest amongst them, and having examined them in Latin, Macphee answered smartly and to the Professor's entire satisfaction. The latter complimented him by saying that "he must surely be the King of the School." "The King" stuck to John, and he was ever after called "An Rìgh" in the vernacular by his Fort-William school-fellows.

Some time after this a south country gentleman, who came to the district to fish the river Lochy, one day while thus engaged, went out of his depth, and would have been drowned had not Macphee, then in the neighbourhood, noticed him, immediately plunged into the stream after him, and, after a considerable struggle, managed to bring him ashore. For this act of heroism the gentleman showed his gratitude by sending Macphee to the Inverness Royal Academy, where he remained for some time, after which he entered the service of Donald Macdougall of the Royal Tartan Warehouse, in the Highland capital.

Shortly after this Mrs Macphee, General Sir Allan Cameron's niece, removed from Fort-William to Glasgow, whither her son followed her. There he entered the University and began to study for the medical profession. His University career, however, was very soon brought to a close through the daring impetuosity of his nature and his youthful sympathies for the oppressed. A well-informed writer in the *Free Press* describes the incident which put such an abrupt termination to Macphee's medical studies as follows:—On receipt of the news of the rising of the Circassians against Russia in 1838, young Macphee, then 23 years of age, and half-a-dozen of his fellow students, conceived the wild project of

volunteering their services in the cause. How the ardent adventurers were going to carry out their impracticable scheme does not appear. Anyhow, the little band got as far as London, when the Russian Ambassador, having been apprised of the matter, applied to the Bow Street magistrate, and the result was that Macphee and his companions were arrested on the very night of their arrival in the Metropolis. However, on their giving a solemn promise to abandon their intention, they were at once set at liberty. The head officer at Bow Street at that time was a Glen-Urquhart man, and a member of the Gaelic Society of London. He gave his young countrymen some salutary advice, and Macphee was induced through the officer's influence to become a member of the Society.

While looking about for some more worthy and profitable occupation than that of fighting for a cause in which he had no concern, Macphee chanced to meet a friend who gave him a letter of introduction to Mr (afterwards Sir) Rowland Hill, who was then busy working out his great postal reform in the seclusion of his own home in Burton Crescent. Hill employed him as an assistant for some time. Another introduction procured him an appointment as reporter on the *Sun* newspaper, then edited by his countryman, Mr Murdo Young. Macphee used to show his friends a copy of that journal, printed in gold, containing an account of the coronation of Queen Victoria, and he pointed out with a natural feeling of pride the portion of the grand ceremonial written by himself. Only a very few copies of the paper were got up in this style of magnificence, one, of course, being dispatched to Buckingham Palace for her Majesty's special perusal. He afterwards transferred his services to the *Morning Chronicle*. That journal was then in its palmyest days, for on its staff were Charles Dickens, Charles Mackay, Shirley Brooks, Angus B. Reach, and James Black. Of that brilliant band there now only remains Mackay, the venerable author of "Cheer, boys, cheer." While engaged on the *Chronicle*, Macphee had again the misfortune to be arrested under somewhat amusing circumstances. The editor of the paper had received special information of the death of the President of the United States, and being anxious that the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, should be in possession of so important a piece of news without delay, Macphee was sent off in hot haste to the House of Commons, which was then sitting. On reaching the House, and finding no one guarding the members' entrance, Macphee, thinking of nothing but the paramount importance of his errand, walked into the House, passed the Speaker, and went straight up to the Prime Minister, and placed the editorial communication in Sir Robert's hand. So unusual a proceeding, needless to say, created a little sensation among the members, and the innocent journalist quickly found himself confronted by the Sergeant-at-Arms, in whose custody he remained until the matter was satisfactorily explained, which, however, was not until the House rose, some hours after the incident.

In those days of journalism reporters had often to have recourse to ingenious scheming in order to obtain information for their journals. An instance of this is told of Macphee. There was to be a grand military banquet at Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, to which representatives of the press were not invited. It was very desirable, however, that a report of the proceedings should be obtained if possible. While approaching the mansion of the Iron Duke in Piccadilly,

Macphee observed that the hind seat of one of the carriages in the line of the vehicles drawn up to the entrance was *minus* a footman. Watching his opportunity, he mounted up behind, and occupied the footman's place unobserved. The carriage passed through the gates into the court-yard, when Macphee dismounted and followed the occupants of the carriage into the house. Of course, he could not sit down with the guests, but he managed to place himself in a convenient position to take a note of the proceedings. Nobody took the slightest notice of him. Probably he was regarded as one of the servants; at all events, he accomplished his object quite satisfactorily.

While on the staff of the *Sun* and the *Morning Chronicle* Macphee used to keep his relative, the late General Cameron of Ceann-a-Chreagain, Moidart, and an old Peninsular officer under Erracht, posted up in all military news, and to send him copies, as soon as published, of all the military publications. The General naturally felt an interest in his young relative who continued to show such constant mindfulness of him in his out-of-the-way Highland home, and, through his influence with the Duke of Wellington, and with Mr Baillie, late M.P. for the county of Inverness, Macphee obtained an appointment in Her Majesty's Customs, as Landing Waiter for the Port of Glasgow. Before, however, taking up his commission for Glasgow, he had to go through the usual three months probation in London. This done, on the eve of his departure for Glasgow, his fellow members of the Gaelic Society of London and a few literary and other friends entertained him to a parting dinner, on which occasion he was presented with a valuable gold watch and appendages, in token of the esteem in which he was even then held by his countrymen in London.

Having a few days to spare before proceeding to take up his position in Glasgow Macphee spent this interval with his old and respected employer, Murdo Young, a native of the Highland capital. Just at this time a most important piece of intelligence reached the proprietor of the *Sun* from abroad, and Macphee, to the great gratification of his friend, at once volunteered to take one more of his accustomed rapid journeys to the provinces, with the paper containing the important intelligence, and before his other friends of the press had time to look about them Macphee delivered the paper to Young's agents in Manchester, Birmingham, and the other leading provincial towns, after which he made all haste back to London to prepare for his journey to Scotland. Young was highly pleased with his success, congratulated him and informed him that during his absence he had interested himself in his behalf, and was in a position to inform him that he had managed to arrange a transfer of his appointment from Glasgow to London, so that he would not have to break asunder the many ties of friendship which had already made the metropolis so attractive to him. Macphee was highly gratified at this agreeable change in his prospects. He immediately entered on his new appointment as Landing Waiter at the Port of London, beginning with a salary of about £160 a year, and, afterwards passing through all the intermediate classes of that department, arrived a few years ago at the highest grade of Landing Surveyor, a position worth about £500 a year. Had his health continued robust he was in a fair way of being in a very few years a Surveyor-General; one of the highest offices under Her Majesty's Commissioners of

Customs; for all these higher officials are chosen from the class of surveyors in which Macphee at his death held a leading position.

For a considerable time he was Landing Waiter at the steam wharf at St Catherine's Dock, where a vast quantity of perishable and other goods are constantly landed from the Continent. Macphee was so civil, so anxious by every legitimate means in his power to facilitate the early and rapid delivery of these goods to the merchants, and always showed such business ability and tact that the merchants and brokers determined to show their appreciation of these qualities and his invariable courtesy by presenting him with a service of plate. The carrying out of such a proposal was against the rules of the service, and of course Macphee respectfully but firmly declined to receive any acknowledgment of what he considered only the strict performance of his duty. The parties, however, approached the Board of Customs, who, at first, declined to give their permission to have the presentation made, but after repeated applications they finally consented in the special circumstances, and Macphee was prevailed upon to accept this very special testimony to his excellent qualities as an officer and a gentleman.

So long as his old relative and patron, General Cameron of Ceann-a-Chreagain, survived, he regularly attended the Waterloo commemoration dinner in London, and on all these occasions he paid a visit to Macphee, to his mother, who had meanwhile removed to London, and to every member of his family.

These incidents in the life of this fine specimen of the Lochaber Celt are interesting to us mainly in so far as they illustrate the life of a truly patriotic and noble Highlander, who during the last forty-five years took a leading part in London in every movement calculated to benefit his countrymen.

The Gaelic Society of London presented a petition to Parliament in 1839 praying that a professorship of the Celtic languages should be established in one of the Scottish Universities, and John Cameron Macphee was appointed one of a deputation of three gentlemen who in that year waited on Mr Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to impress upon him the desirability of making provision in one of our Universities for teaching "a language which was used in religious and social life by nearly a fourth part of the whole population of Scotland." During the potato famine in 1846 and 1847 Macphee took a leading part in collecting funds for the relief of his famished countrymen in the Highlands, and was honorary secretary in carrying to a successful issue a grand ball held at Willis' Rooms in the latter year for the same purpose, on which occasion a sum of £500 was cleared, after paying all expenses. It was mainly through his exertions and influence that the Grand Scottish Fetes were got up and successfully carried through at Holland House in 1848, when the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the leading members of the aristocracy attended and patronised them every day. Mr Macphee was one of the two representatives of the Gaelic Society on the committee of management, and was appointed one of the Judges of the competitions. On his proposal and through his influence the chamber music of Scotland was represented by ten violinists, and, to secure their attendance, he prevailed upon the committee to allow the competitors from his native land £5 each for travelling expenses. In short there were hardly any Scottish

meetings and no Highland movement in which John Cameron Macphee did not hold a prominent position. He acted as Gaelic interpreter for the House of Lords in the famous Breadalbane Peerage case. He was the prime mover in the collection and preparation of the "Gaelic Melodies" published a few years ago by the Gaelic Society of London, as well as in getting up the "Celtic Choir" for the study and preservation of the songs and melodies of the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. Always one of the most active spirits of the Gaelic Society, he succeeded Mr Colin Chisholm as its President, a position of which he was very proud and in which he continued until his death.

He was most intimately acquainted with the late James Logan, F.S.A. Scot., author of "The Scottish Gael," and was one of his most substantial friends. He was instrumental in getting him elected a brother pensioner of the Charter-House, and for the last twenty-five years of Logan's life he was hardly ever absent on Sundays from Macphee's dinner-table.

Though on his appointment to the Customs he gave up literature as a profession, he continued to use his pen occasionally almost to the end in periodical and newspaper articles. The *Celtic Magazine* has through his demise lost a most valued friend and contributor, and undoubtedly the most valuable contribution which he has made to literature is the biography written by him of his own grand-uncle, General Sir Allan Cameron of Erracht, compiled mainly from private family documents and information not within the reach of any one else, and which goes through eleven numbers of the first volume of this periodical.

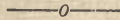
We cannot do better than close these remarks in the words of the London correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, who knew him well. He says:—"A grand old Highlander—a man among men—has passed away from the ranks of London-Scottish society during the past ten days. John Cameron Macphee, the President of the Gaelic Society of London, and the heart and soul of every Highland movement originated in the metropolis, was a man to know, and to know him was to love him. With no great command of language, except in his own loved native tongue, he had a great command of men, and could transmit his boundless and bounding enthusiasm for all things Highland to the dullest of audiences. It is not too much to say that his place at the head of the Council table at the Gaelic Society's Rooms in Adam Street, Adelphi, can never be filled up. A successor will, of course, be found to the Presidency of the Society, but its members, from the oldest to the youngest, will never cease to sigh for

The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Columns might be filled with the record of his usefulness and true nobility—lines would suffice to tell his failures where the cause of true humanity was pleaded with him."

He made up his mind to retire, and come to live in Scotland, next year, had he been spared. He was married to a daughter of Captain Cameron of Camskie, by whom he had four sons and two daughters, all of whom survive him, except the youngest daughter, who died about a year ago. He was buried in Woking Cemetery, Surrey.

A J U N E M O R N I N G .



Damp with the gentle rain of yester-night,
As yet unwooded by Phœbus, high in air
This mossy path out-stretches past my sight
And curves with elfish mischief, here and there !
See where the sunlight's richness prodigal
Is cast in quivering patches on the wold,
As if some bounteous hand had down let fall
A gleaming net-work, wrought of green and gold !

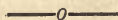
The brambles cling about me, as if loath
That I should leave them and pass by alone ;
A full free-throated thrush his music forth
Flings to the silent, listening wood—Ah, gone !
Why should all lovely things before us flee
Save such as cannot cleave the circling air ?
What! enemies? Ah, yes! for mercy see
These quivering fernlets sue in mute despair !

But now, a troop of nymphs and fawns I know
Fled with a swift, wild whirl behind the trees—
What else could mean this sudden silence, so
Apparent to me. Tell me, wandering breeze ?
I hear them laughing softly—Hark! and see—
Almost, I mean—a gleeful, impish face
Peering, believe, most cautiously at me
Between those branchlets fragile, waving lace !

I like to think the great god Pan lives still—
Though dead to us. Alas! that this must be—
And pipes according to his Sovereign will
To all things wild, and beautiful and free !
For who can tell—but like the crimson rose,
Our fair, first mother's gift of Paradise,
Whose perfume comes to each through life who goes
Once only—we, the too, too worldly-wise
Grown wiser in sweet sylvan lore, may chance
On Pan himself amongst his merry throng
And for one startled moment see the dance
And listen to the god's immortal song !

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,
 WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE
 REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE
 PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.



PART V.

It often occurs that qualities and virtues in the female character, are utterly unknown to the world at large, simply because no event had ever taken place to afford an opportunity of displaying them. Such qualities and virtues elicit no remark, perhaps, when displayed by persons in a strictly private sphere of life, whereas such amiable endowments often become of great importance when exhibited by such as may be called upon to perform some important public duty. Such was exactly the case with Miss Flora Macdonald. Had it not been that her prudence and energies were called forth by the important and critical part, which she was made instrumental in achieving, she might have lived and died unknown to the world. It is true that she was a young lady who was naturally gifted with an amiable disposition, firm determination, wide sympathies, an affectionate nature, and a strong sense of personal duty; but yet, many other young Highland ladies might have been similarly endowed, of whom nothing was ever heard or known beyond the sphere of their acquaintance, or the more contracted circle of their immediate relatives and friends. It was not so, however, with the kind-hearted heroine, whose life and adventures furnish abundant materials of deep interest for these articles. Her qualities and virtues were severely tested and became publicly known. Her trials and endurance were many, and variegated in kind. The events of her life were frequently trying and remarkably chequered; and yet withal, she was gifted with the rare capacity and tact of adapting herself to whatever circumstances or events might fall to her lot. She was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate wife, a prudent mother, an unchangeable friend, an amiable companion, and a sincere Christian. By such as knew her best, she was most appreciated, and perhaps by none more so than by Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles, and his talented lady, who treated her as if she was their own child.

After an absence of such long duration from her native Isle, she appeared most anxious to procure a passage to the Long Island, to meet once more with her brother at Milton and her friends at Ormaclade. On the last day of June, after remaining four days at Monkstadt, where she parted with her mother, she was favoured with a passage in a small sloop bound for Benbecula, where she landed in safety that evening. Her reception was a most cordial one by Lady Clanranold, and her arrival was most heartily greeted by a numerous circle of relatives and friends. A large number of her old acquaintances, on receiving the intelligence of her return, assembled at Ormaclade to welcome her once more to her native place. Poor Flora was quite bewildered with the enthusiastic reception

which she met with from old and young, while the youthful associates of her early years claimed a preferable right to exhibit their fond congratulations and joy. Old Clanranold himself seemed extremely happy, and addressed his young friend in pure Celtic:—"Fhionnghail, a' ghraidh, is mi 'tha toillichte do ghnuis shuairce fhaicinn a ris; is i do bheatha air ais chum Eilein do bhreith, oir bha 'n fhardach gu'n aighear 's gu'n mhire o'n dh 'fhag thu i; agus bha eadhon 'Ceolag' fein, mar ri tuireadh, balbh."—"Flora, my dear, I rejoice to see your comely face again. You are welcome back to the Isle of your birth, for the household was devoid of joy and gladness since you left it; and even 'Ceolag' itself (the small pianoforte), as if under lamentation, was mute."

At that time the excitement that pervaded the whole Island, like most other parts of Scotland, was very great, on account of the rumours that the Young Chevalier was soon to visit them. The partisans of His Royal Highness from these quarters, who were along with him in France, especially Banker Macdonell, Kinlochmoidart's brother, held regular communications with their friends in the Isles and on the mainland, as to the movements and purposes of the Prince. The consequences were, that the different Chieftains, and the most intelligent of their adherents and vassals, were in no small degree perplexed as to how they ought to act when the eventful crisis would come to pass. Continued meetings were held among themselves, and trusty messengers were despatched to and fro from the Long Island to the mainland, and *vice versa*, in order to ascertain the intentions of all parties interested in the important affair. The claims of the Prince to the throne of his forefathers were freely discussed, but were as freely condemned by some as they were approved of by others. In this respect acrimonious differences arose betwixt chief and chief, brother and brother, father and son; and hence the confusion and perplexities that disturbed the peace of the country were, in every sense, great. It was expected by the friends of the Prince, as well as by himself, that the powerful chieftains, Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod of Dunvegan, who could have raised more than a thousand men each, would have at once joined his Royal Highness, but both peremptorily declined. It cannot be said that the conduct of these chieftains was strictly honourable, as they promised their allegiance to the cause of the Prince, on condition that he brought along with him a sufficiency of men and money, and munitions of war; but seeing that he failed in this, they considered themselves released from their engagement, and at once refused their aid. While matters were thus going on, the intelligence spread rapidly far and near that the Doutelle, with the Prince and retinue on board, had arrived at the Island of Eriskay, in the Sound of Barra, on the 23d day of July 1745. Soon after casting anchor, the Prince and most of his party landed on the Island, and were conducted to the house of "Aonghas Mac Dhomhnuill Mhic Sheumais," that is Angus Macdonald, the tacksmen of Eriskay, where they passed the night. They were desirous of setting foot on "terra firma" after the fatigues of eighteen days at sea. As the Prince did not at the time reveal himself to his hospitable landlord, whose knowledge of English was but scanty, he took him to be a chief attendant on the gentlemen who had just landed from the frigate. Unfortunately the dwelling was so infested with smoke from the large peat fire in the middle of the chamber, that the Prince frisked about, and went

frequently outside the door for fresh air. The landlord was surprised, and perhaps a little offended at the stranger's restlessness, so that he called out, rather with an indignant smile, "Plague take that fellow! What is wrong with him, that he can neither sit nor stand still—neither can he keep within doors nor without doors."*

The Prince, eager to lose as little time as possible, made strict enquiry about old Clanranold, and other influential parties in the adjacent islands. He was informed that Clanranold was at home at Ormaclade, that his brother Alexander was at Boisdale, and that young Clanranold was on the mainland at Moydart. He was aware that the Clanranold branch of the Macdonells was always favourable to the cause of the Stuarts, and consequently he sent a messenger to Boisdale wishing for an interview with him, believing that as he was a man of great prudence and sound judgment, he could prevail upon him to secure the interest of the Clan at large, and especially so, that of his brother the laird, and of his nephew, young Clanranold. Boisdale appeared next morning on board the frigate, the interview took place, and it was everything but agreeable. The conversation with the Prince was firm and determined, but in all respects more plain than pleasant. Boisdale told the Prince that he had made up his mind not to interfere further than earnestly to advise his brother and nephew not to engage in such a hopeless and dangerous enterprise. He further stated that Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod of Macleod were determined to stand aloof, and that under these circumstances, his best advice to His Royal Highness was to return at once to France, and relinquish for ever such a foolish undertaking. The Prince was terribly annoyed at Boisdale's obduracy, but he restrained his feelings, and appeared amiable and very agreeable. He, however, exerted all his powers of eloquence, while the "Doutelle" was weighing anchor, but Boisdale, whose boat was slung astern, listened with patience, and after all, remained inflexible as ever. When the frigate had moved along for a mile or two under a gentle breeze, Boisdale leaped into his boat, and left his Royal Highness to ponder over his great disappointment. Next day the Doutelle arrived safely at the bay of Lochnanuagh, between Arisaig and Moydart. The Prince, sadly chagrined at the coldness and indifference of Boisdale in not espousing his cause, sent a letter at once to young Clanranold by Banker Macdonald, who went ashore, that his brother Kinlochmoydart, might accompany young Clanranold on board. They were cheerfully welcomed by the Prince, but in course of conversation young Clanranold enlarged upon the hopelessness of the adventure, and the improbability of success, and was, in short, like his uncle Boisdale, resolved not to interfere. Charles, seeing that young Clanranold greatly sympathised with him, and seemed to be warmly interested in his hopeless case, took advantage of the young gentleman's feelings, and by his fawning, flattering, and agreeable talk, he received at length the assent of the young chieftain to support his claims. The Prince was as yet hopeful, notwithstanding Boisdale's declaration to the contrary that Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod of Macleod would join him with their forces. Accordingly he despatched young Clanranold and Mr Allan Macdonald, a brother of Kinlochmoydart to these chieftains with letters, earnestly

* Jacobite Memoirs. Culloden papers.

soliciting the aid of their services. Both chieftains replied to the message of His Royal Highness, that they considered his cause a desperate one, and that they would not engage in it. On the 3d August 1745, Macleod of Macleod addressed a letter to the Lord President Duncan Forbes at Culloden, and Sir Alexander did the same a few days afterwards, intimating the arrival of the Prince at the Western Isles, and assuring his lordship of their loyalty to Government.* This was the first intimation that the Government received that the Prince had actually arrived. Meantime Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and other parties of influence, were using their utmost endeavours for raising the various Clans, who were supposed to be well affected, and who might raise in all from ten to twelve thousand men.

After passing so many days on board the *Doutelle*, the Prince and his retinue came on shore at Borrodale, on the south shore of Lochnanuagh, where they were all treated with great hospitality by Mr Macdonald of Borrodale. Glenfinnan, the place appointed for the gathering of the Clans, is a narrow valley forming an inlet to Lochaber from Moydart. There, in that contracted valley, the Prince, amid loud acclamations and shrill *Piobaireachd*,† unfurled his father's standard, and declared war against the Elector of Hanover (as George II. was called) and all his adherents.

The arrival in Scotland of His Royal Highness was an event that took the Government by great surprise. For several months previously reports were flying about the Highlands, and indeed in Edinburgh and other places that he was to visit this country during the season, but little or no credit was given to them. King George II. was at the time in Hanover, and the Government ministers were scattered in all directions. President Forbes was the first to inform Sir John Cope, then commander-in-chief in Scotland, that the Prince had arrived in the Western Isles. Sir John was ordered to march immediately to the Highlands to crush the insurrection at its commencement; but unfortunately his expedition was a total failure. About this time Government had offered £30,000 to any party who would apprehend the Prince, and get possession of his person dead or alive. On seeing this, the Prince in return, issued a similar proclamation, offering the same amount of reward to such as would procure the head of the Elector of Hanover.

As matters had become very serious, and the Government much alarmed, Sir John Cope, with the forces under his command, announced his intention of marching to the Highlands with all possible speed. In pursuance of this resolution, he ordered a camp to be formed at Stirling, and commanded all the officers of regiments to be ready at their posts. On the 19th of August Sir John and his forces set off for Stirling, and arrived there in the evening. By a remarkable coincidence the Prince and his adherents were in readiness for their march on the same day! Sir John, however, pushed forward until he reached Dalwhinnie, where he received a letter from President Forbes, written at Culloden, stating that the rebel army, said to be three thousand strong, were in full march to Corrieghearraig, where they intended to give battle to the Royal

* Vide Journal and Memoirs; Lockhart's Papers; Home's Works; Jacobite Memoirs.

† The principal piper was John MacGregor from Fortingall, of whom an account is given in No. 53 of *Celtic Magazine*, page 404.

forces. Sir John Cope, greatly alarmed at the intelligence, called a council of war at Dalwhinnie, whereupon it was resolved to march to Inverness, where he arrived on the 29th of August. Receiving but little support in the Highland capital, he resolved to march speedily to Aberdeen, and then make his way to the south. He wrote a letter from Inverness to Milton, the Lord Justice Clerk, in which he stated his grievances in these words:—"In this country the rebels will not let us get at them, unless we had some Highlanders with us; and as yet not a single man has joined us, though I have lugged along with us three hundred stand of arms. No man could have believed, that not one man would take arms in our favour, or show countenance to us; but so it is."—(Jacobite Memoirs.)

In the meantime the rebels having marched across the Blair-Athole hills, arrived at Perth. Intelligence of this soon reached Edinburgh, and created universal alarm among all the citizens. The Provost and Magistrates met on the 27th August, resolved to repair the city walls, to raise a regiment of a thousand men, and resolutely to oppose the entrance of a hostile army into the city. The Prince left Perth on the 11th of September, passed through Dunblane, where he was joined by James Macgregor of Glengyle, son of the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor, with nearly three hundred powerful men of his clan. The Prince was overjoyed at their appearance, and ordered his favourite piper, John Macgregor, to play a welcome salute, saying, "Seid suas do phiob, Iain." The rebel army passed through Stirling, and moved forward towards Falkirk. Charles was here informed that Gardiner's dragoons were at Linlithgow, and that they were determined to dispute his entrance into the capital. The rebel army, however, marched slowly on, while Gardiner and his dragoons thought proper to retire, as if afraid to encounter the Highlanders. The Prince arrived within two miles of Edinburgh on the 16th, and fixed his head-quarters on a field called Gray's Park, and left his troops for the night in the Hunter's Bog, near Arthur's Seat. The Jacobites among the citizens rejoiced at his appearance, and went in crowds to meet him. That graphic writer, Dr Chambers, says, "that he received their homage and congratulations with smiles, and bowed gracefully to the huzza which immediately after rose from the crowded plain below." The next business of his adherents was to proclaim his father at the cross of the city, a ceremony which was done with great solemnity in presence of a vast multitude of enthusiastic citizens.

Expecting the speedy arrival of Cope, Charles made no delay in obtaining possession of the capital, and scarcely had he done so when Sir John Cope with his troops landed at Dunbar. After many meetings of council by the friends of the Royalists and rebels, the battle of Prestonpans or Gladsmuir was fought on the 21st of September, where the rebels displayed great bravery, and where Cope and the Royal forces were defeated. Charles, thereby inspired with fresh courage, resolved to increase his army by sending messengers to France and to the Highlands to solicit the needful aid. It would be out of place to attempt to give an account here of the various movements of the Prince and his adherents. He resolved to march with his army to England, and departed accordingly from Holyrood Palace. In the meantime Government became greatly alarmed at the unexpected success of his Royal Highness, and made all possible haste

to prepare forces to resist his progress. A strong body of troops was ordered to Scotland, under the command of Marshal Wade. The King deeming his forces too small for the emergency, ordered home from Flanders a portion of his army, under the command of his second son William, the youthful Duke of Cumberland, who fought so bravely at the battle of Fontenoy. Cumberland was only twenty-five years of age, being of the same age with his opponent and relative, Prince Charles Edward. When his Royal Highness with his "Highland host" left Holyrood, he marched to Carlisle and besieged it, then advancing to Brampton and thence to Manchester, he arrived at Derby, within 127 miles of London. The intelligence of these movements caused the King to tremble on his throne, as unquestionably the danger was imminent and alarming. Owing to various reasons, the Prince was urged to return to the Highlands, much against his will, and to relinquish the idea of advancing to the Capital of the British Empire. On the arrival of the Highland army in Scotland, where several small skirmishes were fought, Charles received intelligence that General Hawley had reached Edinburgh with his forces from England, and was making his way to Falkirk. There Hawley was met by the Highlanders and defeated after a bloody engagement, called the battle of Falkirk. When this misfortune of the Royalists under Hawley's management became known at headquarters, the Duke of Cumberland was immediately ordered to advance with all speed to Scotland, in order to counteract the further successes of Prince Charles and his faithful adherents. From Edinburgh the Duke marched to the west by Stirling, then by Perth to Aberdeen and the north; while the Prince and his army hastened by quick stages to Inverness.

When at Moyhall, the residence of the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, within twelve miles of Inverness, the Prince had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of the enemy. The Chief of the Clan Mackintosh himself was loyal to the Government, and was greatly guided in his movements by his neighbour, President Forbes of Culloden. Lady Mackintosh, on the other hand, like many others of her sex, was warmly favourable to the pretensions of the Prince. By her influence she privately induced many of her clan to support his cause. At that time, as related by Cameron in his "Traditions of Skye," "the Earl of Loudon was at Inverness with nearly 2000 men, and he resolved to secure the Prince as prisoner before he could be joined by his army, which was marching from the south. The Earl advanced towards Moy with 1500 men, the advance guard of 70 men being commanded by Macleod of Macleod. Lady Mackintosh received private information of the contemplated attack, and sent the Prince to a place of safety. In the meantime she sent out a patrolling party of five men armed with muskets to watch the road from Inverness, of whom the blacksmith, a clever fellow of the name of Fraser, assumed the command. On the approach of the Earl of Loudon's army, during the night of the 16th February 1746, the smith placed his men at intervals along the roadside, and they then fired at the head of the advancing column, raising a shout, and calling on the "Camerons" and "Macdonalds" to advance—thus giving Loudon's men to understand that they were confronted by a large body of the Prince's army! Donald Bàn Maccrimmon, Macleod of Macleod's piper, was killed by the blacksmith's shot, close by Macleod's side. Loudon's men, thinking that they had to

contend against a superior force, made a hasty retreat to Inverness, which is known in history as the "Rout of Moy." The poor piper was the only person killed, and the Macleods carried his body with them to Inverness.

Donald Bàn Maccrimmon was reputed as the best piper of his day in the Highlands. When leaving Dunvegan, he had a presentiment that he would never return from the expedition, and on that occasion he composed that plaintive air, "Cha till mi tuilleadh," or "Maccrimmon's Lament," which he played on the pipe as the independent companies of the Macleods were leaving Dunvegan, while their wives and sweethearts were waving a sorrowful farewell to them. To this air Maccrimmon composed a feeling Gaelic song, the sentiments of which are brought out in the English imitation by Sir Walter Scott, which is as follows:—

Macleod's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoored are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Maccrimmon plays "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever."

Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming,
Farewell each dark glen in which red deer are roaming,
Farewell lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river,
Macleod may return, but Maccrimmon shall never.

Farewell the bright clouds that on Cullin are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Fort that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion farewell! and for ever—
Maccrimmon departs to return to you never!

The Banshee's wild voice sings the death dirge before me,
And the pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;
But my heart shall not fly, and my nerve shall not quiver,
Tho' devoted I go—to return again never!

Too oft shall the note of Maccrimmon's bewailing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;
Dear land! to the shores whence unwilling we sever,
Return, return, return, we shall never!

A female bard at Dunvegan, on hearing "Maccrimmon's Lament" played, is said to have composed the following beautiful song in response:—

Dh' iadh ceo 'nan stuc mu aodann Chuilinn,
'Us sheinn a' bhean-shith a torman mualaid,
Tha suilean gorm ciuin 'san Dun a' sileadh,
O'n thriall thu bh' uainn, 's nach till thu tuilleadh.

Cha till, cha till, cha till Maccrumein,
A'n cogadh no sith, cha till e tuilleadh,
Le airgiod no ni cha till Maccrumein,
Cha till gu brath gu la na cruinne.

Tha osag nan gleann gu fann ag imeachd;
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthaich;
Tha ialt' nan speur feadh gheugan dubhach,
A' caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

Tha'n fhairge fa dheoidh lan broin 'us mualaid,
Tha'm bata fo sheol, ach dhiult i siubhal;
Tha gair nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
Ag radh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 'san Dun mu fheasgar,
 'S mac-talla nam mur le muirn 'ga fhreagairt ;
 Gach fleasgach 'us aigh, gu'n cheol, gu'n bheadradh.
 O'n thriall thu bh' uainn, 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
 Cha till, cha till, &c.

The Maccrimmons were for many ages the distinguished pipers of the Macleods of Dunvegan, and had in consequence a free gift of the extensive farm called "Borevaig," which they enjoyed for many ages from sire to son. The Macdonalds of the Isles had likewise their own race of pipers—the Macarthurs, to whom was granted a perpetual gift of the farm of "Peingowen," near the castle of Duntulm. Great rivalry existed between these two races of pipers, as each strove for the superiority. Both the Maccrimmons and the Macarthurs noted down their "piobaireachds" by a sort of syllabic vocables, somewhat like the "sol-fa" system of noting music; and by this process they preserved their tunes, and could play them off at pleasure. They made large collections of their "piobaireachds" in this way, and tradition says that Donald Bàn, who was killed at the "Rout of Moy," excelled most of his race by the beauty and neatness with which he noted the "salutes" and "laments," which he composed and played so exquisitely well.

(To be Continued.)

MU CHLADH CHILL-A-MHAILL.

LE MAIRI NIC EALLAIR.

—o—

Far an seall Beinn Nibheais air a h-aghaidh ard
 An sgathan airgidach nan oirean grinn,
 Nuair thogas i gu moch a geala-bhrat sgail,
 'Si deanamh gairdeachais an teachd na grein'
 Le h-urachd, eibhneas, solus, agus blaths,
 Le gathan aigh a neartachadh cail gach duil,
 Gach feornain 's flur, gach creutair beag is mor,
 O'n t-sobhrach bhoidheach bhios an cos nan creag,
 An neonain beag a bhios air lar a ghlinn,
 Dearabadan grinn-dhathach is mine sgiath,
 An seillean riabhach theid le srann a mach,
 A thrusadh meala as gach copan maoth.
 Do'n bhrat-dearg fhraoich tha air gach taobh mu'n cuairt,
 Na h-eoin bhios ceilearach 's gach bruach is preas,
 Am broilleach na maidne dortadh sgeul an gaoil,
 Na minn 's na laoigh bhios air an aonach ard
 A ruith gu h-aobhach measg nan tolman feoir,
 An solus foirfe, gun aon mheang, no giomh,

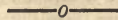
'S am mathraichean air grianan glas an t-sleibh
A gabhail eibhneis anns na gathan oir,
Gu soillseach dortadh mu chos-cheum an ail,
Damh dearg nan cabar le ard langain bhinn,
'Dusgadh mactalla ann am beinn nam feart,
Is e le reachdmhorachd a mire-leum,
Mun cuairt do'n eilid ud is boidhche slíos,
Gun eagal sealgair le chuid arm no cu,
Bhi 'g iathadh dlu dhoibh air a chreachun chas,
'Se faicinn shíos air leachduinn ghlas an t'sleibh—
Socair na ceum is i gun gheilt gun sgaoim—
An te is minic thug dha maoim na seilg,
A mhaigheach bheag, 's i tilleadh air an driuchd
O 'n fhochunn ur 's an robh i re na h-oich,
Gun chead, gun fhoighneachd aig a rogha loin.
A nuair tha gloir na maidne braonaich, tla,
A tabhairt gairdeachais air ard is gleann,
Far an seall Beinn Nibheais air a h-aghaidh ard
An sgathan airgiodach nan oirean grinn,
Glan sgathan maiseach do thonn gorm, Lochial,
S tu dearsadh sgiamhach ann an suil na grein'
Mar urlar criostal ann an talla briagh,
Ga 'm ballachan na sleibhteann siorruidh buan,
A ta ga d' chuartachadh gu greadhnach dlu
'S gach cnoc is sgru dhiu dublaichte na d' thonn,
Mar ribean riomhach a ta roinn nam beann,
No abhuinn fhior-ghlan ann am Paras De,
Tha faileas nan speur na d' bhroilleach soillear shíos ;
'S O ! b'e mo mhiannsa a bhi 'n diugh na d' choir,
'G eisdeachd do chronain ann an cois na traigh,
Far an seall Beinn Nibheais air a h-aghaidh ard,
An sgathan airgiodach nan oirean grinn.
Fo comhair thall air bruthach soillear reidh,
Tha 'm baile anns nach eirich neach ri' ceol ;
Cha dean an t-oig-fhear briodal ann ri ghaol,
Ged luidheas i ri thaobh a sìos gu seimh,
Is cha toir mathair ga a naoidhean blaths,
Ged bhios e cairicht air a broilleach caomh,
O 's lionmhor Camshronach na chodal trom,
Fo sgail na h-eaglais, 's naen cluinn fonn nan salm,
No guth an t-searmonaich, ged ghlaodh le sgairt,
No iolach feachd, a bhiodh an gleachd an air,
An fhuaim a chleachd a bhi le pairt dhiu binn.
Gach mili gaisgeal tha gu trom na shuain,
Gun chuimhn' air tuadh air claidheamh no air sgiath,
Gun toil gu triall ged bhiodh a bhrtach shuas,
'S ged bhiodh crois-taraidh ruith le luaths na gaoith,
Feadh tir an gaol ; cha chluinn iad gaoir na strigh,
Ri taobh an uillt tha ruith le torman dlu
Troimh bhruachan pluranach, troimh fhraoch is rois.
Air ailleann neonaineach is boidhche slíos,

Chitear tur-cuimhne a mhor shuinn nach b-fhann,
 An Coirneal dh' ainmicht air an Fhasadh-Fhearn,
 An ioma cearna a fhuair cliu is buaidh,
 'S air feachd na Frainge a chuir ruaig is leon,
 Le a phioban tartrach, sa chuid bhratach sroil,
 'S le Ghaidheil mhorail bhiodh san toiteal dian,
 'S aigne gu gnìomh a factuinn srian mar b' aill,
 B'e tilleadh aibhne ann an cais an eas,
 Bacadh chur airson is a nambuid dlu,
 'Sa mhiann gu bruchdadh mar bheum-sleibh do'n ar ;
 'S ged thuit e buailte an stri chruaidh na'n euchd,
 Sa dhoirt troimh chreuchdan an fhuil uasal ard,
 Cha'n ann 's an arfhaich fhuair e arois bhuan,
 Thug long nam buadh a chorp thair chuan a nall,
 Is tha e adhlait' ann an tir a ghaoil,
 'S an uaigh bu chaomh leis, is ri taobh a dhaimh,
 Le ioma ceannard do'n dream ghreadhnach threun,
 Luchd-deanamh euchd is leis an eireadh buaidh,
 Cinnfheadhna uaibhreach, barra-sguab nan cliar,
 Na'n codal iosal mar na ciochrain thais,
 Gun urrad 's leac a dh'innseadh sgeul an gnìomh,
 Sa Chaibeal liath ud tha air siar a chnuic,
 An Caibeal aosda thog mor laoch nan gleachd,
 Ailean nan Creach, sar cheannard feachd bha treun,
 'S e toileach eiric thoirt do cheartas dian
 Airson nam fiachan bha ga leon gu trom
 Nuair bha e og' ged chleachd an sonn an streup,
 'S nach fac e eucoir ann an creach no toir,
 No fuil a dhortadh ann an comhrag fhaoin ;
 Ach thainig caochladh air 's bha an laoch fo bhron
 Sa choguis leoint airson na goruich thruaigh,
 'S airson a bhuaireas anns na chaith e oig',
 Cha d' iarr e 'n t'eolas ud o'n Leabhar chaomh,
 A bheireadh faochadh dha le sgeula binn,
 Mu chreideamh anns an Ti bheir beatha bhuan,
 Is mineachadh mu Uan geal, priseal Dhe ;
 Ach mar chaidh Saul gu Buitseach Endoir sios,
 A dh' iarruidh eolais ann an doigh mhi-chneasd,
 A dh' fhuasgladh na ceist a bha air Ailean truagh,
 Chaidh e gu smuairneanach 's le osna thruim
 Gu Nic-a-Chomhuich a rinn arach og,
 'Sa thug a bhrog dha air an robh a bhuidh,
 Thug ioma fuasgladh dha, le 'smuaintean geur,
 S thug comhairl' eifeachdach dha tric na airc.

(To be Continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT HIGHLANDERS.—Our next subject will be Evan MacColl, the “Bard of Loch-fine,” author of “The Mountain Minstrel,” and of “Clars-ach nam Beann.”

SIR KENNETH S. MACKENZIE OF GAIRLOCH, BART.



WE expressed an intention some time ago to give a series of biographical portraits of our most distinguished living Highlanders, but as yet we have made little progress in that direction. We have already published a sketch of Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, a Conservative in politics, and one of the very best landlords and most enthusiastic and patriotic Highlanders in the country. We shall now proceed to say a little regarding the Gairloch Baronet, as good a Liberal as Cluny is a Conservative, and, in other respects, in the words of a leading Ross-shire gentleman and a true-blue Tory, who recently described Sir Kenneth to us as "as good a Highlander as ever stood in tartan." The *Celtic Magazine* takes no side in party politics, and never refers to them except in so far as they have a bearing on the position and necessities of our Highland countrymen; and any reference made here to the politics of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie and the contest in which he has so recently distinguished himself, must be held as applying only to the latter aspect of the question. For though those most intimately acquainted with him knew perfectly well that he possessed abilities above the average, as well as the other good qualities of a true Highland gentleman even in a higher degree, it was only during, and in consequence of, his late contest with Lochiel in the county of Inverness—with a gentleman in respect of lineage, high character, and almost in ability, well worthy of his lance—that these qualities became widely known to the outside world.

The reader need not at this date be informed of the high lineage of the Baronet of Gairloch, nor of the scions of the family who have distinguished themselves in their respective spheres in the various walks of life. The blood of the Bruce, of the old Earls of Ross, of the ancient Kings of Man, and of almost all the most ancient and distinguished of our Highland families, circulate in his veins. We know that some people consider good blood and lineage of little importance or value, though the very same people, regardless of consistency, will give fabulous prices for the lower animals, just in proportion to the length and purity of their pedigree. We do not by any means consider blue blood and high lineage all that can be desired, but when, as in the case of our present subject, these are combined with the nobler and best qualities of the heart and head, we are old-fashioned and sentimental enough to value them in a high degree.

The first of the family of Gairloch was Hector Roy, second son of Alexander Mackenzie, sixth Baron of Kintail, and a celebrated warrior in his day. He took a distinguished part on the fatal field of Flodden, but escaped with his life; and he is celebrated in local history, song, and story, for his achievements in the many clan battles of his day, as leader of the whole clan in the capacity of Tutor or guardian to his nephew, John Mackenzie of Kintail.

William Ross, the Gaelic bard, in his "Moladh a Bhaire air a Thir Fein," speaks of Gairloch, and Hector Roy's prowess at Flodden as follows:—

Beir mo shoraidh 'thir a' mhonaidh,
 'S nam beann corrach arda,
 Frìdh nan Gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
 Tìr Chlann-Eachuinn Ghearrloch,
 Gur uallach eangach, an damh breangach,
 Suas tro' ghleannan fasaich ;
 Bì'dh chuach 's a' bhadan, 'seinn a leadainn,
 Moch 's a' mhaduinn Mhai ?

Gum b'e Gearloch an tìr bhaigheil,
 'S an tìr phairteach, bhìadhar,
 Tìr a phailteis, tìr gun ghainne,
 Tìr is glaine fialachd,
 An tìr bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
 Chaomhach, channach, thìoral—
 Tìr an arain, tìr an tachdair,
 Sìthne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tìr an aigh i, tìr nan armunn,
 Tìr nan sar-fhear gleusda ;
 Tìr an t-suairceis, tìr gun ghruaimean,
 Tìr a's uaisle feile.
 An tìr bhòrcach, nam frìdh ro-mhor,
 Tìr gun leon, gun gheibhinn ;
 An tìr bhraonach, mhachrach, raonach,
 Mhartach, laoghach, fheurach.

Cho fad 'sa dh' imich cliu na h-Alba,
 Fhuaradh ainm na dutch' ud,
 An am a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal,
 'S Eachainn Ruadh ais thus dìubh,
 Bho la Raon *Flodden* nam beun trom,
 A shoerùich bonn na fìudhaidh,
 Gu h-uallach, dosrach, suas gun dosgainn,
 Uasal o'n stoc mhuirneach.

The present Baronet of Gairloch was not the first of his family whose destiny it was to represent his native county in Parliament, which, we have no doubt whatever, he is certain at no distant date to do. His ancestor, the first baronet, also Sir Kenneth, was one of the representatives for the county of Ross in the Scottish Parliament—1700-3—when he strongly opposed the Union between England and Scotland, as a measure which he considered would be “the funeral of his country.” He received valuable favours from Queen Anne after her accession to the throne, and was highly respected and beloved by his people. The famous blind piper and poet, John Mackay, spoke of him in a “Marbh-rann” or elegy as follows :—

Seabhag nach clothadh ri comhraig,
 An leomhann curanta cruaidh,
 Bu mhor a bh'annad do bhuaidh,
 An tì bu rioghail cuir suas,
 An triath nach crìonadh an duais.

Cha robh aca na thug barr ort,
 Ann an gliocas, 's ann an tabhachd ;
 Ann am mor-chuis, 's ann an ardan,
 'S tu nach soradh orra 'phaidheadh,
 Lamh na feile 's an robh bhuaidh ;
 Bu cheannard treun thu air sluagh,
 Measg nan ceudan dhaoin' uaisl'
 Thug thusa steud air srian uatha.

The same bard composed a song of welcome to his successor, Sir Alexander, on his return to "Tigh Dize nan Gorm-Ghlac" in 1720, in which he exhorts him to be kind and gentle to his people, and not on any account to remove any of his tenants:—

Ri do chinnich bi suairc,
 Ann am furan 's an stuaim,
 Na bi 'g iomairt air tuath,
 Neo cha do thuaths i, 's uat siubhlaidh
 Tlachd, ceatharnachd, 'us uaisl', &c., &c.

If we are to believe the bards and tradition Sir Alexander was in every respect a very worthy man. He was undoubtedly an excellent landlord and a good man of business. Though left with a heavily burdened property, he added greatly to its extent and value, and paid off heavy debts. In 1729 he purchased Cruive House and the Ferry of Scuidale; in 1735 Bishop Kinkell; in 1742 Logie Riach, now known as Conan; and, in 1742, the lands of Kenlochewe. He also redeemed the properties of Davochcairn and Ardnagrask, which were then held by the widow of his uncle William; and in 1752 he executed an entail of all his estates, an act of forethought without which the present popular proprietor would, more than likely, be to-day without an inch of the family estates. In 1738 Sir Alexander built the present family residence in Gairloch, known as Flowerdale House, one of the most beautifully situated in the Highlands, and where the present Baronet spends the summer months. Sir Alexander, unlike most of the Highland chiefs, declined to follow Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745, and appears to have had little sympathy with those who took part in that unfortunate but chivalrous adventure.

The readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are already acquainted with the antiquated conditions on which this excellent landlord hired out his lands to his tenants, who were bound to sell him all their marketable cattle "at reasonable rates," and to deliver to him, at current prices, all the cod and ling caught by them, and how they were obliged to keep boats and men to prosecute these fishings. They were also bound to pay him, in addition to their ordinary rent, a certain sum for the privilege of being allowed to cut peats, and other sums for cruives, and for minister's stipend, while they had to supply him with carts and horses "for mucking," with "custom wedders," fed kids, hens, with men to shear corn and hay, and to plough, make roads, and various other conditions, which, in the present day, would be considered harsh and tyrannical; but, notwithstanding all this, Sir Alexander was almost as popular and as much beloved as his great-great-grandson, the present Baronet of Gairloch, is at the present day.

Sir Hector Mackenzie, who ruled in Gairloch for nearly sixty years, was one of the most popular and best landlords of his time; was Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Ross for many years, and was repeatedly invited to enter Parliament for his native county; but he always refused, asking what would become of his people, among whom he resided, if he were to leave them. He was their judge, counsel, and adviser in all questions of difference, and his decisions were accepted without a murmur. He patronised and encouraged the local bards, and gave a great impetus to the Gairloch cod and ling fishing. He was indeed considered the

father of his people, and his name is still spoken of by those who remember him with genuine reverence and affection. When his son and heir, Sir Francis, grew up, instead of an annual allowance he gave him a few of the principal farms, over which he acted as landlord and tenant, and thus brought him up in the full knowledge of agriculture and county matters generally, and with a personal knowledge of every tenant on his wide property.

The distinguished services of Sir Hector's brother, General John Mackenzie, known among his brothers in arms as "Fighting Jack," are so well known as to require no notice here.

Sir Francis Alexander, the late Baronet, was a most popular and kindly landlord, and, in this respect, maintained the characteristics of the race. He also patronised local talent, and was instrumental in starting the late John Mackenzie of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," in his literary career, having supplied him with aid when he left for the south, and guaranteed the cost of his first publication, the poems of William Ross, the famous Gairloch Bard, who has been aptly designated "the Burns of the Highlands." Nor was Sir Francis a mean member of the literary craft himself. He published an excellent and most useful book on agriculture, "Hints for the use of Highland Tenants and Cottagers, by a Proprietor," with Gaelic and English on opposite pages. This work shows beyond question that its author held advanced and enlightened views on the subject of which he treats, and that he had the old family interest in his tenantry. He once stood as a candidate for the representation of the county of Ross, but lost the election at the last moment, though a majority of the voters were ready to support him, in consequence of his inability to put in a personal appearance on the hustings, he being at the time in the south. He died at a comparatively early age in 1843, leaving the present Baronet without father or mother, only eleven years of age, under trustees, whose indiscreet management resulted in great hardships to the tenantry and injury to the estate. The history of this period must yet be told, but this is not the place; for it has no bearing on our present subject beyond showing the serious difficulties Sir Kenneth had to contend with when he came into possession of his injured property and dependants.

The Gaelic bards, including William Ross and Alastair Buidhe Mac-Iamhair, have been loud in their praises both of Sir Hector and Sir Francis, but we must leave them and pass on to the subject more immediately under notice, and who, coming of such a race of excellent landlords, it is gratifying to find that he has come up in every respect to the very best of his forbears, while in others he far excels them.

At the time of his father's death, in 1843, Sir Kenneth was attending a preparatory school at Rugby, but he was then brought home, and educated by a tutor at Flowerdale, in Gairloch, during the summer. In the winter he went to Edinburgh, accompanied by the same tutor, and attended the classes there. In 1849 both pupil and tutor went to the University of Giessen, in Germany, where he studied Chemistry and Natural Science—the former under the celebrated Professor Liebig. Here he attended for two years, and took his degree. After this he travelled in Italy, principally residing in Rome, where, in 1852, he completed his education. Sir Kenneth having gone to the German University almost

immediately on the back of the revolutionary uprisings of 1848, found Liberal ideas very prevalent among his fellow students, and it was there that the foundation of his future political opinions was first formed.

In 1853 he became of age, and succeeded to the property, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits, and to the great gratification, of his numerous tenantry. Processions came from all parts of the Gairloch property to Flow-erdale House, with pipers playing at their head, many of them a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. There were bonfires on every prominent hill, the people carrying, each, some piece of combustible material, in many cases an old *cas-chrom*, or other instrument of agriculture which had seen better days—thus to show their personal respect in a special manner by each placing his stick on the burning pile. Whisky and other good things were as plentiful and free as the mountain air. The writer, having travelled eight miles, was a mere boy among the crowd, and well does he remember the vivid impressions made upon his young mind by the enthusiastic crowd, especially by the dancing in the open air, under the canopy of heaven, when fire was set to the great bonfire on the top of the Aird, and old Mrs Fraser (*Bean Eachainn Shim*)—about seventy years of age—led off the reel with an ancient partner, to the stirring strains of her own husband's violin. Similar proceedings took place on the Conan property. A very fine Gaelic poem was composed to Sir Kenneth on the occasion, by Mr F. D. Macdonell, Plockton. The complete poem is printed in volume vii. of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. It gives excellent advice to the young chief, and the sound counsel tendered has indeed proved prophetic. Only a few verses can be given, but these will show how truly the counsel given by the bard so long ago has been realised in the life of Sir Kenneth during the last twenty-seven years. After doing full justice to the Baronet's ancestors, the bard proceeds—

'Sa Choinnich oig b'i m' iarratus,
O'n 's geug o shugh nam friamh ud thu,
Gum meas thu'n ainm 's an riaghailtean,
Ni 's fiachaile na'n storas,
Gu'm meas thu'n ainm, &c.

Na lean an ceim nan uachdaran,
A tha 'cur fas nan tuath-bhailtean,
Le'n docha feidh m'an an cuairt orra,
Sa sluagh a chur air fogar,
Le'n docha feidh, &c.

Bi beachdail, smachdail, reusanta,
Gu duineal, seasmhach, treubhanta,
Na faic a' choir ga h-eigneachadh,
'S na eisd ri guth luchd foirneart,
Na faic a choir, &c.

Bi aoigheil, baigheil, siobhalta,
Nuair thachras ort an diobarach,
Biodh bantraichean 'us dilleachdain
Ro chinnteach as do chomhnadh,
Biodh bantraichean, &c.

'S bithidh rath, 'us miadh, 'us urram dhuit,
Gu fialaidh, pailt, 's gu bunaiteach,
'S bi sith, 'us saimh, 'us subhachas,
A'd thuineachas an comhnaidh,
'S bi sith, &c.

In 1854 he was appointed an Attache to Her Majesty's Legation at Washington; but he never joined it. In the following year he obtained a commission as Captain in the Highland Rifle (Ross-shire) Militia. He, however, afterwards retired, but was re-appointed in 1861—became major 1870, and, in 1874, orders having been issued that officers holding appointments both in volunteer and militia regiments could no longer be permitted to hold the double appointments, Sir Kenneth resigned the senior majority in the Highland Rifles to enable him to continue as captain of the Gairloch Company of Volunteers, raised entirely on his own West Coast property, and which he still continues to command.

In 1856, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he was appointed to the responsible position of Convener of the County of Ross, the duties of which he has since performed "with honour," to use the words of Lord Lovat at the recent Liberal banquet, "mastering the details of the office, and in fact almost undertaking the entire management of the county."

Four years later, in 1860, Sir Kenneth married Miss Eila Frederica, daughter of Walter Frederick Campbell of Islay, a lady who well maintains the characteristics of her house for ability and beauty, as it was so tastefully put by Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., when proposing her health at the recent banquet. On the occasion of their happy union, the Gaelic bards again tuned their lyres, one of his own tenants in Kenlochewe lauding their mutual and well-merited praises in the following strains:—

Chuala mi naigheachd ro thaitneach ri h.eis'neachd,
Sgeula chaidh aithris am baile Dhun-eidin,
Sir Coinneach bhi seachnadh ard bhan-tighearnan Shasuinn,
'Sa posadh ri ainneir, cho maiseach ri te dhiu.

Nighean tighearn Ile tha cinnteach ro uasal,
Cho fad sa theid firinn a sgrìobhadh mu'n cuairt di,
Eireachdail, finealta, dìreach, ro-stuama,
Ailleagan priseil, bho shin i air gluasad.

A bhan-tighearn og aluinn tha'n traths air an tìr so,
A dh-fhìor fhìil nan armunn bha tamh ann an Ile,
Na Caimbeulaich laidir, bho chrioich Ar-a-Ghaidheil,
Toir buaidh air an namhaid 's gach ait anns am bi iad.

Tha cliu air na gaisgich dha'm b-aitreabh an tigh Dige,
'S priseil an eachdraidh th'air cleachdadh na sinnsear,
Bu mhoralach, maiseach, an curaidh Sir Eachainn;
Bha eis'neachd aig fhacal am Baile-na-Rìoghachd.

Sir *Frank*, an duin' uasal, bu shuairce ro choir e,
Meas aig an t-sluagh air, 's bha 'n tuath air an seol leis,
Sealgair na'm fuar-bheann, ceum uallach air mointich;
'S minic a bhuail e na luath's an damh croiceach.

Great rejoicings of a warm and genuine character took place throughout his wide and extensive estates. The enthusiasm of the people were equally demonstrative and sincere on the birth of his heir in 1861.

In 1868 Sir Kenneth was induced to issue an address to the electors of his native county as a candidate for Parliamentary honours on the retirement of Sir James Matheson, Bart., but an address from Mr Alexander Matheson, M.P., appearing in the same paper, and Sir Kenneth finding that he had received early information from his uncle which

enabled him to canvass in advance of Sir Kenneth, the latter at once withdrew in his favour. He arranged a conference of all interested in Highland education, which was held at Inverness, and at which he presided, about a year after the passing of the Education Bill for Scotland through Parliament, and to his services and forethought on that occasion we are primarily and mainly indebted for the favourable concession afterwards made by the Government in favour of the Highlands, by which we were allowed special building grants. He sent the ball a-rolling, and Lochiel and other friends in the House afterwards kicked it successfully to the goal.

On his accession Sir Kenneth continued certain improvements then being carried out on his property—opening up his Gairloch estate by making new roads. By this means he managed to reduce the accumulated arrears on his property, paying for the labour partly in meal, while the balance went to the credit of arrears. The same system was applied to the drainage and improvement of the crofts, and in many cases, where the families were large, very poor, and hopelessly in arrears, he wiped the latter all out in some instances for fifteen and twenty years, and allowed the poor crofters to begin with a clean sheet, in many cases re-valuing and reducing their rents. A general valuation was made and instructions given to the valuers not to value the land too high. The result was carefully examined, and a further reduction made by himself personally, and leases of twelve years given to every crofter on the property. When these leases expired the same process was again gone through, the leases being renewed in every instance, while in many cases the rent was again reduced below that under the old lease. In some cases where no rent could be recovered a croft was divided between two, without any rent whatever. Widows, with young families, got their crofts free of rent until their children grew up, and not a soul was evicted from the estate on any grounds whatever. And in spite of the hard and fast doctrine of our political economists, this generous and enlightened system of estate management has amply rewarded the proprietor, as will be seen from the following figures:—

It appears from the estate books that Sir Kenneth's rental, when he succeeded, was—

From Gairloch	£3,225	15	2
„ Conan	1,445	14	6
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Total	£4,671	9	8

Of which the sum of £300 was for shooting and angling on the Gairloch property.

According to the last Valuation Roll for the County, after excluding the rental of property acquired since his succession, Sir Kenneth has now a rental of—

From Gairloch	£7,561	5	9
„ Conan	1,825	9	0
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Total	£9,386	14	9

Or more than double, in twenty-six years. The advance from the shooting and angling rents is £2,300; from advances of previous rents of five subjects re-let, only £960, the balance being a gross rise in return for judicious outlays and improvements on the property.

This excellent result is still more gratifying when we consider the large number of human beings whose positions have been vastly improved at the same time that their humane and enlightened landlord has reaped a corresponding advantage to himself and to his successors. The number of tenants on the property is as follows :—

			Paying less than £20.	Paying more than £20.	Householders on 99 years' lease.
At Gairloch	457	35	28
At Conan	59	11	57
			516	46	85

Or a total of 647 families. If we take each of these to average five souls, you have a population of 3,235 persons, who are obtaining a livelihood mainly from the soil on Sir Kenneth's property. On many of the crofts, however, there are unfortunately two and, in some cases, more families. This also applies to some of the larger farms; while there are many others living on the Gairloch property who live almost entirely by fishing and common labour, and who have only a house with, in some cases, a small garden; making altogether about five thousand human beings, in whom their generous and kindly landlord takes a direct personal interest, and whose position has been greatly improved by his kindly consideration and enlightened management of his property and people.

We shall now shortly refer to a phase of Sir Kenneth's position and actions as a Highlander which has a more special interest for the reader perhaps than what we have already referred to; and we regret that the limited space at our disposal will not admit of our going into the subject so much as we could wish and it deserves. We refer to the position he has always taken up in connection with the Celtic cause—his advocacy of his countrymen's claims in regard to a fair treatment of themselves, their language, and their literature.

When quite a young man, under age, he took a great interest in the various schools then established on his property. In some of these he supported a system of teaching the children to read the Gaelic Scriptures before they were taught English, and when this position was secured a system of translating the New Testament from Gaelic into English and from English into Gaelic on alternate days was adopted, with most beneficial results. The boys who were taught on this system of double translation have, in a great many cases, improved their position in life, while those educated on the parrot system landed and remained at the herring fishing and on their crofts. And whatever the writer, who, when he entered one of these schools, knew not a single word of English, has done or may yet do in connection with the literature of his countrymen, he attributes entirely to the Gairloch system of teaching English by double translation.

In 1850, when only eighteen years of age, Sir Kenneth took a leading part in raising a monument in the Parish Churchyard to William Ross, the Gairloch poet. We find from the inscription that the promoters were "headed by the amiable and accomplished proprietor of Gairloch." The interest and part which he took in the erection last year of a monument to the late John Mackenzie of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" is well known; but it is not known that to him falls a large portion of the

credit for the movement which terminated in that handsome monument. When the writer consulted him on the matter, he not only approved of the proposal, but liberally encouraged it by asking us to put his name down for any sum we pleased, and to hold him responsible for any balance not forthcoming from Mackenzie's Celtic admirers. While this was so highly creditable to Sir Kenneth, the result is equally so to our Highland countrymen, who came forward so handsomely that we had no occasion to fall back upon Sir Kenneth for anything beyond his original subscription. This was most gratifying.

Sir Kenneth presided at the inaugural Meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness in 1872, on which occasion he delivered a short address full of sympathy with the cause of his countrymen, and of sound common sense. He holds the position of being the first elected Honorary Chieftain of the Society, a life appointment, limited to seven men who are eligible only for marked Highland patriotism or distinction in Celtic literature. In 1874 he succeeded Cluny as Chief of the Society, on which occasion and repeatedly since he has delivered some excellent speeches which have proved most effectual in educating public opinion on the question treated, and which will be found published in full in the Annual Transactions of the Society. We do not know of a single movement which has taken place in the interest of his brother Highlanders for many years, in which he has not taken an active, intelligent, and sympathetic part.

The manly and gallant contest in which he recently engaged in the County of Inverness, and the gentlemanly manner in which he conducted his part are so fresh in the memory of the reader as to require no detailed reference here. And if anything more were wanted to strengthen the feeling of regret among Highlanders generally that he is not a member of the British Parliament, we think it will be found in the facts of his past career here recorded, and that apart altogether from political considerations. The country cannot spare the public services of such a man; and, though we know that Sir Kenneth's extreme native modesty and personal disinclination to enter into public life have, until recently brought out by the calls of duty, kept him in comparative retirement, he must be sent to Parliament on the earliest possible opportunity in the interest of the race to which he is so proud to belong; and that we trust for his own native county, where his personal worth is so well-known and so fully appreciated.

On the occasion of his defeat in the County of Inverness, the Liberal electors proposed to present him, at the recent Banquet given in his honour in the Highland Capital, with his portrait and a service of plate, but this he respectfully declined.

We could give various instances of the manner in which the lairds of Gairloch—always considerate and kind—have been held in the high esteem of their tenants, but Sir Kenneth, especially on his West Coast property, has secured for himself their esteem, and even affection, in a very marked and unprecedented degree.

The History of the Clan Mackenzie, published last year, is inscribed to him by the author "as a slight but genuine acknowledgment of his excellent qualities as a representative Highland Chief and as a generous and benevolent landlord"—qualities which, as he becomes better known, will be universally acknowledged as his in an eminent degree.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

—o—
I.

In this and the succeeding papers on the traditions of my native glen, I shall only select such legends as truthful and trustworthy people used to recite :

Straghlais a chruith Chininn
Cha robh mi ann aineol,
'S ro mhath b' eol dhomh
Gleanncanaich an fheoir.

There is an old tradition in Strathglass that all the inhabitants of the name of Chisholm in the district are descended from a colony of emigrants who left Caithness in troublesome times and located themselves in the Glen. From my earliest recollection I used to hear this story among the people. Some believed, some doubted, and some denied it altogether. In MacIan's sketches of the Highland Clans, there is a short account of the Clan Chisholm and how they settled in the Highlands, by James Logan, F.S.A. Scot., written by him for MacIan when he was a librarian in the British Museum, where he collected the data from which he wrote his admirable history of the "Scottish Gael." Finding the old Strathglass tradition partly, if not wholly substantiated by the following extract from No. 2, page 1, of the joint sketches by MacIan and Logan, let me place it before the reader, that he may judge for himself :—

"Harald, or Guthred, Thane of Caithness, flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century. Sir Robert Gordon gives him the surname of Chisholm; and the probability is, that it was the general name of his followers. He married the daughter of Madach, Earl of Athol, and became one of the most powerful chiefs in the north, where he created continued disturbances during the reign of William the Lion, by whom he was at last defeated and put to death, his lands being divided between Freskin, ancestor of the Earls of Sutherland, and Manus, or Magnus, son of Gillibreid, Earl of Angus. It seems that, from the rigorous prosecution to which the followers of Harald were subjected, they were compelled, as was the case with several other clans in troublous times, to seek for new possessions; and Strathglass offered an eligible position for maintaining their independence. These proceedings occurred about 1220."

This passage treats of one portion only of the traditional exodus of the Chisholms from Caithness, but the old Seanachies in the district used to say that most of the emigrants from Caithness continued their western march until they reached Strathglass. Yet, some remained behind. As a proof of this, it used to be pointed out that families of the name of Chisholm were found located in almost every district between Strathglass and Caithness. It can hardly be supposed that the newly arrived emigrants found Strathglass a land of milk and honey. If tradition is to be relied on, they had to displace a formidable enemy in the powerful Clan Forbes. It would appear that the Forbeses disputed every inch of what they considered to be their own territory with the Chisholms. The fortunes of

war favoured the unwelcome intruders from the east, and their descendants are to this day in possession of Strathglass. If charters or royal grants of land required attestation on sheepskin in those times, tradition is conveniently silent about such "trifling cobwebs." As might be expected the Chisholms had to guard their newly acquired possessions very sedulously. It is alleged that they kept watch and ward on both sides of the river Glass. The precipitous hill on whose ledgy bosom revels, runs, and leaps the famous Alt-na-glas-stig—(this burn was understood to be the headquarters of all the goblins of the glen)—was the watch-tower on the northern side of the strath; and on the opposite rocks of Crochail the sentry for the southern side used to be posted. There was no scarcity of loose pieces of rock or boulders of stone on either of these primitive military stations, and woe be to the enemy passing below while an active line of mountaineers continued to pour down such missiles before, behind, and among them. It is stated that by this sort of guerilla warfare the inhabitants of Strathglass turned back an army without coming to close quarters with them.

It may be inferred that the Clan Forbes looked with a jealous eye on their successors in Strathglass, and small blame to them if they did. Yet the traditions of the district do not reveal any continuous ill-feeling between the two clans. The only incident we heard of the kind among them was a serious affair in the church attached to the Clachan of Comar. In this quarrel, which took place about the middle of the sixteenth century, the principals were Alexander Chisholm and his father-in-law, "big Forbes." The origin of the dispute is not known, otherwise it would be related in the tradition. It appears that this Alexander Chisholm was a man of violent and ungovernable temper. The instant big Forbes saw his son-in-law on this occasion getting into a towering passion he sought safety in flight; the cruel son-in-law gave chase, naked sword in hand, and dealt, as he thought, a mortal blow to sever the head of Forbes from his body. He missed his aim, however, and delivered the blow against a stone forming part of the door archway. The roofless walls of this church are still standing intact, and the incision made by the desperate blow is pointed out to strangers and commented on with execration at all the funerals in the district when people meet; and probably this has been the practice from the time of the occurrence until now. Forbes fled through the churchyard, followed by Chisholm for about a quarter of a mile, until he was caught east of Kerrow, where his brutal son-in-law stabbed him to death. The field where he was assassinated is still called Iomaire an Fhoirbeisich, or Forbes' field.

This barbarous murder would seem to have been the result of a family quarrel. In addition to other crimes, it is said that this Alexander Chisholm forced the wife of one of the Macraes of Kintail to leave her children and an affectionate husband to elope with him. At the time this act took place Macrae was residing at Aridhuagan, on the Letterfearn side of Kintail. The injured man appears not to have harboured any great ill-feeling against his wife, for he sent one of her sons after her to Strathglass, possibly under the impression that having one of her children with her would make her happier in her new situation. This son was worthy of a better preceptor than Chisholm, for he became an excellent member of society, and his descendants ranked among the best tacksmen in Strathglass.

From the "Genealogy of the Macraes," the perusal of which I obtained from the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* since the foregoing was in MS., I find this woman was a daughter of Sir Dugall Mackenzie, "priest of Kintail," and that her husband was Finlay Macrae, whose brother Duncan lived at Crochail, and that it was during a visit to Duncan, her brother-in-law, that she became acquainted with Chisholm. "Sir Dugall's daughter was a very beautiful woman, but probably verified the saying, *Rara concordia formæ atque prudentiæ*; for Alexander Du Chisholm, son of Chisholm of Comar, falling in love with her, could not conceal his passion, but gave cause to people to think that he designed to decoy her from her husband, in so much that Finlay was advised to return with her home, which he did sooner than he otherwise intended. But the aforesaid Alexander Du Chisholm, with some confidants, going privately to Kintail, went the length of Arighugan, where Finlay then lived, and waiting the opportunity of his being from home, carried away his wife, and a young boy, his son, named Christopher, who followed his mother to Strathglass, where he became an able and rich man, and lived all his days. Of him are come the Macraes of Strathglass, and severals in Kintail. Finlay thinking his wife had been privy to the plot, disdained to call her back, and so repudiated her."

It is said this Alexander Chisholm murdered one of the Lovat family in Beinn-bhan, a hill between Giusachan and Glenmoriston. There is a cairn built on the spot to commemorate the tragic event, called Carn-mhic-Shimidh, or Lovat's Cairn. It is said that they were returning home from a battle in the south, and having arrived in sight of Erchless, Chisholm remarked that he could now "perceive Lurga-mhor-Eirchlais, where my brother was murdered." "'S olc an t'am cuimhnichidh so Alastair" (This is a bad time for reminding me of that event), said MacShimidh. "Cha bhi e nis fhèarr an traths" (It will not be better just now), replied the Chisholm. Then began the quarrel that ended fatally for Lovat. The old people of the district assert that men from the Fraser estate were seen in pursuit of the Chisholm, who ran off from his own house in Erchless, one of the Frasers shouting after him—

Seasamh math a Shiosalaich,
Air lar do dhucha thachair thu.

Which means—

Stand fast, Chisholm,
You are in your own country.

This appeal to his pride and manhood stopped him instantly, and his enemies coming up killed him on the spot. It was to avenge the death of his half-brother, the young Chisholm, that Alastair Dubh committed the murder in Beinn-bhan. Enough, however, has been said of this cruel miscreant. What remains to be told is that not one of his descendants is now to be found in the Highlands. And I regret to have to record, in the interests of truth, such misdeeds on the part of a clansman, and to have to mention such a detestable crime on the part of Alastair Dubh Mac-an-t-Siosalaich.

(To be Continued.)

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

—o—
ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

THE CRERARS, AND YOUNG MACIAN OF GLENCO.

In a recent number of the *Celtic Magazine* I observe that one of your correspondents asks for information anent the origin of the name "Crerar." As no one else has, as far as I have seen, volunteered a response to the enquiries of our friend, I give the following version of the matter as I have had it, from men of Breadalbane, which, I am told, is the cradle of the Crerar race.

The first of this name is said to have been a Mackintosh—in hiding for some offences that made him amenable to the penalties of the law. His lurking whereabouts were somewhere on the banks of Lochtay. Closely pursued by the officers of justice, he fled to the village of Acharn, near Kenmore—passed into the meal mill there; and having explained to the miller, whom he knew, the cause of his hasty visit, implored his protection. The miller, a man of ready resource, as the story goes, and who was sifting at the moment the unfortunate fugitive appealed to him, flourished his sieve right over him, and snowed him white from top to toe. To complete this extemporised impersonation he put the sieve into his hands, and bade him play the miller, or miller's man, as occasion might require. Soon his pursuers found their way into the mill; made minute enquiries anent the fugitive, but failed to recognise in the man with the sieve the object of their pursuit. From this incident, which was the means of saving his life, Mackintosh assumed the name of Crerar. *Criathar* is the Gaelic for sieve, and *Criathrar* (Crerar) is the Gaelic for sifter. Mackintosh settled at Lochtayside, married, had a family, and is, I am told, ancestor of those that bear this name, some of whom have since resumed the original surname.

It is not uncommon in the Highlands of Perthshire to meet with individuals who have two surnames. Crerars are Mackintoshes, Maccomies are Andersons, Mactavishes are Campbells, Mackays and Macvicars are Macnaughtons, and the Cairds make Sinclairs of themselves. How to explain this I do not know; unless in unruly times bygone, others besides our acquaintance Mackintosh were forced, as he was by stress of weather, to hide themselves under the mask of an assumed name.

The second query, which is from your Leith correspondent, and which has reference to the sons of Glenco who perished in the massacre, I can only partially answer. As to the second son I have no information to give. But John, the elder of the two, found refuge with the Macdonells of Livisie, near Invermoriston. This Glenmoriston tradition has been embodied in the following stanza of "Oran na Faoighe," by Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston bard:—

Tha Cloinn Iain Ruaidh Libhisie
Rioghail gun mheang;

Thug iad cuid de'n mhir dhomh,
 'S theid inns' air an rānn.
 Tha ceudan de bhliadh'nan
 Bho'n shiolaich iad ann.
 'N oidhche mhòrt bha 'n Gleann-a-comhan
 Bha droch gnothach thall ;
 'S iad a ghlac an t'oighre,
 'S ghabh greim dheth air ball.

Till towards the end of the fifteenth century, Glenmoriston formed part of the princely dominions of the Lords of the Isles and Earls of Ross, and for many generations was held of them by Cloinn-Iain-Ruaidh—a branch of the great Macdonald confederacy. Annually at the Inn of Aonach, in the braes of Glenmoriston, Macianruaidh, their chief or ceanntighe, met the Lord of the Isles to renew their bond of friendship and mutual fidelity, which was done in the primitive style of exchanging shirts. This ceremony constituted Macianruaidh the “Leine-chrios,” or faithful ally of his insular Majesty. But when it was found needful to curtail the almost regal power of these potentates, besides other portions of their territories, they were deprived of Glenmoriston, which was handed over to the Grants of Freuchie. These encroachments on their hereditary rights were resisted by Macianruaidh and his allies ; but they were eventually obliged to yield to the irresistible pressure of circumstances. To conciliate them, John Mor, first of the Grant lairds there, constituted Macianruaidh tutor to his eldest son Patrick Og ; from whom his descendants take the patronymic of Mac'ic-Phatrick. These Livisie Macdonalds were allied by marriage to the House of Glenco. This may account for their prompt and seasonable friendship towards the young chief.

It was during his stay at Livisie that the following incident occurred at a marriage festival. It was the mutton and not the wine which became scarce on the occasion ; and young Macian, who seems to have been a wag as well as a poet, said to his host :—

Iain 'ic Dhomhail o'n t-shian
 A bha fuireach an Libhisie riamh.
 Ged' 's mòr do bhosd ad' chuid gabhar,
 Cha'n fhoghainn iad dhut mar bhia dh.

To which the other replied impromptu :—

A chloinn Iain Ghlinnecomhan,
 Cha d'rinn sibh gnothach math riamh,
 Mharbh sibh Stiubhartaich na h-Apuinn,
 A chionn a bhi tagradh fhiach.
 S thog sibh creach Bhraidalbuinn,
 S bu dubh 's bu shearbh a crìoch.

The last two lines allude to the part the Glenco men had in the fight at Stroinachlachain, near Killin, in which skirmish several cadets of the Breadalbane family were slain. It is said that the connection John Glas, Earl of Breadalbane, is alleged to have had with the massacre, was in resentment of this injury. The above-mentioned Ian-mac Dhomhuil-Macianruaidh, was a poet of merit. A poem by him in praise of “Coiriarraidh,” is not much inferior to Macintyre's “Coirecheathaich.”

The last representative of the Macianruaidhs of Glenmoriston was the late Dr Patrick Macdonell, only son of Captain Duncan Macdonell of Aonach—an eminently accomplished medical officer in the Indian army. He died at Mandalay, where a monument was reared to his memory by the officers of his regiment, by whom he was greatly respected and beloved. The nearest living representative of this ancient sept of the Macdonalds is Patrick Macdonell, Esq., Kinchyle.

There is another Glenmoriston bard—Alastair Mac-Iain-bhain—well-known and deservedly appreciated by his contemporaries; but whose poems are, we fear, almost irrecoverably gone. The only one in print is “Oran an t-Shaighdear,” which will be found in Macpherson’s “Duan-aire.” He composed many others of superior merit. One of them describes in vivid strains the British expedition to Denmark under Lord Cathcart, and the bombardment of Copenhagen. Grant accompanied this expedition. He also composed an elegy on Colonel Grant of Glenmoriston, a composition that shows great bardic ability. His farewell to his native glen, on joining his regiment, is full of pathos and exquisite descriptions of scenery. The following are the only two stanzas that we at present remember:—

Thoir mo shòlas do’n duthaich,
Bithidh mo run dì gu m’ éug.
Far am fàsadh a ghiùbhsach,
An coill smùdain na géig.
Thall ri aodan an Dùnain
Chluinntè thuchan gu réidh,
Moch maduinn na drùchda
An am dùsgadh do’n ghréin.

Gheibhte coilleach ’s lach riabhach
Anns an riasg an Loch Coilleaig.
Coilleach dubh an Ariamlich,
Air bheag iarraidh ’sa choille.
Bhiodh an ruadh-chearc mar gheard air,
’G innse dàn dha ro theine :
’S ach na’n coisneadh i ’m bàs dha
Thug ise gràdh do dh’ fhear eile.

A fickle bird she was.

Grant played his part under Wellington in all his Portuguese and Spanish campaigns—returned home at the close of the war broken by exposure, privations, and wounds; and died at a comparatively early age. The sufferings of a soldier in active service are vividly described by him—and no doubt from painful experience—in “Oran an t-Shaighdear.” He was a true poet, and the productions of his muse, could they be recovered, are well worthy of a place in the Pantheon of our Highland bards.

KENMORE.

ALLAN SINCLAIR.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—“Notes on Caithness History” unavoidably left over. The article by the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, B.D., Strathbraan, on “Ewen Maclachlan’s Translation into Gaelic Verse of the Third Book of the Iliad,” will appear in an early number.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXII.

DECEMBER, 1880.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,
AND
THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

—o—
XIV.

XVI. DONALD GORM MOR MACDONALD, seventh baron of Sleat. Immediately on the succession of this chief he became involved in serious disputes with his neighbours, the Macleans, through the treachery of his own nephew, a desperate character known as "Uistean Mac Ghilleaspuig Chleirich," or Hugh, son of Archibald the clerk. The Chief of Sleat being, in 1585, on a voyage to pay a complimentary visit to his relative, Angus Macdonald of Dunyveg, in Islay, and accompanied by the usual retinue befitting his rank, was forced by stress of weather to take shelter in the Island of Jura, on a part of it belonging at the time to Maclean of Duart. At the same time Uistean Mac Ghilleaspuig Chleirich and a son of Donald Herrach, already referred to as the ancestor of the Macdonalds of Balranald, were by the same cause driven into a neighbouring creek for shelter. Learning that their chief lay so near them, "these vassals," according to Gregory, "carried off, by night, a number of cattle from Maclean's lands and took to sea, in the expectation that Donald Gorme and his party would be blamed by the Macleans for the robbery, and suffer accordingly. Their malicious design, unfortunately, took effect, for in the course of the following night the men of Skye were attacked by a superior body of the Macleans; and, as they apprehended no danger, fell an easy prey to the assailants. Sixty of the Macdonalds were slain, and their chief only escaped the same fate from the circumstance of his accidentally sleeping on board his galley on the night of the attack. He immediately returned to Skye, much exasperated at what he had reason to believe was such an unprovoked attack, and vowed vengeance against the Macleans; feelings which quickly spread amongst all the Macdonalds and their allies. Violent measures of retaliation were immediately resorted to, and carried to such an extent, that, in the month of September, we find the King himself writing to Macleod of Harris, and earnestly requesting that chief to assist Maclean of Duart against the Clandonald, who had

already done much injury to Maclean and his followers, and threatened to do more."* The original letter, which is dated 18th September 1585, is in the Macleod Charter Chest in Dunvegan Castle. All the Macdonalds joined to revenge the insult offered to the Chief of Sleat and the terrible slaughter of his followers for the unscrupulous misdeeds of a character of whose conduct they were as ignorant as they were innocent. Angus Macdonald of Isla became the chief leader in the bloody battles which followed, but he was well backed up by the Chief of Sleat. A very full account of the atrocious acts which followed is given in the "History of the Macleans," but as these refer more particularly to the Macdonalds of Isla, a record of them will more appropriately be given under that head later on.

In the New Statistical Account of the Parish of Kilmuir in Skye, written in 1841 by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., then residing in the parish, we find the following:—"A secret plot was laid to deprive Donull Gorm Mor of his property, which was devised and artfully carried on by his own nephew, Uistean Mac Ghilleaspuig Chleirich (Hugh, the son of Archibald the clerk), who was a very powerful and treacherous man. Seeing that his uncle, Donull Gorm, had no issue, and that the property would, in consequence, devolve upon his elder brother, Donull Gorm Og Mac Ghilleaspuig Chleirich, he resolved to usurp it by power and stratagem. For this purpose he secretly contrived to gain over to his cause as many of the clan as possible, at the same time pretending to his uncle to be on the best possible terms with him. The first preparation for the accomplishment of his schemes was the building of a large tower or castle on the farm of Peinduin, in the adjoining parish of Snizort. This tower, still called 'Caisteal Uistein,' i.e., Hugh's castle, was never entirely finished. It was erected on a rock by the sea-side, and had neither doors nor windows, but was to be entered on the top by means of ladders, which could be pulled up and let down at pleasure. The ruins of this castle are still several feet in height. It is said that Donull Gorm had but little suspicion of his nephew's intrigues until he commenced the building of this unique fortress, which he did under other pretences, by the permission of his uncle. A few years afterwards, however, Donull Gorm had more direct proof of his nephew's intentions. Having had occasion to pay a visit to his kinsman at Dunnyveg, in Isla, he set out from his castle at Duntulm." Mr Macgregor then gives an account of what occurred on the Island of Jura which is pretty much the same as that already quoted from Gregory, and proceeds—"Soon after Donull Gorm's return at that time to his castle of Duntulm, he had a letter from his treacherous nephew Uistean, which was the means of bringing his plots clearly to light. Uistean being in Uist, with a view to procure as many adherents as possible, wrote a letter to one of his confederates in Skye, revealing all his plans, while at the same time he wrote another letter, full of friendly expressions, to his uncle at Duntulm. It is said that, while both letters were closed and sealed, he committed an egregious mistake for his own unrighteous cause, by addressing his confederate's letter to his uncle and *vice versa*; by which awkward oversight Donull Gorm was, from Uistean's own handwriting, led to a

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 230-31.

knowledge of all his schemes. Before the usurper was aware of what he had done, Donull Gorm despatched a messenger to his kinsman and relative, Donull Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais in Uist, to seize Uistean, and bring him prisoner to Duntulm. Without loss of time Donull Mac Iain put his liege-lord's instructions into execution. He resorted to the house where Uistean resided, and as he approached it with a strong retinue of men, the usurper dreading that all was not right, and seeing the impossibility of effecting his escape, had barely time to dress himself in female attire, and to commence grinding with a quern, or hand-mill, at which the inmates had been at the time engaged. The size and masculine appearance of the grinder soon attracted the notice of the party when they entered the house. They laid hold of him, but his great agility and bodily strength, together with his being rendered violent through despair, made it doubtful for a time whether or not the party could retain him. At length, being encumbered with his dress, and unable any longer to defend himself against the men who surrounded him, he was seized, and fastly bound and carried prisoner to the family seat in this parish (Kilmuir). He was cast into the dungeon of the castle, which was a dark, secluded vault on the ground-floor of the edifice, where he was chained in the centre of the apartment. He was fed on salt beef, and when he stretched forth his hand to grasp a covered pitcher which was placed near him, and which he no doubt supposed to contain water, he found it empty! Writhing in agony with thirst, he found neither alleviation nor repose, until death put an end to his sufferings."

Lachlan Mor, Chief of the Macleans, had been able for some time to get the best of the quarrel with the Macdonalds; he on one occasion having put to death no less than five hundred and six of that clan in Isla, and to secure a truce with him Macdonald of Isla had to grant Maclean the half of his Isla territories; whereupon the latter returned to Mull. The Macdonalds generally were highly exasperated, and a powerful league was formed, to revenge their past misfortunes, under Donald Gorm of Sleat, composed of the Macdonalds of Kintyre, Skye, Ardnamurchan, Clanranald, and the subordinate clans of Macneil of Gigha, Macallisters of Loup, and the Macphees of Collonsay, while they had the assistance of Maclean of Borreray, who held his lands of Donald Gorm of Sleat as his feudal superior. This powerful force assembled so suddenly and entered Maclean's territories in Mull that he was quite unprepared to meet them, having no force ready to take the field, and he was obliged to retreat with all the inhabitants of the lower grounds along the sea coast to the mountains, whither they carried all their moveable property, under his immediate command. They encamped at *Lichd Li*. The Macdonalds meanwhile sailed up Loch-nan-gall on the west coast of Mull, and, embarking, marched and pushed forward their outposts within three miles of where the Macleans were encamped. The Macdonalds of Sleat having held such a prominent position in this expedition, the following may be given from the account in "Seanachie's" History of the Clan Maclean. He says:—Lachlan Mor gave strict orders that no one should advance beyond a certain pass, at which it was his intention to dispute the progress of his enemies when they attempted to force it. Contrary to his intentions, however, a bold and spirited youth, Ian an Inner (or John of Innercadell), a son of Maclean of Ardgour, who commanded the detached parties, and

whose bravery on this occasion overmatched his prudence, could not witness the insulting advance of the Macdonalds without some attempt to check them ; he advanced from the post assigned to him, and with a few followers attacked the advanced part at Sron-na-Cranalich ; the result was the loss of almost every individual of his faithful band, one of whom was Allan, son of Maclean of Treshinish, a youth of much promise, and whose death was deeply lamented.

Early the following day the invaders moved forward with intention to attack the Macleans in their position. On the march, and as they were approaching the pass already mentioned, Maclean of Borreray, while marching at the head of his men, was observed to be wrapped in an unusual reverie of thoughtfulness. Sir Donald Macdonald of Slaite, the chief commander of the invaders, and whose immediate follower Borreray on this occasion was, approached him, and inquired of him if the cause of his particularly thoughtful mood did not arise from a reluctance to fight against his clan and kinsmen ; and if so, that he was welcome to fall back into the rear and resign his "post to such as might not be deterred from doing their duty by such treacherous scruples." "*Treacherous scruples,*" replied Maclean, "I entertain not ; more care for *thee* and thy followers makes me in mood melancholy ;" and in a half suppressed tone, as if addressing himself, he added, "That horrid ! and, I fear, ominously fatal dream !" Macdonald, with fearful anxiety, inquired what dream ? "Listen," said Borreray, "you shall hear : at the middle hour of night, as a peaceful slumber came o'er me, a voice distinctly repeated the following lines to me :—

An Lichd-Li Sin, O, Lichd-Li !
 'S am ortsa bheirear an dith !
 'S iad Clann-Ghilleain a bheir buaidh,
 Air an t' shluagh a thig air tir ;
 An Gearna Dubh sin, 's i 'n Gearna Dubh,
 'S ann innte dhoirtear an fhuil ;
 Marbhar an Ridire Ruadh,
 Mu'n teid claidheamh 'n truaille an diugh.

Feared Lichd Lee,* Ah ! dread Lichd Lee !
 Direful are the deeds the fates have doomed on thee ;
 Defeated by the sons of Gilleain the invading multitude shall be,
 On thee Gearna Dubh † streams of blood shall flow ;
 And the bold Red Knight shall meet his death ere a sword is sheathed.

Borreray's dream (the rendering of which into English is only very so and so) worked with the most happy effect upon the superstitious credulity of the red knight of Slaite ; for finding the Macleans in full force and most advantageously posted at the pass of Gearna Dubh (the dreaded spot where the fates had prophesied his downfall), the Macdonalds instantly sounded a retreat, and pursued as they were by the Macleans, aided by the artful but worthy Borreray, who now took his opportunity, accompanied by his followers, to change sides, the best Macdonald was he that could best run. They were, however, overtaken at the very spot where but the day before they landed in high hope of making an easy prey of

* Lichd Lee, the spot where the Macleans were encamped, so named from the ground being partially covered with a pavement of smooth flat rocks.

† A projecting rock or precipice, forming the key of the position occupied by the Macleans.

those before whom they were now flying; and so panic-struck and confused were they that hardly any resistance was made to the merciless attack of the Macleans at the place of embarkation, prodigious numbers being slain without the loss of a single individual on the side of their assailants.

Soon after this the Macdonalds again returned to be revenged on the Macleans, but they were defeated severely at the Island of Bachca, a little south of Kerrera, with a loss of over three hundred Macdonalds, while among a large number of prisoners were Donald Gorm Mor of Sleat, Macian of Ardnamurchan, Macleod of Lewis, and Macphee of Colonsay, while the Macleans are said only to have lost "two common soldiers killed, and one gentleman of the Morvern Macleans wounded." The Macdonalds are said by their enemies to have been 2500 strong while the Macleans only numbered 1200.

The Government now interfered, and Maclean not only had to release his prisoners, but had to give hostages to Macdonald for his future good behaviour. These hostages were afterwards, by proclamation from the Council, to be given up to the young Earl of Argyll or his guardians, and to be conveyed by them wherever his Majesty might direct, until a final settlement of the matters in dispute between the Macdonalds and the Macleans. Macdonald of Isla was promised a pardon for his share in the recent slaughters; and the heads of both clans, with their principal supporters and allies, were charged to remain quiet and abstain "from all conventions or gathering in arms, and from all attacks upon each other; so as not to hinder or disturb his Majesty in his attempts to bring about a settlement of their various disputes."

The King wrote a letter with his own hand, dated 20th April 1587, to the Earl of Huntly regarding the affairs of the Isles, in which he says:—"Right-trusty cousin and councillor, we greet you heartily well. We doubt not but the cruelties and disorders in the Isles these years bygone have greatly moved you, whereanent we intend, God willing, to take some special pains ourself, as well there as in the Borders, where we have been lately occupied. . . . Always fearing that the Islesmen within the bounds of your lieutenancy shall press or make some rising and gathering, before conveniently we may put orders to the matters standing in controversy in the West Isles, we desire you effectuously that with all goodly diligence you send to Donald Gormeson, M'Cloyd of the Lewis, M'Cloyd of the Harrich, the Clanrannald, and others being of power in these parts, willing and commanding them to contain themselves in quietness, and that they forbear to make any manner of convention or gatherings, to the hinder and disturbance of our good deliberations, for we have written effectuously to Angus M'Connell, and have spoken with M'Clane, being here, for the same effect. And so not doubting but you will do what in you lies, that all things remain quiet and in good order within the bounds of your charge, as ye will do us special and acceptable service. Commit you in the protection of Almighty God."*

An important Act of Parliament, commonly known as the "General Band" or Bond, was passed at this time, which made it imperative on all landlords, bailies, and chiefs of clans, to find sureties to a very large

* *Invernessiana*, pp. 245-46.

amount in proportion to their resources and the number of their vassals, for the peaceable behaviour of their followers, and provision was made that if any superior, after having provided the necessary securities, should fail in making immediate reparation for any injuries committed by any of those for whom he was held responsible, the aggrieved party might proceed at law against the sureties for the damage done, and if he failed in reimbursing his securities, he was to forfeit a heavy penalty, in addition, to the crown.

In 1589 we find remissions granted to the Island chiefs for all the crimes committed by them "during the late feud," and among those who were, in consequence, induced to visit Edinburgh to consult with the King and Council "for the good rule of the country," we find Lachlan Maclean of Duart, Angus Macdonald of Isla, and Donald Gorm Mor of Sleat. By a breach of faith which no circumstances can palliate, these three chiefs were, by order of the Government, seized and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, and Maclean of Isla was treacherously brought to trial for the crimes previously pardoned by remissions under the Privy Seal. They were, however, afterwards pardoned, released, and permitted to return home on payment of heavy fines, amounting, according to one authority, to twenty thousand pounds each, under the designation of arrears and crown rents, in addition to other harsh conditions. The pardons were only to remain in force in the event of their fulfilling these harsh conditions in every particular, the King at the same time holding himself free to pronounce sentence of death and forfeiture upon them in case of future disobedience. Isla had to give in to the Council his two sons and one of his nearest relations as hostages, for his appearance on a fixed day, before he was liberated, and even if he did appear as arranged, his hostages were to be detained until his relative, Donald Gorm of Sleat, who was liberated at the same time, should place hostages in the hands of the Council for implementing the conditions of his release, which, in the latter case, was four thousand pounds, under the name of crown rents and feudal-casualties for his lands. John Campbell, of Calder, guardian to the young Earl of Argyll, became surety for the implementing of these conditions by the two Macdonald chiefs, and having, on the application of Bowes, the English Ambassador, found further sureties for their good behaviour towards the Government of Ireland, they were finally liberated. Circumstances followed which led them afterwards to abstain from carrying out the conditions of their release, and finally they placed themselves in open and avowed opposition to the Government. They were consequently, on the 14th of July, charged to appear before the Privy Council to fulfil the conditions of their release, and failing their appearance the pardons previously granted to them were to be declared null, and immediate steps to be taken to forfeit their lands and other possessions, while Isla's hostages, including his two sons, were to be executed. These proceedings were afterwards ratified by a Parliament held in June 1592, when the three estates agreed to assist his Majesty with their "bodies, counsel, and whole force, to make his authority be obeyed by his subjects, and to cause the treasonable and barbarous rebels of the Hielandis and Ilis to be punished and repressed, as they have worthily deserved." To carry this agreement into effect there were produced in Parliament, next year, summonses of treason, duly executed, against Angus Macdonald of Isla,

Donald Gorm of Sleat, John Macian of Ardnamurchan, and others, their associates for certain crimes of treason and lese-majesty committed by them; but the more important proceedings against the Earls of Huntly, Angus, Errol, and other Catholic lords who were at the time plotting with Philip of Spain for the restoration of the Catholic religion in Scotland, prevented the Government from carrying out for the time being their proceedings against the Island chiefs. In June 1594, however, they, along with Maclean of Duart, still remaining contumacious, were forfeited by Parliament. Donald Gorm, little concerned as to this, with Ruairi Mor Macleod of Harris, led 500 each of their followers to Ulster to assist Red Hugh O'Donnell, chief of that ancient branch of the Siol Cuinn, who was at the time engaged in rebellion against the English Queen. After meeting with Red Hugh and enjoying his hospitality, Donald Gorm bade him farewell and returned home, leaving his followers under command of his brother. In the following year we find Donald Gorm and Macdonald of Isla, on the application of the English Ambassador, charged by the Privy Council to desist from assisting the Irish rebels.

The Island chiefs still continued contumacious, and early in 1596, to compel their submission, "the King, by advice both of the Privy Council and of the estates of Parliament then sitting, resolved to proceed against the Islanders in person. A proclamation to this effect was accordingly issued in the month of May, by which all Earls, Lords, Barons, and freeholders worth above three hundred merks of yearly rent, and the whole burgesses of the realm were summoned to meet his Majesty at Dumbarton, on the 1st day of August, well armed, and with forty days' provisions; and likewise provided with vessels to carry them to the Isles. Disobedience to this summons was to infer loss of life, lands, and goods. The effect of this proclamation was soon evident. Maclean and Macdonald of Sleat immediately repaired to Court, and upon making their submission and satisfying the demands of the Exchequer, by agreeing to augment their rents, and to make certain other concessions, were received into favour, and restored against the acts of forfeiture under which they had been for two years. Roderick Macleod of Harris and Donald (Mac Angus) of Glengarry made their submission about the same time."* The original papers connected with Donald Gorm's submission are to be found in the Register House, from which it will be seen that he was on this occasion formally recognised as the heir of Hugh of Sleat, son of John last Earl of Ross, and his own grandfather's great-grandfather.

In 1597 an act of Parliament was passed in reference to the Highlands and Isles. The preamble bears, to quote from Gregory, that the inhabitants of the Highlands and Isles had not only neglected to pay the yearly rents, and to perform the services due from their lands to the Crown, but that they had likewise, through their "barbarous inhumanity," made the Highlands and Isles, naturally so valuable from the fertility of the soil and the richness of the fisheries, altogether unprofitable either to themselves or to their fellow-countrymen. The natives are further described as neither cultivating any "civil or honest society" among themselves, nor admitting others to traffic with them in safety. It was therefore, by this Act, made imperative upon all landlords, chieftains, leaders of clans,

* Gregory's Highlands and Isles, pp. 263-64.

principal householders, heritors, and others possessing, or pretending right to, any in the Highlands and Isles, to produce their various title-deeds before the Lords of the Exchequer upon the 15th day of May 1598. They were further enjoined at the same time to find security for the regular payment of their rents to the Crown, and for the peaceable and orderly behaviour of themselves, and of those for whom, by the law, they were bound to answer, particularly in regard to those individuals desirous of trading in the Highlands and Isles. The penal part of the Act was, however, the most important. "Disobedience to any of the injunctions above detailed," continues the same writer, "was made, by a harsh exercise of the highest powers of Parliament, to infer absolute forfeiture of all titles, real or pretended, which any of the recusants might possess to lands in the Highlands and Isles.* Taking into consideration both the loss of title-deeds, which, in the unsettled state of the country, must have been a very common occurrence—and the difficulty which many even of the most powerful chiefs could not fail to experience, in finding the requisite bail for their peaceable and orderly behaviour, as well as that of their vassals and tenants—it is evident this Act was prepared with a view to place at the disposal of the Crown, in a summary manner, many large tracts of land; affording thus an opportunity to the King to commence his favourite plans for the improvement of the Highlands and Isles. It is not much to the credit of James, that the state papers relating to these projects show clearly that they sprung, not from the higher motives which have made some monarchs the benefactors of mankind, but from the necessity of replenishing an exchequer which had been drained chiefly by his private extravagance and by his excessive liberality to unworthy favourites."

No record has been kept of those who presented themselves in terms of the Act on the 15th of May 1598, but it is known that the islands of Lewis and Harris, and the lands of Dunvegan and Glenelg were declared to be at the disposal of the Crown, though it is undoubted that Roderick Macleod of Harris held unexceptionable titles to the first three named. He, however, managed, after many difficulties, to retain his property; but it was different with the Macleods of Lewis. Donald Gorm of Sleat had only recently obtained a lease of their lands of Troternish, and this district as well as their whole island principality was now forfeited and granted to a company of Lowland adventurers, the principal of whom were the Duke of Lennox, Patrick, Commendator of Lindores; William, Commendator of Pittenweem; Sir James Anstruther, younger of that Ilk; Sir James Sandilands of Slamanno, James Leirmonth of Balcolmly, James Spens of Wormestoun, John Forret of Fingask, David Home, younger of Wedderburn; and Captain William Murray. These, at the same time, received grants of the lands belonging to Macleod of Harris; but they were never able even to occupy them, and it is already known to the readers of "The History of the Mackenzies" in the *Celtic Magazine* how the more interested Island lords—Macleod of Harris, Donald Gorm of Sleat, and Mackenzie of Kintail—ultimately disposed of the Lowland adventurers and the Island of Lewis.

Tyler informs us, after describing the doings at Court, that in 1598

* This Act is given in full in the Transactions of the Iona Club, pp. 157-58.

“the royal mind, relapsing into sobriety, turned to the Isles and Donald Gorm Macdonald. This potent Highland chieftain had recently made advances to Elizabeth; and it is not uninteresting to remark the stateliness with which a prince among the Northern *Vikingr* approached the English Semiramis. He styles himself Lord of the Isles of Scotland, and Chief of the Clan Donnel Irishmen; and after a proud enumeration of the petty island princes and chiefs who were ready to follow him in all his enterprises, he offered, upon certain, ‘reasonable motives and considerations,’ to embrace the service of the Queen of England, and persuade the Isles to throw off all allegiance to the Scottish Crown. He and his associates were ready, they declared, on a brief warning, to stir up rebellion throughout all the bounds of the mainland, to ‘fasche’ his Majesty, and weary the whole estates; to create a necessity for new taxation, and thus disgust all classes of his subjects. To induce Elizabeth to embrace these proposals, Donald informed the Queen that he knew the secret history of the Scottish King’s intercourse with her arch-rebel Tyrone, and could lay before her the whole intrigues of the Catholic Earls lately reconciled to the kirk, but ‘meaning nothing less in their hearts than that which they showed outwardly to the world.’ He would disclose also, he said, the secret practices in Scotland; and prove with what activity the Northern Jesuits and seminary priests had been weaving their meshes, and pushing forward ‘their diabolical, pestiferous, and anti-Christian courses; which he, Donald Gorm Macdonald, protested before God and his angels he detested with his whole soul. All this he was ready to do upon ‘good deservings and honest courtesies,’ to be offered him by the Queen of England; to whose presence he promised to repair upon a moment’s warning.”* The same author continues, “What answer was given by the English Queen to these generous and disinterested proposals does not appear; although the letter of Donald Gorm, who made it, is marked in many places by Burghley with the trembling hand of sickness and old age. It is probable that under the term ‘honest courtesies,’ more substantial rewards were found to be meant than Elizabeth was willing to bestow; and that the perpetual feuds, massacres, and conspiracies which occurred amongst these Highland chiefs and their followers disgusted this Princess, and shook her confidence in any treaties or alliances proposed by such savage auxiliaries.”†

In 1599 another commission of lieutenantndry over the Isles and West Highlands was granted to the Duke of Lennox, who had meanwhile been under a cloud and again restored into favour. The inhabitants are described as being guilty of the grossest impiety and the most atrocious barbarities. In 1601 another commission was granted to Lennox and Huntly, but they appear to have taken no active steps to bring the Islanders under subjection. In the same year the attention of the Government was, at this time, occupied, apart from the civilization of the Lewis and Kintyre and the general measures proposed for the improvement of the Isles, by a sudden quarrel, followed by much bloodshed and various desolating inroads, between the two great chiefs in the Isle of Skye, Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat and Ruairi Macleod of Dunvegan. Donald Gorm had married Macleod’s sister; but owing to some

* MS. in the state-paper-office, endorsed by Burghley “Donald Gorm Macdonald, March 1598.”

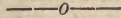
† *History of Scotland*, vol. iv., p. 267.

jealousy or other cause of displeasure conceived against her, he repudiated that lady. Macleod being informed of this, was highly offended, and sent a message to Donald Gorm desiring him to take back his wife. This the latter refused; and on the contrary set about procuring a legal divorce, in which he succeeded, and immediately afterwards married a sister of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail. Macleod, in the first transports of his resentment at this indignity, assembled his clan and carried fire and sword through Macdonald's district of Troternish, in Skye. The Clandonald, in revenge, invaded Harris, which island they laid waste in a similar manner, killing many of the inhabitants and carrying off the cattle. This retaliation roused the Macleods to make a foray upon Macdonald's estate of North Uist, and, accordingly they sailed from Skye towards that island; and, on arriving there, the Chief sent his kinsman, Donald Glas Macleod, with forty men to lay waste the island, and to bring off from the church of Kiltrynad the cattle and effects of the country people, which, on the alarm being given, had been placed there for safety. In the execution of these orders Donald Glas was encountered by a celebrated warrior of the Clandonald, nearly related to their chief, called Donald MacIan Mhic James, who had only twelve men with him. The Macdonalds behaved with so much gallantry on this occasion that they routed their opponents and rescued the cattle, Donald Glas and many of his men being killed. The Chief of Dunvegan, seeing the ill success of this detachment, and suspecting that a larger force was at hand, returned home meditating future vengeance. These spoliations and incursions were carried on with so much inveteracy that both clans were carried to the brink of ruin; and many of the natives of the districts thus devastated were forced to sustain themselves by killing and eating their horses, dogs, and cats. At length, in the year 1601, while Ruairi Macleod was absent seeking assistance from the Earl of Argyll against his enemies, the Macdonalds invaded Macleod's land in Skye in considerable numbers, wishing to force on a battle. The Macleods, under Alexander, the brother of their chief, took post on the shoulder of the Coolins (a very high and rugged mountain or ridge of hills in Skye), and did not decline the contest. After a fierce and obstinate combat, in which both parties fought with great bravery, the Macleods were overthrown. Their leader, with thirty of their choicest warriors fell into the hands of the victors; and two of the chief's immediate relations and many others were slain. The Privy Council now interfered to prevent further mischief. The Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Argyll, and all others, were prohibited from giving assistance to either of the contending parties; whilst the chiefs themselves were ordered to disband their forces and to quit the island in the meantime. Macleod was enjoined to give himself up to the Earl of Argyll, and Macdonald to surrender himself to Huntly, and both were strictly charged, under the penalty of treason, to remain with these noblemen till the controversy between them should be settled by the King and Council. A reconciliation was at length effected between these chiefs by the mediation of Angus Macdonald of Isla, Maclean of Coll, and other friends; after which the prisoners taken at "the battle of Benquhillin" were released; and ever after these clans refrained from open hostility, and submitted their disputes to the decision of the law.*

(To be Continued.)

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 292-297.

JOHN MORRISON, OF THE LEWIS.



MANY bad and desperate characters infested the West Highlands, but a man named John Morrison, who dwelt at Habost, in the parish of Ness, Island of Lewis, was accounted to be the most daring and cruel of them all. The Morrisons were at that time very powerful in the Lewis in regard to numbers, while they were at the same time exceedingly cunning. Their chief stronghold was the parish of Ness. John Morrison, bold, daring, and cruel, was the scourge of the Outer Hebrides. He first began his disputes by a quarrel with his neighbours, the Macaulays of Uig and the Macleods of the Lewis, about marches and other comparative trifles, which he invariably finally decided by a bloody battle; but in course of time he became bolder, and proceeded to lay waste the Island of Harris, and even a portion of the mainland, and to butcher defenceless women and children in cold blood, carrying off cattle, horses, and every portable article he could lay his thievish hands on. At last it happened that his brother, Donald Ban Mor, was slain in a battle with the Macaulays. This was the climax. John was so enraged, that he collected around him a considerable body of wild fellows like himself, and, vowing to take a terrible revenge, he marched into Uig, and had not Macaulay called in the assistance of Macleod, nothing would have been left him but smoking villages.

Intoxicated by his success in Uig, Morrison now proceeded to Harris, devastating the land and putting the inhabitants to death. At the Caws of Tarbert, however, he was met by Macleod of Harris, and his band was completely routed, whilst he himself was compelled to seek safety in flight. Macleod made many vain attempts to capture him, but without avail. Once, indeed, he nearly had him, but Morrison escaped to the hills of Lewis. This disappointment annoyed Macleod so much that he offered a considerable reward for his apprehension, dead or alive. This incited Morrison to commit greater acts of violence. One winter evening he made an attack upon Marrig house, where young Macleod resided, but although Macleod had no lack of men, he wisely refused John's challenge to come out and fight him. Upon this refusal, Morrison set fire to all the houses in the neighbourhood, and carried off all the cattle that he could seize. The inhabitants, upon his advance, had fled to the hills, so that they escaped with their lives, but their houses were burnt, and their cattle carried away.

Macleod now determined to get hold of Morrison at any price. He therefore levied a large body of men, composed of his own retainers and the Macaulays of Uig, and, having marched to Ness, surrounded Morrison's house. The latter, however, manfully defended the house, having at the time a guard of thirty men, but at length, seeing that half of these had been put *hors-de-combat*, he made a desperate charge, and attempted to break through his enemies, and his charge was so fierce and so unexpected, that he succeeded, but he was soon caught, and led off to Rodel, there to await his fate.

Macleod arrived at Rodel with his prisoner at midnight, and shut him

up in the Tigh-Mhail, a strong building near the big house, and consigned him to the care of a strong guard. He then sent messengers through all his territories, ordering all his vassals and tenants to attend on the occasion of Morrison's execution at Rodel. At four o'clock next afternoon an immense number of people had assembled at Tom-na-Croich to witness his ignominious fate; but on some of the Macleods entering the Tigh-Mhail to bring out the prisoner, no prisoner was there. In fact, to use a well-known proverb, "The bird had fled." A search was at once instituted, but no trace of the fugitive could be found.

For a while after this the Harris men had peace from the plundering of Morrison, but about a year after his escape he again made his appearance in company with a band of ruffians, when Macleod of Harris was one day feasting with his kinsman, Macleod of Amhuinsuidh, and he attacked the house in which they were enjoying themselves. Macleod, however, had a large number of men about him at the time, and resisted bravely. But in spite of all his men and his own bravery, Macleod was pressed so hard that he was about to give in, when a circumstance occurred which completely turned the tables. The din of battle had been heard at Hushinish on one side, and at Tolmachan on the other, upon which the inhabitants of these townships, knowing that something was wrong, sent a strong body of men to the assistance of Macleod, and with these reinforcements he soon routed the Morrisons, who retreated with great slaughter, closely followed by the victors. But again Morrison escaped. Soon after, however, he again returned to Harris, and went on plundering as before.

Macleod at last applied to the Privy Council for aid, and soon obtained a warrant against the Lewis riever. But although assisted by Macaulay of Uig, he failed to apprehend him.

Macleod of Luskintyre had an only daughter, an heiress, called Catherine, whom he dearly loved, and having a notion that he should die early, he made an agreement with Donald Macleod of Hushinish, his brother, that if he (Luskintyre) should die ere Catherine married, Hushinish would take charge of her. He died soon after, and Hushinish, faithful to his trust, adopted Catherine, and brought her up in a manner befitting her rank. Catherine had not been long at Hushinish when she fell in love with John Macleod of Borve, a young man well worthy of her hand.

On a certain rent day, John Morrison with his band, suddenly burst into Hushinish. Most of the inhabitants were away cutting peats, so Morrison met no resistance in the execution of his project. He carried off Catherine, and was away with his prize before the alarm could be raised. If they had carried away the whole stock of Hushinish it would not have made Macleod so miserable as he was when he heard how his niece had been kidnapped. He was quite stunned.

Macleod of Harris was at once informed of the affair, and immediately invaded the parish of Ness, but no trace of Morrison or his captive could be found, and the only result of the invasion was the spilling of more blood and the loss of several brave men. Hushinish was now almost mad with grief, but not so much so as Macleod of Borve, who did nothing but wring his hands in lamentation. "Catherine! Catherine! oh, my dear Catherine, what shall I do for thee," he cried aloud. He con-

tinued in this state for days. At last, Macleod of Harris sent a messenger to Ness, that unless Catherine was sent back to Hushinish within ten days, he would destroy every Morrison in the land. To this threat the Morrisons answered that no harm was intended to the heiress, and that she should be returned safe and sound as soon as John Morrison obtained a pardon for his past offences, but that if Macleod persisted in his threat, Catherine would be slain. Macleod, at last, finding no other means, fair or foul, of regaining her, agreed to this arrangement, and having obtained a pardon from the Privy Council and sent it to Morrison, Catherine was at once restored to her friends. She had been treated with every respect and kindness while in Morrison's hands, and when the search had been instituted by Macleod, she and her captor were out of harm's way on the island of Rona. When Morrison had received his pardon, and restored Catherine, he settled down in Ness, gave up his raiding life, and ultimately died as Judge of the Island of Lewis.

Shortly after her return Catherine married her lover, Macleod of Borve, and lived long and happily, having many children, many of whose descendants are still in Harris.

MAC IAIN.

FEDERATION OF CELTIC SOCIETIES.—At the last meeting of this Association the Committee appointed to refute the statements made by Messrs Ross and Syme, two of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, anent Teaching in Gaelic Schools, in recent reports to the Education Department, have, after many months delay, come up without any real report, beyond a simple reproduction of a part of Mr Jolly's report to the Department, published in these pages several months ago. Will not outsiders, though quite erroneously, come to the conclusion that no satisfactory reply could have been made, simply because the Federation was unable to prepare one? The Inspectors boldly stated, in effect, in official reports, in addition to their objections to Gaelic Teaching, that no Gaelic literature existed worthy of the name. Such a statement as that, coming from two Gaelic-speaking Inspectors, demanded notice, and ought to have been refuted by the Federation; and the fact of their not doing so will be construed by the enemies of Gaelic as an admission of the charge. The Federation had a splendid opportunity to do some real service, and it is a great pity that they took no advantage of it. We heartily approve of the action taken, at the request of the patriotic Highlanders of Hebburn, in protesting against a change in the designation of the Highland Regiments which would simply denationalise them and rob them of a splendid inheritance. We are also in complete sympathy with the following resolutions, passed unanimously, in reference to the cruel proceedings in process of being carried out by the paper laird of Leckmelm:—

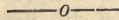
(1.) "That this Federation express their deepest sympathy with the people of Leckmelm who are about to be evicted from their lands and tenements by the proprietor, who has recently acquired these lands by purchase.

(2.) "That the Federation are of opinion that this compulsory removal of people, who are innocent of any crime, and have not refused to pay the annual rent demanded of them, is not only unwarrantable in law, but cruel in the extreme, and deserving of the reprobation of all who are interested in the welfare of their fellow countrymen.

(3.) "That this Federation earnestly urge on their constituents to memorialise the Home Secretary on the subject, and where practicable, hold public meetings without delay, to give expression to their views on the question.

(4.) "That the Federation, warmly appreciating the services rendered by the Rev. J. Macmillan to their countrymen at Leckmelm, as well as to the general question involved in this action by his public advocacy of their cause, hereby tender to him their warmest thanks, and remit to the following committee to prepare an address and forward the same:—Messrs William Sutherland, H. Whyte, H. C. Gillies, and A. Sutherland."

EVAN MACCOLL—THE "BARD OF LOCHFYNE."



DURING a visit last year to Canada the writer had the great pleasure of spending a few days with Evan Maccoll in his happy home, Kingston, Ontario. The agreeable impressions made upon him, and the manner in which he enjoyed himself with "Clarsair nam Beann," or the "Mountain Minstrel," and his interesting family, is already known to the reader. While it would be agreeable again to go over the same ground, our purpose at present is to give a sketch of his career, from his youth upwards, as a man and a poet; and with that object we must, without further preliminaries, proceed.

Evan Maccoll was born on the 21st September 1808 (not 1812, as stated in "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry"), at Kenmore, Lochfyne-side—a farm situated on the banks of that famous Loch, about five miles west from Inveraray, Argyshire, and at the time in the joint occupation of several tenants, the poet's father, Dugald Maccoll, being one of them. The bard, who was the youngest but one of a family of six sons and two daughters, was fortunate in having for his father one who, in addition to many other excellent qualities, was famed far and near for the possession of the richest store of Celtic song of any man living in his part of the country. His home became, in consequence, the common resort of those in the district who delighted in such things, and long and frequent were the winter *ceilidhs* at his house to listen to him singing Gaelic song after song—especially the Jacobite lays of such favourite minstrels as *Mairi nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, Alexander Macdonald, and Duncan Bàn Macintyre, every line of whose compositions he could repeat from memory, and in a manner well calculated to attract and captivate the rustic audience congregated round his hospitable fireside. He had a keen and genuine appreciation of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery which adorned his native land; and it was charming to hear the bard relating his recollections of how, when a mere boy, his father had made him familiar with the best positions in the neighbourhood of his home from which to view to advantage any scene of more than ordinary attraction—a circumstance which, no doubt, tended to implant in the mind of the future poet that love of Nature which afterwards found such mellifluous expression in his "Address to Loch Lomond;" his "Sonnets descriptive of Lochawe," which appeared in these pages; his "Loch Duich," and many more of his most beautiful and best descriptive poems.

Dugald Maccoll, possessed of a manly presence, fine personal appearance and great natural intelligence, was received among, and lived on close terms of intimacy with, men who moved in a sphere of social life far above his own, and was in consequence able to procure the use of books, otherwise quite inaccessible, for his children; for Parish Libraries in those days were things undreamt of. Nothing delighted him more than to see the patriot flame fanned in the bosom of his young family by the perusal of such books as Blind Harry's Metrical Life of Sir William Wallace, the Life of Hannibal, Baron Trench's Autobiography, and other works of a similar character. He was descended from an old family—

the Maccolls of Glasdrum—a family in which resides, it is said, the chiefship of his clan, and a small but heroic branch of the race of Somerled of the Isles. He possessed superior natural endowments—physical as well as mental—and was reputed to be altogether as fine a specimen of the Highlander as could be found in the whole county of Argyll in his day. He delighted to wear the Highland dress, and continued to do so at least as a holiday dress, long after it had ceased to be so used by any other of the adult population of his native parish.

In his mother, Mary Cameron, a daughter of Domhnull mor a Gharbh-choirre—in his day a man of considerable mark in the district of Cowall—the bard was scarcely less fortunate. She was noted for her storehouse of traditional tales, legendary and fairy lore, and withal she was thoroughly familiar with her Bible, and led a life of much active benevolence; and for her memory the bard cherishes the most tender filial feelings and affection. She is also said to have been somewhat of an improvisatrice, and her leanings in this direction, coupled with her frequent exercise of the gift, gave a bent and tone to the boy mind which time, an ardent soul, and carefully directed thought have fully developed, if not perfected in the man.

John Mackenzie, in his “*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Gaelic Bards*,” informs us that the poet’s “*parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth.*” Of the bard himself, with whom he was intimately acquainted, the same writer says:—“*At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast.*” He “*however greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father’s fire-side denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.*” The same author continues:—“*His father, Dugald Maccoll, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor’s stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author’s poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. Maccoll bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works, he was thus put in possession of were the “*Spectator*,”*

'Burns's Poems,' and the 'British Essayists.' He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view; his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist. Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners."

The means taken for the publication of this first effort, as related to us by the poet himself while his guest in Canada, is worth telling. The bards were not at the time held in high esteem in his native district, and this fact, of which he was well aware, coupled with the subject and nature of the song, made him unwilling to make it known even among his most intimate friends. He, however, felt conscious that his effort possessed some small merit, and was anxious to submit it to the local critics, which he did in the following manner:—Taking into his confidence a young friend, who was an excellent song-singer, Evan taught him his first attempt, without however letting him so far into the secret as to name the author. The same evening a *ceilidh* "of lads and lasses" was held in the house of a poor widow who lived rent-free on the farm of Kenmore—that on which our bard was born—and Evan's friend engaged to sing the song during the evening, while the bard decided to remain outside, and hear, through the chinks and crevices with which the walls of the primitive domicile was pretty freely riddled, not only the singing of the song but the criticism which was sure to follow. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, waiting the result, which to him was of the utmost consequence. The song was sung; it was received with loud and unanimous applause, and its unknown author, whom every one became anxious to discover, was praised without stint. Evan heard the whole; he felt himself a bard, and became supremely happy, and the genius of which this was the first-fruit broke forth from that moment with the result so well known to the lovers of genuine poetry throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever Highlanders are located, and to all of whom the name of Evan Maccoll is long since a household word.

Of his educational opportunities in early life the bard, in a letter recently received from him, gives the following interesting account:—

"My earliest schoolboy days were spent in a most miserable apology for a school existing quite close to where I lived, and conducted by a dominie of whose scholastic acquirements you may judge from the fact that he was content to be paid for his services at the rate of £10 per annum, besides board and lodging—the last being secured to him at the expense of a constant round of house to house billeting, one day at a time for each child attending school. Here, in a building little better than a hovel, and where the discipline was such as I even now shudder to think of, I first learned to master the A B C, the ab abs, and so forth. This important preliminary being once through, I, in common with all little ones of similar standing, were made to grope our way through the Shorter Catechism—the English version, mind you—for to be taught at that stage of our progress to read a word of Gaelic was a thing never dreamt of. So much for our First Book of Lessons! Our next was the Book of Proverbs, then the

New Testament, and afterwards, the Old—all in English, of course, and the same as Greek to most of us. These were followed by some English Collection, or it might be Goldsmith's History of Rome, on the part of children whose parents could afford to buy such books; and where that could not be done, I have known an odd volume of Dean Swift's writings doing duty instead! Last of all came in the Gaelic Psalm-book for such of us as might wish to attain to a knowledge of reading our native tongue. When it is considered how very little English any of us knew, I think it must be allowed that a total reversal of all this would have been the infinitely-more sensible procedure. In those days, and in such schools, a boy caught speaking a word of Gaelic was pretty sure to be made to mount the back of some one of his sturdier schoolmates, and then, moving in a circuit around the master, tawse in hand, get his hips soundly thrashed. You may well guess what a terror was inspired by such a mode of punishment in the case of little urchins wearing the kilt, as most, if not all of us, then did. Another barbarous mode of forcing us to make English our sole vehicle of speech at school was, to make all trespassers on that rule carry on their breasts, suspended by a *gad* made to go round the neck, the skull of some dead horse! and which he was by no means to get rid of until some other luckless fellow might be overheard whispering a word in the prohibited tongue. How Highland parents, with the least common sense, could approve of all this is to me now inexplicable. Little wonder if, under such circumstances, we could often devoutly wish that the Saxon and his tongue had never existed! It is to be hoped that no such foul, short-sighted means of killing off my good mother tongue are still allowed to exist in any part of the Highlands. If it must die—though I see no good reason why it should—let it have at least a little fair play in the fight for its life.

“The nearest Parish School being separated from my father's house by a considerable extent of rough moorland, which made his children's attendance there a thing scarcely to be thought of, it was lucky for me that, after picking up all the little knowledge possible at the school just described, my father, while on a visit to some relations in Appin, there fell in with and engaged as a teacher in our family a young man, to whom I am indebted for almost all the education, worthy of the name, ever received by me during my schoolboy days. My worthy tutor had been for several years a teacher under the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands, but was, at the time of making this engagement with my father, waiting for a promised situation as book-keeper in one of Mr Malcolm of Pottaloch's estates in Jamaica, to which island, after a year spent with us, he went, and where within a period of two short years he died. Poor Alexander Mackenzie Macleod—for that was his name—was a man of rare, ripe Celtic scholarship—a man who well merited being held by me in most loving remembrance.”

Maccoll's mind is of a peculiarly delicate and sensitive texture, and the strongest impression of his early childhood still remaining, he informs us, is his recollection of his extreme sensitiveness to pain inflicted on any creature even among the lower animals. This characteristic peculiarity of his nature made the day usually set apart for killing the “Mullag gheamhraidh,” or any other occasional victim necessary to furnish the household with animal food, to him a day of special horror and anguish,

On all such occasions it became necessary to send him out of the way until the necessary proceedings were over. It led him also, often at the expense of much rough treatment from boy companions older than himself, to become a regular little knight-errant in the defence of his favourite wild birds and their brood from the harrying propensities so common to most boys ; and a lapwing could not more successfully wile away from her nest the searcher after it than he often did from their mark the would-be-despoilers of some poor robin's *cuach*, as yet undiscovered by them. With a boy so constituted, we may well believe him when he writes in his poem on "Creag-a-gharaidh," given to the public a few years ago, that

These were the days a planet new
 Would joy its finder less than *there* I
 To find some blackbird's nest, known to
 Myself alone in Creag-a-gharrie.

Like most Highland boys brought up in rural life, Maccoll was early trained to all the various duties and labour incidental to that sphere of life—the spade, the plough, and the sickle being, for many years, implements far more familiar to him than the pen. The herring fishing season in Lochfyne was also to him for several years of his early manhood a period of more than ordinary activity—himself and his wherry, "Mairi Chreag-a-gharaidh," the praises of which have been already sounded in excellent Gaelic verse in these pages, being generally foremost in opening the fishing campaign, and seldom missing a fair share of its spoils. And, further, his father, in addition to the labour demanded by the cultivation of his small holding at Kenmore, was seldom without a road contract of some kind or another on hand, generally the making or repairing of roads within the policies of the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray. During the last ten years of the father's residence in Scotland, before emigrating to Canada, in 1831, he held a contract for keeping a considerable stretch of the county roads in repair, to which he confined himself exclusively in that particular department. These repairs were usually carried on during the winter, and the bard and his brothers had to work along with the other labourers employed ; thus making the whole year to them one unceasing round of hard and active labour. The bard was thus employed for several years—years however during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed.

Through the influence of Mr Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr Campbell of Islay, Evan Maccoll obtained an appointment in the Liverpool Custom House, a situation which he continued to hold until he emigrated to Canada, as we shall hereafter describe.

We shall next deal with his literary labours and his career in Canada, after which we shall give extracts from an interesting diary kept by him during a tour in the Highlands in 1838-39, a copy of which we are fortunate enough to possess.

A. M.

(To be Continued.)

THE HISTORY OF CLAN CHATTAN, by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, is about ready for delivery to Subscribers.

NOTES ON CAITHNESS HISTORY.

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No. IV.

THE KEITHS AND THE GUNNS.

BEFORE concluding the subject of Auldwick Castle, it may be interesting to consider why the term *Auld* should have been applied to the name of the castle, in contradistinction to the name of its supposed more juvenile neighbour—Wick. Assuming that Auldwick had been inhabited some time before Wick, why should the prefix *Auld* have been used? If Auldwick had been the older and original name, would it not have been more natural that the younger neighbour should have adopted some distinctive name to distinguish it from its more ancient rival? In any view it may be supposed that there would have been no occasion for the use of the prefix until some rival had started up ready to deprive the old keep of its good name; and was it at such a juncture that it assumed a name for the purpose of protecting its ancient character? There is no doubt that for centuries past it has been known as Auldwick or Oldwick, but on account of the situation of the castle, and for other reasons, some parties are inclined to believe that the original name was *Altwick*, and that in course of time it became converted into Auldwick. Mr Miller, the late Town-Clerk of Wick, had seen several writs dated at *Altwick*. But possibly Wick may claim as ancient a history as Auldwick, for we find in the pages of the Orkneying Saga and of Torfaeus that between the years 1142 and 1149 Roynvald, Earl of Orkney, arrived in Caithness, and was entertained at Wick by a husbandman “named Sveinn, the son of Harold, a very brave man.” In connection with the point under consideration, it may be mentioned that several centuries ago *Auld* was a surname in the district. Early in the fifteenth century a man named Auld had some property in Wick, and the deed connected with the subjects is at present in the charter-chest of the Earl of Caithness at Barrogill Castle. A century or two afterwards we find the name changed to *Oal*, but for many years back it has resumed the form in which it originally appeared.

And likewise before leaving the subject of Ackergill Tower, it may be not out of place that the testimony of the Rev. Mr Pope of Reay should be given as to the condition of that old tower. In his appendix to Pennant's Tour in Scotland, he writes:—“Not far from it”—Girnigo—“stood the Castle of Akergil, built by Keith, Earl Mareschal; but this place is now rendered a most beautiful and convenient seat by Sir William Dunbar of Hemprigs, the proprietor. In the old tower is the largest vault in the North of Scotland, beautified with elegant lights and plaistering by Sir William, so that it is now the grandest room in all this part of the country.”

Having already referred to the Keiths of Ackergill, we must now narrate some of their actings in the county. In doing this it brings us at once into contact with the Clan Gunn. Skene scarcely puts the people of this name on a level with the Clans, but generally speaking they have always been recognised as such, though, perhaps, belonging to the minor class. Nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, they formed a clan, and

one exceedingly well known in the counties of Sutherland and Caithness. It is of Norse origin, and descended from Gunnus, whose name it has all along borne. On the other hand, it has been maintained that Gunnus was descended from the Norwegian Kings of the Isle of Man, but the weight of authority leans to the account given by Torfaeus. However, it is not our intention in treating of the Gunns and their doings in Caithness to discuss the origin assigned to them, either in the Chronicles of the Isle of Man, or the writings of Torfaeus. Suffice it to say, that the Gunns played a very conspicuous part in early Caithness history, in so far as internal feuds and battles were concerned. Gunnus was the brother of the celebrated pirate named Sweyn or Suennius. Their father's name was Olaus Rolfi. He held the office called "Prefecturae de Dungaldsbus," under the Earl of Orkney, and was killed at Duncansbay by Aulver Rosti, a grandson of Frakirk, who lived at Kildonan, in the county of Sutherland. When the wife of Olaus heard of the murder of her husband she fled with her two sons, Sweyn and Gunnus, to Orkney. On the sons attaining manhood ample vengeance was taken on the murderers of their father. Sweyn led a very remarkable career, while Gunnus likewise became well known in the northern parts of Scotland. It would appear from Torfaeus that Gunnus married a grandchild of Earl Ronnald, and that their son Suekollus claimed the half of Orkney and the half of Caithness in right of his mother. Earl John would not, however, give him the lands to which he was entitled by succession, and in consequence a strong animosity existed between them. One night while in Thurso Earl John made up his mind to attack the party of which Suekollus formed one, but the latter taking time by the forelock attacked Earl John, with the result that on finding the Earl they dispatched him, having stabbed him nine times. This took place in the year 1231. The Earl led a very unprincipled life, and the writer of a foot-note in a translation of Torfaeus remarks—"He got a remission from the King of Scotland, but the King of the Universe punished him in this life." Suekollus appears to have been at the Court of King Hacon of Norway on account of the murder of Earl John; and having been deprived of his Orkney possessions by that King, he came to his Caithness estate, and resided at Ulbster, in the parish of Wick. He was afterwards known as "the Great Gunn of Ulbster." In the course of time the Gunns increased in numbers, and held lands in the Highlands of the parishes of Latheron and Halkirk, as well as along the Caithness coast at Mid-Clyth and Bruan. The Gunns had the name of being a powerful and hardy race, while there is an old tradition to the effect that they were "the bravest, most handsome, and best looking men in the North of Scotland." They were by no means very particular about holding their lands by parchment, so long as they could retain them by the sword. Hence the reason that there is very little trace of them in old deeds or registers. A chief on his deathbed at Braemore presented his sword to his son as the title-deed to the estate, remarking that when the son failed to retain the estate by the sword he did not deserve to have any. Another chief boasted that on the top of Morven he would cause his voice to be heard in Sutherland and Caithness, as well as in the Reay country. In Robertson's Index it appears from a charter of the reign of King David I, that "Inghram Guyn" was a witness along with Renold Cheyne.

Early in the history of the clan, their stronghold was evidently at Clyth; and it has been repeatedly stated by different writers that the Clan Gunn had a castle at Clyth called Haberry, or the Crowner Gunn's Castle; but the fact is there were two castles in the Clyth district belonging to the Gunns—one at Mid-Clyth, called Haberry, or the Crowner Gunn's Castle; and the other at East Clyth, called Castle Gunn, the distance between them being about a mile and a half. The situation of Haberry is somewhat like that of Auldwick Castle. None of its walls are now standing, although traces of the foundations may be easily seen. The castle was built on a tongue of land, as in the case of Auldwick, while an artificial ditch cut in the rock protected the castle on the land side. There were small outlying buildings to the north of the castle, no doubt for the use of retainers and dependants. A small portion of the walls of Castle Gunn is still standing, but this building was apparently not so extensive as the former, but it no doubt proved of advantage to such a warlike race as the Gunns were in former times.

The proximity of the lands of the Gunns to those of the Keiths was not the cause of the long and bitter feuds that continued between them, but a love matter seems to have been the origin of their quarrels, which resulted in revenge, then so customary that it required time and blood to efface. Dugald Keith of Ackergill, who superintended the Caithness possessions of the Earl Mareschal, in one of his journeys either going from or returning to the county, happened to meet Helen Gunn, the only daughter of Lachlan Gunn, a small proprietor in Braemore. He became so captivated with her that he made proposals not of a very honourable character, which she at once spurned, as she had a sweetheart of her own whom she loved from infancy, and whom she had vowed to wed, in the person of Alexander Gunn, a kinsman of her own. But the spirit of the time was dark and cruel, and what Keith could not accomplish by fair means he resolved to carry out by those of a foul character. In short, he made up his mind to carry away the "Beauty of Braemore" against her own will and that of her lover and relatives. The following verses on the subject by Mr Calder, the Caithness poet, are written with great taste:—

The harp that has rung with the strains of the fight,
Shall to beauty and love be devoted to-night;
For the maiden is wed, that we all did adore—
The pride of our valley, the flower of Braemore.

Tho' here we are all full of joy and delight,
There are hearts in the glen that are breaking to-night,
And many a sigh, from the sad bosom wrung,
Is heaving for Helen, the charming and young.

The Keith in the Lowlands, that dastard abhorred,
For the loss of the maiden may brandish his sword;
But we mind not his threats—let him come to Braemore,
And we will give him a taste of the Highland claymore!

May the choicest of blessings descend from above
On the gallant young man and his dear lady love;
And long may they flourish in beauty and pride,
Like the ash and the birch on yon green mountain-side.

Keith being void of all principle, mustered his men, surrounded the house of Lachlan Gunn on the wedding-night, took violent possession of Helen,

killed her lover and her friends, and thereafter carried away the fair Helen to Ackergill Tower. The site of Lachlan's house is still pointed out, and there is little doubt that a dastardly act such as we have described roused the wrath of the Gunns to such an extent that many an innocent kinsman lost his life in avenging the wrongs of Helen Gunn. But Helen could not tolerate the company of the unscrupulous scoundrel who had murdered all that was near and dear to her, and who had disgraced herself; and pining under a misery that made life unsufferable, she ended her existence by hurling herself from the battlements of Ackergill tower to the ground below. Mr Calder, after describing the scene on the battlements, winds up the story of "Helen of Braemore" in the following lines:—

On came the gale, impetuous and rude,
Howling in hollow gusts where Helen stood.
She gazed around her on the troubled scene—
There was a calm composure in her mein,
And on her lips a faint smile seemed to play,
A moment's space, and then it died away.
She raised her hands on high, and prayed to Heaven,
That all her youthful sins might be forgiven,
And this, a greater than them all combined,
The last sad crime of an unhappy mind;
Then from the top she sprang in frantic woe,
And instant fell a lifeless corse below.

Centuries have come and gone, and the sad tale of Helen Gunn is still talked of in the county. From tradition we learn that she was buried near the tower, and the following paragraph is taken from an early number of the *John O'Groat Journal*:—"Not many years ago a tombstone was to be seen in the North Burial Ground, near the sea shore, a little to the west of Ackergill Tower, on which the name of Helen Gunn was with some difficulty deciphered by the passer by. It has now sunk into the sand or been carried away, although the remembrance of the heroic courage and virtue of her whose dust it covers—"The Beauty of Braemore" and "The Lucretia of Caithness"—will not easily be forgotten."

It is difficult to trace with any degree of accuracy the different battles that took place between the rival clans, in consequence of the ignorance of the inhabitants at the time. Besides, tradition is not in all instances to be relied on, on account of its having been magnified or confused in such a manner as to render it not an easy task to follow the main thread of a story. In the year 1438 the two clans fought a desperate battle at Tannach Moor. Great preparations were made for this contest, and as the Gunns had received considerable aid, the Keiths, afraid of the issue, appealed for assistance to Angus Mackay, son of Neil Wasse, who forthwith marched to their support. Sir Robert Gordon, in his History of the House of Sutherland, writes:—"There ensued a cruel feight, with great slaughter on either syd. In end the Kaiths had the victorie by the meanes chieffie of John More Mack Ean Reawigh, who is very famous in these countries for his valor and manhood shewen at this conflict." Mr Robert Mackay, the historian of the Clan Mackay, thinks it probable that some of these battles may have been occasioned by disputes about land betwixt the Oliphants and the Keiths; from which it may be readily inferred that the Gunns would have assisted the former. Taking into

account the history of the county at the time, there cannot certainly be a more truthful old couplet than the following :—

Sinclair, Sutherland, Keith, and Clan Gunn,
Never was peace where these four were in.

The conflict at Tannoch Moor did not terminate hostilities, as each member of their respective clans did what he could to waylay and slay any member of the opposing clan. But in order that all disputes might be adjusted, the Crouner, George Gunn of Haberry Castle, and the Chief of the Clan Keith, entered into an arrangement by which they agreed to settle all their differences at the Chapel of St Aire, each chief to have twelve horsemen, and in the event of their not being able to come to terms, they were to end the business by a fight on equal terms—man to man. Accordingly to fulfil their paction the Crouner and his men were the first to arrive at the Chapel of St Aire, and immediately on their arrival they engaged in religious devotions. Shortly thereafter Keith arrived with twelve horses, and two men on each horse. The Gunns saw that they had been grossly deceived, and they made up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The conflict at once began, and ended in the death of all the Gunns, while very few of the Keiths escaped. Further, it may be stated that there is another version of the matter, for it is said, that while the agreement was made at the Chapel of St Aire for the purpose of adding some sanctity to the business on hand, that the conflict was to take place, and, in point of fact, did take place at Strathmore. It is alleged that after the event at Strathmore, the Keiths retired to Dirlot Castle, and were followed there in the darkness of the night by Henry Gunn, one of the Crouner's sons. Henry watched very carefully what was going on within, while those inside had no suspicion of any danger. As the Keiths were quaffing their ale, Henry watched a favourable opportunity, and as the Chief of the Keiths came near the arrow-slit aperture, Henry discharged his arrow, which pierced to the heart of the Keith—the result being that he fell lifeless on the floor. As Henry used his bow, he exclaimed in Gaelic “The Gunns' compliments to Keith.” Judging from all the circumstances connected with the affair, it is to be presumed that the former version is the correct one, although an incident of much the same description might possibly have taken place at Strathmore, and which may have got mixed up with the conflict at St Aire's Chapel. In proof of the former view the authority of Sir Robert Gordon may be quoted. After referring to the appointed meeting at “St Tayr in Caitteyness, not farr from Girnigoe,” he narrates—“The Cruner then Chieftan of the Clan Gun with the most part of his sones and principal kinsmen, came at the appoynted tyme to this Chappell to the number of twelve; and as they were within the Cheappell at ther prayers, the laird of Innerugie and Ackrigell arryved ther, with twelve hors, and two men upon everie hors. So these twentie-four men rushed in at the door of the Chappell and invaded the Cruner, and his company at un-avairs, who nevertheless made great resistance. In end the Clan Gun wes slain, and the most part of the Kaithes also. Ther blood may be seen at this day upon the walls within the Chappell wher they wer killed.” It will be observed that Sir Robert makes no reference to the Strathmore edition, and as his history was written about two centuries

and a-half ago, or about a century and a-half after the event, his statements are of considerable weight compared with tradition. There is likewise the authority of "Rare Scottish Tracks," quoted in Buchan's History of the Family of Keith, and so far as can be seen, similar testimony is borne therein to that of Sir Robert's in almost his own words. The affair is put down "About the year of God 1478," and there is so little difference in the phraseology of the two authorities that it is not easy to say whether Sir Robert copied from the "Rare Scottish Tracks," or if the latter were slightly altered from the text of Sir Robert. The Highlanders called Cruner George Gunn "Fear Na'm Braisteach More," on account of a great brooch which he wore to indicate his office of Crouner or Coroner.

It is clear, however, that the Gunns must have latterly been hard pressed, for war was carried to their very doors of Haberry Castle. In the *Origines Parochiales Scotiae* there occurs the following sentence:—"Betwixt Midle Cleyth and Easter Clyth, five miles to the E.N.E. of the church, there are a great many stones standing in a rank and order." This is based on a statement taken from the Macfarlane Geographical Collection. There is a tradition, however, in the locality that a battle took place there between the Keiths and the Gunns—the distance from Haberry Castle being about three fourths of a mile. The place is called the Hill of Mannistanes, or standing stones. The Keiths had nearly vanquished the Gunns through the powerful efforts of "Keach Mor," or the Big Keith, who wielded a huge two-edged claymore, and slew four or five of the picked men of the Gunns—one after the other. The day was about won by the Keiths, when one of the Gunns who had been lying on the ground wounded, gave the "Keach Mor" a back stroke which divided the main tendon of one of his legs. The wound disabled the Keach Mor from further fighting, and thus so dispirited the Keiths that they withdrew from the field, leaving the Gunns victorious, though sorely exhausted. After the "Keach Mor" had recovered from his wounds, he left the county, to which he never afterwards returned. Associated with him, it is said, while fighting the battle was the devil in the shape of a huge raven on one of the Keach's shoulders. He assisted the Keach by tearing the eyes out of the sockets of some of the Gunns, but the priest from the Clyth Chapel, who accompanied the Gunns, knowing the character he had to deal with, administered some of his spiritual lotions, which completely neutralised the influence of his sable majesty. As the number who fought on each side was about the same, the Gunns commemorated the day by burying the dead of both sides in regular rows, and setting up a standing stone at the head of each warrior. We have heard slight modifications of the foregoing statement. There are three theories to account for the standing stones, assuming that they have any connection with the Gunns or with a battle between the Keiths and the Gunns. First, that the hill was a graveyard; second, that the stones were erected to commemorate a battle; and third, that the stones were put up for defensive purposes or in preparation for a battle. The first theory is easily exploded, because a few hundred yards to the south of Haberry Castle, lies the silent graveyard of the district which surrounded the little chapel at Mid-Clyth for ages, while the third theory is untenable in respect that under no possible circumstances would a clan at the period in question have

raised such a line of defence connected with warlike purposes. The second theory is the only one that can be viewed in any favourable light, and it is confirmed by tradition coming down from generation to generation. A superstitious dread protected the standing stones from destruction for centuries, but latterly part of them were used for building and other purposes. A small farmer at Bruan is said to have removed one of the stones from the hill of Mannistanes for the lintel of the fire-place of a kiln, but every time he kindled his fire the stone became a flame, but was never consumed, so that the farmer never had any peace until he returned the stone to the exact place from which he had removed it. The tradition is given for what it is worth.

(To be Continued.)

WICK.

G. M. SUTHERLAND.

A NEW COLLECTION OF GAELIC SONGS, under the name of "Clarsach na Coille," is about to be issued to the public. Such a publication—a Collection of Gaelic songs from the backwoods of Canada—will be a new thing in Scotland. The compiler, the Rev. A. Maclean-Sinclair, already pretty well known to Gaelic students, even on this side of the Atlantic, is well qualified for the compiling and editing of such a work, for he has a most intimate acquaintance with the whole range of Gaelic poetry, and is a first-class Gaelic scholar, having closely studied the language and poetry of the Highlands since he could read. The book will extend to some 300 pages, and contains, first, a Memoir of the late bard, John Maclean, at one time of Coll, and latterly of Nova-Scotia—where he composed many of his best pieces; then follows forty-two of his poems, making up altogether about half the book. Second, come ten pieces from Dr Maclean's MS. Collection made in Mull about 1768, and taken to America by the bard Maclean in 1819. These poems are by Eachainn Bacach, Iain MacAilein, Anndra Mac an Easbuig, Mairearad Nighean Lachainn, and the fourth Maclean of Coll, one of those by the latter being composed on Ailean nan Sop, about 1537. Third, come forty poems from John Maclean's MS. Collection, including pieces by Iain Lom, Callum a Ghlinne, Corporal Mackinnon, Triath Chlann Choinnich, and others—twenty of which are love songs of the very best kind. Ten or twelve poems, collected by Mr Sinclair himself, bring up the rear. One of these is by the Rev. Dr Macgregor, author of the hymns; two by Piobaire Fhir Ghlinn-Alladail, author of "Thug mi'n oidheche raoir san airidh"; and two by Domhnall Donn Bhoth-Fhiunntain—in all about 100 poems, most of which have never appeared anywhere in print. The value of the work is much enhanced by the addition of copious notes by the editor; while the language will be found idiomatic, and written in full accordance with the rules of Gaelic grammar and prosody. The work is printed, with his usual success and care, by Archibald Sinclair, Gaelic publisher, Glasgow.

"DAIN SPIORADAIL," a Collection of Gaelic Hymns, compiled and edited by the same rev. gentlemen, will be published on an early date by MacLachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh.

MU CHLADH CHILL-A-MHAILL.

LE MAIRI NIC EALLAIR.

—o—

[CONTINUED.]

SHUIDH Nic-a-Chombuich aig a dorus fein,
 'G amharc an trein a bha gu mall a triall,
 Bha ceanna-bheairt chiar 'o 's cionn a ciabhan glas,
 'S a tonnag bhreachdain le braist airgiod duint,
 'O s cionn a guin don tarruing ur fo slios,
 Mur shiod a buth a rachadh cruin ga dhiol;
 Stoill lainnireach omair air a broilleach seacht,
 Is solus beachdalachd is reachd na gnuis.
 Le aghaidh thursaich sheall i air an laoch,
 A bha co gaolach le, ri h-aon mhac fein;
 "A fluir nan treun gu de chuir thu fo ghruaim,
 No ciod chuir bruaidean ort a righ nan sonn?
 'S dorra le d' mhuime snithe air do ghruaidh,
 No bas is cruadal bhi air sluagh do dhaimh,
 Nuair bha mi ghraidh na'm ribhinn aluinn uir,
 Fo bharragug mar ros fu dhriuchd sa cheit,
 'Sa chaidh mo threigsinn leis an lascuir og,
 A mheall mo phog uam is nach d' iarr mo lamh,
 Sa chaidh mo mhicean geal a thamh sa chill,
 Mo chairdean diombach is mo chridhe trom,
 Mar neach 'san lombair fad o fhasgadh coill,
 Sa ghaillionn oillteal tighinn o'n bheinn le gruaim,
 An sin rugadh tusa a luaidh nam fearra mor
 Is thugadh dhomhs' thu ann an glacan gaoil,
 Nuair thug mi mach le faoilt dhut mo ghealla-chioch,
 Shil i a ruin mun d' iath do bheul mu ceann
 Bainne neo-ghann. Sud samhladh air mo chri',
 Le 'm b' aill do chobhair mar a thigeadh t-fheum,
 'S gun sgail na h-eiginn thighinn o'd bheul a chaoidh;
 'S ann air do shonsa 'n deighe moran strith,
 Ghlac mi bhean-shith 'sa fhuair le briodal uaip
 An sian thug buaidh dhut an strith chruaidh na'n lann;
 'S ann air do sgath a dh' iarr mi 'n t-eolas cruaidh,
 A dh' fhag mi 'n diugh a measg mo shluaigh leam fhein,
 Le crith is geilt 's cha'n ann am feasd le gradh,
 Thair stairsnich m' fhardaich a thig sean no og;
 'S ann air do shon a chaidh mi 'n raoir do'n t-sliabh,
 Is ann an diomhaireachd 's tre dheuchainn gheur,
 A fhuair mi 'n fiosrachadh tha threim fhir uat;
 Ach 's ro mhath armuinn rinn thu fein mo dhiol,
 Airson gach gnìomh a rinneadh riamh leam dhuit;
 Cha do leig thusa air do mhuime dith,
 Tha m' eideadh riomhach, 's cuimir grinn mo bhrog,
 Is mor mo shogh le feoil is sithean fhiadh,
 Le bainne, 's iasg, 's gach ni is miann air bord,

Sa mhointich riabhaich ud tha shios ri taobh
 Lochaidh chaoir-gheal na'n glas bhradan sliom ;
 Gheibh thu 's an tigh-ghairm freagradh na cuis,
 Tha 'n dingh ga d' chuir fo thursa is fo leon.
 B' iad Clann-an-Toisich do dhearbh naimhdean riamh,
 'S ged bha iad fiat gur tric a rinn thu'n leon,
 An creach 's an toir 's air faiche 'n ordugh blair.
 Togaidh tu 'n tighean ud le d' lamhan fein,
 A mhor-fhir threin nach robh san teugbhail meat,
 'S bheir thu leat cat mar shamhladh air do naimh,
 'S gu diomhair ceangail e sa bhothan fhail,
 Is air a chaguilt fadaidh tu teine mor,
 A ni gu doruinneach a rosdadh mall ;
 Cruinnichidh do naimhdean an sin laidir fiat,
 'S thig cait nan ceudan le ard sgiamhail bhorb,
 'G iarruidh do thorcha 's iad gu colgail garg,
 Air buaireas feargach chum do chosgradh chian.
 Ach bi gu ciallach 's na gabh fiamh roimh 'n gruaim,
 Ge be chi no chual thu cum mun cuairt an cat,
 'S a bhuidh b' dh leat trid faicill agus gaisg ;
 Sa nuair a gheibh thu buaidh air cach gu teom,
 Sin thig Cluas-leabhra ard cheann-feadhn' na'n cat,
 Bu mhiann leis luigheachd, ach 's ann bhruidhneas foill,
 Is gheibh thu uaith an t-eolas tha na d' mhiann,
 Na d' thrasgadh 's eiginn armuinn threin mo ghraidh
 Dhuit dol tre'n spairn ud is tre'n deuchainn chruaidh,
 Aon lan na cuaiche so ol uam 's bi falbh,
 Is na dean dearmad, bi gu calma glic,
 Is cuimhnich tric air mar is math leat buaidh,
 An cat a chuir mun cuairt gun fhois gun tamh."
 Dh' fhalbh laoch nan creach gun mheatachd is gun sgath
 'S thog bothan fail a reir na h-aithne fhuair,
 'S chaidh e tre'n fhuathas ud gu buadh'ar treun,
 An "Tigh-ghairm" bha riamh tre dheuchainn chruaidh,
 Is dh' inns "Cluas-leabhra" dha, gach creach bha mor,
 'S an d' rinn e foirneart, 's anns 'n do dhoirt e fuil,
 Na seachd creachan mora bha ga phian,
 Gum feudadh e an dioladh le a mhaoin,
 Seachd eaglaisean daora a chuir a suas.
 Bha Ailean suaimhneach nuair a chual e 'n sgeul,
 Is thug e 'n eiric ud gu h' eibhneach saor ;
 Thog e Eaglais anns gach uile chill,
 Bha anns na seachd sgireachdan mun cuairt,
 Is fhuair e fuasgladh o'n trom eallaich mhoir
 A chuir an doruinn e a dh' iarruidh saimh,
 Is se'n Caibeal liath ud tha air siar a chnuic,
 Anns am bheil ioma aon d'a shliochd na'n suain,
 Aon do na seachd 'rinn e do cheartas ioc,
 Air son na'm fiachan 'bha air anam truagh,
 'S air son a bhuaireas anns na chaith e oig'.

(To be Continued.)

THE EARLY SCENES OF ROYAL MACDONALD'S LIFE,
 WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE
 REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE
 PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.

—o—

PART VI.

THERE are many incidents in history to illustrate the various interesting features of the Highland character. In the earliest times it has been properly asserted, that the Highlanders owed allegiance to native chieftains, who acted like as many princes, and by whom the Scottish Kings were acknowledged as sovereigns, but that merely in name. Among these were the powerful Lords of the Isles, who flourished from remote times to the reign of King James V.* They were the chief rulers for ages over almost all the Hebride Isles, and exerted an influence over the greater part of the Highlands of Scotland. During the disturbances which distracted the Scottish nation after the death of James V., the independence of the Highland chiefs was still more confirmed. While in the seventeenth century the martial spirit declined in the Lowlands of Scotland, the Highlanders showed a decided superiority in the art of war. This well known feature of character infused into them a higher feeling of their own power, and rendered them more obstinate in their adherence to their native customs. This spirit was, however, considerably checked and severely chastened by Cromwell, within the range of their own fortresses. He planted strong garrisons in several places, commanded flying divisions of the army to traverse their mountains, gave orders to dismantle the castles of the chiefs, and compelled the clans to lay down their arms and give security for their future peaceful conduct. After the restoration of the house of Stuart, to which the bravery of the Highlanders had so much contributed, the yoke imposed by Cromwell was removed from them—the fortresses which had been built for their subjugation were destroyed or forsaken—and the laws against the predatory expeditions of the Highlanders were no longer enforced. Under these circumstances the old constitution of the Clans was once more fostered and cherished.

The insurrection of 1715, in favour of the house of Stuart, and the wide-spread alarms created thereby, led to the adoption of various measures to break the power of the chiefs. One of the measures then adopted was the disarming of the Highlanders; but this was so negligently performed, that most of the adherents of the house of Stuart were able to conceal their weapons, in order to be used upon a more favourable opportunity against the reigning government. The chieftains were naturally very displeased, and used every effort possible to maintain their threatened power, by destroying the effect of the innovations with which the government sought to weaken the bonds of the Highland Clans. After the

* Vide "History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles," by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, Inverness:

failure of the Chevalier St George in the campaign of 1715, the rebellion of 1745, thirty years afterwards, was a consequence of the secret disaffection of the Highlanders, and the same was encouraged and strengthened by private instigations and faithful promises of support from allies abroad.*

Such was the state of matters when Prince Charles Edward Stuart was instigated alike by his own ambition and by the promised support of faithful partisans to renew the insurrection, to gain, as he undoubtedly supposed, the victory, and thereby to succeed to the crown of Britain. Of the Prince's career to obtain the object he had in view various particulars have already been given in these articles—such as his leaving France, his arrival in the frigate *Doutelle* at the island of Eriskay, in the Hebrides, his raising his standard at Glenfinnan, and his bold advances through Scotland to England, causing great alarm to the reigning sovereign. Allusions have been made to the battles which he fought—such as those at Preston, Falkirk, and last of all at the (to him) fatal field of Culloden. Minute particulars have been detailed as to the flight of his Royal Highness from the bloody moor of Culloden, through glen and dale, to Lochnanuagh, near where he first landed in Scotland. From Lochnanuagh he and his companions sailed in an open boat, amid storm and hurricane, thunder and lightning, across the Minch, until they fortunately, but unexpectedly, arrived at the island of Benbecula, South Uist, on the 27th of April. It was then deemed prudent that his Royal Highness should conceal himself in a cave at Corrodale, which was about ten miles from Ormoclade, the residence of Clanranold.†

The Rebellion of 1746 had now arrived at an eventful crisis. On the 16th day of April 1746, the two armies of the Duke of Cumberland and Prince Charles Edward Stuart met in bloody conflict on Drummossie Moor, near Culloden, where the fate of the Prince was doomed, and where the Royal forces gained the day. The struggle was fierce and desperate! The poor Highlanders who fought so bravely had to contend against a vast, well-trained army, possessing an excess of disciplined soldiers, and arrayed on a battlefield suitable for their artillery and cavalry, but disastrous to the success of the heterogeneous partisans of the very unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

Within the compass of a few months an adventure came to a termination, which had but few parallels, if any, in the annals of history. When the expedition thus ended is viewed in its varied features and in the determination and boldness which it manifested in its several details, it may be considered to rank high amid the achievements of ancient and modern times. The interests at stake were highly important, not only to the Royal adventurer himself, but likewise to the different clans and septs that so imprudently espoused his cause. What could be more hazardous than to rush with precipitation beyond the middle of England, and to traverse a hostile country to the very confines of the English Capital? As the talented Chambers has expressed it so well, “the expedition was done in face of the two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it; and the weather was such as to add a thousand personal miseries to the general evils of the campaign. A magnanimity was preserved even in

* Vide Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders*; Brown's *Clans of Scotland*; Chambers's *Rebellion*; Home's *Works*; Jacobite *Memoirs*; *Culloden Papers*, &c.

† Vide *Celtic Magazine*. No. 50, pp. 52-57.

retreat, beyond that of ordinary soldiers, and instead of flying in wild disorder, a prey to their pursuers, these desultory bands had turned against and smitten the superior army of their enemy with a rigour which effectually checked it. They had carried the standard of Glenfinnan a hundred and fifty miles into a country full of foes, and now they brought it back unscathed through the accumulated dangers of storm and war."

While the clans and country gentlemen—chieftains and their vassals—Dukes and Lords—and all ranks and classes in the Highlands and Lowlands, and over Scotland at large, viewed the adventure with the deepest anxiety, Miss Flora Macdonald experienced her own share of the general calamity. Personally she adhered to the loyal principles and feelings of her chief, Sir Alexander Macdonald, as well as of Old Clanranold and his brother Boisdale. On the other hand, her amiable disposition in a sense compelled her to sympathise with the unfortunate Prince under all his hardships and sufferings. She kept up a close correspondence with friends and acquaintances in Edinburgh and elsewhere, and thereby became well informed as to the various movements of that distinguished personage, whose life she was destined, under Providence, thereafter to preserve.

The family at Ormiclade, with whom Flora principally resided, were grievously perplexed at the aspect of existing events. Old Clanranold was night and day in deep distress, on account of the part which his son had taken in embracing the Royal adventurer's cause, so directly in opposition to the aged chieftain's will, and Lady Clanranold was nothing less so, but Flora, with her natural vivacity and geniality of temper, mightily soothed them under their grief. She assured them that they would be spared to see that all would end well. In due time the result of the battle of Culloden became known in the Long Island, and it created a mixed feeling in the minds of the chief men of the place. To some the intelligence afforded no ordinary pleasure, while to others it created unbounded terror, under the dread that the ruling and successful dynasty might inflict vengeance and even the penalty of death on the parties who had embraced the adventurer's cause. Such was the state of matters when the Prince's last ray of hope was blasted for ever on the bloody field of Culloden.

By this time some of the movements of the Prince became known to the officials of Government, and immediate steps were taken for his arrest, dead or alive. The intelligence of his arrival in the island created an inconceivable commotion all over the place. By this time it became well known that "rebel hunting," as Cumberland and his lawless soldiery called it, was mercilessly practised in every quarter. It was too well known that the Duke issued a proclamation denouncing immediate death, by being shot or hanged, against all persons who harboured the rebels, or aided them to escape into their mountain recesses. How much more so, were it possible, would the vengeance of these myrmidons of cruelty fall upon all and sundry who sheltered the Prince himself. Already about two thousand regular troops and militiamen were posted in suitable localities all over the island. Every avenue was guarded, every ferry had its watch, and every highway and hill-road were protected by soldiers. The lochs and bays, and sea-coast all around, were so studded with sloops of war and cutters of all sizes, that no craft or boat could leave the island

or come to it unknown, except perhaps under the dark shade of night. No two individuals could converse together on the highway without arousing the suspicion of some of the watching military. The only consolation which the Prince had cause to enjoy was the fact that he had many sincere friends on the island—parties of prudence and caution, and parties ready to strain every nerve for his safety. Besides the friends who accompanied him from France, he had Clanranold, the proprietor of the island, his brother Boisdale, the Macdonalds of Baileshear, and perhaps all the ladies of the island. Whether loyal or Jacobite, all united cordially in the wish that the royal fugitive would escape with his life from the island. Lady Clanranold and Miss Flora were continually engaged in devising schemes for the immediate protection and ultimate release of the unfortunate Prince, whom, however, as yet they had never seen. Twelve powerful and trustworthy men, who could acquit themselves by sea or land, were selected by Lady Clanranold to be by night and day in readiness, should their services be required. Flora very frequently conversed with these gallant Islanders, and conveyed to them the sense she entertained of the duties they might be called upon to perform. They had seen the Prince on several occasions, but she had not. One morning as two of them had come to Ormiclade to give intelligence as to how the Prince had passed the night in his rocky cave,* Flora met them at the door and asked them the questions, “Am bheil e laghach? Am bheil e aoidheil? Am bheil e idir iriosal agus taitneach?” (Is he nice? Is he cheerful? Is he at all humble and pleasant?) On another occasion she commenced, for her own amusement, to taunt these men in a jocular manner, by telling them that she was able to direct them how to become by far more wealthy than Clanranold in less than a day’s time. “Oh! tell us, do tell us, how that can come to pass. More wealthy than our noble Chief! Can such be really the case?” “Oh, yes, perfectly true,” said Flora with a smile, “and I will now tell you what means you are to use. Go immediately and give up the Prince to my step-father, Captain Hugh Macdonald, and as sure as the sun is now shining in the firmament, you shall have fifteen thousand pounds a-piece for your great loyalty in doing so.” The answer was short, but decisive—“Nior leigeadh Ni Maith! Ochan! ged gheibh-eamaid an saoghal mu’n iadh a’ ghrian, cha bhrathamaid ur n-Oganach Rioghail gu brath” (Goodness forbid! Alas! should we receive the world around which the sun revolves, we would never betray our Royal youth). Neither would they, nor any other Highlander then living, but it is to be feared, although the schoolmaster has been long abroad, that the same would not take place to-day. Clanranold, Boisdale, and their namesakes at Baileshear, together with Lady Clanranold and Miss Flora, held a private council at Ormiclade, as to what must be done, and done immediately, seeing that every hour increased danger to the unfortunate Prince. It was resolved that he should be transported to Stornoway, as probably he might there receive the chance of a vessel to France. Donald Macleod of Galtrigal, the Prince’s faithful friend and pilot, was sent for, and all the preconcerted plans were explained to him. He acknowledged that the

* The Prince had a variety of places of concealment. Sometimes he hid himself in caves, and at other times in the lonely huts of shepherds or fishermen.

whole affair was pregnant with danger, but still agreed to execute his part of the scheme, if provided with a crew selected by himself, of which his own son Murdoch would be one.*

Seeing that longer delay was very dangerous, the party set sail for Stornoway on the 29th April, and Donald Macleod, who knew well the course to be taken, took his place at the helm. The party had no sooner gone to sea about midnight, than a severe storm arose, which, owing to the darkness of the night, caused no small danger, not only of being swamped, but of being dashed against the rocks or jutting headlands. The crew, however, bravely held on, under the directions of Donald Macleod, while two of them by turns kept constantly baling the boat, to prevent it from filling. About the dawning of the morning they took shelter in a creek in the small Isle of Glass, on the coast of Harris.† The tacksman of the island, Donald Campbell, to whom alone they made themselves known, treated them very kindly, and suggested that the Prince should remain with him, while Macleod the pilot should visit Stornoway, to secure, if possible, a vessel to convey the Royal fugitive to France. This plan was agreed upon, and after Macleod had reached the capital of the Lews, he thought that all would be right as he had secured a vessel for the intended purpose. His next step was to send a messenger immediately for the Prince to the Isle of Glass, as no time was to be lost. As the storm had not abated, sailing was impossible, so that the Royal fugitive had to walk through the trackless wilds of the Lews to the vicinity of Stornoway. Unfortunately one of Donald's crew got the worse of drink, and told his associates by way of boast that the hired vessel was intended to convey the Prince to France. By means of this unguarded announcement considerable alarm was created in the town, and all at once resolutions were made that no vessel would be given on any condition whatever, as such might involve the natives in trouble. It was then immediately resolved by the Prince and his associates to sail back to Benbecula in the face of every danger, and to trust once more to the schemes and contrivances of his friends there. During his stay near Stornoway, the Prince received shelter, and was kindly entertained at the house of Mrs Mackenzie of Kildun at Arinish, about a mile from the village. Here his Royal Highness and friends spent many anxious hours in the devising of schemes, as to what they ought to do, as the stormy deep prevented them from setting sail. Some of the party, dreading immediate danger, proposed to betake themselves to the hills for concealment, but the Prince objected to this, and suggested, if they did not make their way to Benbecula, that they should attempt

* The history of Donald Macleod of Galtrigal is given in the *Celtic Magazine*, No. 19, p. 243. Before the battle of Culloden was fought, Murdoch, Galtrigal's son, was attending the Grammar School of Inverness, being then a youth of sixteen or seventeen. He understood that the battle was to be fought on a certain day, and on the morning of that day he left his school, procured a sword and dirk, and made for the battlefield. He stood there and fought for the Prince, but received no wound. Hearing afterwards of the Prince's wanderings in the West, he left Inverness, set off for Lochnanuagh, where he met his father, and assisted him in the dangerous voyage of conveying the Prince and his friends from the mainland to the Long Island.

† Glass is a little island on the coast of Harris, near the mouth of Loch Seafort, which divides Harris from Lews. It is one of the stations selected many years ago for a lighthouse erected by the Commissioners of Northern Lights.

to return to the mainland, in the hope of meeting with some vessel from France. Donald Macleod and the whole party, however, refused to attempt this hazardous plan, as their craft was too small, the voyage too long, and the danger of meeting with Government vessels very great. It was then agreed that they would leave Arinish before daybreak, and proceed southward along the coast of the Long Island. The morning was wet and somewhat stormy, but the breeze was favourable, and they sailed with great speed. At length they observed two ships in the horizon evidently approaching them, and in order to avoid the danger of meeting with them, they entered into a creek in the small Isle of Iffurt, a little north of the Isle of Glass. This small island was occupied by a few fishermen, who, on observing the party, supposed them to be the press-boat men, or a press-gang from some war-ship, and consequently they took to their heels at once, and concealed themselves among the rocks for safety. Owing to the continued storm and other dangers, Charles and his friends remained four days on this island. On the next morning after their arrival they discovered the terrified fishermen, and assured them that they were quite safe. The poor men were overjoyed, and in return did everything in their power to show kindness to the strangers. They had abundance of fish and fuel, but their dwelling was a miserable hut, over which the Prince's party spread the mainsail of their boat to exclude the rain.

On the 10th of May they left Iffurt and sailed for the Isle of Glass. Finding, to their great disappointment, that their friend Donald Campbell had absconded under the dread of being seized for entertaining the Prince, they made no stay at Glass. They steered their course southward along the coast of Harris, but while crossing the mouth of Finsbay, they were observed by Captain Fergusson's ship of war, which lay at that time in the bay. A manned boat was despatched, with all haste, in pursuit, but fortunately they escaped being overtaken, having succeeded in concealing themselves in a small creek near Rodil in Harris. At nightfall they left their hiding-place, and sailed along the coast of North Uist, but when near Lochmaddy, another war-ship, which lay in the bay, observed them, and immediately set sail after them. The chase was hard and close; but fortunately the Prince and his companions reached Benbecula, and just when getting ashore, the increasing storm off the land, drove the vessel of the enemy to sea. On this occasion the crew ran a narrow risk of their lives. In order to avoid being seized by the man-of-war, which was close in pursuit, they dashed their boat, under full sail, into a narrow creek, where the frail bark was splintered into fragments against the jutting rocks, and where the Prince and his companions were floundering amid the foaming waves. When all had reached the dry land, Charles cheerfully remarked to his friends that his escapes were marvellous—and that he believed in his heart that a kind Providence would permit him to be rescued in the end.

(To be Continued.)

The first number of the *Invernessian*, printed last month, and conducted by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, sold in thousands. Price, 1d per month, or, by post, 1s 6d per annum *in advance*. Only subscribers to the *Celtic Magazine* supplied direct from the office. The second number is now ready.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

II.

It is a common tradition in Strathglass that it was proposed at one time to remove the centre of county business to a town to be built on the moor of Comar. This moor is a broad level promontory, jutting out for about a mile between two considerable Highland rivers; and it is situated in the most central part of the district, having a southern aspect, and water power on three of its sides, capable, if utilised, of driving all the machinery in the county. Add to this that the fourth side of this large plateau is a mountain of grey rock, partially covered with wood and verdure. The quality of the stone in this rock is considered to be very superior of its kind; and as to quantity, with an occasional dose of powder, it would build Inverness, Perth, and Edinburgh over again. With all these advantages, one cannot help seeing that nature has prepared this spot as an admirable site for a great and healthy town.

The Island chiefs, lairds, and people of the western part of the county argued that the moor of Comar was more central for the County Buildings than any other place to the east of it. But the chiefs and people resident in the eastern portion of the county maintained that one advantage in their favour outweighed all the arguments against them—viz., that they could at any time have stores of all kinds of water-borne goods at Inverness wherewith to supply the demands of the county. This was the pivot on which the principal argument revolved, and it was clearly conclusive in favour of Inverness.

Had the great carrier (the railway) been at that time, as it now is, within sixteen miles of the site alluded to, the Island chiefs might have carried their point. Whether the affairs of the shire would flourish better under the name of the County of Comar than they have flourished under Inverness-shire is a subject which does not call for immediate settlement. But I have no hesitation in saying that a town established at Comar would have been most central and beneficial in Strathglass.

Macleod of Macleod seemed to have been quite aware of the advantages that might accrue from the county town being built on the moor of Comar, inasmuch as he secured for himself, for his retinue, and for his tenantry, a halting place near the proposed site of the proposed capital of the county. Here they used to encamp, rest, and remain days and nights so long as it suited their convenience. From that time until now this halting place, consisting of a field of a few acres, is called Iomaire-Mhic-Leoid, or Macleod's field. Whether Macleod acquired his—perhaps nominal—title to this field by right, or by might, or by prescription, the traditions of the district do not inform us. It would appear, however, that there was something peculiar about the origin of allotting it to Macleod. There are five such halting places in Glencannaich, all of which were, and still are, *pro bono publico*. On one of these stances, Eilean-a-gharbh-uisg, I have even seen held a considerable cattle fair.

Garadh-an-ruidhe-bhric, Beul-ath Altnasocaich, and the foot of Garadh-na-criche, between Mam and Longart, were also halting places,

Rudha-dubh-Ardtaig was not only a halting place, but, like Eilean-agharrbh-uisg, a recognised stance for drovers and travellers to pass a day or night in, and of which more presently. It is recorded that these places and similar spots throughout every glen and valley in the Highlands were accessible to all as places long consecrated by prescription for the public good.

Here and in connection with such places I must be pardoned for a slight digression. I have seen in England what appeared to me very remarkable tenacity on the part of the people to old rights something similar to the halting places alluded to. Not only are rights of way through the fields and meadows accessible to the public and maintained by them, but are frequently provided at each end with a stile. I well remember a right of way through the middle of the large dining-room in the Ship Tavern, Water Lane, Thames Street, London, and I have seen the public passing through it repeatedly while dining there myself. Since then the tavern has been turned into merchants' and brokers' offices, but the ancient right of way has been retained through the centre of them. About twenty years ago the Italians resident in London commenced to build a large church for themselves in Hatton Garden, London. I saw it when the walls were nearly finished, when some old resident in the neighbourhood came forward and declared that he remembered a right-of-way passing through the site of the building. The poor Italians were obliged to pull down all they had built on that site, and leave the right-of-way accessible to the public, though much sympathy was felt at the time for the civil and industrious foreigners. And last but not least, King George IV. attempted to close a right-of-way through Richmond Park, but a cobbler on the confines of the Park brought an interdict against the King. The case was tried before the highest Court in England, and decided in favour of the cobbler. I give these three cases as specimens of what I have seen and heard, and most heartily would I wish to see my countrymen in the Highlands inspired with the same determination to hold their rights with equal tenacity against those who are constantly robbing them of their ancient inheritance.

Among other celebrities Allan Dubh MacRanuil of Lundy passed a night in Rudha-dubh-Ardtaig, in Strathglass, with a creach he took from the Mackenzies. This Allan Dubh was the cruel barbarian who burnt the Church of Cille-Chriosd, *i.e.*, Christ Church, near Beauly, in the year 1603. This atrocious deed was done on a Sunday morning, when the whole congregation, chiefly Mackenzies, were at their devotions, all of whom perished either inside the burning pile or by the sword in the attempt to escape through the windows. I have heard old men in Strathglass stating that after Allan Dubh MacRanuil crossed the river at Beauly on his hasty return from the foul massacre he halted on *Bruthach-aphuirt*, opposite Beauly, about a mile and a half in a straight line from the scene of his diabolical work, and ordered his piper to play up the tune of "Cillechrista." It was then that the piper for the first time played the melancholy part of the pibroch, the words of which are as follows :—

Chi mi thallud
An smud mor,
Smud mo dhunach

An smud mor,
'S Cillechriosta
'Na lasair mhor.

In England, as well as in Scotland, I have sometimes heard this pibroch as if the words of the first line ran thus—

Chi mi smud mor,

but I well remember old people in the Highlands saying that the piper who played "Cillechriosta" and omitted the word "thallud" did not follow the original. Over and over again a very old man named Duncan Macrae, who was considered a good judge of pipe music, said that Kenneth Mackenzie from Redcastle, known as "Coinneach Deas," was one of the best pipers that ever played the pibroch of "Cillechriosta," and he always played it as above described.

It was from Bruthach-a-phuirt that Allan Dubh made the luckless division of his men when he sent thirty-seven of them round by Inverness. History informs us that they were closely chased by Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle with a party of men who overtook them at Torbreac, about three miles west of Inverness, where he found them in an ale-house, which he set on fire, and the thirty-seven suffered the same fate which in the earlier part of the day they had so wantonly inflicted on others. Allan Dubh and others crossed over from the Aird to the south side of Urquhart. Allan was soon overtaken by the Mackenzies, and the rest is already well known to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and of Mackenzie's "History of the Mackenzies," pp. 157-163.

It is said that the level valley called Strathglass was at one period a sheet of water extending from Dunfionn, above Beaufort Castle (or Caisteal Dunie), to Cnockfionn, opposite Giusachan, and covering a distance of about fifteen miles in length, with an average breadth of about three-quarters of a mile. This valley is bounded on the south and north sides by a continuous range of two parallel hills. From their formation and general appearance one might readily incline to the belief that these hills formed, at some remote period, the two sides of a capacious basin. There are unmistakable traces of cultivation high up—almost on the top of some of these hills. There is an old place of sepulchre, Acha-na-h-eaglais, on the brow of a mountain range, about a mile south-east and considerably above Giusachan. This seems to prove that there were a number of inhabitants located high up here in bygone days. The name of the next cultivated portion of the hill is Druinach, plainly meaning the Druids' field. Whether or not the Druids held possession of the surrounding fields of arable land can only be left to conjecture. It is, however, certain that a considerable portion of the hill lands on each side of Strathglass bear the impress of a rude sort of cultivation at some pre-historic period. The appearance of remote industry through the hills used to be adduced as an element towards proving that what we now see as the valley below was formerly a great lake, of which the long stretch of level fields and meadows, forming the plains of Strathglass from east to west, for about the whole distance already mentioned, is said to have been the bed. I heard one of the best old Seanachies in the district saying, "Cha 'n eil ann san duthich so ach cladach aibhne," meaning that the whole valley was a mere river bed.

In support of this view he mentioned the name of Christopher Macrae, a Kintail man, admitted to have been one of the most reliable authorities on such matters in the Highlands. Macrae further stated to him that Strathglass acquired its name on account of the barrier at the east end of the lake, "Glas" being the Gaelic for a lock or barrier. It is asserted that one of the outlets from this lake discharged itself through the small valley south of Fanellan, by Brideag and Lonbuy. Faine-cilean evidently derives its name from a comparison with a ring, or circular island, the whole block of land or davoch being about as broad as it is long. The meandering river so slowly winding its placid course through the fertile plains of Strathglass, unwilling, as it were, to quit its parent hills, turns again half-way round at short intervals. To begin with the davoch of Clachan, its productive broad acres of arable land and splendid hill grazings are bestowed on the south side of the strath. Comar or Cam-ar, on the north side, seems to have been at one period attached to the davoch of Clachan, inasmuch as the burying-ground is always called Clachan of Comar, and the formation of the land clearly proves that the "Glas" at one period passed at the foot of the hills to the north of Comar. The division is impartially continued. On the north side is the great davoch of Invercannich; again, on the south, we have the davoch of Croicheal; the half-davoch of Struy to the north; the half-davoch of Mauld to the south; and the davoch of Erchless to the north; the davoch of Maine and Eskadale to the south; and the davoch of Aigais to the north. Never was there a better division of plain fields than is exhibited here on both sides of the river all the way east to what is called the Druim, ridge, or barrier. When the winter snows are thawing and running through all the glens from the watershed of Strathconan on the north to Glenmoriston on the south, and when they are all accumulated in the valley of Strathglass, they form what appears almost one lake at the foot of the mountains. Thus it has acquired from time immemorial the cognomen of the Sea of Aigais, and by this name it was well known throughout the whole Highlands.

It is related that a Strathglass man was once upon a time going across to the Lews. The craft he was in was overtaken by a severe storm, and the seamen wishing to resort to the old Jewish practice of throwing a human being overboard as a peace-offering to the waves, fixed on the Strathglass man as their victim. But the brave Glaiseach was equal to the occasion, and addressed his companions—"Tha bhuil oirbh fhearabh nach robh sibh riamh air cuan Aigais, air Mam-charraidh, nam Monadh Bhreachdaich, ma tha sibha gabhail eagal a so." Which means—"It is evident that you never were on the Ocean of Aigais, on the Mam of Carrie, or on the Hills of Breacachy, if you are afraid of this." He then took the helm into his own hands, and steered the vessel safely to the harbour of Stornoway. Well done, my countryman! With these observations I part with the traditional lake of Strathglass, and shall be glad to hear the opinion of some of the more learned members of the Field Club on the subject, and, notwithstanding tradition, will be disposed to abide by the result.

(To be Continued.)

MATCH-MAKING AMONG THE FRASERS—SIMON, LORD
LOVAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In reference to the article in your October number, under the above head, permit me to say that it is unfortunate that almost all the histories of "The Last of the Martyrs," as Lord Lovat was called in 1747, were written by his enemies, and they all seem to have followed the school-boy's rule—"Hit him again, he's got no friends." Drummond of Bochalduy was almost the only one who spoke kindly of "our good friend, Lord Lovat." Perhaps he used too strong language, for I do not mean to say that Lovat was a saint, but he certainly was not much worse than many of his cotemporaries.

Much strain is laid upon his forcible marriage in 1697, with the Earl of Athole's daughter, widow of his cousin Hugh, 11th Lord, who died without male issue; but forcible marriages with heiresses were common enough in Ireland for more than a century later, and Lovat's marriage was not to obtain the money of an heiress, but to recover by that means, if possible, his hereditary title and estates, which the Earl was endeavouring to defraud him of (by breaking the entail), and to which robbery the Earl's daughter must have been, at least, a consenting party.

It is also said that Lovat treated his last wife, Primrose Campbell, whom he married in 1733, with *barbarous cruelty*, which I can hardly believe, for, if so, her brother, the Duke of Argyll, would scarcely have continued to befriend the Master of Lovat. John Fraser was a consistent Jacobite to the last. He was outlawed, and to prevent any pursuit Lovat always gave out that his brother John was dead. He, however, generally resided in France, but often visited Scotland under the assumed names of John Dubh, John MacThomas, and, I believe, also John Corsan. His daughter, Katharine, married, and had a daughter Elizabeth, my grandmother, born in 1738. The Duke of Argyll was her godfather, and after she was grown up she was invited once, if not twice, to Inveraray Castle, and after she was married in 1762, the Duke offered her some appointment about the palace, which she declined. The Duke was Hereditary Grand Master of the Household. Some years after my grand parents removed to Holland.

Now, the only tie whatever between them was that my grandmother was daughter of his brother-in-law, Lovat's niece, and is it at all probable if Lovat had treated Argyll's sister so cruelly, that the Duke would have continued his kindness to Lovat's connections?

Many persons form their opinions of Lovat in a measure from Hogarth's portrait, but it must not be forgotten that Hogarth was a caricaturist, and he appears to have made a picture that would sell, and Lovat has therefore been likened to a "cunning old fox."

A truer portrait is that by Le Clere or Clare (10 × 12), painted about 1716, and engraved by Simon, of which I have a copy. Under it is engraved "The Right Honourable Simon, Lord Frasier (*sic*) of Lovat, Chief of the Clan of the Frasers, &c." I believe it is very rare. He is represented as clothed in armour. It is engraved in Thompson's Jacobites, London, 1845, and Mrs Thompson told me that it was copied from the original mezzotinto given to her by Kirkpatrick Sharp.

THE CLAN SYSTEM.

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PROFESSOR BLACKIE has issued in pamphlet form his excellent inaugural address recently delivered by him as Chief of the Gaelic Society of Perth. He wails over "the sad sequence of misfortunes and blunders which abolished the clan system with all its admirable social steam and social cement, without substituting anything in its place, rather leaving a void where there had been fulness, and inoculating with virus of a systematic selfishness the veins of a society which had been bound together by the strong ties of mutual esteem and regard," and then proceeds—Let us ask what the clan system was, and wherein consisted the great virtue which enabled it to maintain a numerous, sturdy, and serviceable population in districts where not a single human being is now to be found, except a gamekeeper for some English aristocrat or London plutocrat, or a shepherd or a dairymaid to represent a Titanic dealer in wool and mutton living in Dumfries or Kirkcudbright. The word *clan* means a child; so the clan system was simply a type of social organism in which the members of society were bound together, as brother to brother, under the leadership of a common father. This idea is, as you will lightly see, a legacy from the patriarchal times; and not bad times these were—though without gas and steam-engines, and telegrams and cash accounts—as the names of Abraham and Job and not a few other mighty men in Bible history largely testify. In fact, the clan system, as a form of government, was not only not a bad system, but, in respect of the moral cement which held the different classes of society together, it was the best possible system that ever has been or ever will be devised. Of course, those who are accustomed to look back on what they call the dark ages with contempt, and who believe blindly in the modern commercial system, and the progress of the world by mechanical dexterities and material accumulations, will not accept this; but it is true nevertheless. The moral element in society is the blood, and the blood is the life. Every society is progressive or retrogressive—in the highest sense of the word *progress*—only in proportion as the moral bond which holds the different classes together is becoming stronger or weaker; and this is a bond with which cash payments and bankers' accounts have nothing at all to do; love and mutual esteem growing out of kindly social relations are the only elements of which this moral bond can consist. Now, as it is a matter both of public history and of personal experience that this bond did exist and assert itself under the clan system by deeds of devotion and fidelity, generosity and self-sacrifice, unsurpassed in the annals of the human race, it follows plainly that, so far as this one true cement of the social edifice is concerned, the clan system, within its own limits, was the best possible. One only defect it had; it had a tendency to weaken as the circle of its action widened, and was thus less fitted for a great kingdom than for a small province. It is remarkable, however, and greatly to the honour of the clan system in Scotland, that, though the clansmen sometimes preferred the private interest of their chief to the public service of the Sovereign, under common circumstances, as ample pages of history show, their loyalty to the Crown was as remarkable as their fidelity to their chiefs.

Other objections so largely brought against the clan system are worthless—as that it fostered perpetual wars, jealousies, and strifes; and that revenge and robbery were practised on a large scale, both by the clans amongst themselves and in their raids against the Lowlanders. The feuds which were kept up among the clans were the natural product of the times, and as such neither more nor less reprehensible than the great wars between the nations of Europe which prevailed at the same time; and, when we consider what false and lawless men sometimes held the helm of State in those days, and how apt to be partial to the party who got the ear of the king, we shall not be inclined to pass a severe censure on men who had learned to hold their estates by the right of their good swords rather than by the parchment of a juggling lawyer, or the word of honour of a dishonourable king. As little am I disposed to find fault with the absolute authority the clan system placed in the hands of the chief, or the father of the family. This authority, no doubt, might be abused sometimes; but in the main it was beneficially exercised, and, like the *patria potestas* of the ancient Romans, was the mother of an admirable discipline and a firm consolidation. One great merit of the clan system deserves special prominence. The feudal system and our modern commercial system combined, place the peasants of the country altogether at the mercy of a proprietor who knows no social ties between the holder and the cultivator of the land—a person to whom the idea of loving his people is simply a phrase of silly sentimentality, and who acknowledges no duty in a landed aristocracy but that of gathering in rents in the easiest possible way, and with the least possible regard to the happiness of the human beings who may happen to be under his wing. To the clan chief the idea of dissociating the land from the people who lived on it was as strange as to a father would be the idea of disinheriting his children. The spirit of the family system taught that the members of the family had a right to be supported by the head of the family, or, at all events, to be allowed to support themselves by honest labour on the part of the family inheritance. By the clan law, indeed, the class of persons whom we now call small tenants or crofters, were, in a sense, co-proprietors—that is, though they paid dues or services to the chief as men now pay rent, they could not be dispossessed, or at least as matter of fact very rarely were dispossessed. By the consuetudinary law of the district they were perpetual tenants of the land which they cultivated, and which they had gained for the chief by the strokes of their good claymores. Hence, though there might have been in these times occasional misery from bad seasons and bad management, conjoined with over-population, such monstrous unsocial and inhuman proceedings as wholesale clearances and depopulations and ejections of independent men for the sake of the culture of wild or tame beasts were never heard of. No doubt, therefore, whatever might have been the special defect of the clan system, or the general evils of the mediæval period, the state of the Highlands in the days when the Macdonalds and the Macgregors were mighty in the land, was a paradise compared with the state of desolation in which it now for the most part lies.

What has become of the ANNUAL TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS, due in July last, and of the usual ordinary meetings held at this period of the year?

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXIII.

JANUARY, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,
AND
THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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XV.

IN 1608 Andrew Stewart, Lord Ochiltree, and Sir James Hay of Kingask proceeded to the Isles armed with powers to confer and come to certain terms with the Island chiefs. At Maclean's castle, Aros, Mull, he met Angus Macdonald of Isla, Maclean of Duart, Lachlan his brother, Donald Gorm Mor of Sleat, Donald MacAllan, captain of Clanranald; Ruairi Macleod of Harris, Alastair his brother, and several others. Here these proud lords agreed to the following humiliating conditions:—"That they should forthwith give security for the regular payment of his Majesty's rents; deliver up their castles and strongholds, to be at the disposal of the King; that they should renounce all the feudal privileges claimed by them; submit themselves wholly to the jurisdiction of the laws, and be accountable that others dependent on them did the same; that they should deliver up their biorlinns, galleys, and all vessels of war to be destroyed; that they should, finally, send their children to the seats of learning in the Lowlands to be educated under the protection of his Majesty's Privy Council as became the children of barons and gentlemen of the land." They, however, soon suspected that Ochiltree was not altogether to be depended upon in his "fair words, promising to be their friend, and to deal with the King in their favour." Angus Macdonald of Isla, having agreed to everything, was permitted to go home; but finding the others not quite ready to do Ochiltree's bidding in the end, he invited them on board the King's ship *Moon* to hear a sermon preached by his chief counsellor, Bishop Knox of the Isles, after which they were to dine with him. Ruairi Macleod, shrewdly suspecting some sinister design, refused to go aboard the ship, and his suspicion proved only too true; for immediately after dinner Ochiltree informed his guests that they were his prisoners by the King's orders, and, weighing anchor, he at once set sail with them to Ayr, and thence proceeded, taking his prisoners along with him, to Edinburgh, where they were confined, by orders of the Privy

Council, in the Castles of Dumbarton, Blackness, and Stirling. The imprisonment of these chiefs induced many of their followers to submit themselves to the King's representatives, and the arrangements which were afterwards made became a starting point for a gradual and permanent improvement in the Highlands and Western Isles. In 1609 the famous "statutes of Icolmkill" were entered into by the Island chiefs who had meanwhile been set at liberty, with the Bishop of the Isles, among the rest Donald Gorm Mor. The statutes are summarised as follows by Gregory:—The first proceeded upon the narrative of the gross ignorance and barbarity of the Islanders, alleged to have arisen partly from the small number of their clergy, and partly from the contempt in which this small number of pastors was held. To remedy this state of things, it was agreed that proper obedience should be given to the clergy (whose number, much diminished by the Reformation, it was proposed to increase); that their stipends should be regularly paid; that ruinous churches should be re-built; that the Sabbaths should be solemnly kept; and that, in all respects, they should observe the discipline of the Reformed Kirk as established by Act of Parliament. By one of the clauses of this statute, marriages contracted for certain years were declared illegal; a proof that the ancient practice of handfasting still prevailed to a certain extent. The second statute ordained the establishment of inns at the most convenient places in the several Isles; and this not only for the convenience of travellers, but to relieve the tenants and labourers of the ground from the great burden and expense caused to them through the want of houses of public entertainment. The third statute was intended to diminish the number of idle persons, whether masterless vagabonds, or belonging to the households of chiefs and landlords; for experience had shown that the expense of supporting these idlers fell chiefly upon the tenantry, in addition to their usual rents. It was therefore enacted that no man should be allowed to reside within the Isles who had not a sufficient revenue of his own; or who at least did not follow some trade by which he might live. With regard to the great households hitherto kept by the chiefs, a limit was put to the number of individuals of which each household was to consist in future, according to the rank and estate of the master; and it was further provided that each chief should support his household from his own means, not by a tax upon his tenantry. The fourth statute provided that all persons not natives of the Isles, who should be found sorning, or living at free quarters upon the poor inhabitants (an evil which seems to have reached a great height), should be tried and punished by the judge ordinary as thieves and oppressors. The fifth statute proceeded upon the narrative, that one of the chief causes of the great poverty of the Isles, and of the cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised in their feuds, was their inordinate love of strong wines and aquavite, which they purchased partly from dealers among themselves, partly from merchants belonging to the mainland. Power was, therefore, given to any person whatever to seize, without payment, any wine or aquavite imported for sale by a native merchant; and if an Islander should buy any of the prohibited articles from a mainland trader, he was to incur the penalty of forty pounds for the first offence, one hundred for the second, and for the third, the loss of his whole possessions and moveable goods. It was, however, declared to be lawful for an individual to brew as much aquavite as his own family

might require ; and the barons and wealthy gentlemen were permitted to purchase in the Lowlands the wine and other liquors required for their private consumption. The sixth statute attributed the "ignorance and incivillitee" of the Islanders to the neglect of good education among the youth ; and to remedy this fault, enacted that every gentleman or yeoman possessed of sixty cattle should send his eldest son, or, if he had no male children, his eldest daughter, to school in the Lowlands, and maintain his child there till it learned to speak, read, and write English. The seventh statute forbade the use of any description of fire-arms, even for the destruction of game, under the penalties contained in an Act of Parliament passed in the (then) present reign, which had never yet received obedience from the Islanders "owing to their monstrous deadly feuds." The eighth statute was directed against bards and other idlers of that class. The gentry were forbidden to encourage them ; and the bards themselves were threatened, first with the stocks and then with banishment. The ninth statute contained some necessary enactments for enforcing obedience to the preceding Acts. Such were the statutes of Icolmkill ; for the better observance of which, and of the laws of the realm and Acts of Parliament in general, the Bishop took from the assembled chiefs a very strict bond. This bond, moreover, contained a sort of confession of faith on the part of the subscribers, and an unconditional acknowledgment of his Majesty's supreme authority in all matters both spiritual and temporal, according to his "most loveable act of supremacy."

Shortly after this a proclamation was issued by which the inhabitants of the mainland of Argyle were prohibited from buying cattle, horses, or other goods within any of the Western Isles, but the Island chiefs having complained of this as an oppressive Act which made it impossible for them to pay his Majesty's claims upon them and injure his revenue from the Isles, this harsh order was immediately annulled.

In 1610 six of the Island chiefs, including Donald Gorm of Sleat, attended in Edinburgh to hear his Majesty's pleasure declared in respect of the arrangements come to between them and the Bishop of the Isles as above set forth. They further agreed to concur with and assist the King's lieutenants, justices, and commissioners in all questions connected with the government of the Isles ; to live at peace among themselves, and to submit all questions of difference and dispute to the ordinary courts of law ; and the consequence was that in the following year, the Isles were almost entirely free from disorders and rebellion.

In 1613 we find the Chief of Sleat on record as having settled with the Exchequer, and "continuing in his obedience to the laws." In the following year he was the only one of the great chiefs of the Isles who supported the Bishop, as his Majesty's Lieutenant, in putting down the rebellion of the Macdonalds of Isla. Few of the clan, however, could be induced to follow their chief. In 1615 he is found plotting with Sir James Macdonald of Isla, who, with the Chiefs of Keppoch, Morar, and Knoydart, visited him at Sleat, where they held a lengthened conference. Donald Gorm did not, however, join them openly, but many of his followers did, with his full cognisance. Later on in the same year he received instructions from the Privy Council to defend his own estates against the pirate, Coll MacGillespick, for which purpose he was permitted to employ two hundred men. It was confidently stated, however,

at this period that neither Donald Gorm nor any of the other leading Island chiefs could be depended upon to proceed against their clansmen of Isla and the South Isles, had they been requested to do so. Indeed several of their leading vassals were in the ranks of the rebellious Chief of Isla. This rebellion was, however, after considerable difficulty crushed, and in 1616 the leading Island chiefs had again to appear in Edinburgh and bind themselves mutually, as securities for each other, to the observance of very severe and humiliating conditions, one of these being that they would appear annually before the Privy Council on the 10th of July and oftener if required, and another, that they should exhibit annually a certain number of their kinsmen out of a larger list named by the Council. Their households were to be reduced to a small number of gentlemen followers. They were not allowed to carry pistols or hackbutts except on the King's service, and none but the chiefs and the gentlemen of their households were to wear swords or armour, or any weapons whatever. They were bound to reside at certain stated places, and had to build without delay "civil and comlie" houses, or repair their decayed residences, and to have "policie and planting" about them; and to take *mains* or home-farms into their own hands, which they were to cultivate "to the effect they might be thereby exercised and eschew idleness." The rest of their lands they must let to tenants at fixed rents. No single chief was to have more than one birlinn or galley of sixteen or eighteen oars, and, after providing for the education of their children in the Lowlands, the quantity of wine to be used in their houses was declared and very much restricted from what they had been in the habit of using, and none of their tenants were to be permitted by them to buy or drink any wine. Immediately after and in support of these conditions the Privy Council passed a very strict general Act against excessive drinking, because, as it was declared in the preamble, "the great and extraordinary excesse in drinking of wyne, commonlie usit among the commonis and tenants of the Ylis, is not only ane occasioun of the beastlie and barbarous cruelties and inhumanities that fallis oute amongis thame, to the offens and displeasour of God, and contempt of law and justice; but with that it drawis numberis of thame to miserable necessitie and povartie, sua that they are constraynit quhen thay want from awne, to tak from thair nichtbours."

Donald Gorm was very unwell and unable to accompany the other Island lords to Edinburgh, but he ratified all their proceedings, agreed to the conditions, and furnished the necessary securities by a bond dated in August 1616. He named Duntulm as his residence, where he was allowed six household gentlemen and an annual consumption of four tuns of wine, while he had to exhibit three of his principal kinsmen annually to the Privy Council. The haughty Lords were afterwards, having petitioned the King, with some of their nearest relations, allowed by license to use fire-arms, for their own sport, within a mile of their residences.

Donald Gorm Mor Macdonald married, first, Margaret, daughter of Tormod Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan, and XIIIth Baron of that Ilk, from whom he was afterwards divorced as already described. He married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Colin Cam Mackenzie, XIth Baron, and sister of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail; but dying without issue in December 1616 he was succeeded by his nephew, the son of his brother Archibald, by his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Angus

Macdonald of Isla and the Glynns in Ireland, and ancestor of the Earls of Antrim,

XVII. SIR DONALD MACDONALD, eighth Baron and first Baronet of Sleat. On the 6th of May 1617 he was served heir to his uncle, Donald Gorm Og, in the lands of Sleat, North Uist, Skerdhoug, Benbecula, Gergiminish, Skolpick, Griminish, Tallow-Martin, Orronsay, Mainlies, and the Island of Gilligarry, all in the Lordship of the Isles. In July of the same year he, with Sir Donald Mac Allan Mhic Ian, Captain of Clanranald, and other chiefs, appeared before the Privy Council, and he continued to do so regularly, in terms of his engagement, for some time thereafter. In 1622 Donald Macdonald of Sleat, Sir Roderick Macleod of Harris, John Macdonald, Captain of Clanranald, and son of Sir Donald MacAllan, among others, appeared as usual before the Privy Council, on which occasion several Acts of importance to the Isles were enacted. They became bound "to builde and repaire thair Paroche Kirkis at the Sicht of the Bischope of the Ilis."* Masters of ships were prohibited from importing more wine into the Isles than the quantity allowed to the Chiefs and their leading vassals by the Act of 1617, already described. The reason given in the preamble for this protective measure is, that one of the causes which retarded the civilization of the Isles was the great quantity of wine imported yearly, "with the insatiable desyre quhairof the said Islanders are so far possest, that, when thair arryvis any schip or other veschell there with wines, they spend both dayes and nights in their excesse of drinking sa lang as thair is anie of the wyne left; sua that, being overcome with drink, thair fallis oute many inconvenientis amangis thame, to the breck of his Majesty's peace." By the same Act Donald Gorm, Clanranald, and Mackinnon, were prohibited, under heavy penalties, from interfering, or in any way molesting, those engaged in the fishings throughout the Isles.

Donald Gorm Og was a steady loyalist, and, according to Douglas's Baronage, "was a man of singular integrity and merit, a firm and steady friend of that unfortunate prince," King Charles the First, by whom he was highly favoured and esteemed.

In 1625 he was, by that monarch, created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, by patent, dated 14th of July, which contained a clause "that he and his heirs male and assigns should have precedency before Sir William Douglas of Glenbervy, Sir Alexander Strachan of Thorntown, and Sir David Livingstone of Dunipace, by which he became the next baronet to Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, and the second of that order in the kingdom of Scotland." When the civil war broke out in Scotland, in 1639, Charles was so anxious to secure the assistance and influence of the Chief of Sleat, that he wrote him a letter from his camp at Berwick, dated the 11th of June in that year, wherein he promised him "the lands of Punard, Ardnamurchan, and Strathardill, the Islands of Roume, Muck, and Cannay, which were to accrue to him by the forfeiture of the Earl of Argyll, Sir Dugald Campbell, and Mackinnon, seeing that Sir Donald at this time stood out for the good of his Majesty's service, and was resolved to undergo the hazard of his person and his estate for the same;

* This document, bearing date 23d July 1622, is given at p. 122 *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*.

all of which he promises on the word of a king, to ratify to Sir Donald and his heirs, in any manner they shall think proper, provided that he use his best endeavours in his service at this time, according to his Majesty's commission."* He was able to communicate many of the designs and plans of the Covenanters in the North which proved of great service to the King, and he negotiated with the Marquis of Antrim, Chief of the Macdonells of Ireland, for a body of troops, who were to cross into Scotland and serve on the King's side, against the Covenanters, but he died before they had arrived, and ere an opportunity presented itself to him to give his active services in the field.

He married Janet, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, sister of Colin Ruadh and of George, first and second Earls of Seaforth, and by her had issue—

1. Sir James, who succeeded.
2. Donald of Castletown, who distinguished himself afterwards in the civil wars, and of whom hereafter.
3. Archibald, "An Ciaran Mabach."
4. Angus.
5. Alexander.
6. Margaret, who married Æneas Macdonell of Glengarry, afterwards raised to the Peerage by the title of Lord Macdonell and Aros, without issue.
7. Katharine, who married Kenneth Mackenzie, VI. of Gairloch, without issue. Contract dated 5th of September 1635, in which the marriage portion is declared to be 6000 merks, with an endowment of 1000 lbs, Scots yearly.†
8. Janet, who married Donald Macdonald of Moidart, Captain of Clanranald, with issue, and
9. Mary, who married, as his first wife, Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, without issue.

Sir Donald died in October 1643, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVIII. SIR JAMES MACDONALD, ninth Baron and second Baronet of Sleat. He was served heir to his father on the 20th of February 1644. In 1646, after the battle of Auldearn, he was prevailed upon by the Earl of Seaforth to join Montrose, who soon after retired with his supporters to the west, through the valley of Strathglass, where, on receipt of a communication from the King, Montrose disbanded his followers, left the country shortly after, and Sir James and Seaforth made the best of their way to their respective homes.‡ When Charles II. marched into England in 1651, Sir James sent several of his vassals to his assistance. The King and his followers being defeated at the battle of Worcester in that year, the Royal cause was for the time ruined, and Sir James retired to his residence in the Isle of Skye, where "he lived with great circumspection." He was a man of great intelligence and ability, highly esteemed and trusted by his dependants, and, according to Douglas, "of fine accomplishments, untainted virtue and honour." The share he took in bringing the Keppoch murderers to justice is already known to the readers of

* Wood's Douglas' Peerage of Scotland.

† History and Genealogies of the Clan Mackenzie, by the same author, p. 332.

‡ For more detailed particulars see The History of the Mackenzies, p. 196-198.

the *Celtic Magazine*.* In answer to the appeal of Ian Lom he brought the matter before the Government, and finally obtained a commission of fire and sword against the assassins, with the result already so well known. The following account of the affair may however be given here, from Douglas' Baronage :—"In his time there was a parcel of barbarous Highlanders who greatly infested the northern parts, committed vast outrages, robberies, and even murders. They attacked Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, with a considerable force in his own house, and most cruelly put him to death, anno 1663. The Government used all manner of means to bring them to justice, but that was found impracticable in a legal way; they therefore sent a most ample commission of fire and sword (as it was then called) to Sir James Macdonald, &c., signed by the Duke of Hamilton, Marquis of Montrose, Earl of Eglinton, and other six of the privy council, with orders and full power to him to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all these lawless robbers, &c. This, in a very short time, he effectually performed; some of them he put to death, and entirely dispersed the rest, to the satisfaction of the whole court, which contributed greatly to the civilizing of those parts.

"Immediately thereafter, by order of the Ministry, he got a letter of thanks from the Earl of Rothes, then lord high treasurer and keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgments of the singular service he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses very much to Sir James's honour, &c. This letter is dated the 15th day of December 1665, signed ROTHES."

At the Restoration he was fined to a large amount at the instigation of Middleton, who is said to have received a grant of the fine for himself. From this it would appear that the loyalty of Sir James to the King did not continue so steadfast during the Commonwealth as others of the Highland chiefs, and to the extent which would naturally be expected from the representative of ancestors who had invariably been loyal to the Stewarts.

The general history of the Highlands during this eventful period has been given so fully in earlier volumes of this Magazine, in the History of the Mackenzies, that repetition here would be out of place, and it is only necessary to point out the part taken by the Macdonalds of Sleat in the leading events, connected with the Revolution Settlement and the Risings of 1715 and 1745; especially as the Macdonalds of Glengarry, Moidart, and Keppoch had risen comparatively during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to greater prominence in the History of the Highlands, and have taken in later times more leading positions in the annals of the country than the hitherto more distinguished family of Sleat. The general history of the Highlands during these centuries will therefore fall more appropriately to be given in greater detail when we come to deal with the other great houses of Macdonald, and still more so in the History of the Macdonalds when published separately in book form.

Sir James married Margaret, only daughter of the famous Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, better known as the "Tutor of Kintail," and ancestor of the Earls of Cromarty. By this lady Sir James had issue—

* See article on "Ian Lom, the Lochaber bard," by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, pp. 95-104, vol. IV.

1. *Donald*, his heir and successor.
2. *Roderick*, who married *Janet Richie*, with issue, two sons, *James* and *Donald*, twins, born on the 10th of June 1679.
3. *Hugh*, afterwards of *Glenmore*.
4. *Somerled* of *Sortle*.
5. *Catherine*, who married *Sir Norman Macleod* of *Benera*, with issue.
6. *Florence*, who married *John Macleod*, XVIIth of *Harris* and *Dunvegan*, with issue, three sons and three daughters.

He married, secondly, *Mary*, eldest daughter of *John Macleod*, XVth of *Harris* and *Dunvegan*, with issue—

7. *John* of *Backney*.

He died on the 8th of December 1678, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

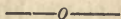
MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF LORD SALTOUN IN 1815.—During the whole of his long and dangerous service Lord Saltoun was so fortunate as to be only once wounded, and then not very seriously, although the particulars are somewhat strange. He gives the following account of the circumstances in a letter to his wife, dated 27th June 1815 :—"I am now, my dear love, quite out of the blue devils; for yesterday, on the march from *Serain* to *Caulaincourt*, we were halted at *Vermaud*, and our brigade sent to the right to attack *Peronne*, which we stormed yesterday evening with very little loss. I have heard an old saying that everything is made for some purpose; but I do not suppose you had the least idea, when you made my little purse, that it would ever be put to the use it was. Yesterday, during the storm of *Peronne*, a grape shot hit me full in the thigh. Fortunately, I had the little purse in that pocket, full of small gold pieces called ducats, which so stopped the ball, that, although it knocked me down, it lodged in the purse, and has given me a slight bruise, not half so bad as a blow from a stick. Had it not been for the purse it would have been very near a finish. So you see, my dear *Kate*, I owe you something. The purse is cut right open by the ball, but I shall not have it mended until it comes into your hands. What is rather odd, the little heart I had in it is the only thing not hurt, for all the gold pieces are bent and twisted about properly. I write this, first, because I promised to write exactly what happened; and next, because they are so fond of killing people in reports, especially if they have been hit in the slightest manner possible."

Although he had many narrow escapes, this was the only occasion upon which Lord Saltoun was hit during his long service. He made light of the matter to his wife, describing the bruise as slight, and, doubtless to remove all apprehension, said that he told her exactly what happened; but the blow was, in reality, much more severe. The purse and its contents were driven into the groin, from which the surgeon, having cut the pocket away from the trousers, and gathering its edges together, pulled out the whole mass, when a pledget and some plaister put all to rights.

The purse, the gold coins, and heart were long preserved by Lady Saltoun, and after her death by himself. At his decease they were given to Mrs Brown, wife of General Samuel Brown, and Lady Saltoun's sister, who had expressed a wish to have them. They were kept by her, together with Lord Saltoun's letter of the 27th June, and Lady Saulton's reply of the 3d July, relating to the affair, from which the above extracts have been made. When Mrs Brown died, the purse and the letters were missed, probably stolen by some unprincipled person for the sake of the gold. The letters were picked up on the high road near *Ipswich*, during the time of some races near that town, and were forwarded to the writer of this narrative by the finder; but the purse and gold pieces have never been recovered.—*The Frasers of Philorth*, by Lord Saltoun.

BLARLEINE, OR THE BATTLE OF THE SHIRTS.

A STORY OF HIGHLAND WARFARE.



THE sail up the Caledonian Canal from Inverness to Oban—the weather propitious—is one of the most enjoyable of Highland tours. Historically or archaeologically, there are few routes that present so rich a field to glean from as the “Great Glen.” And the tourist who intent only on luxuriating in abundance of fresh air; or on feasting his eyes on the beauties of magnificent scenery will have his reward. Borne swiftly along in the well equipped passenger boat, he gazes on a panoramic exhibition, that unfolds one after another scenes so attractive, and that impress the memory with reminiscences so agreeable, that there are few who have seen those sights but would gladly enjoy a repetition of the tour. We think the scenery along this route is not much, if at all, inferior to the far-famed Rhine scenery.

Let us suppose ourselves at the point at which the steamer leaves the canal and enters Loch Lochy—the fourth in the chain of lakes that lie along the valley. The ground through which the canal passes here was formerly known by the name of Dalruairi—a considerable part of which was submerged, when the water level was raised to serve canal purposes. On this ground was fought, on the 15th of July 1544, one of the best contested and bloodiest fights in the annals of Highland warfare—a very Otterburn of Highland combats—literally realising the fable of the Kilkenny cats, that ate each other to the tails.

Allan Mac Ruairi of Eileantioram, in Mudart, was Chief and Captain of Clanranald from 1481 till 1509, when he was executed in presence of James IV. at Blair-Athole. What the crime laid to his charge was, for which he suffered the last penalties of the law, is not very clear. The probability is, that his principal offence was the part he acted in a raid upon Athole headed by Donald Dubh, the well known aspirant to the Lordship of the Isles. This Clanranald chief was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Macian, the Macdonald Chief of Ardnamurchan; and after her death he espoused the Honourable Isabella Fraser, daughter of Thomas, fourth Lord Lovat, and sister to Hugh, fifth Lord Lovat. This lady, after the death of Clanranald, her first husband, married John Mor Grant, first of the Grant lairds of Glenmoriston. The Glenmoriston tradition is, that after the death of Clanranald, she left Mudart for her brother's residence in the Aird—whether on a visit or with the purpose of permanently residing there is uncertain. Anyhow she passed through Glenmoriston on her way—encamped there with her attendant retinue—and, according to the courtesies of those times, sent one of her band to the laird to inform him of her arrival; at the same time soliciting his protection. Lady Clanranald and her retinue were hospitably entertained, and so favourably impressed by the good qualities of her host, that before parting she consented to be his wife. Their sons were Patrick and James. Patrick was one of the

few who survived the Kinlochlochy fight unwounded—where he and his men fought bravely in the interest of his uterine brother, Ranald Gallda.

By his first wife—Macian's daughter—Allan Mac Ruairi had two sons, Ranald and Alexander. Ranald was a man of action and ability; and for a time steered the Clanranald bark safely between the rocks, and through the breakers of many dangerous clan feuds. But eventually driven by self interest or stress of weather to the commission of crimes which made him amenable to capital punishment, he also suffered the last penalty of the law at Perth in the year 1513. He was succeeded in the chieftainship by his son Dugald. He also died an untimely death. Because of cruelties and crimes against his own kin he was assassinated, and his sons formally excluded from succeeding to the chieftainship. The command of the clan and possession of the family estates reverted to his uncle Alexander, the second son of Allan Mac Ruairi by his first wife. It does not appear that this chief was married; but he had a natural son, John, well known in Highland story as Ian Mudartach—a man of high capacity both for diplomacy and command—a born chief. These mental endowments, along with his great physical prowess, made him so popular that the circumstance of his illegitimacy was ignored, and on the death of his father he was unanimously elected by the clan to be their captain and chief—to the exclusion of cousins, and his uncle, Ranald Gallda, any of whom had legally a preferential claim.

Allan Mac Ruairi, as already narrated, married, as his second wife, the Honourable Isabella Fraser of Lovat, by whom he had a son, Ranald, who, from the circumstance of his being educated among his mother's friends, the Frasers, went by the soubriquet of Ronald, or Raol Gallda. His two elder brothers dead, and the representatives of Raol Ban the elder of the two being disqualified, Raol Gallda was undoubtedly the rightful Clanranald Chief. But such was the influence of John Mudartach that his opponent's efforts, and those of his friends, to obtain recognition of his rights proved quite unavailing, until John, with other chiefs, was apprehended by James V., during his expedition for the pacification of the Highlands and Isles. Of this circumstance Lovat immediately availed himself to assert the rights of his nephew; and eventually he succeeded in obtaining the revocation of the charters formerly granted to John Mudartach, and in procuring fresh title-deeds in favour of Ranald Gallda as heir of his father, the deceased Allan Mac Ruairi. This new arrangement lasted only during the time John Mudartach remained in confinement. On his release—whether by permission or escape is uncertain—he hastened with all speed to his mountain home, and by the singular influence he possessed over his clan, drew them again to his banner—was acknowledged as their chief—and Ranald Gallda, whose more refined accomplishments were not at all to the taste of his wild Mudart kinsmen, had to betake himself for shelter and protection to his uncle Lovat, who took steps to re-assert the rights of his injured nephew. John Mudartach was too fiery and impetuous a spirit to abide invasion. He took the initiative. In alliance with the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Camerons of Lochiel, headed by their respective chiefs, he ravaged the districts of Abertarf and Stratherrick belonging to Lovat, and those of Glenmoriston and Glen-Urquhart, belonging to the Grants, who sided with Lovat. He also invested the Castle of Urquhart, of which the laird of Grant was

Constable ; took it by storm ; put the garrison to the sword, and settled a large portion of his followers in the surrounding districts as in a conquered territory. These were serious and formidable invasions upon the rights of the lieges ; and as a necessary consequence brought John Mudartach and his allies into collision with the crown. The Castle of Urquhart being a royal fort, Huntly, the King's Lieutenant in the North, was authorised to take immediate steps towards chastising these chieftains. He lost no time in raising an army, including, in addition to his own dependents, the Frasers, the Mackintoshes, and the Grants. His first operation was to clear the invaded territories of their new settlers. He then marched westwards against the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Camerons, after which he led his forces into the wilds of Mudart, and without much opposition put Lovat's nephew in possession of Eileantioram, but as the sequel shows, not in possession of the clan. John Mudartach was not in a position, single-handed, to encounter the King's Lieutenant ; and wisely realising this, he retreated or advanced as occasion required, but always kept a watchful eye upon the foe, waiting his opportunity to strike a decisive blow should a favourable occasion turn up. Huntly having, as he supposed, secured the object of his expedition, retraced his steps homewards as far as Glenspean, through which was his nearest route to Badenoch and Strathbogie. Here he and the Frasers agreed to part company. The Spean route suited Huntly better, while Lovat elected to march down the Great Glen as the most direct road to his country. There seems to be no evidence, as some historians affirm, that this arrangement was suggested by Huntly to entrap Lovat. On the contrary, he offered him an escort in case he might be attacked by the way, which Huntly suggested as possible. But as there was no appearance of this—the Clanranald keeping carefully out of sight—Lovat courteously declined the offer. He had reason to repent of this. It is pretty certain that John Mudartach and his allies foresaw there would be a division of Huntly's forces. Guessing the route Lovat was likely to take, he marched down behind the range of mountains to the north of Lochloch, and encamped on the night previous to the battle in a glen among the hills immediately behind the farm of Kilfinnan, near a small loch, called Lochan-nam-bata, the loch of the staves. In the muddy margin of this little loch, the Mudart men left their staves on the morning of the battle, that by the number of unclaimed ones they might ascertain their losses in the impending struggle. Such, according to tradition is the origin of the name. Gregory says, the Clanranald and their allies marched with displayed banners down the south side of Loch Lochy on the morning of the day of battle. But the traditional story is—and we think the more probable of the two—that they encamped out of sight at Lochan-nam-bata, till of a sudden they descended like birds of prey from their eyry, on the morning of the 15th. And this is all the more probable, as it was John Mudartach's best policy to conceal his forces till Lovat was in a position in which he could not decline battle against superior numbers. The Frasers numbered about three hundred men. The Clanranald brought five hundred warriors to the field. This disparity, sufficiently great to begin with, became greater, as Lovat found it necessary to detach fifty of his men, under command of his Lieutenant, Beathan Cleirach, to secure a safe retreat in case of discomfiture, which he

apprehended owing to the disparity between the combatants. But for this precaution, seeing the Frasers fought so well, it is not impossible but victory might have alighted upon their banner. Anyhow John Mudartach's tactics proved successful. Just as Lovat with his followers arrived at the east end of Loch Lochy, he descended with his grim warriors from the hills right opposite; a movement, judging from the distance, which could be performed in a very short time. Lovat was now fully alive to the error he had committed in not accepting Huntly's proffered escort, but it was too late to mend matters. He had no alternative but to accept the chances of battle. Accordingly he made the best disposition of his forces he could—placing the gentlemen of his little army, who were well armed, in front, and the others in the rear. The day—the fifteenth of July—was unusually hot—the heat no doubt intensified by the narrowness of the position, shut in as it is by towering hills on either side. To ease themselves as much as possible of this solar heat, they prepared for the conflict by stripping themselves of their upper raiment all but their shirts and kilts. Hence the name *Blarleine*, or *Blar-nan-leine*, by which this battle is known among Highlanders. The fight began with a discharge of arrows—the usual mode of Highland warfare in those times—and when their arrows were expended, the struggle was carried on hand to hand with the sword. From the allusion to gunpowder, in the following lines, adapted to a *pibroch* composed in commemoration of this action, we infer that fire-arms must have been used—at least to some extent:

Fhriselich a chail chaoil,
 Fhriselich a chail chaoil,
 Fhriselich a chail chaoil,
 Thugaibh am bruthach oirbh.

Chloinn Domhnuil an fhraoich,
 Chloinn Domhnuil an fhraoich,
 Chloinn Domhnuil an fhraoich,
 Cuiribh na 'n siubhal iad.

Luaidhe chruinn ghorm,
 Luaidhe chruinn ghorm,
 Luaidhe chruinn ghorm,
 'S fudar 'cur siubhal ri.

The battle was fought from midday till late in the afternoon, and consisted latterly of isolated single combats. Both sides fought with determined courage, neither side yielding until—if we can believe tradition—of the Frasers only four remained unwounded, and of the Clanranald only eight. The others were either dead or disabled. Ranald Gallda was accounted the best swordsman of all that fought in this well contested field. Many of the foe fell beneath his powerfully-handled weapon; and it was by strategem, and not by strength or skill, that he was disabled towards the close of the struggle. Two noted Mudart warriors, father and son, fought under the banner of their chief. The son, known by the soubriquet of "an gille maol dubh," while performing deeds of valour himself, had his eye upon his aged sire, marking how, as foe after foe fell neath the weapon of Ranald Gallda, that warrior came nearer and nearer to the old man. The two at length joined in deadly strife. The older combatant gave

ground before his more vigorous rival—on observing which, the “gille maol dubh” exclaimed, “’S beag orm ceum air ais an t-sheapn duine,” I like not the backward step of an old man. The father replied, “A’ bheil thusa ’n sin a ghille mhaoil duibh, ma tha bi ’n so’.” Are you there, if so be here; whereupon the son stepped forward and took his father’s place at the moment he had fallen mortally wounded. For a time the contest was doubtful, but finding himself overmatched by the skill and prowess of his opponent, the “gille maol dubh” exclaimed, “Cha bhi mi ’m brath foille ’s tu, seall air do chulthaobh,” I won’t take advantage of you, look behind. Apprehending treachery, Ranald instinctively turned round, and in the act of doing so the Mudart man felled him to the ground. This ended the fray. Ranald Gallda dead, as it was thought, John Mudartach had nothing to fear from him; nor the Frasers anything further to contend for; and the few that survived unscathed on either side sullenly withdrew from what may be called a drawn battle. Lovat, his eldest son the Master, and Ranald Gallda, with eighty gentlemen of the Frasers, besides others of less note had fallen. Gregory says—As both sides were about to give battle, to Lovat’s grief he was joined by the Master, a youth of great promise just returned from abroad. He had been strictly charged by his father not to take part in the expedition, and accordingly remained at home after its departure. But stung by the taunts of a step-mother, who insinuated cowardice, she secretly hoping his fall might make way for the advancement of her own son; the gallant youth chose twelve trusty companions, followed his father and clan, and arrived at Kinlochlochry in time to take part in the fight which brought him to an untimely end. Lovat’s first wife, the Master’s mother, was a daughter of the Laird of Grant. His second wife, the lady who is suspected of ensnaring the Master in favour of her own son, was a daughter of Ross of Balnagown. Fraser of Faraline was among the slain; and Fraser of Foyers was so badly wounded that but for the fidelity of a retainer he also would have perished. Norman Gow, though himself sorely wounded by an arrow, yet, forgetful of his own peril, carried his master all night on his back as far as Fort-Augustus, to die there of his disinterested exertions. He was an armourer, as his name bears, and as a last request desired that his sword should be buried with his remains. His grave was known for generations thereafter, and it is said, when opened towards the end of last century, the remains of a sword were dug up, supposed to be that of Norman Gow. In appreciation of the faithful services of this man, his descendants had lands free of rent conferred upon them by the lairds of Foyers, as long as any of them remained to claim the gift. There is, right opposite the battlefield of Dalruairi, where the present road curves westward towards the farmhouse of Kilfinnan, a hillock, still known by the name of Cnocan-oich-oich. Oich! in Gaelic is expressive of pain. On this hillock, at the time the battle was fought, there was, as tradition says, a hostelry, and a barn adjoining, into which many of the wounded were carried to have the benefit of such medical skill as was then available. Into this barn Ranald Gallda, dangerously wounded, was with others carried. During night, the surviving Macdonalds indulged largely in potations of “mountain dew,” were jubilant over the discomfiture of the Frasers, and boasted of their own individual feats in arms. Ranald Gallda, who overheard their conversations, unwisely remarked “that there was one Macdonald,

who had he been alive, might well have boasted of his prowess; and that had he himself been what he was that morning, he would encounter them all single handed, rather than that one brave man who that day had fallen beneath his sword." This unguarded remark discovered who their wounded prisoner was. Irritated by the taunt, they bribed the man who dressed the wounded to thrust his needle into his brain when dressing his head. Thus perished Ranald Gallda by the hands of his own clan—a man whose capacity as well as prowess deserved a better fate at their hands. The news of the battle soon spread near and far. It was known in the Aird on the day following, and a party of Frasers immediately visited the scene of conflict, to claim the remains of their friends for honourable interment. Those of their Chief, the Master, and his cousin Ranald Gallda, were borne homewards by the mourning band, and buried in the priory of Beaulieu. Until 1746 the Latin inscription on Lovat's tomb was visible. It is as follows:—"Hic jacet Hugo Dominus de Lovat qui fortissime pugnans contra Reginald erios occubuit. Julii 15, 1544." Here lies Hugh Lord Lovat, who fell on the 15th July 1644, bravely fighting against the Clanranald. We remember being shown, many years ago, by the late Mr Ewen Cameron, then tenant at Kilfinnan, mounds at the south east end of Loch Lochy, not far from the scene of conflict; where according to local tradition, the remains of the slain were buried. The gentle undulations of the ground and the richness of the verdure seemed all to favour the probability that this really is the last resting-place of those who fell in this battle. The loss sustained by the Frasers, great as it was, would have been still more disastrous to the clan but for a remarkable circumstance we have upon the authority both of the historian Buchanan and Sir Robert Gordon, that the wives of the slain Frasers—almost all of them—subsequently gave birth to sons. This is corroborated by more than one of the Clan historians. And while some slight margin may be allowed for more or less exaggeration—if such there be—we have no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the testimony of these men.

We sometimes hear of "the good old times." Let us thank God we live in better times. For not greater is the contrast between the scene of the 15th July 1544 witnessed on the field of Dalruairih, and the calm, peaceful, bright aspect of it, when seen by us last August, than the contrast between the Highlands of those times and the Highlands of our own day. Nowhere are life and property safer, more sacred, than they now are in the Highlands of Scotland—the fruit of the Bible and the school.

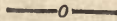
John Mudartach, the prime mover of this, as of many seditions besides, lived to an advanced age, and died in the chartered possession of a heritage illegally gotten—maintained by the sword, and transmitted to successive generations of his descendants.

KENMORE.

ALLAN SINCLAIR.

BOOKS RECEIVED: "The Past in the Present," by Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.; and "Celtic Scotland," vol. iii., by William F. Skene, both from David Douglas, publisher, Edinburgh.

EVAN MACCOLL—THE “BARD OF LOCHFYNE.”



II.

It was stated last month that the bard's father emigrated to Canada in 1831, yet Evan could not make up his mind to leave his native land, even to accompany those whom he loved above all others in the world; but having been, in 1839, as already mentioned, appointed to a clerkship in the Liverpool Custom House, he, in that year, bade his native hills an affectionate farewell, and exchanged the Highland hills and heather, which had so often inspired his poetic soul, for a sphere of life which, with its necessary duties and surroundings, had little attraction for one of his temperament, tastes, and feelings.

Before this, however, in 1837, according to his intimate friend, John Mackenzie, of “The Beauties,” he “threw off the mask of anonymity, and appeared as a contributor to the Gaelic Magazine, then published in Glasgow. His contributions excited considerable interest, and a general wish was expressed to have them published in a separate form by all Highlanders, with the exception of his own immediate neighbours, who could not conceive how a young man, with whom they had been acquainted from his birth, should rise superior to themselves in intellectual stature and in public estimation. They of course discovered that our youthful bard was possessed of a fearful amount of temerity, and the public, at the same time, saw that they were miserably blockaded in their own mental timberism.” And then the author of “The Lives of the Gaelic Bards” proceeds to resent the treatment received by Maccoll from those who ought to have been his best friends, and such as he himself had also experienced. He could therefore strongly enter into sympathy with the bard of Lochfyne. He continues:—If native talent is not to be encouraged by fostering it under the grateful shade of generous friendship, it ought, at least, to have the common justice of being allowed to work a way for itself, unlogged by a solitary fetter—unchilled by the damping breath of unmerited contempt or discouragement. The high-souled inhabitants of Inveraray failed to extinguish the flame of Maccoll's lamp; and now, as they are not probably much better engaged, we recommend them to “see themselves as others see them,” in our author's retaliative poem, “Slochd a Chopair,” in which they are strongly mirrored, and the base metal of which they are made powerfully delineated. It is well for dependant merit, he goes on to say, that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them, and then he proceeds to compliment Mr Fletcher of Dunans and Mr Campbell of Islay for their patronage of the bard, for interesting themselves in his behalf, and for procuring a situation for him in Her Majesty's customs.

Maccoll's first publication in volume form appeared in 1836, under the title of “The Mountain Minstrel,” containing Gaelic songs and poems, and his earliest attempts in English. Though the name of Maclachlan and Stewart appears on the title-page, the work was published entirely at

the risk of the author. It was well received, the sale covered the cost of publication, and left a small balance to the bard.

During the next two years he wrote several new pieces both in Gaelic and English, and in 1838 the Messrs Blackie, of Glasgow, published the Gaelic work now known as "Clarsach nam Beann," containing all the Gaelic productions of the bard up to that date. Simultaneously with the "Clarsach," the same firm brought out the first exclusively English edition of the *Mountain Minstrel*, the first edition of which, we have seen, was partly Gaelic and partly English. A second edition of this *Mountain Minstrel* was published in 1847, and another in 1849, but neither of these produced any great financial result to the author. In 1839 an edition of the "Clarsach" was published by Maclachlan and Stewart, to which is added a few explanatory notes, a glossary, and a long list of subscribers, of whom we are told some were "for *Clarsach nam Beann*, some for the *Mountain Minstrel*, and many for both works."

On the appearance of his two volumes in 1838 Maccoll was hailed as a rare and valued acquisition to Gaelic literature, and his right to stand in the front rank of modern Celtic bards was at once established and acknowledged. Of his "*Mountain Minstrel; or poems and songs in English*," some of the best contemporary authorities in Britain wrote in the very highest praise. The late Dr Norman Macleod, reviewing it in an Edinburgh paper, writes:—"Evan Maccoll's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy was nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild, indeed, and sometimes rough are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and so striking—images and comparisons so beautiful and original—feelings so warm and so *fresh*, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man." Hugh Miller says, in the *Inverness Courier*:—"There is more of fancy than of imagination in the poetry of Maccoll, and more of thought and imagery than of feeling. In point, glitter, and polish, he is the Moore of Highland song, comparison and ideality are the leading features of his mind. Some of the pieces in this volume are sparkling tissues of comparison from beginning to end. The images pass before us in quick and tantalizing succession, reminding us of the figures of a magic-lantern, hurriedly drawn athwart the wall, or the patterns of a web of tapestry, seen and then lost, as they sweep over the frame. Even when compelled to form a high estimate of the wealth of the bard from the very rapidity with which he flings it before us, we cannot avoid wishing at the same time that he had learned to enjoy it a little more at his leisure. This, if a fault, however, and we doubt it after all, is a fault of genius. How proud would the ability of producing such poetry in Greek or Latin render some of our first-rate scholars, and yet such in fact has been the triumph of this Highland peasant from the shores of Lochfyne." Dr Browne, author of "*The History of the Highland Clans*," noticing the work in the *Caledonian Mercury*, wrote:—"Genius, wherever it displays itself, constitutes nature's title of nobility, with heaven's patent right visibly stamped upon it, and thus levels all other distinctions. Here for instance, we have it breaking out amidst every disadvantage in the person of a Western Celt—one who, obedient to the voice within, sought to embody in song those feelings and emotions

which external nature had kindled up in his bosom ; and who with none of the means and appliances furnished by the schools, has thrown together, in his 'Mountain Minstrel,' more gems 'of purest ray serene' than could be found in a decade of *lustra* amongst the measured dulness of the choristers and songsters in the cities of the south. He has that within him, if we mistake not, which will make him a name, and secure to that name a place amongst those who would now, perhaps, scorn the association. In regard to his English productions, although they exhibit those striking inequalities which might have been expected, especially in a young man writing, in some measure, in a foreign language, yet we do not hesitate to affirm, that they are interspersed with some of the sweetest flowers of poetry, and give proofs of genius capable of far higher things. There are, in the volume before us, lines written on visiting Iona—which any poet of the day might, as far as fancy and true poetic feeling are concerned, be willing to acknowledge. The same sweetness, the same quiet beauty, and the same easy freedom, pervade the 'Evening Address to Lochlomond,' some stanzas of which exhibit a play of fancy and a richness of imagery, which it will no doubt shock the insolence of aristocratic pretension and imbecility to find displayed in the compositions of a Highland fisherman." This is surely high praise, but we must yet quote Bailey, the celebrated author of "Festus" and of the "Angel World,"—"There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the Mountain Minstrel which seem to breath naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame." The reviewers were equally complimentary in their notices of the Gaelic "Clarsach," the *Edinburgh Advertiser* proclaiming one of the poems "one of the most beautiful pieces which modern Celtic literature affords;" while the *Glasgow Constitutional* says of it that "Maccoll's Gaelic pieces emanate from a heart imbued with the finest feelings of humanity. His 'Ode to Loch-duich' is inimitable. Rich in the most splendid imagery of nature, represented to our admiring gaze through the burning vista of poetic genius, we sit on the author's lips, float with him on its glassy surface, or dive into its transparent bosom. As a Celtic bard, Mr Maccoll is second to none, and we trust that a young man who has commenced his career so auspiciously, will yet be an honour to his country, and to the republic of letters. We do not much envy the taste of that man who will sit an hour on the mountain side without the bewitching company of 'Clarsach nam Beann.'" And last but not least, we have the compiler of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" saying—"Maccoll ranks very high as a poet. His English pieces, which are out of our way, possess great merit. His Gaelic productions are chiefly amorous, and indicate a mind of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order ; one of them comes under that denomination of poetry, called pastoral or descriptive, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, melli-

fluent tone we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of the heart than the most elaborate production of art. Maccoll imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him; he moves majestically in a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him, we never tire—never think long in his company. But we are reminded that praises bestowed on a living author subject us to the imputation of flattery—long may it be ere Evan Maccoll is the subject of any posthumous need of laudation from us!”

Criticisms like these from such acknowledged authorities might satisfy the ambition of any votary of the muse, and they must have proved highly satisfactory to the peasant bard of Lochfyne. He has, however, much to the shame of his Highland countrymen at least, been allowed to drop almost out of sight for the last thirty or forty years. This is, no doubt mainly due to his expatriation to Canada, away from the notice of his admirers, and where the muse has not yet taken a very high place in the estimation of the people. It is further to be attributed to the fact that Maccoll was not financially in a position to publish new editions of his earlier works or any of his new and more matured compositions, on the pittance paid to him in his adopted country as an official in the Custom House of Kingston, and where all his energies and resources were strained to the utmost to bring up and educate a large family, one of whom at least is destined to become worthy of her father as a successful wooer of the muse.

In 1850 the health of our bard became somewhat impaired, and he obtained six months' leave of absence to enable him to visit his friends in Canada and at the same time recruit his overworked constitution. Shortly after his arrival in the Dominion, while staying on his brother's farm on the river Trent, he was introduced to the Honourable Malcolm Cameron, then a minister of the Crown, and was by this distinguished countryman invited to transfer his clerkship in the Liverpool Customs for a somewhat better position at the time in the Provincial Customs of Upper Canada. Unfortunately for him, we think, he fell in with this friendly suggestion, and was shortly after, in 1852, appointed to a situation at Kingston, a position in which he remained until superannuated last year on a pittance hardly sufficient to keep soul and body of himself and family together. His natural inclinations induced him to take a keen interest in Canadian politics—inclinations necessarily, though it may be unconsciously, strengthened by his loyalty to a leading member of the Liberal party to whom he owed his appointment. Canadian party politics—keen and almost savage in a degree not understood in this country—are not a congenial atmosphere for the cultivation of pure and lofty poetry, and Evan Maccoll, we have no doubt at all, has fallen a sacrifice, financially, and, to a great extent, as a bard, to its narrow and cramping influences. Nor did the political party with whom he allied himself, and which he aided only too well by his pen and his political talents, acknowledge his services in the manner which they and his sacrifices would justify. While more clamorous and less modest supporters of the Liberal party in Canada were being promoted and liberally provided for, poor Maccoll, believing his political friends were as honest and single-minded as himself, and too

proud to ask for favours at their hands, was allowed to struggle on in his old office on, for a man like him, a wretched income which never exceeded £150 a year; and a grateful country—save the mark!—now permits himself and his family to starve on a retiring allowance of about one-half that sum.

On New Year's Eve 1864, Maccoll was presented with an oil painting of himself, accompanied with an address, from the subscribers, by a committee who waited upon him in his own house, when "his brother bard," Sangster, as we find him designated in an old number of the *Kingston Whig*, made the presentation in name of the committee and subscribers, and presented Maccoll with the following address, signed by several of the leading citizens of the city:—

"To the Bard, Evan Maccoll, Kingston,

"Sir,—Permit us, the members of the committee, on behalf of the subscribers thereto, on this New Year's Eve 1864, to tender you the accompanying token of our esteem for you, the joint and freely-tendered gift of the St Andrew's and Caledonian Societies, and a few friends apart from these Societies. As the Bard of the Societies, particularly of the St Andrew's for over a period of ten years, you are fully and honourably entitled to this poor expression of our good will; but altogether apart from this fact we beg to assure you that not on that ground alone is the presentation offered you, but for your many good qualities as a man and a citizen, not less than as a true brother Scot, whose sympathies, though truly and intensely national, are equally cosmopolitan, from your happy possession of that universal sympathy of soul 'that makes the whole world kin.'

Please to accept from us, on behalf of the subscribers, this portrait of yourself, painted by Mr Sawyer, an artist of whom Canada has every right to feel proud. Let us hope that you will live many years to possess it, and that it may be a consolation in future years to the members of your interesting and intelligent family, when you yourself shall have passed, with many of us here to-night, 'to that bourne whence no traveller returns.'

"Wishing yourself and Mrs Maccoll and your family many long years of domestic peace and happiness, not forgetting the compliments of the season, we remain, dear friend and Bard," &c., &c.

To this agreeable address Maccoll replied:—

"Gentlemen,—In accepting at your hands this splendid gift, accompanied as it is by an address so very flattering to my feelings, I will not affect the mock-modesty of declaring myself altogether unworthy of the honour you have done me. It is enough for me that you, who have known me so long, think otherwise; and I feel altogether too well pleased to impeach your judgment. To do so would seem like paying a very doubtful compliment to your discernment. Let it, therefore, be granted that I have fairly won this mark of my countrymen's esteem, that thus it may become all the more valuable in the eyes of my posterity—an heirloom to which they all can point with honest pride, and say, There is the unpurchased tribute of regard of those who knew him best.

"Gentlemen, I am proud of the gift thus tendered me through you by

the societies of which you are the representatives—proud of it as a work of art—proud of it, as a likeness finished in a style worthy of the able artist to whom your commission was entrusted—a gentleman from whom a good portrait was ‘a foregone conclusion.’ Still more proud, however, am I of the friendship which conceived the idea, and the hearty, cordial good will with which it was carried out. If anything were wanting to assure me of what has always been the proudest object of my ambition as a bard—a corner in the hearts of my countrymen—this manifestation of to-night ought to set that matter henceforth and for ever at rest. I therefore thank you all, with a heartfelt emotion; for

Never yet was bard unmoved
 When beauty smiled, or worth approved;
 For though his song he holds as nought—
 An idle strain a passing thought—
 Child of the heart! ’tis held more dear
 Than aught by mortals valued here.

“And now, in acknowledging with pride and pleasure your expression of kindly feeling towards my wife and family, I think I can assure you that all of them, who are old enough to be capable of appreciating the honour now conferred upon me, will never forget this night or you. I have had many a happy ‘Hogmanay’ in my time, but never surely one so happy as this.

“Cordially reciprocating your ‘compliments’ of the season,’ the least I now can do is to wish you all a Happy New Year! May peace and plenty ever cheer your firesides, and happiness be evermore your lot!

“EVAN MACCOLL.”

Throughout the whole of Maccoll’s works there is hardly an idea that need hurt the most tender mind or raise the blush on the most delicate features. He is an original thinker, displays intense passion, elegance, and correctness of expression, not always characteristic even of many of our best Gaelic bards. His word-pictures of some of the most sublime, grand, and romantic scenes throughout his native Highland hills and dales are highly finished, and couched in the choicest language. Some of his pieces also show a satirical vein which it would be as well for the enemy not to arouse; and, according to another of the critics of the Gaelic “Clarsach,” he is said to be conscious of superior power “which stamps his originality, and gives his poetry a power, a richness, and a splendour which the contracted information and confined ideas of the old bards, notwithstanding their power of language, could never by any possibility exhibit.”

We have said enough to show the stamp of man, the genius, whom we had almost permitted to die out of remembrance, but we must yet be allowed to add one more tribute in his praise from a brother Canadian bard of no mean powers himself; for it is not often that one poet can be found to speak so well of another. We quote from a MS. Biographical Sketch written by the poet, Charles Sangster, for General Wilson’s work on the Scottish Bards, published, some years ago, by the Harpers of New York. From the exigencies of space, the MS. sketch was very considerably curtailed by Wilson, but we are glad to have this opportunity of giving its concluding remarks as originally written, and it

will be a most appropriate conclusion to the preceding estimate of Maccoll as a bard. Sangster wrote many years ago:—"Maccoll is considerably past the middle of life, but bids fair to weather the storm of existence for many years to come. In private life he is, both by precept and example, all that could be desired. He has an intense love for all that is really good and beautiful and true, and a manly scorn for all that is false, time-serving, or hypocritical; there is no narrow-mindedness, no bigotry, in his soul. Kind and generous to a fault, he is more than esteemed, and that deservedly by all who properly know him. In the domestic circle, all the warmth of the man's heart—the full flow of genuine feeling and affection—is ever uppermost. He is a thoroughly earnest man, in whose daily walks and conversation, as well as in his actions, Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' is acted out in verity. In his friendship he is sincere; in his dislikes equally so. He is thoroughly Scottish in his leanings; his national love burns with intensity. In poetry he is not merely zealous, but enthusiastic, and he carries his natural force of character into all he says and does. Consequently he is not simply a wooer, but a worshipper of the muse. Long may he live, the 'Bard of Lochfyne,' to prostrate his entire heart and soul in the Temple of the Nine."

This is the character of the man whom we would desire to acknowledge and whose evening of life we hope to see mellowed and softened by his fellow-countrymen in a manner creditable to themselves and congenial to him. Too many of his kind have been allowed to live and die in straitened circumstances—neglected while they could be aided and comforted—afterwards to be commemorated with useless monuments and memoirs. Do not let us add another to our roll of neglected men of genius, already too long by far.

And can nothing be done even yet to soften and comfort the closing years of his life? We have already appealed publicly and privately to the leading men in Canada, to his political opponents as well as to his political friends—to his own distinguished countryman, the Marquis of Lorn, Governor-General of the Dominion—to the Honourable Alexander MacKenzie, ex-Premier of Canada, and a gentleman whom the bard positively adores. We have also appealed to the present Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., suggesting that he should rise above mere party politics, and pay tribute to one of Canada's adopted sons of whom she has great reason to be proud—a fact which she will acknowledge perhaps when it is too late. Our appeal has as yet produced no practical results beyond a gracious invitation to the bard from his Excellency and his Royal Consort to visit them last summer at Government House in Ottawa, on the occasion of which he was received in the most gratifying manner and right royally entertained, not only at Rideau Hall, but by several of the leading citizens of the Canadian capital.

From political leaders we now appeal to our Celtic countrymen throughout the world, and ask them to come forward to help the bard in a manner which we know will be the most congenial and agreeable to his sensitive feelings and Highland spirit; and from the hearty nature of the communications which we have received from the Governor-General of Canada and others above-named, we have no doubt that the leading men of the Dominion will, at least in their private capacity, join in doing honour to their distinguished countryman, and by so doing raise them-

selves and their country in the estimation of all right-thinking men—especially Highlanders—in all quarters of the globe.

What we propose then is that a committee be at once appointed in Canada to raise a sum which will enable the bard to publish a complete edition of his works which shall include not only what has appeared in previous editions, but his compositions since he emigrated to America. These are already prepared for the press, and having examined several of them last year in the bard's home, we have no hesitation in saying that his unpublished productions are on the whole far superior to what has already appeared in his published works. To carry this proposal into effect, we recommend a central committee in Toronto, with the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Premier of Canada, and the Honourable Donald Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, at its head, with his Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, as patron, for the whole Dominion. Hugh Miller, and other Celts, good and true, will be glad to join. In Montreal Mr Macmaster, M.P. for Glengarry, who, though a good Conservative in politics, is first a Canadian Highlander, will take the lead with the Mackays, Macleennans, and other Highlanders of that city. In Hamilton Sheriff Mackellar, the Rev. Mr Fletcher, Mr William Murray, and others will do their share; while Dr Maccrimmon, Chief of the Caledonian Society of Lucknow, is a host in himself among his patriotic band of Lucknow Highlanders. In Halifax, Nova-Scotia, the patriotic North British Society will follow suit; while the Highlanders of Pictou and the Highland Society of Antigonish, will put their shoulders to the wheel with a good Highland will. In New York our friend Mr Macgregor Crerar, may safely be left to organise his brother Celts there; while Mr Macgregor in Rochester; and other clansmen innumerable will only be too glad of the opportunity to work shoulder to shoulder in every city, town, and village in the United States and Canada. And so soon as a beginning is made, where it ought to be made, in Canada, we promise to do what we can on this side of the Atlantic. Another means of aiding materially in carrying out the object in view, and which can be made supplementary to the one already suggested, is for those who cannot, or do not feel disposed to subscribe to the proposed fund, to send in their names for copies of the bard's complete works, on the understanding that the price shall not exceed, say 10s 6d, or two and a-half dollars; and for this purpose we shall be glad to receive the names of any one feeling disposed in this way to help on the object we have in view, and with which the hearts of all good Highlanders will beat in sympathy. Let our Canadian friends start the ball, and they may rest assured that it will be successfully driven to the goal of success with honour to all concerned.

Among Maccoll's literary friends and acquaintances in the Highlands were, "first and foremost," he informs us, "John Mackenzie of 'The Beauties,'" allowed, like many others of his class, to die prematurely in neglect and poverty, though his great services to the Celtic cause are now being fully acknowledged. The late Robert Carruthers, LL.D., whom he met several times, "first of all in the studio of my dear departed friend, Mr Alexander Macinnes, the artist, then resident in Inverness." All three met shortly afterwards at supper at Macinnes's house. Maccoll met Hugh Miller on several occasions, the last time being "at the old Cromarty homestead celebrated in his 'Schools and School-

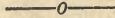
masters." He also spent some time with the brothers Sobieski Stewart, at Eilean-Aigais, and drank with them out of a cuach once the property of Prince Charlie. In Glasgow he could claim among his friends James Hedderwick, of the *Citizen*; Dugald Moore, author of "The Bard of the North;" Andrew Park, author of "Silent Love," and "Hurrah for the Highlands;" and last but not least, the late genial Dr Norman Macleod. In Edinburgh the late Dr Robert Chambers made him the lion of a dinner party in his house in Princes Street, to which were invited about a dozen of the literary stars of the modern Athens, the poets Gilfillan and Vedder being among the number. In Liverpool he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of James Phillip Bailey, the author of "Festus," and the late Robert Leighton, author of "The Christening of the Bride," and other well known poems. "When first I knew Leighton," Maccoll writes, "he was quite a raw, unsophisticated callant fresh from Dundee, and with seemingly no conception of the poetic power afterwards developed in him." In London he was intimately acquainted with poor James Logan, author of the "Scottish Gael." These, in all, form a circle of literary friends, though not altogether our most brilliant stars, with whom the peasant bard of Lochfyne might well be highly pleased, indeed gratified.

Maccoll has been twice married, his first wife being Frances Lewthwaite, a native of Cumberland, while his present worthy and hospitable partner is of Highland parentage, though born in Canada, her father, James Macarthur, as also her mother, Maccallum by name, being natives of Mull, in Argyleshire. Of a family of nine sons and daughters, Evan, the poet's eldest son, has been educated for the ministry, and is now Pastor of the Congregational Church in Quebec. The readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are already familiar with some of his daughter Mary's productions, and her fair promise as a poet to become worthy of her sire. Fanny, another daughter, is a teacher under the Ontario Board of Education, while the more youthful members of his most interesting family give ample promise of proving themselves worthy of the stock from whence they sprang.

We shall next make free quotations from a diary kept by the bard during a tour in the North Highlands in 1838-39. A. M.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS AND THE FEDERATION OF CELTIC SOCIETIES.—At a meeting of the Gaelic Society held on Wednesday, 16th of December, it was unanimously decided, after considerable discussion, not to appoint any delegates to represent the Society at the annual meeting of the Federation, held in Glasgow on the 28th of December. The reasons which induced the Society to come to this decision were, first, that contrary to the arrangements made at the beginning to hold the annual meetings alternately in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness, they have all hitherto been held in Glasgow, and that the Federation has thus become virtually an association of Glasgow Societies alone; second, that the Federation has departed from its original purpose by becoming more a political than a social and literary association, and is consequently not in agreement with the constitution of the Gaelic Society, and therefore inconsistent with its own, which confines its proceedings to subjects within the constitution of all and each of the affiliated Societies.

EWEN MACLAUCHAN'S TRANSLATION INTO GAELIC
VERSE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF THE ILIAD.



At the end of a coverless, dateless, and dog-eared collection of Gaelic poems which gives every indication of having been "well-thumbed," I stumbled upon a poetic translation in Gaelic of the third Iliad, by that ardent, classical, and Celtic scholar, Ewen Maclauchlan. A careful perusal of the poem, and a close minute comparison of it with the original Greek, so far as my knowledge of both languages permitted, made it clear that the translator was master of his craft, and knew how to harmonise the spirit of his original with that of his own mother tongue. He combines substantial accuracy with native melody. With a few notes to explain some mythological allusions, an ordinary intelligent Highlander, innocent of Greek, could enjoy the poem after he got used to outlandish Grecian names, so different from those that his own bards have made his ear familiar with.

The outward circumstances of the Greeks for whom Homer sung were in many respects not so very unlike those which obtained of old in the Highlands when the clan system was in its glory. The poet describes Agamemnon as king of men, but so was Somerled. Both Greeks and Celts had their chiefs, some greater some less. Each was independent in his own territory, and ready to fight with his neighbour, ready also to enter into league with him against the foreigner, though both Celt and Greek came to grief at last, because tribal independence and tribal pride were more to their taste than the general good of the race. The bards of both should, in this respect, have much in common, as they certainly have. In the time of Homer, civilisation was not the complicated thing that it is now, and that in the course of time it became among the Greeks themselves. Fingal and his Feinn would feel themselves at home with Achilles and his myrmidons, whether in the camp, or in the hall where the wine flowed and the minstrel sung the praises of the brave, or in the chase. Naturally then we should expect that the poet who gave expression to the actions, tastes, delights, loves, and hatreds of the one should do so in a way which could readily be expressed by a skilful tongue in the language of the other. When Homer sang, and when the people who made Gaelic what it is lived, men were not troubled with abstract thinking, with thoughts about thought. They had to do chiefly with hard, outward, concrete facts. They lived in the world around them, in the visible world that gave them present pain, or present pleasure, and not in the world of thought. Their invisible world was the product of their imagination, not of their understanding. Hence the directness, naturalness, simplicity, and brook-like rush and transparency of their poetry. It touches natural life at every point. Now Gaelic, as we all know, is

more at home in dealing with those phases of life which are actual and present, with its senses, perceptions, feelings, fancies, imagination, than with the subtle products of the reason. Prophets can speak to us in our own tongue with power; authors of Institutes *may* do so, but only after a clumsy, unwieldy fashion, which puts the language on the rack.

Homer, apart from his genius, had an immense advantage over his translator in the wonderful language of his race, so flexible, so precise, so boundless in its range, so subtle in its distinctions, so musical in its sounds. Take Homer's particles for examples, and compare them, or rather contrast them with the marked poverty of Gaelic in this respect, and it is at once seen that much of the neatness, precision, easy transition which depend upon them cannot be transferred to Gaelic. The meagreness of its particles has always appeared to me to be one of the weak points of Gaelic, and the cause why so much Gaelic poetry has its verses strung together, rather than knit into one texture.

But notwithstanding the vast superiority of the language of Homer to that of the Gael (and I hope the shade of Alastair Mac Mhaighistir will forgive me for thus contradicting him), Maclachlan entered so deeply, and so minutely, into the spirit of the father of poetry, whom he so much loved, that he has reproduced much of his beauties without stripping them too much of their native accessories, or adding to them too much of his own. He has endeavoured, and not without success, to let us see Homer himself, and not a portrait of Homer such as he conceived he should be. No doubt he has occasionally passed by some statements of Homer, but it will be found that when that is the case the peculiarities of the Greek are such that they could not be expressed in Gaelic without intolerable circumlocution; sometimes, no doubt, he nods carelessly. Then too he adds now and then to Homer in a way which suggests a thought too spiritual for Homer, as, *e.g.*, in the prayers of Agamemnon, he describes Zeus, "Father of Gods and men," as *heavenly* and *eternal*. These conceptions were foreign to the Ionian bard.

Celtic history is not without a parallel to the story of the Iliad, in which the abduction of a king's wife led to a bitter war between two peoples of a different race. Is it not said that Dermot made off with Devorghal, wife of O'Ruark, just as Paris did to Helen, and that O'Ruark called in the King of England to avenge him of his insulter, with consequences to all concerned not yet exhausted, and not likely to be until one or two more Irish Acts are passed? Greek nationality was created, or at least intensified, by the events which followed the theft of their beautiful princess; Irish nationality perished by the hand of the stranger called in to aid in punishing a similar offence, and with it in effect perished Celtic nationality as an external government. Thus the Iliad in general, if known, would find a responsive echo in the hearts of Celts who knew the traditions of their own kin. But we are dealing with Maclachlan's third *Duan* of the Iliad. The burden of this is a duel with great formalities between the King of Sparta and Paris, the Trojan dandy who stole his fair queen.

The two armies approach each other, Grecian and Trojan, under the walls of Troy. The Trojans advanced with undisciplined shouts, and rattling of arms, the Greeks in earnest, self-restrained quiet, each man on fire for action, but subjecting his ardour to the discipline of order and

unity, in which not only is the enemy smitten, but comrades are assisted. Perhaps we have had too much of the Trojan noise as a race, and too little of the Greek self-control, for all our crying of *Guailinn ri Guailinn*. But let us hear our translator :—

Ghluais na Greugaich fo bhalbh-thosd
An trom-fheachd bu shocrach ceum,
Gach anam air ghoil gu h-ar,
'S gu comhnadh an spairn nan creuchd.

This battle fever the Macdonalds had at Culloden, but the *comhnadh*, the submission to rule for the general good, that was driven away by an insane pride. The only opportunity now left for testing this quality is to be found in literary and church matters, where our ardour, our desire for personal distinction too often makes us forget our comrades, and their claims upon us, nay, sometimes make us thrust at them as if they were enemies.

The armies come within earshot, and Paris, in splendid armour, challenges Menelaus to single combat. This is how it was answered :—

Mar mhion-acras leonhainn ghairg,
Thachras ri mor chairbh 's a ghleann,
Utlaiche cabrach nan crochd,
No fiadh-ghobhar og nam beann,
Spoltaidh e 'n fhaodail le ghiall,
'S sluigidh sios na ceill'chdibh dluth,
'Ga thathunn o bheul gu cul—
Sud mar chit' an Greugach ur,
Air iomchrith gu dioghailt throm,
As 'charbaid fo armaibh aigh,
Grad-thoirleum gu lar an sonn.

Paris wished his handsome person and jewelled armour safe at his palace. Listen to the account given of his feelings in genuine *Abrach Gaelic*, and to the splendid simile which illustrates them, clear enough to any one who has come suddenly on a viper glistening in the sunshine :—

Phlog anam an grund a chleibh,
'S theich romh an eug air chul a shluaigh,
Mar chi buachaille nan gleann,
Nathair bhreachd-shligneach an tuim,
A saighdeadh air lom le srann,
Breabaidh e seachad na leum,
Roimh na gharg bheisd is millteach ruinn,
Fallas fuar air a ghruaidh bhain,
Dluth chrith air gach cnaimh le h-oillt, &c.

This is a splendid representation of Homer's description of the worthless Trojan coward, and would be perfect, but for the addition made to the original in the seventh line of the quotation, which should be entirely omitted. The poem proceeds to tell us the bitter reproaches which Hector—the noblest of the Trojans—poured out on the head of his despicable brother, whom he wished dead ere he had fallen into crime and dishonour. His contemptuous feelings regarding his brother are well expressed in the opening words of his attack upon him—

Fhir bhoidhich bhuig nan diombuaidh,
A dh' fhuadach bhan le saobh ghloir.

In biting speech Hector goes on to upbraid the weak heart of his licentious brother, who was more at home in the jewels of Venus than in the armour of the warrior, who could handle with more effect his silver harp than his steel sword. In the hour of danger these availed him nothing, but brought disgrace upon himself and his people.

Paris, in reply, makes easy good-natured acknowledgment of the justice of his brother's reproaches. Maclauchlan represents Paris as covered with blushes. Homer takes good care not to do so, because when a man is ashamed he is not quite worthless, or at least has possibilities within him which may lift him out of the mire. Paris too in the same facile spirit bows before the heroism of his brother, whose heart he likens to the hatchet which brings down the great oak of which ships are built. The translator spoils this image by undue amplification consisting too much of sound and fury. Paris pleads that his gifts such as they are should not be despised, as they are the brilliant endowments of the gods, and come to men independently of their own will, nor can they be acquired by human effort.

'S beartas iad nach cnuasaich miann.

Paris, however, like the man who fought and ran, declares his readiness to fight again, and wishes that the issues of the war should be determined between himself and his antagonist. Hector is delighted, rushes to the Grecian camp, where, after debate, arrangements are made with great solemnity for the forthcoming duel. The whole scene is well rendered by the translator. We must quote Menelaus's estimate of the distinctive characters of young men and of old. A solemn oath was to be taken before the combat which was to be ratified by sacrifice. The Spartan King insisted that the sons of Priam should be forbidden to take part in the solemnity, on account of their inconstancy, which might at any moment dishonour their oath, and so the god of oaths. Maclauchlan expresses the idea thus :—

'S iomla 'n oige, 's b' iomla riamh,
Luasganach dìonhain gun cheill ;
Tha an aois faicleach glic gu h-iuil,
Air gach taobh tha sulbheachd geur
'S leir na dh'fhalbh 's na thig gu crìch,
'S freagadh i gach ni 'ga reir.

While preparation is going on for the sacrifice which is to sanctify the combat, the poet, with consummate art, takes advantage of the time thus given him to send Iris, the messenger and agent of the gods, to the chamber of Helen in the palace of Priam, where she is busy working into tapestry pictures of her own sorrow, and of what Greek and Trojan suffered for her sake. Our translator identifies Iris, and the Rainbow, and applies to her Gaelic epithets descriptive of colour, though, as a matter of fact, Homer does not do so, but limits his epithets to those of swiftness, on the ground, as Mr Gladstone tells us, that he wished to make this beautiful goddess something entirely distinct from the material rainbow, to make her something higher than a mere power of nature. Though

Maclauchlan has succeeded in giving a beautiful representation of Iris, as the goddess that makes and personifies the rainbow, his representation is so far not exact, but for all that, it is very winning. It may be added in connection with this matter, that in Homer the rainbow, as in Genesis, is regarded as put into the cloud by the Deity, as a *sign* to men.

This messenger of the sky becomes visible to Helen in the form of one of Priam's daughters, and invites her to see what is going on in the camp. At the same time she insinuates into her heart a strong sweet desire to see her husband, and the old pledges of love in the old home, which she had so wickedly forsaken. She follows her heavenly guide, and finds herself upon the battlements, where she meets the old heroes of Troy, unfit for war, but wise in council. Her beauty touched the hearts of the senators, and made them whisper to each other, as if they were still young, that they should not be angry for suffering as they did on account of such a woman; but reason reasserts itself, and makes them add that for all her beauty, home she must go, and be a curse to themselves and their children no longer. Paris calls her into his presence, and asks her to point out and describe the various heroes of the Grecian host. This she does, after a weeping allusion to her own guilt and consequent sorrow, in a magnificent description of the leading Grecian chiefs. At the end of each description a Trojan senator gives his own judgment of the hero who is the subject of it. The simple springs of human nature are here touched, and they find in Gaelic a fit channel to run in. Take as a specimen old Antenor's description of the eloquence of Ulysses, so surprising to those who judged him from his personal appearance.

Sheasadh e mannta neo-dhan,
 'S cha togadh o'n lar a shuil;
 Chite na laimh colbh (sceptre) nam buadh
 Gun ghluasad a nunn no nall:
 Shaoilte gum b' oinid gun chonn,
 No neach fo throm-fheirg a bh'ann.
 Ach an uair leigeadh an sonn aigh
 A ghuth osgarr ard o' chliabh,
 Fhroiseadh luath fhoclan cho pailt
 Rì cleideagan sneachd nan sian
 Uror, tlath, as 'chridhe steach
 Thearnadh an reachd feartmhor dluth, &c.

We unfortunately miss Homer's line in which he tells us that no other mortal might hope to match Ulysses in eloquence, otherwise the translation is as close as it is powerful. One other description must be referred to, and that for the sake of one line, famous as being always on the lips of Alexander the Great, in which Helen photographs Agamemnon. Our translator renders it—

Borb 's na strithibh, geur gu h-iuil.

Agamemnon is declared to be at "once a good king, and a terrible warrior." These words convey a noble meaning, and till the millennium the world will need leaders in whom dwell the wisdom, the cherishing care, the guidance, of a king, side by side with the courage, patience, endurance, of the warrior. We have had chiefs on whose tombs the words might be written—men who lived for those whose head they were, and

whose right hand was strong to strike for their rights. We have had too many chiefs who were neither kings nor warriors, neither wise nor generous. We have them still, who have power and wealth, but cannot govern. Witness the heartless cruelty inflicted on the poor in a hundred glens, witness the wretched huts, damp, dark, dirty, squalid, in which thousands live in the Highlands, while money more than sufficient to build suitable houses is spent in luxury, on dogs and horses. Nay, more, some of *our* "kings" refuse to guarantee the outlay to many who are able and willing to change their lairs, they can't be called houses, into comfortable abodes. Surely the time is coming when a man has turned a piece of barren waste into a garden, and built thereon a dwelling-place where comfort, cleanliness, and dignified self-respect are possible, he cannot be removed until what he has spent shall so far as its value is permanent be re-paid him. This scheme is not so ambitious as that of peasant proprietors, but it is more practical, would not disarrange very much existing relations, and would be a powerful lever for removing many things which are now pressing sore upon the hearts of the people. Our chieftains have Trojans to fight in the shape of the forces of rude nature, such as the Duke of Sutherland is fighting so bravely on the slopes of Dalchore and Kildonan. In this warfare they need the combined qualities of soldier and king. Even the Duke, I will venture to say, shows more of the prowess of the warrior, than the wisdom of the king. By dividing the wastes, and by doing sufficient in the way of building to give a fair start to enterprising tenants bound down to trench so much a year, with ample security that they would not be defrauded of the fruit of their labour, in the course of time field after field would wave with corn, and the desert would recede. True, more time would be needed, but then money would be saved which might be spent in widening the basis of this noble war, approved by the God of hosts. We gladly, however, apply to his Grace the eulogium of the bard, in reference to his "kingdom":—

A king whom double royalty
Doth crown—being great and good.

As for the manless, to use an old word, soulless chiefs of the Leckmelm order, who can grace neither the sceptre of the wise, nor the sword of the brave, let them pass into oblivion as soon as the moans, we hope not the curses, of those whom in their defenceless weakness they have insulted and oppressed. The bard spurns them, their notions, their principles, and their actions—he loves chivalry, not self-seeking littleness.

But we must return to our poet. Agamemnon and Priam meet to offer solemn sacrifice, and to take the oath which bound each nation to accept the issue of the combat between Paris and Menelaus as decisive of the war. The description of this ceremony is extremely interesting, and reads well in Gaelic, which is thoroughly at home in matters of outward pomp, and of religious emotions. Three lambs are taken and offered in sacrifice, to the Earth, the Sun, and to Jupiter. The Trojans provided the two lambs—one black, the other white—the one male, the other female—which were offered to the elemental powers of Earth and Sky; the Greeks provided the one offered to Jupiter—the Father of gods and men. Homer thus indicates the higher religious conceptions of his countrymen.

Wine was furnished by both sides, and mingled in one golden goblet; water was poured on the hands of Agamemnon, who like the patriarch acted the part of priest, for priests as a separate order were scarcely recognised by the Greeks, and then poured out upon the earth; the three lambs yielded their lives to the knife of the king. Before the performance of these significant rites, the king prayed as follows, according to our translator's version:—

Athair neamhaidh mhoir, bhithbhuaire
 Dha 'n ionad aoraidh do ghnath,
 Teampull Ida nan ard chruach!
 A Ghrian a shiubhlas nan speur
 Farsuim reith o cheann gu ceann!
 Aimhnichean tha triall a ghlinn
 'S a thalamh o'n gin gach clann!
 A chumhachdan dubh a ghruinn
 A fhuair snachd os cionn na dh' eug
 A pheanas luchd brisdeadh mhionn
 'S gach righ a chuir suim 'sa bhreig
 Togaibh an diugh fianuis fhior,
 'S biodh bhuir neart mar dhion do'n choir, &c.

The rest of this eclectic prayer, in which the king acknowledges the religion of Troy as well as his own, is a declaration of the various details of the oath, and need not be quoted. At the close of the ceremony all joined in the following very intense and concrete prayer:—

Ard Righ nan cumhachd ud shuas
 'S Fhlaithean (gods) tha buan an gloir
 Co dhiu cinneach le droch run
 A bhrisdeas a mhionn d' an deoin
 Gun ruith glas eanchaill an cinn
 Mar am fion sa air lar an fhuinn!
 Eiginn nar d' am bannal grunn
 Bruan-spealtadh an air d' an cloinn!

It is extremely interesting to look through Gaelic glasses at those ancient religious views and practices, not to speak of the mental expansion which a knowledge of them cannot but bring, just as a physician grows in knowledge by a study of diseased bodies as well as sound. Sacrifice was not appointed or inaugurated by Moses, it was but purified and put upon a higher, though temporary basis.

We cannot dwell upon the details of the combat which, in the presence of both armies, was entered upon by the angry King of Sparta, and the seducer of his Queen. Here is the portrait of Paris as he prepares for battle, in armour which as before could not save him from dishonour and defeat:—

Chairich air a ghuailibh aigh
 An comhdach de'n stuillin chruaidh.
 Shin e na h-osain, 'an tus
 Mu chalpannan ur-gheal garbh
 Ailbheagan airgid gu leir,
 Dhuin a bheairt bu cheutach dealbh.
 'N sin, cheangail an laoch mu chliabh
 Gorsaid phrais le h-iallaibh teann
 Chroch e siar ri thaobh o'n bhoinn
 Claidheamh reul-airgidach grunn;

Sgiath chumadail tharbhach throm,
 Mar dhidein do chom an t-shuinn.
 Chaidh biorraid bu loinntreach suas
 Mu cheann gaisgich bu mhor toirt ;
 Gaoidid chleideach an eich ghlais
 Uamhrach 'ga chrathadh mun dos.
 Ghabh e an t-sleagh chosgraidh na ghlaic
 Bu mhath gu h-iomairt air chleas.

His antagonist equipped himself for the strife in similar fashion, with the important difference that he added to it a soldier's heart. The translation is faithful almost to the letter, and the representation given of the warrior in full dress is intelligible to every Celtic reader, as word for word, it might be used, not so very long ago, by a native bard to describe a native chief in arms. Maclauchlan well sustains the burden of transfusing into Gaelic the mute excitement which seized the rival armies, as the two chiefs met in fierce though unequal strife, the details of its progress, and its disastrous issue to the pleasure-loving Trojan, who was barely saved from death by the intervention of the goddess of love who bodily carried him off the field in a golden cloud to the chamber of his stolen paramour, who received him with bitter taunts on the way he escaped the field where he left his honour, and afterwards, after the manner of women, with sympathy. A characteristic imprecation of Menelaus against Jupiter must not be omitted, as it sounds well in Gaelic. During the struggle he fetched a stroke on the head of his opponent ; which he thought would have cloven it in twain, when lo ! his blade went to shivers in his hand—

Ghliongraich an lann air a' chruaidh,
 'S thuit na braonaibh soills' air lar.

The King sighed a deep and bitter sigh, looked up to the heavens, and exclaimed—

Athair Iobb ! nach goirt a chuis,
 Gur tu 's meallt' an cuirt nan dia ?
 Dh earb mi gun dioghlaínn mo thair ;
 Bhris mo chlaidheamh loinntreach caoin,
 'S tha an dearg-chiontach saor o bheud.

Here, as has often happened since the mishap which was due to the careless smith, is ascribed angrily to the "act of God."

The motive which induced me to attempt to bring a portion of Maclauchlan's translation of Homer in the above form before the numerous readers of this magazine, was a desire to interest them more in the literary labours of this brave, accomplished, and devoted Celtic scholar, whose work has never had the justice done to it which it deserves. I understand that seven books of the Iliad lie hid in MSS. Should there not be an effort made to have them published. If the other books are equal to the one before me in poetic power, even though the exact critic may find knots on the thread now and again, they will bear comparison to those who understand Gaelic, with translations which the world has delighted to honour. For Highland students, especially for those studying for the Church, and who therefore are supposed to learn Greek, a minute comparison between such a translation and the original would be a valuable

aid in helping them to appreciate Homer, to understand the beauties and the defects of their own language, not to speak of the valuable mental discipline issuing in increased power, secured by an exercise of this kind. It says little for students of Celtic literature that in the meantime such a privilege is impossible. For my own part, I should be gratified if the Gaelic Society were to keep their *Transactions* for a year, valuable though they be, in their minute-books, and give the members instead, a neat, handy edition of Maclauchan's poetic works, more especially of his translation of a portion of the *Iliad*, with, if possible, an introduction to the translation, and some annotations by Professor Blackie, himself famous in this line, as in many others. By so doing they would, I am persuaded, do much to help our future ministers in the Highlands, and possibly some others to master Greek, and gain a greater mastery over Gaelic, both of which are so indispensable to the efficient discharge of their duties as expounders of the Word of God. I do trust a serious effort will be made to get the translation published in a form that shall be not unworthy of its great excellence.

STRATHBRAAN, DUNKELD.

A. C. SUTHERLAND, B.D.

A KELTIC COLONY.

IN the year 1857 a letter appeared in the *Caernarvon Herald* directing attention to the gradual decay of the Kymric language, urging at the same time, and with much fervency, the necessity of some effort being made to arrest, if possible, so serious a calamity.

In that letter the writer proposed the formation of a Kymric colony in some portion of South America, where it was demonstrated the object could be effected with success. This proposition gave rise to a spirited correspondence between a number of patriots and well-wishers of the Kymric nation, and, after some time, Patagonia was fixed upon as a proper place to plant a colony whose settlers would speak and nourish therein their own language, that ultimately it might become the official language of the country.

A committee was named to carry out these ideas, and three commissioners were appointed to proceed to Buenos-Ayres, being invested with full powers to conclude an arrangement with the Government of that country to the effect that the emigrants should get possession of the land free, and enjoy civil and religious liberty, and the use of their native language. These conditions were agreed to and ratified by a special Act of Parliament.

After much opposition from the Welsh people, which retarded the movement very considerably for about five years, the first vessel with its live cargo of Keltic-spoken emigrants landed at the mouth of the river Chabut,

and with much joy and the booming of cannon took possession of their future home.

The country (situated in lat. 44 S.) proved to be everything they desired, except scarcity of timber for building purposes. The climate is most agreeable and healthy—probably in this not surpassed by any portion of the globe—not so cold as England in winter nor so hot in summer, and free from fog, its coast fronting on the South Atlantic, teeming with chosen fish of various kinds, and seals (presumably the valuable South sea seal) in great plenty. Salt for curing to any amount is close at hand.

The wheat attains a growth of seven feet, and grain is very beautiful, superior to any country in South America, and selling for seed at a high price.

Since the first vessel's arrival, several others followed; that, and the increase of population, has swelled their number to about one thousand of the healthiest, happiest, richest, and most contented people in the universe. So they say themselves.

Fishing would prove very remunerative in Patagonia, owing to having salt on the spot, and its proximity to the best market in the world.

The principal town, surveyed with great care, is to cover a space of eight hundred acres, about two miles from the river's mouth, and must ere long become a place of great importance.

There is neither frost nor snow to mar or impede winter work. The natives (honest and brave) could not be subdued by the armies of Buenos-Ayres, but the Christian influence of the Kymrin gained him the ascendancy, and peace and friendship crowns this prosperous colony. Many of the natives can speak the Kymric language fluently.

In brief, everything indicates a brilliant future to this united band.

The Cambrians carry on a lucrative trade with the Indians of the interior, and already many of them have made considerable fortunes by it.

The writer of this was informed by a very intelligent gentleman, who was attached to a division of a Buenos-Ayres force destined to coerce the Patagonians, that the commander was instructed to march (after crossing the Rio Negro) as close as practicable to the spur of the Andes, to avoid crossing large rivers which might exist in that region, these being the first white men traversing the district. In answer to questions which he permitted me to ask, he stated that they crossed several rivers about thirty to forty feet wide, and in some places fifteen feet deep, running with a sluggish current through a champagne country, covered with abundance of grass, capable of supporting thousands of cattle without winter shelter.

This extensive country evidently only requires emigrants to cultivate its broad acres, to render it one of the most prosperous countries in existence.

What a happy thought for a man buffeted with trouble in old Wales or her sister country Scotland, to own a snug property of his own, free of rent and taxes, with no fear of the bailiff intruding into his sacred sanctum, his family all smiles around him, sharing that inexpressible pleasure enjoyed and appreciated by a freeholder of this land of realized promise.

May the God of the Kymric race, direct and influence our Highland brothers to swell the number of this sturdy and patriotic band, is the earnest prayer of the undersigned,

GWILYM GLAN MOR.

MU CHLADH CHILL-A-MHAILL.
LE MAIRI NIG EALLAIR.

—o—
[CONTINUED.]

Far an seall Beinn Nibheais air a h' aghaidh ard,
An sgathan airgidach na'n oirean grinn,
Fa comhair thall air bruthach soillear reidh,
'Sa bhaile anns nach eirich neach ri ceol.
Fo'n Chaibeal aosd' ud tha ri taobh a chnuic
Bha Caibeal eile o chionn ioma linn,
Mu'm bheil seann eachdruidh dhuinn ag innseadh sgeoil,
Gun do thogadh e le aonrachdan gun ainm
Bha air a ghintinn eadar marbh is beo ;
Is naigheachd dhoirbh i, ach ma 's breug no fìor,
Bheir mise dhuibh an sgeula mar a chual.
Bha Eamhair ghuamach, gruagach an fhuilt reidh,
Ri faire spreidh oidhch' anns a cheitein chaoìn,
Air Cnoc-nam-faobh is boiche fraoch is feur,
Le ioma maighdean cheutach, 's oigfhear ur,
Le mire 's sugradh bha cuir dhiu na h' oidhch',
Gu cuirteal, caoimhneal, comhlan aoibhneach grinn,
Luinneag ga seinn, sgeulachd aig aon, is duan,
Is deoch a cuach do dhealta cruaidh na'm beann,
'S mirean neo-ghann, do dh' aran corn is cais,
Bha 'n comunn manrannach na 'n suidhe dlu
Do 'n teine las iad chum an smuid ga 'n dìon
O Chuileag gheur-ghobach na 'n sgiathan meanbh.
'S ioma ceum garbhluich air an d' fhalbh na laoich,
O'n cheanguill iad tri-chaoil gu docuir teann,
Aig buachaille chruidh-laoigh an gleann na'n cro,
Sa chreach iad leo na h' uile bo a b' fhiach,
Is thug iad dhachaidh iad gu tearuinn beo.
'S ged tha iad nise air a chnoc gu cuannt,
Gach fear le ghruagach aig' na bhreachdan fein,
Dlu ris tha gheur-lann air an fheur, 's a sgiath,
Sa laimh dheas 'g-iathadh tric mu chos na tuaigh,
'S e cumail cluaise air son fuaim na toir.
Nuair anns an ear bha chamhanaich fas dearg,
Is o 's cionn gharbhain, bu dealrach 's an speur
* An Sealgair treun, le choin nan reis, 's an aird,
A reultan oir, is airgid a cuir sgiamh
Air na neoil chiar a bha 's an iar a snamh,
† Suil lainnireach, airgidach a mhaduidh mhoir,
A dearsadh boidheach ann an ciabh na h'oidhch,
Mur dhealras daoimean ann an cuilean tla,
Ainnir aillidh ann an seomar danns'.
Bu trath 's an oidhche 'thog iad faoighead shios,
Air faiche liath-ghorm na'n speuran seimh,
Far an seall Beinn-Nibheas air a h' aghaidh ard,

* Orion.

† Sirius.

An sgathan airgiodach na 'n oirean grinn,
 Is iad an deigh nan Math-ghamhuin* eite borb,
 Is iad a leantuinn air an lorg gun sgios,
 Os cionn Loch-Seile shios bha suil an Tairbh,†
 A dearsadh dearg, mar ann an fearg gu h' ar,
 Is e a faicinn anns an doimhne ghuirn,
 Fhailleas fein le buirbe teachd na dhail,
 Ach theich gach sgaile 's dh'athlaidh iad air falbh,
 'S tharruing an latha a chaoin gheala-bhrat fein,
 Thair aghaidh na 'n speur—a folach feachd na 'n neamh,
 'S nuair bha e 'g oradh mu cheann ard na'n sliabh,
 Sa chorra-riabhach gabhail sgiath sa chaol,
 O Chnoc-na-Faobh gun cualas caismeachd gharbh,
 An toir gu doirbh a teachd mur stoirm sa mhairt,
 Ghrad leum na h' armuinn thoirt na co-dhail chruaidh,
 Is theich na gruagaichean thoirt fios na stri,
 Do chairdean is do dhilsean na 'm fear og.
 Dh'fhan Eamhair ghuamach, gruagach an fhuilt reidh,
 Na h-aonar leatha fein air Cnoc-nam-Faobh,
 Eagal mu gaol a claidh na caomhaig oig,
 Oir 's math a b'eol di gun robh Domhnall treun,
 Sa chaidh nach geilleadh e 's an streup 's e beo.
 Chriothnaich a ghuamag ro' ard fhuaim na gair,
 A bha 's an arfhaich, 's shuidh i fasn nan dorn,
 'S i cuimhneachadh le deothas, briodal gaol,
 An fhleasguich aoidheal ga 'n na gheall i 'lamh.
 Sa nuair chaidh fuaim an air ni b' fhaid air falbh,
 A meas na 'm marbh, fhuair i an calm fhear og,
 Is leis an amhghair shearg ros dearg a gruaidh,
 'S cha d' thainig snuadh air fhad 's bu bhuan i beo.
 Chaidh miosan seachad 's dh'fhas a luth cheum trom,
 'S cha chluinnt' a binn ghuth le fonn sa cheol,
 'S an cas-fhalt boidheach chleachd air dhreach na 'n teud,
 Bhi ceangailte le h'eill na sguuib gu sliom—
 Bha dhuallan toinnt a nis an cir fo bhreid,
 Is i gu deurach gun aon chreutair beo
 Ga 'n innseadh i an diuras 'leon a cridh ;
 Is ged nach cuala neach o bilean riamh,
 Ainm an oig chiataich ga 'n tug i 'n trom ghaol,
 Be sgread a cridhe feadh gach latha 's oidhch,
 " Mo chreach 's m' an-aobhneos 's gun thu Dhomhnuill beo.
 Cha be 'bron fein bha 'n ribhinn og a caoidh,
 Ach esan—esan bhi na shuain fo'n fhoid,
 'S nach cluinneadh i am feasd a mhanran gaol,
 'S nach faigheadh i ri thaobh sa chodal bhuan
 Ged dheanadh sud an uaigh mur leaba mhin,
 'S ged be a miann a deoir a fhrasadh geur
 O 's cionn na seisde anns an robh a shuain,
 Chan fheudadh an truaghan sud, neo dh'aithneadh each
 Gur h' esan 'bu cnion-fath g'a leon.

(*To be Continued.*)

* The Bears.

† Taurus.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

—o—
III.

THERE is a very old tradition in Strathglass to the effect that the Chisholm's men and those of the Earl of Seaforth, in Kintail, held different opinions relative to the proper boundary on the hills between the estates of their respective chiefs. This contention was periodically renewed, sometimes at long intervals. The chiefs were always on good terms with each other, and never encouraged the perpetuation of the smallest misunderstanding among their vassals. The importunities of a few on both sides continued, however, and the usual council of wise men was called together, each of the two chiefs being surrounded by a select band of twenty advisers. Where or when the meeting was held is not recorded, but probably it was on one of those open seats of justice anciently called Toman-moid, or Stol-ceartais. This court of equity entered on the business of the day with a determination to settle the marches and prevent any disputes about them in all time coming. After a variety of suggestions by the most eminent men on both sides, it was ultimately agreed to leave the whole question to the wisdom of the two chiefs. This was probably the very thing the chiefs wished for. They now had an opportunity of showing their good sense and proving that they were worthy of the unlimited confidence reposed in them. And this is how they arranged to settle the question in dispute. Seaforth said "We ought to shame these fellows who cannot agree among themselves about a bit of hill grazing." "Indeed, yes," said the Chisholm. "Have you any old dairymaid in Comar?" asked Seaforth. "Indeed I have several," replied Chisholm. "Well," said Seaforth, "so have I; let us send a Kintail old woman away from Caisteal Donnan and a Strathglass one from Beinnvean, and wherever they meet that shall be the boundary between us for ever." This arrangement proved quite satisfactory to all concerned, so, without loss of time, the old women were sent off in the interest of their respective masters. In due course they met in the west end of Glen-Affarie, on a hillock between Loch-a-bheallaich and Altbeatha. Seaforth's dairymaid accosted her opponent thus:—"You have come too far towards Kintail, and I will go still further towards Strathglass," upon which the Chisholm's servant vowed that if the other dared to advance one step further it would prove worse for her. Regardless of threats, and as if the Kintail old woman were deaf, she attempted to pass on her eastward journey. Incensed by such a departure from the arrangements of their respective chiefs, the Cailleach Ghlaiseach dealt a desperate blow with her staff at the skull of her obstinate adversary, felling her flat to the ground, at the same time saying:—"Mar a cluinn, fairich;" If you do not hear, feel. It is recorded that she never recovered consciousness after receiving the blow. It is said, however, that the old crone from Strathglass made quite sure that her antagonist could do no more mischief, and before parting with her, she stuck her staff in the ground beside the lifeless body, tied a filleag or guailchan as a signal on the top of her staff, and marched in triumph back to Comar. Here she related all that had happened in con-

sequence of the obstinacy of her opponent. The Strathglass men repaired in all haste to the spot indicated, and found the story fully verified. The stick was found with its flying signal, which greatly facilitated the finding of the dead body of the Kintail woman. Cuaille is the Gaelic name for bludgeon, or ponderous staff. From that time until now the spot where the staff was found is called Cnoc-a-chuaille, or the hillock of the bludgeon.

Such is the tradition about Cnoc-a-chuaille, and from time immemorial this hillock has formed the acknowledged hill-march in Glen-Affarie between the Earl of Seaforth and the Chisholm, and any one who knows the locality will readily own that the latter has the lion's share of the hills in question.

This mode of settling such an important question will no doubt appear to modern readers very antiquated and almost incredible; but when we consider the intimate and friendly relations which had so long existed between the Chiefs of Chisholm and Kintail, and the close marriage alliances which repeatedly took place between the two families, there is nothing extraordinary in their agreeing to such a friendly settlement of their differences. Alexander Chisholm of Comar was married, in 1577, to Janet, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, Xth of Kintail. The second Chisholm after this Alexander married a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, progenitor of Coul and Applecross, and son of Colin Cam Mackenzie, XIth of Kintail; while his immediate successor married a sister of Alexander Mackenzie, fourth of Gairloch.

It is related that a party of young men from Strathglass on a certain occasion agreed to have a few days' deer shooting through the corries and hills of Glen-Affarie. Accordingly they all arranged to meet on the following evening in a shieling at a central place called Athnamuileach. Whether some of the party had good sport on their way nearer home, whether they were induced to follow a herd of deer in a direction quite contrary to what they intended when leaving home, or whether they had reason to believe that by sleeping out that night in the heather there would be a certainty of sport by break of day on the following morning is not related in the legend. But it is stated that only one of the whole party put in an appearance at the bothy in Athnamuileach, as arranged on the previous day. Night came on and the solitary hunter in a faghleann-monidh began singing to himself:—

Tha 'n oidhche a tighinn,
'S mise leam fhein,
Gun mhire, gun mhanran,
Ach m' amhailtean fhein.

The night is coming,
And I am alone,
Without mirth, without converse,
But my own amusements alone.

Tired of singing and no companions coming, all alone save his faithful staghound, Bran, and his trusty long Spanish cuilbhear caol that never missed fire, and never wounded without killing, his ban-spainteach at his elbow, and his dog at his side, he spoke thus:—"We have already had singing, let us now have some music," and taking a pair of Jewish harps from his pocket, he began to play the plaintive tune of Cumha-an-aona-

mhic—*i.e.*, The Lament of the only son. While playing this ancient tune the hunter was startled by the sudden appearance at the door of a lady dressed in green, who introduced herself in the following terms :—

'S math an ceol an tromb
 Mar bhiodh a chuing tha na deigh,
 Gur miannach le fear gun toirt,
 I bhi mar stob na bheul.

The Gaelic readers of this legend will observe at once that the lady who intruded herself on the hunter's presence was anything but complimentary to him who was thus whiling away the *ennui* of the evening. Stung by her reproaches, he raised his gun to his shoulder, and his faithful dog, Bran, leaped in between his master and the spectre in green. The war-like appearance of the hunter at once convinced the hag that immediate capitulation was the best policy, and absolutely necessary, and she sued for peace on the following conditions ;—

Leag do ghunna,
 Caisg do chu,
 Thoir naigheachd,
 'S gheibh thu naigheachd.

“Put down your gun, curb your dog. Impart news and you shall receive news.” The hunter complied with the terms, entered into conversation with her, and soon found that she was able to relate every act of his past life, and after she had satisfied him as to this, she volunteered to enlighten him as to his future. She revealed everything that was to happen to him during the rest of his days, fortelling him that he would leave Strathglass, go abroad, and when and where he would die. She told him he would never return to Affaric, and bade him, as he valued his life, to leave the glen with all possible speed, assuring him, at the same time, that she was the only friend he had near him that night ; and on condition that he would not look behind him, gu gairm choileach ; *i.e.* till the cock would crow, she would do all in her power to save his life. Having said this she disappeared.

Instantly he heard an unearthly noise and heavy stampede surrounding the bothy. Hastily wrapping his plaid about his shoulders, clutching and cocking his gun, he walked out and determined if need be to die hard. He could see neither friend nor foe outside, but the noise seemed, if possible, louder and nearer than before. The night was pitch dark, with heavy showers of rain and hailstones. But go he must, there was no alternative but leave Affaric at once and for ever. With all possible speed he began his hasty exit out of the glen he loved so much. From the moment he turned his back to Athnamuileach his dog, Bran, covered his retreat, apparently fighting, but never flinching from enormous odds. In the darkness of the stormy night the hunter made all haste to the south side of Loch Affaric, expecting that the edge of the lake would form an unerring guide for him, and so it did. But he paid the penalty of many an involuntary plunge into the water before he left its long and dreary margin several miles in length. Then he had to pass through the dark and very rough regions of Altgarbh, Pollan-bui, and Ladhar, running all the way as best he could, while the dog barked, fought, and keeping in check the dreadful, noisy and indescribable powers which so closely

pursued his master all the time. Passing in his flight nearly opposite Beinn-mheadhan, a heathercock, crowing and flying, started up before the exhausted hunter. In the twinkling of an eye all was dead silence. He threw himself down upon his knees, returned thanks for his safety, and stretched himself there and then on the heather till morning. His dog came up as if afraid his master was dead, but on finding that he could speak, the faithful brute lay down beside him, and deliberately placed his forefeet over the breast of his master, as much as to say "take your rest and I will protect you." In this position the unfortunate hunter remained till daylight. About sunrise he began to wring his plaid, drenched with the rain, but could scarcely stand up. He soon discovered that he was close to a small hill lake called Lochan-a-chlaidheamh, the pond of the sword. Le ceum trom 's le cridhe briste, with heavy step and broken heart, he ascended an adjacent hillock called Carn-lochan-a-chlaidheamh, from the top of which he bade a sorrowful and final farewell to Glen-Affaric. Bha intinn mar fhuathos a gheamhraidh, his mind was like the winter hurricane. Fully believing in the prediction of the fairy, and conscious that he would never again see the bens and glens he was now leaving behind him, he began to wend his weary way towards his home in Strathglass. He was soon, however, suddenly startled by the distant howling of a dog, and, turning round, he saw that his faithful staghound, Bran, was no longer with him. Returning as best he could to the spot which he had left at break of day he found his recent bed full of marshy water, and poor Bran shivering, quite unable to move. He pulled the animal to dry ground, but the brute was still unable to walk or even stand on its legs, and he affectionately addressed it thus:—"You preserved my life last night, I shall endeavour to save yours to-day. If I do not succeed I shall perish in the attempt." He then managed to get poor Bran on his shoulders, and carried it in this way for some distance until they both fell over a steep precipice. The dog succeeded in getting up, but its master lay half unconscious on the grass below. He could, however, hear his dog howling piteously, near him. In this helpless state he was discovered by a Buachaille Seasgaich on his way with a herd of young cattle, which he was driving up to Doirecarnach. The herdsman at once gave all his attention to the distressed hunter, and succeeded in reaching Wester Knockfin with him in the dusk of the evening, where he left him in the affectionate hands of his own mother and sisters. He was so much bruised that he was unable to move out of bed for a week, and shortly after his faithful Bran died of the wounds he had received in the nocturnal battle he had so gallantly fought with the powers of darkness on the shady side of Glen Affaric. The poor dog was by him placed in a long wooden box, with the half of the plaid of the hunter, who divided it into two, wrapped round the battered and lacerated body of his faithful staghound. He buried him on the sunny side of a hillock above Wester Knockfin, and from that time until now this spot is called Torran-Bhrain, or Bran's hillock.

With deep sorrow the hunter announced his intention of leaving all his friends, his kindred, his country, and all that was dear to him. He made no secret of the prophecies revealed to him by the Bean-Shith at Athnamuileach, in which he firmly believed.

He was afterwards killed, bravely fighting the battles of his country.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

THE MURDERED CHIEF OF GLENCOE (Vol. 5, p. 452).

In the Commission granted to the Chief of Mackintosh, by Act of Privy Council on 22d Feby. 1698, "for raising fire and sword against Coll Macdonald and others," the long list of persons to be pursued as outlaws for their complicity with Keppoch, includes "Angus Macdonald alias M'Alister roye vic Ean, sometyme in Glenco, now in Glenehunclie, son to the deceast Macdonald of Glenco."

LONDON.

A.M.S.

QUERIES.

TO THE CLAN MACDONALD.—The Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and author of "The History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles" (now passing through the Magazine, and shortly to be published in volume form), will esteem it a great favour if ladies and gentlemen connected with any branch of the Clan Macdonald will communicate with him, and so enable him to bring each family genealogy down to date, and include all those entitled to it in their proper position in the work. The following families, with their several branches, will be treated separately in the work:—Sleat, Glengarry, Clanranald, Keppoch, Glencoe, Isla, Ardnamurchan, Sanda, Largie, Antrim, and others. Members of these families now living will have themselves to blame if their names should be unwittingly omitted. Any information, from whatever source, bearing in any way upon any of these families, or individuals connected with them, will be gratefully received by

THE EDITOR.

THE GLENNEVIS CAMERONS.—Could any of your numerous readers inform me who is the Representative or *Ceann-Tighe* of the Glennevis Camerons, and what are their coat of arms and motto?

D. CAMERON.

Kinloch-Rannoch.

MUNRO OF POYNTZFIELD.—Is there any authenticated pedigree of this family, or can any of your correspondents give me any particulars of the past History of the Family and of their connection with the Munros of Fowlis?

E. E. W.

Port Villa, Paddington.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE left his native place (I believe Ross-shire) when a young man, to travel with Captain Chalmers of Auldbar, near Brechin, as his servant; came home with him, became his house steward, and died in his service at Auldbar, in the winter of 1840. His father was a Scot, his mother a German. After his death, his wife, Betsy Watson, visited his people at their request. She travelled by coach to Inverness, crossed a ferry, and on landing was met by her husband's father, who took her to his home. She spoke of having met several brothers of her husband, but she thought there were no sisters. From a fragment of a letter I got from a fellow-servant of his, I think that previously to his entering the service of Captain Chalmers, he must have been engaged in some capacity about the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, but he was only sixteen years of age when he left the country and went to Germany. There he met two uncles (Watson by name), brothers of his mother, who possessed an extensive tobacco manufactory, and who wished him to stay with them, but he would not. This is all the information I possess. I shall be glad if any of your correspondents can help me to trace the family of Alexander Mackenzie, who to all appearance belonged to the Black Isle, where possibly some of his relations still reside. If so, I shall esteem it a great favour if they will communicate with you, as also any who knew anything of himself, or of his family.

ENQUIRER.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,
AND
THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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XVI.

XIX. SIR DONALD MACDONALD, tenth Baron and third Baronet of Sleat. He joined Viscount Dundee, but was taken seriously ill and obliged to return home. His eldest son, however, who accompanied him, took his place, and fought bravely at the head of his men, who formed part of the left wing at the battle of Killiecrankie, on the 27th of July 1689. In addition to a great many more of his followers, five of his cousins-german fell on that sanguinary field, but he himself escaped and returned, with the remnant of his followers to the Isles. He appears to have joined Dundee early; for in a letter addressed to "the Laird of Macleod," dated 23d of June 1689, from his head-quarters at Moy, in Lochaber, Dundee mentions Sir Donald among other leading Highland chiefs whom he immediately expects to join him.

After joining Macdonald of Keppoch at Inverness, who had laid siege to the town, Dundee retired to Lochaber, where he remained with Keppoch for six weeks, and "from thence marched with one thousand five hundred foot and two hundred horse to Badenoch, against General Mackay and the laird of Grant, who had about six thousand men, and chased them day and night till they passed Strathbogie, where he encamped three days at Edinglassy. On the fourth day he received intelligence that Sir John Lancer's regiment of horse and other dragoons, Ramsay's regiment, and other two regiments of foot, had joined General Mackay, which obliged him to return to Keppoch, where he remained six weeks, till he was joined by the Honourable Sir Donald of the Isles with five hundred men, who, by reason of indisposition, was obliged to return home, but left his young son, Sir Donald, with my Lord Dundee. Then his Lordship appointed all the clans, with their friends and followers, to meet him at the Blair of Athole the next Tuesday, and that himself, the Honourable Sir Alexander Macdonald of Glengary, Sir John Maclean, young Sir Donald of the Isles, the Captain of Clanranald, and Sir Hugh

Cameron of Lochiel, would go and raise the Badenoch and Athole men against that day." The same authority, after describing the engagement, goes on to say—"In the battle the Highlanders, besides their unparalleled general, Dundee, lost the brave Pitcur, who, like a moving castle in the shape of a man, threw fire and sword on all sides against his enemy; Colonel Gilbert Ramsay, Macdonald of Largie, his tutor and all his family; Glengary's brother, and many of his relations, and five cousins-german of Sir Donald of the Isles, with many private Highlanders."

In the following winter Major-General Buchan, Lord Seaforth, Colonel Brown, and other officers, "came from King James in Ireland to Sir Donald of the Isles; and Buchan, by his commission, being eldest Major-General, commanded the army, and desired each clan to give him one hundred men, promising with them to raise the low countries. The Clans gave him one thousand five hundred men, with whom he marched from Keppoch to Kilwhuimin (Fort-Augustus), at the end of Loch-Ness." Some time after Major-Generals Buchan and Cannin marched north, first to Lochaber and then to Badenoch, where, in a few days, they dispersed their forces. "Major-General Buchan and his officers went to the Honourable Sir Alexander Macdonald of Glengary; and General Cannin and his officers went to the Honourable Sir Donald Macdonald of the Isles, where they stayed about nine months, till the Earl of Breadalbane came with a commission from King William to treat with the Clans, by offering them £20,000 to own his government and live peaceably. But his Majesty knew not that the loyalty and honour of the Scots Highlanders was not to be overcome by force, or debauched by treasure. For they generously scorned the offer as base, and unworthy of noble thoughts; and only desired the liberty to send two of their officers to France to acquaint King James with the state of their affairs, and when they received his orders they would act accordingly. This favour, with some difficulty, was granted them." These officers informed King James of "the dreadful miseries and extremities his Clans suffered and were reduced to, and humbly desired to know his will and pleasure." He received their message "with grief and concern," and thanked the Highlanders for their loyalty and support. He desired the commissioners on their return, to inform the chiefs "that if ever it pleased God to restore him, he would not be unmindful of their loyalty, who in past ages had always been faithful to his ancestors; and that if it pleased God to call for him, he had a son, the young Prince, who, he doubted not, by God's grace, if he lived, would be in a condition fully to reward their fidelity." The King then gave the Highland Chiefs full authority to make the best terms they could with the existing Government, and to live peaceably and quietly, but he desired the principal officers to join him at St Germain's.* Soon after terms were agreed to at Achallander, in Argyll-shire, and such fair promises were made as induced many of the Highlanders to place faith in King William and his Government. The manner in which these promises were implemented and the inhuman proceedings soon after at the Massacre of Glencoe are too well known to require any detailed notice here. Sir Donald seems to have secured favourable terms, and does not appear to have taken any active part in public affairs during the remainder of his life.

* Pamphlet "by an Officer of the Army, printed for Jonas Brown, at the Black Swan, London, 1714."

He married on the 24th of July 1662, at Perth, Lady Mary Douglas, second daughter of Robert, third Earl of Morton, with issue—

1. *Donald*, his heir and successor.

2. James of Oronsay, who afterwards succeeded his nephew, Sir Donald, who died unmarried in 1720, as Sir James Macdonald, thirteenth Baron of Sleat.

3. William, known as Tutor of Macdonald,* from whom the late Macdonalds of Vallay, of whom Mrs Alex. Gregory, Westwood, Inverness. He married Catherine, daughter of the famous Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, by his second wife, a daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart. By this lady the Tutor "had a numerous issue."

4. Elizabeth, who married Sir Alexander Bannerman of Elsick, Baronet, with issue.

5. Barbara, who married Coll Macdonald of Keppoch.

6. Mary, who died unmarried.

He died 5th of February 1695, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XX. SIR DONALD MACDONALD, eleventh Baron and fourth Baronet of Sleat, known among his own countrymen from the part he took during the lifetime of his father under Dundee at Killiecrankie, and afterwards under the Earl of Mar in 1715, as "Domhnall a Chogaidh," or Donald of the Wars. A pretty full account of the proceedings which led up to the Battle of Sheriffmuir has already appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, vol. IV., pp. 441-3. It is therefore unnecessary to go into any lengthy details on this occasion beyond stating the particular share taken in the rebellion by Sir Donald and his followers. He attended the great gathering of the chiefs at Braemar, and was soon after entrapped by the Government with a few others of the leading Jacobites, including Seaforth, who was confined to his own Castle of Brahan, while the Chief of Sleat was sent to the Castle of Edinburgh. Patten informs us that upon the news of the Earl of Mar's being in arms, and of the progress he was making, reaching the Government, "orders were despatched immediately to Edinburgh to secure such suspected persons as were thought to be capable of mischief," and among the list of such, given by him, we find Seaforth, Sir Donald Macdonald, Sir John Maclean, the Laird of Mackinnon, Rob Roy, *alias* Macgregor, John Cameron of Lochiel, the Laird of Clanranald, the Laird of Glenghairy, the Laird of Keppoch, Mackintosh, younger of Borlum, and fifty-four others, including Mar himself. It was, no doubt, on this occasion that Sir Donald of Sleat was captured and imprisoned in Edinburgh. We, however, soon meet with him again in the North at the head of a body of his followers, variously stated at from six to eight hundred. Colonel Sir Hector Munro, an old soldier, raised his followers to the number of about 600, and with these he encamped at Alness, in October 1715, where, on the 6th of November, he was joined by the Earl of Sutherland and his son, Lord Strathnaver, and Lord Reay, with 600 of their followers, in the interest of the Government. The Earl of Seaforth had meanwhile collected his vassals, and having being joined by Sir Donald and his followers from the Isles, and a few from other Jacobite Chiefs in the Northern Counties, Seaforth found himself at the head of a force of 3000 men. With these he attacked the Whig Camp at Alness, which he soon dispersed, the Earl of Sutherland

* Douglas calls him *Alexander*.

retreating with his followers to Bonar Bridge, where they were at once broken up. The Mackenzies and the Macdonalds levied heavy fines on Munro's territories, which were fully made up for in their absence with the Jacobite army in the South; for which they at once set out, accompanied by Sir Donald and his Island warriors.

Lord Lovat, in his "Account of the Taking of Inverness," supplies the following version:—"The Earl of Seaforth, who was nominated Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Counties to his Majesty K. James the VIII. (for so was the designation then), was not idle; gathered his men from the Lewes, and all his inland country, to the place of Brahan, where Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, with six hundred men, and the Laird of Mackinnon, with one hundred and fifty, joined him; Alexander Mackenzie of Frazerdale, who assumed command of the name of Frazer, and his Lady had forced four hundred of that name, which, with the hundred men that Chisholm (who is vassal to that family) had, made up five hundred under Frazerdale's command, which lay at and about Castledouny, five miles from Brahan and six from Inverness." He further informs us that "Being come to Inverness, General Seaforth called a Council of War, where were present the Lord Duffus, Sir Donald Macdonald, Frazerdale, Mackinnon, the Chisholm, and several other officers, besides Sir John Mackenzie of Coul, the Governor, where it was resolved that Culloden House must be reduced at any rate; and so commanded Mr George Mackenzie of Gruinziord to go with a Trumpet along with him, and summon the House formally to surrender; coming to the place, Gruinziord ordered the Trumpet to sound, and called to Mr Duncan who kept the House; Mr Forbes not only told him, but showed him, that the House was not in their reverence; and so defiance was returned for answer. But in a second Council of War, the Lord Duffus was sent in order to reduce Mr Forbes by reason; or otherwise to assure him of the hardest treatment if the House was taken. But my lord returned without success; and so a disposition was made for the siege, and the party for the attack ordered, but finding that the House was strong, and the Governor and garrison obstinate and brave, after twelve days deliberations, marched forward toward their grand camp at Perth. From Inverness they marched to Strath-Spey, the Laird of Grant's country, where they found the Grants all in arms, in order to secure their country from harm; they only asked some baggage horses to the next country, and quartered their men civilly, and returned the horses home next day, and so they joined the Earl of Mar at Perth, where they continued till the decisive stroke of Dumblain, from whence they returned in a hundred parties, to the satisfaction of many who were very careful of disarming them in their retreat. But the four hundred Frazers that Mr Mackenzie had brought there four days before to Dumblain, hearing that the Lord Lovat was come home, deserted that cause, and came home full armed, with their affection to their natural chief, and their love to the Protestant interest; for which, that name distinguished themselves since the Reformation, as was plainly seen in their services thereafter till the Rebellion was extinguished."

Immediately on the arrival at Perth of this large reinforcement, Mar determined to cross the Forth and meet Argyll, who commanded the Government forces. On this point Patten says, "The Earl of Mar being

joined by the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Donald Macdonald, and others, with their respective clans, to the number of 8000 men, were preparing to march from Perth, to join General Gordon with the Western clans at Auchterarder, in order to attempt the crossing of the Forth, which was indeed his main design. This was the 12th of November. Upon intelligence of this march, for the Rebels advanced from Perth with their whole army, the Duke of Argyll sent for a train of field artillery from Edinburgh; and having received all the reinforcement he expected from Ireland, his Grace resolved not to suffer them to reach the Bank of Forth, but to fight them wherever he could come up with them. Accordingly, he passed the Forth at Stirling Bridge with his whole army, and advanced towards Dumblain. This occasioned a general engagement, fought near Dumblain, at a place called Sheriff-moor, on Sunday November 13.*

The details of this memorable engagement are already too well known to justify recapitulation here. In the hottest part of the contest the Macdonalds exhibited the ancient valour of the race of Somerled. The historian of the rebellion, already named, and who was with the Jacobite army, though he afterwards became turncoat, and wrote severely against them,† informs us that immediately the enemy was seen, "The Earl of Mar ordered the Earl Marshal, Major-General of the horse, with his own squadron and Sir Donald Macdonald's battalion, to march up to the height and dislodge them," whereupon "the enemy disappeared," and later in the engagement, "all the line to the right being of the Clans, led on by Sir Donald Macdonald's two brothers, Glengarry, Captain of Clanranald, Sir John Maclean, Glenco, Campbell of Glenlyon (and others), made a most furious attack, so that in seven or eight minutes we could neither perceive the form of a squadron or battalion of the enemy before us. We drove the main body and left of the enemy, in this manner, for about half a mile, killing and taking prisoners all that we could overtake."

The same authority in a List of the most considerable Chiefs in Scotland, and the number of men they could raise, with an account of their "disposition" for or against the Government, places Sir Donald Macdonald at the head of the Clans with a thousand men all with their chief, against the Government and in the Rebellion. To the "Captain of Clan-

* History of the late Rebellion, second part, page 35.

† Of this minister of the Gospel, Dr John Hill Burton writes:—He holds a distinguished place in the annals of infamy. He betrayed his cause, and gave testimony against those whose deeds he had beheld when acting as their spiritual guide and exhorter to loyalty. He boasted of this, his treachery, as a "duty," wherein he made all the "reparation" he could "for the injury" he "had done the Government." He afterwards wrote a history of the follies and misfortunes of those whom he had helped to seduce, by his religious persuasions, to their fatal career—dedicated to the victorious general who had trampled them down. This servant of God, whose character has fortunately been but seldom exemplified in a profession the characteristic defects of which are not so much founded on calculating selfishness as on indiscriminating and self-sacrificing zeal—preached to the assembled army from Deut., xxi., 17. "The right of the first born is his;" and he recorded the observation that "it was very agreeable to see how decently and reverently the very common Highlanders behaved, and answered the responses according to the rubric, to the shame of many who pretend to more polite breeding." It is unfortunately necessary to rely for many of the events connected with the expedition on the narrative of this perfidious man. It is some sanction for his accuracy, that the events narrated by him were seen by many others, and his testimony must, like that of other approvers, be taken with suspicion, and guardedly relied on.

ranald" he gives a thousand on the same side, while to "the Laird of Glengarry," whom he describes as "inferior to none in bravery," he allots five hundred. Keppoch had three hundred men against the Government, upon whom Patten is very severe for their conduct at Killiecrankie, Cromdale, and Sheriffmuir, at which latter place "he still showed his face, but never drew his sword, for his people are expert at nothing more than stealing and public robberies; for at Perth they made a good hand in this way of business among the country people and others of their own party." We are almost tempted to give an account of the accomplished and brave Clanranald who fell mortally wounded by a musket ball, and who is described by the same authority as "the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the Clans," but must forego until we come to his own family history in its proper place.

Burton, who never says a good word for the Highlanders if he can avoid it, is forced to say that "the impetuous rush of the Highlanders (on the right) carried Witham, with his horse and foot, before them down the steep declivity towards Dunblane, with much slaughter." The Master of Sinclair, who had fought under the Duke of Marlborough, and a distinguished officer, who, at Sheriffmuir, fought in the victorious wing of the Highland army among the Macdonalds, but who, generally wrote anything but complimentary of Mar's army, describes the conduct of the Highlanders thus:—"The order to attack being given, the two thousand Highlandmen, who were then drawn up in very good order, ran towards the enemy in a disorderly manner, always firing some dropping shots, which drew upon them a general salvo from the enemy, which began at their left, opposite to us, and ran to their right. No sooner did that begin than the Highlanders threw themselves flat upon their bellies; and, when it slackened, they started to their feet. Most threw away their fuzies, and, drawing their swords, pierced them everywhere with an incredible vigour and rapidity. In four minutes' time from their receiving the order to attack, not only all in our view and before us turned their backs, but the five squadrons on their left, commanded by General Whitham, went to the right about, and never looked back until they had got near Dunblane, almost two miles from us."*

Towards the end of January it was found that neither the Chevalier nor the Earl were disposed again to meet the Government troops, notwithstanding the pressure and enthusiasm of the Highlanders, who abused the principal officers with insulting epithets, and reproached them with betraying the army and their Prince. It was on this occasion that a Highlander, on being asked by a friend of the Earl of Mar, What he would have their officers to do, exclaimed—"Do! what did you call us to take arms for? Was it to run away? What did the King come hither for? Was it to see his people butchered by hangmen, and not strike a blow for their lives? Let us die like men and not like dogs." Sir Donald, seeing the state of matters, and quite satisfied that the Chevalier and Mar could not be induced again to meet the enemy, left them, and returned with his followers to the Isle of Skye, where he continued for some time at the head of about a thousand men. Ultimately a detachment was sent against him to the Island, under command of a Colonel Clayton. He made no resistance, but being unable to obtain a satisfac-

* Master of Sinclair's Memoirs, pp. 216-217.

tory assurance of protection from the Government, he passed over to Uist, where he remained among his friends and vassals until he found means of escape in a ship which soon after carried him safely to France.

He was afterwards attainted, by Act of Parliament,* for his share in the Rebellion, and his estates were, like most others in the Highlands, forfeited to the Crown.

He married Mary, daughter of Donald Macdonald of Castletown, by whom he had issue—

1. Donald, who succeeded him as representative of the family.
2. Mary, who died unmarried.
3. Margaret, who married Captain John Macqueen, with issue, two daughters, who died without issue.
4. Isabel, who married, 3d of January 1725, Alexander Munro, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, with issue, now represented by George Home Monro-Binning-Home of Argaty and Softlaw, who claims to be "Heir-general and Representative of the Earls of Ross and Lords of Skye, as also of the Lords of the Isles." She died on the 10th of December 1774.

5. Janet, who married Norman Macleod, XVIIIth Baron of Macleod, with issue.

He died, of paralysis, in 1718, when he was succeeded, as representative of the family, by his only son, who, although he never possessed the property, we shall reckon as

XXI. SIR DONALD MACDONALD, twelfth Baron and fifth Baronet of Sleat. It is said that he was the last of the family born in the ancient Castle of Duntulm. He was a most amiable and promising young man, beloved by all his kindred and clan. On the occasion of a visit to friends in the Island of Berneray in 1720, he died suddenly shortly after his arrival by the bursting of a blood vessel, to the great grief of his family and clan. Being unmarried, he was succeeded as representative of the family by his uncle of Oronsay,

XXII. SIR JAMES MACDONALD, thirteenth Baron and sixth Baronet of Sleat, who married Janet, daughter of Alexander Macleod of Grisherish, with issue—

1. Alexander, who succeeded.
2. John, who died young.
3. Margaret, who married Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, Baronet, author of the well-known Peerage and Baronage, with issue.
4. Isabel, who died young.
5. Janet, who married Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Baronet, Vth of Coul, with issue. He married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of John Macdonald of Castletown, with issue.
6. John, who died young.

He died at Forres in 1723, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXIII. SIR ALEXANDER MACDONALD, fourteenth Baron and seventh Baronet of Sleat. Kenneth Mackenzie, an advocate in Edinburgh, and an intimate friend of the family of Sleat, purchased the estates, which were affected by considerable debts at the time, for behoof of the family, from the Commissioners and Trustees for the Sale of Forfeited Estates in

* George I., cap. 43.

Scotland, and acquired a disposition of them in his own favour of date 14th of October 1724. With the view of preventing any after forfeiture, Mr Mackenzie entered into a contract with Sir Alexander, heir-male of the attainted Sir Donald Macdonald, by which he disposed to him, and to his heirs and assignees whomsoever, under certain prohibitory, irritant, and resolute clauses, the lands and barony of Macdonald, and also assigned to him the procuratory of resignation contained in the disposition which he himself had obtained in October 1724 from the Commissioners and Trustees for Forfeited Estates. Upon the procuratory contained in this disposition and Sir Alexander's resignation thereto contained in the contract, a charter was expedite in his favour of the said lands under the Great Seal upon the 13th of February 1727, under the conditions of entail cited in the contract, all of which are engrossed in the charter and in the instrument of Sasine in his favour following thereon, dated 12th of August, and registered in the General Register of Sasines on the 2d of September 1827. The entail is dated 7th September and 8th of November 1726. It has not been recorded in the record of Tailzies. The destination is "to and in favour of Sir Alexander Macdonald and his heirs-male, whom failing, to his heirs whatsoever, heritably and irredeemably;" and under it the heir in possession has power "to provide for his younger children, besides the heir, with competent provisions, agreeably to the circumstances of the estate for the time," subject to certain special qualifications therein provided. In his marriage contract Sir Alexander settled the estate of Macdonald upon "the heirs-male of the marriage."

The tradition current in the Isle of Skye regarding these transactions conveys a slightly different account of the manner in which the estates were ultimately secured to the family. It is, no doubt, true that William the Tutor, was left by Mr Mackenzie in charge of the property after the death of Sir Donald, and until the attainder was removed, and the estates reconveyed to his nephew, Sir Alexander, by Mr Mackenzie, and this would account for the popular view of the question as after recorded; for the actual facts and Mackenzie's exact position in the matter would not, probably, be known to many outsiders. The Tutor is said to have been a handsome, well-built man, distinguished for great athletic powers as well as for his amiable and gentle disposition. He, and his elder brother, Sir James of Oronsay, took, as we have already observed, a distinguished part in the battle of Sheriffmuir, where he held the rank of Major under Mar, with their brother and chief, Sir Donald "A Chogaidh," who died in 1718. Being married to one of the twelve daughters of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, he would be in a position to secure great influence in his own favour and that of the family; for the other eleven were married respectively to Alexander Drummond of Bathaldies; Allan Maclean of Ardgour; Grant of Glenmoriston; Allan Cameron of Glendessary; Macpherson of Cluny; Archibald Cameron of Dungallan; Peter Campbell of Barcaldine; John Campbell of Achallader; Robert Barclay of Urie; Macgregor of Bochady; and Macdonald of Morar, while her eldest brother, Sir John Cameron, was married to a daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell. The current account* in Skye is as follows:—During the period of forfeiture the

* Taken down from old John Macdonald, who died in 1835 at the extraordinary age of 107 years, by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor; who has given an interesting sketch of old John in a previous number of the *Celtic Magazine*.

Barony of Troternish was managed by a Government factor of the name of Macleod, *alias* MacRuairidh Mhic Uilleim, who was a hard, cruel, and merciless man, whose very appearance was abhorred and detested by all the inhabitants of Troternish.† The forfeiture of the Macdonald estates for the part taken by the Chief and his family in the recent Rebellion, was a subject of deep interest to many powerful persons in the kingdom, of whom several were on friendly terms with the Government of the day. Nothing was left undone by these friends to bring influence to bear upon more influential persons at head-quarters on behalf of the powerful family which had been deprived of such a vast and valuable property. The Government yielded after a time so far as to confer a right to the forfeited estate, not directly on the rightful heirs, but on some of the gentlemen who had appealed to Government in behalf of the Clan Dornhuill. The principal among these was Mackenzie of Delvin, and it is said that His Majesty the King and his courtiers agreed to invest that gentleman in the forfeited estates under a secret understanding that, in due time, the property would be restored to the rightful owners, as the Government did not deem it prudent to make permanent enemies of such a powerful sept as the Macdonalds of the Isles, who might induce other branches of the clan as well as powerful chiefs of other clans to unite with them in refusing allegiance to the reigning dynasty. Be this as it may, "it is well known that the forfeited estates were not made over to the rightful heir, but to his brother, William the Taightear. No sooner, however, did this take place than the Taightear delivered the estate over to the proper heir, and did not retain any portion thereof to himself, except a free grant of the farm of Aird during his lifetime, and a perpetual lease of the Island of Valay, on the coast of North Uist, for his heirs and successors, for a shilling a year as a feu. The Taightear lived and died at Aird, a place about two miles north of Duntulm Castle, and at the most northern point of Skye. The house he lived in is to this day called 'The Taightear.' When he died his remains were interred in Relig MhicDornhuill, in the parish burying-ground, within seven or eight yards of the Kingsburgh mausoleum, wherein rest the remains of the celebrated Flora Macdonald. The funeral of the Taightear was attended by many thousands from all parts of the Island, and of the surrounding Isles. An idea may be formed of the number present on that occasion, when it is stated that the procession was two miles in length, six men walking abreast. Seven pipers were in attendance, who, placed at certain distances in the procession, severally played the funeral coronach. Upwards of three hundred imperial gallons of whisky were provided for the occasion, with every other description of refreshments in proportional abundance. The only other funeral in Skye that resembled it was that of Flora Macdonald, which was about as numerously attended. Ever since the death of the Taightear, his descendants from sire to son lived at Valay in comfort and happiness, until about fifty or sixty years ago the property became burdened, and had to be left by the only remaining heir, who, when a young man, entered the navy."

Sir Alexander kept out of the Rebellion of 1745, more, no doubt, from motives of prudence than from want of sympathy with the

† The Rev. Mr Macgregor has also supplied us with a sketch of this cruel man for a recent number.

Jacobite cause. It is beyond question that both Sir Alexander and Macleod of Dunvegan promised to join Prince Charles if he brought over a French army with him, though they afterwards joined the Government against him. Miss Macleod of Dunvegan informs us that she recollects seeing in the Macleod Charter Chest a correspondence which had taken place between the Prince, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and her ancestor the Macleod of 1745, "inviting Prince Charlie to come over several months before he arrived." This "very interesting" correspondence is now unfortunately lost. In the light of these facts the following letter addressed to President Forbes will be found both instructive and interesting:—My Lord,—Probably you'll have heard, before this reaches you, that some of our neighbours of the main land have been mad enough to arm and join the Young Adventurer mentioned in Macleod's letter to you. Your lordship will find our conduct with regard to this unhappy scrape such as you'd wish, and such as the friendship you have always showed us will prompt to direct. Young Clanranold is deluded, notwithstanding his assurances to us lately; and what is more astonishing, Lochiel's prudence has quite forsaken him. You know too much of Glengarry not to know that he'll easily be led to be of the Party; but, as far as I can learn, he has not yet been with them. Mr Maclean of Coll is here with his daughter, lately married to Tallisker; and he assures us of his own wisdom; and, as he has mostly the direction of that Clan, promises as much as in him lies to prevent their being led astray. You may believe, my lord, our spirits are in a good deal of agitation, and that we are much at a loss how to behave in so extraordinary an occurrence. That we will have no connection with these madmen is certain, but are bewildered in every other respect till we hear from you. Whenever these rash men meet with a check, 'tis more than probable they'll endeavour to retire to their islands; how we ought to behave in that event we expect to know from your Lordship. Their force, even in that case, must be very considerable, to be repelled with Batons; and we have no other arms in any quantity. I pledge Macleod in writing for him and myself. I come now to tell you, what you surely know, that I am most faithfully, my Lord, your most obedient humble servant,

Tallisker, 11th Aug. 1745.

(Signed) ALEX. MACDONALD.*

The part which Sir Alexander took in the Rebellion of "Forty-five," and the interest he and his lady took in the after proceedings—the escape of Prince Charles and the adventures of Flora Macdonald—are so well known to the readers of the papers which have appeared from month to month in this magazine from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, as to make it quite unnecessary to enlarge upon them just now.

He was in great favour with President Forbes of Culloden, and with the Duke of Cumberland, who corresponded with him, and complimented him on his loyalty, at the same time assuring him of his friendly regard.

He married, first, on the 5th of April 1733, Anne, daughter of David Erskine of Dun, in the County of Forfar (a Lord of Session and Justice), and relict of James, Lord Ogilvie, son of David, third Earl of Airly, and by her (who died in Edinburgh in the 27th year of her age) had one son—

1. Donald, who, born 10th January 1734, died young.

* Culloden Papers.

He married, secondly, on the 24th of April 1739, Lady Margaret Montgomery, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoun, and by her (who died in Welbeck Street, London, on the 30th of March 1799) had issue—

2. James, who succeeded his father.

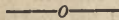
3. Alexander, who succeeded his brother, Sir James; and

4. Archibald, born, after his father's death, in 1747. He studied for the law, and was called to the English Bar, where he soon distinguished himself, and was early in his career made a King's Counsel. In 1780 he was appointed a Welsh Judge; Solicitor-General, 7th of April 1784; Attorney-General, 28th of June 1788, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood. In 1777 he was elected Member of Parliament for Hindon. At the general election in 1780 he was returned for Newcastle-under-Lyne, and re-elected in 1784 and in 1790. He was appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1793, and made a Privy Councillor. On the 27th of November 1813, he was created a Baronet. On the 26th of December 1777, he married Lady Louisa Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of Granville-Leveson, first Marquis of Stafford, with issue—(1), James Macdonald, who succeeded his father, on the death of the latter, 10th May 1826, as the second Baronet. Sir James, born on the 14th of February 1784, was elected Member of Parliament, in 1805, for Newcastle-under-Lyne; also in 1806 and 1807. He afterwards represented Cölne. In 1829 he was elected M.P. for Hampshire. He married, first, on the 5th of September, 1805, Elizabeth, second daughter of John Sparrow of Bishton, Staffordshire, without issue. He married, secondly, 10th August 1810, Sophia, eldest daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, with issue (*a*), Archibald Keppel, the present Baronet; (*b*), Granville-Southwell, born 1821, died 1831. He married, thirdly, on the 20th of April 1826, Anne Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. J. Savile Ogle of Kirkley Hall, Northumberland. Sir James died in 1832, of cholera, in which year he had been appointed, in the month of May, High Commissioner for the Ionian Islands; (2), Francis Macdonald, a Captain in the Royal Navy, born on the 22d of May 1785, and died in the West Indies, on the 28th of June 1804, in the 20th year of his age, without issue; (3), Caroline Margaret, who died young; (4), Susan, who died at Lisbon in 1803; (5), Louisa; (6), Caroline Diana. Sir Archibald Keppel Macdonald, the third Baronet, was born on the 15th October 1820, educated at Harrow, and succeeded his father, Sir James, in June 1832. He married, first, on the 1st of May 1849, Lady Margaret Coke, daughter of Thomas-William, first Earl of Leicester. She died in 1868, without issue. He married, secondly, in 1869, Catherine Mary, eldest daughter of J. Coulthurst of Gargrave Hall, Yorkshire, widow of the Hon. Thomas Edward Stonor, eldest son of the third Lord Camoys. Sir Archibald was a captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, from which he retired in 1849, and Equerry to the late Duke of Sussex. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate of Hampshire, and was High Sheriff of the County in 1865.

Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat died of pleurisy, in the 36th year of his age, at Bernera, Glenelg, on the 23d of November 1746, while on his way to London to wait upon the Duke of Cumberland. He was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRAGEDY OF INNES.



OUR story opens in the spring of 1580. A cold blustering March day was drawing to a close ; the high wind, which during the day had been blowing round the walls of Cromy House—tearing off pieces of the roof, throwing down chimneys, and every weak bit of masonry, then, as if in despair of doing further damage to the massive building, rushing with a mighty noise through the surrounding woods, where the broken branches, and torn up roots of some of the noblest trees, bore witness to its violence—now only blew in fitful gusts, its sullen roar dying away in melancholy sighings, like an angry child sobbing itself to sleep. The inside of the mansion afforded a bright contrast to the gloom without. The day's work was done, and the numerous domestics and retainers, then considered essential to the proper dignity of a gentleman of wealth and position to maintain, were gathered in the hall, where the evening meal was served with the liberality and open hospitality characteristic of the times. In another apartment sat the lady of the house, a tall, stately woman of about forty. Her only companion was her husband's nephew, a young lad of fifteen, whose frank, handsome face was flushed with enthusiasm as the lady recounted some of the doughty deeds of his forefathers. This lad, Alexander Innes, had been left an orphan, and had been adopted by his uncle the Laird of Innes. The lady of Cromy had but one son, who was now about sixteen, and studying at the College of Aberdeen. It had been a great disappointment to the high-spirited lady that her only son should not have inherited more of the warlike propensities of his ancestors ; but the young laird was not of a very robust constitution ; which circumstance unfitted him for the rough training and violent exercises of his companions. As he grew up, however, he showed great aptitude for study, and the heart of his fond mother was cheered by the thought, that if her son was not destined to shine as a brave soldier like his grandfather James, who fell fighting gallantly in defence of the liberties of his country at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, at least he would be a great and learned scholar, and in this way worthily sustain the honour of his family. To this end the lad was carefully educated, and at this time was pursuing his studies at Aberdeen.

"Your uncle tarries late. I hope no mischance hath befallen him," remarked the lady to her young companion, as the rain rattling against the casement caused her attention to be drawn to the cheerless weather, and the growing darkness of the evening. "Call for lights, boy, and then run out and see if your uncle is yet in sight."

Alexander executed his aunt's orders with alacrity, and soon returned saying that his uncle was not yet in sight, but would doubtless soon be. "Why," he added, "are you so anxious to-night about my uncle? He has often been out in far worse weather than this."

"'Tis not the weather, boy, I fear," rejoined the lady ; "but he had an appointment to meet his cousin, Robert Innes of Innermarky, to-day, and as you well know, there is bitter feeling between them, and Robert

Innes is an unscrupulous man, whom I fear almost as much as I mistrust and dislike him."

"Never fear, aunt," laughingly said the lad, "my uncle is more than a match for his cousin Robert any day, and besides, did you not tell me that Laird John was also to be present, and surely he would keep peace between them."

"Yes," answered his aunt, "he is to be with them; but Laird John is a weak-minded man, with no will of his own, and is easily led by the flattering tongue of Innermarky."

The clattering of horses hoofs in the court-yard and the cheery sound of her husband's voice now relieved the lady of all anxiety on his account. The laird was soon seated by the welcome fire, recounting to his attentive and sympathising wife the events of the day, which, to judge by the stern brow of Innes, and the indignant looks of his lady, did not seem to have been of a very pleasant nature.

"And did he indeed dare to threaten you," exclaimed the lady, "the false-hearted villain that he is; but surely you can defy his insolent claims to the lairdship of Innes."

"Yes, yes, I have the bond of tailzie and other papers all right; yet still he can give me a lot of trouble, and it will be necessary for me to go to Aberdeen to consult with the lawyer. Fetch me the box of papers, wife, for me to look over them again." The box was brought, and husband and wife were soon busy poring over the deeds and papers it contained.

"Now, Isabel," said Innes, when at length their inspection of the papers was over, "mind and be careful over this box, and never give it up to any one without special orders from me. These documents are most important, and Innermarky would give much to get possession of them."

The next day Alexander Innes set out for Aberdeen, mounted on his favourite black horse, and accompanied by some half-dozen retainers. As he bade adieu to his wife, and received the last loving messages for their son, he noticed an unusual wistful look in her face and a half-sad tenderness in her manner which somewhat surprised him.

"Why, how now! wife, what ails you to be so dull this morning? one would think I was going to London instead of only to Aberdeen."

"I know not what it is," rejoined the lady, "but I do not like the idea of this journey at all; take care of yourself, I dreamed last night"—

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the hearty laird, as he laughingly kissed his wife's anxious face, "never fash me with your dreams; I shall be back in a week's time at least with a present of a bran new gown for you, so cheer up," and with a cheerful smile and a parting wave of the hand, he cantered down the avenue, his handsome figure, and erect easy seat on the noble animal he rode, forming a pleasant sight to his wife, who watched his retreating form with pardonable pride.

The Laird, however, did not return so soon as he expected, his business took him longer than he anticipated, and then his son Robert got sick with a low fever, brought on by over study, so Innes removed him from College for a time, and took him to his own lodging, a house in the suburbs, or the new town, as it was called, Aberdeen proper being designated the old town. From this house he sent his servants to and fro

with frequent messages to his wife regarding the health of their son, consequently the fact of his detention in Aberdeen and his place of residence there, became commonly known in Cromy and neighbourhood, and thus soon reached the ears of Robert Innes of Innermarky, who bore a most inveterate enmity towards his kinsman, Alexander, to explain the cause of which, it will be necessary to give the following particulars :—

About three years previously, on the 15th March 1577, John, Laird of Innes and head of that family, who was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander, sixth Lord Saltoun, finding he was not likely to have any children, entered into a mutual bond of tailzie with his cousin and nearest heir-male, Alexander Innes of Cromy, to the effect that whoever should die first without leaving an heir-male, the other should succeed to their whole estates. This bond of tailzie gave great offence to the other members of the family, more particularly to Robert Innes of Innermarky, who disputed the claim of Alexander Innes of Cromy to be the nearest heir-male to John, Laird of Innes. This feeling of annoyance and injury was greatly increased by the subsequent conduct of Cromy, who presuming on the fact of the Laird not having children, began to act as head of the family, taking upon himself the title of Innes of that Ilk, which title he had no right to assume until after the death of his cousin John, Laird of Innes. Innermarky appears to have been a bold, unscrupulous man who would let no obstacle stand in the way of his ambition. John, Laird of Innes, on the other hand seems to have been of much weaker mind, and was easily led by the crafty insinuations of Innermarky to look upon Cromy with displeasure and jealousy, and to regret having entered into the bond of tailzie with him, yet from which he could not withdraw. Seeing he could gain his purpose by no other means, Innermarky allowed his mind to dwell on the terrible thought of taking the life of his kinsman, Innes of Cromy.

He was far too cautious a man to do such a deed rashly, and waited patiently until he could effect his fell purpose with least danger to himself. And now Fortune herself seemed to favour his designs. Here was Cromy away from his house and friends in a lodging in a strange town, with only a few servants and his sick son. What more easy than to surprise them in the night, and thus at one blow get rid of Cromy and his heir? After some trouble he prevailed upon the facile laird, John Innes, to join him in his conspiracy, and assembling a number of his own friends and followers, and accompanied by Laird John, Innermarky started for Aberdeen.

With his usual caution he delayed entering the town until after night-fall, and it was nearly midnight before he and his party reached the house in which his unsuspecting victim lay sleeping in fancied security. The house was situated in a close, the gate of which they found unlocked, and, so, easily gained admittance. But they found the doors of the house securely fastened, and not wishing to force them, for fear of creating an alarm among the neighbours, Innermarky bethought him of a stratagem to lure out his prey. Well knowing Cromy to be an eager partisan of the house of Gordon—between whom and the Forbeses there was at that time an open feud—Innermarky ordered his party to clash their swords and call out the gathering words of the friends of the Gordon. Innes of Cromy being awoke out of his sleep by the noise in the close, and hearing

the well known cry of "A Gordon! a Gordon! to the rescue!" instantly leaped out of bed, and seizing his sword, rushed, all undressed as he was, down the steps leading to the close, calling out to know what was the matter. Directly Innermarky heard his voice he raised his gun, and the white shirt poor Cromy wore offering a good mark in the darkness, he was instantly shot down by his unnatural kinsman. The rest of the party, to make sure work of him, hacked at his senseless body with their swords and dirks—all but Laird John, who, terrified at the dreadful deed, stood irresolute and inactive, until Innermarky, with a fearful oath, seized him, and with threats compelled him also to plunge his dagger into the disfigured corpse, so that he might share the blame of the cowardly act with the rest of them. Their next step was to secure Cromy's son Robert, who had been sleeping in the same bed with his father, but who, fortunately, was able, by the assistance of the people of the house, to make his escape by a back door, and found safety in a neighbouring house. Cromy's servants were all secured prisoners before they were able to strike a blow, and taking them and their horses with them, Innermarky and his party departed as suddenly as they had come, without any one daring to interrupt them, Innermarky first taking the precaution of drawing from the finger of the murdered man his signet ring, for which he had a special purpose. After getting clear away from Aberdeen, the party separated, and Innermarky picking out one of Cromy's servants, prevailed upon him, partly by threats and partly by promises of payment, to mount his dead master's horse, and, taking his signet ring, to go back to Cromy and ask for the box of deeds, as though he came from Cromy himself. Innermarky and the Laird, the latter helpless as a child in the hands of his strong-willed cousin, did not return at once to their own houses, thinking it safer for the present to seek shelter and protection from Lord Saltoun, whose son-in-law the laird was. They accordingly went to Rothiemay, where Lord Saltoun then lived. Whether his lordship was cognisant beforehand or not of their designs is not certain; he, however, gave them his countenance after the deed, and afforded them protection until the law got too strong for even his influence to shield them from the just retribution their crime so truly merited.

It is the forenoon of a lovely May day, and the lady of Cromy House sits at the open casement enjoying the freshness and sweetness peculiar to the early summer-time. She is looking more cheerful than when we saw her last. Ever and anon a smile flits across her still handsome face, while her fingers are busy with her tambour work. She is thinking of her husband and son. Only two days ago she received a message, telling her to expect to see them both at home very soon, Robert's health being so much improved that he would soon be able to travel. Even while she is thus thinking, the distant tramp, tramp, of an approaching horseman is heard, and with a heightened colour and quickened pulse she leans out to catch the first view of the rider as he enters the long avenue leading to the house; for perhaps it might be her husband returning to-day, and riding on in advance of the others as he often did. And surely that splendid black horse can be no other than Bruce, her husband's favourite charger, but a second glance shows that it is not her husband's well known figure that rides him. Wondering that any one but himself should be

allowed to mount Bruce, the lady hurries out to the door to meet the horseman, who she finds to be one of the servants who attended her husband to Aberdeen. And as he drew up she eagerly exclaimed, "What news, Duncan, what news? Is your master coming, or have you only a message from him? Be quick, man, and give me your news," she added impatiently, as the man seemed to have some difficulty in speaking, and kept his eyes carefully averted from her searching gaze. At length he managed to say that his master was still detained in Aberdeen for some days, and had sent him for a box of papers which he had left in her hands; that his master had no time to write, but had sent his signet ring to convince the lady all was right, and had also told him to ride Bruce as being the fleetest horse he had, as the documents were required immediately. The lady listened in astonishment, mingled with doubt. It was so unlike her husband to send such an important message without writing. What if it should be a ruse of the crafty Innermarky to gain possession of the papers? But then there was her husband's ring, his servant, and his horse. There could scarcely be a mistake, and she turned to enter the house, when she remembered her husband's particular injunctions not to let the box out of her possession; and she again cross-questioned the man, but could elicit nothing but his former story, that his orders were peremptory to get the box and return without a moment's delay, adding, "You may be sure, mistress, that Cromy was in great need of the papers before he would let me ride Bruce." This argument could not be refuted, and the lady got the box and delivered it to the man, who immediately prepared to depart.

Young Alexander Innes, the nephew of Cromy, was very anxious to go to Aberdeen to see his cousin Robert, to whom he was much attached and thinking this was a good opportunity, he begged Duncan to let him get up behind him, as Bruce was quite strong enough to carry them both; and the more the man objected, the more urgent did the lad get to gain his purpose. He was suspicious, too, of the man's truthfulness, for he found him prevaricating, sometimes saying he was only going as far as Kinnardy—which indeed was the fact, as it was there Innermarky was waiting him—and in the next breath saying he must return at once to Aberdeen. Finding him so stubborn, young Innes desisted from importuning him, but being more determined than ever to attain his object, he ran on before to the end of the avenue where there was a gate, which he closed, and then concealed himself among the trees; and as Duncan rode up, slackening his headlong speed to bend forward and open the gate, the lad with one bound sprang on to the saddle and firmly clasping the rider from behind, swore he should take him wheresoever he was bound, whether to Aberdeen or elsewhere. In vain Duncan tried to throw the lad off. At last, losing his temper, he drew his dirk and threatened young Innes with a taste of cold steel if he did not leave him alone. Now firmly convinced from Duncan's manner that there was something wrong, the brave lad wrenched the weapon from his hand and the next moment buried it in the traitor's heart; then, securing the box of papers, he galloped back to the house to acquaint his aunt with what had occurred. The recital threw the lady into great perturbation of mind. She did not know whether to blame or praise the daring deed of the lad. While they were still discussing the strange affair, another horseman was seen rapidly ap-

proaching; his mud-stained, disordered dress, his terrified looks, his horse covered with sweat and flecked with foam, proclaimed at once that he was the bearer of some fearful news. All too soon was the terrible tidings made known to the horror-stricken household. Long and loud arose the wails of the women. Loud and deep were the curses of the men upon the murderers, and eager their cries for vengeance. The blow fell with overwhelming force upon the widow, who was stunned at the suddenness of the calamity. The thought of her son first recalled her to herself, and having been assured by the messenger that Robert was in safety, she nerved herself to make some efforts to avenge her husband's untimely and cruel death. She now realised the value of the service young Innes had performed in regaining possession of the papers. Taking the box with her, and accompanied by her nephew, she fled for protection to her own friends, the Forbesees of Balfour, who assisted her in bringing her cause before the King, and demanding justice against her enemies. Meanwhile the Earl of Huntly, who was connected by ties of kinship to the murdered man, took special charge of his son Robert, whom he took to Edinburgh and placed for safety in the house of Lord Elphinstone, who was at that time Lord High Treasurer of Scotland.

Young Robert Innes of Cromy remained safely in Edinburgh for fully two years under the powerful protection of Lord Elphinstone, who not only warmly espoused his cause, but got so attached to him personally as to promise him his daughter in marriage. In the meantime John, Laird of Innes, still instigated by Robert of Innermarky, took possession of the murdered man's estate; and five weeks had only elapsed since the slaughter of poor Innes of Cromy when his arch-enemy Innermarky obtained from his facile tool, Laird John, a new disposition of the estate of Cromy, and for two years he kept possession, strengthening himself all he could by making friends and allies of his neighbours, backed up as he was by the countenance of Laird John and Lord Saltoun.

The widowed lady of Cromy was, however, not idle during this time. By persistent and well sustained efforts she at length obtained judgment against her adversaries, who were pronounced outlaws, and her son Robert—now a fine young man, whom the tragic fate of his father and his own trials, had changed from a dreaming student into a determined, energetic man—got a commission against Innermarky, Laird John, and all the others who were implicated in the murder. Accompanied by his cousin Alexander Innes—the same who killed the servant and regained the box of deeds—who was always devoted to him, he marched north with a large party to regain his estate and punish his guilty kinsmen. The weak, timorous John, Laird of Innes, did not wait for the attack, but fled in abject terror and hid himself for a while in the South. He, however, was quickly discovered and taken prisoner by some of the friends of Lord Elphinstone, who at once sent him back to Robert Innes of Cromy. Young Innes spared his life, rightly conjecturing that he was only a cats-paw in the hands of Innermarky, but bound him down to various restitutions, making him revoke all he had done in favour of Innermarky, and confirm the bond of talzie which he had before granted to his father. Innermarky stood his ground as long as he could, but at last, deserted by Laird John and his other friends, he fled to the hills, hotly pursued by young Robert and his party. Being driven from place to place, yet still managing to

escape the clutches of his infuriated kinsmen, he at last shut himself up in Edinglassy House, which he made as strong as he could, and then fairly stood at bay.

His career was now, however, nearly over. Young Robert Innes, accompanied by his cousin Alexander and their friends, soon found out his retreat, and one night, in September 1584, they suddenly surrounded the house, and requested him to surrender; but on Innermarky declaring they should never take him prisoner, they broke open the door, and Alexander Innes—with the same reckless courage which had animated him when he killed the traitorous serving man—rushed in first, boldly attacked Innermarky, and, after a brief struggle, succeeded in killing him. Innermarky being a strong man, in the prime of life, noted as a skilful swordsman, and being moreover rendered perfectly desperate, it was considered such a daring deed for a mere youth like Alexander to thus “beard the lion in his den,” that he ever after bore the sobriquet of “Craig in peirill.”

Innermarky was beheaded, and his head carried in triumph to the widowed lady of Cromy, who, receiving the ghastly trophy with fierce pleasure, at once hurried to Edinburgh with it, and, gaining an audience of the King, cast it at his feet; an act, though quite in accordance with the barbarous customs of the age, was still, to use the words of the old chronicler, “a thing too masculine to be commended in a woman.”

Robert Innes was reinstated in his father's property, but there was continued strife and opposition between him and the family of Innermarky, until, by the interference of mutual friends, the Laird of Mackintosh, Sir George Ogilvie of Dunlugus, and others, all differences were arranged, and the parties reconciled by a mutual contract, dated 1587; by which “Robert Innes and his posterity enjoyed the estate and dignities of the house of Innes ever after.” He married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert, third Lord Elphinstone, and had a family of two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Robert Innes of that Ilk, was created a baronet by King Charles the First in 1625.

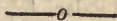
M. A. ROSE.

FORTHCOMING HIGHLAND PUBLICATIONS.—We observe that Mr Alexander Mackenzie announces that his “History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles,” which has been running through the *Celtic Magazine*, is about to be published by subscription in one goodly volume of 500 pages. The work embraces a great amount of local and genealogical information, and will be acceptable to those who are interested in Highland history, as well as to members of the Clan Macdonald. Mr Mackenzie also announces a volume entitled “Among the Highlanders of Canada,” written by himself, and a “History of Flora Macdonald,” by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness. The last-mentioned work will be of special interest. No one now living is half so well acquainted as Mr Macgregor with the incidents of Flora Macdonald's life.—*Inverness Courier*.

The Invernessian (Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie, 2 Ness Bank) is true to its name, and therefore local in its character; but, in spite of this fact we have been constrained to read nearly the whole of it, so lively and amusing are its contents. It is a kind of miscellany, half newspaper, half magazine, for which a market would be found in many places, were the editor in each case as well up to his work as Mr Mackenzie.—*Greenock Telegraph*.

The Invernessian, a monthly penny paper, conducted by the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, contains much which will be of interest to the natives of the “Capital of the Highlands,” and is conducted in a free and independent manner.—*Huntly Express*.

EVAN MACCOLL—THE "BARD OF LOCHFYNE."



III.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND IN 1838-39.

Oct. 23.—At Inverness.—Spent the evening with Mr Macinnes, a self-taught painter of great merit. His only daughter is a pretty little girl. Addressed a complimentary verse to her picture—one painted by her father, and in which she is represented as in the act of caressing a favourite dog. Macinnes is an enthusiast in his art, and one of the most intelligent men I ever met with.

Oct. 24.—Visited the Moor of Culloden, on my way to Nairn. Grieved to find the graves of the "mighty dead" shamefully desecrated by burrowing tourists. It seemed as if a herd of swine had been lately digging there. The unhallowed spirit of a despicable industry is soon likely to bring under the dominion of the plough the whole field—graves and all! Already has the villainous share found its way to within a few yards of that part of the field where the bonneted heroes made their last dread onset. Blush, my countrymen! Eternal shame be to the landlords whose rack-rents you have no other way of paying than by digging and delving the very soil enriched by the blood of your fathers! Oh, ye departed brave! sweet on the dark heath be your slumbers—let no dreams of your degenerate sons ruffle the calm of your repose.

Oct. 25.—Manse of Croy. My reverend host, a warm-hearted, hospitable, half-saint, half-sinner kind of soul. His wife a very superior woman, and an enthusiast in Celtic literature.

Oct. 26.—Visited Kilravock Castle, and also that of Calder, in company with Miss Campbell, their daughter. Calder Burn, exquisitely romantic. According to one tradition Calder Castle is the scene of King Duncan's death. The room where he slept, and where Macbeth slew him, is yet shown to visitors. So is also a curious concealed hole or room where the unfortunate Lord Lovat secreted himself for six weeks, during the reign of terror succeeding the battle of Culloden. Some of the rooms are hung with tapestry, in which several scriptural characters are curiously and strikingly grouped.

Oct. 28.—At Nairn. Had an interview with Mrs Grant of Duthil, a most intelligent, venerable lady—the author of a work on education, and also several poetical "flights" in the Ossianic style.

Oct. 30.—Met the celebrated Nairnshire poet, William Gordon, the most laughable, self-important, egotistical specimen of the doggerel tribe that ever lived.

Nov. 5.—Visited last night the Misses Carmichael—three delightful maiden ladies from Strathspey, and inhabiting a large old house, in which, from its being the best in Nairn at the time, Prince Charles slept on the second, and Cumberland on the very night preceding the battle of Culloden. In a fit of Jacobite enthusiasm I proposed, and was cordially welcomed, to sleep in the identical room where Charlie stretched his own

royal limbs. True it is that its having also become the lair of the bloodhound that pursued him, deprives it of much of its sacredness, yet what Highlander but would feel a melancholy pride in sleeping where I slept!—he is not worthy of the name who would not always prefer it to a night on the softest pillow in Windsor Palace!

Nov. 6.—Saw Mr Priest, gardener at Kinsterrie, the author of several clever poems and songs in the Scottish dialect.

Nov. 8.—Left Nairn for Forres. Village of Auldearn on the way, in the vicinity of which the celebrated *Blar Ault-Eirinn* of our Celtic bards was fought—Montrose and Allister M'Colla, with 1500 men gaining a complete victory over the Covenanting Clans, 3000 strong. Of the latter about one-half the number was slaughtered, while Montrose is said to have lost only 20 men! In the village churchyard are the tombs of many of the principal men who fell on that day. Over one pious tenant of the tomb is erected a dial with a suitable inscription—perhaps the very one that suggested Hugh Miller's beautiful address "to a Dial in a Churchyard." There it indeed stands, "in mockery o'er the dead! the stone that measures time." Three miles further east is the "Har-Moor," where the "Kind Sisters" met Macbeth. Here stands, preserved by the good taste of Lord Murray as a mark and memorial of the scene, a clump of fir trees, the sole remnant left now of a once extensive fir wood lately given to the axe. The road to Forres passes within a gunshot distance of the very spot where that celebrated meeting is said to have taken place. In selling the wood in question, Lord Murray forgot to make an exception as to these trees, and I have been told that it was not till he had paid him three times their value that the scoundrel of a purchaser would consent to spare them. Visited, a little further on, Brodie's House, a very interesting mansion. Beautiful suspension bridge over the Findhorn which I crossed on my way to Forres, where I take up my quarters for the night.

Nov. 9.—Visited Clunie Hills in the vicinity of Forres. On one of these stands Nelson's Tower, built by the spirited people of Forres in commemoration of that naval hero's victories over the French, &c. Most extensive view from it of the surrounding country—the Moray Firth distant three miles, with the "Sutors" of Cromarty on the opposite shore, and Ben Wyvis beyond all rising in clumsy grandeur to terminate the westward prospect, whilst many other hills of lesser note, from Benvaichard in Strathglass, to Morvern in Caithness, conspire to make the view altogether a magnificent one.

Nov. 15.—Dine with the Macleans of North Cottage—a fine family from my own native county. Gaelic, music—very happy.

Nov. 17.—An excursion up the banks of the Findhorn to Relugais—late the romantically beautiful property and favourite residence of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who here wrote his "Wolf of Badenoch," and who, by a happy blending of art with nature, left Relugais a scene altogether worthy of fairyland. Immediately below the house the Devine joins the Findhorn, where they embrace, like lovers in the greenwood, when, lost in each other's bosom, their sighs of bliss are heard! Remains of a vitrified fort. Two miles further up the Devine is seen Dunphail, the seat of Major Cumming-Bruce. Beautiful spot. An old romantic ruin—once a keep of great strength, and connected with much that is wild in the traditions of the country—overlooks the river at a few hundred yards

distance from the far less picturesque modern mansion. Mrs Cumming-Bruce a great-granddaughter of Bruce the celebrated traveller. Dine with my kind and hospitable friend, Mr Simpson, at Outlaw-well.

Nov. 18.—At Forres again. Seen Darnaway Castle on the way. Waited on Lady and Sir William Gordon-Cumming of Altyre—an invitation to dine at Altyre House next Monday—the consequence of the interview.

Sunday 19.—Heard the Rev. Mr Grant of Forres preaching, and dined with him in the evening. Mr Grant's style is good, fervent, and yet flowery. He is the author of several pretty hymns and other pieces of poetry.

Nov. 20.—Dined and passed the night at Altyre House. Sir William a most humorous man—a strange compound of great good sense and drollery. Lady Cumming magnificent in appearance—supremely accomplished, and even talented. Paints beautifully, sings and plays at the piano in the most charming manner. Miss Cumming and her younger sisters all very graceful. Sir William's son, too, dressed in the Highland garb, looks every inch a chief.

Nov. 21.—Accompanied Captain Maclean (North Cottage) to Burgie House, the seat of General Macpherson, the Captain's brother-in-law, and a very worthy man. Partridge shooting—good sport. Dine, and pass the night at the General's.

Nov. 22.—Visited a remarkable plane-tree in the General's garden—ascended the old tower in the vicinity—splendid view of land and sea—and, after diverging two miles off the road to have a peep at the ruins of Kinloss Abbey, return in the evening to Forres.

Nov. 23.—Saw the "Sands of Culbin"—a bank of that material extending to a considerable distance from the mouth of the Findhorn, and covering (as tradition has it) several hundred acres of what was 100 years ago the best arable land in Morayshire. It was the property of some "wicked Laird of Culbin," who in one tempestuous night lost both his life and estate in these sands, driven by wind and wave over his head! Dined in the evening at Altyre House, where I had the honour of being introduced to the Hon. Colonel Grant, M.P. for Morayshire, and also his accomplished daughter; Major Cumming-Bruce of Dunphail, his wife and daughter; Mr Macleod of Dalvey, and other notables. Colonel Grant a quiet, good-natured sort of man—animal contentment the leading idea embodied in his rather handsome features. Major C. Bruce is open and cheerful, most plebian-looking; and yet there is something in his face which you can easily trace to his ancient progenitor, the treacherous "Red Cumming." His wife is a granddaughter of Bruce, the celebrated traveller. Miss Cumming-Bruce is a comely and seemingly very sweet-tempered girl—an exquisite singer, and having the good sense to prefer Scotch and Highland airs to any foreign music.

Nov. 24.—Dined again at Altyre House. Colonel Grant's wife and daughters still there.

Nov. 25.—Heard Mr Stark of the Secession Church, Forres, preaching—a most distinguished pulpit orator he is.

Nov. 27.—Dined at Dalvey House. Bonfires all over the country in course of the evening, on account of Brodie of Brodie's marriage. Wrote a song for the occasion, at Mr Macleod's request.

Nov. 30.—Proceeded to Elgin. Magnificent Cathedral in ruins; robbed 200 years ago of the lead on its roof, and otherwise desecrated by the "Wolf of Badenoch." The Lossie, a rather sluggish stream, flows by its walls. Its precincts were for a long time a favourite place of sepulture with the Chiefs of the Clan Gordon and many other once distinguished northern chiefs "of high and warlike name." Elgin's other principal buildings are a huge barn-like church, surmounted by a rather elegant dome; an infirmary or hospital, and an educational institution, these two being both handsome structures.

Dec. 2.—Visited, in company with Mr Brown, editor of the *Elgin Courant*, the Lady's Hill, a steep ascent, rising immediately behind the town to the west. It was at one time surmounted by a castle, part of the walls of which are still seen. A nunnery once stood close by it. A monumental column in honour of the late Duke of Gordon is intended soon to ornament this little Calton Hill of the north. Dined at Mr Forsyth's the bookseller, a brother to Forsyth whose "Travels in Italy" has gone through seven or eight editions, and whose remarks upon the Fine Arts in that country have drawn a high encomium from Lord Byron himself.

Dec. 5.—Dined with Mr Shearer, late Postmaster-General for the North of Scotland—a worthy hospitable old man. His wife is a very intellectual woman, and must have once been very pretty. She is a daughter of the "Black Captain" of Badenoch, whose death in a snow-storm, when on a hunting excursion, is connected by his countrymen with so much of the marvellous and mysterious, and by Hogg made the subject of a tale.

Dec. 6.—Read Mr Brown's "Poetical Ephemeras." Love and friendship almost entirely his theme. Melancholy the prevailing tone of his lyre—a consumptive habit the probable cause of this. His verse is always harmonious, but the total absence of any attempt at wit or satire, descriptions of character or scenery, leaves his poetry a rather wearisome monotony of sweet sounds.

Dec. 16.—Went to hear Mr Maclaren of the Episcopalian Chapel. He is a good preacher, but a better poet, as several poems which appeared in *Blackwood*, &c., can testify. A great Jacobite, and sings well.

Dec. 17.—Breakfasted with Mr Maclaren, and went with him afterwards to see one of the only two existing original portraits of Claverhouse. It is along with another of the great Montrose, in the possession of a maiden lady living in the vicinity of the town.

Dec. 24.—Went six miles to see the Priory of Pluscardine. The devastation made on it by the hand of Time is scarcely more to be regretted than a wretched attempt on the part of its proprietor, Colonel Grant, at something like a renovation, with a view to its becoming a church or a mansion (I forget which). The effect is to greatly mar the veneration and interest with which we always gaze on real ruins. It was once tenanted by a colony of White Friars, who after a time were expelled for their amorous indulgences. It is now the favourite haunt of a colony of crows. Had an interview with the venerable father of the Church of Scotland, Mr Leslie, minister of ——. He is 92 years old, and yet hearty and hale, able and willing to join Father Murphy himself in a tumbler done up after that reverend gentleman's improved principle of

toddy-making, recommended by the Pope himself. He walks to Elgin, a distance of three miles, every other day, and preaches long and loud twice every Sabbath in the year!

Dec. 26.—Left with a sigh the brightly-beautiful, fine-complexioned girls of Elgin; and after passing by the castle and lake (or rather *marsh*) of *Swiney*, reached Lossiemouth at night. Fine new harbour—much needed. Speymouth and the woods around Castle Gordon seen in the distance.

Dec. 27.—Set out for Burghead, the most northerly Roman station in Britain. Called at the manse of Drynie, about a mile off. Shown where, amidst the foundations of what some conjecture to have once been a Bishop's palace, and others a fortification. The Rev. Dr Rose lately discovered a stone coffin and some urns, fragments of both of which were shown me. Three miles further west, on a mound forming at one time an islet, on the now drained Lake of Spynie, stands the ruins of the Castle of Duffus. Reached Burghead in the evening. Find it a most shabby-looking village, and determine upon leaving it; not, however, until I had a look at the Roman well discovered there, deep hid in earth (or rather sand), about twenty years ago. Till then the inhabitants of this sterile little promontory must have been very ill off for water. The well is well worthy of the antiquarian's notice.

Dec. 27, eight o'clock evening.—At Forres again. 28.—Left for Grantown, Strathspey, which I reach about 10 P.M. Late and weary.

Dec. 29.—Visited the celebrated "Haughs of Cromdale," four miles down upon the east bank of the river Spey. Kindly invited to pass the Sabbath at the manse with Mr Grant, which I declined doing.

Dec. 30.—Heard Peter Grant, author of the "Dain Spioradail," preaching. His discourse most edifying, and wonderously well arranged, though delivered *ex tempore*. His diction and delivery are alike poor, but he is rich in matter, and argues his point with great clearness. Without much mental power, but with a deep religious feeling and persevering industry to make the most of the little talent given him, he has been enabled to take a deep hold of the minds of his religious countrymen, both as a poet and a preacher. He is 50 years old, has a numerous family, and lives on the very farm on which his father and grandfather lived before him.

Jan. 1, 1839.—Had an interview with Mrs Mackay, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, lately come from Nairn to Grantown. Made me a present of a breast-pin worn by her mother (Flora's daughter). Mrs Mackay is a widow, with three daughters, and enjoys a pension from Government of £50 a-year. It was secured through the interest of Sir W. Scott when George IV. was at Edinburgh, in 1822. There never was a farthing of public money more judiciously bestowed. Mrs Mackay had been a widow for many years previously; her husband, a respectable shopkeeper in Nairn, having been drowned while bathing, and that in her own sight. It was a brother of hers—a particularly fine young fellow, holding a lieutenant's commission in the army—that Glengarry slew many years ago in a duel, arising out of a very trifling matter at one of the Northern Meeting balls. Elizabeth, her youngest daughter, has set up a sewing and reading school, which is attended by several pretty little girls. She is a very pious girl herself, and is the author of several sweet pieces of poetry.

Jan. 2.—I this day received the very highest compliment that ever was paid me as a minstrel. This was in the shape of a visit from a young lad, who came several miles through the snow to see me and solicit a lock of my hair; bringing with him as an offering a copy of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He came three several days upon the same errand; but having no one to introduce him, he went home twice without having seen me. On the third occasion of his coming his courage was equal to a self-introduction. I am more proud of the artless homage of this poor, enthusiastic child of nature than I would be of an eulogium from the pen of Jeffrey or even Wilson himself. Poor though my admirer is, there is scarcely a poem in the English language that he has not contrived to read, and to a very great degree committed to memory.* Having quickly undeceived him as to the awful dignity with which his imagination had invested me, we soon learned to enjoy each other's company immensely.

Jan. 3.—Dined and spent the night with the Rev. Mr Stewart of Abernethy, a most kind-hearted fellow, and author of two or three capital bits of English poetry. A splendid group of hills, amid which Cairngorm rises conspicuous, seen from the manse. A stupid-looking old ruin of a castle crowns a hillock at no great distance, and the stream of Nethy hastens by the skirts of the glebe to pay tribute to the Spey. The Nethy flows (if I mistake not) from Loch Avon, at the foot of Cairngorm—the scene of one of Hogg's wildest poems in the "Queen's Wake."

Jan. 4.—Proceeded up Speyside to Rothiemurchus. The scenery here charming, beyond description, its beauties being entirely of an Alpine character—forests of pine and birch spread in the most splendid profusion far over hill and dell. Nature herself is the only planter, and nobly does she accomplish her task! Betwixt the river and the hills that rise sublimely beautiful to the south and south-east Loch-an-Eilean sleeps in its mountain cradle. Beautiful it is with its little castellated islet, and its banks thickly studded with pine trees of gigantic stature gazing upon their own dark forms in its ever-placid bosom. A fearful snowstorm alone prevents me from making a pilgrimage to a spot, a view of which, from what I see in the distance, would be sure to fill me with rapture.

Jan. 6.—Left Rothiemurchus, the snow falling fearfully heavy. Visited the Rev. Mr Macdonald, of the Parish of Alvie, on the way further west. Mr Macdonald has written some little poetry in his younger days. His manse and church are most picturesquely situated on the banks of a little lake whose name I forget, and close by Kinrara, long a summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon. Seven miles further west is Belleville, the romantic birthplace of Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems. A monument on the north side of the road reminds the traveller that he is on classic ground, and base is he, indeed, who can pass by it and bless not the memory of the man who had done so much to rescue from oblivion these glorious productions. Two miles further on is Kingussie, where I now write, and from the window of my room can gaze on the Castle of Ruthven, a very picturesque ruin, on the opposite side of the river. It was here that the little hurricane cloud, which in the 'Forty-five gathered in Glenfinnan and carried distractions and dismay in its course over half the empire, melted at last into "thin air."

* My very dear friend and correspondent of after years, John Grant Mackintosh, was the lad here alluded to.

After the battle of Culloden the muster of scattered clans at the Castle of Ruthven might amount to about 8000. Although in this gathering there was found many a chief whose voice was "still for war," it was ultimately agreed upon that any further attempt on their part to prolong hostilities would be altogether in vain.

Jan. 8.—Proceeded to Laggan. Snow very deep. A lake on the left hand side; its scenery altogether about the most romantically beautiful I have ever gazed upon. It was night, but the waste of snow around, with a star here and there peeping through the skirts of the snow-clouds hanging overhead, made it appear less like night than a "day in absence of the sun." It required no small effort to tear myself away from a spot so very bewitching, notwithstanding all that Mrs Grant has told us of its haunted character. About two miles farther on on the right is the seat of Cluny Macpherson, the Chief of that Clan. Two miles still farther on stands the manse and church of Laggan, which I passed, and arrived late and "weary and worn" at the little inn near to them, on the south side of the river (Spey), where I took up my quarters for the night.

Jan. 9.—Visited the parish minister, the Rev. Mr Cameron, by whom I was hospitably received, and much blamed for daring to pass his manse on the preceding night, to take up my abode in less comfortable quarters. But a promise to pass a whole week of next summer with him made matters all right. After sufficiently admiring this region of grace and grandeur both, and amid which the gifted Mrs Grant lived so long and sung so beautiful, I bade farewell to Badenoch; and after breasting the hill of Drumuachdrach, passed the night at Dalwhinnie, on the road to Perth. Capital inn. Very kind landlord. Scenery around wild and dreary beyond description. Close by is the eastern termination of the far-famed Loch-Errochd, which, before the arrival of the mail of to-morrow morning for the south, I am determined to visit. In the meantime, however, I shall go and dream of its beauties in bed.

Jan. 10.—It was scarcely dawn this morning when the mail arrived, and I was forced to leave Loch-Errochd unseen. Why should I, or how can I describe my journey to the "Fair City?" It was done in too much hurry, and the snow all along lay far too deep to admit of my "takin' notes" with any degree of comfort or correctness. Suffice it in the meantime to say that our road lay through scenes of such wonderful beauty as I can scarcely ever expect to see elsewhere. Reached Perth late at night, *minus* my portmanteau, which I find to have been taken off the coach during our halt at Dunkeld, likely through a mistake on the part of somebody.

Jan. 11.—Traversed the city. Think it hardly worthy of its flattering title. Its suburbs, however, are sufficiently fair and romantic. The Tay glides, or rather rushes, by it—a majestic flood which, taken all in all, has not its match in Scotland. Waited the arrival of the evening mail, and traced my portmanteau to safe hands. Started about 11 o'clock at night with the mail for Glasgow, where I arrived safely this morning (Jan. 12) at 10 o'clock.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

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IV.

THERE is a tradition current in Strathglass that a man named Ualan or Valentine, was falconer or “uchdadar” for the Earl of Moray, and used to hunt for his master on the hills of Strathglass. How he acquired the Gaelic name of “uchdadar” is not related, and it is said that he was the first man who called Cruinnis and the surroundings of Techuig—“An Croma-ghleann,” or Curved Glen. I have heard it stated that he gave it this apt designation when he for the first time looked westwards from Erchless. The uchdadar soon made his way far past the Croma-ghleann, and found Gleann-nam-fiadh and Coileach far better calculated to satisfy his sporting proclivities. It is alleged that he was in the habit of posting himself at a large stone on the north side of Gleann-nam-fiadh, and to get another man to drive the deer past him. In this favourite sport he used to make great havoc with his bow and arrow among the antlered tribe. This stone is about as large as a small house, and has the appearance of having fallen at some remote period from Creag-na-h-inighinn, a large rock directly above it. Ualan, the uchdadar, was famous in his time, and made the stone also famous, as it has been known ever since by the name of Clach-an-uchdadar. If tradition can be relied on the uchdadar was a man of herculean strength and endurance. In proof of which the following verse used to be recited:—

Am fiadh a mharbhadh e
 Ann am Braidh-mhion-luich
 Gu'n tugadh e
 Gun sgion do Challadar e.

The stag he would kill in Braidh-mhion-luich, he would carry without opening it to Cawdor. The whole distance being over sixty miles, the falconer must have been a powerful man indeed.

There is a “Precept under the Great Seal for infetting Ualan Chisholm of Comar in the lands of Knockfin, Comer-mor, Inver-channaichs, and Breakachies, dated 9th of April 1513.” If this Ualan or Wiland was the hero of the above tradition—who carried the stag from Strathglass to Cawdor Castle, he was not, in other respects, any better than his neighbours, inasmuch as we find, about the year of his infetment in the lands described, that an Ualan Chisholm of Comar, Sir Donald of Lochalsh, and Macdonell of Glengarry, stormed the Castle of Urquhart, expelling the garrison, and wasting the surrounding country. Whether this act was considered meritorious or the reverse, it is certain that twenty-five years after the storming of Urquhart Castle, Ualan's eldest son, John, had received a charter under the Great Seal of his father's lands, dated 13th March 1538. I have heard it stated that at a meeting in Strathglass the Chisholm who was Chief of the Clan about the year 1725, related some extraordinary feats performed by Ualan the uchdadar. All the men pre-

sent were so much pleased with the glowing description their Chief gave of Ualan that they expressed their determination to make his name a household word. By the end of the year there was a son born to each of nine married men who were present at the meeting, and each of the nine boys was christened Ualan. The late Mr Valentine Chisholm (Inchully), who died fifty-nine years ago, at the age of ninety-six, was the last liver of the nine. I well remember the time when this Ualan of Inchully attended the wedding of John Forbes—Ian-Ban-Foirbeis—who married Mary, daughter of Allan Chisholm, Kerrow. Mary, the bride, was a granddaughter of Ualan. Nothing would please the young people at the wedding better than to see the venerable patriarch, Ualan, on the floor. The old gentleman was at the time over ninety years of age, but to please his young friends he acceded to their wish, and stepped on the floor with a firm gait, offering his arm to the bride. "Now, young people," said he, "let another couple of you come forward to dance this reel with the bride and myself." "Too glad of the chance," responded Ian Mor Mac Alastair 'ic Ruari, at the same moment giving his arm to his own grand-aunt, the bride's mother. This John Mor Chisholm was great grandson of Ualan's. We have now four generations on the floor, but a fifth came on in the person of Alexander, one of John's sons, a great-great-grandson of Ualan, so that there were actually five generations of the same family of the name Chisholm dancing the reel together. The aged Ualan was the seventh son of Colin of Knockfin, the senior cadet of Chisholm and of his spouse Helen, daughter of Patrick Grant, fourth Laird of Glenmoriston. The fourth Laird of Glenmoriston was married to Janet, the fourth daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. This lady was grandmother to Ualan of Inchully, so that he was at the same time a grandson of the Laird of Glenmoriston and a great-grandson of Lochiel on the mother's side. On the father's side he was a grandson of the first Chisholm of Knockfin and great grandson of the Chisholm of Strathglass. The venerable Valentine Chisholm of Inchully was the father of Bishops John and Æneas Chisholm who died in Lismore and were buried in Cill-chiaran in that Island—the former of whom died in 1814 and the latter in 1818. According to an old tradition in the Highlands the seventh son in a family was generally supposed to be intended for the medical profession. Consequently his countrymen credited Ualan, he being the seventh son, with the power of healing the King's Evil. People were in the habit of coming from a distance to consult him in such cases, and the old gentleman was always very obliging, never refusing to administer so far as he could to the wants of rich or poor. When offered a fee he invariably accepted the sum of sixpence only, and that merely to comply with an old belief that a cure was more likely to be effected after a piece of silver had been paid for it. The name of Ualan became very common in the district in my own time.

The old people in Strathglass state that a battle was fought above Fasanacoil on a field called Glasbuidh or Aridhuan. The tradition is, that Clann 'ic Gille-onaich and the Macmillans of Lochaber formed an idea that they could, by uniting their forces, take possession of Strathglass. The Chisholms who were for a long period, prior to this, sole proprietors of the district, failed to see any justice in the demands of the intruders from the south-west. It was very galling to them to

hear of such an intention at any time, but especially at a time when their chief was a minor; so they decided on the most determined resistance. Their reply was an immediate declaration of war, expressing their readiness to abide by the arbitration of the sword, and to decide the merits or demerits of their contention on the Blackmoor of Baile-na-bruthach, between Clachan and Baile-na-haun. The would-be conquerors of Strathglass objected to the large level blackmoor to fight a battle on. They alleged—very properly in my opinion—that it was too much surrounded by club-farms, and that women and children from these farms might be killed unintentionally. Unfortunately for the enemy it was ultimately decided by the leaders of both parties to fight the battle on the fields of Aridhuian, where, no doubt, it was an advantage for the Chisholms to fight, on ground they must have known much better than their opponents, especially as there are several little hillocks on Aridhuian and a burn running through it. This enabled Chisholm of Knockfin—the leader of the Strathglass men—to place all the forces under his command in a favourable position.

It is stated in the traditions of the district that the Macmillans and their friends were dreadfully shattered by the first fire. Whether this was the result of the absence of proper discipline among the Lochaber men, or want of ability on the part of their leader, I know not, nor have I ever heard any cause assigned for it. But I have always heard that Knockfin disposed his men in such a masterly manner as to enable them to pour their bullets simultaneously into the front and flank of the enemy. Terrible as this volley was it does not appear to have satisfied the pugnacious proclivities of the intruders. Decimated as their ranks were, the brave Lochaber men rallied and returned again and again to the charge with little or no success. In the afternoon two of them came forward under some sort of flag of truce and arranged to bury their dead, and carry their wounded away. The following day no less than sixteen of the latter were removed on improvised ambulances. This mode of conveying sick, wounded, or dead bodies, was called in Gaelic “*cradh-leabaidh*,” a term, literally translated into English, meaning anguish or agony bed. The defeated Lochaber men did not consider it safe to pass through Strathglass by the ordinary road. They decided to cross the river Affarie with their melancholy procession, at the rough fords east of Achagiat, called Na Damhanan.

When a mere boy I was passing through the field of Aridhuian with an old man who lived during his youth in Fasanacoil, and who was tacksman for a portion of his life in the farm of that name. He had ample opportunities of knowing the traditions current in his time about the battle of Aridhuain. He pointed out to me where the battle commenced and where the enemy buried their dead.

I heard a number of curious incidents about this battle. One of them is to the following effect:—In their flight two or three of the Lochaber men saw an old woman trying to conceal a little boy from their view. One of them got hold of the boy. The simple old nurse implored him not to hurt the child, as he was the son of Mr Chisholm of Knockfin. “No fear of him,” said the refugee. “Keep quiet; I will take care of the child, and he will probably take care of me, till I get out of the Strathglass woods.” So saying he took the child up on his shoulders, re-

marking in Gaelic, "S e guailleachan as fhearr leam a gheibh mi gu h-oiche," meaning that he considered the boy the safest tunic he could have got all day. The faithful nurse was very much alarmed, but she was told to follow quietly: and when they passed out of the wood above Giusachan the boy was restored quite safely to her.

It is also related that one of the enemy was lying mortally wounded on the field of battle, and crying loudly for some one to give him a drink of water for the love of God. A Strathglass man who heard him answered, "As you ask for it in that Name you shall certainly have it," and so saying he went to the burn which runs through the field, took off his bonnet, filled it with water, and hastily returned to the bleeding man. He stooped down and held the water to the lips of the sufferer. Whilst in this position, performing an urgent act of mercy, the ungrateful wretch whom he was assisting pulled out from his pocket a "madadh achlais," or stiletto, and thrust it into the heart of his benefactor. The charitable man who lost his life whilst thus acting the part of the good Samaritan was of the family of Chisholms known as Clann 'ic Alastair Bhuidhe. I heard it said that he was a great-grand-uncle of John Buidhe Chisholm, who died about fifty years ago, at a very advanced age, and was for part of his life tenant of Glassburn.

At the same battle another Strathglass man was killed, if possible, in a still more treacherous manner. He was attacked by two of the enemy's swordsmen, both of whom he kept at bay with his good blade for a while, but at last, being hard pressed, he placed his back against a mud hut which stood near him. Here he parried every stroke and thrust aimed at him. Whether the length of his sword or his own superiority in wielding the weapon enabled him to defend himself against the sanguinary efforts of his two deadly enemies I know not. It is, however, certain that they saw no fair chance of vanquishing him. So one of them conceived the idea of killing the brave hero by the foulest means. To accomplish this he slipped round and entered the bothy quietly by the door, and by raising a sod made an aperture from within, whereby he obtained a view of the two accomplished swordsmen eager as tigers for each other's life blood. In an instant he saw the Strathglass man within reach of his sword, whereupon he thrust it through his body from behind. Thus the gallant swordsman fell without a single wound or scar except the fatal one from the weapon of the cowardly assassin in the bothy.

Such are the traditions current in the district about the battle of Aridhuian. I state them exactly as I heard them related over and over again by truthful and trustworthy men. It is said that the two deaths above described were the only casualties among the Strathglass men when defending their rights at the point of the sword.

It is a source of pleasure for me to conclude this paper with the statement of an old Seanachie, named Cameron, whom I heard saying—"Some of the best families and best soldiers in Lochaber positively refused to take any part whatever in the reckless enterprise which brought such a crushing defeat on a section of their countrymen at the battle of Aridhuian."

(To be Continued.)

Literature.

*THE PAST IN THE PRESENT**; By Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.,
Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, &c.

WE have been perusing one of the most instructive, interesting, and suggestive books which it has been our lot to read for many a day. The work displays an originality of mind on the part of its author, and an ability to teach important lessons from the commonest things, of a very high order. The merest trifle in his hands becomes the starting point of a profound philosophy. A whorl in the form of a bored stone, or a dried potato on the end of a small bit of stick, is the text from which we are taught lessons of the very highest import. The craggans manufactured, in the present day, in the Island of Lewis, than which there is nothing more rude in the history of pottery, are made to tell a moral and teach us a valuable lesson. "The rudest pottery ever discovered among the relics of the stone-age is not ruder than this, and no savages now in the world are known to make pottery of a coarser character." Yet the author says, and says truly, that this art is "practised by people not inferior in mental capacity to the people of Scotland generally—by people who sent their sons into the centre of progress, to occupy there as good a place as any, either as artisans, seamen, merchants, or professional men." Describing one house which he visited, where this manufacture was carried on, and specimens made to show him the process, it is stated that though the house was miserable and squalid enough, still alongside this rude industry there were cottons from Manchester, crockery from Staffordshire, cutlery from Sheffield, sugar from the West Indies, tea from China, and tobacco from Virginia. And this is how Dr Mitchell moralises on this strange mixture of civilisation and barbarism: "Here, then, was a woman, living in a wretched hut, built, without cement, of unquarried and unshaped stones, busily manufacturing just such pottery as was made by the early pre-historic inhabitants of Scotland—just such pottery as is now made by some of the most degraded savages in the world; yet her comforts and wants were ministered to not only by the great towns of England, but by the Indies, China, and America. If we buried her—house and all—what might a digging on the spot disclose a century hence?—her bones, her whorl, her quern, and her craggans. That Sheffield, Manchester, India, China, and America had sent her of their products and manufactures there would remain no evidence. There might be a puzzle, however, about the contribution from Staffordshire—the broken crockery, and perhaps, as the consequence, an ingenious speculation about an early and a late occupation of the ruined hut by successive people at long intervals and in different stages of progress and culture." The specimens of her art, made in presence of the visitor,—a cup, a sugar-basin, and a model of a cow—were of the rudest and coarsest description, "equally unlike the objects of which they were

* Being ten of the Rhind Lectures on Archæology delivered in 1876 and 1878, and published by David Douglas, Edinburgh, 1880.

understood to be copies." "Nothing worse was done by the Cave-men. Yet the old woman who fashioned the cow and the craggans was full of shrewdness, a theologian in her way, well versed in church quarrels, and in the obligations of the Poor Law, and quite able to become well versed in a score of other things if the need and opportunity had arisen. Have we any sufficient reason for believing that the Cave people were inferior to her, or, for that matter, inferior to any of us in capacity for culture?" From what he had seen the author draws the inferences—that the very rudest known form of art may co-exist in a nation with the highest—the Wedgewoods of Etruria with the Macleods of Barvas; that it would be wrong and stupid to conclude from this that the nation must be composed partly of savages and partly of a highly cultured and civilised people; that persons capable of immediately receiving the very highest culture may practise an art just as it is practised by the most degraded savages of whom we possess any knowledge.

The author next proceeds to describe the use of querns for grinding meal, as he has seen them in use in Shetland and the North West Highlands and Islands of Scotland. His observations and reflections on this primitive contrivance exhibit a philosophical mind. The quern does its work, in the circumstances, better than anything else could do it, and the conclusions at which the writer arrives are—That a simple and seemingly rude method of accomplishing work—practised both by the historic and pre-historic savage—may long continue in extensive use among certain sections of a people who are in a high state of civilisation, for reasons which are both assignable and sufficient, and which have nothing to do with inferiority either of capacity, or culture, or civilisation; that a seemingly simple and rude contrivance may be found to have not inconsiderable merits as an effort of mechanical ingenuity, when it is carefully and fairly studied; and that mere rudeness of workmanship, that is, of execution, apart from the mechanical idea, cannot be safely used as an evidence of great age.

A most interesting description of the Norse mill, still common in Shetland, follows, after which the "Knockin' Stane," used for making pot barley, is described in an interesting manner. Dr Mitchell says that anything ruder than this way of making pot barley could not easily be found. Yet it "does work of fair quality." We have seen even a more primitive appliance than the one described. The leg of an old stocking, filled with barley first dried in a pot over the fire, and then soaked over night in water, the stocking firmly tied at both ends, laid on a flat stone, and well belaboured with a sturdy stick. By this process the barley was knocked out of the husk, and the result, though not so agreeable to the eye as the product of the modern mill, was equally effective, if not, indeed, more so, in the primary object of separating the husk from the barley, while it was at the same time much less wasteful.

The description given of the primitive bee-hive houses, and of the old *black houses*, still occupied in the Lewis and other parts of the West Highlands, are full and curious, and in a way sad. It is really lamentable that a noble and chivalrous race should have to live under such conditions. Few of the bee-hive type of houses are now inhabited, but the *black houses* can yet be met with in thousands, though we are glad to know that few, if any, so primitive as Dr Mitchell describes as common

in the Lewis can now be met with on the mainland. We cannot at present quote the author's description of these wretched hovels at length, but must give his conclusions—"It is difficult," he says, "to think of a community living in houses like those I have pictured, as being in any other state than one of great degradation. Such a conclusion, however, would be incorrect. The Lewis people, as a whole, are well-conditioned physically, mentally, and morally; and there is certainly much more intelligence, culture, happiness, and virtue in those black houses than in the comparatively well and skilfully built houses which go to make the closes of the Cannongate and Cowgate of Edinburgh, or the closes of any similar great city."

We are glad to find the author in his text paying a high and deserved compliment to the rude agricultural implement called the *caschrom*, or crooked spade, but the woodcut intended to give the reader an idea of this primitive instrument is simply a gross libel upon our old friend. Dr Mitchell must have chosen one of the very worst specimens procurable. The driving pin is far too low to admit of good work being done, and the *caibe*, or iron stock, is reversed—turned upside down—while the whole instrument is extremely rude in material and workmanship. When properly handled, the description that, when driven into the soil, "if the handle is depressed, the part of the implement forced into the soil *rises through it*, and breaks up the ground as it does so," is far from accurate. In any soil, except a very sandy one, an ordinary expert operator *will turn the soil over* like the common plough. Dr Mitchell is quite correct when he says "the work the *caschrom* does is neither contemptible in quantity nor quality, and there has gone brain to its contrivance. When we remember the littleness of the patches of land, which in the Hebrides are, and can only be brought under cultivation, and the peaty character of the soil, we begin to see the cleverness of the invention. Certainly no plough, whether one or two stilted, could take its place and do its work. If it is right for the people to go on cultivating these little patches of peaty land, then the best instrument with which they can do it is probably the one they use." We have seen the day when few, even on the mainland, could beat us in the quantity or quality of the work produced with the *caschrom*; and the mainlanders are far superior to the islanders in its use. Three good, stalwart men, given a fairly level or slightly inclined field, will turn over an acre a day with the *caschrom*, and produce excellent work, though not so deep as the ordinary plough.

We are quite at one with the author in the remark, that "we often fail to see in what we call rude implements that suitability for their purpose, in the circumstances of their actual use," which he has described so correctly in the case of the *caschrom*. The same applies to his contention that the use of carts without wheels in certain circumstances and localities is no evidence of the backward and degraded state of the Highlanders in 1745, as maintained in Burt's Letters. When Dr Mitchell saw what these carts were employed in doing—"transporting peats, ferns, and hay from high grounds down very steep hills entirely without roads, I saw," he says, "that the contrivance was admirably adapted for its purpose, and that wheeled carts would have been useless for that work. But I saw more than this: I saw that these carts were used in doing the exact analogue of what is done every day in the advanced South—even

where the hand-plough has yielded to the steam plough and the sickle to the reaping machine. When boulders are to be removed, and trees are to be taken from high to low levels, or when a heavily-laden lorry puts on the drag coming down a steep hill, we see carts without wheels preferred to carts with wheels when the circumstances makes the want of wheels an advantage. It is not always an evidence of capacity or skill to use elaborate or fine machinery. A rough, rude tool may for certain purposes be the most efficient, and may show wisdom both in its contriver and its employer. It would certainly show a want of wisdom in the Kintail Highlanders if they used wheeled carts to do the work they required of their wheel-less carts. Indeed they could not so use them, except by putting the drag on, hard and fast—being first at the trouble of getting wheels and then at the trouble of preventing them from turning."

To the Stone Sinkers described, another may be added. We have seen a youth who on a certain occasion found himself *minus* any description of sinker for one end of his small lines, taking off his tacketty shoe and fixing it on to the end of his line, which was also without a buoy. A stiff breeze sprung up, and when the boat arrived at the first end shot, which had been fastened and buoyed in the usual way, the buoy was found to have broken loose from the Sinker, and the ingenious youth had to find his way home *minus* lines and one of his only pair of shoes—in the circumstances, to him, a very serious loss. They were, however, both picked up a week hence, after the storm had abated, with grappling lines, and the new invention was further dispensed with by that crew.

The work is mainly composed of ten lectures, being the Rhind Lectures on Archæology, delivered in 1876 and 1878. Six of these are devoted to such subjects as those we have here indicated, in addition to cairns, stone coffins, crusies, tinder boxes, the Bismar, the stone, bronze, and iron ages, and all manner of superstitions; while the last four are devoted to answering the question, "What is civilization?" The manner in which the latter subject is dealt with, and the question answered, is peculiarly interesting and original, but the extent to which this notice has already extended prevents us from dealing with that part of the work. In addition there is a valuable appendix illustrative of the subjects dealt with in the lectures, and including long quotations from Alfred R. Wallace "On the Origin of Human Races;" from Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology;" Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States of North America;" and from other distinguished writers in the same field. We have never seen it put so clearly that culture and civilization are two separate and distinct things; even if the whole of the cultured classes were removed in a body out of the country in which civilization had advanced, the latter would still remain. On the other hand, civilization is known and its effects felt where culture is as yet undreamt of. This is exhibited by the use of gunpowder and other products of civilization by the Red Indian and the Australian natives.

The volume is illustrated throughout by woodcuts, most of which are really excellent, mainly from sketches taken of the various articles described by the author on the spot. This greatly enhances the value of a work which is, independently of this, a perfect storehouse of information regarding the questions of which it treats. It is indispensable to the student

of Archæology. To the ordinary reader it presents an interesting science in a most agreeable and fairly complete form. From its perusal the student will learn more than he could hope to do in a lifetime from personal research and study of the various subjects so ably treated in its learned pages. The typography and general get-up are just what might be expected from a publisher of the experience and high reputation of Mr David Douglas.

KINMYLIES: ITS OWNERS AND TITLES—1232-1780.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., F.S.A. Scot.

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I.

AMONG the diversified and picturesque surroundings of Inverness, the lands of Kinmylies possess a history and interest second to none.

The lands within the parish of Inverness, as granted to the Bishop of Moray in the year 1232, comprehended all the land bounded by Bunchrew and the Beaully Firth on the west, Dunain on the south, the Moray Firth on the north, and the River Ness on the east, except part of the lands of Bught, the town's burgage west of Ness, and the lands of Merkinch, then an island.

Dr Aitken, whose capital map of the locality, and who has made the thorough investigation of the subject a labour of years, has satisfied those who take an interest in such matters that the palace of the Pictish King Brude stood upon one of the Torvean ridge tops, and that the capital stood on the Leachkin slopes near the Asylum. This name of Leachkin is not found among the old titles, neither is that of Craig Phadrick, and the origin of the latter, though long an object of research with antiquarians and historians, is not satisfactorily determined.

The object of the present paper, however, is to deal with the subject so far as authentic information exists. The first written document found in connection with Kinmylies is the charter by Alexander II. before referred to. The description is very brief, being "the whole land of our Collegiate Church of Kinmylies," with certain exceptions. A translation is given in No. 11 of "Invernessiana," to which reference may be made.

There was a church and burying-ground. The old spelling is Kilmylies, and may have some connection with a Saint Maillie or Marion. Just opposite to the lowest of the three islands on the Ness (west side) there is a pool marked in Peter May's very scarce map of June 1765, Poul-malie, which may have had some connection with the name. As showing how Gaelic names may be destroyed in the hands of ignorant men, it may be stated that in John Home's better known plan of September 1774 this spot appears as "Pollevaine"—a radical and fundamental change.

The extent of the Barony of Kinmylies is ascertained in the rental of

the Bishopric of Moray made in 1565, and besides Kinmylies in Inverness parish, included lands and fishings in the parishes of Bona, Urquhart, Kiltarlity, Kirkhill, Boleskine, and Dores, and altogether was one of the most valuable possessions of the comparatively slenderly endowed Bishopric of Moray.

The terms of the charter would seem to infer that certain instruction was to be given, that being the interpretation we put on the word *prepositure*; and though this has been doubted, we point in confirmation to the names, unfortunately long disused, of Bal-na-boddich and Ach-na-boddich. These are shown on Home's map before referred to, and formed part of the present farm of Charlestown. The inferences drawn are these—1st, That the school and residences were at the Baille; 2d, the Ach was the sustenance land adjoining; 3d, the name was given in consequence of the dress and appearance of the preceptors, sedate, elderly men, and it cannot escape attention that the word is used in the plural; 4th, the equivalent name for woman, Bal-na-chaillich, is found applied to religious houses of instruction for females in South Uist and elsewhere. The following is a list of the Deeds wherein Kinmylies is referred to, prior to the sale to the family of Lovat in 1544:—

1. Charter by Alexander II. to Andrew, Bishop of Moray, dated at Cullen, 5th October 1232.

2. Mentioned in a deed by John, Bishop of Moray, relative to the salary of the chaplaincy of the blessed Virgin Mary of Inverness, dated at Spynie, the Wednesday next after the feast of the blessed Peter *ad vinculam* 1360.

3. Mentioned in a charter by Alexander, Bishop of Moray, dated 20th February 1361.

4. Convention 'twixt Alexander, Bishop of Moray, and Hugh Fraser, dominus de Lovat, whereby Lovat binds himself to be a good and faithful friend to the Bishop and his men in all their lands, and in especial those of the two Kinmylies, dated at Inverness, 30th November 1384.

5. Warning by William, Bishop of Moray, against those masterfully occupying the lands of Kinmylies, dated Cathedral Church of Moray, 20th November 1398.

6. Charter of erection of the whole lands of the Bishopric of Moray into one free Barony and Regality, that of Spynie, including Kinmylies, by James II., dated Stirling, 8th November 1451.

The family of Lovat acquired a deal of Church lands during the troubles antecedent to the Reformation, and there follows an inventory of some of the titles of Kinmylies during its possession by that family. Part of the Barony had been acquired long previous, but Kinmylies proper only in 1544. It is held by good Catholics, and works have been written to show that those families who practically seized on Church lands did not flourish. Be this as it may, it is not a little curious that Hugh, 5th Lord Lovat, and his eldest son Hugh, Master of Lovat, who received the charter to Kinmylies, 13th May 1544, were both killed two months thereafter, at the battle of Blair-na-leine, fought on the 15th July 1544. Mr Anderson in his history of the Frasers states that it was not intended the Master should accompany his father, on the dangerous expedition to Moydart, but taunted by his step-mother, Janet Ross of Balnagown, who wished her own son to succeed, the Master went forth to his doom.

Janet Ross's (Lady Lovat) son Alexander did succeed, but she had it not all her own way. Serious quarrels and prolonged litigation occurred 'twixt mother and son about 1557. Follows the writs 1544-1649:—

1. Charter. Patrick, Bishop of Moray, with consent of the chapter, in favour of Hugh, 5th Lord Lovat, and Hugh Fraser, his eldest son, of Easter and Wester Kinmylies, Ballifeary, Easter Abriachan, Wester Abriachan, Kilwhimmen, with the mill of Bught and fishings of Freschott, part of the Barony of Kinmylies within the Regality of Spynie. Reddendo £78 17s 3½d Scots and services used and wont.—Dated Elgin, 13th May 1544.
2. Instrument of Sasine following thereon, dated 25th May 1544.
3. Charter by said Patrick, Bishop of Moray, in favour of Alexander, 6th Lord Lovat (second son of Hugh), dated Elgin, 20th February 1550.
4. Another charter, do. to do., of same date.
5. Instrument of Sasine in favour of Alexander, Lord Lovat, dated 23d February 1550.
6. Precept of Clare Constat Patrick, Bishop of Moray, in favour of Hugh, 7th Lord Lovat (son of Alexander), dated Edinburgh, 28th January 1567.
7. Instrument of Sasine thereon, dated 10th and 11th May 1567.
8. Another Instrument of Sasine in favour of Hugh, Lord Lovat, dated 5th February 1568.
9. Instrument of Sasine in favour of Simon, 8th Lord Lovat (son of Hugh), dated 18th, 20th, and 25th April 1579.
10. Another Instrument of Sasine, do., do.
11. Charter of Confirmation, under the Great Seal, in favour of Simon, 8th Lord, dated 10th October 1586.
12. Procuratory of Resignation by Simon, Lord Lovat, in the hands of the Bishop of Moray, dated Beaully, 30th November 1609.
13. Charter of Resignation by Alexander, Bishop of Moray, proceeding upon No. 12, in favour of Simon, Lord Lovat, dated Elgin, 23d November 1610.
14. Instrument of Sasine following thereon, dated 20th June 1611.
15. Procuratory of Resignation. Simon, Lord Lovat, in favour of Hugh, Master of Lovat (afterwards 9th Lord Lovat), his eldest son, dated Dalcross, 9th June 1621.
16. Charter. Simon, Lord Lovat, with consent of Hugh, Master of Lovat, in favour of Simon Fraser, his grandchild, eldest son of Hugh (afterwards 9th Lord), reserving liferents, dated Dalcross, 8th May 1626.
17. Instrument of Sasine following thereon, dated 16th May, registered 22d June 1626.
18. Instrument of Sasine in favour of Simon, Lord Lovat, dated 16th May, registered 23d June 1626.
19. Instrument of Sasine in favour of Hugh, Master of Lovat, second son of Hugh, 9th Lord Lovat (his elder brother Simon referred to in No. 16 having died in 1640), dated 15th April, and registered at Edinburgh, 1st May 1643.
20. Disposition of her liferent rights by Dame Anna Leslie, relict of the last-mentioned Hugh, Master of Lovat, in favour of Sir James Fraser of Brae and others, dated 26th March 1646, and registered at Edinburgh, 19th March 1647.

21. Commission in favour of Hugh, 10th Lord Lovat, for serving him heir to Hugh, Master of Lovat, his father (who died in 1643) and to Simon, 8th Lord Lovat, his great-grandfather (who died in 1633), under the Great Seal, 16th January 1647.

22. Precept in favour of the said Hugh, 10th Lord Lovat, dated 19th April 1647.

23. Instrument of Sasine thereon, dated 27th May 1647.

24. Another Instrument of Sasine of same date.

25. Instrument of Sasine in favour of Hugh, 10th Lord, dated 23d June 1647.

26. Contract of Sale 'twixt Hugh, Lord Lovat, with consent of Sir James Fraser of Brae, his tutor testamentar, and other friends, of Easter and Wester Kinmylies, Ballifeary, Easter and Wester Abriachan, the mill of Bught, the fishings of Freschott, &c., and Colonel Hugh Fraser of Kinneries, dated 20th January 1647.

27. Instrument of Resignation following thereon, dated Edinburgh, 23d June 1647.

28. Charter of Confirmation in favour of Colonel Hugh Fraser, now of Kinmylies, dated 23d August 1647.

29. Charter of Confirmation under the Great Seal in favour of Colonel Hugh Fraser, dated 24th May 1648.

30. Instrument of Sasine in favour of Col. Hugh Fraser, in Kinmylies, dated 22d January 1649.

It will be observed that in the century after acquiring Kinmylies, there were no fewer than six Lords Lovat, an unprecedented occurrence, and it was finally lost after about a hundred years' possession. It is stated that Simon, 8th Lord Lovat, sold Muirtown to Thomas Scheviz as early as 1620. He also mortgaged Kinmylies to Fraser of Strechin, and it is recorded by Anderson that Strechin lived at Kinmylies because the air of his own place did not agree with him, a striking testimony to the salubrity of the locality. It is well known that the sun, whenever visible, sheds his rays on Kinmylies. Simon, 8th Lord Lovat, built the Castle of Dalcross, and his initials, with the three strawberries, still remain on one of the ruined dormer windows.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

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ANSWER TO QUERY.

According to Douglas, the first of the Camerons of Glennevis was John, second son of Sir John Cambrun, 5th Baron of Lochiel. He is mentioned in Prynne's Collection in 1296. M. A.

A SUPPLEMENT of eight pages is given this month to enable us to present our readers with a full report of the annual dinner of the Gaelic Society.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

—o—
NINTH ANNUAL DINNER.

ON Friday evening, the 14th ultimo, the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness. Despite the severity of the weather, there was a good attendance of members. Provost Fraser occupied the chair, and was supported on the right by Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness; Councillor Charles Mackay; and on the left by Major Macandrew and Dean of Guild Mackenzie. The croupiers were—Mr G. J. Campbell and Mr Wm. Mackay. There were also present—Mr Colin Chisholm; Mr Gunn, draper; Councillor Jonathan Ross, Mr Peter Baillie, Mr Menzies, Caledonian Hotel; Mr James Macbean, Parochial Inspector; Mr Fraser Campbell, draper; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr William Mackenzie, secretary; Mr Mactavish, Castle Street; Captain Robert Grant, the Tartan Warehouse; Mr Donald Campbell, draper; Mr A. Macleod, Bridge Street; Mr Macraird, Mr Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Mr Jas. Mackay, Mr Donald Campbell, editor of the *Chronicle*; Mr George Murray Campbell, Ceylon; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr Allan Macdonald, commissioner for The Mackintosh; Mr Grant, solicitor; Mr Jenkins, do.; Mr Clarke, do.; Mr John Whyte, the *Highlander*; Mr William Bain, the *Courier*; Mr Cruickshank, do.; Mr Mackilligan, the *Advertiser*; Mr Nairn, the *Chronicle*; Mr Macpherson, draper; Mr Donald Mackintosh, Castle Street; Mr John Marshall, Inverness; Mr W. G. Stuart, draper; Mr D. A. Macrae, Monar; and Mr Robert Macgregor Campbell.

As the company filed into the hall where the dinner took place pibroch music was discoursed by Pipe Major Alexander MacIennan, piper to the Society, who also played while dinner was proceeding and between the toasts. The dinner, which was an excellent one, purveyed by Mr Menzies of the hotel, was done ample justice to. The Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack, said grace and returned thanks.

Dinner over, the SECRETARY intimated various apologies for inability to be present that had been received.

Lochiel said—"Important matters detain me in London in the meantime."

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's letter ran thus:—"I regret that I cannot be present at your ninth annual supper on Friday, but I wish it every success. I am much disappointed at the answer of the Home Secretary as to the Gaelic census, but I don't hold we are yet finally beaten."

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, wrote under date 13th inst.:—"Will you please offer my apologies to the Gaelic Society to-morrow evening for my absence from the annual dinner. I am suffering from a troublesome cough, and the extreme severity of the weather makes me hesitate to go from home for the night. I hope the Society will have a pleasant meeting under the presidency of your worthy Provost, whom, under the circumstances, I should have been glad to support." (Applause.)

Mr John Mackay of Swansea sent the following telegram:—"Piseach air a' Chomunn! soirbheachadh, cridhealas agus duinealas do na buill, agus do na Gaidheil uil' leis a' Bhliadhna uir."

Mr Charles Mackay (the poet), Fern Dell, Dorking, wrote:—"I am glad to think that the Highland and Gaelic Society of Inverness holds on its way rejoicing, and I hope prosperously."

Among others from whom apologies for absence were received were—Rev. Dr MacIachlan of Edinburgh (the Chief); General Sir Patrick Grant, K.C.B.; Mr Forbes of Culloden; Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Mr Walter Carruthers, Gordonville; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr Cameron of Clunes; Dr Stratton, Sheriff Nicolson, Rev. Mr MacIachlan, Tain; Mr Mackintosh Shaw of London (who presented the Society with a copy of his History of the Mackintoshes); Rev. Mr Cameron, Blairour; Mr Macrae, Ardintoul; Rev. Mr Bisset, Stratherrick; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr Mackay, Meadowbank; Mr Colin Stewart, Dingwall; Mr Thomas O'Hara; Rev. John Macpherson, Lairg; Mr T. D. Campbell, Inverness; Rev. Mr Sinclair, Plockton; Captain Scobie, Fearn, and several others.

The Rev. Mr Macgregor, who did not enter until after dinner, was received with great applause.

The CHAIRMAN proposed the Queen, in excellent Gaelic. He spoke of the loyalty which always characterised Highlanders. (Cheers) He then said that he would continue to propose the other toasts in Gaelic if it were not that he had a delicacy on account of those whose education had been neglected. (Great laughter.) With due sympathy for these people—(laughter)—he wanted to give them a little variety. (Hear, hear.) He then proposed the Prince and Princess of Wales, which was heartily honoured.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces. We had lately, he said, very great honour in conferring the freedom of the burgh on one connected with the army, and of whom we ought all to be proud. (Applause.) He is a clansman, and connected with the north. Of the army I cannot give you a better idea than in his words. He stated that those who fought with him in Afghanistan, as also the soldiers of the present army generally, were equal to those who fought with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular war. (Applause.) I think that is about the highest compliment that could be paid to the army. (Applause.) The march to Candahar was one of the most brilliant military exploits. He next spoke of the navy and the reserve forces. As to the reserve forces, he said, I hope we won't have to send them to Ireland, but I know Major Macandrew on my left here, as also Captain Grant, are quite ready for service. (Laughter and applause.) Burns speaks of people that had no other idea in his time than to "kill twa at a blow." (Laughter.) It is to be trusted, however, that the services of the gentlemen named will never be taken into request in active fight, but that both may be allowed to remain among us as useful citizens and very ornamental. (Laughter.) There is certainly no fear of any enemy coming up the Moray Firth as long as we have the volunteers. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The toast was coupled with the name of Major Macandrew, and was cordially received.

Major MACANDREW, in reply, said—As the Chairman very gracefully remarked, the army needs no commendation from any one, and all that the volunteers can hope is that we may, if ever we are called on, imitate in some respect what the army have done. (Applause.) I remember reading recently some lines by an old gentleman, who remarked generally on the degeneracy of modern times, and went on to say that what he wished to be remembered for was his being one that stood on the heights of Quatre Bras with the gallant 42d. If we have not done mighty service, we have the authority of General Macpherson for this—that those who stood in the ranks of the 92d at Afghanistan were as good men as those who stood at Quatre Bras, and as we belong to the same race as those who stood at Quatre Bras, the volunteers of Inverness will do their duty if ever they are called upon. (Applause.) I should not like to see service of any kind, but I am sure you will not think I am failing in warlike sentiments when I say I hope the Highlanders of the north of Scotland are not going to be called upon to shoot the misguided Celts of Ireland. (Applause.) However far wrong these poor men may go, it is not their fault—(applause, and a voice, "Question")—and we must remember that they are Celtic brethren. (Applause.)

The SECRETARY then read the annual report, in Gaelic, as follows:—

Bha e mar chleachdadh agam aig an am so, cunntas gearr a thoirt air obar na bliadhna chaidh seachad; agus a reir a' chleachdaidh sin, is e mo dhleasnas fagal no dha a thoirt dhuibh a nochd mu ghnìomharan a' Chomuinn bho 'n am so an uridh.

Mar tha fios aig a' chuid mhor agaibh, choinnich sinn an uridh fo riaghladh Ceann a' Chomuinn, Fear Sgiabost, agus chaith sinn oidhche cho aighearack 's a dh' iarradh cridhe mac Gaidheil.

An deigh sin bha sinn mar bu ghnathach leinn a' coinneachadh bho sheachdain gu seachdain; ach mu mhèadhon an Earraich chaidh a' Pharlamaid a sgoileadh, agus chuir an sgoileadh sin agus an taghadh a thainig na 'Iorg, sgoileadh ann an coinneamhan seachdaineach a' Chomuinn bho dheireadh an Fhaoillich gu meadhan a' Ghiblein.

An deigh sin bha iomadh coinneamh againn, agus aig te dhuibh thug "Meall-fuar-mhònaidh" coir dhuinn eachdraidh air buidseachd agus air buidsichean an Strathghlais anns na liantean a chaidh thairis.

Aig a' choinneimh mhoir a bh' againn aig am Feill-na-cloimbe, bha am fìor Ghaidheal sin an t-Ollamh MacLachlainn anns a' chathair, agus bha gach soirbheachadh againn mar dh' iarramaid.

An uair a thainig an Geamhradh, bha sinn a' coinneachadh bho am gu am, agus am measg cuid de na nithean a chaidh a thoirt fa chomhair a' Chomuinn ainmibhidh mi cunntas air "Oidhche Shambna" leis na t-sar-Ghaidheal sin. Iain Macaoidh, an Loch-na-h-eala.

Bidh sibh air son a chluinntinn am beil ionmhas mor aig a' Chomuinn am bliadhna, agus ni mi mo dhìchioll air iniseadh dhuibh mu dheibhinn. Eadar airgid bho 'n uridh agus na thionail sinn fad na bliadhna, chaidh £115 10s 9d, troimh mo lamhan sa. Phaidh mi dluth air trì fichead punnd Sasunnach 's a coig, ach an deigh sin, tha mu'n cuairt do leth-chiad punnd Sasunnach agam a nochd. Tha beagan fhìochan again fhathast ri phaigheadh as an t-suim sin, ach an deigh na h-uile car, bidh a' cheart uidhir a dh-airgid agam air son na bliadhna tha nis air dol seachad.

Mar tha fios agaibh cha 'n 'eil an leabhar bliadhnail aig a' Chomuinn a mach

fhathast; ach is e is coireach ri sin gu 'n do simuainich luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn gu 'm biodh e, na b' fhearr gu'm tugadh an leabhar iomradh air gnìomh-ran a' Chomuinn gu deireadh na bliadhna, oir simuainich iad gur e sin a b' fhearr na stad aig meadhon an t-Samhraidh mar a b' abhaist duinn. Tha mi an duchas gu 'm faigh gach fear agaibh a leabhar eadar so agus ceann shea seachdainean.

An am dhonn co dhunadh, ghuidhion air gach fear agaibh aig a bheil math a' Chomuinn na chridhe, toirt air a chairdean aonachadh ris a' Chomuinn agus mar sin a dheanamh a' sìdh air a chliu a thùineas do chlànn nan Gaidheal.

The CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of the evening, the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (Cheers.) I have, he said, to express the very great regret I feel at the absence of our chief, the Rev. Dr. MacLachlan, but the weather being so very severe, it could scarcely be expected that at his time of life he could come. (Applause.) Hence I am here, and I feel very much the compliment of being asked to preside at the annual re-union of this Society—a meeting where so much patriotism and kind hearty feelings towards the land of our birth are always brought out. (Applause.) But the want of our Chief on such an occasion is a great loss, particularly so when that Chief is a man who has studied the origin of the Gaelic language and written so much on the subject. (Hear, hear.) His paper recorded in the Transactions is highly valuable, and should make us glad to meet each other, were it only to have a talk in two languages, which give those blessed with that privilege a great advantage over many others of our countrymen. (Laughter and applause.) Then you have that indefatigable champion of Gaelic, Professor B'ackie, of whom any country ought to be proud. (Cheers.) His exertions to benefit us are above all praise, and I wish we had now got the Celtic Chair filled, for which he has collected the funds. Allow me next to mention Sir Kenneth Mackenzie—(cheers)—whose thoroughly practical remarks on the crofter system are highly valuable. We have also Cluny and many others, whose names I need not mention; but they assist much in adding to the information we have of our forefathers, information which this Society so carefully records. There is no object which this Society should pursue more strenuously than the collection of what it can find of the literature and customs of the people of the Highlands; and I have no hesitation in saying that in this it has a valuable assistant in the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, a periodical, I believe, destined to do much good by its researches, under the management of its energetic and persevering publisher. I should also mention the *Highlander*, as conducted by Mr Murdoch, than whom there is not a more enthusiastic Highlander among us. The report just read by the Secretary is highly satisfactory, and shows the interest taken in the work by the officials. This is a labour of love, and evinces a great amount of patriotic feeling with which parties not members of the Society cordially sympathise. The other societies of a similar kind in the country assist very much. In alluding to the objects of the Society, and the work it desires to forward, I have often thought that there is nothing more interesting than observing the applicability of the names of places in Gaelic. I know a shepherd's croft called "Laggan-a-bhainne," than which no name could be more appropriate, seeing that this particular place would at once strike one as "a place flowing with milk and honey." I could give many other examples of this kind, but I must defer to the Rev. Mr Macgregor and the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack, who scarcely ever hear an odd name but they can trace it to Gaelic origin. (Laughter and applause.) It may be a strong thing for an Inverness resident to have any opinions as to the crofting system, but my experience is not favourable to the idea of letting crofters have their own way. They should be asked to pay fair rents, and they should be guided as to management. (Hear, hear.) They do not go much from home, and, if they are not told what to do, I rarely find progress among them. Allowing them to continue as they are, means vegetating. I would give them rules and prices as much as possible for fulfilment of engagements, taking care always that I carry their understanding and their goodwill with me. (Hear, hear.) I have no hope of a crofter doing good unless he has enough of land to keep him in work. A cow is necessary to existence, and when he can take such a place as could keep a horse, so much the better. The west coast crofters are peculiarly placed. They are half fishermen, half farmers. They occasionally get a great haul at the fishing, and the money realised is in hand at once. This spoils them for their work at the croft, and they do not persevere in the fishing. As seamen, they are excellent when properly trained, and they know all the creeks on their own coast where shelter is to be had, and if a wind springs up they know where to go. What Sir Kenneth Mackenzie said is quite my experience—that an east coast fisherman takes three times as many fish as a west coast man, even in his own loch. I, therefore, think that crofts ought to be large enough to give full employment, and the possessors should be obliged to adopt a certain system of working them. In travelling over some land not far from Inverness, I recollect having remarked to the owner that it had a fine face, and a good exposure. "Well," he said, "I will tell you about that. Some years ago I took all the people here from the hills—12 or 15 families—I saw they were making no progress. They were existing, but not improving; and I resolved to transfer them all down to the low country, and give each family 20 acres to improve and cultivate. Accordingly, I sent for an Inverness surveyor to plan out the ground, but on going over it

with him he dissuaded me very much from the proposal, and insisted that the ground was not fit for culture, and suitable only for an outrun for sheep, being then all in heather. After a good deal of talk, I found I could only get my plan carried out by my saying to my Inverness friend that I sent for him to lot out the land, and not to give me advice—(laughter)—and if he was not prepared to carry out my wishes I would get some one else to do so. (Laughter and applause.) Accordingly the plan was prepared, and the people settled in the place; and there is the land now, than which there is no better in the district, and no more contented tenants or better farmers in the north. And all they asked me to do for them since was merely to assist in leading drains, in regard to which they should be instructed and assisted, as, otherwise, each only does what belongs to his own croft." (Hear, hear.) Guidance is, therefore, beneficial, and after that ordinary competition and rivalry comes in. Progress is effected, and the people and the country benefited. (Applause.) Planting is a thing that should be extensively carried on in the Highlands. It is a landlord's improvement, and there is plenty land for it, without interfering with that fit for cultivation. In all these things the Society should take a leading part, and in this way it is eminently fitted for doing good. As a race, there is not anywhere a finer or more intelligent, when instructed, than the Scottish Highlanders—(cheers)—but as to this, and in a company of Highlanders in the capital of the Highlands, I am not expected, I presume, to say much. They are known everywhere, and, as to their valour, I may be allowed to quote a passage from a speech of Lord Chatham's, who, though not a Scotchman, was above all prejudice. (Cheers.) Chatham, speaking of the natives of the Highlands, said—

I care not whether a man is rocked in a cradle on this or the other side of the Tweed. I sought for merit, and I found it in the mountains of the North. I there found a hardy race of men, able to do their country service. I called them forth to her aid, and sent them to fight our battles. They did not disappoint my expectations, for their fidelity could only be equalled by the valour which signalised their own and their country's renown all over the world.

(Loud Cheers.) I need say no more. The Gaelic Society of Inverness has for its object the improvement of this race, as well as the preservation of the Gaelic language and Celtic literature, and I propose that we devote a hearty bumper to its success. Gentlemen, let us pledge with cordiality, "The Gaelic Society of Inverness." (Loud cheers.)

Mr ALLAN MACDONALD, Commissioner for the Mackintosh, next gave the Members of Parliament for Highland Counties and Burghs—gentlemen who discharged very onerous duties with marked ability. (Hear, hear.) Their duties in the past had been very onerous, and there was no indication that they would be less so in the session upon which they had entered. The present and many previous generations in this country had been in the habit of priding themselves as being in the land of the brave and the free—a land that was held up to the admiration of all the nations in the civilised world, as the land—

Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

(Cheers.) But in one part of our empire a large section believed that they were suffering grievous wrongs, and, whether this was well or ill founded it was improper to seek redress by turning freedom into licence, and order into lawless anarchy. (Applause.) Our representatives in Parliament, he felt sure, would ever be actuated by true patriotism, and would strive to maintain the integrity of the United Kingdom. (Cheers.)

Mr WM. MACKAY, Solicitor, proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael." In this subject, he said, great interest had been taken during the last ten years. This interest and good feeling must not be looked upon as something altogether new; it is a revival of a state of things which, to some extent at least, existed hundreds of years ago. The glimpses which we are able to get of the distant past are unfortunately few and slight, but they are sufficient to show that Gaelic—or Irish, as it was then called—was held in considerable esteem, even in the Lowlands, for centuries after it had ceased to be the language of the Scottish Court. On this occasion it is impossible fully to enter into this subject, but I may be allowed to mention one or two things which show that what I have now said is true. In the fifteenth century we find the Ayrshire poet, Dunbar, singing the praise of Gaelic in the following strain:—

It could be all trew Scottis mennis leid,
It was the gud langage of this land,
And Scots it causit to multiply and spreid.

Scots, as you will remember, was that daughter of Pharoah from whom, according to ancient chroniclers, the Scottish nation sprung. (Laughter.) In the sixteenth century the scholars of Aberdeen, who were prohibited from speaking English or Scotch, were expressly permitted to converse in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or Gaelic. (Cheers.) In the seventeenth century Gaelic formed part of the educational routine of some of the highest in the land. Thus in 1633 Archibald, Lord Lorne (afterwards Marquis of Argyll, and Montrose's great opponent), a man who was not

supposed by the Highlanders of his time to be specially Celtic in his sentiments, sent his eldest son (afterwards the Earl of Argyll who was executed in 1685) to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glen Urquhay, ancestor of the Earls of Breadalbane, to be educated; and part of the arrangement was that the pupil's tutor was to be "ane sufficient man quha has bothe trisch and Englisch." In 1637 the pupil's mother, although a Lowland lady—being daughter of the Earl of Morton—wrote from Roseneath to Sir Duncan in the following terms:—

I hear my son begins to weary of the Irish language. I intreat you to cause hold him to the speaking of it; for since he has bestowed so long time and pains in the getting of it, I should be sorry he lost it now with laziness in not speaking it.

(Cheers.) The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland early took an interest in our language. In 1643 young students "having the Irish language" were ordained to be trained in the Universities. In 1648 bursaries were instituted for such students; and while each Presbytery in the provinces of Moray, Ross, and Caithness were ordained to maintain a Gaelic-speaking student at college, each congregation over the rest of Scotland had to pay forty shillings Scots yearly towards the maintenance of Highland bursaries. In connection with these enactments I find that on 23d October 1649 the Presbytery of Dingwall granted a bursary to an "Irish" boy from Alness. (Laughter.) Other Presbyteries also maintained their bursaries. You all know of the more modern Gaelic bursaries and associations. In our day the most important event in connection with my subject, is the endowment of a Celtic chair in the University of Edinburgh. (Applause.) That chair is as good as established. In April last the committee recommended that it should not be established before May 1881, and that lectures could not begin before November 1881. The intention now is to finally place the chair on its legs in May 1882, and to commence the lectures in the following November. The reasons of the delay are purely financial, and notwithstanding the impatience of some good Highlanders, for my part the delay has my hearty approval. To us the future is uncertain, and it would be unwise to depend too much upon a large income of class fees; and to ensure that the Celtic professorship will command the highest talent we must allow the amount which our good friend Professor Blackie collected to increase by the accumulation of interest until we have a principal sum sufficient of itself to yield a fair income. (Applause.) From the Celtic professorship I anticipate important results. In this place it is unnecessary to refer to its importance from a linguistic or philosophical point of view. On a former occasion I pointed out the necessity of a knowledge of ancient Gaelic to him who would profitably study the early history of our country. Similarly, although perhaps in a less degree, Gaelic would be of use to the student of our family charter chests, the contents of which throw so much light on the domestic life of our forefathers. Let me illustrate this. In the charter chest of the Breadalbane family there is an inventory of the year 1603 in which are mentioned four "glaslawis chauneit with four shaikhillis." Mr Cosmo Innes, who deciphered this document, and printed it in the Black Book of Taymouth, was at a loss what to make of the four "glaslawis;" but he surmised that they were "instruments of torture." Now, if the learned antiquarian had the advantage of a session or two at the feet of the Celtic professor, he would, without doubt, have been able to see that "glaslawis" was a very fair attempt to write phonetically the word "*glas-lamh*," which you all know is the Gaelic of handcuff. Thus the mysterious sentence becomes "four handcuffs chained with four shackles." (Applause and laughter.) I could multiply instances of this kind, but I must close. I ask you to drink to the Language and Literature of the Gael; and let me couple the toast with the name of our venerable father in Celtic matters, the Rev. Alexander Macgregor.

Rev. A. MACGREGOR, in replying to the toast, said—The Gaelic is a language for which I entertain a very great love. (Applause.) It is the first language which I lisped—(hear, hear)—the first language in which, I may say, I spoke for nine or ten years without knowing very much at all of the English language, and it is a language that is well worthy of all the best and all the most scrutinising processes of those who have any regard whatever for philology. (Applause.) It is a primitive language. I believe it is the root of all the languages over the length and breadth of Europe—(applause)—and perhaps much more—(Rev. Mr Mackenzie—"Hear, hear. That is really so")—and to go a little further than that, I believe we may truly speak of it as "a Ghaidhlig"—

Bha aig Adhamh a's Eubha
Gun rheum ac' air aithreachas—
Mu 'n chiontaich iad an Eden
Gun eucail gun smalan orr'.

(Applause.) Whether that be true or not, it is not necessary for us in the meantime to consider. It is frequently alleged that the Gaelic language has no literature. I maintain quite the opposite of this. It has a very extensive literature, as my good friend on my left here can testify. (Rev. Mr Mackenzie—Yes.) The Gaelic language, as you all knew, consists of various languages. Take the Welsh, the Irish, the Manx; take your

own good Highland language—there are many works published in that. It is preached in the various cources in the Highlands of Wales now—(hear, hear)—and we all know that it is preached in the Highlands of Scotland. I myself have preached in it for upwards of twenty years without hardly preaching at all in English. It is, as I have affirmed, a language that I entertain a high regard for in respect of its own native qualities and from its being, as I truly believe, the root of Greek and Latin and the various other languages. (Applause.) To see that it has its own literature you have but to look at the various bards in the Highlands who have published beautiful poems, such as Dugald Buchanan, my own namesake Macgregor and others. (Applause.) And not only so, but in more modern times we have our own blessed Word of God translated into Gaelic, and I believe that that translation is much more perfect than any other translation we have—(hear, hear)—and it is used in all our churches where Gaelic is preached. And to go further back, as has been already pointed out, we have the old deeds that were written in Gaelic, “The Book of Deer,” “Carnewell’s Prayer Book,” and the book of my namesake, the Dean of Lismore. (Applause.) All these we have still, thanks greatly to our chief Dr Maclauchlan. (Applause.) After alluding to local and other Celtic literature, and paying a high compliment to the *Celtic Magazine* for the real good work it was doing—(cheers)—and congratulating its editor for the ability with which it was conducted, he referred to the interesting book of Highland proverbs which the Sheriff of Kirkcudbright was to publish that week. Mr Macgregor then spoke of those, such as Professor Blackie, Principal Shairp, Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen, and Mr William Jolly, who, though they were not Highlanders, and had not a single drop of Highland blood in their veins, sought to pry into the origin of languages, and were most enthusiastic in their admiration of Gaelic. The chief, said Mr Macgregor, is that indefatigable beggar—(laughter)—Professor John Stuart Blackie. I cannot say he is a sturdy beggar—(laughter)—but he is a most enthusiastic one—(applause)—and by means of his begging and intercession with all those who would supply him with funds you see he has established the Celtic Chair, and it is a matter of certainty that that chair is fixed—(cheers)—and that it will carry down and spread throughout the world a knowledge of the beauties of the Gaelic language for ages after we are all gone, and after the language has ceased to be spoken in the Highlands of Scotland. And in this respect the Celtic Chair is a chair as to which Professor Blackie may say in the words of Horace, “Exegi momentum aere perennius.” (Applause.) There is no fear of the Gaelic language being lost. It may be lost as a spoken language, but it will never be lost in regard to its own intrinsic qualities and characteristics. (Applause.) I regret very much that Gaelic is not taught in our Highland schools. I think the School Boards themselves are considerably to blame for that, and I consider that Government is to blame too, because it cannot be expected that teachers will teach a language unless they are paid for doing so. (Hear, hear.) But perhaps through the instrumentality of our members of Parliament this matter may be rectified. And now, in conclusion, I may say that I hope this Gaelic Society of ours will continue to prosper. In the record of its transactions there are many valuable things that will be handed down to succeeding members of the society when we ourselves shall be removed from earth’s scene. (Applause.)

Major MACANDREW proposed Kindred Societies. I propose this toast with great pleasure, he said, because it is always well to be brotherly and to be mindful of those who are labouring to a like end with ourselves. (Applause.) As regards other Celtic societies, to which this toast more particularly applies, I am glad to think that they are now bringing their aims to somewhat different objects to what they did when I can first remember. It seems to me in looking back that I can remember two phases of the Celtic society. I think I can remember that the great object of what was supposed to be a Celtic society was to exhibit the mere outside of a Highlander—(hear, hear)—kilts and cocked bonnets and feathers and plaids, all beautiful things in themselves—(laughter)—but yet perhaps the attention was too exclusively directed to them. (Applause.) But lately, as my learned friend Mr Mackay has said, the attention has been directed to a better subject perhaps, and that is to the language of the Gael, and within the last ten years there is no doubt whatever—whatever may have been done in past centuries, whatever attention may have been paid to it in past centuries—Celtic scholars have done much to rescue what remains of our Highland literature. (Applause.) But I think I have noticed that within the past few years the sympathy of Celtic Societies has been directed to something better even than that. We have come to recognise the fact that one hundred and fifty years ago the whole of this land was inhabited, and the whole of it was possessed by people of the Celtic race—(applause)—and we have come also to recognise the fact that the plaids and the bonnets and the targets and the broadsword covers the bodies of Highlanders, and that the language which we all wish to preserve grew out of the hearts and out of the feelings and sympathies of Highlanders. (Applause.) I look around with some regret to think that while Celtic societies were preserving all that remained of the ancient language and its ancient literature a process was silently going on by which the ancient way in which they have behaved in respect of the Highlander was fast disappearing from the land—(applause)—and I think it has now come to

be fairly recognised that one of the best objects which any Celtic society can set before it is to try if it can in any way devise means by which those who are left of the race in this country may be allowed to remain on their own land. (Applause.) It seems to me that people who some years ago would not have been thought typical Highlanders at all are now coming to the front and being valued for the preservation of the people on the land. (Applause.) It is not proper, perhaps, here to discuss any question which might verge on politics, to discuss whether the crofter system is the best system that could exist or whether other systems might be better; but this generally, I think, we all recognise, that under some system, whatever it may be, it is at least an object to be desired and an object to be pursued by all lawful means—that we should try that what is left of the Highland race in the country should remain in it and still have the means to develop—(Loud applause which drowned the rest of the sentence.) And if in no other way, we can at least do it by directing public attention to it, by reprobating in the strongest way we can, by exposing to public contempt if we can any person who in an arbitrary or tyrannical manner tries to turn the Highlanders out of their holdings. (Cheers.) I think there is no more beautiful thing connected with the subject than what has been elicited recently with reference to an event that has taken place not far from here—(hear, hear, and laughter)—and I think besides, gentlemen, that we all as Highlanders feel strongly about it. (Applause.) But there is one class among us who may perhaps be expected to sympathise more with the rights of property than with men, and I think it is exceedingly gratifying to find that with reference to the Leckmelm evictions not one single proprietor has said one word whatever in favour of what has been done. (Cheers.) Every word that has been spoken by the Highland proprietors regarding the evictions has been spoken in direct and strong reprobation of them. (Cheers.) I hope, gentlemen, that Highland Societies and Celtic Societies are entering on a new era that will at least give rise to a strong public opinion in favour of what I have stated, and doing that and thinking that, I have much pleasure in proposing the toast committed to me. (Applause.) But, gentlemen, this toast is not confined to Highland societies alone, but it includes literary societies of all kinds, and while we can sympathise with the objects of other literary societies, I think that for the object we are particularly directing attention to at present we can claim their sympathy, and I am quite sure we will get it. (Cheers.) I beg to couple the toast with the name of Mr William Bain, secretary of the Inverness Literary Institute. (Cheers.)

Mr BAIN replied in a few neat sentences, saying that it was always understood that the Gaelic Society was an offshoot of the Literary Institute, which he had the honour to represent, and certainly that association had no cause to be ashamed of its offspring. (Cheers.) The Gaelic Society was now perhaps the most important and influential society in the north. (Hear, hear.) On behalf of the Literary Institute and other kindred societies, he begged to thank them for the hearty manner in which the toast was proposed and received. (Applause.)

The Rev. A. D. MACKENZIE, Kilmorack, proposed the toast of Highland Education. He said—I remember reading somewhere of a schoolmaster of the olden time who was noted for his kindness to his scholars. When he entered his schoolroom of a morning he made a low bow, and treated them generally with a consideration which was less usual in those days than, happily, it is in our own. Being asked by his friends his reason for such singular courtesy, his answer was somewhat thus, “I look upon these boys as the future legislators, judges, and warriors of my country, and I honour them in anticipation.” (Applause.) With a feeling akin to this estimable teacher, I am desirous, in moving this toast, of bespeaking the energetic action of this Society, and through you of your affiliated societies, on behalf of a class of boys, regarding some of whom, at least, if we may judge from the past, the very highest hopes may be cherished—I mean the Gaelic-speaking children of our Highland schools. (Applause.) Need I remind you of Ewan MacLauchlan, who went in his philabeg to Aberdeen from the braes of Lochaber, and won at once the highest bursary for Latin composition, or of Alexander Murray, the son of a Highland shepherd, so poor that he had to teach his son his letters with a piece of burnt stick on the back of a wool card, and yet that son became one of the most distinguished philologists of his age. (Applause.) Or, if you will pardon it from me, my own uncle, the late Allan Mackenzie of Knockbain, who went a boy of thirteen from the Parish School of Stornoway to Aberdeen and won the second bursary of his time for Latin composition. But why mention instances when they can be counted by hundreds who have gone from our Highland glens and villages, and made a name for themselves and for their country. (Applause.) There may be some of you, gentlemen, who have never had occasion to notice the disadvantages under which many of our Highland children labour on going to school. It is no little disadvantage to be ignorant of the language in which the instruction is bestowed. Not to speak of the feeling of isolation, to which they are exposed for a time, there is the positive inability to understand the questions put to them. If they understand them at all it is as much by the eyes as by the ears. Aye, it sometimes takes them a whole year of hard work ere they are on a par with the others in understanding the work of the school. But mere than this, their organs are ill-adapted for acquiring some of the sounds which characterise the

English language. The sounds of *th*, whether in the word *the* or in the word *thick*, cost them no little labour. I have seen a teacher labour for five minutes with the word *thong*, and to little purpose. It was *tong* or *song* or *fong*. Strange to say, the Welsh have those sounds very prevalent, so had and have the Greeks, but the Gael, the Roman, and the German knew them not. I ask you, then, is it fair, is it reasonable, that children born under such a disadvantage should not have some compensation—(applause)—seeing that it is, to say the least of it, their misfortune and not their fault, and if so I come to the practical remedy. The members of this Society are well aware that years ago, through the exertion of some friends of the Highlands in Edinburgh, aided by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, the Government, through their Education Department, conceded the teaching of Gaelic during school hours. What has come of it? Nothing, so far as I know; I have not heard of a single Gaelic class in any school within the range of my observation. Nor do I wonder, for School Boards are against it, teachers are against it, and even parents are against it, entailing, as it does, additional labour and no remuneration. But now one step further, let it be conceded that Gaelic be made a special subject, and that a pass in it be made equal to a pass in French and German, and why not? Let the pass be first for reading the Gaelic Bible—next for reading and spelling—next for reading, spelling, and writing—and next for reading, writing, spelling, and parsing; and then an act of justice, certainly of tardy justice, will be done to these children. You shall have a class in every Highland school. A mighty change will be effected in the minds of all concerned, and you will secure for the language which you love an additional artery of life. (Cheers.) He coupled the toast with Mr D. Campbell.

Mr DONALD CAMPBELL, editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, in reply said, that being called upon unexpectedly since he entered the room, he could hardly be expected to do justice to such an important toast as "Gaelic Education." He ought, however, to know something about it, for he had himself been originally a schoolmaster. (Hear, hear.) He was afraid to say how long that was ago. He was strongly in favour of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools. (Cheers.) He held it to be one of the most ancient and one of the most valuable languages we had—(hear, hear)—and declared that it was a disgrace to Highlanders, and especially to Highland School Boards, to have so long neglected it in the Schools. (Applause.) Mr Campbell became eloquent and enthusiastic in favour of the Highlanders, their literature and language, and declared that he did not see why they should not respond in Gaelic at the day of judgment. (Loud laughter.)

Captain GRANT, Royal Tartan Warehouse, in a few words proposed the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, to which the Provost replied, saying that it always gave him and the other members of Council the greatest pleasure to encourage the Gaelic Society, and he was more convinced to-night than ever he was that the Society deserved the active support of all true Highlanders. (Cheers.)

Mr G. J. CAMPBELL, Solicitor, proposed the next toast—*Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghuillibh a' Cheile*. After introducing the toast with a few remarks in Gaelic, Mr Campbell said—The subject of my toast is at once social and patriotic, and to a considerable extent egotistic. In its social aspect this sentiment (which is the motto of our Society) suits in the abstract all societies or combinations of men, and such a gathering as we have present this evening is but an outward and visible sign of that "happiness of life" which goes a long way to negative the supposed truism that "society is no comfort to one not sociable." We come to the festive table once a year to renew our rusty friendships, make new acquaintances in the march of progress, and thus, as iron sharpeneth iron, we help to deoxidise one another in matters of special interest to our Society. This Society has now lived up to the end of its first decade, and from the small beginning made by a few Highlanders in Inverness in 1871, we have increased year by year until we have now about 400 members on our roll. (Applause.) But this is not the only outcome of the start then made, for we may say that several, if not most of the Celtic societies throughout the country have come to the front, if not all with new life, at least with renewed energy since our appearance on the stage. (Applause.) This illustrates the presence of the gentlemen who instituted this Society, and the characteristic trait in the Highlanders, that when they have a good object in view, notwithstanding all obloquy and opposition, they stand true to their purpose and keep shoulder to shoulder, come weal come woe. (Applause.) I apprehend, gentlemen, that this toast means more than can be gathered from the tame and not sufficiently expressive paraphrase of it which can be rendered into idiomatic English. It means more than simply a lot of men standing side by side as our vulgar English version has it—more than simple association or co-operation. I take it to convey the idea not only of cohesion, but incorporation of the various members of the body Celtic into one living mass, so that by its unified influence it can command that admiration and respect which a disorganised body has no power to attract. The Society must be composed of living and active members, and in order to attain the common object they must act with that determination and solidity of purpose represented in the Highland chief's noble reply to his tormenter—

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!

(Applause.) Without this feeling pervading our ideas of our duty as members of this brave and noble race represented by the name Highlander we shall, with all the counter-acting and baneful influences at work for our denationalisation be very much in danger of falling into that *nomadism* which Carlyle so much detests, and which he "perceives to be prohibitory of any good whatsoever." Carlyle indeed speaks of "that singular phenomenon" which he calls *swarmery*—or the "gathering of men in swarms," and with evident irony exclaims, "and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing when thrown into that miraculous condition." There is much truth, however, under this sarcastic crust, and though we may not attain to the summit of our ambition, "Highlanders shoulder to shoulder" can yet be a power for good in the special fields which we are now exploring and cultivating as a Gaelic Society, and this field has a wide range as seen from our constitution. (Hear, hear.) The patriotic aspect of the toast is but an enlargement of what I have already said. We are not always successful in carrying out our aims. We recently, both last year and this, tried to procure a census of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland, a work which could be easily and inexpensively accomplished with the general census, but Government has refused. Probably a little more enthusiasm could have influenced the Home Secretary, but I regret to say we have failed this time. There are important questions connected with the relations of the people to the land under the consideration not only of Highlanders, but of Scotchmen in general, though this society has taken no part in these. I do not see that the Celt should be contemned because he takes a lively interest in a matter of so much importance to him. The Highlander is a peace-loving, law abiding, loyal subject, but while he does not forever submit to oppression without grumbling under the yoke, he is not to be classed with knaves and traitors. A writer to whom I have already referred puts the question, "Whose land was this of Britain? God's, who made it. Who of God's creatures had right to live in it? The wolves and bison. Yes, they; till one with a better right showed himself. The Celt, 'aboriginal savage of Europe,' as a snarling antiquary names him, arrived, pretending to have a better right, and did accordingly, not without pain, to the bison, make good the same. He had a better right to that piece of land, viz., a right to turn it to use." Highlanders, let us not see our land again under the dominion of the wolves and bison!—

Now, chiefs and senators, ye patriot band,
Born to illumine, protect, and bless the land:
While loose furies rage in other climes,
And Nature sickens at her children's crimes,
Draw close those ties so fine, and yet so strong,
That gently lead the willing soul along;
Nor crush beneath oppression's iron rod
The kindred image of the parent God;
Nor think that rigour's galling chain can bind
The native force of our superior mind.
'Twas not from such the glowing ardon rose,
That followers drew to Wallace and Montrose.

(Applause.) I must be done, but without exhausting my subject. For how much of liberty and progress is our country indebted to our Covenanters, army, navy, fencibles, volunteers, and the various patriotic—truly patriotic—associations that shed lustre on our national history! Let me close by adapting those glowing lines of Burns—

Oh, let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till slap! come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Highland still, to Highlands true,
Amang coorsels united,
For never but by Highland hands
Must Highland wrongs be righted.

(Loud applause.)

Mr COLIN CHISHOLM, who was warmly applauded, said—Fhir na cathrach, fhir na bonn-chathrach, agus a dhaoine-uaisle,—Tha iad a' cur mu m' choinneambsa facal no dha a radh, an cois na thuirt mo charaid Mr Caimbeul, ann an luaidh air "Clann nan Gaidheal an gaullibh a cheile." Anns a' chaid dol sìos, is duilich leam gu bheil agam ri aideachadh nach 'eil iad aig a' h-uile h-am cho dileas "an gaullibh a cheile" 's a bu mhath leam iad a bhith. Is tric mi smaointeachadh leam fhein gu 'm faodteadh a radh m' ar timchioll rud-eigin mar thuirt Iain Manntach—

San uair theid gach cinne a dh-aon-taobh
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu chnoc.

Agus cha 'n e mbain gu bheil cuid de na comuinn Ghaidhealach nach 'eil cho aonsgeulach 's a bu mhath leinn, ach is trom 's is duilich leam gu bheil aineart agus foirneart fo 'n leth a muigh gu tric a' sgaoileadh mo luchd-duthcha gaobach agus ga 'n cur far an doirbh dhaibh a bhi "an gaullibh a cheile." (Iolach.) Nach bu truaigh an t-atharrachadh a thainig air sluagh na duthcha so aig toiseach na linn so fhein, an uair a chaidh 5400 de

na Gaidheil fhogradh a Gleann Garaidh, Cnoideart, Strathghlais, agus Coire-Mhonaidh, agus an cur a null thar faire ge America Bhreatunnach. Goid roimh 'n am sin thog Tighearna Ghlinne-garaidh reiseamaid de dhaoine ro thapaidh air an oighreachd aige fhein. Anns a' bhliadhna 1777, thog Ian Ghlinne-Garaidh reiseamaid anns an robh os cionn mìle agus ceithir fichead fear; agus sin uile ann an duthaich anns nach faighear an diugh fichead Donullach, no timbharach sa bith ach fìo h bheothaichean na fridhe, agus caoirich agus coin chiohairean. (Mor iolach.) Bha an Ceiltach agus an t-Ard Alban-nach am meas Ghaidheal America air a' bhliadhna so chaidh, agus tha iad ag innseadh dhuinn gu bheil na mìltean de Ghaidheil beo an diugh ann an Ceann Tuath America, a rugadh ann an glinn ar duthcha agus a chaidh fhogar a dh-aindeoin a tìr an duthchais. So agaih a chunntais a thug an "Ceiltach coir" dhuinn aig a choinnidh mhor a sheas ann sa bbaile-so air an 21la don mbios so chaidh, an run Laghanan an fhearain atharachadh. "Nuair chunntadh an sluagh a'm bliadhna 1871 bha ann an cearnaidh Nova Scotia na h-anar 14,316 do shluagh a rugadh an Alba, 7558 a rugadh an Eirinn, agus 4000 a rugadh an Sasunn. Agus ann am Morroinn Chanada 550,000 de shliochd Albannach. Agus a chuid is modha de'n aireamh mhor sin na'n clann Ghaidheal." Nach b-iaid na daoine gun chiall na Tighearnan Ghaidhealach a chuir air falbh an cuid sluaigh? Cha d' thug mi dhuibh ach beagan de'n aineart a chaidh a dheanamb am bun an doruis againn a' so, ach cha cheadaich bhur n-uine dhomh dl thairis air na thachair de'n obair agriosail cheudna ann an aiteachan eile. Ach diubhalach agus ma tha an caramb a thainig air an t-sluagh, neo-ar-thaing mur d' eirich a' cheart cho ole do'n luchd-foirneart, oir air an latha 'n diugh, tha a' chuid mhor dhuibh gun phloc fearainn, agus gun sion a lathair ach an droch ainm a choisinn iad daibh fein, agus an deadh chliu a bha aig an aithrichean. (Caithream.) Ole 's mar bha bhuil, tha mi toilichte nach deachaidh cur as gu buileach do na Gaidheil, agus a reir coltais tha an t-am dluth anns an eirich a' ghrian orra fhathast. (Iolach.) Tha iad a' togail an cinn; agus is i mo bharailsa ged nach biodh againn ach an comunn cridheil so fhein, cruinn go bhratach Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis, gu 'm faodamaid misneach a ghabhail a chionn gu bheil comhlan cho tuigseach, gramail a' ghabhail os laimh sealltainn as deigh ar cor agus ar leas a chur am feobhas. (Iolach.) Mar mhisneach, do chlan na Gaidheal, agus gu neartachadh an toil gu seasamb, theirun ri, mar thuir Donull Gobha, am Bard Glaiseach—

Na gabhaidh eagal a cuan,
Falcibh mar sgollt a' Mhuir Ruadh,
A's cumhachdan an Ti tha shuas,
An diugh cho buan 's an ceud la.

Dean of Guild MACKENZIE, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, proposed the next toast—the Non-Resident Members. He had quite determined not to make any speech on that occasion. He believed the Provost was quite satisfied with the amount of oratorical eloquence which he inflicted upon him "in another place." (Laughter.) But they had given him a toast of such importance as usual, indeed, with all due deference to the others, the most important on the list. (Cheers and laughter.) Where would the Gaelic Society be without its non resident members—(hear, hear)—who composed more than three-fourths of its membership, and whose subscriptions enabled their excellent Secretary to present such a satisfactory report earlier in the evening? (Cheers.) The fact was that they received the greater part of their funds, and the best contributions to their Annual Volume of Transactions, from their non-resident members—(applause)—and he considered it a great honour to be allowed to propose their health. (Cheers.) True, although they were unable to attend our ordinary meetings, they were presented annually with our Transactions in return for their subscriptions, and this, altogether apart from the satisfaction they must derive from doing good by becoming members, was a good return for their five shilling subscription. The volumes would realise now about seven shillings and sixpence each in the book market—(cheers)—and indeed could not be procured at that. He thought they might fairly congratulate themselves as a society on the acquisition among them that night, and as a future resident in the town, of the Editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, who had made such an enthusiastic and patriotic speech that evening. (Loud applause.) Such sentiments as he had given such eloquent utterance might be the most genuine Toryism. (Loud laughter.) If so, he (Mr Mackenzie) was in hearty sympathy with him—(hear, hear)—and a most excellent Tory. (Cheers and laughter.) There was another matter to which slight reference had been made during the evening, although it had no direct bearing on the toast, to which he would wish to refer, namely, the mean, shabby, and scurvy treatment by the Government of their request that a column should be inserted in the census schedules with the view of obtaining an accurate statement of all the Gaelic speaking people in the country. (Loud cheers.) This demand was made not only by their own Gaelic Society, but by almost every Highland Society in the kingdom; but the Government had refused their request on the low ground that the information desired was not worth the cost. (Cries of shabby.) Had their claim been refused on any ground of principle, the Highlanders would be better able to tolerate the conduct of the Government. If there was anything calculated to turn him into a Tory it was the mean conduct of the Government in this matter.

He believed that if they had a Government with a slight tinge of Jacobitism in their constitution they would get what was wanted without any trouble. (Applause.) He hoped the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and the other Societies throughout the country, would persevere, even if they should be charged with imitating the Irish to some extent, and would not submit to such a snub as they had got without thoroughly resenting it. (Applause.) Returning to the subject of the toast, he would couple it with the name of a gentleman whom they had the pleasure of seeing here before at one of their annual re-unions, and on this occasion, he understood, actually timed his journey from Ceylon so as to be among them that night. (Cheers.) He alluded to Mr George Murray Campbell—(loud applause)—a genuine Highlander, who had a warm heart for his countrymen and for their language—(cheers)—and who was never happier than when he was amongst them. It was gratifying to see gentlemen like Mr Campbell getting on so well abroad as to be able to visit the mother country periodically as he was in the habit of doing. (Cheers.) Although absent for nearly twenty years, he spoke Gaelic to-day as well as any member of the Gaelic Society. (Cheers.) He had much pleasure in asking them to drink to the Non-Resident Members, coupled with the name of Mr George Murray Campbell. (Applause.)

Mr CAMPBELL, who was warmly received, stated in reply how glad he was to meet the members of the Gaelic Society. He described how he and other Highlanders abroad met to the number of twenty or so of an evening up the country, and sang Gaelic songs and made Gaelic speeches often to the terror of passers by. These meetings enabled them to keep fresh the recollections and associations of the old country, and to retain their native language as perfect and pure as when they left home. (Cheers.) They had in Ceylon done their share for the Celtic professorship. (Cheers.) He strongly recommended young men of push and energy, who were not fairly treated in their native land, to follow his example and go abroad. They would soon get on there, if persevering and steady. For every chance at home there were twenty looking for it—(hear, hear)—but abroad there was plenty room for every one, and energy and push was sure to be rewarded by success. (Hear, here.) He was very glad to meet them, and thanked them heartily for the manner in which the toast and his own name were received. (Applause.)

Councillor CHARLES MACKAY proposed the Clergy of all Denominations, and it was responded to by the

Rev. Messrs MACGREGOR and MACKENZIE. The latter in doing so said—I have to thank you very much for your kind feelings towards my brethren and myself. I have been at meetings of this kind before, and have not considered myself out of my place; for though I am a minister of the Gospel, and consider it my highest honour and privilege to be so, I am also a Highlander, and I cherish the deepest interest in all that concerns the welfare of my countrymen—(cheers)—and of all the languages I know there is none I love so much or have studied so long as the language which it is the object of this Society to uphold and cultivate. (Applause.) I should have much pleasure in being here were it but to support your excellent Chairman—(cheers)—whom I had the benefit of having for eleven years as a member of my congregation, and with whom and with whose family I hold it a privilege still to stand on the old friendly footing. As regards the Gaelic language, I feel confident that it shall yet speak to the world in a way men have never dreamt of. (Cheers.) In that very interesting address to which we have just listened from Mr Mackay on the literature of the Gael, he spoke of reference to Gaelic in the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries. Let me assure you that the existence of this language is not to be reckoned by centuries but by milleniums. (Applause.) By the Book of Deer we are brought up at once to the ninth century, when Gaelic was the spoken language of the district of Buchan. The poems of Ossian bring us up to the third, or at the latest the fourth century, and then it can be proved to demonstration by the Roman and Greek geographers of the Christian era that Gaelic was alive and hearty in their day also. (Applause.) Let me say, then, lest I should forget it, how much I enjoyed the specimen of Evan Maclauchlan's translation of the *Iliad* furnished by Mr Sutherland of Strathbraan—himself a man of no ordinary scholarship and culture—(cheers)—to the last number of the *Celtic Magazine*, and how cordially I join in his desire, that the enterprising and redoubtable editor of that publication, now present with us, should do his utmost to procure every line of that translation. (Applause.) I do believe he could not bestow a more acceptable boon upon his readers than to put into an imperishable shape one of the most, if not the most faithful, the most spirited, and the most expressive renderings ever made into any language of the works of the immortal Bard of Greece. (Loud applause.)

The other toasts were the Press, by Councillor Jonathan Ross, and replied to by Mr Whyte; the Chairman, by Mr John Macdonald, drank with Highland honours, and acknowledged by the Chairman; the Croupiers, by Dr Mackenzie; the Secretary, by Mr John Marshall; and the Host and Hostess.

During the evening Gaelic and Scotch songs were sung by Mr Whyte, Mr W. Mackay, and Mr Colin Chisholm.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

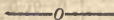
No. LXV.

MARCH, 1881.

VOL. VI.

THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S OSSIANIC POETRY.

By the Rev. A. C. SUTHERLAND, B.D.



THE Dean of Lismore did not confine his labours to collecting such poetry as was distinctively Ossianic, but has preserved for us many poems of a different order and age. These last are interesting in their way, and apart from poetic merit are valuable as giving us some insight to the manner of life which prevailed among our ancestors during the turbulent, fierce, and active ages, which men call the dark ages, though it must not be forgotten that some of our greatest institutions are to be traced back to them as to their fountain-head. We shall not linger among the beauties of these just now, but take our flight to the centuries beyond, on pinions provided for us by the industry of the worthy old Dean. We shall thus come to, and pause to contemplate, a time when Christianity was fast obtaining at least outward mastery, but over which there still hovered the names and the deeds of famous men, or anyhow of a famous race, which never heard of the Babe of Bethlehem—names which even now are not forgotten by a people which, although they shared in part the dangers and honours of Bruce and Wallace, have allowed them to pass from the popular memory. It is surprising that Finn should still be a living power in our songs and stories, when later heroes have been absolutely covered with oblivion so far as tradition is concerned.

We must say something at the outset of the Roman Catholic Church dignitary to whose zeal and poetic taste we are indebted for these lyric legacies of a far-off age, and of men who have left us words we still speak, and whose blood flows in our veins, making us to a certain extent what we are in our weakness and in our strength. The Dean was a Macgregor, and so was a Celt of the Celts, of the purest and the proudest blood. He was besides of a good family. He was born, like many of his ancestors before him, in the magnificent vale of Glenlyon, under the shadows of Carnliath and Ben Lawers. This impressive glen is rich in associations of the olden times. It was once the seat of the Feine themselves, so the story goes, for there were Fenians in Scotland at a time when the name did not suggest conspiracy but royalty. Mr Stewart in his most interesting little work recently published, entitled the *Gaelic Kingdom*, tells us that there is a saying still to be heard on the banks of the Lyon, "Tha

da chaisteal deug aig na Feine an gleann dubh nan garbh chlach." The Feine have twelve castles in the dark winding glen of the rugged rocks. The Romans too measured swords there with these same Fenians, but did not add a ray to their glory, if tradition speaks the truth. More important to us is the fact that St Eonan fought there with other weapons than the sword and spear, and was not defeated, but won his spiritual battles triumphantly. In this secluded vale the spirit of the past still haunted every rock, hill, brooklet, and old moss-grown cairn when Macgregor was born, educated, and served in high places in the Church, just at the dawn of the time when John Knox was to lay the axe to the root of things as they were to clear the ground for the new order of things. The rumble of the coming earthquake was heard by the Dean; death spared him the pain of its actual convulsions. He would now have been absolutely forgotten, but for the poems which he had collected at his leisure hours, and committed to writing. The MSS. after having passed through many hands are now safe in the Advocates' Library. At the close of last century they came under the eye of Ewen Maclauchlan, a genuine poet and finished scholar, who transcribed the most of their contents into modern Gaelic, or rather into the modern way of spelling Gaelic, for Macgregor's Gaelic differs from the modern more in the look of it than in its real body and substance. Ewen Maclauchlan did not publish the fruit of his labours, want of money most likely thwarting his desire. The honour of publishing the Dean's work was reserved for his namesake, Dr Maclauchlan, whose labours in the field of Celtic literature are in the highest degree worthy of all praise. With much industry, rendered easier no doubt by his predecessor's labours, and much skill and learning, he prepared a large number of the poems for the press, and had them published in 1862. The value of the publication is much increased by the fact that the original Gaelic is given, side by side with the same Gaelic dressed in modern costume, and with an English rendering, literal, but at the same time rhythmical, so that some flavour of the original is preserved in a way very pleasing to the student. Thus the road to the study of these poems is now made very easy and smooth to the student, so much so that any intelligent Highlander can easily walk upon it, and by perseverance come to the goal. It is to be regretted—but we can't have everything—that the learned Doctor did not give us a greater number of strictly philological notes, elucidating obsolete words, old grammatical forms, and words which, though not obsolete in form, yet had a meaning different from that of the same words now. The present object is, however, not so much to discuss the poems from a critical point of view as to use them as an instrument by which we may know something of the men, their tastes, their habits, their hopes and fears—who composed them, and at the first delighted in them?

The question arises then who were the men, when and where did they live, that are celebrated in these poems? Were they Irish, or Scotch, or British? The question is not so easily answered. According to the poems themselves, they are sometimes spoken of as Irish, sometimes they are represented as Scotch, or rather as dwelling in what is now, but was not then called, Scotland. Thus we may conclude that the race of Ossian was not limited to either side of the channel—that the songs which have transmitted their qualities sprang up, some in Ireland,

some in Scotland, and are the common heritage of the native inhabitants of both countries, though much literary blood has been shed in asserting an exclusive title to it—Irish or Scotch. As we know, the name or designation given by Ossian to the heroes of his song is that of Feine, in modern phrase, Fingalians, after the name of their most famous warrior Fionn. It is generally agreed that Fionn is derived from a Gaelic word signifying fair, or white, though apparently the word is never now applied to the human person. Whether this designation is meant to distinguish the Feine from darker and alien races, or whether the characteristics of the great leader was applied to his followers without regard to the tints of their cheeks or locks, I am unable to say.

We may be confident, however, that when we hear of the Feine, we are hearing of real men who once trod this earth, and not with mere myths created by the play of fancy. True, much that is fanciful has gathered round the name, for we find much spoken about them that is impossible, for that is the way and prerogative of poetry. In the superhuman qualities which are freely ascribed to the Feine, we see an exaggerated poetic account of qualities which raised the Feine to supremacy over their ruder neighbours, whom they surpassed in military skill, refinement of manners, and intellectual accomplishments generally. Ancient poetry adorns the fact with supernatural colours, but they don't lay these colours upon a baseless nothing, any more than the sun creates the landscape which it clothes with glory. We need not hesitate to affirm, then, that at some far off time a certain race of men appeared among the Celts, who distinguished themselves above their fellows in all those things which secure fame and power. There is no reason for regarding them as different in blood from the inhabitants of the land they inhabited, and in which they held the first place. In historical times the other clans were obliged to bow to the supremacy of the Lord of the Isles, who was powerful enough to aspire to the crown of Scotland. In some way, then, the Feine, whoever they were, succeeded in securing the place of honour in their country, and by their splendid achievements and brilliant accomplishments impressed themselves on the popular imagination, just as the heroes of Greece, Scandinavia, France, with their immediate followers, did in their respective countries. No doubt this arose from the fact that singers as well as warriors appeared among them, that they could compose beautiful poetry which touched the heart and could not be dislodged from the memory, as well as march to victory in the field. The warrior is soon forgotten, if he has no bard to sing his renown. But for the lament of David over Jonathan, we should not have heard the shrieks of Gilboa. So we should not have heard, nor should we care to hear, of Fionn, but for his Ossian—just as we should know nothing of Achilles, but for Homer.

Whether all that is said of Ossian be true—whether the songs that are ascribed to him be his—is another matter. Of one thing we may be certain, that the Feine were distinguished for the gift of poetry, and we may be equally sure that some great poet did appear among them, in whom this gift gathered up into itself all the poetic excellence which floated around it, and added to it some peculiar grace and beauty of its own. Such a man would become the representative of all poetry in his own peculiar line; he would become the sun around which the other poets

would revolve, and from whom they would receive their light and heat. Indeed, with respect to the poems before us, we can readily see that they were not the work of one mind, nor the product of one generation. The poet who had "seen the household of art" in the third century could not have discoursed with St Patrick in the fourth century.

The relation of these poems to the Ossian of Macpherson is an extremely interesting study. There is this resemblance between them, that there are incidents and stories common to both. But here the similarity ends. In Macpherson, the incident is but an episode, but a part in a long poem; in the Dean of Lismore, the same incident is self-contained, stands as a whole in itself, complete and rounded, springing from nothing that went before, and leading to no further development. The Ossian of Macpherson expands, amplifies, even to vagueness, now and then, and anticipates Irving in loving to look at an idea through a magnifying fog, in which the lines and angles of definiteness vanish. The Ossian of the Dean is precise and definite as a banker's book, without haze and long drawn-out reveries. Simplicity, directness, like that of an arrow, are stamped upon the one; elaboration and generalities upon the other. We find a curious confirmation of this criticism in the fact that no one not a student of books has been met with in the Highlands who could repeat a dozen lines of Macpherson's Ossian, while scores have been able, and are able, to repeat much of the Dean's Ossian, which travelled even as far as Caithness, and was living there in the memories of illiterate old women within the last twenty-five years—is perhaps living there still. This seems to prove that the Dean's Ossian was more fitted for the memories of simple people than the other. It does not prove that Macpherson composed his Ossian, but it seems to indicate that his Ossian appealed more to men who had a literary culture—who had books, and so were not so dependent upon their memories. A careful criticism of the relation between Macpherson's Ossian, and the Ossianic ballads, apart from any preconceived theory, may be expected in competent hands to produce valuable results in a direction or two.

But we must not be tempted to dwell too long with such fascinating questions, and so we proceed to look at the contents of these poems. Now, these as we should expect deal entirely with men, not with things; with living passions, not with abstractions, as modern poets sometimes do. The most interesting character which they contain is for us that of the poet himself. Ossian, as portrayed in these melodies, does not belong to those poets who, like Homer and Shakespere, never obtrude their own personalities on their hearers or readers. He, on the contrary, makes us acquainted with his inner life, and to some extent with his outer. Now it is to be observed that all his references to himself are steeped in sorrow. At an early period grief entered as iron into the heart of the Celt, and for all the sunniness and brightness of his nature he has had ever since on this side the channel and on that to water his couch with his tears. In Ossian's time this wail of despair seems to have been caused by the rising and aggressive power of Christianity; welcome, no doubt, to the poor and down-trodden when they understood it, but hateful to the lordly Feine, on whose delights it flung the shadow of the cross, and on whose power and oppression it poured contempt. At the same time, it is curious that the lament of the bard is not over fallen gods, but over very earthly privi-

leges which had been lost in virtue of the changes which were shaking the old foundations. Ossian never refers to the old religious beliefs of the Feine; so far as these songs are concerned his ancestors may have been as innocent of religion as any modern materialist. There is no God, or gods, or demons, in these lines. It can scarcely be said that the Celts had no religion before Christianity came, nor can we agree with those who describe their religion as mere degrading Fetichism which imprisons a god in some trifling object, as a stone or stick. The absence, however, of any allusion to a religious culture in the Dean's Ossian is not easily explained, more especially as situations occur, such, for example, as the bard's discussion with St Patrick, in which a statement of the old view would come in naturally. Some few mythological and magical allusions there are, but they afford in themselves too scanty material from which to construct anything like a religious system. Dr Maclauchlan, however, seems to think that the boar may have been worshipped of old by the Celts, and refers to an opinion founded on the derivation of Cuchullin that the dog received a like honour. But no such views can be fairly gathered from the poems before us, though other sources of knowledge may prove them correct. It might be an interesting speculation, whether the adoption of certain animals as badges of families may not have originated in animal worship, and whether each clan may not have paid special homage to some special animal as their god. Something like this seems to have prevailed among eastern tribes. But this is not the time for such discussions. Suffice it to say that Ossian's heart was wounded because the revolution in modern parlance had swept away the old system of thought and life in which he was reared. His swan song was the knell of the old Paganism. He was the setting sun of the old era, and he refused to look with hope, like many since who are afraid of change which is a condition of growth as well as of destruction, on the coming morning. The loss he deplores was of the earth, yet not without elements of nobleness and worth, amid which life was lusty and joyful, brave and polished, yet not incapable of tenderness and grace. But let no one envy it; only the select few are noticed. Misery must have been the lot of the many, unspanned by any rainbow of hope, with no sanctuary built by the Man of Sorrows for them to find rest in. At the same time we verily believe that the condition of the meanest serf in the train of Fionn was not so wretched, so dark, as that of many who live or rather drag out a gloomy, vicious existence in the slums of our great cities.

Another cause of the bard's grief was the encroachment of other tribes, if not of strange and alien races, on the prerogatives of his own kin. The old Greek said that the gods were jealous of too much prosperity, and the Feine found that their superiority, power, accomplishments, awoke a spirit of resistance which led to their overthrow, no doubt because these were used, not for the general good, but for the gratification of lust, ambition, and greed. Ossian refers to the presence in the land of the worshippers of Odin and Thor—the far-famed Lochlins of Gaelic song and tale. We have glowing descriptions of the wars of the Feine with these fierce and gallant invaders. Ominous enough the invaders had native tribes as their allies. Brave as they were they had to divide before they could conquer, and brave as the Celt was he was conquered, because he allowed himself to be divided. Of course Fionn wins, and binds in chains the King of

the Lochlins, and releases him on parole with characteristic chivalry, when some of his baser followers insisted on his immediate execution. But then we can see clearly that the victory, like that of Pyrrhus, was so dearly bought that it presaged ultimate ruin. Fionn felt this, and foretold evil days for his son Ossian, and for his people, and the sor lived to see a battle in which the pride of the Feine was trampled in bloody dust, and in which his own son Oscar fell pierced by the sword not of an alien, but of a Celt like himself. The blackness of despair gathers thick over the soul of the poet, and he bitterly exclaims, "Ever since Gaura battle, my speech has lost its power, no night or day has e'er passed without a sigh for each hour."

Ossian was no mere professional poet, he was a warrior, and no mere singer of dangers and exploits in which he did not share. Nor did the "divine fire" of the poet disturb the balance of his judgment, for he was councillor to his father and his people—an indirect indication of the place which was formerly assigned to the poet. The high position of the bard is further indicated in the fact that he is introduced in some of these poems as holding discourse and high argument with St Patrick. The saint, for example, asks the blind old man to tell him of the olden times, and reminds him of the superior advantages of the present. The bard sometimes is represented as allowing that, in a general way, as confessing his sins, and pleading for the prayers of the saint. When, however, he launches forth on a tale of his Feine, it can at once be felt that his heart is with them, and not with the saint, or the God whom he served, that like the Viking of old he would rather not go to heaven if his ancestors were not there, but would be where they were. On one occasion the Saint said to him, "Though little room you would take, not one of your race shall get, unknown to Heaven's King, beneath his roof." "How different," retorted the bard, "MacCumhail, the Feine's noble king, all men uninvited might enter his great house. . . . Better the fierce conflict of Fionn and his Feine than thy Holy Master and thyself together!" All this is, no doubt, monkish accretions, and is in a different vein from the body of the song to which it is added by way of prelude and conclusion.

Ossian has a curious reference to himself in the following line:—

A poor old man now dragging stones.

This come in as the climax of all his woes. What stones are these? We wish Dr Maclauchlan had given us a note upon this allusion. Do they indicate a compulsory penance which the old and feeble bard had to make? Or, what is more probable, do they indicate compulsory labours in the building of churches or monasteries. Did the representatives of Christianity in their growing strength force those who were reluctant to accept its doctrine to work in its behalf in this degrading fashion. If so early did men in the name of Christ begin to crush the heart which they should comfort, and force the intellect they should instruct! But possibly own interpretation is wrong.

Let us now, with the bard as our guide, endeavour to discover what kind of men they were in whose praises he touched his harp so sweetly. The chief hero of his song is of course Fionn, the son of Cumhail. We all know how deeply this name has engraved itself on the Celtic mind. It was to the Celt what Achilles was to the Greek, Sigurd to the Norse, or Charlemagne to the Frank. We have a full drawn and richly coloured

portrait of him, presented to us in these poems for our study and delight. It may not be so old as the third century, or even a few centuries on this side of it; but it undoubtedly brings us back a very long way indeed. We are permitted then to look at the ideal of the hero which commended itself to the imagination of our remote ancestors. The name and deeds of Fionn are of course interwoven in all the poems, and by induction of the references to him we could gather a fair idea of what manner of man the poet held him to be. But we are for the purpose in hand, saved the labour which that would involve, for the poet has given Fionn an ode all to himself. Every one who reads it carefully will sympathise with the warm feelings of admiration which the charming beauty of its style, as well as the elevation and vigour of its thoughts, have kindled in the mind of the learned editor of the *Dean of Lismore*. A tribute is due also to the success with which the spirit of the original is kept alive in the editor's translation, though of course the alliteration, the musical repetition of the same vowel sound, the harmony, in short all the fascinating subtleties of its style must be sought and enjoyed in the original alone. These qualities would seem to argue an extreme antiquity, which also finds confirmation in the curious circumstance that the poem ascribes to Fionn the honour of having cleared the bogs of Ireland of its reptiles. The sun never saw king who him excelled. "The monsters in lakes, the serpents by land, in sacred Erin the hero slew." St Patrick, as we all know, now gets credit for this fact, but it would seem that the material monsters of the "Sacred Isle" were done for before he left the Clyde, and that his spear pierced monsters of a different order, and one more difficult to do battle with. Does the legend in veiled speech indicate that Fionn was something more than a warrior, that he organised, drilled, and utilised what Carlyle somewhere calls the "indubitable genius of the Irish for the spade," and set it to drain the marshes and reclaim the soil? Criticism has in its time hung much heavier weights on more slender cords. If we may allow ourselves to picture Fionn ordering his warriors to lay aside their swords, take up their spades, drain off the stagnant waters where frogs creak, and make work in due time for the sickle, then he was a hero such as the sacred Isle still needs. Acts of Parliament cannot furnish him with a successor, but they can clear away many obstacles that stand in the way of the appearance of such as he who, by patience, organisation, skill, love of man, could sweeten the marshes, and turn the abodes of frogs into the habitations of happy families. We are obliged to say, however, that the poets did not dwell with emphasis on Fionn's exploits among the marshes and the reptiles. Slaying of men, feasting in the hall, chasing the deer, suited their verse better. Their spirit was in this respect akin to the spirit of our modern aristocracy, or rather plutocracy, and shoddy paper-rag lairds.

We should expect that the soul of a hero, especially of a Celtic hero, should be endowed with an outward form worthy of it in beauty and strength, and Fionn does not in this respect disappoint our expectations. "Polished his mien, who knew but victory. Marble his skin, the rose his cheek, blue was his eye, his hair like gold; a giant he, the field's delight." What is remarkable, however, is that the poet says comparatively little of the outward appearance of his hero and father, but dwells long, fondly, and minutely on his moral qualities, his manly gentleness,

and his intellectual accomplishments. He is poet as well as chief, leviathan at sea, as well as lord of all lands, first in the council chamber, first in the fight. Generous and just he despised a lie; the hero of three hundred battles, he never grew harsh, but was "to women mild." Then his hospitality was of course unbounded, and set off by "pomp and circumstance" dazzling to behold. Thus, the virtues Ossian loved were large-heartedness, liberality of mind and hand, courtesy, affability, honour, courage, adorned by lighter refining accomplishments which are as the setting to the more precious stone. Add to this "good blood," and you have the Celtic idea of the good old name of gentleman, a thing like beauty indefinable but real; a noble gift of God, and only despised by the ignorant or by those who have it not, and if not granted to us it should be our aim so to live and so to act that those who spring from us shall have some portion of it to help them in their struggles with the brute in themselves and in the world.

That these qualities were not regarded as limited to the great Fionn, is shown in an ode by Fergus, the brother of Ossian, in praise of Gaul. This lyric is interesting as put in the form of an argument to Fionn deprecating his anger against Gaul. Gaul did not respect the game laws—ancient as well as modern root of bitterness—of those days, for in the ardour of the chase he and his hounds trespassed on the fields of Fionn, and so incurred the indignation of the latter. Fergus interposed to mollify the rage of his father, and did so in a delightful poem setting forth the praises of Gaul, much in the same strain and style as belong to Ossian's eulogy of his father. This is not bad reading for a studious young Celt, be he of gentle blood like Gaul, or of humbler rank like the majority. The former especially would do well to be familiar with the old idea of aristocracy, in order that he may drink of its spirit and show himself to be entitled to the honour of the first place, by acting a leader's part in the altered circumstances of his own times. We have no need to be ashamed of the idea of manhood thought out and honoured, we will not say realised, by those who have gone before us. No doubt we don't find much of the modern "a man's a man for a' that," in that old ideal, and so far it is defective, though self assertion must be reminded that to be enduring at all it needs to be tempered and qualified by the subtler, gentler, more internal elements necessary to a fully unfolded humanity. We sometimes wish that these simple melodies, survivals of a wider literature, had come under the eye of Shakespere, for it is not an unlikely supposition that the pen which described and interpreted for us the Celtic Macbeth might have found materials for another Celtic tragedy in the fate of Fionn and his blind bard. But without such an interpreter much of their parable may still be read to our advantage notwithstanding that the Reformers found it necessary to denounce the tales and songs of the *Feine* as mischievous lies which prevented the people from receiving the supreme teaching of the Revelation. The fathers of the Christian Church denounced in the same stern spirit the more wonderful literature the charms of which made the gospel seem inspired, though now what remains of that literature is considered the best discipline for training the intellectual powers of our statesmen, divines, and gentlemen.

We have dwelt on the virtues of Fionn, but these poems are a mirror also to his weakness. We find him, for example, under the influence of

jealousy encompassing the death of his friend Diarmad by the basest treachery. So true it is that in the best lie passions which under temptation may explode, and lay their honour in the dust. A fierce boar, so the story goes, ravaged the country and laughed at spear and hound. A hunt was organised with all the formalities of an engagement. Diarmad roused the monster, gave him battle, and "let his breath out by his wounds," to Fionn's regret, who wished the conqueror dead. Fionn asked him to measure the animal backwards, and with naked foot he did so, got pricked in the sole, the only part of him which was vulnerable. The bristles were either poisoned, or had some deadly magical power, and Diarmad fell dead beside his victim, beautiful even in death. Here we see deceit, cruelty, pride, and meanness, led by passion, to the overthrow of a character such as we have already described. There are abysses in human nature, as well as lofty heights. We have indications that Fionn's splendour was purchased by heavy burdens laid upon lowlier shoulders, whose curses, at first suppressed, at last broke out loud and long. The chief himself is reported to have said after the battle which gave his glory to another, "The heavy curse of Art Aenir is upon us to our great grief—from the east it pursued me, farewell to battle and to fame, to the victor's spoil, to the many joys I have had in life." Thus the son of Cumhail found out in the bitterness of death that no personal accomplishments can atone for a proud neglect of the claims of others, for a haughty disdain, and the oppression which is its offspring, of those who are less highly favoured in the world.

We have had an illustration, in the person of Fionn himself, of the evil which is wrought in a man when passion blinds the reason and the conscience. The death of Fraoch gives on the other hand a touching instance of self-sacrificing heroism in a way which shows that the old Celts felt in a dim manner that goodness and nobility of soul are no necessary safe-guard against the craftiness of malice and impurity—that the best of men fall a prey to the worst. Jealousy moved a woman called Mai, who loved Fraoch, though he loved another, to seek his death, and his own bravery was the weapon she employed to secure her nefarious purpose. A rowan tree—a tree regarded as almost sacred till very lately—grew in an island in Loch Fraochie, Glenquoich say some, in Fraoch Eilean, Loch Awe according to others. This tree was closely guarded by a monster of the lake, and that so jealously that when he slept it was beneath its shadow. Mai, knowing the gallantry of Fraoch, asked him to fetch her some berries from the rowan, as the only remedy to cure a disease from which she suffered. Berries could be had at any time from the tree, as it bore fruit every month—an unconscious recollection of a sunnier climate in the far east than that of Loch Fraochie. Said the brave man, fully conscious of his danger, without which there can be no real courage, "Whatever may be the fate of Fraoch, the berries shall be plucked for Mai." Plunging into the water, he swam to the island, found the dragon asleep, gathered the scarlet fruit, swam back and placed them in the hand of Mai. She thanked him, but malice is bold and persevering, and so she said she must have the tree itself. Back Fraoch swam, plucked up the tree by the roots, but awoke its guardian monster, which pursued him. Fraoch fought and swam, reached the shore, continued the unequal battle, but at last fell dead and mangled, to the joy

of Mai, to the fatal grief of his true love, lamented as the admiration of men, and the beloved of women. We are pleased to be told in beautiful verse that we ought not to judge of women generally by the conduct of the guilty, malicious, and subtle Mai. So those simple minds relieved in song their feeling of the sad fact that the wicked encompasseth the just and seeketh him to slay.

The uniform tenor of these songs is grave and sorrowful, unrelieved by wit or humour. They differ widely in this respect from the prose traditions which often sparkle with broad rollicking fun, jest, and squib, and are brimful of ludicrous situations. There is, however, one peculiar ode which does afford some gentle amusement, and causes a smiling ripple pass over the countenance. Fionn is a close prisoner in the dungeon of his conqueror, Art Aenir. His grim captor, named the Solitary, will not let his distinguished prisoner go free unless he gets the extraordinary ransom of a pair of all the animals and birds in Ireland, not to say fishes, not dead but "alive and kicking." Fionn has still friends who set to accomplish their unheard of task. Caoilte MacRonan at the head of his men succeeded in honouring the demand of the morose Solitary, and, as he was a poet, composed for posterity and his own glory a poem descriptive of his unheard of enterprise. Therein, in wonderful old Gaelic, some of it too hard even for the powerful literary crackers of his editor, he gives the names of the animals, birds, and fishes which he drives to the castle of Art Aenir. There is no art whatever in this curious catalogue, no composition. It might have been drawn up by a poulterer. It is colour splashed on the canvas, not painted. What is to be observed too is that there is not a trace here nor indeed in any of these ballads, of that love of nature, animate and inanimate, which is so characteristic of later Celtic poetry, and which even, according to English critics, communicated itself to Saxon poets, who had no appreciation of the beauty and significance of the external world before they came into contact with Celtic blood and Celtic life. Caoilte MacRonan gives a line to his two larks from Monadh Mor, and a line to his two eels from Loch MacLennan—to him the one is as poetic as the other. But then we must forgive him when we think of the trouble all the creatures he mentions, from whales to wrens, gave him, before he caught and brought them alive to the prison of Fionn. Such another scene was not seen since the days of Noah. This wonderful muster was called "Caoilte's Rabble." Solitary was asked to take possession, Fionn was set free, and with his friend made off, clearing ever so many hundred feet at every step. But no sooner were they gone than the "rabble" determined to be free, and wriggled and ran and flew, each part of it according to its nature to its own element, and the king was left without prisoner or ransom, an example of vaulting ambition that overleaps itself and falls on t-other side!

We conclude by glancing at another of these poems, which, though reeking with blood, contains a touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Cuchullin, an older name than that of Fionn, fell by the hand of an enemy, and was avenged by the greedy sword of Connal. Connal carried ever so many heads of the chief men of the foes of Cuchullin, strung together in bundles, and laid them at the feet of the widowed Evir. She asks for the history of this head and the other. For a time Evir found consolation for the loss of Cuchullin in questions and answers

of this savage nature, and in glutting her eyes on the ghastly countenances silent before her in death. But at last the better part of her nature asserts itself, and she begins to think on *their* widows, and her sympathy with them grew stronger than the fierce joy of revenge. In subdued tones she now said to Connal, "Connal, tell me how the women feel in Innisfail, now that Cuchullin is dead; do they sorely mourn, now that like me themselves have grief. . . . Lay me in my grave. . . . Let my lips touch Cuchullin's lips in death. . . . No vengeance can me satisfy." Amid these black storms of violence and vengeance it touches our humanity to see through a rift in the dark driving clouds, a heart, itself stricken as with death, capable of forgetting itself, if but for a moment, in sympathy with the grief even of those whom circumstances made to be hated with a bitter hatred.

AUTUMN SADNESS.

—o—
 Ah! ma soeur, j'ai vu si souvent,
 A l'heure morne où la nuit tombe,
 Mes rêves dispersés au vent
 Comme des plumes de colombe.

The sunset-stain forsakes the hill,
 And in this little bay below
 The purposeless dim ripples flow
 And whisper to the shore at will,
 With low disconsolate iterance.
 The moon-shot aspens scarcely stir,
 And no breath shakes from out their trance
 The ruby-dusted tops of fir;
 But, where the brook runs on to spill
 Its waters round the little mill,
 I hear a fitful moan, like sound
 Of waves on some conjectured shore
 Heard by sea-folk who lift the oar
 And listen through the night around,
 While over many a restless mile
 Silver and shadow hold the sea.
 Do you remember still how we
 Loitered beside this broken stile
 (Grey breadths of moor to left and right)
 Till evening left its latest light
 Upon your cheek, and the wind blew
 Some twilight tune and slowly drew
 A trail of mist across the lake,
 Dulling its silver, flake by flake?
 This light is sad with thought-taking
 Of all the winter-time will bring,
 And faintly down the darkened shore
 The ripples sadden more and more.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

—o—
V.

THE Glen of Coileach in Glasleitir, Strathglass, used to be considered one of the best sporting glens in Scotland. As such, some of the flower of the Highland proprietors and gentry resorted to it for deer stalking and sporting. This, the most exciting of Highland sports, is not always attended without danger. For instance—A hunter, eager for a shot, was cautiously crawling and peeping through the hollows and hillocks of Cuileagan it Stron-phris, a celebrated haunt of red deer—nearly opposite Coileach, on the north side of Glasleitir. Imagine the terror of the creeping man on observing a large stag roaring and running towards him. The hunter got up and ran with all possible speed, and succeeded in reaching the foot of a very large stone, on the top of which he threw his gun and hastily scrambled after it. Scarcely had he cleared the ground when his huge antlered pursuer was at the foot of the stone roaring round it, his large horns bent back to his hips, and his mouth wide open. The hunter seized his gun and shot the brute straight down his throat instantly killing him, saying—“You will stay there for awhile and I will stay here and load my gun, lest some of your friends might wish to revenge your death.”

At a certain season of the year these animals are most dangerous. An old woman, Rebecca Macrae, herding cattle for my father and grandfather close to this very stone, found two large stags, both dead, the antlers of each through the body of the other. A farmer's wife of my acquaintance, now living in Strathglass, having occasion to see some of her cattle about dusk, took a light to the byre. Suddenly she heard a tremendous roar not far from her. She took up the candle and rushed back to the house, and had scarcely time to shut the door when an antlered monster appeared at the window. She hastily put out the lights, when the huge brute took his departure towards the hills.

I said that many youths of the best Highland families resorted to Coileach for sport, but that it was not always unattended by danger. Here is proof:—

Sealg Choilich a rinn mo leon,
Tha 'n Ruidhe-greadhnach fein a guil,
Mac na-h' eilde bho na bheinn
Dh-fhag oighre Chillduinn gun fhuil.

The blood of the heir of Kildun was here shed by a stag. There is a high mountain called Beinn-Fhionnla, not far from Ruidhe-greadhnach, where probably the heir of Kildun was killed. The poet supposes that the very field, formerly called the “Field of Joy,” on which they had their tents, weeps. The family of Kildun at one time possessed part of Lochalsh. There is a Kildun in the Island of Lewis, and another near Brahan. The latter was probably the property of the heir killed in Coileach. If I mistake not, there is an ancient title for Kildun, which was at one time disputed between the Seaforths and the Dingwalls of Kildun, and which I think is still in abeyance.

There is an old tradition to the effect that Fionnla-dubh-nam-fiadh was residing in Glasleitir before the laird of Gairloch sold it to the Chis-

holm. This Fionnla-dubh was very jealous of any one killing deer in Glasleitir. In his peregrinations through Coileach he on one occasion espied a man in Coireag Fhionnla, on the east side of Coileach, as if stalking deer. Fionnla-dubh, and a companion of his, distinguished from his neighbours by the sobriquet of the "Tachairean," made all haste towards the stalker, and came on him unawares. The unfortunate man was busily employed at the time disembowelling a stag in an out-of-the-way crevice on the west shoulder of Mamsoul, called "Na Leaban-an-faileachd," or Hiding-beds. According to tradition, it was here that "Mac-an-airaich-dhuibh" was caught "ann an curach feidh," by the barbarous Fionnla-dubh and his cruel accomplice, the "Tachairean," and there and then murdered for the heinous crime of killing a stage! No sooner was the horrible deed accomplished, than the fear of detection seized on the cowardly assassins. To conceal their crime, they carried the body across the ridge above them and hurled it down the face of the perpendicular rocks and precipices overhanging the Lochan-uaine, *i.e.*, the green lake behind Mamsoul. They then walked to the house of the murdered man, who at the time staid with his wife and children on the Chisholm's property in Glen-Affarie. The unfortunate woman, little suspecting the diabolical deed committed by her guests, began in all haste to prepare food for them. While thus busily engaged, Fionnla-dubh amused himself with the children, while the "Tachairean" stretched himself on a bed of rushes behind a block of wood, called in the vernacular, "Leabaidh-chul-beinge, took a pair of Jewish harps out of his pocket, and composed and played the tune of which the words are as follows:—

Bhean-an-tigh lion an gogan,
Lion an gogan, lion an gogan,
Bhean-an-tigh lion an gogan,
'S gheibh thu do dhiol paidhidh.

Mac an airich dhuibh na laidhe,
Dhuibh na laidhe, dhuibh na laidhe,
Mac an airich dhuibh na laidhe,
An lochan dubh a bhraighe.

Imagine anything to equal in callous audacity the inhuman proceedings of the assassins—serenading the wife and children of their victim, while their clothes were still saturated with his blood. Having regaled themselves at their victim's expense, by partaking of the food provided by him while in life, they went their way, but suspicion afterwards fell upon them, yet nothing could be proved against them, until some time after the body was discovered in the Lochan-uaine. This discovery was facilitated by the widow's recollection of the air played by the "Tachairean" on his Jewish harps. On finding the body, they sang a plaintive lament, beginning thus:—

'S diumbach mi de' n Tachairean,
'S do dh-Fhionnla-dubh-nam-fiadh,
'Dh-fhag mo shaibhlean gun tubhadh,
'S mo chlann bheag gun bhíadh,
Chuir iad fear-mo-thighe san toll dhomhainn—
Lochan dubh air nach eirich grian.

It is said that the sun never shines on the Lochan uaine, an idea which seems to have been well known to the widow. This is the tradition as I heard it from boyhood. I may, however, quote the account given from an old

MS. in Mackenzie's History of the Mackenzies, that the reader may compare it with the current tradition in Strathglass:—"The first outbreak between the Glengarry Macdonalds and the Mackenzies originated thus. One Duncan Mac Ian Uidhir Mhic Dhonnachaidh, known as 'a very honest gentleman,' who, in his early days, lived under Glengarry, and was a very good deerstalker and an excellent shot, often resorted to the forest of Glasletter, then the property of the Mackenzies of Gairloch, where he killed many of the deer. Some time afterwards Duncan was, in consequence of certain troubles in his own country, obliged to leave it, and he, with all his family and goods, took up his quarters in Glen-Affrick, close to the forest. Soon after he went, accompanied by a friend, to the nearest hill, and commenced his favourite pursuit of deerstalking. Mackenzie's forester perceiving him, and knowing him as an old poacher, cautiously walked up to him, came upon him unawares, and demanded that he should at once surrender himself and his arms. Duncan, finding that Gairloch's forester was accompanied by only one gillie, thought it an irrecoverable affront that he and his man should so yield, and refused to do so on any terms, whereupon the forester being ill-set, and remembering former abuses in their passages, he and his companion instantly killed the poachers, and buried them in the hill. Fionnla Dubh Mac Dhomhnuill Mhoir, and Donald Mac Ian Leith, a native of Gairloch, were suspected of the crime, but it was never proved against them, though they were both repeatedly put on their trial by the Barons of Kintail and Gairloch."

It will be seen that the most serious retribution soon followed the murder so secretly committed in Coileach. The author of this valuable work attributes the fierce wars which had taken place between the Mackenzies and the Macdonnells of Glengarry to this murder, and primarily from killing a stag in the Leaban-an-faileachd. For full accounts of the sanguinary wars between these two powerful families, see the work already quoted, pp. 122 to 127 and 140 to 165.

Some years ago I remember reading that the first feud which broke out between the Macdonalds of Glencoe and the Campbells of Breadalbane originated from a party of the latter seizing one or two of the Macdonalds deer-stalking on their grounds, and to mark their displeasure they cut off the ears of the two Macdonalds. From that day forth there were endless feuds and fights between the two clans. Here we have two of the most disastrous and lasting feuds that ever disgraced the annals of Scotland—the origin of which is traced to deer-killing.

But to return to Clann Ian Idhir. The tradition in Strathglass relative to this family is that a chief of Glengarry had two sons, each of whom was called John. To distinguish them from each other, the senior was called Ian-dubh, and the junior Ian-Odhar. It is said that the former remained in Glengarry, and his descendants were called "Teaghlach an t-Sithean;" the family of Sithean, a farm in Laggan, Glengarry. The latter went to Lochcarron, where he and his family flourished so well that it used to be said—"Attadale's Achantee, da Bhaile Clann-Ian-Idhir." The first of the name who settled in Strathglass came across the hills from Lochcarron and settled in Carri, Glencannich. His descendants became so numerous and so respected, that the Chisholm appointed them his *Leine-chrios*, or body guard, and for centuries one of the family was

standard-bearer for the Chisholm. On one unfortunate occasion only do we hear of any other than a Mac-Ian-Idhir being honoured with that office—on the fatal field of Culloden. About fifty-five years ago, the last lineal descendant (Ruari-Mac-Dhonuil, *i.e.*, Rory MacDonell) of the hereditary banner-bearers to the Chisholm emigrated to Upper Canada. He was then an old man, had no sons, and therefore it was considered right that he should nominate a worthy successor to his honourable office. I was present when Ruari Mac Dhonuil, known as Ruari Mac Ian Idhir, constituted as his successor his own namesake and nearest relation, Christopher Mac Donell, now residing at Techuig, as standard-bearer to the Chisholm.

(*To be Continued.*)

ADIEU! LOVED FRIENDS OF ATHOL BANK.

—o—

Adieu! loved friends of Athol Bank,
 I leave you with an aching breast;
 In your warm hearts mine found a home,
 A cosy nook of peaceful rest.
 Those joyous days in which I shared
 Your wealth of hospitality;
 The converse dear, the bardic lore,
 Will in my mem'ry cherished be.

Ofttimes the theme—our native land—
 Its bards, and chiefs, and heroes bold,
 Its battlefields where fought our sires
 And freedom won in days of old;
 Our own Breadalbane's stately Bens,
 Its corries, glens, and ruins gray,
 The classic scenes that border round
 The Dochart, Fraochie, and the Tay.

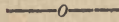
Belovèd patriarch, and revered!
 With sprightly step and sunny smile,
 The "Good Part" thou hast choosen well—
 Leal Scot! in thee there is no guile.
 And thou, my trusty bosom friend!
 Aye may thy verse new honours win,
 Thine every line is chaste and pure,
 Dear Bard of Kenmore and Killin!

Thou too, our beauteous, ripening rose,
 With lovely eyes of warmest brown,
 Of face so faultless and so fair,
 On whose calm brow ne'er rests a frown—
 Oh! winsome lassie! faithful, kind,
 May happiness on thee descend,
 And all that sweetens and endears
 Through life and till thy journey's end!

Though sundered far our lines may be,
 I'll with delight recall each day
 Your friendships charming and sincere,
 To cheer me when I'm far away.
 Heaven bless you and those kindred hearts
 Who so enriched with kindness true,
 My gladsome *ceilidh*, cherished dear,
 To you and them a warm adieu!

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,
AND
THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.



XVII.

XXIV. SIR JAMES MACDONALD, fifteenth baron, and eighth baronet of Sleat. He was served heir to his father on the 24th of January 1751, when only 10 years of age, in order to take up the procuratory of resignation contained in his father's contract of marriage between the latter and his second wife, Lady Margaret Montgomery, dated 23d of April 1739, in which the lands and barony of Macdonald were made over to the heirs male procreated of that marriage. Thereafter a charter under the Great Seal, dated 10th December 1754, was expedie in favour of Sir James of the lands and barony of Macdonald, under the conditions of entail specified in the original contract and Sir Alexander's charter which followed thereon. Sir James was infest on the 12th of August in the same year, and his instrument of sasine is recorded in the General Register of Sasines, under date of 15th September 1756. In 1751 Mr John Mackenzie of Delvine bought the estate of Strath from John Mackinnon of Mackinnon, for behoof of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, at the time a minor. The property of Strath remained in *haereditate jacente* of Delvine, while the fee of superiority was in *haereditate jacente* of Sir James. A charter of adjudication of these lands was afterwards expedie in favour of Sir James, his heirs and assignees, upon certain debts paid out of the price, but the property was not finally conveyed to the Macdonald family until 1799, when Mr Kenneth Mackenzie, Delvine's heir, granted a disposition to Alexander Wentworth, Lord Macdonald, in which he admitted the trust *ab initio*, and disposed the estate of Strath to his Lordship and his heirs and assignees in fee simple, with procuratory and precept, upon which a charter and infestment followed in his Lordship's favour.

Sir James Macdonald was a distinguished scholar. A contemporary says of him :—" He was one of the most extraordinary young men I ever knew. He studied very hard ; was a scholar and a mathematician ; and yet, at twenty, I have heard him talk with a knowledge of the world which one would not have expected to hear but from the experience of age. He had great and noble schemes for the civilisation and improvement of his own country, and appeared, upon the whole, to be one of those superior spirits which seemed formed to show how far the powers of humanity can extend."* He was undoubtedly a young man of great natural parts, and these were improved by a liberal education and travel. He was "of a most sweet disposition, and, for learning and the liberal arts and sciences inferior to none of his contemporaries." Being of a very delicate constitution, it was thought a warmer climate would suit him better. He therefore went to Italy in the year 1765, where he met and

* Carter's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 168, quoted by Douglas in the Peerage.

associated with most of the learned men of that country. He finally found his way to Rome, where, after a lingering illness, he died on the 26th of July 1766, greatly regretted by all who had made his acquaintance. Cardinal Piccolomini, Governor of Rome at the time, composed an elegant Latin poem in his memory, and he was commanded by Pope Clement XIII. to accord to Sir James the most magnificent public funeral ever given to a Protestant. He was accompanied in his travels on the Continent by the Duke of Buccleuch and Adam Smith. On his death, his own countrymen and foreigners—men of learning at home and abroad—“contended with each other who should pay the greatest marks of respect to his merits and his virtues.” His mother, who outlived him, erected a monument to his memory in the Parish Church of Sleat, which had been executed at Rome. It has the following inscription, composed by his personal friend, George, Lord Lyttelton:—“To the memory of Sir James Macdonald, Baronet, who, in the flower of youth, had attained to so eminent a degree of knowledge in mathematics, philosophy, languages, and in every other branch of useful and polite learning, as few have acquired in a long life wholly devoted to study; yet, to his erudition, he joined what can rarely be found with it, great talents for business, great propriety of behaviour, and great politeness of manners. His eloquence was sweet, correct, and flowing; his memory vast and exact; his judgment strong and acute; all which endowments, united with the most amiable temper, and every private virtue, procured him, not only in his own country, but also from foreign nations, the highest marks of esteem. In the year of our Lord 1766, the 25th of his life, after a long and painful illness, which he supported with admirable prudence and fortitude, he died at Rome, where, notwithstanding the differences of religion, such extraordinary honours were paid to his memory as had never graced that of any other subject since the days of Sir Philip Sydney. The fame he left behind him is the best consolation to his afflicted family and to his countrymen in the Isle, for whose benefit he had planned many useful improvements, which his fruitful genius suggested, and his active spirit promoted, under the sober direction of a clear and enlightened understanding.” Sir James was styled “The Scottish Marcellus,” and it is said of him that in extent of learning and genius he resembled the admirable Crichton. He was educated at Eton, where he had been sent at his own earnest solicitation. Dying unmarried, he was succeeded by his next brother,

XXV. SIR ALEXANDER MACDONALD, sixteenth baron, and ninth baronet of Sleat, who, on the 17th of July 1766, was by patent created a Peer of Ireland by the title of Baron Macdonald of Sleat, County Antrim, to himself and the heirs male of his body. In May 1761 he obtained a commission as Ensign in the Coldstream Regiment of Foot-Guards. On the 3d of May 1768 he married Elizabeth Diana, eldest daughter of Godfrey Bosville of Gunthwaite, in the county of York. In the marriage contract, which is dated the 28th of March 1768, provision is made for an annuity of £500 in favour of his lady should she survive him, and £5000 to be paid to his younger children, whether sons or daughters, “at the first term of Whitsunday or Martinmas next after their attaining the age of 21 years complete, or after their father’s death, whichever of these periods shall first happen.” In the case of more daughters or younger

children than one he reserved power to himself to divide that sum between them by a deed of writing under his hand at his own discretion, but should he fail to execute such a deed, the money was to be divided equally between his younger children. On the 24th of September 1794 he further provides for a sum of £7500 to each of his four younger sons. Being a keen politician, he made arrangements by which Sir Archibald Macdonald, his brother, and William Macdonald, his agent, obtained feu-charters of parts of the estate, while other portions were conveyed to political friends in liferent or wadset, to qualify them as voters for the county. Shortly afterwards these "confidential friends," as they are described, re-disposed the property which they had acquired in feu to his Lordship, but no infestment was taken by him on these re-conveyances.

By his lady, as above, he had issue—

1. Alexander Wentworth Macdonald, who succeeded as second Lord Macdonald.

2. Godfrey Macdonald, who afterwards became third Lord Macdonald.

3. Archibald Macdonald, born 21st May 1777. He was a Captain in the Prince of Wales' Own Regiment of Light Dragoons; and married, at Edinburgh, on the 29th of October 1802, Jane, eldest daughter of Duncan Campbell of Ardneave, Argyllshire, with issue—(1) Archibald, born 17th of August 1803; (2) Campbell, born 16th of June 1808; (3) James, born 27th of January 1811; (4) Nixon-Alexander, born in 1813; and (5) Arthur, born in 1816. He had also two daughters—Mary and Elizabeth Diana.

4. James Macdonald, born on the 29th of January 1783, who became a Lieutenant in the first regiment of Foot Guards; served in the Mediterranean in 1807-8; in Spain under Sir John Moore; and in the expedition to the Scheldt in 1809. He died unmarried.

5. Dudley Stewart Macdonald, born 14th of February 1786, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He died 26th of August 1840.

6. John-Sinclair, born 11th March 1788.

7. William, born 1789.

8. Diana Macdonald, who married, as his second wife, on the 5th of March 1788, the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, in the county of Caithness, Baronet, a Member of Parliament, a Privy Councillor, and President of the Board of Agriculture, with issue. She died 22d of April 1845.

9. Elizabeth. 10. Annabella.

Sir Alexander, first Lord Macdonald, died on the 12th of September 1795, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXVI. ALEXANDER WENTWORTH MACDONALD, seventeenth baron, tenth baronet, and second Lord Macdonald of Sleat, who was born on the 9th of December 1773. He expended about £35,000 on the improvement of the property. Among these was the erection of the fine modern family residence, Armadale Castle, in the Parish of Sleat. On the 21st of January 1815 we find him writing to his brother, General Bosville, as next heir of entail, acquainting him that certain improvements had been going on since 1800, "and are still in progress, particularly the erection of a new mansion-house and offices at Armadale, for which I am now forming a contract with tradesmen." Armadale Castle is a fine Gothic

building. The lobby and staircase are very fine, and from the correctness of design and elegance of finish have been very much admired. A portrait of the ancestor of the family, Somerled of the Isles, in full Highland costume, in stained glass, adorns the staircase window, and from the lobby presents a very beautiful appearance.

His Lordship died unmarried, on 19th of June 1824, when he was succeeded by his next brother,

XXVII. GODFREY MACDONALD BOSVILLE, eighteenth baron, eleventh baronet, and third Lord Macdonald of Sleat, a Major-General in the army, who assumed the additional name of Bosville after that of Macdonald, but dropped it on his accession to the estates and titles of Macdonald. He was born on the 14th of October 1775, and on the 15th of October 1803 he married Louisa Maria, daughter of Farley Edsir, and by her, who died on the 10th of February 1835, had issue—

1. Godfrey William Wentworth, who succeeded.

2. James William, born 31st October 1810. He is a Lieutenant-General, C.B., Knight of the Legion of Honour, Equerry and Private Secretary to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief; and Colonel of the 21st Hussars. He married, on the 26th September 1859, Elizabeth Nina, second daughter of Joseph Henry, third Lord Wallscourt, with issue—(1), George Godfrey, born 17th of May 1861, and (2), a daughter, Mary.

3. William, born 27th September 1817, and died unmarried on the 11th of May 1847.

4. Elizabeth Diana Bosville, who married, on the 20th of June 1825, Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, the present Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Ross, with issue—(1), Duncan H. C. R. Davidson, yr. of Tulloch, who married Georgina Elizabeth, daughter of John Mackenzie, M.D., of Eileanach, with issue—Duncan, John Francis Barnard, Mary, Elizabeth Diana, Adelaide Lucy, Georgianna Veronnicia, and Christina Isabella. (2), Godfrey Wentworth, died unmarried; (3), Caroline Louisa, who married Captain George Wade, Commissioner of the Seychelles, with issue, two daughters; (4), Julia Bosville, who married the Hon. Henry Chetwynd, R.N., with issue, four sons and three daughters; (5), Adelaide Lucy, who married Colonel George William Holmes Ross of Cromarty, late 92d Highlanders, Commanding the Highland Rifle (Ross-shire) Militia, with issue—(a), Duncan Munro, R.N.; (b), Hugh Rose, R.A., died in 1879; (c), Walter Charteris, lieutenant 68th Light Infantry; (d), Katharine, married Frank Reid, 71st Highlanders; (e), Louisa Jane Hamilton, who married the present Lord Macdonald of Sleat; (f), Ida; (6), Matilda Justina, who married Lieutenant-Colonel Craigie-Halkett of Cramond, with issue—Duncan, Lieutenant, 78th Highlanders, and six daughters; (7), Diana Bosville, died unmarried; (8), Louisa Maria, died unmarried; (9), Elizabeth Diana, who married Patrick A. Watson Carnegie of Lour.

The Hon. Elizabeth Diana Bosville Davidson died in 1839.

5. Julia, who married, on the 11th of October 1838, the Rev. Charles Walter Hudson, Rector of Trowell, Nottinghamshire, grandson maternally of George, first Marquis Townshend, with issue—all dead.

6. Susan Hussey, who married, 9th of February 1832, Richard Beau-

mont, Captain, R.N. (both dead), with issue—(1), Godfrey, captain in the Guards ; (2), Richard ; (3), Dudley ; (4), Cecil W., R.N. ; (5), Diana, who married Count Gourowski Wichde ; (6), Averil, who married Hussey Vivian, M.P., with issue ; (7), Gwuidaline.

The Hon. Susan Hussey Beaumont, died in 1879.

7. Diana, married, 25th of April 1839, Colonel John George Smyth of Heath Hall, Yorkshire, late M.P., and grandson maternally of George, fourth Duke of Grafton. He died on the 10th of June 1869. She died in 1880, and left issue—(1), George John Fitzroy, born 13th September 1841 ; (2), Henry Edward, born 26th of March 1843 ; (3), Diana Elizabeth, who, on the 21st of April 1858, married the Earl of Harewood ; (4), Louisa ; (5), Mary ; (6), Eva.

8. Jane Bosville.

9. Marianne, who married, on 28th of June 1840, Henry Martin Turnor, late Captain 1st King's Dragoon Guards, with issue—(1), Archibald Henry, late lieutenant, R.N., who died unmarried ; (2), Charles, captain, Life Guards ; (3), Henrietta Minna, the present Countess of Eldon ; (4), Florence ; (5), Mabel.

10. Octavia Sophia, who, on the 7th of December 1841, married William James Hope Johnstone of Annandale (who died 17th of March 1850), with issue—(1), John James, late M.P. for the County of Dumfries ; (2), Percy Alexander ; (3), Wentworth William ; (4), Alice Minna.

Louisa, another daughter, married, on the 4th of June 1826, John, fifth Earl of Hopetoun, with issue. She died in 1854.

His Lordship died on the 18th of October 1832, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXVIII. GODFREY WILLIAM WENTWORTH MACDONALD, nineteenth baron, twelfth baronet and fourth Lord Macdonald of Sleat, who was born on the 16th of March 1809, and married, on the 21st of August 1845, Maria Anne, daughter of Thomas Wyndham of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, with issue—

1. Somerled James Brudenell, who succeeded his father.

2. Ronald Archibald Bosville, the present peer.

3. Godfrey Alan, who died in infancy.

4. Eva Maria Louisa, who, on the 7th of June 1873, married Captain Algernon Langham, Grenadier Guards.

5. Flora Matilda, who died unmarried on the 12th of March 1851.

6. Lillian Janet, who, in 1876, married the Viscount Tarbat, second son of the Duke of Sutherland, and heir to the Duchess in the Cromartie estates and titles, with issue.

7. Alexandrina Victoria, a god-daughter of Her Majesty the Queen.

His Lordship died on the 25th of July 1863, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXIX. SOMERLED JAMES BRUDENELL MACDONALD, twentieth baron, thirteenth baronet, and fifth Lord Macdonald of Sleat. He was born on the 2d of October 1849, and died, unmarried, on the 25th December 1874, when he was succeeded by his next and only surviving brother,

XXX. RONALD ARCHIBALD BOSVILLE MACDONALD, twenty-first baron, fourteenth baronet, and sixth and present Lord Macdonald of Sleat. He was born on the 9th of June 1853, and married, on the 1st of October

1875, Louisa Jane Hamilton, second daughter of Colonel George William Holmes Ross of Cromarty, with issue—

1. Somerled Godfrey James, his heir, born 1876.
2. Godfrey Evan Hugh, born 1879.
3. Archibald Ronald Armadale, born 1880.

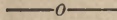
THE HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS OF GLENGARRY will be commenced in the next number, after which that of the family of CLANRANALD, and other leading branches of the Clan. The Macdonalds of Kingsburgh, Castletown, and other minor families which have branched off from the family of Sleat will be treated at length in the work when published separately in book form. Meanwhile the author will be glad to receive information from members of these families, as well as from those of any family of the name of Macdonald as to the history and genealogy of each, and of their own connection with any of the historic names or families of the Clan.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO EVAN MACCOLL.

AN excellent example, well worthy of imitation, has been set by the Burns Club of Hamilton, which is one of the most prosperous associations of the kind in Scotland. At its annual dinner, held on the anniversary of the poet's birthday, under the presidency of Mr William Brown, solicitor, one of the speakers (the Rev. William H. Wylie, Helensburgh) said that it had always appeared to him that the Burns clubs, while celebrating the birth of the national poet, ought to prove the reality of their gratitude by addressing themselves to the task of succouring such of the living sons of song as might be in circumstances calling for help. At the present moment, for example, the attention of the country had been called by the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* to the case of Mr Evan Maccoll, the "Bard of Lochfyne," who in his old age had been left poorly provided for, and that after a protracted term of service in the Canadian Customs, where his conduct had been in the highest degree exemplary. The speaker suggested that it would be a graceful and appropriate action, and would give practical value to the eloquence of the speeches of the evening, if they were to make a grant from their funds to the testimonial which it was proposed to get up for the author of the "Mountain Minstrel," who had been declared by so high an authority as Hugh Miller to be the "Moore of the Highlands," and whose personal character had won for him the respect of all who knew him. The suggestion was warmly responded to by the meeting; and, on the motion of Mr Watt, solicitor, it was at once resolved that the committee should be authorised to send an offering of £5 to the Maccoll Testimonial.—*Greenock Telegraph*.

DR NICOLSON'S GAELIC PROVERBS received, and will be noticed in an early issue.

THE ADVENTURES OF DONALD MACLEOD.



THE following is a true narrative of the adventures and exploits of Donald Macleod, a Highland soldier, who was born in the year 1688 in the parish of Bracadale, Isle of Skye. Though in humble circumstances, both his parents were descended from good families, his father being a cadet of the house of Ulinish, while his mother belonged to the Macdonalds of Sleat. The earlier part of our hero's life coincided with that dreadful period of suffering in the Highlands known as the "seven years' famine," his childhood was passed in the midst of want and hardships, cold and hunger, which not only had the effect of stunting his growth, but caused his young life to be so wretched and miserable that he never cared to speak about it in after life. When he was about ten years old, a stone-cutter and mason from Inverness named Macpherson happened to be in his neighbourhood on business, and being struck with the intelligence displayed by young Donald, he offered to take him as an apprentice. This offer was eagerly accepted both by his parents and himself, they felt it a relief to have one mouth less to feed, while Donald, with the natural buoyancy of youth looked forward with delight to living in a town like Inverness, where surely there would be more comfort and enjoyment than he had ever found at home. He was not long, however, in discovering his mistake. He found food was as scarce in Inverness as it had been in Skye, while in addition he had to work hard from morning to night. His masters, for there were two brothers in the firm to which he was apprenticed, were not cruel men; but the times were hard, they found it difficult to procure sufficient for their own families, consequently poor Donald had to exist on a miserable allowance of the coarsest food, and even that given with grudging looks. Many a time did the poor lad wish himself back in Bracadale, where at least, if he was half starved, he met with love and sympathy instead of, as now, sour looks, hard words, and harder work. He struggled on manfully for two years, when seeing no chance of his condition being improved, he made up his mind to run away; so one cold frosty morning in December 1699, he turned his back on Inverness, and without a penny in his pocket, and only one spare shirt as his sole luggage, he started on his travels, with no very definite ideas of his future, excepting the desire to go south, and put as great a distance between himself and Inverness as he possibly could, his great dread being that he might be caught and taken back by his masters to finish his apprenticeship. He consequently hurried on as fast as his strength would permit, avoiding the high road, but ever keeping his face to the south. The weather was unusually severe, his brogues and stockings were soon worn away; so that he had to travel over the snow bare-footed. He had to beg food from the houses on his route, and he always chose the humblest and poorest looking, for he found the truth of the old proverb, "the poor are always kindest to the poor." Often did he get a piece of oatcake, or a little porridge, from poor women who had to stint themselves to give it, accompanied with kind words which did him almost as much good as the food, while at the larger farms and gentle.

men's houses he would be driven away with threats and curses. His sufferings from cold, hunger, and fatigue during his wearisome journey were indescribable ; but he bore up bravely, sustained by hopes of a better future, and by the sense of freedom and independence which he experienced in thus being his own master. At length he reached Aberfeldy, where, the bridge not being then built, and Donald having no money to pay the ferry, he was at a loss how to proceed. While wandering disconsolately about he met an elderly woman who appeared by her dress and appearance to be in comfortable circumstances. She entered into conversation with him, and asked him a great many questions as to his antecedents. His replies seemed to interest her, and she took him home with her, gave him food and lodging, and eventually offered to keep him altogether in place of her son who had died a short time before, and whom she fancied Donald resembled. Our hero was deeply touched by her kindness, but considered he was yet too near Inverness to be safe from pursuit, so with many expressions of gratitude he took leave of his new found friend, she first giving him a shilling and a warm handkerchief for his neck. Donald might now have crossed the ferry, but he was unwilling to spend his shilling, so turning eastwards he pursued his journey along the north side of the Tay until he reached Logierait, at the junction of the Tay and the Tummel. There was a ferry across the latter river, but our careful young traveller still grudging to break into his precious coin, boldly determined to ford the river, and actually did so, though the water was breast high. As he emerged dripping on the opposite side, and while wringing the water from his ragged kilt, he solaced himself for the discomfort by the pleasing reflection that he had saved his shilling. Alas ! he was soon robbed even of that crumb of comfort, for, as he neared Dunkeld, he was met by one of the numerous footpads who infested the highways at that time, and who, with heartless cruelty, not only compelled poor Donald to give up his carefully cherished shilling, but actually had the meanness to take the handkerchief from the poor lad's neck, the only decent article of dress he had. Almost broken-hearted Donald plodded sadly along, until utterly worn out, he was glad to creep into a sheep-cot and nestle for warmth among the sheep.

In the afternoon of the next day he reached Perth, where at first he felt more desolate than when travelling through the loneliest parts of the country. True, there were plenty of people, plenty of shops filled with rich stores of food and clothing, plenty of good houses, but bitter experience had taught Donald that it was not from such as these that he could expect either sympathy or relief. However, towards the evening he found himself in a poorer part of the town, and noticing a poor, but kind looking woman, sitting at her door spinning, he ventured to speak to her, and ask for the assistance he so sorely needed. Nor was he disappointed. Poor widow as she was, her heart warmed to the forlorn boy. She was still more interested in him when she found he could speak Gaelic, for she was a Highland woman herself. She invited him to her humble home, and placed before the half-starved boy a plate of good meat broth with plenty of bread. This was, to use his own words, " the first plentiful meal that he had ever received to the best of his remembrance in his life." Having satisfied the cravings of hunger he immediately fell asleep, when his kind hostess put him to bed, where he slept soundly till

the next morning. On rising he found his friend already up and spinning. Fearing to appear intrusive, Donald with many thanks proposed to take his leave, but the kind-hearted woman would not hear of it. Seeing he was barefooted, she went to a chest and brought out both shoes and stockings, which had belonged to a son who had died about six months before, and gave them to Donald, shedding a few natural tears at the same time. She now invited Donald to stop another night, and in the meantime conversed with him in her beloved Gaelic tongue about the place and people he had left, and about his own family. Being now at a considerable distance from Inverness his apprehensions of recapture began to abate, and he told his whole story to Mary Forbes, for that was the widow's name, and asked her if she thought there was any chance of his obtaining some employment in Perth, as he was tired of rambling like a vagrant through the country. After thinking a little, Mrs Forbes said she thought she knew of a place that would suit him, and telling him to stay and mind the house, she went out on her charitable errand, and soon returned with a respectable young man who kept a shop near the south end of the Watergate, and who wanted a decent lad to help him in his business. He was a Strathearn man, by name James Macdonald. He was much pleased at Donald's appearance and manners, and after satisfying himself that he had a healthy skin as well as good looks, not by any means an unnecessary precaution when cutaneous diseases were almost universal, he took him home with him, agreeing to give him board and lodging as well as a small wage. Mr Macdonald was not married; his mother lived with him and kept house for him. She also was taken with Donald's good looks, and kindly gave him new shirts, stockings, jacket and vest, and would also have given him trousers; but Donald preferred to retain the kilt, to which he had always been accustomed.

In this comfortable place Donald was quite happy; he served his master with so much diligence and intelligence that he was soon trusted and looked upon as one of the family. To show the confidence reposed in him, on one occasion Mr Macdonald had to send a large sum of money (£69) to Edinburgh, and determined to trust Donald with the commission, at whose suggestion the gold was sewn up in his clothes, and with a supply of bread and cheese and two shillings in his pocket, Donald started on his journey of forty miles, at eight o'clock in the morning. By six in the evening he reached Kinghorn, where he got a boat to carry him across the Firth of Forth to Leith in little more than an hour. From Leith he ran to Edinburgh in half-an-hour, delivered the money safely, and got the receipt, with a gratuity of a shilling to himself. With his usual carefulness he did not spend his money in getting lodgings, but found a night's shelter in a stable in the Canongate. Getting up in good time, he re-crossed the Firth next morning, and towards evening made his appearance in Perth. Old Mrs Macdonald on seeing him back so soon, thought he had met with an accident on the way, and exclaimed in consternation, "Oh! Donald, what has happened? what has brought you back?" By producing the receipt, however, he soon convinced her and his master that he had executed his commission faithfully as well as speedily.

Soon after this there arrived in Perth a recruiting party, beating up for volunteers to serve His Majesty King William III. in the regiment of the

Royal Scots, then commanded by the Earl of Orkney. This old and distinguished corps still carried bows and arrows, as well as swords and targets, and wore steel caps, which glittered and shone like silver in the sunlight. Donald gazed in unbounded admiration at the martial appearance of the little band; for once he became unmindful of his message; he followed the party from street to street, until he felt his heart beat time to the trumpet and the drum, and forgetting his size and years (not yet thirteen), presented himself before the sergeant and offered himself as a volunteer. At first his overtures were met with laughter and derision, but Donald was not to be turned from his purpose; and in spite of all the inducements held out to him by his worthy master and mistress, backed up by the entreaties and even tears of his good friend, Widow Forbes, a soldier he would be, and at last succeeded in inducing the sergeant to enlist him. From that day, through the whole of a long life, Donald Macleod faithfully served his king and country as a soldier. Soon after he enlisted, the Royal Scots were ordered to Flanders to join the army under the command of the famous Duke of Marlborough. After serving through the whole of that campaign, Donald, now Sergeant Macleod, exchanged into the Black Watch and served under the Duke of Argyll in the rebellion of 1715. Then in the same regiment, under their new name of the 42nd, he went again to Flanders, under the Duke of Cumberland. He then, still in the same regiment, served through the troubles in Ireland, until, on the breaking out of the French War in America in 1757, the 42nd was ordered there. During his service in America he was drafted from the 42nd to act as drill-sergeant in the 78th Regiment, in which he served at the reduction of Louisbourg and Quebec, under the immortal and gallant General Wolfe. Being severely wounded at that famous battle, he was invalided home, and was one of those who had the melancholy honour of escorting the corpse of General Wolfe to Britain. In consideration of his long and trying services, he was admitted in 1759 an out pensioner at Chelsea Hospital.

But such was the spirit of this brave and hardy veteran, that though in his 73d year he offered himself as a volunteer, and served under the Marquis of Granby in Germany in 1761. On his return from there, still animated with his old martial spirit, he went again to America and offered his services to Sir Henry Clinton, who, though he declined to employ the old man in the fatigues and dangers of war, treated him with great kindness, allowed him a liberal weekly pension out of his own pocket, and sent him home in a ship charged with despatches to Government. This was the last military service rendered by Sergeant Donald Macleod, who was in 1791, in the 103d year of his age, still a pensioner at Chelsea. Here we must leave the brave old Highlander, and cannot do so better than by quoting the concluding portion of the very interesting biography, written in 1791, from which we have taken the above facts:—"Donald Macleod in his prime did not exceed five feet seven inches. He is now inclined through age to five feet five inches. He has an interesting physiognomy, expressive of sincerity, sensibility, and manly courage. As his memory is impaired, he does not pretend to make an exact enumeration of all his offspring; but he knows of sixteen sons now living, fourteen of whom are now in the army and navy, besides daughters, the eldest of whom by his present wife is a mantua maker in Newcastle. His eldest

son is now eighty-three years old, and the youngest only nine. Nor, in all probability, would this lad close the rear of his immediate progeny, if his present wife, the boy's mother, had not attained to the forty-ninth year of her age."

M. A. ROSE.

THE MASSACRE OF THE MACDONALDS IN THE ISLAND OF EGG.

By a speech recently delivered at a social gathering in Glasgow, the Rev. Mr Macleod raised a perfect storm by a statement that the brutal massacre in Egg was perpetrated by the Macleans, and not by the Macleods, as has hitherto been the unquestioned tradition throughout the whole Highlands. A most interesting paper appears in the appendix to Skene's "Celtic Scotland," vol. iii., being a description of the Western Isles. It ought to settle the controversy. We present it to the combatants in the *Oban Times*, who differ in ferocity from their predecessors only in the weapons they use. Here is an extract from page 433:—"Eg is ane Ile verie fertile and commodious baith for all kind of bestiall and corns, speciallie aittis, for eftir everie boll of aittis sawing in the same ony yeir will grow 10 or 12 bollis agane. It is 30 merk land, and it pertains to the Clan Rannald, and will raise 60 men to the weiris. It is five mile lang and three mile braid. Thair is mony coves under the earth in this Ile, quhilk the cuntrie folks uses as strenthis hiding thame and thair geir thairintill; quhairthrow it hapenit that in March, anno 1577, weiris and immitie betwix the said Clan Renald and McCloyd Herreik, the people with ane callit Angus John McMudzartsonne, their captaine, fled to ane of the saidis coves, taking with thame thair wives, bairnis, and geir, quhairof McCloyd Herreik being advertisit landit with ane great armie in the said Ile, and came to the cove and pat fire thairto, and smorit the hail people thairin to the number of 395 persones, men, wyfe, and bairnis."

In a footnote Dr Skene says:—"This description must have been written between 1577 and 1595, as the former date is mentioned in connection with the cruel slaughter of the inhabitants of Egg by the Macleods, and John Stewart of Appin, who died in 1595, is mentioned as alive at the time at which it was written. It has all the appearance of an official report, and was probably intended for the use of James the Sixth, who was then preparing to attempt the improvement of the Isles, and increase the royal revenue from them." Until the new authority, stated to have been found in the Advocates' Library, is forthcoming, we are disposed to think that the above extract from a contemporary writer must be held conclusive in favour of the old tradition which made the Macleods of Harris and Dunvegan (who were one and the same) responsible for the atrocious massacre of the Macdonalds or Clan Ranald in the Island of Egg.

GAELIC POETRY crushed out by REGIMENTAL TARTANS,

Literature.

—o—
THE SCOT IN NEW FRANCE. By J. MACPHERSON LE MOINE, Quebec. A Review,
by Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot., &c.

It is not always a pleasant task to criticise one's friends ; for the critic, to deserve his name, must feel that he has a duty to discharge to the public, before which even the ties of friendship must give way. But it is a real pleasure when he can review the work of his *confrere* and not only do his "spiriting gently," but announce that the task has been well performed, If it be true, as Lord Byron avers, that "a book's a book, although there's nothing in't," may not a pamphlet nearly aspire to the title of a book, when not only is its matter clearly and succinctly laid before the reader, but when it further possesses a copious store of valuable quotations always to the point? Such is the *brochure* entitled "The Scot in New France," compiled by Mr J. M. Le Moine, president of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, under whose auspices it is published. No one could perhaps have been found better fitted to undertake this "ethnological study," as it is called, than Mr Le Moine, combining as he does in his own person the Norman blood of old France with that of the Gael of Albyn. The family of Mr Le Moine originally came from Pistre, near Rouen, in Normandy, and were closely connected with another famous Norman-Canadian family—the Le Moines, Barons de Longueuil. His maternal grandfather was Daniel Macpherson, who was born in Inverness in 1752. Mr Macpherson emigrated to America, but when the Colonies threw off their allegiance to the mother country, he was one of those staunch loyalists who gave up the land of their adoption and removed to Canada, sooner than fail in the duty which they conceived they owed to their sovereign. Mr Macpherson first settled in Sorel, where he married a Miss Kelly ; and afterwards engaged in fisheries and agriculture at Douglastown with great success. Subsequently he started a large fishing establishment at Point Saint Peter, Gaspé, and died at Saint Thomas, Montmagny, in June 1840, aged 88 years. Mr John Macpherson Le Moine, who is well known at the Canadian Bar, has made the study of the history of his native city of Quebec a "labour of love," and the labour also of no inconsiderable portion of a busy life ; and although the present writer had only once the pleasure of meeting him, still for several years, before and since a correspondence has been kept up betwixt them, chiefly on matters connected with the part played by the Scots nation in the history of Canada. The correspondence first commenced when General Stewart's statement, that Fraser's Highlanders wore the kilt in winter-time during their service in Canada, having been doubted, Mr Le Moine, with some slight assistance from the writer, was successful in upholding General Stewart's character for truthfulness. This, therefore, will sufficiently explain the reasons which induced the writer to accede to his friend's request, and make "The Scot in New France" known to the reading public of the Highlands, through the columns of the *Celtic Magazine*.

Mr Le Moine opens his "Inaugural Lecture" to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec with a reference to the discovery of Canada by Jaques Cartier, and enquires, "Were Cartier's followers all French?" Although emphasis is laid upon such names as *Michel Herue* and *Herue Henry*, I fail to see in them any evidence of Scots nationality. The most likely compatriot in the list is one *Jehan Go*, who, for all we can say, may have been a descendant of the famous *Hal o' the Wynd*, who fought for his own hand. Guesses are, however, of but little worth from a literary point of view, and as *Got* is the name borne by, perhaps, the most talented actor at present on the French stage, it is much more reasonable to assign a Gallic descent to *Jehan Go*, Cartier's able-bodied seaman, rather than to claim him as our own countryman—*John Gow*.

Mr Le Moine, however, reaches terra-firma when he introduces us to "Maitre Abraham"—*Abraham Martin dit l'Ecoissais*—the King's Saint Lawrence pilot. Master Abraham, to whom belonged the level tract called from him the "Plains of Abraham," little imagined when in the year 1664, at the ripe age of 75, he lay upon his deathbed, what doughty deeds would be done by his countrymen on those same plains, a little less than one hundred years later. Further on we come to mention of Master Abraham's contemporary, Captain Louis Kirke, a Scots Calvinist in the service of Louis XIII., who, in 1629, hoisted his standard on the bastions of Fort Saint Louis, as the "Master of Quebec."

Mr Le Moine now allows a considerable lapse of time to intervene in his narrative, without comment, and abruptly brings his readers to the last years of French supremacy in Canada. Two or three pages are devoted to the adventures of Major Stobo, a Glaswegian, chiefly gleaned from his Memoirs, printed at Pittsburg in 1854. These being inaccessible to the majority of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, I may perhaps be pardoned for reproducing a portion of them, in Mr Le Moine's own words:—

Five years previous to the battle of the Plains of Abraham, one comes across three genuine Scots in the streets of Quebec—all however prisoners of war, taken in the border raids—as such under close surveillance. One, a youthful and handsome officer of Virginia riflemen, aged 27 years, a friend of Governor Dinwiddie, had been allowed the range of the fortress, on *parole*. His good looks, education, *smartness* (we use the word advisedly), and misfortunes seem to have created much sympathy for the captive, but canny Scot. He has a warm welcome in many houses—the French ladies even plead his cause; *le beau Capitaine* is asked out; no entertainment is considered complete without Captain—later on Major Robert Stobo. The two others are Lieutenant Stevenson, of Rogers' Rangers, another Virginian corps, and a Leith carpenter, of the name of Clarke. Stobo, after more attempts than one, eluded the French sentries, and still more dangerous foes to the peace of mind of a handsome bachelor—the ladies of Quebec.

A plan of escape between him, Stevenson, and Clarke was carried out on 1st May 1759. "Major Stobo met the fugitives under a wind-mill, probably the old wind-mill on the grounds of the General Hospital Convent. Having stolen a birch canoe, the party paddled it all night, and, after incredible fatigue and danger, they passed Isle-aux-Coudres, Kamouraska, and landed below this spot, shooting two Indians in self defence, whom Clarke buried after having scalped them, saying to the Major: 'Good sir, by your permission, these same two scalps, when I come to New York, will sell for twenty-four good pounds: with this I'll be right merry, and my wife right beau.' They then murdered the Indians' faithful dog, because he howled, and buried him with his masters." It was shortly after this that they met the laird of the Kamouraska Isles, *le Chevalier de la Durantaye*, who said that the best Canadian blood ran in his veins, and that he was of kin with the mighty Duc de Mirapoix. Had the mighty Duke, however, at that moment seen his Canadian cousin steering the four-oared boat,

loaded with wheat, he might have felt but a very qualified admiration for the majesty of his stately demeanour and his nautical *savoir faire*. Stobo took possession of the Chevalier's pinnace, and made the haughty laird, *nolens volens*, row him with the rest of the crew, telling him to row away, and that had the *Great Louis* himself been in the boat at that moment, it would be his fate to row a British subject thus. "At these last mighty works," says the Memoirs, "a stern resolution sat upon his countenance, which the Canadian beheld and with reluctance temporised." After a series of adventures, and dangers of every kind, the fugitives succeeded in capturing a French boat. Next they surprised a French sloop, and, after a most hazardous voyage, they finally, in their prize, landed at Louisbourg, to the general amazement. Stobo missed the English fleet; but took passage two days after in a vessel leaving for Quebec, where he safely arrived to tender his services to the immortal Wolfe, who gladly availed himself of them. According to the Memoirs, Stobo used daily to set out to reconnoitre with Wolfe; in this patriotic duty, whilst standing with Wolfe on the deck of a frigate, opposite the Falls of Montmorency, some French shots were nigh carrying away his "decorated" and gartered legs.

Stobo next points out the spot, at Silleny, where Wolfe landed, and soon after was sent with despatches, *via* the St Lawrence, to General Amherst; but, during the trip, the vessel was overhauled and taken by a French privateer, the despatches having been previously consigned to the deep. Stobo might have swung at the yard-arm in this new predicament, had his French valet divulged his identity with the spy of Fort du Quesne; but fortune again stepped in to preserve the adventurous Scot. There were already too many prisoners on board of the French privateer. A day's provision is allowed the English vessel, which soon landed Stobo at Halifax, from whence he joined General Amherst, "many a league across the country." He served under Amherst on his Lake Champlain expedition, and there he finished the campaign; which ended, he begs to go to Williamsburg, the then capital of Virginia.

It seems singular that no command of importance appears to have been given to the brave Scot. . . . On the 18th February 1760, Major Stobo embarked from New York for England, on board the packet with Colonel West, and several other gentlemen. One would imagine he had exhausted the vicissitudes of fortune. But no—A French privateer boards them in the midst of the English Channel. The Major again consigns to the deep his letters, all except one, which he forgot, in the pocket of his coat, under the arm-pit. . . . The despatch forgotten in his coat, on delivery to the great Pitt, brought back a letter from Pitt to Amherst. With this testimonial, Stobo sailed for New York, 24th April 1760, to rejoin the army engaged in the invasion of Canada; here end the memoirs.

"It has been suggested," say the Memoirs, "that Major Stobo was Smollet's original for Captain Lismahago (the favoured suitor of Miss Tabitha Bramble) in the adventures of Humphrey Clinker. It is known, by a letter from David Hume to Smollet, that Stobo was a friend of the latter author."

Mr Le Moine next proceeds to condemn the policy which led France to withhold aid from the Jacobites, and which thus brought about the failure of the risings, initiated for the purpose of obtaining the re-establishment of the Stuart dynasty. The following sentences will serve to show the author's line of argument:—"Monsieur Michel tells us that the Scots, in 1420, landed in thousands in France to fight the English. In 1759, we shall also find some thousands in America, enlisted to fight the French. About that time great changes had taken place in Scotland. The disaster of Culloden, in 1746, had opened out new vistas. Fate had that year set irrevocably its seal on a brave people; the indifference of France had helped on the crisis. Scotchmen had had occasion to test the wise saying, 'Put not your faith in Princes.' The rugged land of the Gael had been left to itself to cope with the Sassenach. Old France was forgetful of her pledged friendship—of her treaty of 1420; what was worse—of more recent promises. This memory had rankled in the breast of the fierce 'children of the mist.' . . . A desire for revenge—such after

the defeat of Culloden, was one of the motives stimulating the conduct of Highlanders with regard to France. Trusting to their swords and well-tempered dirks, they sought their fortunes on American soil, readily entering into the scheme to dislodge the French from Louisbourg and Quebec; in this deadly encounter the ardent Scot showed himself as true in his allegiance to Britain as he had been to France, when his faith was plighted and his arm raised, to smite the then traditional enemy of France—England.”*

The author then discloses another side of the question—Jacobite officers, such as Tryon, Maceachren, and the Chevalier Johnstone, serving with the French forces, and the latter, as *aide-de-camp* to General de Levi, fighting against his countrymen upon the plains of Abraham. We also learn that the Chevalier (whose admirable account of the '45 is so well-known) was the author of “Two Siege Diaries and a Dialogue of the Campaigns of 1759-60 in Canada.” A long account is also given of his adventures, which are already too notorious to deserve reproduction here.

Mr Le Moine now approaches the final struggle which culminated in Wolfe's victory, and fated Canada to become an appanage of the British Crown. He prefaces this with a list of officers, and some remarks upon the celebrated Fraser's Highlanders (the first of the three 78th's),† which, being taken from *Stewart's Sketches*, need not be touched upon; but the following remarks and anecdotes are well worthy of repetition:—

If at times one feels pained at the ferocity which marked the conflict, and which won for Fraser's Highlanders at Quebec the name of *Les Sauvages d'Ecosse*, one feels relieved, seeing that the meeting was inevitable. . . . The kilted Highlanders of 1759 were popularly known among the peasants as “*Les Petites Jupes*”—(*i.e.*, Little Petticoats). Most exaggerated stories were circulated as to their ferocity.

He next goes on to quote *Stewart*, I. 303, in evidence of this; but here he errs, as the passage he gives is taken from “Letters from Guadeloupe,” and refers simply to the notions entertained of the Highlanders, by the French inhabitants of that island.

After briefly mentioning that Fraser's Highlanders distinguished themselves at the taking of Louisbourg in 1758, Mr Le Moine continues:—“A singular incident marked the engagement at Carillon on the 8th July

* Mr Le Moine's argument is borne out by the following quotation I make from a note in *Stewart*:—“An old Highland gentleman of seventy years of age, who had accompanied Fraser's regiment as a volunteer, was particularly noticed for the dexterity and force with which he used his broadsword (at Louisbourg). This gentleman was Malcolm Macpherson of Phoiness, in the county of Inverness. A long and ruinous law-suit, and, as he himself said, *a desire of being revenged on the French for their treacherous promises in 1745*, made him take the field as a soldier. A near relation of his of the same name, when well advanced in years (for he had joined the Rebellion in 1745), acted nearly in a similar manner.”—C. M.

† The three Regiments are as follows:—(1), The 78th Highlanders, raised in 1757 by Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat, which must not be confounded with the 71st, or Fraser's Highlanders, raised by the same gentleman in 1775 and disbanded in 1783. The men of the former regiment mostly settled in Canada, as will be seen from Mr Le Moine's narrative. (2), The 78th, Seaforth's Highlanders (now the 72d), raised in 1778, by Kenneth Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth. (3), The 78th Highlanders, Ross-shire Buffs, raised by Francis Humberston Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, in 1793.—C. M.

1758, where a Scotch regiment suffered fearfully." As proof of this he quotes the following from *Garneau's History of Canada*:—"The British Grenadiers and Highlanders there persevered in the attack for three hours without flinching or breaking rank. The Highlanders, above all, under Lord John Murray covered themselves with glory. They formed the troops confronting the Canadians, their light and picturesque costume distinguishing them from all other soldiers amid the flames and smoke. The corps lost half of its men, and twenty-five of its officers were killed or severely wounded."* The next quotation is from *Maple Leaves*, a work also from the pen of Mr Le Moine, comprising anecdotes and stories illustrative of Canadian history and folk-lore:—

Some Highlanders taken prisoners by the French and Canadians huddled together on the battlefield, and expecting to be cruelly treated, looked on in mournful silence. Presently a gigantic French officer walked up to them, and whilst exchanging in a severe tone some remarks in French with some of his men, suddenly addressed them in Gaelic. Surprise in the Highlanders soon turned to positive horror. Firmly believing no Frenchman could ever speak Gaelic, they concluded that his Satanic Majesty in person was before them—it was a Jacobite serving in the French army.

Mr Le Moine then reverts to Fraser's Highlanders, and their appearance at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham.—

Of the conduct of the Regiment on that eventful 13th September, an eye-witness, Malcolm Fraser, then a Lieutenant in this corps, has left an excellent narrative.† From it we give the following extracts:—"After pursuing the French to the very gates of the town, our regiment was ordered to form, fronting the town on the ground where the French formed first; at this time the rest of the army came up in good order. General Murray having then put himself at the head of our regiment, ordered them to fall to the left and march through the bush of wood towards the General Hospital, where they got a great gun or two to play upon us from the town, which, however, did no damage, but we had a few men killed and officers wounded by some skulking fellows, with small arms, from the bushes and behind the houses of the suburbs of St Louis and St John." We shall interrupt this quotation of Lieutenant Fraser's journal to insert some details, very recently furnished to us, by our respected townsman, John Fraser, Esq., better known as Long John Fraser; his memory is still green despite the frost of many winters. "In my youth," says Mr Fraser, "I boarded with a very aged militiaman who had fought at the battle of the Plains; his name was Joseph Trahan. In 1759 Trahan was aged 18 years. Frequently has this old gossip talked to me about the incidents of the fight. I can well recollect old Trahan used to say how Montcalm looked before the engagement. He was riding a dark or black horse in front of our lines, bearing his sword high in the air, in the attitude of encouraging the men to do their duty. He wore a uniform with large sleeves, and the one covering the arm he held in the air, had fallen back, disclosing the white linen of his wrist-band. When he was wounded a rumour spread that he was killed; a panic ensued, and the soldiers rushed promiscuously from the *Buttes a neveu* towards the *Coteau*

* The Highlanders under Lord John Murray were no other than the famous *Black Watch*, and what is above called "the engagement at Carleton," is better known to Highlanders as "the disaster of Ticonderoga." The Highlanders cut through the *abbatis* with their claymores, and some, driving their dirks between the stones of the wall, succeeded in mounting the fort, but they were eventually called back by General Abercromby. The 42d lost 8 officers, 9 sergeants, and 297 men killed (or more than one-half of the killed of the whole attacking force); and 17 officers, 10 sergeants, and 306 men wounded. The enemy, who were completely sheltered in the fort and outworks, numbered 5,000 men, of whom 2,800 were French regular troops of the line.—C. M.

† Published under the auspices of the "Literary and Historical Society of Quebec —1867-8."

Sainte Geneviève, thence towards the St Charles, over the meadow on which St Roch has since being built. I can remember the Scotch Highlanders flying wildly after us, with streaming plaids, bonnets and large swords—like so many infuriated demons—over the brow of the hill. In their course was a wood, in which we had some Indians and sharpshooters, who bowled over the *Sauvages d'Écosse* in fine style. Their partly naked bodies fell on their face, and their kilts in disorder left exposed a portion of their thighs, at which our fugitives, on passing bye, would make lunges with their swords, cutting large slices out of the fleshiest portion of their persons."

The surrender of Quebec, after the death of the Marquis de Montcalm, is next chronicled by Mr Le Moine:—

Chevalier Johnstone's Siege narratives also mention a French post on the Sillery heights, commanded by an officer of the name of Douglas—apparently a Scotchman. You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear of another Scotch name, within the precincts of the city before the capitulation, a high, very high official—in fact, the French Commandant of Quebec, Chevalier de Ramezay. . . . The *Lieutenant du Roy* was Major de Ramezay, one of four brothers serving the French King, three of whom had devotedly fallen in his service. Major de Ramezay, for his services, had been decorated by Louis XV. with the cross of St Louis. His father, Claude de Ramezay, of the French navy, had been two years Governor of three Rivers, and twenty years Governor of Montreal under French rule; he died Governor of that city. . . . Nor was there anything unsoldierly in de Ramezay's surrender on the 18th September 1759. It saved the despairing, devoted inhabitants from starvation, and the dismantled city from bombardment, sack, and pillage. The proceedings of the French Council of War, held before the capitulation and published under the auspices of this Society,* has done the French Commandant effectual, though tardy, justice."

The following anecdote deserves mention:—

During the winter of 1759-60, a portion of Fraser's Highlanders were quartered in the Ursulines Convent. Whether the absence of breeches on the brawny mountaineers was in the eyes of the good ladies a breach of decorum, or whether Christian charity impelled them to clothe the naked—especially during the January frosts, is hard to determine at the present time; certain it is that the nuns generously begged of Governor Murray to be allowed to provide raiment for the barelegged sons of Caledonia. Also, a Canadian peasant aptly remarked of the kilt that he considered it *trop frais pour l'hiver, et dangereux l'été a cause des maringouins*—that is to say—too cool for winter, and dangerous in summer time on account of the mosquitoes.

Referring to the action fought at St Foye on the 28th April 1760, between General Murray and General de Levi, Mr Le Moine quotes from his own *Maple Leaves*:—

With this old windmill (Dumont's) is associated one of the most thrilling episodes in the conflict. Some of the French Grenadiers and some of Fraser's Highlanders took, lost, and retook the mill three times, their respective officers looking on in mute astonishment and admiration; whilst a Scotch piper, who had been under arrest for bad conduct ever since the 13th September 1759, was piping away within hearing.

Peace being soon after proclaimed, we learn that Fraser's Highlanders were disbanded in 1764, when a very large number of them settled in Canada. Mr Le Moine says:—

The countless clan of the Frasers, in the length and breadth of our land, retrace back to this grand old corps, their kinsfolk across the sea, and Simon Fraser's companions in arms, the Macdonalds, Campbells, Macdonells, Macphersons, Stewarts, Rosses, Murrays, Camerons, Menzies, Nairns, Munros, Mackenzies, Cuthberts, so deeply rooted in our soil."

* *Mémoire du Sieur de Ramezay, Commandant à Québec.*

A number of the old Fraser's Highlanders re-enlisted into the 84th or Royal Emigrant Regiment, when it was raised in 1775, on the outbreak of hostilities with the American colonies, along with men from the 42d and Montgomerie's Highlanders. The first battalion took part in the defence of Quebec against the Americans under Arnold and Montgomery, who were repulsed. The first battalion was reduced in Lower Canada in 1784, and the second in Nova Scotia the same year, when grants of land were allowed to the officers and men as follows:—A field officer, 5000 acres; a captain, 3000; a subaltern, 500; a sergeant, 200; a private, 100.

Before quitting the military settlers of Canada, two deserve mention. The first is—

Sergeant James Thompson of Fraser's Highlanders, a big giant, who was at Louisbourg in 1758, and Quebec in 1759, and came from Tain, Scotland, to Canada as a volunteer to accompany a friend—Captain David Baillie of the 78th. His athletic frame, courage, integrity and intelligence, during the seventy-two years of his Canadian career, brought him employment, honour, trust and attention from every Governor of the Colony, from 1759 to 1830, when he expired at the family mansion, St Ursale Street, aged 98 years. At the battle of the Plains of Abraham, James Thompson, as hospital sergeant, was intrusted with the landing at Point Lévi of the wounded, who were crossed over in boats; he tells us of his carrying some of the wounded from the crossing at Lévi up the hill, all the way to the church at St Joseph converted into an hospital, and distant three miles from the present ferry: a six-foot giant alone could have been equal to such a task. In 1775, Sergeant Thompson, as overseer of Government Works, was charged with erecting the palisades and other primitive contrivances to keep out Brother Jonathan.

The other is—

Sturdy old Hugh M'Quarters, the brave artillery sergeant, who at *Pres-de-Ville*, on that momentous 31st December 1775, applied the match to the cannon which consigned to a snowy shroud Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, his two *aides*, Macpherson and Cheeseman, and his brave, but doomed followers, some eleven in all, the rest having sought safety in flight. Old Hugh M'Quarters lived in Champlain Street and closed his career there, in 1812.

Amongst other Scotch emigrants are the United Empire Loyalists, who in 1783 settled at the Baie des Chaleurs, at New Carlisle, at Sorel, and at Douglas, Gaspé Bay, where they founded a town. There are also many other places, settled voluntarily, or by private enterprise, such as Metis, which was settled by Mr J. M'Nider of Quebec, in 1823.

Mr Le Moine gives sketches of some of the Scotch Governors, such as General Murray, Sir James Craig, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Elgin, and the Marquis of Lorne. Other notabilities are also mentioned, such as Sir William Grant, born at Elchies on the Spey, Attorney-General of Quebec, and afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas and Master of the Rolls in England; Lieutenant-Governor Peter Hunter, "brother of two celebrated physicians, John and William Hunter," who died in 1805. Governor the Duke of Richmond, who died in 1819; the Rev. George Henry, military chaplain and the first Presbyterian minister; William Smith, Chief-Justice of Lower Canada, &c.

Mr Le Moine's notes, appendices, &c., are very ably selected for the illustration of his arguments; and among our own well-known authors we find represented Skene's *Highlanders*, Brown's *History of the Highlands*, Stewart's *Sketches*, Logan's *Scottish Gael*, Burton's *Scot Abroad*, &c. Amongst other works, it will be sufficient to mention Garneau's *History of Canada*, Christie's *History of Canada*, Kirke's *First English Conquest*

of Canada, Rattray's *Scot in British North America*, Walrond's *Letters of the Earl of Elgin*, Le Moine's *Maple Leaves*, *Jesuit's Journal*, *Journal du Siege de Quebec*, *Quebec Past and Present*, &c. I have also personally to thank Mr Le Moine for the prominence he has given to some matter, with which I supplied him previously, relating to the capture of Quebec, and Highland soldiers wearing the kilt by choice; the latter subject has been extensively noticed by Mr Le Moine in his pamphlet. Amongst other matter there are lists of Jacques Cartier's crew, of noted Scotchmen of Montreal past and present, of British officers who have married in Canada, of principal marriages between British and French, of the Quebec Curling Club of 1838, and of the officers of the Quebec St Andrew's Society of 1836 and of the present day. At a St Andrew's dinner in 1837, Mr Archibald Campbell, "Her Majesty's Notary," sang a song urging his hearers to stick to the land their fathers conquered. The last verse runs—

Be men like those the hero brought,
With their best blood the land was bought,
And fighting as your fathers fought
Keep it or die!

Mention is also made of a famous Scotch dinner at Halifax, in 1814, where no less than fifty-two toasts were drunk. The twenty-sixth may be repeated:—"May James Madison and all his faction be soon compelled to resign the reins of government in America, and seek a peace establishment with their friend Bonaparte at Elba." Airs—"The Rogue's March," and "Go to the devil and shake yourself."

In conclusion, Mr Le Moine after enumerating various leading Scots—Canadian merchants and litterateurs (amongst whom he includes Evan Maccoll)—he concludes as follows:—

The voice of a Neilson, a Galt, a Robertson, a Ross, an Ogilvie, in our Commons at Quebec, has responded to that of a Morris, a Macdougall, a Brown, a Mackenzie, a Macdonald, in the Supreme Council of the Nation at Ottawa. With such hopeful materials—such energetic factors, as the free, the sturdy Briton—the cultured descendant of the Norman—the self-reluctant Scot—the ardent Milesian, there exists in those fertile northern realms ruled over by England's gentle Queen, the component parts of a great commonwealth, which will gradually consolidate itself, with the modifications time may bring into the national organisation, under which Canadians of all creeds and origins may associate in a vast and liberty-loving confederation.

SKETCH OF EXPLORATIONS IN AUSTRALIA.

SOME time ago, when noticing the publication of Dr MacLachlan's songs by the Ardnamurchan Glasgow Association, we made complaint of the general inaction of other Celtic Societies. We are glad now to find the Cowal Society issuing a very neat and most interesting booklet—a "Sketch of Explorations in Australia, by the late John Mackinlay," a native of Cowal, carefully prepared and judiciously arranged by a good and genuine Celt—our excellent friend, Mr Duncan Whyte. The frontispiece is a good likeness of the indomitable explorer, while on the title-page we have a capital wood-cut of his boat on the Alligator River. There are also several other illustrations, including one of a very handsome monument erected to Mackinlay's memory in the colony. The profits from the sale of the book are to be devoted to the relief of the widows and orphans connected with the Society, and we are glad to find that this is not the first successful venture by the Society in the same field.

Correspondence.

—o—

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP A HIGHLANDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I find in one respect, with considerable regret, that I committed a mistake in my short address last month at our Gaelic Society festival. Speaking of the beauties of the Gaelic language philologically, I stated that “even many learned Lowlanders greatly admired that language, and I gave as examples Professor Blackie, Principal Shairp of St Andrews, Professor Geddes of Aberdeen, and William Jolly, Esq., H.M. Inspector of Schools—gentlemen who, though they were not Highlanders, and had not a single drop of Highland blood in their veins, sought to pry into the origin of languages, and were most enthusiastic in their admiration of Gaelic.” I am now satisfied, on the best authority, that I ought not to have included the honoured name of Principal Shairp in this list, he being a gentleman who has undoubtedly genuine Celtic blood in his veins. As a proof of this, I find that his mother was a Campbell, of the house of Auchinbreck, one of the oldest branches of that Clan, and a descendant of the Auchinbreck honourably mentioned in the Legend of Montrose. But still more, his father’s mother was Mary Macleod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, a daughter of the Macleod of Macleod who lived in the middle of last century. Owing to this connection the learned Principal’s father was named Norman. It must therefore be allowed, and allowed with no ordinary pleasure, that Principal John Campbell Shairp has much true Highland as well as Norman blood in his veins. He is not, however, the only Principal who was of this distinguished lineage, for King’s College, Aberdeen, had its Principal Macleod, a gentleman of the family of Talisker in Skye, a branch or sept of the Macleods of Dunvegan. Principal Macleod was maternal grandfather to the present Professor Norman Macpherson of the Edinburgh University; and from his connection with the Chiefs of Dunvegan, must have been a relative of Principal Shairp of St Andrews.

The Highland connection of this esteemed Principal is thus established, but I am afraid it is hopeless to discover any Highland blood in the veins of the learned and indefatigable Professor John Stuart Blackie, he himself having frequently asserted that he is not, what he would dearly wish to be—a Highlander. Yet his regard for the Highlanders, and for their language, and dress, and songs, and music, is so great, that he has done all in his power to possess as much as possible—to become, as it were, one of themselves. The worthy gentleman is particularly proud of everything Celtic; but were he to appear in the Highland garb, with belted plaid, plumed bonnet, philabeg, dirk, and sword, his alert, elastic frame would not make a very successful representation of Rob Roy on a theatrical stage! The very sight of the learned Grecian thus robed might more than likely cause some astonished Bailie to exclaim, “My conscience!” The excellent Professor has, however, secured for himself the rightful title of a Highland proprietor, and all his friends, who are many, may rest assured that there will never be any cruel evictions from his beautiful property. Long life to the creator of the Celtic Chair!

As to the worthy and learned Professor Geddes, whose researches into Celtic literature are so great and so creditable to himself, and whose philological acumen is so worthy of his high talents, my belief is, that he lays no claim to the possession of Celtic blood. The same may be said of our own accomplished Inspector of Schools, Mr William Jolly, than whom no one can be more persevering or can take a greater delight in prying into the arcana of science, or in digging up the radical characteristics of Celtic literature, and of every description of Highland folk-lore.—I remain, &c.,

INVERNESS.

ALEX. MACGREGOR.

REGIMENTAL TARTANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

London, 15th February 1881.

SIR,—The papers have lately been full of bitter complaints, owing to the proposals of the Government to abolish regimental tartans. But what at first moved Lord Archibald Campbell to the fray has now degenerated into a squabble as to whether the 42d *breacan* is, or is not, the Campbell tartan. I have my own views on the subject, but I do not desire to ventilate them now: suffice it to say that many of the statements are, to say the least, rash; as for instance, that in the letter of Mr Campbell of Dunstaffnage, quoted by Lord Archibald in the *Scotsman* of yesterday, to the effect that he had heard the tartan of the 71st called the *Hunting Campbell*. I am aware that the Macleods and Mackenzies claim the same plaid, but I did *not* know before that Lord Macleod, son of the attainted Earl of Cromarty, was one of the *Sìol Diarmaid*!

But let us endeavour to lift the subject out of the Slough of Despond into which it has fallen in the columns of the daily press, and in doing so, impress upon every Highlander, at home or abroad, the absolute necessity of protesting against one of the most gratuitous outrages ever practised upon the feelings of a high-spirited people.

The other night, at a meeting held in the Hall of the Scottish Corporation of London, I called the attention of the reporter of the *Daily Telegraph* to the following passage in the celebrated Disarming Act:—

“And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That from and after the First Day of August, One thousand seven hundred and forty-seven, no Man or Boy, within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, *other than such as shall be employed as Officers or Soldiers in His Majesty's Forces*, shall, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the clothes, commonly called Highland clothes (that is to say), the Plaid, Philebeg, or little Kilt, Trowse, Shoulder Belts, or any part whatever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland Garb; and that no Tartan, or party coloured Plaid or Stuff shall be used for Great Coats, or for Upper Coats, &c.”

We have heard of the coercion of the lairds when they drove the Highland cotters from their homes; and we hear the Irish complaining that a Liberal Government is forging the chains of a Coercion Bill, to enable their landlords to bind them hand and foot: these matters are beyond the scope of this letter. But this I do say, that Mr Childers, closely following his leader's steps in the coercive path, wishes to put an indignity upon Highland officers and soldiers, from which they were

specially exempted under the penal Act of 1747, an Act which rendered its infringers liable to the punishment of death, or transportation beyond the seas.

How was it that a greater statesman, Pitt, Earl of Chatham, thought of the Highlanders? He says:—"I sought for merit wherever it was to be found; *it is my boast that I was the first Minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the north.* I called it forth and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world." These noble words were spoken in the reign of George III., but the times are surely retrograding, when, during the reign of Queen Victoria, a responsible Minister of the Crown dares to sweep away bodily one of the most cherished traditional emblems of a race, with the cynical sneer of "foolish sentiment."

The War Office is said to be preparing to abolish the regimental tartans, and to substitute one general pattern. What is this to be? Not the Royal Stuart, worn by the 72d, for that is universally declared to be too glaring for the red coat, and the Government are not prepared to habit the Highlanders in buff or green. Rumour has been abroad with her thousand tongues, whispering that a certain august personage, and a celebrated purveyor of Celtic fabrics, have been laying their heads together with a view to the concoction of a new tartan. This I do not believe. But I more readily credit a report that an abomination called the Hunting Stuart is to be foisted upon the army, a tartan, heaven save the mark, which had no existence some forty years ago. Spurious tartans have been palmed off upon the credulous by the late John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, and atrocities, such as the "Victoria" and the "Prince Charlie," have been perpetrated by the manufacturers of spectacle cases and blotting books. Who wear the so-called Hunting tartans? Only the clans whose tartans are red! Certain chiefs, either ashamed of, or careless about their heraldic plaid, permitted such things to be evolved from the inner consciousness of the tailors. Who ever heard of a hunting Gordon, Mackenzie, Forbes, or Farquharson? No doubt after the '45 the *sets* of certain historical tartans were lost, and notably the Mackenzies and the Macleods claim the same. But even supposing the regimental tartans to be not older than the dates on which the regiments were respectively raised, will any hair-splitter contend that the *breacan* which waved from the shoulders of the 42d in Egypt—of the 78th under Havelock—of the 79th at Waterloo—of the 92d and 72d with Roberts—of the 93d in "the thin red line" at Balaclava—of the 71st at Vittoria—of the 74th at Assaye—of the 91st at Vimiera—is not as historical as the victories of the British army! If the authorities are determined to Prussianize the Highland soldier, let them lose no time in denationalizing them—throw the bonnet and claymore on the midden—cram the *pickelhaube* on his head, and thrust the *zundnadelgewehr* into his hand.

Mr Childers' statement in the House, that an identity of tartan was necessary to the linked battalion system, will hardly hold water, as the kilt is adaptable to any soldier, other than a dwarf or giant, by the simple

alteration of the position of two buckles. There is an old proverb to the effect that it is "ill to take the breeks aff a Hielan'man," but if they rob us of our tartan, they will leave us "poor indeed," not to say "naked." If the authorities sacrifice the regimental tartans, their iconoclastic rage will soon reach the colours and the numbers, and it is not difficult to prophesy that the glorious record of the services of the Highland regiments will, by a dash of Mr Childers' pen, be blotted out for ever from the page of history.—I am, &c.,

A HIGHLAND OFFICER.

—o—

THE Town Council of Inverness, on Friday, 18th Feb., petitioned unanimously against the Abolition of the distinctive Tartans in our Highland Regiments. Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, introduced the resolution in the following terms:—

Provost and Gentlemen,—In moving in terms of notice that we petition Her Majesty, the House of Commons, and the Minister for War, against the narrow-minded, short-sighted, and impolitic proposal to abolish the distinctive tartans now worn by our Highland regiments, I feel a sense of humiliation in having to call upon you as representatives, not only of the feelings of the people of Inverness but of the whole Highlands—of every Highlander, civil and military—and I may say with perfect safety, every patriotic Scotchman throughout the world. (Hear, hear.) This is no political or party question, but one which has roused the indignation of every man in the country. On this it need only be pointed out that the leading spirit in the social rebellion which is already up against it is Lord Archibald Campbell, a son of the great Duke of Argyll, one of the most distinguished members of the present Government. He at least among the Whigs has placed Highlanders under a deep debt of gratitude for taking the patriotic position which has for the present nominally placed him in an antagonistic position to the Government of which his father is such a prominent member. (Cheers.) For my own part, in a case where the interest, honour, and patriotic aspirations of my brother Highlanders are involved, I care not a straw for Whig or Tory. (Cheers.) I am a Highlander first, and a politician next. I cannot, however, shut my eyes to the fact that it is the same party who stripped the Highlanders of their national dress in 1747, and made it a crime to wear a bit of tartan in any form subject to six months imprisonment without the option of a fine, without being admitted to bail, and, for a second conviction, to be transported for seven years, is the same political party who, in the year of grace 1831, propose again to rob my countrymen of their ancient dress so soon as they decide upon serving Her Majesty against the common enemy. (Hear, hear.) What even Dr Johnson, by no means a friend of the Highlanders, in 1747 described rather as "an ignorant wantonness of power than the proceedings of a wise and beneficent legislature," must be held to be infinitely more so in the present day. No excuse can be pleaded now. The same spirit which framed the horrid oath administered at Fort-William in 1747 and 1748 is responsible for the present proposal to unclothe and denationalise the Highlanders. In 1747 the Whigs compelled my countrymen to swear as follows:—"I, A. B., do swear, as I shall answer to God at the Great Day of Judgment, I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb; and if I do so may I be cursed in my undertakings, family, and property—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, or relations; may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred; may all this come across me if I break my oath." ("Shameful.") That is if he wore a bit of tartan, all this was to happen to him. Can any language describe the atrocious spirit which invented and administered that horrid and blasphemous oath! (Cheers.) Yet the spirit is not yet extinct, in so far as the Highlands are concerned, but is largely shared by the present Government, if we may judge from the conduct and opinions of the War Minister. How different from the far-seeing policy of the great Pitt, who discovered among our barren hills the men to fight the battles of our common country, and carry victory to all parts of the world—wherever they went! (Applause.) The levelling tendencies of the present day must be checked. It is thought that if you abolish the Highland dress that you will at the same time abolish the Highlander as a being having aspirations and a his-

tory of his own, as the representative of an ancient and heroic race. If you can also snuff out his language the design of the enemy will be complete. We have been told that Gaelic-speaking people are so few that it would be a false policy to teach their language. We asked for a Gaelic census to disprove this unfounded assertion, but that is refused until questions regarding it become awkward in the attempts to secure a seat for the Lord Advocate, who advised the Government that it should not be granted. The Highlanders threaten to become troublesome in a small way, and then the Government gives way, but only so far as Scotland is concerned, though there are a great many Gaelic-speaking Highlanders throughout the centres of English population. We must persevere in our determination not to be snuffed out—(cheers)—and I trust that we in the Highland Capital will give forth such a certain sound as will convince the Government that we are not to be abolished altogether as Highlanders, stripped of our dress and robbed of our language to suit the convenience of blundering War Ministers and Cockney officials in London. (Applause.) Mr Childers says that the change is necessary in consequence of the previous blunder of making officers and men liable to serve in more than one regiment. My opinion is that he should go back and rectify the original blunder, and not to commit one still more gross in order to fit in with the first one. (Hear, hear.) No doubt a few prosaic, utilitarian souls—(laughter)—for whom I have the most supreme pity—(laughter)—but not an atom of respect—(cheers)—will tell us that it is all sentiment. I admit it; but is not the world—even the few men who cry down sentiment governed by it. Is it not the very essence of sentiment to see men—every man in the British Army—prepared to lay down their lives to guard and protect their regimental colours or to recapture them from the enemy? (Loud cheers.) Banish sentiment and what have you remaining, but a piece of coloured cloth, stuck on the top of a pole. (Hear.) Every Highland soldier dressed in his own distinctive tartan is a set of colours to himself, as it were, and to each of his comrades. A Highland regiment in kilts is a moving forest of living regimental colours—(cheers)—and hence the glorious results wherever the Highlanders are engaged. (Loud cheers.) I have said enough. We cannot permit to have our regiments stripped and ourselves insulted. I care not whether the proposal comes from Whig, from Radical, or from Tory. The present agitation throughout the country—from Land's End to John O'Groats—will prove irresistible. It is a splendid movement. The Highlanders—the whole nation—are aroused. Lord Archibald Campbell, kissing the dirk, last night in Stafford House, in good old Highland fashion (cheers) and the company present, composed of the leaders of society—the first in the land—passing it round and following his example—(applause)—unmistakably indicate a determination that the Highlander is not yet to be snuffed out. (Hear, hear.) So far as we can, as representatives of the Highland Capital, we should plant our feet firmly and answer "Never." (Loud cheers.) We shall swear on the dirk too if need be. (Cheers.) It would be unjust not to acknowledge the deep obligations we as Highlanders are under to Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, our Burgh Member, for his efforts not only in this but in all other matters of interest to the Gaelic race, especially the Gaelic Census. (Cheers.) But there is another gentleman who has done more in this latter movement than is generally known, namely, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch—(loud cheers)—who, I understand, personally approached the Home Secretary in London, and for the last three weeks was indefatigable in pressing upon him the claims of the Highlanders. (Cheers.) I beg to move that we petition Her Majesty the Queen in the following terms, as also in proper form, the House of Commons, and the Minister for War; and that the Provost be requested to sign the petitions on behalf and in name of the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the Capital of the Highlands:—

"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT."

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY:

"May it please your Majesty,—We, the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the Ancient and Royal Burgh of Inverness, believing that we represent the national feeling of Scotland, humbly petition that the Tartan dress hitherto worn by the various Highland Regiments as distinctive of the districts in which they were raised, and in which dress they have fought with honour and glory in every part of the globe, be not changed, believing that such distinctive Tartans add to the *esprit de corps*, and that such changes as are contemplated are contrary to the instincts of all true Highlanders."

Seconded by Bailie Kenneth Macdonald, and carried *nem. con.*, amidst loud applause.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

—o—
Q U E R I E S.

MACMINN OR MACKLEMIN.—Is this name known to any of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*? The latter I find to have been the early form of spelling the name. This is proved by receipts which have come into my possession. Tradition relates that the first of the name emigrated from the South-West Highlands of Scotland, *via* Ireland, in 1746, he having to leave the country for the part he took in the Rebellion of that year. Any one who can throw any light on the origin of the name will confer a great favour upon
MACMINN.

[The original name of "Macklemin," may possibly have been the equivalent for "MacClymont." We have met with several names in Canada last year, which were spelt phonetically, the parties when they arrived being, in many cases, quite unable to spell their own names, and those who had occasion to take down their names on their arrival on the other side of the Atlantic made the best they could of them. Macklemin is almost identical in sound with the Gaelic form of MacClymont; or perhaps of MacLamond.—Ed. C.M.]

LEABHAR COMUNN NAM FIOB GHAIÐHEAL.—We are glad to learn from Mr Macintyre North that he is progressing with this valuable work. Sending him a third list of subscribers, the other day, which reached us in consequence of the advertisement of the work in the *Celtic Magazine*, he writes—"I wish the others sent me as many orders as you, but they seem all to come through you, I suppose from all the better classes reading your Magazine . . . half the plates are printed, but the type being special, it will take longer than I expected; and the printer will not promise the work until the end of April. So that the subscription list will be continued open until the end of March, unless the number printed is subscribed for before that time. The work has grown vastly upon me. I received many suggestions for additional plates which I have been obliged to decline, but even then, instead of the fifty-nine plates promised in my prospectus, I cannot do with less than seventy, and instead of eight chapters of letterpress in one volume, I shall have seventeen or eighteen in two volumes—without reckoning the Introduction and Appendix." Those wishing to secure copies should send us their names without delay, as it will be almost impossible to procure a copy of the work at a reasonable price after the subscription list is closed. It is quite clear Mr North intends to keep more than good faith with his patrons, by so very much extending the work beyond what he originally promised. The issue is to be strictly limited, and the plates are to be rubbed out so soon as the subscribed number is thrown off. Among the names sent through us are Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost; John H. Dixon, Inveran; Rev. T. Grant, Rosslyn; The Chisholm; Evan C. Sutherland-Walker of Skibo; Bailie Kenneth Macdonald; Ex-Bailie Noble; H. Munro Mackenzie, Whitehaven; Mrs Drummond, Palace Gate, Kensington; Geo. C. J. Tomlinson, London; B. Homer-Dixon, Toronto; Kenneth Mackenzie, Bristol; Principal Grant, Kingston University; Kenneth Gollan, New Zealand; Kenneth D. Macrae, South Australia; Frederick D. Macrae, do.; Messrs Trubner & Co., London; John Menzies & Co., Edinburgh; D. Wyllie & Son, Aberdeen; Colin Chisholm; R. Mackenzie, London; Alex. M. M. Macrae, Glenoze; John Fraser, Ceylon; James Munro, J.P., Australia; Kenneth R. Mackenzie, Cape Breton; N. Macdonald of Dunach; Duncan Cameron, Kinloch-Rannoch; N. B. Mackenzie, Fort-William; Donald A. Cameron, J.P., New Zealand; Alex. Joseph Macrae, N. S. Wales; Duncan Macrae, J.P., do.; Colonel Ross of Cromarty; Lieutenant Craigie Halkett, 78th Highlanders; the late Councillor James H. Mackenzie, &c., &c. A few of these gentlemen, as also ourselves, have ordered as many as four copies. We shall be glad to receive additional names up to the 31st of March when the list will be closed.

REGIMENTAL TARTANS.—A large and influential committee of the Gaelic Society is organising a public meeting to be held in Inverness on Friday, 4th March, to protest against the abolition of Regimental Tartans—Wm. Mackay, hon. secretary, Convener.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXVI.

APRIL, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,

BY THE EDITOR.

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XVIII.

THE FAMILY OF GLENGARRY.

It has been already shown that the Macdonalds of Sleat, though the undoubted male representatives of John, last Lord of the Isles, as well as of Donald, first Lord of the Isles of the name of Macdonald, by his second wife, Margaret, daughter of King Robert II. of Scotland, they are not and cannot be the chiefs by right of blood of the whole Clan Donald and male representatives of Somerled, Thane of Argyll, while any of the representatives of John, first Lord of the Isles, by his *first* marriage with Amy MacRuari remains. This may now be accepted as a settled point, and one on which all disinterested authorities are agreed.

It is, however, much more difficult to decide which of the other leading claimants are entitled to that high and distinguished honour. There is the further difficulty to dispose of as to who is the present representative of the Earl of Ross, which title was unquestionably possessed by the Lords of the Isles since the marriage of Donald of Harlaw, second Lord of the Isles, to Lady Mary Leslie, daughter of Euphemia Countess of Ross. The Earldom of Ross being in favour of heirs-general, which is placed beyond question by its having been first brought into the family of Macdonald by marriage with Lady Mary Leslie, as above, it is now almost if not quite impossible to decide who the present representative of the ancient but long forfeited Earldom of Ross is. To have enabled this representation to pass into the family of Sleat, it was necessary not only that all the direct and intervening male representatives of John, last Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, should have died out, but the female representatives also. This is by no means a settled point. Indeed, if Gregory and other leading authorities be correct in holding that Celestine of Lochalsh was a legitimate son of Alexander, and eldest brother of John, the last two Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles, the representation of the Earldom must have passed into the family of Glengarry by the marriage of Margaret (eldest daughter of Alexander of Lochalsh and heiress to her brother, Sir Donald) to Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry; the other

sister, Janet, having married Dingwall of Kildun. This is a point which we do not feel called upon at present to decide. It may, however, be stated that the *male* representation of the old Earldom of Ross has been successfully claimed by Mr Munro Ross of Pitcalnie, whose claim as heir male has been sustained by the Court of Session and by the House of Lords. As already stated, however, the honours of the Earldom were not confined to the heirs-male; and, in point of fact, they were carried originally by a female to the family of Macdonald. The representation has also been claimed by the Frasers of Philorth, progenitors of Lord Saltoun, one of whom married Joanna, sister of Euphemia Leslie, Countess of Ross. Several other claimants might be named, but those already mentioned as heirs-general and heirs-male must be disposed of before any claims by later offshoots are debateable.

It is necessary before proceeding further to refer to a claim made to the chiefship of the race of Somerled by the Macalesters of Loup, a family of note in Argyleshire, now known as Somerville-Macalesters of Loup and Kennox, the latter place having been acquired by marriage with an heiress, whose name of Somerville the Macalesters have in consequence added to their own. They claim to be descended from Alexander, "eldest son of Angus Mor, Lord of the Isles and Kintyre A.D. 1284, and third in descent from Somerled, Thane of Argyll, the common ancestor of the Clan Donald and Clan Dugall; and therefore, according to the Highland principal of clanship, they possess that 'jus sanguinis,' of which no forfeiture could deprive them and are the representatives of the ancient Lords of the Isles, as heirs male of Donald, the grandson of Somerled, from whom came the Clan Donald." In point of fact, however, Alexander, the progenitor of the Macalesters, was not the "eldest son of Angus Mor," but his younger brother, and uncle to "Angus Og" who fought with Bruce at the head of his clan at Bannockburn, and who on the forfeiture of the Macalesters for having taken the opposite side under Macdougall of Lorn succeeded to the forfeited property, not as Macalester's "elder brother," but as his nephew and chief of the clan, and as a reward in part for his loyal support of the saviour of his country, King Robert the Bruce. The Macalesters have thus no valid claim to the chiefship of the great Clan Donald, but they are undoubtedly the senior cadets of the race of Somerled.

John, first Lord of the Isles, married, *first* (see p. 128, *Celtic Magazine*, No. III., Vol. V.), Amy, heiress of the MacRuaries of Garmoran and Bute, and by her had three sons (and a daughter, Mary, who married, first, Maclean of Duart, and secondly, Maclean of Coll).

1. John, who died before his father, leaving one son, Angus, who died without issue.

2. Godfrey of Uist and Garmoran, whose name appears occasionally throughout the earlier chapters of this work, though really very little is known of his history or that of his descendants; for scarcely any authentic records remain of the period of Highland history in which they flourished. Godfrey (who was also called Lord of Lochaber) received a charter under the style of Lord of Garmoran in 1388, dated as *his* castle of Ellantirrim. We have already seen (p. 210, vol. v.) that his son Alexander of Garmoran, described as a leader of a thousand men, was beheaded at Inverness by order of King James during his visit to the Highland Capital in 1427,

when his whole possessions were forfeited to the Crown. His only son, also named Alexander, died in 1460. Macvurich, who records his death, describes him, like his father, as Lord of Uist. The lands of Uist and Garmoran were, however, forfeited, and, as we have already seen, granted by John, Earl of Ross, to his brother, Hugh of Sleat; but the latter was kept out of possession by the Macdonalds of Clanranald, who by precept obtained a grant of the lands in Uist and Benbecula in the year 1505. [See p. 421, vol. v., *C. M.*] "From this time," Gregory writes, "although there were several descendants of Godfrey still in existence, the tribe fell into decay." Skene says that while Godfrey appears to have for a time maintained his right to his mother's inheritance against the issue of the second marriage of his father, it "was soon extinguished by the failure of heirs male."*

3. The ground is now so far clear as to enable us to take up Reginald, the third and only son of John, first Lord of the Isles, by his first wife, Amy Macruari of Garmoran, whose male issue, so far as can be traced, survives. We shall therefore designate him

VIII. REGINALD, or RANALD, eighth chief of the race of Somerled, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Glengarry, and of all the Macdonalds known as Clanranalds, or Clann Raonuil, *i.e.*, descendants of Ranald or Reginald. When the arrangement already described (p. 126, vol. v.) was made on the marriage of the first Lord of the Isles with Margaret Stewart, Ranald received a large grant of lands, including the North Isles, Garmoran and other extensive possessions, to hold of his father John, Lord of the Isles, and his heirs of the second marriage, as a reward for falling in with the scheme, while his eldest brother Godfrey stoutly opposed it. This arrangement seemed more advantageous to Ranald as a younger son of the first marriage, the offspring of which had to fight for their possessions against the combined power of their own father and of the ruling monarch in the interest of the sons of the second marriage. And Ranald proved himself afterwards a man of great integrity and honour as tutor or guardian to his younger brother Donald, second Lord of the Isles, during his minority. He took a leading part in the government of the Isles during the life of his father, and was left in charge of the Lordship after his father's death, until Donald, the eldest son by the second marriage, became of age, when Ranald delivered over to him the government of the Lordship in presence of the leading vassals, very much against the wishes of the common people of the Isles, who still continued to look upon Godfrey, Ranald's eldest brother, as the rightful heir and head of the family.

We have now arrived at a stage where we can no longer avoid discussing the question of the chiefship of the whole clan. From what has been already said it must be clear to every impartial and disinterested reader that the chiefship by right of blood cannot be in the family of Sleat while any legitimate male descendant of the issue of John, first Lord of the Isles, by his first wife, Amy MacRuari of Garmoran, survives. There remains, however, the other question, upon which so much ink and temper has been wasted, still unfortunately staring us in the face, and we sincerely wish we could pass it over, but that is impossible. We have formed an opinion of our own on this delicate point, but think it best at present

* *Celtic Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 295.

to withhold it, and keep ourselves free to alter or modify it by any new or additional information which may turn up while this work is passing through the *Celtic Magazine* and the press. We have repeatedly and carefully perused the whole controversy which has taken place, sixty years ago, between the families of Glengarry and Clanranald, as well as the respective genealogies published by both claimants, and though the question is not without difficulty, certain facts which have been proved appear to us, in the absence of further evidence, quite insurmountable.

Skene, undoubtedly one of the best living authorities on such a question, devotes considerable space to the discussion of this point, and he deals with it so clearly and concisely that we shall quote him at length. We may, however, point out that Skene is occasionally found tripping—and he does so in this very connection; for we find him confusing the famous Donald Balloch of Isla, son and successor to John Mor Tanistear (second son of the first Lord of the Isles by Margaret Stewart), with Donald, first of the family of Glengarry.

Discussing the question of the much contested Chiefship of the race of Somerled and Conn, Skene sums up as follows:—"While it is fully admitted that the family of Sleat are the undoubted representatives of the last Lord of the Isles, yet if the descendants of Donald, from whom the clan took its name, or even of John of the Isles in the reign of David II., are to be held as forming one clan, it is plain that, according to the Highland principles of clanship, the *jus sanguinis*, or right of blood to the chiefship lay unquestionably in the male representative of John, whose own right was undoubted. John of the Isles had, by Amy, the daughter of Roderick of the Isles, three sons, John, Godfrey, and Ranald, of whom the last only left descendants, and from whom the Clan Ranald unquestionably derive their origin. By the daughter of Robert II. John had four sons, Donald, Lord of the Isles, from whom came the Macdonalds of Sleat; John Mor, from whom the Macdonalds of Kintyre; Alaster, the progenitor of Keppoch; and Angus.

"In this question, therefore, there are involved two subordinate questions which have given rise to considerable disputes. First, was Amy, the daughter of Roderic of the Isles, John's legitimate wife, and were the sons of that marriage John's legitimate heirs? And secondly, if the sons of the first marriage are legitimate, who is the Chief of the Clan Ranald, the only clan descended from that marriage? With regard to the first point, there are two documents which place it beyond all doubt that Amy was John's lawful wife. The first of these is a dispensation from the Pope in 1337 to John, son of Angus of the Isles, and Amy, daughter of Roderic of the Isles. The second is the treaty between John and David II. in 1369, in which the hostages are 'Donaldum filium meum ex filia domini senescali Scotiæ genitum Angusium filium quondam Johannis filii mei et Donaldum quemdam alium filium meum *naturalem*.' John had by Amy three sons, John, Godfrey, and Ranald, and the distinction made in the above passage between *John* 'filius meus,' and Donald filius meus *naturalis*, proves that this family were legitimate. But it is equally clear that the children of this marriage were considered as John's feudal heirs. When Robert II., in pursuance of the policy which he had adopted, persuaded John to make the children of the two marriages feudally independant of each other, it was effected in this manner.

John received charters of certain of his lands containing a special destination to the heir of the marriage with the King's daughter, while he granted a charter of another portion of his lands, consisting of the lordship of Garmoran, part of Lochaber, and some of the Isles, among which was that of Uist, to Reginald, one of the children of the first marriage, to be held of John's lawful heirs, and this charter was confirmed by the King. That a special destination was necessary to convey part of John's possessions to the children of the second marriage is in itself a strong presumption that they were not his feudal heirs, and from the terms of Reginald's charter it is manifest that he must, on John's death, have held his lands of the person universally acknowledged to be the feudal heir of the Lord of the Isles. This person, however, was his brother Godfrey, the eldest surviving son of the first marriage, for in a charter to the Abbey of Inchaffray, dated 7th July 1389, he designates himself 'Dominus de Uist,' and dates his charter 'Apud Castrum meum de Ylantirum,' both of which are included in Reginald's charter. Moreover it appears that he was succeeded in this by his son Alexander, for when James II. summoned a Parliament at Inverness, to which those only who held their lands in chief of the Crown, were bound to attend, and when, from the state of the country at the time, it is apparent that no one would appear who could on any ground excuse his absence, we find among those who obeyed the summons, Alexander Maccreury de Garmoran. Maccreury and Macgorry, or son of Godfrey, held the lordship of Garmoran in chief of the Crown. We find, however, that the rest of Reginald's lands were equally held of this Alexander, for Reginald's charter included a considerable part of Lochaber, and in the year 1394 an indenture was entered into between the Earl of Moray and Alexander de Insulis dominus de Lochaber, for the protection of certain lands in Morayshire. We thus see that when it was intended that the eldest son of the second marriage should hold his lands of the Crown, a special destination to him was requisite, that a charter of certain lands was given to Reginald to be held of John's feudal heirs, and that these very lands were held in chief of the Crown by Godfrey, the eldest surviving son of the first marriage, and by his son Alexander. It is therefore plain that the actual effect of Robert the Second's policy was to divide the possessions of his formidable vassals into two distinct and independent feudal lordships, of which the *Dominium de Garmoran et Lochaber* was held by the eldest son of the first marriage, and the *Dominium Insularum* by the eldest son of the second marriage; and in this state they certainly remained until the fatal Parliament of 1427, when the Lord of Garmoran was beheaded and his estates forfeited to the Crown.

"The policy of James I. induced him then to reverse the proceedings of his predecessor Robert, and he accordingly concentrated the Macdonald possessions in the person of the Lord of the Isles, but this arbitrary proceeding could not deprive the descendants of the first marriage of the feudal representation of the Chiefs of the Clan Donald, which now, on the failure of the issue of Godfrey in the person of his son Alexander, unquestionably devolved on the feudal representative of Reginald, the youngest son of that marriage.

"Of the descent of the Clan Ranald there is no doubt whatever, nor has it ever been disputed that they derive their origin from this Reginald

or Ranald, a son of John, Lord of the Isles, by Amy MacRory. Ranald obtained, as we have seen, from his father the lordship of Garmoran, which he held as vassal of his brother Godfrey, and these were the same territories which the Clan Ranald possessed, as appears from the Parliamentary Records in 1587, when mention is made of the 'Clan Ranald of Knoydart, Moydart, and Glengarry.' There has, however, arisen considerable doubt which of the various families descended from Ranald anciently possessed the chiefship, and without entering in this place into an argument of any great length on the subject, we shall state shortly the conclusions to which we have been led after a rigid examination of that question.

"That the present family styling themselves 'of Clanranald' were not the ancient chiefs there can be no doubt, as it is now a matter of evidence that they are descended from a *bastard* son of a second son of the old family of Moydart, who assumed the title of Captain of Clanranald in 1531, and as long as the descendants of the elder brother remain, they can have no claim by right of blood. The point we are to examine is, who was the chief previous to that assumption?"

"Ranald had five sons, of whom three only left issue, viz., Donald, from whom descended the family of Knoydart and Glengarry, Allan, the ancestor of the family of Moydart, and Angus, from whom came the family of Moror. That the descendants of Angus were the youngest branch, and could have no claim to the chiefship, has never been disputed, and the question accordingly lies between the descendants of Donald and Allan. The seniority of Donald, however, is distinctly proved by the fact that on the extinction of the family of Moror, the family of Moydart succeeded legally to that property; consequently by the law of Scotland they must have been descended from a younger son than the family of Knoydart and Glengarry, and it follows of necessity that the latter family must have been that of the chief.

"Donald had three sons, John, Alaster, and Angus. On the forfeiture of Alexander MacGorry of Garmoran in 1427, that part of Lochaber possessed by him was granted to the Earl of Marr, while all those lands held of him by the Clan Ranald remained in the Crown, and consequently the Chief of Clan Ranald must have held them as Crown vassal.* Accordingly we find John, the eldest son of Donald, holding his lands of the Crown, as appears from a gift of the non-entries of Knoydart to Cameron since the decease of Umq^{bl}. John MacRanald,† and this sufficiently indicates his position at the head of the clan, as, if he had not been chief, he would have held his lands of the Moydart family. John appears by another charter to have died in 1467, and in 1476 the lands of Garmoran were included in a Crown charter to John, Lord of the Isles.

* Not only did the Chief of Clan Ranald hold these lands of the Crown, as he had previously held them of Alexander MacGorry, but it actually appears that the Lord of the Isles was his vassal in some of them, for Alexander, Lord of the Isles, grants a charter to the ancestor of the Macneils, dated in 1427, of the Island of Barra, and of the lands of Boysdale in the Island of Uist, both of which islands are included in Reginald's charter, and one of which was, as we have seen, certainly held in chief of the Crown by the heir of the *first* marriage.

† That this John MacRanald was John, the eldest son of Donald, appears from two facts; first, his lands adjoin those of Alaster, the second son, and are separated by them from those of the other branches of the clan. Second, on the failure of his descendants, the descendants of Alaster succeeded to them.

The Lords of the Isles had invariably manifested the most inveterate hostility to the rival family of Garmoran and their supporters. On the acquisition of Lochaber by Alexander, Lord of the Isles, after his release from prison, this animosity displayed itself in the proscription of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, MacMartins of Letterfinlay, and others who were always faithful adherents of the patriarchal chief of the clan. The same animosity was now directed against the Chief of Clan Ranald; his lands of Knoydart appear to have been given to Lochiel, the lands of South Moror, Arisaig, and many of the isles, were bestowed on Hugh of Slait, the brother of the Lord of the Isles, and in this way the principal branch of the Clan Ranald was reduced to a state of depression from which it did not soon recover. To this proscription there was but one exception, viz., the family of Moydart, who alone retained their possessions, and, in consequence, on the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles, they did not hesitate to avail themselves of their situation, and place themselves at the head of the clan, a proceeding to which the representative of the ancient chiefs was not in a situation to offer any resistance. This was principally effected by John, surnamed Mudortach, a bastard son of the brother of the Laird of Moydart; but the character of the usurpation is sufficiently marked by the title of *Captain* of Clan Ranald, which alone he assumed, and which his descendants retained until the latter part of the last century, when the Highland title of Captain of Clan Ranald was most improperly converted into the feudal one of Macdonald of Clan Ranald. At the forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles, the family of Knoydart and Glengarry consisted of two branches termed respectively 'of Knoydart' and 'of Glengarry,' of which the former was the senior; and while the senior branch never recovered from the depressed state to which they had been reduced, the latter obtained a great accession of territory, and rose at once to considerable power by a fortunate marriage with the heiress of the Macdonalds of Lochalsh. During the existence of the senior branch, the latter acknowledged its head as their chief, but on their extinction, which occurred soon after the usurpation by the family of Moydart, the Glengarry branch succeeded to their possessions, and as representing Donald, the eldest son of Ranald, the founder of the clan, loudly asserted their right to the chiefship, which they have ever since maintained.

"As the Moydart family were unwilling to resign the position which they had acquired, this produced a division of the clan into two factions, but the right of the descendants of Donald is strongly evinced by the above fact of the junior branch acknowledging a chief during the existence of the senior, and only maintaining their right to that station on its extinction, and by the acknowledgment of the chiefship of the Glengarry family constantly made by the Macdonalds of Keppoch and other branches of the clan, who had invariably followed the patriarchal chiefs in preference to the rival family of the Lords of the Isles.

"These few facts, which are necessarily given but very concisely, are, however, sufficient to warrant us in concluding that Donald, the progenitor of the family of Glengarry, was Ranald's eldest son; that from John, Donald's eldest son, proceeded the senior branch of this family, who were chiefs of Clan Ranald; that they were from circumstances, but principally in consequence of the grant of Garmoran to the Lord of the Isles, so completely reduced that the oldest cadet, as usual in such cases, obtained the

actual chiefship, with the title of captain, while on the extinction of this branch, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the family of Glengarry, descended from Alaster, Donald's second son, became the legal representatives of Ranald, the common ancestor of the clan, and consequently possessed that right of blood to the chiefship of which no usurpation, however successful, could deprive them. The family of Glengarry have since then not only claimed the chiefship of the Clan Ranald, but likewise that of the whole Clan Donald, as undoubted representative of Donald, the common ancestor of the clan; and when the services rendered by the family to the house of Stuart were rewarded by a peerage from Charles II., Glengarry indicated his rights by assuming the title of Lord Macdonell and Arross, which, on the failure of male heirs of his body, did not descend to his successors, although his lands formed in consequence the barony of Macdonell."*

Reginald married a daughter of Walter Stewart, Earl of Athol, brother of King Robert II., and by her had issue—

1. Donald, immediate progenitor of the family of Glengarry.
2. Allan, first of the family of Clanranald, of whom hereafter.
3. John, known among the Highlanders as "Iain Dall," or Blind John, who possessed lands in the Island of Eigg, and from whom the Macdonalds of Bornish descended.

4. Angus. 5. Dugall. 6. A daughter, Mora.

He is said to have died, a very old man, in 1419, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. DONALD MACRANALD, second of the line of Glengarry. Little or nothing is known of him, which may be accounted for by the fact stated by Gregory, namely, that on the death of Ranald, "his children, then young, were dispossessed by their uncle Godfrey, who assumed the title of Lord of Uist (which, with Garmoran, he actually possessed), but never questioned the claims of Donald to the Lordship of the Isles."† On the execution and forfeiture of Alexander, the son and successor of Godfrey, in 1427 at Inverness, the lands of Glengarry reverted to the Crown, and were held as a Royal forest, or appanage of Inverlochy Castle—then a Royal residence. At the same time the Macdonalds of Glengarry were Crown tenants, and they ultimately succeeded in obtaining a Crown charter to the lands of which they were dispossessed by their feudal superior, Godfrey of Garmoran.

Donald married, first, Laveve, daughter of Macivor, and by her had one son,

1. John, his successor.

He married, secondly, "a daughter of Macimmie" (Lovat), by whom he had—

2. Alastair; and 3, Angus Og. ‡

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

X. JOHN MACDONALD, third of Glengarry, who married a daughter of Macleod of Lewis, with issue—a son,

XI. ALASTAIR MACDONALD, fourth of Glengarry, from whom the family take their Gaelic patronymic of "Mac'ic Alastair," and who is the first of the family of Glengarry whose name is found in the public records,

* Highlanders of Scotland, vol. ii. pp. 96-106.

† Highlands and Isles, p. 31.

‡ MS. of 1450, printed in the Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.

and that only as the grandfather of his grandson mentioned in a commission of Lieutenancy by the Crown in favour of Colin, Earl of Argyll, making him "*Locum tenentum omnium insularum tam australium quam borealium,*" and of certain lands—among others, "*Alterius MOROR quam Alester Makcane MAKALESTER habet,*" dated 8th of March 1516;* that is, Alastair, son of John, son of Alastair, the last named being our present subject. The Moror here named is North Moror. On the 26th of February 1517, he appears in an action in the Court of Session as "*Alexander Jhone MACALISTERIS sone* in GLENGARRY.† He is repeatedly mentioned later, as we shall see further on.

He married the only daughter of — Maclean of Duart, by whom he had issue—

1. John, his heir.

2. John "Odhar," who settled in Lochcarron, and of whom the Clann Ian Uidhir of that district, Strathglass, and elsewhere in the North, some of whom have changed their names to MacNairs. Most of the Strathglass Macdonalds emigrated to Canada, mainly to Nova-Scotia.

3. Æneas, of whom the well-known family of Sithean.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XII. JOHN MACDONALD, fifth of Glengarry, who married a daughter of Cameron of Lochiel, with issue—one son, who succeeded as

XIII. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, sixth of Glengarry, whom we find mentioned as "Allastyr Mac Ean Vic Allyster of Morvern and Glengarrie," in a bond of manrent to Colin, Earl of Argyll, the King's Lieutenant at the time over the district in which Glengarry's property lay, dated 5th of February 1519, with a Notarial Instrument thereon dated 8th of August in the same year. Under date of 30th March 1538, there is recorded in the Register of the Privy Council, vol. 26, No. 426, a letter under the Privy Seal to "Alexander Mackane MacAlester of Glengarry," of the Slysmyone of Glengarry and Moror, "wyt all malis, fermes, proffitis, and dewteis of ye saide lands wyt yare pertinents of all yeris and terms bigane yat ye samin hes been in our soverane lordis handis or his predecessoris by resoune of nonentres sen ye deceis of John MacAlastir fader to ye saide Alexander, or his predecessoris." On the 6th of March in the same year he has a charter under the Great Seal in favour of "Alexandor Mackane MacAlister et Margarete Ylis ejus spouse" in liferent; "et Angusio MacAlister eorum filio et heredi apparenti" in fee, and his heirs male, of the lands of Glengarry and Moror, with the Castle, Fortalice, and Manor of Strome, half of Lochalsh, Lochbroom, &c., &c., proceeding on the resignation of Alexander and Margaret of Lochalsh. In the controversy which took place between Glengarry and Clanranald regarding the Chiefship of the Clan, the champion of the latter made strong aspersions on the character of this lady, whom he erroneously described as, and confused with, a *daughter* of Celestine of Lochalsh. For the charge there is no real foundation; and she was a *granddaughter* of Celestine, a daughter of his son and successor, Alexander, and sister and co heiress of Sir Donald Gallda of Lochalsh, who died without issue in 1518, when she succeeded as eldest daughter of Sir Alexander, and co-heiress of his only son, Sir Donald Gallda, to one-half of his estates. These she carried to her hus-

* Reg. Sec. Sig., Lib. 5, fo. 102.

† Acts Dom. Con., Lib. 12, fol. 2 b.

band, Alexander of Glengarry, and secured for him, in consequence, a position of great influence and power.

On the 26th of February 1515, Grant of Freuchy obtained a decret against Sir Donald Gallda of Lochalsh, Chisholm of Comar, *Alexander John Ranaldson's son in Glengarry*, Donald Mac Angus More in Achadrom, and others, "for the wrongous and violent spoliation and takand of the fortalice of Urquhart, frae the said John the Grant, and for £2000 as the value thereof."

He married, as already stated, Margaret de Insulis and Lochalsh, co-heiress of Sir Donald (Gallda) Macdonald of Lochalsh, and, according to some authorities, lineal representative and heiress to the forfeited Earldom of Ross, with issue—an only son, who succeeded,

XIV. *ÆNEAS MACDONALD*, seventh of Glengarry. He has a charter under the Great Seal * confirming "Honorabili viro Angusio Mac Alester filio ac heredi apparenti *quondam* Alexandri Mackane de Glengarie suisque heredibus masculis de corpore, &c., omnes et singulas terras de Glengarie, necnon terras Drynathauē insulam de Sleichmeine duodecim mercatus terrarum antiqui extentus de Morare duodecim mercatus terrarum antiqui extentus de Locheache, viz, Inchnarine, Andenarra, Sallachie, &c., &c.—quatour mercatus terrarum de Lochcarron"—&c., &c., which had been appraised from him by John Grant of Freuchy, dated 19th July 1574. Complaint was made to the Privy Council by the widow of Robert Guidlett, a mariner in Kinghorn, that her "spous being at the fischeing the last yeir in the North Ilis, at the loch callit Lochstrone, within the dominion of Anguss McAlexander of Glengarry, wes in the hinderend of harvist last bipast crewallie set upoun and slane be — Panter and utheris his complices," all of whom were within the dominions of Angus, and were his tenants. Angus was ordained of his own consent to affix and hold courts as often as need be within his bounds and dominions, and put the "committaris of the said cryme to the knowledge of ane assyiss of the merchandis and marynaris that first sall happin to arrive at Lochstrone or Lochcarron at the next fischeing," and he is to minister justice upon them, if found culpable or innocent, conform to the laws of the realm. The Commission is dated "At Holyrood-house, 16th July 1574," and is given at length, pp. 100-101 *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*.

Æneas married Janet, only daughter of Sir Hector Maclean of Duart, with issue—an only son,

1. Donald, his heir.

He married, secondly, Margaret Macleod, daughter of Roderick Macleod, "King's Baron of Herries," with issue—

2. Margaret, who married one of the Cuthberts of Castlehill, Inverness, and became the progenitrix of the famous Colbert, Charles, Marques of Seignelay, Minister of Lewis XIV. of France.*

He married, thirdly, Mary, daughter of Kenneth-Na-Cuire, Xth Baron of Kintail, with issue, a daughter, Elizabeth, who married John "Roy" Mackenzie, IVth of Gairloch, with issue. Mary, his third wife, survived Angus, and married, as her second husband, Chisholm of Comar.

He was succeeded by his only son,

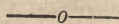
(To be Continued.)

* Reg. Sec. Sig., Lib. ii., fo. 62 b.

* Parliamentary Warrant for the Bore Brieve of Charles, Marques Seignelay, 1686.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.



VI.

It is said that the Chisholm, good old Rory, "Ruari-an-aidh," as he used to be familiarly called, was in treaty with the Laird of Gairloch for the purchase of Glasletter in Glen Cannich. The then Laird of Gairloch, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, ninth laird and second baronet, was locally known as "An Tighearna Breac." About 1720 he purchased some land in the low country of Ross, and continued for a few years afterwards to add to his estates. This rendered it necessary for him to think of selling the most distant portion of the Barony of Gairloch in Glasletter. The good old Chisholm made up his mind, if possible, to buy it. With this object the two lairds met, and went to see the Glasletter. On their way passing through the west end of Glencannich, they called on a very eccentric character, "Fearachar na Cosaig," who resided in Cosaig. He conveyed the two chiefs for about two miles up the glen. When about to leave them Sir Alexander asked him the following questions:—"Ciod i do bharaill ormsa Fhearachair? tha mi dol a chreic na Glasleitreach!" "Ma ta," arsa Fearachair, "Alastair cha 'n eil ach barail a bhruc de ladhran, barail bhog. Ach ciod a tha thu faighinn air a son? Am bheil thu faighinn uiread ri Beinn-fhionnla air a son?" "Cha 'n eil idir," arse Tighearna Ghearrloch, "cha 'n eil mi faighinn uiread na cloiche sin air a son," 's e bualadh a bhrog air sconn cloiche. "Tha thu faoin Alastair," thuirte Fearachair, "Ged thoisicheadh tu an diugh aig bun Beinn-fhionnla, agus a bhi gabhail di fad laithean do bheatha, cha chaith thu i, ach faodaidh tu uiread na cloiche sin, a chaitheamh an uin ghoirid agus bithidh a Ghlasleitir a dhith ort." "Tha thu ceart, ro cheart Fhearachair," arsa Tighearna Ghearrloch, "agus bithidh 'bhuil." Thug an Siosalach suil air Fearachair mar gun abradh e "Rinn thu 'n tubaist." Thuig Fearachair mar bha, agus thuirte e, "Ach co ris a ghaolaich, Alastair, tha thu dol a reic na Glasleitreach?" "Ri do charaide fein, an Siosalach," arsa Tighearna Ghearrloch. "Puthu! mas ann mar sin a tha," arsa Fearachair, "'s beag eadar ribh fein i; 's cloinn chairdean sibh fein. Turas math dhuibh a dhaoine uaisle," arsa Fearachair 's e cur cul a chinn ri na tighearnan. For the benefit of the unlearned I shall give the meaning in English of this familiar dialogue as follows:—"What do you think of me," said the Laird of Gairloch addressing Farquhar, "now that I am going to sell the Glasletter?" "My opinion of you is the same as the badger's opinion of his hoofs, a soft opinion; but how much are you getting for it, are you getting the size of Ben-Finlay of gold for it" (one of the highest mountains in the district)? "Oh! no, Farquhar, not even the size of this stone," striking his foot against a stone that lay near them. "Well, then, I beg to tell you that you are very foolish, for if you were to begin this day at the foot of Ben-Finlay and work at it for the remainder of your life, you could not spend it, but you could soon spend the size of this stone in gold, and then

Glasletter would be gone from you for ever." "You are right, quite right, Farquhar," replied Gairloch. The Chisholm looked askance at Farquhar, as much as to say, "you have spoiled my bargain." Farquhar, discovering that he had committed a mistake, then said, "But, my dear Alexander, who are you going to sell the Glasletter to?" "To your friend, the Chisholm," replied Gairloch. "Oh then," answered Farquhar, "if that is the case, it's a very small matter between yourselves, children of relations as you are. A good journey to you, gentlemen;" and Farquhar turned on his heels and left them.

The Laird of Gairloch, it will be seen, was not above consulting a poor mountain herdsman, whose familiarity with the two lairds will make the reader smile. The result was that Gairloch did not offer the Chisholm the Glasletter again for several years. Some five or six years after, however, the good old Chisholm bought Glasletter from Sir Alexander. I am not surprised at Gairloch having a great reluctance in parting with the Glasletter, considering that his family had it under a charter for about 220 years. How long they may have had it before is not clear, but it is historically true that they had a charter under the great seal of Gairloch, Glasletter and Coirre-nan-Cuilean, dated as early as the 8th April 1513.*

Further on in this paper I shall relate a few more of Farquhar's eccentricities, but meanwhile let me state what good Rory intended to do with his newly acquired possessions. Soon after the purchase he entered into an agreement with a contractor to drain Loch Mulardich, a fresh water lake in Glencannich, which measures from east to west about five miles, and in some parts about a mile in breadth. It is bounded at the east end by a rocky barrier, which divides it from another lake called Loch-a-Bhana. This ridge between the two lakes extends to about 100 yards. It was calculated that by the draining of the loch some valuable grazings would be reclaimed and added to the already fine pastures about its upper end. The immense depth of the lake at the face of the intercepting rock was an encouragement to proceed with the proposed operations, especially as the bottom of Loch Mulardich was on a level with the surface of Loch-a-Bhana below. Consequently the contractor found no engineering difficulty in the work. He began with great vigour by blasting the intercepting rock, and removed piece after piece, leaving only a thin breast of rock at either end to keep back the water. Many a time have I measured with the end of my fishing-rod, the depth of the holes made and left in the rock by the borers, into which the intended charge of powder was never inserted; and part of the smithy wall which the men erected for sharpening their tools still remains. Everything was going on so successfully that the draining of Loch Mulardich was considered almost an accomplished fact, when the contractor accidentally lost his life. On a certain occasion good old Rory was on a visit to his father-in-law, Macdonell of Glengarry, when a party went on a shooting expedition to Cuileachaidh, where a man resided named Alastair Mor, who considered himself no mean poet, and in greeting the Chisholm he addressed him—

Mo ghaol an Siosalach Glaiseach,
Chunnaic mi an Cuileachaidh an de thu,

* See Mackenzie's History of the Mackenzies, p. 305.

Cha 'n eil agad ach aon nighean,
 Gheibh thu Tighearna dha 'n te sin ;
 Thug thu 'n cuid fhein do na Taillich
 'S mor gu'm b fhearr leo agad fein e,
 Leig thu ruith do Loch Mhulardaich,
 'S rinn thu fasach dha 'n spreidh dhi.

John Tulloch, the contractor, was a native of Redcastle, a man of great energy and reputation in his business. A number of gentlemen were in the habit of spearing salmon at this time, and it was considered very good sport. John Tulloch, who joined a party at the Falls of Kilmorack, accidentally overbalanced himself while aiming his spear at a salmon, and fell into the caldron below, and thus ended, unfortunately, the scheme for draining Loch Mulardich.

Fearachar-na-Cosaig, already mentioned, was a descendant of Aonghas Odbar, a Glengarry Macdonell, and somewhat eccentric. On one occasion, in the depth of winter, he went down to the Strath for a bag of barley to have it ground at home on the quern. Returning home with his load, at a place called Carn-an-doire-dhuinn, and within two miles of his own house, Farquhar was crossing a hollow where he noticed a great number of birds taking shelter during a snow-storm. Farquhar, evidently a man of generous disposition, took the bag of barley from off the horse, and strewed the whole contents on the snow to feed the birds. On his arrival at home, in answer to his wife's enquiries and remonstrances for his foolish proceedings, he said that he could not see the Chisholm's birds starving without succouring them, and that he had given them all the barley. The story soon reached the ears of the Chisholm. Farquhar was sent for to Erchless ; a good supply of barley was presented to him ; and the same quantity ordered to him annually during his life. From that day till now the hollow in which Farquhar strewed the barley for "eoin bheaga 'n t-Siosalaich," is known by the name of "Glaic an eorna," the hollow of the barley. So far as I am aware, no man has pitched his residence in Cosag since Farquhar left it, until Sir Joseph Radcliffe built a shooting box there some fifty years ago. After Sir Joseph left the lodge was rebuilt, and has since been the shooting residence of Sir Greville Smith and others, and it is now in the possession of Mr Winans. Considering that Cosag has been selected as the residence of men of wealth and taste, we must allow that old Farquhar was not a bad judge of locality when he originally built his mud hut.

There is a very old story current in Strathglass to the effect that one of the Lairds of Gairloch was accidentally killed in Lietry, in Glencannich, by a man who was watching the cattle pinfold. At the time this accident happened it was customary for farmers and owners of cattle to pinfold and watch them at night in a square or circular enclosure called "Buaille-mhart." This system was considered beneficial in more respects than one. First, the knowledge that the fold was sedulously watched was a terror to those inclined to try their hand at the old-fashioned game of cattle lifting ; second, it was well known that the fold, when properly attended to by shifting, replacing, and rebuilding alternately on different parts of the field, was one of the best possible means of fertilising the ground. For these reasons and others it may be taken for granted that the "Buaille-mhart" was pretty common to all parts of the Highlands. The watchers,

however, used to find occupation irksome during the dreary long nights in the fall of the year, and many and many a song was composed and sung to while away the time on these occasions.

Thug an oidhebe nochd gu gaillionn,
'S ann oirn tha caithris na Buaile.

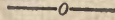
Lietry, as I said, was the scene of the accident which terminated fatally to the Laird of Gairloch. A farmer in Lietry, named Macdonald, long, long ago, was watching the cattle fold, when about dusk one evening two gentlemen, Gairloch and his companion, came up and leant against the top lath in one of the hurdles composing the fence of the fold. Macdonald, observing them from a distance, instantly challenged them in the following terms:—"Co tha'n sud 's an uchd air a bhuaile?" (Who is there leaning on the fold?) Gairloch, knowing Macdonald's voice, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and in whose house he intended to pass that night, requested his companion not to answer that they might have some quiet fun with the watcher. Macdonald, however, became peremptory, and repeated his previous question, adding the rather significant threat—"Mar freagar sibh mise bithidh m' inthaidh aig an fhear as gile broilleach agaibh." (Unless you answer me my arrow shall be at him whose breast is the whitest), who turned out to be Gairloch, he having had on a light vest. A short pause ensued, but no answer came; and Macdonald raised his bow and shot the fatal arrow, which embedded itself in the neck of the Laird of Gairloch, who instantly fell to rise no more. The part of the neck which the arrow pierced is called in Gaelic "an Slugan;" and from that day to this the field on which the sad accident occurred is called "Raon an t-Slugain." Mackenzie lingered for about a week in Macdonald's house before death had put an end to his sufferings, and it is related that he fully exonerated Macdonald from blame, and begged, as his dying request, that no one would ever cast it up to him. But Macdonald himself was so much dejected in consequence of what happened, that he scarcely ever entered any society during the rest of his life.

(To be Continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS AND LORDS OF THE ISLES.—A "First List of Subscribers" will be found in our advertising pages. It is naturally gratifying to receive the patronage of so many of the better classes, socially and intellectually, for a work on the merits of which they have been already able to form an opinion to some extent in these pages. Those wishing to secure copies of the History should lose no time in sending in their names, as *the issue is to be strictly limited*. It will soon be sent to press.

BOOKS RECEIVED and to be noticed in an early issue:—From David Douglas, Edinburgh, "Scotland in Early Christian Times," by Joseph Anderson; from "Fionn," "The Celtic Garland."

CELTIC SCOTLAND—LAND AND PEOPLE.*



WE have now had before us for some months the third and final volume of Mr Skene's History of Ancient Alban. According to the plan which the author has adopted, this volume, like its predecessors, is a separate work in itself, and the subject with which it professes to deal is "the early land tenures and social condition of the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland." Our readers will readily appreciate the interest with which we approach this subject treated by the greatest of Celtic scholars. Here we may expect to find all that great ability and a long life of diligent and patient research and study have been able to discover about our ancestors, and a patient and careful study of the book has not disappointed our expectations.

The volume commences with an account of Scotland as it was at the close of the reign of Alexander the Third—the last of the monarchs in the direct Celtic line. At that time the kingdom had attained the dimensions which it has since retained, and had been consolidated into a feudal monarchy. The eastern district south of the Forth was, as it had long been, inhabited by a Saxon people. The south-western district was inhabited by the remains of the Strathclyde Britons, with a considerable mixture of the Saxon element, and by a Gaelic people in Galloway and Ayrshire. Over the eastern district north of the Forth and outside the Highland line, where the Saxon wife of Malcolm Canmore required an interpreter to enable her to communicate with the Gaelic people, the English language and Saxon and Norman laws and customs held complete sway, and any remnants of the Celtic race which remained appear, alas! only as "Native" or "Bondi" serfs bound to the soil. But within the Highland line the Celtic race had taken its stand, and held its own, as it continues to do, and Celtic customs, laws, and tenures still prevailed, although veiled and hidden to a great extent by the feudal system which was the law of the land, and which was gradually but surely eating into and corrupting them. To trace out such remains of these laws, customs, and tenures as survived in historic times, and from them, and from what can be gathered from the laws and history of the kindred branches of the race in Wales and Ireland, to enable us to see what the ancient organisation of the kingdom was, is the object which the author has set before him, and has diligently pursued through careful and exhaustive examinations of the seven provinces into which ancient Alban was divided, the legendary origins of its inhabitants, the tribe and sept as they existed in Ireland and Wales, the clan as it arose and existed in Scotland, the thanages and their extinction, and the genealogies of the clans. To a great extent it will be seen that this is what may be called writing history backwards. The ordinary process is to trace peoples and their institutions from a rude beginning, through a natural course of development, to what they now are. Ancient Alban, however, had hardly become consolidated into a compact state when alien influences began to affect it, and to its

* By William F. Skene, LL.D.; Edinburgh, David Douglas.

historian it is only left to catch as they disappear the shadows of its ancient social system, decaying under a foreign influence, and from them to reproduce the system as it existed before the process of decay began.

In the present paper it is not our intention to write a formal review of this great book, or to attempt to criticise a master. We set before ourselves a humbler task, but one which we hope will be more agreeable to our readers, viz., to try and reproduce, from the materials so fully placed at our disposal, some pictures of the ancient Gaelic people, to trace some of the modifications which, under foreign influences, it underwent, and to touch, it may be somewhat at random, on various points of interest which the author brings before us.

We know from external, as well as from internal, sources that the ancient organisation of the Gaelic people was tribal. The original unit of this system was, according to Skene, the "Tuath," a word originally applied to the tribe alone, but which came ultimately to be applied also to the territory which the tribal community inhabited. In holding the tuath to be the unit, Skene differs from Sir Henry Mayne, who holds that the "fine," or sept, was the unit, but we think that Skene has succeeded in showing that his opinion is right, and that the sept by a natural process developed within the Tuath. What the original state of the tribe was, we have no records to show. It doubtless existed in a very rude state, and went through the usual stages of subsisting by the chase, by the care and feeding of cattle, and ultimately by the more settled occupation of husbandry. That there was a stage in the development, long after the cultivation of the land had begun, when the idea of individual property in the land did not exist, is beyond all doubt; and we think we are safe in saying that as the root idea of the feudal system was that the whole land of the country belonged to the Crown, the root idea of the Celtic system was that the land was the common property of the tribe, and traces of this idea exist even to this day. When, however, we first get a clear view of the tribe, as we do in the Brehon Laws, the idea of individual property in land was well established, the title consisting in possession for three generations, and the internal organisation of the tribe is seen to be of a complicated and highly artificial character.

The tuath was ruled over by a Toseich, or Ri Tuath. This office was hereditary in the family of the Toseich, but the succession was according to the law of tanistry. Under the toseich there were six gradations of Boaires, or cow lords, before reaching the "Fer Midba" or inferior men—the free member of the tribe when first emancipated from the control of his parents, he became entitled to possess a house and to get a share in the periodical division of the common tribe land. The gradations of rank originally, as the name implies, arose from the possession of cattle, but came at a later stage to depend on the possession of land and the number of tenants: but, on whatever depending, the gradations of rank were well defined, and the "honour price" of each was clearly fixed. Of these ranks the most interesting is the Aithech or Athreba, who represented a small community of four or five families, occupying jointly and possessing in common as much stock as would entitle one individual to the rank of a Boaire. Here we have without doubt the representative of those communities or townships, some of which exist to this day as club farms. In addition to the free members of the tribe, there appear

to have been in every tuath unfreed or servile men, consisting of broken men of other tribes who had settled on the land or whose land had been conquered; remnants of an earlier race, and doubtless free men of the tribe who had fallen into poverty, and their descendants. These were the "Bothach," "Cottiers," and "Fuedhir," and after four generations of service they came to be called "Seucleithe," or old adherents.

How the idea of individual property in land first originated it is not easy to tell. Skene supposes that it may have originated in the setting apart of certain portions of the tribe land as demesnes or mensal lands for the Toseich, bard, and other officials of the tribe. And with Christianity, and the grants of land to the monasteries, which formed the leading feature in the organisation of the ancient Celtic church, the idea must have gained strength. Once originated it would naturally gain ground rapidly, and the rich cow lords would naturally desire to continue in possession of the portions of the tribe land which had been allotted to them, and to hand them down to their descendants; and, as we have seen, possession of land for three generations was held to confer a right of property. In the tuath then, as we find it in the Brehon laws, the land consisted of the demesnes of the toseich and other officials, portions possessed in property by the men of rank and held by their tenants and dependants, and portions still common to the ordinary free men of the tribe and divided periodically among them. These portions, we may well believe, would tend gradually to become smaller by the encroachments of the more powerful members.

The services which the members of the tribe owed to the Toseich, and through the Toseich and those above him to the King, were principally assistance at the building of forts and "Feucht," or the burden of attending expeditions within the kingdom, and "sluaged" or hosting, the burden of attending the King's army or host when assembled for the defence of the kingdom or for foreign war, and a tribute called Can, or Kain and Conventh. These services do not appear to have originally been connected with the land, but to have been duties arising from membership of the tribe and nation; but they appear to have been apportioned according to the extent of land, the unit being the "Davoch," which consisted of twenty homesteads, and was equal to what, in the West Highlands and Isles when Norwegian terms came to be used, was called a twenty penny land. Being apportioned on the land these services would naturally tend to be connected with it as a burden on it, and when feudal ideas were introduced, they tended to conform to the feudal idea. The tie which bound inferior to superior within the tribe seems to have been originally the giving of stock by the superior to the inferior, in return for which a rent in kind and homage and service were rendered. There were two forms of contract under which stock was given, one a free "saer" contract terminable at the end of a certain time by the return of the stock, the other an unfree contract "daor" by which the inferior man placed himself permanently under the protection of the superior as a permanent follower or dependant. As territorial ideas gained ground these contracts also became connected with land, the superior giving not only stock but land to his tenants, free and unfree. Of the free tenancy under this system we presume we have the remains in the contract of "steelbow," under which the landlord gave to the tenant the land fully stocked, re-

ceiving back the stock at the end of the lease. This form of contract existed within the last twenty years, if it does not even yet exist.

The origin of the fine or sept within the tribe Mr Skene holds to have had a territorial basis. His theory is that when the territorial lords became firmly settled in possession of their lands, the more powerful of them would naturally try to increase the influence of themselves and their families by establishing a number of tenants dependant on them on their lands, and that as they increased their possessions, and the free land of the tribe correspondingly decreased, the free members of the tribe would tend to put themselves under the protection of their more powerful neighbours by becoming their "ceile" or tenants—at first, no doubt, free tenants, but gradually the poorer would tend to become unfree tenants. The unfree tenants at first would doubtless be strangers and broken men of other tribes, and servile men of other races settled on the land. The Toseichs too would naturally endeavour to increase their power and influence by settling on their demesnes tenants dependant on them. There would thus be a number of men within the tribe, each with a following of his own, and ultimately these developed into septs each with its chief. If, however, the original basis of the sept was territorial, the idea of relationship and common origin undoubtedly grew up along with it. The territorial lord would naturally settle on his land, as his principal tenants, his own relatives, and in course of time the belief in the common origin and relationship of all members of the sept prevailed and became its strongest bond of union—the word clan meaning simply children or dependants. The Brehon Laws describe an organisation within the sept consisting of seventeen persons, and of four ranks or degrees. These had very elaborate rules of succession among themselves, and it is not easy to understand what the exact nature of the organisation was, or to believe that anything so very artificial could long have existed. Mr Skene supposes this to have consisted of the chief of the sept, with the heads of the next three collateral families, with a certain number of members of each; all beyond these degrees of relationship merging in the commonality of the sept. Whether such an organisation as this existed in Scotland we have no record, but that something of the kind existed may be gathered from the following account of the Highlands given in the Gartmore MS.:—"The property of these Highlands belongs to a great many different persons, who are more or less considerable in proportion to the extent of their estates, and to the command of men that live upon them or follow them on account of their clanship out of the estates of others. These lands are set by the landlord during pleasure or a short tack, to people whom they call goodmen (*duine uasail*), and who are of a superior station to the commonality. These are generally the sons, brothers, cousins, or nearest relations of the landlord (or chief). This, by means of a small portion and the liberality of their relations, they are able to stock, and which they and their children and grandchildren possess at an easy rent—till a nearer descendant be again preferred to it. As the propinquity removes they become less considered, till at last they degenerate to be of the common people, unless some accidental acquisition of wealth supports them above their station. As this hath been an ancient custom, most of the farmers and cottars are of the name and clan of the proprietor."

But while septs thus grew up within the tuath or tribe in many cases, there were tribes where this did not take place, and where the whole tribe tended to become the sept of the toseich. Thus, in one of the tracts embodied in the Brehon Laws, it is stated that every person in a tuath accepts equal stock or subsidy from the Flath Gielfine or Gielfine Chief (that is the head or chief of a sept within the tuath), and the Flath Grelfine accepts stock from the Ri Tuath or toseich—or else every person in the tuath accepts it from the Ri Tuath. Whether in the tuath with its toseich and subordinate chiefs of septs we are to look for the origin of the group of clans, each with its chief, and one of them as captain over all, is a question which naturally occurs to us on reading this, and which several passages in the book suggest, but on which the author does not enter.

The next step in the organisation above the tuath was the mortuath, or great tribe, consisting of a number of tuaths. In Ireland above this there was the "cuicidh," consisting of five mortuaths with its king, above that the province with its king, and above all the Ard Ri, or supreme king, reigning at Tara. In Scotland, however, there were only mortuaths, each of these constituting a province, and ruled over by a mormaer, sometimes called a king; and over them a King of Alban.

When the kingdom of Alban was consolidated under Kenneth Mac-Alpin, the first of the dynasty of Scottish kings, it consisted of Scotland north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and exclusive of Caithness (which then included Sutherland) and the Western Isles, both of which then and for long after belonged to the Norwegians. Over this kingdom the king ruled, having his residence at the Mote Hill of Scone, and having as his demesnes a tract of land immediately surrounding that place. This kingdom was divided into seven great provinces, each forming the territory of a great tribe or mortuath, and ruled over by a mormaer or hereditary ruler, possessing as his demesne a portion of the tribe territory. The rest of the province was divided into tuaths, or territories of the smaller tribes or divisions of the great tribe, ruled over by toseichs, and each of these again possessing a part of the tuath as his demesne, and in some of these tuaths we may well believe that septs ruled over by their chiefs had developed or were in course of developing.

The first foreign influence which began to interfere with the natural development of this system was Saxon. This commenced probably with the cession of Lothian to the Scots in 1018, and its effect was greatly increased by the connection of Malcolm Canmore with England and his marriage with a Saxon princess. Under this influence the mormaers became earls, and the toseichs thanes. That this was so in the case of the earls is beyond all doubt, for among various similar instances we find the sennachie of Clanranald designating Mary Lesly, the feudal Countess of Ross, who married Donald of the Isles, and died in 1440, as "Banmorbhair" of Ross. Whether the thanes were the hereditary toseichs or chiefs of tribes under another name has been disputed on high authority, but Mr Skene holds that they were, and it appears to us on perfectly sufficient grounds. The next influence, and the one which ultimately prevailed, was the feudal. With David first commenced the policy of feudalising the old Celtic earldoms, that is of converting the Celtic earls into feudal vassals of the Crown. It is singular, however, to find that

long after the process was completed, a distinction was supposed to exist between the old earldoms and other feudal holdings. One of the questions put to the eighty arbiters appointed to decide the question as to the succession to the crown between Bruce, Baliol, and John de Hastings, was whether in the case of failure of male heirs the earldoms and baronies of the kingdom were partible among sisters as co-heiresses; and they decide without hesitation that baronies were partible (according to the feudal law), but that earldoms were not partible, the eldest heir-female taking them entire; and they say that this was so decided in the Court of the King of Scotland in the case of the Earldom of Athol some time previous to 1232. Ultimately, however, all distinction between the earls and other vassals of the Crown, except in the matter of power and rank, disappeared.

In the feudalisation of the Earldoms, the demesne land of the Mormaer or Earl became the feudal property of the Earl held of the Crown for military service, but in some cases at least the thanages were reserved to the Crown, and they appear to have been held by the thanes under the Crown, not as baronies or for military service, but in feu farm for payment of a rent, consisting of the Celtic kail and conventh. In other cases they were granted to the Earls, and the thanes held them in the same way under the Earls. Ultimately all the thanages held of the Crown were converted into baronies, and in those held of other superiors the thanes became feudal vassals. At least this is what happened in the case of all the thanages of which we have any record. It is very remarkable, however, that almost none of these are within the Highland line, and that most of them border on it. In Moray, for instance, we have record of the thanages of Cawdor, Moyness, Dyke, and Brodie, all of which became baronies, the only one in which even the name of thanage is kept up being that of Cawdor. And it is no less remarkable that within the Highland line, the names of Toseichs and Tuaths, Thanes and Thanages disappear, or survive only in the name Mackintosh, and in the names of certain offices, viz., Toschachdor, whose office was equivalent to that of Bailie or coroner, and Toschachdera, whose office was that of Summoner or Servitor of Writs, a grant of which latter office we find in Banffshire as late as 1476.

The causes which led to the disappearance of the name of Toseich or Thane in the Highlands are unknown, but it is singular that while on the borders the break up of the great tribes resulted in a race of proprietors who continued under Crown grants to hold their lands, and to retain the old Celtic name of the tribal chief translated into Saxon, but who lost the tribal leadership, within the Highlands the result was the coming into prominence of a race of chiefs and captains of clans who had not the old Celtic name of Toseich, but who retained the leadership of a clan or tribe, and who continued in many cases and until comparatively quite recent times to hold their lands, not only without written feudal titles, but in some cases in spite of the existence of such titles in favour of others.

Of the existence of clans we have very early evidence. In the Book of Deer mention is made of Cangall Mac Caennaiy Toseich of Clan Cannan, and of Donnachach Mac Sithig Toiseach of Clan Morgan. But it is only after the raid of Angus in 1391, and the clan battle at Perth in 1396 that they emerge into prominence as distinct organizations. While

the great Earls of Moray and Ross and the Lords of the Isles retained their power the clans remained in abeyance and are not heard of, but with the destruction of their power the chiefs became independent, and from that time to 1745 they and their clans were potent facts.

The question as to how these clans originated and as to the tie which bound them together is one of very great interest. Skene does not anywhere discuss it fully, but he indicates the opinion that the clan represented the sept, either consisting of a whole tuath or tribe where no subordinate sept had arisen within it, or of the septs which had so arisen within a tribe. As we have before stated he does not discuss the question whether we may not look for the captains of groups of clans in the Toseich of the Tuath within which the various septs arose; but he appears to have abandoned the theory advanced in his Highland Clans, that the title of captain was given as distinct from chief in cases where the head of the oldest cadet family became the leader of the clan. As we have seen, he holds that these septs had a territorial basis, but as we have also seen they tended more and more to consist of the descendants and relatives of the chief, and it is beyond all question that in the Highland clans the belief in a common origin was universal, and was the main bond of union. On the other hand it is, we think, clear that this belief could not in all cases have been well founded. Many clans arose quite within historic times,—as the Frasers and the numerous clans which traced their descent from Somerled, the Celtic ruler of Argyle, and ancestor of the Lord of the Isles,—and acquired great power within a period which rendered it impossible that all the clansmen could be of the blood of the chief.

The author devotes a very interesting chapter to the genealogies of the clans. Since he wrote his Highland Clans, it has been found that the genealogies contained in the manuscript of 1467 discovered by him in the Advocates' Library, are compiled from the same sources as those contained in the Book of Ballimote, compiled about 1383, and the Book of Leccan compiled in 1407; and after a certain period he seems inclined to consider these Irish pedigrees as genuine. Into this most interesting subject, did space permit, we should wish to enter somewhat fully, but we have already exceeded the space at our command, and must here content ourselves by saying that Mr Skene holds strongly by the pure Celtic origin of the principal clans. In the case of the Mackenzies he takes the same view as that maintained by the editor in his history of that powerful clan, where we would fain hope the question is finally set at rest. The Eva of the Mackintoshes and the lady of the same name in the pedigree of the Campbells as given in the Clan histories are treated as entirely legendary persons; and the Norwegian Aulan grandt of the Grants, and Cambro, the Dane of the Camerons, are relegated to the same category. In the view which Mr Skene takes of these pedigrees, we fear he will hurt the susceptibilities of many Highlanders who are wedded to their clan traditions. We would distinctly wish to guard ourselves against expressing entire concurrence in his views, in every instance. But in any future controversy on the subject, there can be no doubt that the mature opinion of a man like Skene must be a potent factor, and that written pedigrees of such an early date as those referred to cannot easily be set aside.

In the last chapter, Mr Skene gives a short account of Land Tenure

in the Highlands subsequent to the sixteenth century, and concludes the work with a most interesting account of three townships in the Outer Hebrides, compiled by Mr Alexander Carnichael, officer of Inland Revenue at Lochmaddy, whose knowledge of Highland history and antiquities is well known. This account is of the deepest interest, and it probably gives a glimpse of the social condition of our ancestors as it existed a thousand years ago.

We have now accomplished, however imperfectly, the object we set before us at the commencement of this paper. We are conscious that we have passed over many matters of the deepest interest, and we can only hope that we have given an intelligible account of some of the conclusions which may be drawn from the learned work with which we have been dealing. To all who wish really to study the subject, we must commend the volume itself, premising that it is not a book to be lightly taken in hand, but one to be studied with care and labour. It is a nut with a hard shell, but the kernel is worth the labour of cracking it.

A NEW GAELIC SOCIETY IN DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

WE cut the following advertisement from the *Dunedin Herald* of 12th January:—

“*An la a chi's nach fhaic.*”—Two hundred and forty gentlemen have intimated their intention of becoming members of a Literary Gaelic Society in Dunedin, which will be conducted upon similar principles to those of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Gentlemen desirous of becoming members (and only those who speak the Gaelic language) are requested to send their names and addresses to Mr John Maccallum Jamieson, City Treasurer, Town Hall, Dunedin; or to Mr Donald Macgregor, Lochaber Cottage, London Street, Dunedin.

We are delighted to see such a prominent part taken in this patriotic movement by an old friend, Mr Donald Macgregor, long a prominent member of the Gaelic Society of London, and one of the ablest and most enthusiastic of that noble band who had for so many years, under such serious difficulties, kept the Celtic lamp burning so brightly in the British Metropolis. Mr Macgregor is not unknown to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*; and we shall be much mistaken if his ability, eloquence, and enthusiasm do not secure for him the best position among the Highlanders of New Zealand. In 1867, when Mr Colin Chisholm was elected President of the Gaelic Society of London, Mr Macgregor became Vice-President, and his speech on that occasion, quoted at p. 357, vol. ii., of the *Celtic Magazine*, in the advocacy of Celtic literature and the establishment of a Professorship of Celtic in the University of Edinburgh, was one of the best as well as one of the earliest in favour of that now virtually accomplished fact. We are glad to see our old friend again engaged in the good cause, and have much pleasure in extending to him, and, through him, to all the members of the Gaelic Society of Dunedin, the right hand of fellowship, and wishing him and them every possible success. *Buaidh agus piseach ort a' Dhomh'uill choir.*

KINMYLIES : ITS OWNERS AND TITLES—1232-1780.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., F.S.A. Scot.

II.

AFTER the sale to Kinneries, the lands of Kinmylies were broken up, and before continuing the observations, which were intended to concern Kinmylies proper rather than the other portions, some account of the other two chief properties will be given.

Muirtown was sold to Thomas Scheviz, by Simon, Master of Lovat, with consent of his father, Hugh, ninth Lord Lovat, and James Fraser, his brother, probably in 1637, as Scheviz was infest 17th May 1638. This Thomas Scheviz was succeeded by his son, also Thomas Scheviz, whose signature as "younger of Muirtown" we find witness in a deed dated in 1652. This Thomas Scheviz the second is probably the same person found as proprietor in 1691. In 1744 is found Robert Scheviz, who gave such damaging evidence in the trial of Simon, Lord Lovat. Scheviz's character stands out unfavourably, as he retails the import of conversations at Lord Lovat's table from 1733 to 1744. Lord Lovat in his defence says of him—"The only opportunity he had of hearing them (the facts sworn to by Scheviz) was at my table, when he must have starved and perished for cold, unless my money had furnished him with clothes. In evidence of this, I was till very lately possessed of many of his accepted notes for greater sums than I am afraid he is able to pay." Lord Lovat was very free in his remarks, and the trial is altogether so interesting that it is matter of surprise it has never been published separately. Lord Lovat habitually spoke Gaelic. One of his favourite toasts, after being deprived of his offices was, "Confusion to the White Horse and all their generations," and he very frequently d——d the Reformation, and the Revolution.

Robert Scheviz in 1746-7 was in desperate circumstances, and the estate was soon thereafter seized by creditors, ultimately falling into the possession of the Duffs, offshoots of the family of Drummuir.

Another portion of Kinmylies was acquired by the family of Fairfield, who had the two Ballifearies and lands near the Meikle Green. The Frasers of Fairfield were of the family of Phopachie, and the house erected by the founder is a conspicuous object in Slezzer's view of Inverness, published in 1693. The walls of this house, with the red crow steps, were only removed within the last few years. The Fairfield property was gradually dispersed, the last portion being acquired by the late Mackintosh of Raigmore.

Reverting to Kinmylies proper, it would be seen that it and the superiority of Muirtown was acquired by Colonel Hugh Fraser of Kinneries, in 1647.

Though this person bulks largely in the history of the time, it is not clear who his parents were. All that is certain about him is that he was of the family of Culbockie or Guisachan, Mr Hugh C. Fraser, accountant, Inverness, who has made great collections in reference to the Frasers of Lovat, and the various cadets and branches of the family, and to whom the writer is much indebted for the present information regard-

ing the family of Kinneries, conjectures that Colonel Hugh Fraser was son of Alexander Fraser of Culbockie, who sold Guisachan in 1590 to his brother Hugh, fourth of Culbockie. But as Alexander's son was alive in 1590, we are inclined to think that Colonel Hugh was the grandson of Alexander. Be this as it may, Colonel Fraser within a very short period made great purchases of land in the north. He purchased Kinneries, Dalcattaig, Kinmylies, and Abriachan. He is doubtless the Major, afterwards Colonel Fraser who fought under Cromwell, and in particular distinguished himself, with his Scots Regiment of Dragoons, at the battle of Marston Moor, 2d July 1644. Many of Cromwell's officers gathered a good deal of wealth in these unhappy times, and it must have been from this source Colonel Fraser was able to make these large purchases, because if the son or grandson of Alexander Fraser, who had to sell Guisachan, he could not have inherited anything.

The Wardlaw Manuscript mentions that the day prior to the battle of Auldearn (3d May 1645) Colonel Fraser embarked with his lady, Christian Baillie, at Inverness, for London, in the largest ship ever built at Inverness, and as his eldest son was in minority in 1665, it would seem that Colonel Fraser had just married. Notwithstanding his Roundhead proclivities, Colonel Fraser took part in the rising at Inverness for Charles the Second, under Mackenzie of Pluscardine. He died shortly after, his son Hugh, second of Kinmylies, being retoured in Kinmylies, at Inverness, 16th April 1650, as heir in special to his father. Upon the 22d May 1666, he is served heir in the lands of Kinneries. His contract of marriage with Barbara, second daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, sixth of Gairloch, is dated 30th March 1677. Upon the 26th May 1676, he had feued the Mill of Bught to Thomas Scheviz of Muirtown. The estates appear by 1678 to have been greatly encumbered, and Alexander Fraser of Kinneries, apparently a brother of Hugh Fraser, from this period appears as proprietor. He sold all the Kinmylies estate to David Polson and others. The sasine on the disposition to Polson is dated 11th January 1688. The following deeds refer to David Polson's acquisitions:—

Sasine in favour of David Polson of the lands of Ballifearies, Balblair, Dallanach, Muirtown, Mill of Bught, &c., dated 11th January 1688.

Charter, William, Bishop of Moray, in favour of David Polson, of said lands, dated 27th July 1688.

The acquisition of a pew in the High Church of Inverness was of old a serious affair, and attended with great formalities. On the 19th November 1689 the Kirk-Session of Inverness confirmed a disposition by Alexander Fraser of Kinneries, in favour of David Polson, residenter in Inverness, to a seat or pew of the two pews heritably belonging to him, the said Alexander Fraser, lying within the New Kirk of Inverness, on the west side thereof, betwixt the second pew disposed to Hugh Baillie, Sheriff-Clerk of Ross, on the north, and John Fraser, merchant in Inverness, on the south parts respective. Kinneries' disposition of the pew to Hugh Baillie is in similar terms, and is described as bounded by the pew disposed to David Polson on the south, and Mr William Robertson of Inshes' seat or pew on the north parts respective,

This Hugh Baillie had some transactions with Kinneries, for a charter of confirmation and novodamus by Colin, Bishop of Moray, in his favour of Easter and Wester Kinmylies is found of date 20th October 1685.

The lands of Kinmylies remained with the family of Polson for two or at most three generations, and were sold about the middle of last century to Mr George Ross, a wealthy merchant in London, in whose time great improvements were made. The estate was subdivided, roads made, a large garden and hedges formed, and a considerable portion planted. On the subject of plantations in the neighbourhood of Inverness some particulars may be interesting, and it is also of importance that they be recorded while the facts are known. The first to begin planting was President Forbes, but little was done for thirty years after the battle of Culloden. One of the first was George Ross, as appears by the advertisement after quoted, showing that in 1784 there were on Kinmylies "several hundred acres of well grown planting." When the Islands in the Ness were first planted cannot be precisely ascertained. But we find in Peter May's plan, formerly referred to, dated June 1765, the following marginal reference:—"The true extent and local situation of the island is accurately laid down as it stands at present *covered with large trees* and underwood." We also know that the framers of the Statistical Account of 1791 write of the Islands as having been planted thirty years before, and from this it may be deduced that the trees referred to by Peter May must have been cut soon after 1765, and that as he describes them then as large trees, they would have been planted perhaps as early as the usurpation, if not actually by Cromwell's soldiers. From May's map there does not appear to have been a tree on Torvean, Bught, Altnaskiach, or Drummond in 1765.

Lieutenant Alexander Godsman, Doer for the Duke of Gordon over the castle lands, writes to the unfortunate Colonel William Baillie of Dunain (who died at Seringapatam), under date Dochfour, 23d September 1775 (doquetted, "received the 1st May 1776, at Madras")—"We have got the craig to the northward of the House of Dunain enclosed, and mean to have it planted directly with firs; and as some few places will be fit to receive ash, beech, birch, elm, or any other kind of wood, we are to plant them accordingly where it is thought they will grow. The enclosure is a dyke and ditch very well execute, and measures $3184\frac{1}{4}$ Scotch ells, at 3d per ell, which amounts to £39 16s $0\frac{3}{4}$ d. There is besides a little bit of enclosure round Tomaluack, which is not yet finished. I imagine what ground is comprehended in the enclosure of the craig will be considerably above 100 Scots acres. The acre generally plants about 5000 firs. Planting and the price of plants will be about two shillings the thousand, so that the expense of planting a hundred acres with firs would be about £50, besides any utensils that may be necessary. I fancy the expense of this job will be about 100 guineas or something above it, but this is only my conjecture at present. When this planting is grown up it will be a most beautiful ornament to the place, as well as very useful."

One of the elms referred to by Godsman still remains, situated near the garden, and is one of the largest and shapeliest in the north. When Colonel John Baillie (brother of Colonel William) returned to Dunain he completed the planting of the wester hill of Dunain, and many readers will recollect with regret the disappearance of the bonnet on Craig-an-Eoin, which was a part of the original planting of 1776.

Godsman in the same letter says—"The spirit of planting has seized the neighbouring gentlemen to a high degree." And with reference to

Alexander Baillie of Dochfour, who had just then acquired the feu right to that estate, adds—"He (Mr Baillie) proposes to build a fine house and offices on the lands of Dochcairn, preferring a situation there to Dochfour, and proposes laying out £3000 or £4000 in the improvement of them both jointly. He is just now enclosing the hill above Dochcairn and Dochfour, and is to have it planted this month, or I should have said this autumn." The only natural fir woods we know of near Inverness were those of Borlum. These are found referred to in description "the fir woods of Borlum" as early as 1651. It is pleasant to record that the hill of Borlum, unfortunately bared some years since by Lord Saltoun, has been planted by the present owner.

The affairs of Mr Ross having got into confusion, Kinmylies was sold to Mr Alexander Baillie of Dochfour. The state of the property in 1784 is fully seen by the following advertisement, taken from the *Caledonian Mercury* newspaper of 30th August 1784:—

"Farm near Inverness.—To be let on lease, for such number of years as may be agreeable to the tenant, and entered upon at the term of Whitsunday next, the lands of Kinmylies, in the parish and county of Inverness, consisting of 502 acres of arable land, and several hundred acres of well grown planting. One half of the arable land is enclosed and subdivided, and the proprietor will enclose and subdivide the other half, or make a proper allowance to the tacksman for doing it. These lands have a fine southern enclosure, and come close to the west suburb of the town of Inverness. The whole of them lie within a mile of the town, which makes the carriage of dung and other manure very easy to the tacksman; and as the planting is well grown and forms a ring round the farm, it not only affords considerable shelter, but will enable the tacksman to winter a number of cattle. There is a convenient farmhouse and offices answerable. Proposals for a lease may be given to Major Fraser of Belladrum, or Alex. Baillie, Esq. of Dochfour, near Inverness; to Lachlan Duff, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh; or to Robert Webster, at Fowlis, near Dundee, and every offer will be kept secret, that is not accepted of."

About 1812 the extensive woods of Kinmylies having come to maturity were cut down; and the late Mr Evan Baillie of Dochfour writing to the late Mr Fraser, Dochnalurg, wishes him to encourage the reclamation of the Leachkin, and to offer facilities to crofters to settle. This was carried out, and the whole of the upper part of Kinmylies was lotted out and reclaimed by a numerous and hardy race. The intention to throw the whole into one farm some years ago, if ever seriously contemplated, has been happily abandoned.

Before closing this paper, some reference may be made to the stone of Clachnahalig, the upper boundary of the Four Coble Fishings. In May's map it is pointed out, and the following reference made:—"Up the river and on the north or left side thereof, but towards the lower end of the plan, is 4 stones standing near one another, at the place marked 1, 2, 3, 4, the eastmost of which was said to be the stone called Clachnahielet or Clachnagaick, and was also said to be the bounding of the salmon fishing at the upper end." The same plan indicates that Bught is the low land lying behind the mill lead and tail race, and the river. What is now known as Bught proper, is termed "arable lands of the Bught, called Keill-a-vean, belonging to Clerk Fraser."

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO; OR, THE HARRIS PRINCESS.

—o—

HUNDREDS of years ago, long before the founder of the great Clan Macleod lived in the Western Hebrides, the Isle of Harris was governed by a wealthy and powerful prince, concerning whose forefathers or posterity (save an only daughter) we find no record—that being wrapt up in mystery. Rodel House, the dwelling of the mighty potentate before spoken of, was built more for safety and defence than for symmetry. Strong walls, pierced by loopholes to shoot through, and flanked with turrets for watchmen; massive oaken doors, studded with enormous nails; iron-barred windows and a deep ditch all combined to show a style of architecture seldom if ever met with in the present day. The King of Harris—for each petty ruler had almost regal power on his own estate in those days—had an only daughter, his heiress, named Garlatha, whose beauty was proverbial. She was tall and of an extremely fair complexion, and the pretty clusters of golden hair fell in graceful confusion upon a snow-white bosom, looking and feeling like silk new spun from the cocoon, and contrasting finely with her alabaster brow. Her face, archly beaming with innate mirth and wit, was more like the countenance of an angel than that of mortal. No one could meet her without being irresistibly captivated and fascinated by her many charms. To her innumerable personal attractions, we may add a cheerful, pleasant, and obliging temper, a virtue she inherited from her mother, who died in giving her birth. This circumstance accounts for the great love which her noble father bore to the offspring of his dear wife. From her natal day she was the pride and the very core of her sire's existence. She was his angel, and, as she grew in years, she grew the more in her father's love and estimation.

By reason of her high rank and wondrous beauty, many suitors came to claim her hand, but being full of coquetry and mirth, although she was gentle and obliging to all, she carefully abstained from raising in their hearts hopes which were doomed to disappointment. Of all her adorers, he who held the first place in her heart was Caolagan, King of North Uist. An accomplished, brave, gentle, generous, and noble young man, he was in all respects well-fitted for the fair object of his affection, by whom his love was amply returned, and at last she decided to take him for her husband. This resolution, however, she did not divulge to her father, for certain reasons which are not recorded. But "the course of true love never runs smooth" is an old proverb, and here it was verified, for as the inexorable goddess Fate decreed, her father's choice of a partner for his beloved daughter lighted upon a totally different person—namely, Ceanmhaol, King of Lewis, who it is but fair to state bore the same ardent unchangeable love to Garlatha as his more favoured rival Caolagan. He also was of a prepossessing appearance, but of a bold, restless, and warlike temperament. He repeatedly shed tears when pleading his suit, but both tears and eloquence were useless, as no one could supersede Caolagan in his betrothed's heart.

Prior to the time that Garlatha had been betrothed to Caolagan, her father had never spoken to her upon the subject of marriage. He allowed

her to amuse her admirers as she pleased, seeing plainly that she had more than she could love in return. But one day, not long after she had consented to become the future partner of Caolagan's joys and sorrows, her father addressed her thus :—

“My dear Garlatha, I am now getting old and frail, and will soon follow my fathers to their last resting-place. You are, as you know, my only child, and of course sole heiress to my possessions; and as I wish to see you under the guardianship of a proper person before I die, I am anxious to see you married. I am aware that you have several admirers, all of whom are men of talent, and as I have made my choice of a husband for you, I hope you will be content to abide by my choice. You have never thwarted my purpose, and I sincerely hope you will not do it now.”

Garlatha stood spell-bound for a few moments, but at length, knowing that it was useless to dispute her father's will, she roused herself and quietly replied :—

“To your decision, noble sir, I humbly bow, even if it should make me both miserable and unhappy during the remainder of my life.”

“I am glad, my dear Garlatha,” said her sire, “that you have so willingly concurred in my proposal, which I am sure will be agreeable to you. With no insult to your other suitors, Ceanmhaol is, I think, the most suitable of all for you.”

“I am betrothed to Caolagan,” she answered, sobbing, “but I submit to your decision.”

The joyful news that the Princess of Harris had consented to become the wife of the King of Lewis was at once communicated to that ruler, who, half mad with joy, immediately made all necessary preparations for his nuptials. The same thing was going on at Rodel. The long expected day at last arrived. The marriage feast was the most magnificent ever seen. The guests thronged the house, and discussed the rich and dainty viands placed before them, and joy and mirth knew no bounds. The bride, always beautiful, was never before seen to such advantage as now. Dressed in gorgeous robes, sparkling with jewels, and trimmed with gold and silver lace, every clasp an emerald set in a ring of gold, and her fair brow encircled by a coronet of pearls; she had no equal. Everything went on smoothly until the time came for the great wedding-feast, but when all the guests had seated themselves round the groaning table, it was found that the bride's seat was empty. There was a slight pause for a few moments in the expectation that she would soon make her appearance, but as time flew on, and no sign of her was seen, they grew frightened. A search was instituted in all directions, but in vain. Garlatha's maid then said that the Princess had told her she was about to play a trick upon Ceanmhaol that day, but that she (the maid) should on no account tell anyone if any alarm pervaded the assembly on her (Garlatha's) account. Upon hearing this Ceanmhaol said that she only meant to test his love for her, but by and bye, when she did not appear, he gave way to the most sad despair. Her father, thinking she might have eloped or been carried off by Caolagan, sent messengers to North Uist to ascertain if his surmises were well-founded, but when his messengers returned with the news that she had not gone to Uist, he wept like a child for his daughter and tore the white hairs from his venerable head.

Caolagan and her other lovers, also finding that she was missing, gave

way to the most intense grief. Such an incident had never before been heard of in the Western Isles. Every pool, corrie, cave, and creek between Barra Head and the Butt of Lewis was searched, but in vain. The mysterious character of her disappearance seem a matter which could never be solved. Broken-hearted, her devoted lover, Ceanmhaol, left his native land and went to Norway, where, after living a few months, he died.

But keenly as Ceanmhaol felt for the fate of his bride, his grief was light compared to what her father suffered. He lived for many years after her disappearance, having neither peace nor rest. He wandered aimlessly through the Western Isles as if in search of something. At length, worn to a walking skeleton and a semi-maniac, he found relief in death. Having no heirs, Rodel House remained for a long time untenanted, and at last the wide possessions of the late King of Harris passed into the hands of the stranger, and ultimately to the founder of the Clan Macleod.

Long after, when the King of Harris and the lost Garlatha were all but forgotten, some alterations were being made in Rodel House, and whilst removing some old pieces of furniture which had lain in a dungeon from time immemorial, the bottom fell from an old worm-eaten chest, and along with it a female skeleton, which, upon contact with the air, immediately crumbled into dust. Among the dust was found a gold wedding-ring, on which were engraved the words "Garlatha" and "Ceanmhaol." Although Garlatha and her story were well-nigh forgotten, the discovery brought back to memory the whole circumstances of her disappearance. The mystery, alas, was solved too late. She had got into the chest to play a trick, as she told her maid, upon Ceanmhaol, not knowing that it was secured by a spring-lock, which, as soon as she had closed the lid, fastened, and the chest became her coffin. Being air-tight, Garlatha must have been suffocated almost immediately she entered it. It has been alleged that she sought her death willingly rather than marry Ceanmhaol. We must, however, leave that to mere conjecture.

MAC IAIN.

THE SCOTTISH CELTIC REVIEW.—This long-expected Quarterly, edited by one of our best and most accurate Gaelic scholars, the Rev. Alexander Cameron, Brodick, has at last reached us. We are safe in saying that it is altogether creditable to every one concerned, editor, contributors, and printer, and we welcome our lusty-looking brother, and extend to him a hearty fraternal greeting. Though the younger, he is much the bigger brother, and his learnedness is simply formidable. The field he has taken up is quite unoccupied, and he appears well fitted to cultivate it successfully. The *Review* extends to eighty pages, containing about a quarter more matter than an ordinary number of the *Celtic Magazine*. Contents of the first number and other particulars will be found among our advertisements.

CELTIC MAGAZINE, Number III., wanted. Liberal price given for any quantity ; or for Vol. I.

MU CHLADH CHILL-A-MHAILL.

LE MAIRI NIC EALLAIR.

—o—

[CONTINUED.]

'S a nuair a thainig am a h-ambghair chruaidh,
 Air Eamhair ghumach, gruagach an fhuilt reidh,
 'S a rugadh mac dhi ann an eiginn mhoir,
 Gun neach ann dheanadh foir oirre na spairn,
 Is i ga saruchadh an glac an eug ;
 An uair a dh' fheoruich each do 'n euchdaig thruaigh,
 Co 'm fear do mhic an sluaigh a rinn a leon,
 Cha 'n innseadh ise mu a Domhnull gaoil,
 'S i dol ga ionnsuidh anns an t-shaoghal thall,
 Cha chuireadh i campar air, 's cha leigeadh spid,
 Bhiodh ise dileas troimh gach uile chas,
 'S ged a bha dealt a bhais air a geal-ghnuis,
 'S osna a cleibh ag eiridh dlu is goirt,
 Airson a mhicein oig co diblidh fann,
 A bha i fagail ann an gleann na 'n deoir,
 Gun aon neach beo a dheanadh deothas ris,
 Gha 'n innseadh i mu Dhomhnull, fear a graidh,
 A bha ga feitheamh anns an arois bhuan.
 Le guthan bristeach thuirt an ribhinn donn,
 Nach robh aon sonn air foid an t-shaoghail mhoir,
 Aig an robh coir air micean og a gaoil,
 Gun d' eirich dhise cuis a h' amhghair gheur,
 A faire na spreidh sa 'n oidhche cheitein chaoin,
 Air cnoc-nam-faobh bu bhoidhche fraoch is feur.
 Nuair theirig teine dhoibh 's gun mhoine dlu,
 Gun dh' fhalbh na cailleagan le surd 's le fonn,
 A thrusadh connaidh air an tom mu'n cuairt ;
 Thill leis na fhuair is charn a suas gu fial,
 Air muin na griosaidh theth gach maide fhuair,
 Is ciod a chunnaic iad ach enamhan mharbh,
 A lasadh dearg a measg a chonnaidh uir ;
 Chuir an sealladh udlaidh air gach gruagach geilt,
 Ach labhair fleasgach do na laochan mor,
 " 'Sud cnamhan nan Toiseach a leag sin san ar,
 Nuair thainig iad gu n' araidhean a chreach,
 Daor chlann nan cat a thogail mhart nan saoi ;
 Sa nuair a shaoil iad gun robh 'n gnothuch leo,
 Thuit badan ceo umpa is chaill an rod,
 Is chuala Domhnull gnosd na caisean duinn,
 Is thug e chaismeachd dhuinn, is leum do'n ar,
 'S cha deachaidh aon do 'n ghraig a lag na'm bonn,
 Dh' fhag sinn mun tom so iad nan luidhidh marbh,
 Is dh' ith na maduidh-allaidh gharg am feoil ;
 Air m' fhalluing 's beag a shaoil mi fein 's an uair,
 Aon oiteag fhuar gun cumta uamsa leo.
 'S mo chluas am dhorn nach ann le 'n deoin a tha,
 Mi factainn blaths uapa sa mhaduinn fhuair,

Ach 's ro mhath 'n gual leam cnamhean cruaidh na'n cat,"
 Sgaoil e a lamhan ris an lasair dheirg,
 'S le gaire garg stad e na briathran borb.
 " An cual thu 'n fhead? tha iad air lorg nam bo,
 Eiribh 'illean tha an toir ruinn dlu."
 Dh' eisd iad gu samhach, 's an sin leum gum buinn,
 " Thigeadh na suinn—Cha 'n fhead air fuar luirg ;"
 Ach ionga do 'n ni cha toir le 'n strith iad uainn,
 Aon lan na cuaiche, 's biodh gach tuagh 's an dorn,
 'S bheir sinn bras chomh-dhail do na mor fhir fhiat
 Chi iad ar gnìomh 's cha bhi an triall gun duais."
 Dh' fhalbh na gruagaichean thoirt fios na strith,
 Do chairdean is do dhilsean nam fear og ;
 Shuidh Eamhair ghuamach, gruagach an fhiult reidh,
 Gu diblidh leatha fein air croc nam faobh,
 Bha gaoth na camhanaich a seideadh fuar,
 'Sgapadh na luatha bh' air a chaguilt luim,
 Air aird an tuim bu bhoidhehe fraoch is feur,
 Bha gaoth na camhanaich a seideadh fuar,
 Is sheid i 'n luatha ud mu Eamhair oig,
 Na suidhe is a cotaichean ri glun,
 Is ni bu mho cha b' urrain ise radh,
 Mur e so fein a bu chion-fath ga leon.
 Sa nuair a thuirt i so le guthan fann,
 Chrom i a ceann is thug i'n deo a suas,
 Is shnamh a h-anam chum a chuain gun chrìoch ;
 'S nuair sheall na mnathan air a chiochran thruagh,
 Ghlacadh le h-uamhas iad mun sgeul a dh'eisd ;
 A thaobh a mhathar bhi co trom fu bhron
 Bha e na chnamhluich gun mhir feoil no saill,
 Gun aoidh, gun tuar, 's fhalt dubh na chuailean trom
 Mu amhaich lom, sa bhathais phreasaich chiar
 Gun sgiamh gun mhaise, 's e ri ciuchran fann,
 Coltach ri seann-duine bhiodh caith' le aois ;
 'S cha robh ann sagart bheireadh baisteadh dha,
 No duine bhiodh na ghoistidh ghabhail bhoid
 Airson aon ginte ann an doigh co truagh.
 'S be'n Gille-du-mac-gille chnamhaich ainm,
 'S shoirbhich leis a dh' aindheoin dhaoine cruaidh,
 'S chinn e suas na dhuine stuama ciuin,
 'S o Dhia nan Dul gun d' iarr e 'n cairdeas caoin
 Nach dh'fhuair e riamh o dhaoine no o dhainh.
 Is ann an spiorad carrantachd is graidh,
 Dh' fheuch e ri n taladh a chum ceum na sith,
 'S mnr gheata fireantachd is ionracuis
 Thog e an eaglais o chionn ioma linn,
 Mu'm bheil seann eachdruidh dhuinn ag innse an sgeoil,
 Gun do thogadh i le aonrachdan gun ainm,
 Bha air a ghintinn eadar marb is beo,
 Far an seall Beinn Nibheais air a h-aghaidh ard,
 An sgathan airgiodach nan oirean grinn.

Literature.

A COLLECTION OF GAELIC PROVERBS, AND FAMILIAR PHRASES, BASED ON MACKINTOSH'S COLLECTION. Edited by ALEXANDER NICOLSON, M.A., LL.D., Advocate. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1881.

WE hail with no ordinary pleasure the appearance of this elegant volume, from the pen of its learned and esteemed author, the Sheriff of Kirkcudbright. An excellent work is what all who have the pleasure of being acquainted with Dr Nicolson might naturally expect, and that excellent work now lies in its beauty before us. The external aspect of the book is nice and pleasing, while the type is clear and distinct, and the binding in every respect neat and handsome. Dr Nicolson's well known mental powers so happily balanced, his deep erudition, his amiable nature, and his truly Highland heart, have been happily concentrated to bear upon the production of this unique and valuable volume. A more sterling or genuine Highlander than the worthy author never set foot on our Highland hills and heather. He is devotedly attached to his kindred and country, more especially to his dear native Isle of Skye, the picturesque scenery of which he has brilliantly described in several interesting papers, as well as in various beautiful English and Gaelic poems in *Good Words*, and elsewhere.

The Book of Gaelic Proverbs has already received the favourable criticism of several publications and learned writers. That distinguished scholar, "Nether-Lochaber," was among the first to celebrate this opportune and highly valued contribution to our Celtic literature, and few or none could have done it better. His magic pen is equally ready and powerful to describe the organisation of the midge and the minnow, or to delineate the movements and orbits of those vast globes of light that roll in the firmament of heaven. While such a galaxy of learned men have deemed it their pleasant duty to bestow their merited encomiums upon this collection of Gaelic Proverbs, it will surely ill become the purpose and the name of the *Celtic Magazine* not to do its part, and with hearty Highland goodwill throw his "clach" into Dr Nicolson's "carn."

But pausing for a little in our remarks upon this handsome book, we shall briefly allude to the nature and antiquity of proverbs. We believe that all the large empires and nations of the known world have had their "wise sayings." We know that such detached aphorisms or maxims were composed by Solomon. His collection, which we have in our Bibles, and which he called "Meshalim," or authoritative maxims, are very instructive. The Proverbs of the wise King generally consisted of two clauses or sentences, joined in a kind of antithesis—the second being sometimes a reduplication, sometimes an explanation, and sometimes an opposition to the sense of the first. In this respect the wisdom of all ages, from the remotest antiquity, has chosen to express its lessons in this manner, and thus to compress them into plain, parabolic sentences as a means of instruction, and to form them into concise maxims, which are readily comprehended

and very easily remembered. Proverbs, therefore, may be said to be the flower of popular wit, and the "flos lactis" of the treasures of popular wisdom. They communicate instruction in an impressive manner, by drawing comparisons from the ordinary scenes of life, and by forming them into rhyme, or into parallelism, or at times into alliteration. Proverbs often save long explanations by presenting a striking image of the subject matter under consideration. Many lengthy addresses have been superseded by such French adages as the following:—"One spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a hundred barrels of vinegar." The adage of the Latin bard is very expressive, when he said, "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat;" and nothing less so is the well-known maxim—

Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.
He is a wise man who speaks little.
Is glic fear nan tearc-bhriathar.

The following Arabian maxim of Burckhardt's is sufficiently forcible:—"If God purposes the destruction of an ant, he gives her wings."

While the testimony of all ages, and of every nation of the earth, proves alike the prevalence and popularity of these metaphorical maxims, they form at the same time an index to the virtues and character of the nations wherein they are found. In short, the structure of these popular sayings is distinctly indicative of the genius of the nation to which they belong. Some countries make use of proverbs which are rude, indelicate, and gross in their allusions to domestic life, so much so, indeed, that they never would be tolerated in our dear country. Far otherwise, and of a much higher and virtuous standard are the instructive proverbs of Dr Nicolson's interesting volume. They may be considered as pointed lessons on morality and prudence, and lessons expressed in language that cannot offend the most fastidious and delicate ear. The Spanish proverbs, for example, are justly characterised for their force and humour, but the main object of the great majority of them is to vilify and depreciate the female character. The most forcible sayings of that nation have been pointed with a cruel severity against women; and it is still more remarkable that in this respect the nations most distinguished for their gallantry have been the most guilty of this ungallant practice. The French, the Spaniards, and the Italians are equally offenders in their bitter proverbial invectives against the unoffending female sex. A Spaniard seems to take pleasure in giving such as the following advice:—"Beware of a bad woman, and do not trust a good one." An Italian will, in the same manner, maintain, "That the salt is from the sea, and ills from women;" and the Frenchman is nothing behind in his cruel invective, when he declares that "Un homme de paille, vaut une femme d'or," that is, "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."

The number of learned men of all countries who have written collections of these instructive adages is astonishingly great. Dr Nicolson very properly states, that "the value of proverbs, as condensed lessons of wisdom, 'Abridgements of Knowledge,' as Mr Disraeli calls them, has been recognised by the wisest of men, from Solomon to Aristotle, from Aristotle to Bacon, from Bacon to Benjamin Franklin. The interest attaching to them as an index of the character of a nation is equally great. They are an unintentional, and all the more truthful, revelation of a

people's peculiarities, habits, and ideas. In both these respects the proverbs embraced in this collection are entitled to a high place in the unwritten philosophy of nations. Some of them are common to various countries; others of them are borrowed, gaining oftener than losing in their new form. But a large proportion of them is of a native growth, as certainly as is the heather on Ben Nevis, or the lichen on Cape Wrath; and as a reflex of the ways of thinking and feeling, the life and manners, the wisdom or superstition, the wit or nonsense of the Celtic race in Scotland, they are interesting alike to the historian, the philologist, and the student of human nature." Dr Nicolson has further truly said, that "the most of these proverbs, however, so far as native, came from thatched cottages, and not from baronial or academic halls. They expressed the thoughts and feelings of hardy, frugal, healthy-minded, and healthy-bodied men, who spent most of their time in the fields, in the woods, on the moors, and on the sea. So considered, they do great credit to the people whose thoughts and manners they represent, proving that there was, and is a civilisation in Celtic Scotland, much beyond the imagination even of such a brilliant Celt as Lord Macaulay."

These statements by our learned author are palpably true, and rigidly correct; and his indefatigable industry in using all available means to illustrate his Celtic maxims deserves much credit. He has contrived by dint of no ordinary labour, to cite an immense variety of cognate equivalents in other languages besides Gaelic and English to illustrate his wise sayings. He has had recourse to writers in Latin, Greek, Welsh, Manx, Irish, French, Italian, Spanish, German, &c., in order to increase the value of his admirable collection, by placing our own Celtic maxims in juxtaposition, and contrast with those of other nations. In his preface, which is a beautiful piece of composition, a great amount of information is given as to the number and variety of authors who have published works on proverbs, not only in our own country, but in different foreign lands. Among those in the former he has adduced the names of Hazlett, Kelly, Ramsay, Henderson, Hislop, Macadam, Disraeli, French, &c. But in the midst of all these our warm Celtic-hearted author stands "*Tanquam luna inter sidera minora.*"

But further, Dr Nicolson has clearly illustrated the morality and virtues of our Celtic ancestors, by giving us a perspicuous and distinct classification of their genuine proverbial maxims. He shows us that in these Gaelic Proverbs there is a plain and consistent inculcation of the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, self-restraint, self-esteem, sense of honour, courage, caution in word and deed, generosity, hospitality, courtesy, peacefulness, love of kindred, patience, promptness, industry, prudence, &c. There are none to be found excusing or recommending selfishness, cunning, time-serving, or any other form of vice or meanness.

It is rather remarkable how few of the ancient sayings of our remote forefathers indicate any feelings of revenge, or of enmity against their fellow-creatures, seeing that in these olden times endless quarrels and feuds existed among the Celtic clans.

Our esteemed author has given in his preface a still more extended catalogue, to represent the virtuous character of our Highland ancestors, selected entirely from their native proverbs. This catalogue embraces their religion, general morals, self-respect and sense of honour, truth,

justice, fidelity, courage, temperance, industry, punctuality, promptness, early-rising, courtesy, hospitality, benevolence, patience, humility, silence, caution, words and deeds, appearances, fools, boors, women, marriage, children, education, kindred, fosterhood, clannishness, friendship, landlord and tenant, husbandry, food, sayings that refer to prehistoric times, humorous sayings, and of all these he gives brief illustrations. His preface, therefore, is extremely valuable, and nothing less so his supplement and appendix, both replete with interesting folk-lore.

While these proverbs, as already stated, contain a rich treasury of Celtic wisdom, which from primæval times have come down to us, floating from age to age on the memories of sage men, to the present day, yet it is to be feared that this process of preserving them may soon come to a termination. Let half a century, or perhaps a still less period, pass away, and most of the old Highlanders whose delight and pastime it was to rehearse these parabolic maxims shall have gone the way of all living. Then as a sure consequence these instructive gems of wisdom, except what has been here collected of them, shall vanish into the land of oblivion. The young and rising generation shall not possess a vestige of these beauties of Celtic lore, hence the benefit, the fortunate event in fact, that so many thousands of them have been secured intact, and alphabetically arranged, by the strenuous exertions of the learned Sheriff. It is, therefore in due and proper time that our talented friend has finished his valuable work. There are still, however, many hundreds no doubt of these excellent proverbs in different parts of the Highlands and Islands of which he did not get hold. Such parties as that distinguished *savant*, "Nether-Lochaber," that amiable graphic poetess, Mary Mackellar, those gentlemen mentioned in the preface, and several others, may have it in their power greatly to supplement the thousands already recorded in Dr Nicolson's valuable collection. We hope that it is destined to run into several editions, and that the learned and genial author may have an opportunity of adding a fresh group to each.

It is sad to think that of the gradual disappearance of the Gaelic language we have too many palpable proofs. That emphatic tongue is vanishing by perceptible degrees from our Highland parishes. Within the memory of many living, Gaelic was preached in the Parish Church of Crathie, where Her Majesty so frequently worshipped. It was preached in the same way in the parishes of Glenmuick, Tullich, Glengairn, Corgarff, and Braemar, all in Aberdeenshire. It has likewise ceased to be preached within the last few years in six or seven populous parishes in the counties of Nairn and Inverness, so that the boundaries of the venerable language are becoming year after year more contracted and circumscribed.

An excellent critic on Dr Nicolson's collection expresses his sorrow "to find that the learned Sheriff looks upon himself as one of the embalmers of the Gaelic language. Why (asks this critic) shall such a noble language perish? What is to hinder the Highlanders from being a bilingual people? Railways and all that sort of thing have done their worst, but the language has as yet survived." Of all men living, no one feels a deeper or a more sincere regret for the declining and the gradual disappearance of our noble language than the worthy Sheriff, but he has eyes and he sees that like all other mortal things his beloved mother-tongue must eventually die in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

It is quite true that this persecuted language may flee from her manslayers to cities of refuge in America, Australia, New Zealand, and other distant colonies, and there live in vigour and power for centuries to come. It is equally true, however, that steamboats, railways, Sasanach sportsmen and their English gillies, tourists, and even School Boards, unite in one powerful phalanx to secure the ruin and eventually to cause its total extinction in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. While Sheriff Nicolson has no desire to embalm the beloved tongue which he first lisped in childhood, and which is dear to his honest Highland heart, because he will never witness its demise (for it will not take place in his nor in our day), yet he is grieved for its gradually increasing weakness, believing that it must eventually end in death. But thanks to him, for although he is unable to prevent the ultimate demise of his favourite tongue in this country as a spoken language, yet he has provided and secured in his Book of Proverbs a suitable, efficient recipe for embalming it, and so far preserving it, even when dead, as that its features, and sinews, and bones may to all ages be recognised. This recipe, with many others, will be found securely recorded in the Pharmacopœia of Professor John Stuart Blackie's Celtic Chair; and the Celtic chirurgeon who shall sit thereon for a revolution of ages, will preserve the remains of our noble tongue more intact and secure than ever was a royal mummy in the imperishable pyramids of Egypt!

But there is one particular point in which we must really rebel against the natural modesty of our author. While he has brought his great learning and his profound philological acquirements to bear upon his invaluable work, he has humbly designated it as "A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs, and Familiar Phrases, based on Mackintosh's Collection." In this he is committing literary *felo de se* as to his masterly attainments in the framing of such a valuable volume. The book might with justice be entitled simply, "A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phrases; by Alexander Nicolson, M.A., LL.D., Advocate." It is almost a misnomer to describe this learned production as founded upon the small volume published many years ago by Mackintosh. We would be sorry to depreciate Mackintosh's little book, or to express a single syllable derogatory to it; far otherwise, as indeed he deserves much commendation for his labours in the face of many adverse circumstances. Yet it hardly merits to be described as the foundation on which our learned sheriff founded his volume. It might almost be said with equal propriety, that the splendid castle of Her Majesty at Balmoral was founded on the small circular tower that existed for ages on its site; or that the magnificent Colosseum at Rome, with its gigantic dimensions and colossal frame-work, was based by Vespasian and Titus, on the diminutive amphitheatre, on the site of which this wondrous structure was reared to accommodate sittings for fifteen thousand Roman citizens!

Let the learned Sheriff, therefore, have the full credit of his own indefatigable labours. The work as now presented to the world is his own, it is a structure of his own rearing, and an admirable structure it is. He had a number of willing coadjutors in those gentlemen mentioned in his preface, all of whom acted with hearty goodwill as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the building of the work which has been so handsomely finished.

Facts are chields that winna ding.

The author has all along very prudently made use of pure idiomatic Gaelic, except in some few instances where he has properly allowed some proverbs to remain in the provincial phraseology in which he received them.

We hope that the publication will be attended with the eminent success it so richly merits. Every Highlander of character and of genuine patriotism, every philanthropic gentleman who feels any pleasure in promoting the intelligence and welfare of the hardy sons of the mountains and the glens, every philologist and lover of Highland folk-lore, every Gaelic-speaking person ought never to rest satisfied until he furnishes his home with a copy of the work, which gives in thousands the wise sayings of his remote ancestors. Nor is this the duty and privilege of Highlanders alone—by no means. The Lowlanders—the Saxons and the Sasanach *literati*—will find the volume one of deep interest and of no small source of enlightenment. Professor Blackie must have long ere now rejoiced over its beautiful pages. We indeed fancy the distinguished Grecian, reading proverb after proverb, glancing rapidly over them, and chuckling with genuine delight, as he expresses his own translation into English, without waiting to consult that given in the book before him. It is true that many of these Saxon *savants* may not be able, as Professor Blackie is, to understand these wise sayings in their Celtic attire, but still they cannot fail to be benefitted by these gems of ancient times, having before them literal equivalents in their own vernacular, as well as their force and meaning in a horde of other European tongues. The volume, in short, is one of universal interest, and its intrinsic value merits a circulation co-extensive with the great importance and variety of its instructive details. We cordially join with the thousands of Highlanders who will unite in tendering *ceud mille beannachd* to the learned author, and in cherishing the confidence that his pure Celtic gems will meet with the eminent success they so well deserve.

CELTIC LITERATURE.—A series of papers on the Literature of the Highlands has been commenced in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, by Mr Nigel Macneill, which promises to be the most complete and comprehensive account of every phase of the subject yet published. Mr Macneill is not unknown to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and we have no hesitation in saying that few if any of our literary Celts are better qualified to do justice to Celtic literature and the Gaelic bards than he. He is one of our most accurate and best informed Gaelic scholars, well up in all the forms of our literature, and a very pleasant writer. In the papers which are to appear from week to week in the *Herald*, we understand that no less than one hundred and fifty Highland bards will receive biographical and critical notices, along with a brief survey of Welsh and Irish literature. It is to be hoped that Highlanders will show such an appreciation of the step taken by the *Herald* as will justify a continuation of the good work so well begun.

THE INVERNESSIAN has been enlarged to sixteen pages—price One Penny ; One Shilling per annum ; by Post, One Shilling and Sixpence.

COLIN CHISHOLM.

—o—

I'll ne'er forget the nicht I spent
 Wi' canty Colin Chisholm ;
 As true a Gael as e'er I kent,
 Is pawkie Colin Chisholm ;
 Sprung frae men wha proudly bore,
 Highland worth the country o'er,
 Fu' o' ancient native lore
 Is gallant Colin Chisholm.

Tho' unco auld, yet ever young
 Is hardy Colin Chisholm,
 The fire o' youth in heart an' tongue
 Fills noble Colin Chisholm ;
 Highland wrangs he canna thole,
 Highland richts inspire his soul,
 Highland hopes the deeds control
 O' doughty Colin Chisholm.

The Gaelic wimples like a burn
 Frae honest Colin Chisholm,
 Its sweetness gets a sweeter turn
 Frae hamely Colin Chisholm ;
 A' that mak's a man a man,
 Dwells within his bosom gran',
 How I long to shak the han'
 O' couthie Colin Chisholm.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

Correspondence.

—o—

THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S OSSIANIC POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I find that my statements (page 170 of your last number) regarding the indebtedness of Dr Maclauchlan to Ewen Maclauchlan are not sufficiently precise, and suggest that the former owes more to the latter than he really does. The facts are as follows :—(1) Ewen Maclauchlan's transcript of the Dean's book did not come into Dr Maclauchlan's hands until his own work of transcribing was all but complete. (2) Ewen Maclauchlan merely transcribed in modern characters the old phonetic Gaelic without in any way changing the spelling, and gave no English translation.

Thus Dr Maclauchlan had to master the old handwriting, had to give the modern equivalent for the old Gaelic, and had to translate it into English, independently of extraneous help. Honour to whom honour is due.

There is a misprint at the foot of page 176, which makes the sentence absurd. For *inspired* read *insipid*.—I am, &c.,

STRATHBRAAN.

A. C. SUTHERLAND.

THE CHISHOLMS AND THE FRASERS—DISPUTED VASSALAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the *Celtic Magazine* for February, p. 124, you quote a passage from Lord Lovat's "Account of the taking of Inverness," in 1715. In a portion of this passage his Lordship says that "Alexander Mackenzie of Fraserdale, whose assumed command of the name Fraser, and his lady, had forced four hundred of that name, which, with the hundred men that Chisholm (who is a vassal to that family) had made up five hundred under Fraserdale's command." Further on his Lordship writes, "But the four hundred Frasers that Mr Mackenzie had brought there four days before to Dunblane, hearing that the Lord Lovat was come home, deserted that cause, and came home full armed, with their affection to their natural chief and their love to the Protestant interest."

Presumably the vassalage here alluded to is military service, in which case it looks as if it contradicted itself. Had the Chisholms been vassals to the family of Lovat, the Frasers would have commanded them, probably would have compelled them to do as they had done themselves—return home from Dunblane without offending their olfractory organs by the unsavoury smell of gunpowder on the field of Sheriffmuir; but the Chisholms—over two hundred in number—took their place there and acted their part in the far-famed Highland line, under the Earl of Mar. Even The Chisholm's piper, Ian Beag, distinguished himself at Sheriffmuir. After the Highlanders carried all before them down the declivity towards Dunblane, a halt was called, and the pipers were ordered to play "Buaidh-larach," but, strange to say, the only piper among them who could play a note was the little, cool, hardy John Beag from Strathglass. It was at that moment that the whole line from end to end (pipers only excepted) shouted in admiration—"Sud suas e piobaire an t-Siosalaich." In consequence of the action of the Chisholms at Sheriffmuir, the lands of their chief were forfeited to the Crown and sold. Twelve years afterwards, however, he obtained a pardon under the Privy Seal, dated 4th of January 1727.

President Forbes, writing of The Chisholm, says—"His lands are held of the Crown, and he can bring out two hundred men." In an old family manuscript I find the following:—"The men from Strathglass, headed by John Chisholm of Knockfin, were united with 300 Frasers, and formed one body or regiment at the battle of Sheriffmuir, under the command of an ancestor of Fraser, Lord Saltoun." I have examined authentic copies of the charters in possession of Lord Lovat and The Chisholm, and failed to discover the remotest allusion to vassalage from beginning to end in any of these documents. We all know that Lord Lovat came home from France smarting under some real or imaginary slight he had received at the Court of St Germain. On his arrival in Scotland he found his clansmen were at Dunblane under another leader and all his estates poising in the balance, likely to slip through his hands for ever. In this frame of mind, heaving and surging in a sea of turmoil and anxiety, and trembling between fear and hope, he began to curry favour with the Court of England. His Lordship wrote strange and imaginary things. Among them all I see nothing that makes so heavy a demand on the credulity of his readers as the statement that Mr Forbes of Culloden hurled a successful defiance at the combined might and forces of the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, the Laird of Mackinnon, Mackenzie of Fraserdale, and The Chisholm.

On the eve of the mismanaged battle of Culloden, when Prince Charles Edward met the assembled Highlanders and their chiefs a little to the west of Inverness (I think on Dail-an-eich), Lovat ordered Rory, The Chisholm's youngest son, who commanded the Strathglass men—and who held the rank of Colonel in the army of Prince Charles—to come under the Fraser standard with the Chisholms, which order Rory promptly and indignantly refused to obey; and, going to Prince Charles and his staff, complained of Lovat's attempt to deprive him of his own standard. After a long argument between the Frasers and young Colonel Rory Chisholm, the case was decided by the Prince in favour of the Chisholms, who retained their own standard. Lovat, annoyed at this decision, went over to the Chisholms, where he had noticed a man of the name Fraser, and, taking him by the arm, led him over to his own followers. Seeing this young Colonel Rory did the same thing to a Chisholm whom he observed among the Frasers; and this interchange of civilities continued until no Chisholms were left among the Frasers, nor Frasers among the Chisholms. It was on this occasion that young Rory placed his standard in the hands of William Chisholm, Fear-

ianis-nan-ceann, who fell so gloriously on the following day at Culloden, together with his spirited young commander, Colonel Rory, and too many other brave followers of the Chisholm in defending it. For a beautiful elegy and memoir of this heroic standard-bearer, see John Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," pp. 373-374.

I have no wish to say one word in support of the chorus of abuse heaped on the memory of the famous Lord Lovat of 1745, but so far as my knowledge goes, I think his Lordship's statement relative to the vassalage of the Chisholms to the Frasers has no foundation in fact. If, however, it can be proved that such a thing as a bond of manrent, or any other bond indicating vassalage, ever existed between the two clans, no one will be readier than I to acknowledge the obligation of fulfilling its conditions.

—I am, &c.,

INVERNESS, March 1881.

COLIN CHISHOLM.

THE GAELIC UNION OF IRELAND.—A most interesting little pamphlet has just reached us, being a report of the proceedings of the Gaelic Union brought into existence about a year ago for the preservation and cultivation of the Irish language, and thereby promote its extension as a spoken tongue. They have established a publication and prize fund to encourage teachers and pupils in all schools where the language is taught, and to publish or assist in the publication of Gaelic books for the use of schools, and such other means of forwarding the movement as the funds subscribed will admit of. This is practical as well as patriotic work, and we are glad to find that already considerable success has been attained. In 1879 only 19 students presented themselves in Celtic at the Intermediate Examinations, while in 1880 not less than 117, or more than six times the number, came forward; and of these 13 secured prizes from the Union, ranging from £1 to £5, while not less than 49 made a very excellent appearance in the Education Commissioners' Report. Full information is given regarding the subjects for examination in 1881 and a long list of places and associations where and by whom Irish is taught throughout the country in addition to a great amount of other valuable and most interesting information. How such an amount of real good work can be performed for the small sum of £82 1s 6d placed at the disposal of the Union by the subscribers is difficult to understand, until we discover the fact that the association mainly consists of the gentlemen who had previously founded the well-known "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language," among them the most active members of the council of that Society. Among the subscribers here, as in all other good Celtic work, we meet with the name of "John Mackay, Esq., Rogart House, Swansea." But the list of subscribers is most instructive in another direction. It positively only includes the name of one Irish Member of Parliament, Mr George Errington. Where is Mr Parnell and his followers in the House of Commons? We always believed in their patriotism, however much we may have differed from their *manner* of displaying it. But a patriotism which ignores the language and the literature of the Irish people, and the efforts made in their interest by the Gaelic Union of Ireland, is in our view very lopsided and not at all like the genuine article. A very excellent and eloquent speech made by Mr John O'Connor Power in the House of Commons in favour of the Celtic language on the second reading of the "Intermediate Education Bill" for Ireland is reproduced from *Hansard* at length, but the hon. gentleman's name is not to be found among the subscribers to the fund. Possibly this apparent want of interest on the part of the Irish Home Rule Members may be attributed to pure oversight. If so, we shall have done good service by calling attention to the damaging fact. Next year's list will show how they come up to our ideas of real Irish patriots. We could take some really practical lessons from the Irish Gaelic Union in the Scottish Highlands. What has, for instance, become for several years back of the prizes instituted by the Gaelic Society of Inverness, for proficiency in Gaelic in Schools throughout the Highlands? That *was* practical work.

THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES; OR, A STRANGE RETURN BY THE HIGHLAND CHIEFS FOR THE FIDELITY OF THE CLANS.—A Pamphlet, in paper cover, by Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot., Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, &c., &c., in the press, and will be issued almost immediately—price 6d, by post 7d. A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers, Inverness.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXVII.

MAY, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

By THE EDITOR.

XIX.

THE FAMILY OF GLENGARRY.

XV. DONALD MACDONALD, eighth of Glengarry, who has a charter under the Great Seal as "Donaldo MacAngus MacAllister filio et heredi apparenti Angusii MacAllester de Glengarrrie—et heredibus suis masculis de corpore suo legitime procreandis," &c.—of the lands of Glengarry, "Dry-nathane, insula de Sleuchmeine," &c., proceeding upon the resignation of Angus, dated 19th of July 1574.* He was known among the Highlanders as *Domhnall Mac Aonghais ic Alastair* (Donald, son of Angus, son of Alastair), and styled "of Morar, Knoydart, and Glengarry." He has a Special Retour before the Sheriff-Depute of the County of Inverness, by a Respectable Inquest, dated 5th November 1584, in the following terms:—"Qui Jurati Dicunt quod quondam Margreta Ylis *avia* Donaldi Mac-Angus MacAlester de Glengarrrie latoris presentium obiit ultimo restitus et saisitus ut de feodo ad pacem Matris supremi Domini nostri de omnibus et singulis terris de dimidietate terrarum de Achult et dimidietate terrarum de Torrurdane cum piscariis," &c. Et quod dictus Donaldus de Glengarrrie *est Legitimus et Propinquier hæres quondam Margarete Ylis avie sue*, &c.†

He has a General Retour at Edinburgh, under date of 27th April 1629, before the Sheiff-Deputes of the county and a "distinguished" jury, among whom we find the names of the direct male ancestors of the Chiefs of Sleat and of Clanranald of Castletirrim as "principal members," and expressly swearing to the legitimacy of Celestine of the Isles and Lochalsh, and the descent of Glengarry from him, and from John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, through this Donald, and, of course, through Margaret of the Isles and Lochalsh. Yet the modern representatives of Sleat and Clanranald of Moydart maintained, at least for a time, the opposite of this, and by so doing would have us believe that their own ancestors, who lived at a time when they had far better means of knowing than their modern representatives, committed perjury when their own interests were altogether in the opposite direction—against

* Reg. Mag. Sig., Lib. 34, No. 110.

† Original document in the Registers of Chancery.

the establishment of Glengarry's claim to represent, through Margaret of the Isles and Celestine her grandfather, the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles. The finding of this distinguished jury and of the Chiefs of Sleat and Clanranald in 1629* is as follows :—"Qui Jurati Dicunt quod quondam Celestine de Ylis de Lochelche Frater quondam Joannis Comititis de Ros Domini de Ylis Abavus Donaldi MacAngus de Glengarrie obiit, &c. Et quod dictus Donaldus MacAngus lator presentium est Legitimus et propinquior Hæres ejusdem quondam Celestini de Ylis de Lochelche sui abavi."† We have already referred to the charge of licentiousness made by the Clanranald champion, in the controversy of sixty years ago, against this Margaret of the Isles. He has clearly confused her with her aunt, another Margaret of the Isles, a daughter of Celestine, who behaved so badly as to call at the time for the interposition of the Crown. The above-quoted documents, however, conclusively prove to those who required proof that the progenitrix of Glengarry was quite a different person and could not be the Margaret of doubtful character, who is admitted by all parties—even by the Clanranald champion—to have been a *daughter* of Celestine, while the Margaret who married Glengarry was his *grand-daughter*.

In his third letter to the editor of the *Inverness Journal*, dated 27th May 1818, "Also a Fiar Ranuillich," writing in defence of Clanranald of Castletirrim, says :—"I shall refer to the Privy Seal Record, where, on the 8th September 1507, there will be found a letter to the Earl of Huntly, stating that the King had given to Margaret, the sister of Alexander of the Isles of Lochguelch, Knight, certain lands during pleasure—that Margaret had 'applyit and subjectit her persone, lands, and gudes, quhether in lauchful marriage or otherwise, we know not, to Donald Mac Arle Mac Lauchlane Dowe.' Now, the designation of Margaret in this deed points her out, beyond a doubt, to be Celestine's *daughter and sister of Alexander*, designated of Lochalsh." After quoting other deeds to the same effect, he adds—"On perusing the above documents, it must strike every person, 1st, that Margaret, *the sister of Alexander*, was not married in September 1507, but rather seems to have lived in open adultery, so glaring as to call the particular attention of the Crown; and that this Margaret was afterwards Glengarry's wife cannot be doubted, when her designation is attended to, which is '*sister of Alexander of the Isles of Lochguelch*,' &c." It has been already proved that this woman was not afterwards Glengarry's wife, but her niece, a lady of the same name, was, and no reflection that we can trace was ever cast upon her character. In another letter the Castletirrim champion states that the lady "was the grand-niece of Celestine and the daughter of Angus, the bastard son of John, last Earl of Ross attainted, . . . and this fair lady appears, from a document dated 8th September 1507, by King James to the Earl of Huntly, 'to have subjected her person, land, and gudes quhether in lauchful marriage or other-ways we know not, to Donald Mack Arle Mack Lauchlane Dowe.'" From these two quotations it will be seen that the same writer makes her at one and the same time the daughter and grand-niece of Celestine of Lochalsh; and this is but one specimen of many such extraordinary

* "Dominum Donaldum McDonald de Slait, Joannem McLaud de Dunnyvagane, Joannem McRanald de Yllantyrin," are the first three on the list of jurors.

† Original also in Registers of Chancery.

feats which he performs throughout the long controversy in which he was engaged for Clanranald against Glengarry. There is a case recorded in Durie's Decisions, under date of 26th February 1650 (Glengarry against Munro of Fowlis), and another dated 4th of February 1531 (Glengarry against Lord Lovat), where Glengarry's title, derived through Celestine of the Isles and Lochalsh, was sustained by the Court of Session expressly as heir to the Lords of the Isles, and the title to pursue in these two actions and sustained by the Court was a transumpt of three charters in favour of Celestine by his brother John, last Earl of Ross. In one of these charters he is called *Carissimus Frater*, in the second *Frater Carnalis*, and in the third *Frater Legitimus Carnalis*. We have already given Gregory's opinion of these terms (page 218, vol. v.), and it is held by those who maintain Celestine's legitimacy that "in those days of Papal influence *carnalis* was contra-distinguished to *spiritualis*—brother laymen and brother churchman." A strong point is made by Glengarry of the General Retour already referred to by a jury of which Macdonald of Sleat and Macdonald of Clanranald were principal members, and it is argued, "If Celestine had been a bastard, he could not legally, or in any formal instrument, be designated as the brother of the Earl of Ross, *being the character to be proved*; and as Earl John was attainted and his estate forfeited, no right personal vested in him could be carried by service or succession. It was otherwise with Celestine; he possessed extensive estates, which, though violently usurped by others, were not legally forfeited, and nothing but the plea of proscription and taciturnity prevented the recovery of them, as appears from Lord Durie's collection of adjudged cases, who, sitting as a judge on the bench at a time not very distant from the period of Celestine's succession, could not be ignorant of the circumstances of the case." This is a legal deduction which we do not feel competent to deal with, and only state it for the consideration of those whose training fit them to decide it.

There is an agreement entered into between Angus MacAlester of Glengarry and John Grant of Freuchy, dated at Elgin on the 17th of November 1571, by which Glengarry finds and obliges himself to cause our present subject, Donald MacAngus, his son and apparent heir, to solemnize and complete the bond of matrimony in face of Holy kirk with Helen Grant, lawful daughter to the said John Grant of Freuchy, betwixt the date above named and the fast of Saint John the Baptist called Midsummer next immediately thereafter. At the same time he agrees to grant to the laird of Freuchy a bond of manrent. Donald MacAngus, however, failed to enter into the agreement made in his behalf, and he refused to marry Helen Grant. The consequences proved most serious to Glengarry. In 1548 his lands had been appraised for satisfaction of a "spulzie," and sold to James Grant for the sum of £10,770 13s 4d, and in 1554 Queen Mary granted to John Grant, Helen's father, and the son and heir of James Grant of Freuchy, "the relief of various lands including Glengarrrie which belonged to him as heir, and the relief of which belonged to the Queen."* The estates had not passed to Grant in virtue of the above-named appraising, but they were again appraised in consequence of Donald's refusal to marry Freuchy's daughter. They are,

* Origines Parochiales, vol. ii., part i., p. 185.

however, re-granted by Freuchy to Glengarry by a charter, already quoted, and confirmed by the Crown on the 8th of July 1574. In the contract between himself and Grant, Glengarry, in a bond of manrent which he agreed to give, makes an exception in favour "of ye auctoritie of our soverane and his Chief of Clanranald only." This is held by Clanranald of Moidart as an acknowledgement by Glengarry of the Captain of Clanranald as his chief. It is impossible to argue this away satisfactorily in the manner attempted by the Glengarry champion in the controversy already referred to. John Moydertach was then at the zenith of his power, and was *de facto* the most powerful and distinguished warrior of the whole Clan Donald. Glengarry's power was at the same time on the wane, and at this period small in comparison with that of his namesake of Clanranald. The necessities of his position might therefore have compelled him—as at a later period the same cause obliged Cluny Macpherson to acknowledge Mackintosh—to own the most distinguished and most powerful of his contemporary Macdonald leaders, the Captain of Clanranald, as his chief. In these circumstances, and knowing the man he had to deal with, we are not disposed to attach much weight to this isolated instance of alleged acknowledgment on the part of Glengarry, and especially when it is made in favour of one who could not possibly be Chief even of the Clanranalds of Castletirrim, inasmuch as he was beyond question of illegitimate birth. This point is at once and for ever disposed of by an entry in the original Record of the Privy Seal in the following terms:

*"Preceptum Legitimationis Johannis MacAlestar de Casteltirrim bastardi filii naturalis quondam Alexandri MacAlane de Casteltirrim in communi forma, etc. Apud Striveling xv Januarrii anno j m v° xxxi (1531).—Per Signetum."**

On the margin is an entry "xs" showing that the usual fee of ten shillings had been paid by the grantee, and it is clear from the docquet, "Per Signetem," that it passed the Signet as well as the Privy Seal.

The reign of this Chief of Glengarry was an exceedingly turbulent one. From 1580 to 1603 incessant feuds were carried on between the family and the Mackenzies, with the usual depredations and slaughters on both sides. These originally arose out of the disputes between the two families regarding Strome Castle and the other property in Lochcarron and Lochalsh brought to the family of Glengarry by the marriage of the VIth Baron to Margaret of Lochalsh and the Isles. These lands adjoined those of the Mackenzies in Kintail, Lochalsh, and Lochcarron, and in the then state of society, and the feelings of jealousy which almost invariably existed between the clans, it was easy to find means of disagreement, heated disputes, and quarrels. Angus Og of Glengarry was a desperate and brave warrior, and he made numerous incursions into the country of the Mackenzies, committing with his followers wholesale outrages and murders, which were in their turn revenged by the Kintail men. All these proceedings have been already very minutely described from old family MSS. and other sources, in vol. iv. of the *Celtic Magazine*, pp. 340-345 and 361-369,† and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat details here. They will, however, be given in the separate work. We may meanwhile

* Reg. Sec. Sig., lib. 9, fo. 72 b.

† Also at much greater length in "The History of the Mackenzies, by the same author, pp. 122-127 and 140-169.

quote Gregory's excellent and very concise account of these quarrels, and the result. He says that :—A serious feud broke out between Donald MacAngus of Glengarry and Colin Mackenzie of Kintail. The former chief had inherited one-half of the district of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and Lochbroom, from his grandmother, Margaret, one of the sisters and co-heiresses of Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh, who died about the year 1518. The predecessors of Kintail had acquired the other half of these districts, by purchase from Dingwall of Kildun, the son of the other co-heiress of Sir Donald. The vicinity of these lands to the other possessions of the Mackenzies had probably tempted some of that tribe to make aggressions on Glengarry's portion. Their intrusion was fiercely resented by that chief, who, in order the better to maintain his rights, took up his residence, for a time, in Lochcarron, and placed a garrison of his followers in the castle of Strone, in that district. The breach between the two clans gradually became wider ; and, in the course of their dissensions, Glengarry himself, and many of his followers, fell into the hands of a party of the Mackenzies, headed by Ruari Mackenzie of Redcastle, brother to the Lord of Kintail. Glengarry's life was spared, but he was detained in captivity for a considerable time, and only procured his release by yielding the castle of Lochcarron to the Mackenzies. The others prisoners, however, including some of Glengarry's relations, were put to death in 1582, with many circumstances of cruelty and indignities. After his liberation Glengarry complained to the Privy Council, who investigated the matter, caused the castle of Strone to be placed under the temporary custody of the Earl of Argyle, and detained Mackenzie in Edinburgh, in what was called open ward, to answer to such charges as might be brought against him.* In 1596 Donald MacAngus of Glengarry is among those chiefs who, with Maclean of Duart, Macdonald of Sleat, and Roderick Macleod of Lewis, made their submission to the Council.†

The feud between him and Mackenzie regarding their lands in Wester Ross was now (1602) renewed with great violence. On this occasion Glengarry appears, according to Gregory, to have been the aggressor, a position in which he was placed, partly by the craft of his opponents, and partly by his own ignorance of the laws. The result was that the Lord of Kintail procured a commission of fire and sword against Glengarry, whose lands he devastated in the cruel manner then practised, and carried off all the cattle. The Macdonalds did not fail to retaliate by predatory excursions, in one of which they plundered the district of Applecross, which had always before been considered as a sanctuary. On another occasion a large body of Macdonalds had landed on the coast of Lochalsh, vowing to burn and destroy all Mackenzie's lands as far as Easter Ross ; but their leader, Allaster MacGorrie, in whom they had great confidence, having separated himself with but few attendants from his main body, was surprised by some of Mackenzie's followers and killed.

This loss so disheartened the Macdonalds that they returned home without performing any action of consequence. Meantime, the Lord of

* Record of Privy Council, 10th August and 2d December 1582 ; 11th January and 8th March 1582-3. In connection with this feud Colin Mackenzie of Kintail was confined in the castle of Blackness in May 1586, as appears from the same Records and from the Treasurer's Accounts of June 1586.

† Ibid., 15th June 1596.

Kintail went to Mull to visit Maclean, by whose means he hoped to prevent the Macdonalds of Isla from giving assistance to their relations in the north. In his absence Angus Macdonald, the young chief of Glengarry, desirous to revenge the death of his kinsman, MacGorrie, had collected all his followers, and proceeded northwards to Lochcarron (in which the Macdonalds now only held the Castle of Strone, with a small garrison), he loaded his boats with the plunder of that district, after burning all the houses within reach, and killing many of the inhabitants. The inhabitants of Kintail and Lochalsh having been drawn together in the absence of their chief, and encouraged by the example of his lady, posted themselves at the narrow strait or kyle which separates Skye from the mainland, intending to annoy the Macdonalds as much as possible on their return. Night had fallen before the Macdonalds made their appearance; and some of Mackenzie's vassals, taking advantage of the darkness, rowed out in two boats towards a large galley of the enemy, which was then passing the Kyle. Being allowed to approach within a very short distance, they suddenly attacked the Macdonalds with a volley of musketry and arrows. The latter, in their alarm, crowding to one side of the galley, already heavily loaded with their plunder, it overset, and the whole crew were precipitated into the water. Such of them as contrived to reach the shore were immediately dispatched by the Kintail men; and among the slain was the young chief of Glengarry himself, whose boat it was that the Mackenzies had happened to attack. The rest of the Macdonalds, hearing the alarm, and discovering their loss, returned on their own route as far as Strathordell in Skye, where they left their boats; and, proceeding on foot through the island to Sleat, they crossed from that district to Morar. Finding that Mackenzie was not yet returned from Mull, they sent a large party to take post in an island near which he must pass, so that they might have an opportunity of intercepting him, and thus revenging the death of their young chief. This party was only one night in the island when the chief of Kintail came past in Maclean's great galley, commanded by the captain of Carneburgh. At this time it was low ebb, and the boats of the Macdonalds were aground; but, in order to detain them as long as possible, the captain, suspecting whose vessels they were, pretended that he was going to land on the island. The stratagem took effect; for the Macdonalds, not to deter him from landing, retired from the shore and concealed themselves among the rocks; when suddenly he hoisted his sails and bore away from the island, and was soon out of reach of pursuit. When Mackenzie came to Kintail he observed a number of dead bodies lying on the shore, and was soon informed of the success which his vassals had met with. He then collected his men, and laid siege to the castle of Strone, which was, in a short time, surrendered to him, on which he caused it to be blown up, that it might no longer be a stronghold against him and his successors. After this the Clanranald of Glengarry, under Allan of Lundie, made an irruption into Brae Ross, and plundered the lands of Kilchrist, and other adjacent lands belonging to the Mackenzies. This foray was signalized by the merciless burning of a whole congregation in the church of Kilchrist, while Glengarry's piper marched round the building, mocking the cries of the unfortunate inmates, with the well-known pibroch, which has been known ever since, under the name of Kilchrist, as the family tune of the Clan-

ranald of Glengarry. Some of the Macdonalds, chiefly concerned in this outrage, were afterwards killed by the Mackenzies; but it is somewhat startling to reflect that this terrible instance of private vengeance should have occurred in the commencement of the seventeenth century, without, so far as we can trace, any public notice being taken of such an enormity. Eventually, the disputes between the Chiefs of Glengarry and Kintail were amicably settled by an arrangement which gave the Ross-shire lands, so long the subject of dispute, to Mackenzie; and the hard terms to which Glengarry was obliged to submit in this private quarrel seemed to have formed the only punishment inflicted on this clan for the cold-blooded atrocity displayed in the raid of Kilchrist.* After this the two powerful families continued on friendly terms much to their mutual advantage, and that of the wide district of country over which they held sway.

Angus, the eldest son and heir, having been killed, and Donald Mac-Angus being now advanced in years, the actual command fell into the hands of the second son Alexander, known among the Highlanders as "Alister Dearg." He appears to have been of a much more peaceable disposition than his deceased brother Angus. His father, who outlived him, was very frail and confined to bed in his latter years, and after the death of "Alister Dearg" the actual command of the clan devolved upon Angus, or Æneas, son of Alister and grandson of Donald Mac-Angus, afterwards, in 1660, created "Lord Macdonell and Arros." That Alexander predeceased his father is clearly proved by an order of the Privy Council, dated Edinburgh, 3d December 1641, at the instance of William Mackintosh of Torcastle and others, for committing Angus, Donald's grandson, to Edinburgh Castle for refusing to exhibit several of his clan, named in the order, who had murdered Lauchlane Mackintosh and William Millar within the burgh of Inverness, upon a Sabbath day named "in the criminall letres" issued against them. Angus was in Edinburgh at the date of order, and is designed, though his father was still alive, as "the Laird of Glengarie, who is Cheefe Maister landslord to the saids rebels," and who "ought to be answerable for thame, and exhibite thame to justice conforme to the laws of the countrie and severall Acts of Parliament." The applicants pray that "the Laird of Glengarie" be committed to ward in Edinburgh till the said rebels be exhibited to answer for the said slaughter committed by them or else to take responsible caution of him to exhibit them "at a certane day vnder great soumes." After hearing parties the Council decided as follows:—

"Quhereunto Angus Macdonald oy (*ogha*, or grandson) to the Laird of Glengarie being called to answeyr, and he compeirand this day personally before the saids Lords, together with Lauchlane MacIntosh, brother to the supplicant. And the saids Lords being well and throughlie advised with all that wes proponned and alledged be both the saids parteis in this mater. The Lords of Secreit Counseill, in regard of the knowne old age and infirmitie of the *old* Laird of Glengarie being neir ane hundreth yeers of age; and that the said Angus Macdonald his oy (*ogha*, or grandson) is appearand heir of the estat, hes the management and government yairof, and is followed and ackowledged be the hail tennents of the bounds, and

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 299-303.

such as hes ane dependence on his goodshir. Therefore they find that he is lyable for exhibition of the rebells foresaids, men tennants and servants, to his said guidshir, as he would have benee if his age did not excuse him. And the said Angus being personallie present as said is, and this sentence being intimate to him, and he ordained to find caution for exhibition of the saids rebells, before the saids Lords in the moneth of Junii next, and to keepe the peace in the meane time, he refused to doe the same; and therefore the saids Lords ordains him to be committed to waird within the Castell of Edinburgh, therein to remaine upon his owne expens ay and whyll he find the said caution, and till he be freed and releved be the said Lords, and siclyke ordanis lettres of intercommoning to be direct aganis the rebells foresaids."

By an order dated 1st of March 1642 he is set at liberty "furthe of the Castle," but to continue at open ward within "this Burghe of Edinburgh," Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat having become cautioner for him. He was imprisoned in the Castle for "ye space of 13 weekis or thereby," and, in the order, he is again designed "Angus Macdonald, oy (*ogha* or grandson) to the Laird of Glengarie." This establishes beyond question that "Alister Dearn" (as well as Angus Og) predeceased his father, Donald MacAngus MacAlister, and that, although he commanded the Macdonalds of Glengarry during his father's life-time, he never was, and ought not to be reckoned one of the Chiefs of Glengarry.

It should also be mentioned that hitherto we have not met with a single instance where "Macdonell" is used as the family name. It will be observed that during his grandfather's life-time the future Lord Macdonell and Arros was designated Angus *Macdonald*, and the first instance of "Macdonell" as a family name, in connection with Glengarry, is in the patent of nobility granted to the grandson and successor of Donald MacAngus, on the 20th of December 1660. The name having at that date been assumed, we shall also use it hereafter in connection with the family.

We have already seen that Donald's father entered into an agreement with Grant of Freuchy that Donald, his son, should marry Grant's daughter, and that Angus suffered seriously in consequence of Donald's refusal to carry out that engagement. She, however, appears to have been living with him as his wife in Strone Castle, Lochcarron, probably in accordance with the outrageous custom which then to some extent prevailed among some of having their betrothed living with them on probation. The inhabitants of the district looked upon her, erroneously, however, as his lawful wife; and one of the charges made against him before the Privy Council, in 1602, was that "he lived in habitual and constant adultery with the Captain of Clanranald's daughter after he had put away and repudiated Grant's daughter, his married wife."* The author of the oldest Mackenzie MS. extant† refers to the same irregularity in the following terms:—"His young lady MacRanald's, or Captain of Clanranald's, daughter, whom he had newly brought there (Strone Castle), and had sent away Grant's daughter." This would go far to explain the determination with which Grant decided upon punishing the father, and insisting upon the penalties provided for in the agreement between Grant and old Glengarry failing the due solemn-

* Letterfearn MS.

† The "Ancient" MS. of the Mackenzies.

nization of the marriage. It is from this position of affairs that any plausible foundation is found for the charge made by the Clanranald champion in his letters to the *Inverness Journal* in 1818 and 1819, that "Alister Dearg" was illegitimate, and that therefore the Glengarry line was in the same position as that allèged in the case of John Muideartach's descendants. This argument, however, could not apply, for it is admitted by all parties, including Clanranald, that a legitimate marriage had taken place between Donald of Glengarry and the daughter of Allan of Muidort or Clanranald. The only question which could affect it was a previous legally constituted marriage with Helen Grant of Grant, and that no such union existed has been proved beyond any possibility of doubt.

It is, however, hardly worth while to discuss seriously the charges made by the Clanranald champion, for he not only maintains that Donald, first of Scotos, was "Donald of Laggan," but that "Alister Dearg," the undoubted son of Donald MacAngus, and father of Æneas, Lord Macdonell and Arros, was the son of Donald of Scotos—the brother and the son of the same man at the same time. "Regarding Allister Dearg," in his letter of 1st of October 1819, he says, "I admit he was the son of Donald of Laggan." He has been proved to be the son of Donald MacAngus MacAlester and brother of Donald first of Scotos, whom Clanranald calls "Donald of Laggan." Stuff like this is almost beneath notice, but it was the only possible retreat that the champion of Clanranald could find from the false position which he had assumed; for he himself declares, when taken to task, that he never "attempted to insinuate" that Alester Dearg's father, the real Donald of Laggan—Donald MacAngus MacAlister—was not legitimate.

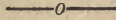
Donald married, first, Margaret, daughter of Allan Macdonald of Muidort, Captain of Clanranald, and grand-daughter of John Muideartach, with issue—

1. Angus, who died before his father, unmarried.
2. Alexander, known as "Alastair Dearg," who married Jean, daughter of Allan Cameron, XVth of Lochiel, with issue—Æneas Macdonell, created a Peer of Scotland as Lord Macdonell and Arros in 1660, and his father, "Alastair Dearg," having died before his grandfather, Donald MacAngus, succeeded the latter in the lands and as Chief of Glengarry.
3. Donald, first of Scotus, or Scothouse, who married Mary (?), daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, with issue—Reginald, second of Scotus, who married a daughter of Macleod of Macleod, with issue—"Alastair Dubh" Macdonell (who succeeded to Glengarry on the death, without lawful issue, in 1682, of his cousin, Lord Macdonell and Arros), and four other sons, of whom hereafter.
4. John, known as "Ian Mor," from whom the family of Ard-naheare, all of whom emigrated to America.
5. John, or Ian Og, whose descendants also went to America.

He is said to have married secondly a daughter of Macdonell of Keppoch. He died at an extreme old age—over a hundred—on Sunday, the 2d of February 1645, the same day on which the great Montrose victoriously fought the battle of Inverlochy, aided by the men of Glengarry, under Donald MacAlester's grandson and successor.

(To be Continued.)

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST :

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS
OF SCOTLAND.

RORY OF THE GLEN AND THE SMUGGLER.

DURING one of my frequent botanical excursions in the Highlands, I one day rambled further than usual, and so engrossed was I in the pursuit of my favourite science that I "lost my bearings" as a sailor would say, and was uncertain in what direction to turn to regain my lodging. I stood on the level summit of a range of very precipitous rocks, which commanded an extensive prospect of the subjacent valley, which I knew was called Glenaverain, and as I looked in all directions in dire perplexity, I was greatly relieved to see a shepherd, accompanied by his collie, approaching me. Quickening my flagging steps I soon joined him, and in answer to my enquiries, I found that I was much further from my destination than was at all pleasant for a tired pedestrian. The shepherd was evidently pleased to meet with some one to have a "crack" with, to relieve the tedious monotony of his solitary employment, and I found him a very intelligent, sensible man, who, though quite uneducated, evinced, by his quaint and original remarks, a fund of common sense and dry humour. In short, we were mutually pleased with each other's company, and, finding I was so far out of my way, he kindly invited me to spend the night at his cottage, where he assured me his wife, Erich, would make me comfortable as well as welcome; for during the summer season she always kept the house in readiness to receive visitors, who, like myself, traversed these remote parts in pursuit of science or pleasure.

"Last year," said Allan, "there was a fine, frank fellow in your own line that spent a few nights with us, and seemed very well pleased with our homely way. He said he came from Edinbro', and that his name was Graham. I'm thinking, though he did not tell me, he was one of the folk they call professors there."

Making due acknowledgments to my hospitable friend, I readily agreed to accept of the shelter of a roof, however humble, that had been honoured by the presence of one for whom I entertained so much esteem, and who has done so much to enrich the department of science in which he has so long and so industriously laboured. With some difficulty the shepherd made me discern his little hut, situated in a solitary nook at a considerable distance in the deep hollow of the mountains. Having engaged to meet him there by dusk, I took temporary leave of him, and commenced my sauntering way, along the brow of the precipice, not a little pleased with myself in having been able meanwhile to give to my honest friend kindly advice which I hoped would be useful to him and his family. Some time insensibly passed away while I was threading my downward way through the rocks, occasionally turning aside by a ravine, or goat path, to examine some tempting tuft of herbage that attracted my eye. While scrambling to reach a bed of saxifrage, a distant growling noise arrested my attention, and on looking around for its cause, I discovered that the sky meantime had become suddenly overcast, and that a dense mass of

towering thunder clouds was fast approaching me. As soon as I had secured my specimen, my sole concern was to look for some convenient place where I might take refuge from the violence of the coming storm, of which I had already received repeated warnings in the vivid flashes of lightning and the deepening peals of thunder by which they were succeeded.

The darkened prospect around and beneath me, sufficiently wild at any time, had now assumed the still and solemn aspect of awful expectation which nature usually puts on when the elements are about to join in dreadful conflict. I soon found a retreat under a projecting crag, where no drop of rain could penetrate, and here, perched like an eagle on his eyrie, I set myself to watch with a satisfaction, not unmingled with awe, the mustering horrors of the scene. The electrified cloud already rested on the tall cliffs directly opposite to that in which I lay ensconced, and seemed rapidly advancing towards me. I could scarcely see the bottom of the valley amidst the lurid shade that brooded over it. But as far as my eye could reach I beheld the bleating flocks crowding together in their alarm, now running, they knew not whither, during the thunder-peal, and again halting after it had died away, to gaze on each other with stupid amazement. The bird of Jove himself appearing to have deserted the charge which the ancients had assigned him, now slowly descended from his ethereal height, and after making several majestic swoops, on a level with my eye, as if to satisfy himself of the security of his abode, made a rapid turn, in which I distinctly heard the sound of his tawny pinions, and took possession of his asylum in the bosom of the precipice beneath me. The only living creatures that seemed to enjoy the deepening gloom were the swarms of rock-swallows, which, as the horrors thickened, continued to skim the dark abyss in increasing numbers and with more noisy chirp, till at length even they were driven by the thickening drops of rain from their careerings in the sky to seek for shelter in their "clay-built citadels." Now the tempest raged in all its dread magnificence. It seemed as if nature were trying to array herself in her most terrible majesty. The deeply charged cloud now burst around the lofty rock where I lay. Each vivid flash was instantly followed by a deafening peal which rolled, in deep reverberations, from cliff to cliff, and before its echoes had ceased to send back their long protracted answers another peal followed to sustain the awful sound of "heaven's dread artillery." A sulphurous odour diffused itself around me, and every moment I expected a resistless bolt to strike the rock beside me.

At length the violence of the storm abated, the war of the elements gradually ceased, the rain abated its force, and the murky vapours, though they did not entirely disperse, became greatly rarified. I still remained snug in my rocky shelter, expecting that the atmosphere would clear sufficiently to permit of my leaving my retreat. I waited in vain till the approach of night admonished me that I would require all the remaining light of day to make my way to Allan's dwelling. The thick fog in which I was enveloped, and my ignorance of the ground, combined to render my position somewhat hazardous. To find a safe descent to the bottom of the valley was what I now tried to discover, and I made several fruitless attempts to descend. Wherever I found an opening among the rocks, my way was always interrupted by

some steep precipice, or some impassible ravine; and by tedious clambering, in various directions, and groping my way in the mist, through crags, dens, and swollen torrents, where one false step would have been fatal, the daylight was almost entirely gone before I could emerge from the obscuring vapours and reach the hollow of the glen. The shepherd's shealing, though no longer visible, I knew to be still several miles distant, and I was unacquainted with the right road to it. I pushed forward, however, in the direction in which it stood for the space of about two miles, till I found my progress arrested by the junction of two boisterous torrents, which enclosed me between them. Never did benighted wanderer find himself in a more pitiable position. I hurried from one hillock to another. I explored first one stream and then the other, in search of some practicable passage, but all in vain. The twilight was thus consumed to no purpose. The impetuous torrents, foaming and bounding along from rock to rock in its stormy channels, laughed to scorn all my idle attempts. I now could see no alternative but to pass the night, which had closed in, pitch-dark, around me as I best could, exposed to the still drizzling rain, and the importunities of a craving appetite.

Thus beset I began to soliloquize in no very pleasing mood-- "Alas, my day's adventures have had but a sorry termination." "Il di loda la sera," says the poet; and there is reason in the remark. Would that I had remained in my snug retreat up yonder, on the brink of Craig-an-eirigh, where at least I should have had the comfort of a dry though hard resting-place; but let me cheer up, a summer's night, however wet, and the cravings of hunger, however clamorous, will soon pass away, and so reasoning I began to move about to try and restore the circulation of my benumbed limbs. I found a small space of level ground, beside one of the streams, where I walked to and fro like a sentinel on duty, gazing from time to time on the white foam which I could faintly see glancing past me in the pitchy darkness. I thought on poor Allan and his probable fate, but knowing his familiarity with those wilds my mind was soon set at ease regarding him. He is even now most likely, said I, in his cosy sheiling enjoying all the comforts of home with his Ericht, and moreover may be giving a kind thought to the wandering stranger. The belief of the honest-hearted shepherd's sympathy had comfort in it, and contributed not a little to tranquillize my mind.

Fancy now began to wander and dwelt on the various sorts of superstitions prevalent in those mountain districts. I am not subject to visionary terrors, but the candid mind must admit that the strongest theoretic convictions are not always sufficient to resist the influence of powerful associations, such as those in the midst of which I now found myself placed. Tales of horror which had clung to my memory from infancy, or which I had heard in the course of my Highland wanderings, now crowded on my mind, and the feelings which they awakened within me were far from agreeable. My eyes betrayed a perverse inclination to distort every object of which they could obtain a faint glimpse in the darkness, and to array it in uncouth or fantastic attributes. A foaming cascade readily assumed the appearance of a sheeted ghost; and an isolated piece of rock became a hideous water fiend. My ears grew equally expert amidst the hoarse murmur of the torrent in distinguishing

the articulate voices of the spirits of the flood or fell. But hark! that was surely something more than phantasy! Did I not hear a shrill cry, a full octave higher than the bass tones of the waters? Withdrawing a few paces from the stream I put myself in a listening attitude. In about five minutes more the cry was repeated—a loud, prolonged, heart-piercing cry that rung from crag to crag, and then died mournfully away on my ear.

If a creeping horror now seized my trembling limbs, and my mind was possessed by an appalling sense of something dreadful being nigh, I trust the indulgent reader will not withhold his sympathy from me. Such a shriek at such a time and in such a place, might have startled the strongest nerves, and was by far too distinct and certain to be referred to any fanciful illusion. But methinks I hear some one say “Bah! it was nothing but the screech owl, or the eagle, or the she-fox, on the hill-side.” So also did I endeavour to think, though the sound differed widely from that of any owl, or eagle, or fox which I had ever heard. By-and-bye it rung again in my ears—“more deep, more piercing loud,” and proceeded, as I supposed, from the side of a hill over against me. Spell-bound, I stood and listened to catch again the sound of that weird cry, as if all my faculties had been concentrated in the tympanum of my ear. Again and again it was repeated, remaining stationary, but becoming gradually fainter, till at last it seemed to cease entirely, and I resumed my walk beside the stream. The impetuosity of the torrent was not sensibly diminished, for there was a constant drizzle which sometimes increased to a pelting shower, and my clothes were so completely saturated by it that I might be said, in common parlance, not to have a “dry stitch on me.”

In this uncomfortable state of things I continued walking up and down the little patch of green grass, when suddenly a glimmering light burst upon my eye. “Ha! here comes ‘Jack O’Lanthorn’ next, to add to this night’s store of spectre sights and sounds. Surely this is haunted ground that my feet have stumbled on. But let me see if this be Jack or no.” For several minutes I watched this new object with attention. It remained in the same place, but sufficiently distinct, apparently, about half-a-mile distant, and in a direction opposite to that of all the habitable parts of the glen; so that it seemed unlikely to come from any human dwelling. Besides, Allan had assured me that his shealing was the nearest in the glen, and it was still several miles distant. This then must be none else than Jack O’Lanthorn himself, and as he did not seem disposed to come to me, I resolved to try if I could get nearer to him. Often did I lose sight of the glimmering object I was in search of as I crossed some deep hollow or clambered among the rocky banks of the stream, and at length I began to suspect it had vanished entirely, when suddenly it burst again upon my view, at the distance of a few paces, as I turned the point of a projecting rock. I paused to make observations, and saw before me a strong and steady light that proceeded from a rugged hollow close by a fall of one of the streams within which I was enclosed. When I had cautiously approached it I found myself beside a rude hut, constructed of turf, and constituting the laboratory of a manufacturer of *aqua vite*, alias, the whisky *bothie* of a Highland smuggler. Groping about with the greatest care, I endeavoured to get a view of the interior before

I ventured to solicit admission. Having reached a hole on the roof which served to answer the double purpose of window and chimney, I peeped in, and there beheld a rough shock-headed personage, of sufficiently forbidding aspect, smoking a short tobacco pipe, and basking before a blazing peat fire, while he watched the operations of his still. The ruddy light, thrown upon his grim visage, greatly heightened its natural fiery hue, flanked as it was by a pair of overgrown red whiskers, which a grisly beard threatened soon to emulate in length and colour. Having feasted my eyes for a while on this attractive object, I next surveyed the other contents of his den so far as my range of vision went. These consisted of the usual apparatus and necessaries for illicit distillation in such situations; I could see no symptoms of any living inhabitant but himself.

In any other circumstances I would have been loth to obtrude myself on the notice and hospitality of one whose aspect was so far from being inviting, but I had already experienced enough of the horrors of that dreary night to make me hail with joy any face that bore on it, however faintly impressed, the undoubted stamp of humanity. In the coarsest countenance of man I could then have easily persuaded myself that I beheld something divine. Without a moment's hesitation I made the best of my way to the door, and having put aside an empty sack or piece of dirty canvas, which was hung across it to exclude the violence of the weather, I entered unceremoniously. The noise I made attracted the smuggler's attention. He started, turned round, took his pipe from his mouth, discharged a whiff of smoke, and with a pair of grey eyes almost bursting from their sockets, examined me suspiciously from head to foot. He made no motion, however, to grasp the rusty claymore, which I now for the first time observed lying nigh to him, nor did he betray any symptom of hostility towards me. The expression which marked his features seemed that of superstitious dread, and when I bethought me of all the circumstances of the case, especially the alarming sounds from the opposite hill which he too might have so lately heard, "the witching hour of night" when I presented myself, the dripping, pale, and haggard appearance of my own person, and the grave silence which I still maintained, I could readily find an excuse for the distrustful glance and the strangeness of manner with which he received my intrusion.

"A dismal night, good friend," I at last exclaimed.

"Aye," was the only answer he returned, and even that little word was pronounced with a quivering hesitation which plainly betrayed the effort which it cost the speaker.

"Excuse my intruding on you; I have been benighted among these hills and, attracted by the light from your dwelling, I have made bold to enter."

"You're welcome," was his brief reply, uttered, however, in a tone that seemed to belie his words, but having resolved to make myself at home if at all possible, I waited for no further encouragement, and so advanced towards the fire.

The smuggler hastily vacated with backward motion his seat for me, and, still keeping a respectful distance, never withdrawing his eyes from me, took up his position in the opposite corner beside his refrigeratory. When I had seated myself I proceeded with my attempts to draw my singular host into conversation; but for some time his answers

to my questions and remarks were couched in mere monosyllables, and uttered with the same stupid air. Becoming familiarized to me, by degrees he at last seemed satisfied that I consisted of flesh and blood like himself, and then bethought himself of some of those rites of hospitality which my case so obviously required. He now laid his hands on a large Dutch dram-glass, which, by some mishap, had lost its pedestal, and having filled it to the brim with his sparkling distillation, said "Here's t' ye," and then tasted it himself, and afterwards handed it to me, remarking that I would be "a' the better o' the dram." He found but little urging necessary; and when, together with his own health, I drank to the prosperity of "the ewie wi' the crooked horn," and liberally complimented him on the excellency of the spirit, his benevolence to his guest seemed to increase rapidly. He proposed that I should divest myself of my wet garments, and wrap myself up in his ample plaid till they could be dried beside the fire, as he had no other change of apparel to offer me. I accordingly stripped, and then, stretching myself before the blazing "ingle," I experienced a degree of comfort which formed a pleasing contrast with the recent irksomeness of my feelings. My host next asked whether I had such an appetite as would make the homely fare he could lay before me palatable, and being thankfully answered in the affirmative he soon produced a preparation of oat meal which, though manufactured by hands not fastidiously neat, was the most acceptable repast I had ever tasted, even with the help of hunger's sauce. By this time the red smuggler and I were on sufficiently gracious terms; and he made it appear that the proverbial courtesy of the Scottish Highlander is not inconsistent with the most forbidding exterior.

"Pray," said I, when we had reached this stage of our acquaintance, "what did you take me for when you first saw me."

"I was in a sort o' swither what to make o' you; I couldna think what could be bringin' ony human body to visit me on sic a fearsome nicht."

"Did you suppose I was a 'water-kelpie'?"

"No, I didna just think that, but to tell you the truth, I was some feared that you might be Rory of the Glen."

As he said this he turned instinctively an eye full of seeming fear and suspicion towards the door.

"Rory of the Glen! pray, who is Rory of the Glen?"

"Rory of the Glen is a sort o' a character that is well-known in Glen-averain. Folks will not like to be speaking much about him; but you might have heard him yourself this night, for loud and fearsome did he cry mony a time from the hill ayont the water."

"Why, I heard a screech-owl, or a fox, or some other wild animal, screaming from the opposite hill. Is that what you call Rory of the Glen?"

The smuggler shook his head, and as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, remarked somewhat dryly, "It is an old owlet that, and has screamed hereabouts for the last hunder years, at least if the auldest folks speak true; nor has any other owlet, or fox, been able yet to scream so loud and long that I have heard o'."

Without disputing the point, I endeavoured to extract from my superstitious host some further information concerning this mysterious person-

age, and with no small interest learned that Rory of the Glen, or as he was styled in the vernacular tongue of the Glen, Ruaraidh'-Ghlinne, had, from time immemorial, reigned the most formidable goblin of Glen-averain, and that he was the standing bugbear of naughty urchins, and the terror of benighted travellers. At the sound of Rory's voice the shepherd's colly would bristle his neck and crouch among his master's feet, and the equestrian's pony would prick up his ears, and, despite of spur or lash, stand stock still on the heath.

Various traditions were current in the neighbourhood regarding this arch-brownie's history, but the most commonly received one bore that, while in the body, he had been a poor pedlar, or hawker of small hardware articles; that he had been robbed by some miscreants, and then thrown over the rock called by his name, Scuir-a Ruari, which his restless spirit still haunts, and that he had several times made himself visible, during a flash of lightning, with his small box of goods slung from his shoulder to the horror of some benighted shepherd.

"And sure enough," said the credulous smuggler, "when I saw her nainsell with that tin can hanging from her neck, I thought it was as surely Rory as that I was in the body. Since I heard him roarin' o'er the way, I have not been able to get my mind off him, and many a time have I looked to the door, when I have heard anything stir in the wind, aye thinkin' when he would be in on me. I can assure you Rory of the Glen is no canny neighbour. There was once a dread-nought kind o' chap down the water-side a bit, and nothing would satisfy him, one night, when he heard Rory crying, but he must go and seek him, believing it to be some poor benighted creature that had lost its way on the hill and was trying to make its state known to folks that might help it. It was daylight before he came back, but nobody knows what happened to him, for he never would open his mouth about it; only he aye looked waesome when Rory was mentioned after that, and he never sought to visit him again."

(To be Continued.)

THE SCOTTISH TITLES.—The Duke of Athole boasts the most titles of any member of the peerage, being Duke of Athole, Marquis of Tullibardine, Marquis of Athole, Earl of Tullibardine, Earl of Athole, Earl of Strathray and Strathardle, Viscount of Balquhidar, Viscount of Glenalmond and Glenlyon, Baron Murray, Baron Balvenie and Gask, Baron Percy, Baron Lucy, Baron Poynings, Fitzpayne and Bryan, Baron Latimer, Baron Strange, Earl Strange and Baron Glenlyon. It is as Earl Strange that he sits in the Lords. Next to him come the Dukes of Argyll and Hamilton, with each sixteen inferior titles; the Marquis of Bute has fifteen; the Duke of Buccleuch, fifteen; the Duke of Northumberland, thirteen, and so on. The Princess Louise's father-in-law sits in the House of Lords as Baron Sandridge and Hamilton. The Duke of Hamilton, who sits as Duke of Brandon and Baron Dutton, has the distinction of being a Duke in three peerages—of Hamilton, in Scotland; of Brandon, in Great Britain, and of Chatelherault, in France; while the Duke of Richmond and Gordon holds the Scottish Dukedom of Aubigny. It is worth noticing, *en passant*, that many peers write their names differently from the names of the places their names suggest: Thus we have the Argyll, Athole, Anglesey, Clanmell, Donegall, Westmorland and Winchilsea—not Argyle, Athol, Anglesea, Clanmel, Donegal, Westmoreland and Winchelsea. There are many instances of the same title being held by different persons. Thus there are five Lords Hamilton, as many Lords Harvard, and as many Lords Stewart, or Stuart; four Lords Douglas, four Lords Grey, four Lords Herbert, &c., to say nothing of such near resemblance as Delamar and Delamere, Dumfries and Dumfriesshire, Devon and Devonshire, &c.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

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VII.

IN a short Gaelic speech, delivered by me at the last annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and reported in the *Celtic Magazine* for August, it is stated that the famous Captain Campbell ("Caimbeulach dubh Ear-raghael") was not without some sympathy with his neighbours, when he acted as the officer in command of the camp at Browlin in 1746. I may here give an instance. Some cattle belonging to my great-grandfather, Colin Chisholm, formerly at Lietrie, strayed across from Glencannich to Glenstrathfarar. The old gentleman went to see Captain Campbell, who not only released the cattle, but while they were commenting on the sad state of the country around them, they noticed another herd of cattle browsing on Fuaran-na-Callanaich, about a mile from where they stood. Captain Campbell remarked, "I know whose cattle these are—they belong to Captain Chisholm of Prince Charlie's army. When you take your own cattle away, drive his along with you, and tell Captain Chisholm of Knockfin to keep them out of my sight for the future, for if my men should bring them in to the camp he will never see them again." So much for Captain Campbell's sympathy with his Highland countrymen. The ancestor of mine here referred to was a young officer, and fought for the Stuarts under the Earl of Mar at Sheriffmuir. He fought again for the same unfortunate cause under the obstinate Murray at Culloden.

I stated in the same Gaelic address that the hated Major Lockhart of 1745 gave peremptory orders to the Chisholm's two sons, John and James—both of whom were commissioned officers in the Royal army—to be ready the following morning to assist in burning their father's castle and estates. After the battle of Druimossie, or Culloden, the Royal army amused themselves by burning or otherwise destroying all that came within their reach on some of the Highland estates. Among the rest, Beaufort Castle and all the buildings on the Lovat estates were reduced to ashes. There was a camp stationed on Convent Bank, another at Duny, and one at Raonfearna, at Struy. Thence a strong party was sent to Glenstrathfarar, to burn and destroy everything that an invading army could destroy. This company was commanded by Captain Campbell, "Black Campbell of Argyle," whom the Jacobite poet, Alexander Macdonald, and the Aireach Muileach, immortalised by alternate satire and eulogy. So completely did Campbell and his party do their work, that they drove before them to the newly-formed camp at Browlin every cow and animal worth eating, and burned every house and hut in the whole glen. But before burning them, the dwellings were ransacked by the soldiers, and any articles of value they found were carried by them to the camp at Browlin. After selecting such of the smaller valuables as were to be forwarded to the camp at Raonfearna, a white horse was loaded with a portion of the spoil and sent in charge of two red-coated soldiers across Bacidh—one of the hills which intervene between Glencannich and Glenstrathfarar, and the ridge of which is the boundary in that part

between the lands of Chisholm and Lord Lovat. This road was probably chosen from motives of prudence and to avoid the burning embers of the smouldering villages through Glenstrathfarar. Whatever the motives, the expected security for the unfortunate soldiers turned out to be worse than useless, inasmuch as they were met on the Chisholm's side of the hill by two Glenstrathfarar men close to a place called Ruidh-Bhacidh. These men disputed the right of the red-coats to the booty being carried on the white horse. As might be expected mortal combat ensued, and one of the soldiers soon fell to rise no more. The other took to his heels with the speed of a hare before the hounds, leaving his pursuers far behind. He soon landed at Lub-mhor, a shieling between Leitrie and Carri. Here there were only women and children herding cattle. On the approach of the half-naked and half-maddened soldier, shouting and praying for protection and mercy, the women and children at the shieling took themselves off to the hills, and the soldier (if possible) increased his speed, following the course of the river, shouting and roaring throughout. The distance between Bacidh and Struy being about twelve miles, the fleet-footed red-coat got over the distance in a wonderfully short time. All who saw him in his flying terror, believing that he was a raving maniac, cleared the way for him until he reached the camp at Raonfearna. I shall leave him there to rest while I return to the scene of the combat at Bacidh.

An eye-witness detailed what took place, and it has been handed down by tradition as follows:--When the runaway soldier out-distanced his savage pursuers, they turned back and quickly resumed their ugly work. To begin with, the white horse was brought to a bog, the valuables stripped off his back, a pit dug, and a dirk thrust in each side of his heart, and the animal hurled out of sight in the pit. Another pit was hastily prepared for the dead soldier, and he was dragged by the legs and thrown into it. The eye-witness alluded to was a girl of the name of Cameron, who happened to be at the time herding her father's goats on the face of Tudar, an adjacent hill. From the first sight Cameron had of the red-coats she crouched down in a hollow to hide herself, and with wonderful presence of mind kept quiet in her hiding-place until she saw the corpse of a fellow-creature pulled by the ankles and thrown into the yawning bog. At that moment, however, she gave way to a terrible coronach, in frenzy left her hiding-place and ran off. Seeing her, and alarmed at the unexpected discovery, the butchering gravediggers gave chase to the terrified girl, seized her, and questioned her as to the cause of her violent grief. She assured them that she fell asleep while herding her father's goats, and that now she could not find them, and she was sure to incur her mother's displeasure. With this excuse, and the hurry to finish their unholy work, they allowed her to return to Carri, where her father was a farmer.

Let me now give an idea of the commotion this foul tragedy at Bacidh caused throughout the four camps in the district, and in the principal one at Inverness. Every soldier and officer from Browlin to Inverness were seized with a determination to retaliate, and eagerly wished for an opportunity of avenging the death of their comrade in arms. The news was almost instantly conveyed to Major Lockhart, who was commanding officer at the time at Inverness. This officer ordered certain companies to be ready next morning to accompany him to burn the country of the Chisholm, and among the officers whom he selected for this

expedition were John and James, the Chisholm's two sons. The selection was considered harsh and cruel, even in military circles, and the sons had an interview with Major Lockhart, urging him to institute such an enquiry as they were sure would bring the murderers of the soldier to condign punishment. To this course the brutal Major would not listen, and instantly ordered the young officers out of his presence. Nothing less than fire and sword could satisfy the avenging cravings of this cruel officer. However, as he was about to retire to bed that same evening, a stray bullet found a billet in his body. He was hurled before his Maker in an instant, and Strathglass has not yet been burnt. No one for a moment supposed that the death of the murdered soldier ought not to be avenged. Yet the fact of his being killed immediately as he crossed the boundary between the lands of Lord Lovat and Chisholm could not justify any one out of a lunatic asylum to have recourse to fire and sword without the least regard to guilt or innocence. Probably Major Lockhart may have had discretionary power conferred upon him by King George or by the butcher Duke. But whoever gave him this power, it would appear that the Devil himself directed him in its application. Without the shadow of a doubt it was the immediate cause of his own destruction.

This Major Lockhart, who, by his cruelties on this occasion, has obtained an infamous notoriety, some time before this marched with a detachment into the country of the Macdonalds of Barisdale, and laid waste and destroyed their dwellings. Some of these poor people had obtained protection from Lord Loudon; but the Major disregarded them, and told the people who had them that not even a warrant from Heaven should prevent him from executing his orders.* Any one not possessed of humanity is simply a barbarian, but a soldier without religion or humanity is a monster; especially when invested with authority to destroy life and property at pleasure, and equipped with the weapons of death.

To illustrate this statement let me give a short account of a cruel murder committed by a brutal soldier at a farm in Glencannich, called Tombuie. The tradition in the Glen is as follows:—The people on this club farm were shearing corn on the dell of Tombuie, when, to their terror, they saw a party of red coated soldiers just approaching their houses. Immediately they took themselves to the hills. But the frantic screaming of an unfortunate wife, who had gone to the field to assist her husband and family, reminded them that the baby was left asleep at home. There was no way of reaching the house or extracting the poor infant before the soldiers could reach it. So the terrified people at Tombuie made all haste to the rocks at the east side of Glaic-na-Caillich. While thus concealed in the cliffs of the rocks eagerly watching every movement on the plains below, they saw one of the soldiers entering the house where the little one was peacefully asleep. It afterwards transpired that in drawing his sword out of its scabbard to despatch the innocent occupant of the cradle, the rays of the sun flashing on the polished metal reflected a blaze of light around the cradle. The innocent little creature clapped its tiny hands and laughed at the pretty light playing round its crib. At the sight of the baby's smiles his would-be executioner stood awed, and hesitating between the orders he had received and the dictates of conscience and

* Fullarton's History of the Highland Clans, p. 678.

humanity, he put his sword back into its scabbard, and was turning out of the house when he was met by a comrade, who questioned him as to whether he had found any person inside. He answered in the negative. This suspicious comrade, however, dashed into the house, and horrible to relate, emerged out of it triumphantly carrying the mangled body of the infant transfixed on the point of his sword. Not satisfied with this brutal act, the monster threatened to report his comrade who had just spared the life of the infant. His more humane companion, however, incensed at the fiendish spectacle before him, instantly unsheathed his sword, planted the point of it on the breast of the cowardly assassin, and vowed by heaven and earth that he would in another moment force the sword to the hilt through his merciless heart if he did not withdraw his threat, and promise on oath never to repeat it. Thus the dastardly ruffian was instantly compelled at the point of the sword to beg for his own execrable and diabolical life.

Here is another case in point. At the time the Clothing Act was in force, viz.—when the filleadh-beag and breacan-uallach were unmeaningly proscribed by English law, or, as some old people used to say, by the fiat of President Forbes, a company of red-coated soldiers were loitering through Glencannich, when they spied a young man dressed in kilt and tartan hose. He was at the time loading a sledge cart with black stem brackens for thatch. Two servant girls were assisting him in collecting the brackens. On their own unchallenged statement we have it carried down by tradition, that as they began to make the load, standing on an eminence called Tom-na-cloichmoire, in Badan-a-gharaidh, half-way between Lietrie and Shalavanach, on placing the first armful of brackens in the cart the young man alluded to turned suddenly round to them and exclaimed—“Oh! God! look at the dead man in the cart, look at his kilt, hose, and garters.” The girls assured him they could see nothing but the brackens he had placed there. After a moment or two the young man owned that he could no longer see what a few minutes previously appeared to him to be the figure of a dead man.

After some chaffing from his assistants for his apparent credulity, he went on with the load, arranged it on the cart, leading his horse down hill, and coming to the side of a lake at Fasadh-coinntich, at the end of which there is a small promontory jutting out into the water. When turning this point the kilted man observed for the first time that his movements were watched. He soon found himself surrounded on all sides by a cordon of soldiers, disposed in line to prevent the possibility of his escape. Determined not to be caught alive or disgrace his dress by surrender, the brave fellow took to the water and swam across, but while climbing a small rock on the opposite side he was fired at, fell back in the water, and perished in presence of his pursuers. The servants before-mentioned, seeing the dreadful deed, ran off and told the people of Lietrie what had happened to their friend. His neighbours went at once to the spot and found his lifeless body at the edge of the water where he fell. They turned the brackens out of the sledge cart, placed the corpse in it just as it had been taken from the water dressed in kilt and hose, and the unfortunate man was carried to his own residence in the cart.

If there be no meaning or reality in the word “presentiment” or second-

sight, it will not be easy to account for the terror with which the young man called God to witness that he saw a dead man in his cart.

It is not my wish nor is it my interest to add one word to or change a syllable in the foregoing incidents. They are here told simply as I heard them related by old people in the neighbourhood, two of whom personally recollected some of the events that happened in and even before the eventful year of 1745. I was born and brought up at Lietrie, within half a mile of where the man was thus murdered for the crime of wearing a strip of plaited tartan round his hips. The combat at Bacidh took place within a mile and a half of Lietrie, and the diabolical murder of the innocent infant was committed at Tombuie, within four miles of the same place.

Let no one imagine that I refer to those sanguinary times with the view of disparaging the noble profession of arms. My opinion, on the contrary, is, that so long as Christian as well as Pagan nations continue to countenance the scandal of war, the character and profession of the soldier cannot be too much refined and elevated.

(To be Continued.)

EVICCTIONS IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

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THE editor of the *Celtic Magazine* has, in greater measure than almost any one known to the present generation, rendered valuable service to the Highlands by his protracted and assiduous researches into the history of their clans, and his vast acquaintance with Celtic literature, to the enrichment and preservation of which he has devoted the labours of his pen for many years past. In the pamphlet before us Mr Mackenzie makes an important contribution to our knowledge of the subject of the depopulation of the Highlands and its causes. He presents a series of vivid sketches of the evictions which have taken place at Glengarry, Strathglass, Kintail, Glenelg, Skye, Uist, Barra, Coigeach, Sutherland, and elsewhere since the last futile attempt of the Pretender to recover the throne of the Stuarts in 1745, beginning with the Glengarry expulsion of 1853. Some of the individual cases of hardship and suffering which resulted from that cruel act, perpetrated, too, mainly at the instance of a woman, are, even at this distance of time, painful to read. . . . The position of the Highland crofter is a subject on which Mr Mackenzie may well claim to speak with authority. It is to be deplored that much that has been written on this subject has been done by men who have had no previous real knowledge of the facts, and who, when opportunity presented, seem to have neglected to avail themselves of it, being content to obtain a one-sided view from persons whose interests naturally presupposed bias, and whose information should therefore have been received with all the more caution. Mr Mackenzie can speak from "bitter experience of the crofter's lowly condition, contracted means, hardships, and incessant struggles with life generally." His picture is, we believe, a thoroughly truthful and honest one. He shows how utterly impossible it is even with the best management of the average croft—from one to four acres—to raise sufficient for keeping the crofter's family above starvation point, and his evidence is minute and veracious. To all interested in the population question in the Highlands, and in the question of agriculture as pursued in the north of Scotland, this pamphlet will afford much information which will be valuable, because, in our opinion, thoroughly reliable.—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

Correspondence.

WERE HAVELOCK'S HIGHLANDERS COWARDS?

THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS AND THE EDITOR OF THE *ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

INVERNESS, 8th April 1881.

SIR,—I am able and willing to defend myself with the pen, or any other weapon if need be; but when my mouth is systematically closed in one direction, I must seek a fresh voice elsewhere. My letters having been refused publication in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and a grave charge cast by that journal upon the honour of the "Ross-shire Buffs," having to my mind been very insufficiently atoned for, I request you will be good enough to give a place in your pages to all that has passed on this head, and, along with others, lend me your generous help to show the baselessness of the calumny, as also the poor chance of fair-play a writer, striving to be conscientious, may expect, if he have the temerity to attack such a Gargantuesque monopoly as a pocket Military Paper, edited by a crack ex-war correspondent.

The following appeared prominently in large type on the fourth page of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of 12th March 1881:—

"'A British officer,' says General W. to Colonel C., 'is bound to tell the truth.' 'I beg your pardon, General,' replied C., 'it is the one thing a British General cannot do—sometimes.' The force of that remark is in the application of it. No general can find fault with his men in public despatches, though he may rate them as Havelock did the 78th, when he told them they had the cholera in their hearts, as well as their stomachs. Sir G. Colley, at all events, took on himself all the blame of the failure at Ingogo."

Several officers, qualified to know, having written to contradict the foregoing, the following paragraph appeared on page eight of the next issue of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, March 19th, 1881. This disclaimer, such as it is, is not given any prominence, but is huddled away into the Regimental news, and printed in small type:—

"78TH REGIMENT.—A 'Staff Captain' writes:—'The remark of the late Sir Henry Havelock, to which you refer, did not apply to that fine old regiment, whose deeds, from the first to the last of the Mutiny, have not been surpassed since the British Army was first created. Being on the Staff of the force then under General Havelock's command, I can speak with authority as to the fact.' Several correspondents have corroborated this statement, but no one has denied that the words were used by the irritated General, although it cannot be supposed the gallant Ross-shire Buffs ever deserved them."

Seeing the inadequacy of the disclaimer, I wrote to the editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette* as follows:—

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, 23d March 1881.

SIR,—In your issue of the 12th inst., a leading item appeared stating that on a certain occasion General Havelock charged the 78th Highlanders with cowardice. On the 19th you inserted a quotation from the letter of

a "Staff Captain" denying this, and added "No one has denied that the words were used by the irritated General." They were possibly used during the first battle of Butseerut Gunge, but this is outside the point. You then continue "although it cannot be supposed the gallant Ross-shire Buffs ever deserved them." This is only a qualified disclaimer, and it was inserted most obscurely, under the heading "78th Regiment," in the Regimental news (where arrivals, departures, and such trifles appear), whereas the original calumny appeared in large print, in a prominent part of the paper. The regiment is at present in Candahar, and is unable to defend itself, but, on its behalf, I demand that a disclaimer shall be printed in your next issue, and given equal prominence to the original article complained of, and further, that the writer of the said item, if he be possessed of any sense of fairness, shall express regret for having most needlessly wounded the feelings of a large body of officers. No one should make statements which he is not prepared to substantiate, and therefore, under these circumstances, I consider my demand to be nothing beyond what is due.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

COLIN MACKENZIE, late Captain, 78th Highlanders.

This letter was not published, but on the central page of the *Army and Navy Gazette* of 26th March 1881 (the most prominent part of the paper), the following graceful comment upon it appeared :—

"'Colin Mackenzie, late Captain 78th Highlanders,' writes on March 23 from 'the Naval and Military Club,' to observe that, on the 12th inst., what he calls 'a leading item' appeared in this paper, 'stating that on a certain occasion General Havelock charged the 78th Highlanders with cowardice.' No leading or misleading item of the sort ever appeared in this paper; but alluding to a well-known incident of Havelock's march, we quoted an angry phrase of his, addressed, as we erroneously thought, to the 78th, and *sets (sic)* the matter right, without naming the other corps, in our next issue. We are not going to accept Captain Colin Mackenzie's opinion as to the qualification or non-qualification of our 'disclaimers,' as he calls our remark; nor are we going to allow him to appropriate our space as he thinks fit. The writer of the paragraph is as much interested in the honour and good repute of the 78th Highlanders as the 'late Captain' in question, and he is the last man in the world to wound the feelings of the officers of the regiment. If the 'late Captain' would but condescend to read what was said carefully he will see, we hope and believe, that there could not have been, and that there was not any intention to disparage a corps which does not need the advocacy of any officer to protect its reputation, nor dread the efforts of any 'defender' to injure it."*

After this attack upon me (when I considered I had only been doing my duty in defending the honour of my old corps), I, in self-defence, wrote the following letter to the Editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, trusting to his sense of fair play to publish it :—

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, March 31, 1881.

SIR,—I do not question the good taste of the notice you vouchsafe to

* The Editor would appear to be answerable for the grammar of this paragraph; unless indeed, as is not unlikely, the printer's devil may have been among the compositors.

my letter of the 23d inst. in your issue of the 26th, and I appreciate to a certain degree the disclaimer (I again use the word advisedly) which you make as to the charge of cowardice against the 78th Highlanders. But I cannot pass it by without certain observations.

You deny that your charge implied as much, but I leave it to the public to say what they infer from such a phrase as "the cholera in their hearts, as well as their stomachs." You say that if I "would but condescend to read what was said carefully," I would see, you "hope and believe," your want of intention "to disparage a corps," &c. My perception is hardly so keen.

You say "the writer of the paragraph," or item, "is as much interested in the honour and good repute of the 78th Highlanders as the 'late Captain.'" Hardly! If the writer had ever served in that corps he would never have perpetrated his blunder—and if he never did serve in that corps, then he cannot possibly have its honour so near at heart as one who did serve.

You have lost sight of the whole gist of my letter of the 23d, which was to draw attention to the fact, that your reply to the letters of your correspondents was insufficient and placed in an obscure part of your paper, and that I demanded a full denial, to which there should be given a prominence equal to that of the original calumny.

Doubtless ere this you have received sufficient assurances of your error. I am satisfied with the upshot, and will not say who has eaten the leek, though I might add—

The truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

I have stated my name, and am willing to quote my authorities, whereas your informant keeps his *incognito*.

You have stated that you are not going to accept my opinions, nor are you going to allow me to appropriate your space as I think fit. My letter, which you did not publish, and which was simply in defence of my old corps, surely does not warrant such an answer; and, in common fairness, I must ask you to insert this reply in your issue of Saturday. At the same time I reserve my undoubted right to reproduce the whole of this matter, together with such further observations as I may think warranted, in columns other than your own.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

COLIN MACKENZIE, late Captain, 78th Highlanders.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* of the 2d April 1881 was published in due course, but it contained neither my letter nor any comment upon it; although it exhibited one of the editorial staff endeavouring to blunder out of another "inaccuracy." Inaccuracy is the curse of journalism, and lest I incur its odium, I will at once state my authorities, as against my masked opponent, who apparently drew his long-bow at a venture. I have it from Sir Henry Havelock Allan, General Havelock's son, and a host of officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers, who served with Havelock's column, and whose names would fill several pages of your Magazine, that General Havelock NEVER told the 78th that "they had the cholera in their hearts as well as their stomachs." That gallant old veteran, General Sir Patrick Grant, who was Commander-in-Chief in India, from the death of General Anson till the arrival of Lord Clyde, and consequently during Havelock's march, never heard of such a speech being addressed to the

78th. If he had, would he be likely to esteem it an honour to be their full Colonel to-day?

If Havelock's true opinion of the 78th is required, his own words will be sufficient to prove it. In his confidential report on the regiment, just before leaving Persia, he says:—

“There is a fine spirit in the ranks of this regiment. I am given to understand that it behaved remarkably well in the affair of Khooshab, near Bushire, which took place before I reached the army; and during the naval action on the Euphrates, and its landing here, its steadiness, zeal, and activity under my own observation were conspicuous. The men have been subjected in this service to a good deal of exposure, to extremes of climate, and have had heavy work to execute with their intrenching tools, in constructing redoubts and making roads. They have been, while I have had the opportunity of watching them, most cheerful; and have never seemed to regret or complain of anything but that they had no further chance of meeting the enemy. *I am convinced the regiment would be second to none in the service, if its high military qualities were drawn forth. It is proud of its colours, its tartan, and its former achievements.*”

Havelock, writing to General Neill, after the second battle of Butseerut Gunge, 5th August 1857, says:—“If I might select for praise without being invidious, I should say they (the Madras Fusiliers) and the Highlanders are the most gallant troops in my little force.”

After the third battle of Butseerut Gunge, Havelock published an Order of the Day, 12th August 1857, of which the following forms part:—“The Fusiliers and the Highlanders were, as usual, distinguished. The Highlanders, without firing a shot, rushed with a cheer upon the enemy's redoubt, carried it, and captured two of the three guns with which it was armed. If Colonel Hamilton can ascertain the officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier, who first entered this work, the Brigadier will recommend him for the Victoria Cross.”*

Describing the grand charge of the 78th Highlanders at the battle of Cawnpore, 16th July 1857, Havelock writes:—“The opportunity had arrived for which I have long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet well intrenched. I directed this regiment to advance, and never have I witnessed conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village, they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled, and the village was taken, and the guns were captured?”

In his Order of the Day after Cawnpore, he said:—“Soldiers! your General is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. He has never seen steadier or more devoted troops; but your labours are only beginning. Between the 7th and 16th you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched 126 miles, and fought four actions. . . . Highlanders! it was my earnest desire to afford you the opportunity of showing how your predecessors conquered at Maida; you have not de-

* Lieutenants Campbell and Crowe entered together. Campbell took cholera next day and died, and Crowe was recommended for the V.C. He did not, however, live long to wear his honours.

generated. Assaye was not won by a more silent, compact, and resolute charge, than was the village near Jchajmow on the 16th inst."

Marshman, in his life of Havelock, relates that the night after the battle of Cawnpore, "when the arms were piled, the General called the officers of the Highlanders together, and assured them that he had never seen a regiment behave more steadily and gallantly, and that if ever he reached the command of a regiment, it would be his request that it should be the 78th, and he desired them to convey this assurance to their men."

Arrived in the Residency of Lucknow, Havelock resigned his command to Sir James Outram, but his opinion of the 78th Highlanders never changed from that day, until he was laid in his lonely grave, beneath the tree in the Alumbagh.

So much for the charge against the 78th. I leave it to my countrymen to say whether the reckless assertion that they were rated by Havelock for having "the cholera in their hearts as well as their stomachs," has been clearly disproved or not. Ross-shire lads are keenly jealous of the honour of the old Ross-shire Buffs. Let them never forget that their national motto is, "Nemo me impune lacessit," and that "oor Scots thistle will jag the thoombs" of any boggling journalist who attempts to make too free with it.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

COLIN MACKENZIE,
Late Captain, 78th Highlanders.

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THE TARTAN AND THE KILT—FEELING IN CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Montreal, 14th March 1881.

SIR,—In common with their fellow-countrymen at home and abroad, the Highlanders and Scotchmen of Montreal and elsewhere within the Dominion of Canada had learned with unrestrained indignation of the proposal to abolish the distinctive tartans of the Highland Regiments in the British Army. A meeting was arranged to have been held in Montreal on Friday, 11th March, but in the interval since its inception the news of the explanations and disavowal of the Secretary of State for War reached us, and the meeting was in consequence abandoned.

Anticipating the possibility of expressing my own views on the subject at the meeting, I had written them down in a condensed form, and this I subsequently sent to the *Montreal Herald*. I send you by this mail copies of that paper, of dates 11th and 14th March, in order that, if you see fit, you may insert the extracts referred to in the columns of the *Celtic Magazine*.—Yours very truly,

JOHN MACDONALD.

THIS communication reached us too late for last issue, but even yet we think it right to let our readers all over the world see how much our loyal Canadian Highlanders felt and acted in thorough sympathy with their brethren at home at a time when their aid might have proved of great service in influencing the authorities at the War Office. Mr Macdonald, who, by the way, hails from Tain, Ross-shire, and whom we had the pleasure of meeting in Montreal last year, is a credit to his native county even among the good Highlanders of Montreal; and we are glad to give

the greater portion of his communication as a fair specimen of the patriotic feelings of thousands throughout the Dominion. He writes:—

The project of discontinuing the wearing of the distinctive tartans of the different Highland Regiments in the British army is one which has been met in Great Britain, and particularly in the Highlands of Scotland, with almost universal disapprobation. Although we in Canada are far separated from the sphere in which this question is now receiving so much attention, it is proper that we should express our sympathy with the views of our fellow-countrymen in the old land, and this can be done in no more effective manner than by a petition to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, conveyed through His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion.

When we bear in mind that in a great degree we owe the existence of Canada as a British colony to the bravery of a Highland Regiment (the Fraser Highlanders), that so materially assisted at the capture of Quebec, our present action can be justly construed into a tribute to the memory of that illustrious band of heroes. It is recorded that on the occasion of the assault upon Quebec an order was issued that the bag-pipes were not to be played lest their note should give the enemy untimely warning. The immediate effect of this order was that the Highlanders were observed to lack their customary spirit in the assault, upon which their colonel took means to remonstrate against the order silencing the pipes. "Then let them play, in Heaven's name," was the general's response, upon which, the well-known warlike blast being sounded, the men charged with irresistible fury and carried everything before them. This instance is an illustration of the probable effect of any endeavour to change or suppress the cherished customs and traditions of the Highland soldier. What, let me ask, is to be gained by the proposed change, by which the Black Watch, Mackenzie, Cameron, Gordon, and Sutherland tartans, are to be suppressed in order that some uniform pattern, to be devised or agreed upon, shall be substituted instead of these time-honoured regimentals.

The mind which could devise the suppression of the individual distinctiveness of the Highland regimental dress for the sake of uniformity or economy, is on a par with that which would wish to see the Highland hills levelled with the plain, the Highland rivers converted into canals, and the Highland lochs into milldams.

Is it to be tolerated, that the presumption of some red tape official is to be allowed to sap the glorious traditions and memories of the 42d at Fontenoy and the Nile; the 78th at Lucknow; the 79th at Waterloo; the 92d in Spain; and the 93d at Balaklava. No, it is due to the memory of these brave men and their gallant leaders that we should indignantly protest against any change having such a tendency.

After referring to the deeds of Abercrombie at Alexandria, Colonel Cameron of Fassifern, Sir Colin Campbell, and Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, and a host of others, whose heart beat to the Tartan, he proceeds, quoting from "The Vision of Don Roderick":—

And oh! loved warriors of the minstrel's land,
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave,
The rugged form may mark the moun'tain band,
And harsher features and a mien more grave,
But ne'er in battle field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge their arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid.

The most offensive feature of the proposed change lies in the fact that it appears to have been contemplated without consulting the views of those most immediately concerned, as is evidenced by the great outcry against it from the recruiting fields of the Highland regiments. It is a change which, if carried into effect, would doubtless lead to results which not only every Scotchman, but every loyal British subject would deplore.

Is not the pattern of a tartan of equal importance to a Scotchman as the colour of a rose is to an Englishman? Then let us remember that the English nation fought the bloodiest civil war recorded in history over the predominance of the white or the red rose, these symbols being emblematic of the different opinions of the time just as the present regimental clan tartans, and one uniform pattern of tartan, are emblematic of the antagonistic opinions in the present day of, we may say, on one side the entire

Scottish nation, and on the other the authority of some unpatriotic military Jacks in office, who cannot see sufficient independent ability in the British nation to regulate, adapt, and carry into effect their own national ideas, but must pay a servile homage to what is considered to be the superiority of the German system of military uniformity. It is one of the chief characteristics of the Scottish nation that they have always successfully resisted any attempt at dictation or interference with their cherished national sentiments, and we have every reason to believe that the spirit of stern independence so conspicuous in former generations is as much alive now as ever, and will be quite as successfully exerted.

In the words of the immortal Burns :

And Sirs, if aince they pit her till't
 Her tawna petticoat she'll kilt
 And durk and pistol in her belt
 She'll tak' the streets
 And run her whittle to the hilt
 I' the first sho meets.

ONLY A FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

S O N G.

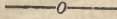
—o—

Only a fisherman's daughter,
 Bare-footed nymph of the bay,
 Child of the seaweed and water,
 Rosy-cheeked, laughing, and gay :
 Nursing her wee baby brother,
 Fondling him oft on her knee,
 Helping with littles her mother,
 Praying for father at sea.
 Only a fisherman's daughter,
 Nursed 'neath the song of the sea,
 Surely its music hath taught her
 Almost an angel to be.

Sitting when darkness is falling,
 Watching the lighthouse afar,
 Listening to strange voices calling,
 Sadly from over the bar :
 Is it the waves ever rolling ?
 Rolling in wrath on the shore :
 Is it their death-bells a-tolling ?
 Tolling for toilers no more.
 Sweet little fisherman's daughter, &c.

Hearing the wind blowing dreary,
 Moaning its sorrowful lay,
 Fearing for father a-weary
 Toiling for her far away :
 First on the pier in the morning,
 Watching the boats as they come,
 Joy in her bosom is burning,
 Burning to welcome him home.
 Loved little fisherman's daughter, &c.

NOTES ON CAITHNESS HISTORY.



No. V.

THE GUNNS.

ALTHOUGH the Clan Gunn had removed from the Clyth district several centuries ago, some traditions are still current in the locality relating to its former rulers. For example there is the tradition of "Lechan Ore," which is referred to in "The New Picture of Scotland," published in 1807. In that work it is stated that Gunn of Clyth, who had been in Denmark for some time, had got a Danish princess to marry him; and "in returning home with the lady and attendants, the vessel was wrecked upon this rock (Lechan Ore) and every soul perished. A pot full of gold being found on the rock, it obtained the name of Lechan Ore, or Golden Flags. The body of the Princess was thrown on the shore, and buried at Ulbster; and the same stone which is said to cover her grave is still extant, and has some hieroglyphic characters much obliterated by time."

This account is rather meagre, as the tradition of the district on the subject gives greater detail, if not a different aspect of the affair. Gunn is said to have won the hand of the fair lady in Denmark, and returned home to set his house in order for her reception. She was to sail for the Caithness coast so many days afterwards, and accordingly at the appointed time, directed her course to the territories of the man who had promised to marry her. She was to bring great wealth with her; and it appears that Gunn loved her riches better than her affections, for on seeing the vessel approach at night, he put a light at a certain dangerous spot of the coast, where he was certain the vessel would be wrecked and those on board drowned. The vessel, lured by the light, met the fate intended for it, but Gunn was never able to get the pot of gold, as, it is alleged, his Satanic Majesty had a sentry on duty who always prevented him from getting it. By and bye the treacherous conduct of the chief came to the ears of the clan who at once expelled him from their community. He had to fly from among them, and afterwards resided in the hills at Toft Gunn, on the present Thrumster estate. Toft Gunn, it is said, was named after the expelled chief.

Reference has already been made to the Crowner, George Gunn, but there is no evidence to show how the appointment of Crowner or Coronator was made to the family. The office of Crowner was of a very responsible character, and the Earl of Sutherland for a time held the same office in the adjoining county of Sutherland. How the Crowner Gunn discharged the functions of his office in Caithness it is impossible to say. His duties were in attending to the pleas of the Crown; and further, he had charge of the forces raised within his jurisdiction. The heading "Coroner" in the general index to "The Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland," and the acts and references quoted bearing on the office will readily show the important duties which attached to the office. It may be safely assumed therefore that George Gunn must have had a good position at the time in the North ere he would have received the appointment, or on the other

hand, if the office was conferred previously on one of the chiefs, the same argument would apply as to the position of the clan.

In the year 1426 a furious battle took place between the Gunns and the Mackays of Strathnaver at Harpsdale. The battle was not decisive on either side, although there was much slaughter on each side. This sanguinary contest is referred to by several writers on historical matters connected with the North of Scotland.

The depressing influence of the continued conflicts with the Keiths, induced James Gunn, Chief of the Clan Gunn, to remove from his Castles of Hoberry and Gunn, and to take up his abode in the parish of Kildonan, at Killearnan, under the protection of the Sutherland family—William and Henry, sons of the Crouner, George Gunn, likewise accompanied him. Sir Robert Gordon, in his history of the Earldom of Sutherland, thus writes concerning the Crouner:—"This Cruner was a great commander in Catteynes, in his tyme, and wes one of the greatest men in that cuntrey; because when he flourished there wes no Earles off Catteyness, that Earldom being yit in the kings hands." This James had a son named William, who succeeded him, and who greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Torran dhu Reywird, on behalf of the interests of the Earl of Sutherland. This William was called William MacHamish MacCruner, and sometimes William Cattigh, on account of his having been born and brought up in the county of Sutherland. Sir Robert Gordon, in writing of William MacHamish, remarks:—"From him are descended the Clangun that dwell at this day at Strathully. They have alwys since that tyme had the lands of Killeirnan for ther service, from the Earles of Sutherland, unto whom they have ever been both trusty and faithful." William was, in 1525, a witness to a Seisin of Prone.

The treachery of the Keiths at St Aire's was not forgotten by the descendants of Crouner Gunn for several generations, for William MacHamish, the Crouner's grandson, met George Keith of Ackergill on his way from Inverugie to Caithness, accompanied by a son and twelve retainers. The Gunns set upon them and killed them all in revenge of the tragedy which took place at St Aire's.

The Gunns proved faithful allies to the house of Sutherland, and John Robson, chief of the Caithness Gunns, was appointed by the Earl of Sutherland his factor for collecting the rents of the Bishop's lands which belonged at the time to the Earl. This was not satisfactory to the Earl of Caithness, who induced Houcheon Mackay to invade the possessions of the Gunns in Braemore. John Robson, however, with the assistance of the Earl of Sutherland, made ample retaliation shortly afterwards. It was not one enemy that the Clan Gunn had, for a most determined feud existed between them and the Clan Abarach for a considerable time. Sir Robert Gordon, in his History of the Earldom, narrates:—"The long, the many, the horrible encounters which happened between these two trybes, with the bloodshed and infinit spoills committed in every pairt of the diocy of Catteyness by them and their associats, are of so disordered and troublesome memorie, that, with their asperous names, together with the confusion of place, tymes, and persons, would yet be (no doubt) a warr to the reader to overlook them."

In 1585 the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness agreed to meet the Earl of Huntly at Elgin for the purpose of adjusting their differences, but

at the meeting which took place, strange to say, the causes of their quarrels were thrown on the shoulders of the Clan Gunn. It was part of the arrangement that the Clan Gunn should be destroyed, but this was more easily agreed upon than executed. The two Earls made preparations to attack the Gunns on both sides, but it so happened that the Gunns and the Strathnaver men met on the borders of Caithness accidentally. They formed an alliance on the spot, and forthwith attacked and defeated the Caithness men at Aldgown. This was in the year 1586. This so enraged the Earl of Caithness that he hanged John MacRob, the head of the Gunns in Caithness, as he had him a prisoner at Gernigoe Castle. The Earls of Sutherland and Caithness met again at Ben Grinie, and the result of their proceedings proved adverse to the clan, for George Gunn, the chief, was sent as a prisoner by the Earl of Sutherland to the Earl of Caithness. He was kept a prisoner at Gernigoe Castle for some time, and afterwards liberated by the Earl of Caithness at the instigation of the Earl of Sutherland.

About 1580 the Macivors arrived in the county of Caithness, with the view of protecting the lands in Halkirk and Reay belonging to the Earl Marischal and the Oliphants from the incursions of the Gunns and others. They were favourably noticed by the Earl of Caithness; and Principal Campbell, in his "Account of the Clan Ivor," observes:—"The antagonists against whom the Macivors seem to have been most frequently pitted were the Guns, a fierce and warlike race, who, under their chief, patronymically styled MacHamish, formed at this period the border guard of Sutherland on the north-east. Between the two clans attacks and reprisals continued from the arrival of the Macivors till 1616." The principal conflict was at Pobbowar, near Harpsdale, in 1594, when the Macivors were defeated owing to the superior strategy of the Gunns. The defeat was not allowed to pass over unceremoniously, for shortly after the Macivors marched to Strathie and defeated the Gunns there. The Clan Abarach, deadly enemies of the Gunns, were on very friendly terms with the Macivors, a fellow feeling no doubt, making them wondrous kind.

There is one reason which might have induced the Gunns to lay waste the lands of the Earl Marischal or of the Oliphants, because the Regent Murray, the first husband of Lady Agnes Keith, had beheaded Alexander, the chief of the Clan Gunn, at Inverness in 1565. Revenge at that period was deep-rooted in the mind of the clansman, and could only be appeased by the murder of opponents or of their friends. Sir Robert Gordon has a complaint about the beheading of the Chief of the Clan Gunn, as he alleges, it was done in the absence of John, Earl of Sutherland, and that the cause of the execution arose out of a matter connected with the house of Sutherland. Sir Robert maintains that "the cheiff caus of his execution was a deep malice and hatred which the Earl of Moray had conceived against him, becaus that upon a tyme when the Earles of Southerland and Huntly did happen to meet the Earl of Murray full in the face, upon the street of Aberdeen, this Alexander Gunn would not give the Earl of Murray any pairt of the way, but forced him and his company to leave the same." This is the only offence which Sir Robert admits against the Chief of the Clan Gunn, for whom he contends the Earl of Murray had laid a snare under "pretence of justice." Sir Robert therefore moralises over the matter in the following sentence:—"Such is the force of

heat and disdain in the minds of great men, that they seldom hold it any breach of honor or justice to be revenged of those who offer them the least appearance of wrong."

The Gunns were certainly a bold and determined race, and some of them were used as tools for the purpose of committing very reckless acts. There is the instance of the Earl of Caithness inducing two or three of the Gunns, in 1615, to burn the corn of Sandside, which belonged to Lord Forbes. Of course, as the Gunns confessed at whose instance the crime was committed, the Earl of Caithness had enough to do to get out of the scrape into which he had fallen. It is further a strange circumstance that he should have selected the Gunns to carry out the crime referred to, more especially as he had some years previously executed their father. Seeing that the spirit of revenge was so strong at the time, it would seem unlikely that he should have taken into his confidence the sons of a father whom he had murdered. Perhaps the Earl, bad as he might have been, was blamed too much in the matter.

So long as the feudal broils lasted, the Clan Gunn was certainly at its post against all enemies, but days came when the house of Sutherland did not require a powerful race to defend its borders against the wily Earls of Caithness. From that time, the Clan Gunn not being required for defensive and warlike purposes, their importance gradually diminished, until at length the rights of superiority were exercised, and the Gunns after a time found that they had never been infest in any lands. They were too careless in this respect. Had they known the value of titles there can be no doubt that they would have had extensive tracts of country when they realised the fact that they had none. Their residence at Killearnan was destroyed by fire in 1690. It is said that the chief and another of the clan were preparing for a hunting expedition, when some powder ignited, with the result that the whole buildings were destroyed by fire. The burial place of the Gunns was at Spittal, and the chiefs, on dying, were carried all the way from Kildonan, in the county of Sutherland, to Spittal—"Aut pax aut bellum" was certainly a very appropriate motto for the Gunns. Several branches have sprung from the Gunns. The Hendersons are descended from Henry, the Crowner's son. William, another of the Crowner's sons, is the progenitor of the Wilsons in Caithness, while another of the same name claims the Williamsons. The MacIans, or Caithness Johnsons, come from John, who was slain at St Aire's by the Keiths. The Gallies, who settled in Ross-shire in troublous times, were of the Clan Gunn stock. The name is derived from Gall'aodh; and doubtless the surname Gullach has the same origin.

The late George Gunn, Esq. of Rhives, was the tenth MacHamish, but living as the Gunns were at Killearnan, and after they became dispersed, it is difficult to say who was the real head of the clan, as the descendants of many near relatives might never have known, or at least troubled themselves, about a chiefship to which no land was attached, on the death of William, the eighth MacHamish.

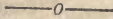
WICK.

G. M. SUTHERLAND.

(To be Continued.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Gregory's Highlands and Isles, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Highland Rambles, from Thomas D. Morrison, Glasgow.

Literature.



SCOTLAND IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES. THE RHIND LECTURES IN ARCHÆOLOGY, 1879. By JOSEPH ANDERSON, Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1881.

THIS is a book of rare and surpassing interest. It reads like a romance; when we had once got interested we were unable to lay it down till we had read it through. And yet it is but a treatise on archæology, and that of the most strictly scientific kind. The things treated of are but, so to speak, the dry bones of our earliest Christian ancestors, but the author has breathed on them and they live.

As the title tells us the substance of the book consists of the second course of the Rhind Lectures, delivered to the Archæological Society in the autumn of 1879. In the first lecture the author discusses and describes the means of obtaining a scientific basis for the archæology of Scotland, its materials and its methods; and having described the aim of the science in its widest scope as being to produce "a history of man by his works, of art by its monuments, of culture by its manifestations, and of civilization by its developments," he proceeds in the subsequent lectures to describe the remains which have come down to us of the early Celtic Christian Church, and the lessons which are to be learned from them. These remains he considers in four groups, viz., the structural remains, the books, the bells, and the croziers and other relics.

Commencing with the historical and dated churches of the twelfth century, the typical features of which are that they consisted of nave and chancel, and had rounded arches with radiating joints over doors and windows with perpendicular sides, he traces back through various degrees of simplicity until he finds a structure of the rudest form and associated with the ancient Pagan form of dwelling, and this he with justice and on true scientific principles concludes, apart altogether from the question of the age at which any particular specimen may have been constructed, to be the original and typical form of the church or house of prayer and of worship of our earliest Christian ancestors.

The earliest form of domestic dwelling of which we have any remains is the circular hut constructed either of stones or of wood, with an earthen mound for foundation. When stone was the material used the dwelling assumed the form of a bee-hive, the stones projecting successively beyond those below them until they met, or nearly met, in the centre. That such was a common form of dwelling long before Christian times is a matter of which there can be no doubt. As Dr Arthur Mitchell has shown in the first course of Rhind Lectures, however, it would be unsafe to conclude of any individual specimen of this class of architecture that it was pro-Christian. He found such houses still in use as shealings in Lewis, and the present writer saw, within the last three years, a building of this class being constructed over a well within ten miles of Inverness. It is true, nevertheless, that we know of no more primitive type of dwelling, and we may therefore conclude that this was the earliest form. When therefore we find associated with these early domestic buildings a

very primitive style of building, but which was evidently a place of Christian worship, we may safely conclude that we have found the original form of Celtic Christian church. From the Brehon laws we learn that the complete homestead consisted of the dwellings of the family, with offices, houses surrounded by a ditch and rampart called a rath or cashel at the distance to which the master of the household, sitting at his door, could cast a spear or hammer. We know from various sources that the practice of the early missionary monks in Ireland and Scotland was to obtain from the chief of the tribe among which they came a grant of land. On this they formed a settlement according to the custom of the time, enclosing a space of ground by a mound and ditch, within which were built the dwellings of the brethren and the oratory, church, or place of prayer. Along the west coast of Ireland, in one or two places in the Western Islands of Scotland, and in Orkney, there are remains of such settlements associated still with traditions of early Scottish and Irish saints, and from these a sufficiently accurate idea can be formed of the appearance and construction of the church. It was a single chambered building—in the rudest form it was built of dry stones, and had no perpendicular side walls, the stones of these projecting in successive layers until they met, or nearly met, in the centre, being in fact a modification of the bee-hive construction, and giving the building somewhat the appearance of an upturned boat. But it was always rectangular in form, had the gables to the east and west, had a door in the west and a small window in the east, these having flat lintels and the jambs approaching each other at the top, and beneath the window a stone altar. It was therefore a distinct type of building, as different from the circular buildings with which it was associated as it was from any other known type of Christian church. Whence did our ancestors derive this type of building? This is a question to which we are not yet able to give an answer; but one would naturally conclude that it came from the same source as their Christianity, and that that was not from Europe.

That stone was not the only material used in the construction of churches and monastic buildings we know. In his life of St Columba Adamnan describes the monks as bringing branches from the mainland in their boats for the construction of their buildings, which were probably composed of wattles and mud, and in the old Irish life of Columba we are told that on one occasion "he sent his monks into the wood to cut wattles to make a church for himself in Derry." The probability is that the monks used the materials which were most convenient—when wood abounded, as at that time it appears to have done over the greater part of Scotland and Ireland, wood would naturally be used; on the sea coast and on islands off the coast wood would be scarce, and stones the most convenient material; and naturally it is only the stone buildings which have survived to our time. There is no reason, however, to conclude that the wood or wattle buildings were different in form from those of stone.

The only modification of this form of building which developed itself naturally in the Celtic Church was the round tower, always associated with a church, or the traditions of one, and sometimes structurally connected with a church. Of these there are only two in Scotland, at Brechin and Abernethy, but there are a number in Ireland; and the conclusion

of the author, in accordance with that of the best authorities, is that these towers were constructed as places of refuge when the Norwegians and Danes commenced to ravage our coasts. And we would venture the suggestion that when the ruins of churches are not found associated with these towers the reason is that the churches to which they belonged were constructed of wood.

Such are the structural remains of the ancient Celtic Church which have survived, and if we proceed to question them as to what manner of men the monks who used these buildings were, we should probably arrive at a very false conclusion. The buildings, both domestic and ecclesiastical, were of the very rudest kind, and entirely devoid of any pretence to architectural merit. But if we were to conclude from this that the monks who inhabited them were rude, unlettered, or uncultured men, we should be as far wrong as the Cockney tourist, who, when he sees a bothy without regular chimney, and the smoke issuing from door and window, concludes that the inhabitants are miserable ignorant savages, when they are in many cases more intelligent, and in many senses more cultured than the tourist himself, and with half his advantages would probably be in every respect his superior. On the contrary when we consider what we know of the early Celtic monks from other sources the lesson we learn is that the highest expression of a people's culture is not always or necessarily seen in their architecture. The Celtic clergy of the time of Columba, and for some centuries after, were, as we shall see, more learned than those of the rest of Europe, and as our author points out, Iceland, which had neither towns nor architecture, produced, previous to the introduction of printing, a larger native literature than any country in Europe.

As we have said, it is not easy to say whence the Celtic Church derived either its type of ecclesiastical building or its Christianity. It had developed its monastic system and had become missionary before it came in contact with the Church of Rome, and when it did it was found that many of its customs and traditions were distinct. It was not Episcopal in this sense that while it had bishops, who alone could perform certain ecclesiastical functions, they had no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and were subject to the abbots who were generally presbyters. St Columba, for instance, was a presbyter. It observed Easter at a different time, and the tonsure was different. In the Roman Church, as is well-known, the crown of the head is shaved, whereas in the Celtic Church the tonsure was from ear to ear on the front part of the head. The first contact of the Celtic Church with the Roman Church was in 590, when Columbanus (not to be confounded with St Columba), with twelve followers, went as missionaries to Gaul, and caused much surprise in the ecclesiastical world of the time. They conversed freely in Latin, and they gave the following account of themselves:—"We are Irish, dwelling in the very ends of the earth. We be men who receive naught beyond the doctrines of the evangelists and the apostles. The Catholic faith as it was first delivered by the successors of the holy apostles is still maintained among us with unchanged fidelity." And Columbanus himself gave this account of himself—"I am a Scottish pilgrim, and my speech and actions correspond to my name, which is, in Hebrew Jonah, in Greek Peristera, and in Latin Columba or dove," from which we may fairly presume that he was ac-

quainted with Greek and Hebrew as well as with Latin; and this we think could be said of very few of the continental clergy of that time. From the time of Columbanus for several centuries similar bands of missionaries went forth from Ireland and Scotland, and founded monasteries all over the continent, so that traces of them are to be found from Iceland to Italy. Gradually, however, these monasteries submitted to the jurisdiction of the Pope, and in Scotland and Ireland the Celtic Church disappeared like the Celtic land tenures before the advance of the general European system.

One of the leading distinctions of the Celtic monks was that they were diligent scribes. They developed a distinct style of writing and a most elaborate and beautiful style of ornamentation. Their manuscripts exist in large numbers on the continent in various places, and from these Zeuss, a learned German, reconstructed the ancient Irish language. On this subject Dr Reeves says—"It is a remarkable fact that the most important contribution ever made to the literature of the Irish language was the work of a man who never set foot on Irish soil. A foreigner, a German, in every way alien to the genius and manners of the people of Ireland, gathered from Helvetia and other parts of the continent the literary remains of the Irish as they were a thousand years ago, and from them reconstructed their ancient language," a feat which, as Dr Reeves says, could not have been performed in Ireland itself—for rich as Ireland is in national manuscripts, she has, except in a few fragments, none in the vernacular language earlier than the twelfth century—not be it observed that some of the compositions which have come down to us are not as old as St Columba himself, but the successive scribes who have copied them have modernised the language to suit their own time, and the earlier manuscripts have not survived.

Of the books more immediately connected with Scotland our author describes two—the Book of Deer and the Life of St Columba by Adamnan. Neither of these is now in Scotland. The Book of Deer was acquired by the University of Cambridge as part of the library of John Moor, Bishop of Norwich, in 1815. How it was acquired by the Bishop is not known, and it was not till 1858 that its real character was discovered. It consists of 86 parchment-folios written on both sides, and contains parts of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the whole of the gospel of John, a fragment of the office for the visitation of the sick, and the apostles' creed, and the pages are surrounded with ornamental borders of interlaced work peculiar to Celtic manuscripts, which we shall afterwards notice. The gospels, the office for visitation of the sick, and the apostles' creed are in Latin, with the exception of one rubric, which is in Gaelic, and at the end there is written in Gaelic a colophon, which is translated as follows:—

Be it on the conscience of every one in whom shall be for grace the Booklet with splendour, that he give a blessing on the soul of the wretchcock who wrote it.

The date of this book is, on good grounds, supposed to be not later than the eighth century, but the most interesting part of it is that on the margin and vacant spaces in the book there are a number of entries in the vernacular Gaelic of the period, and in different hands, some as late as the eleventh and twelfth centuries. These entries record various grants to the Monastery of Deer, in the north-east corner of Aberdeenshire. The

first and fullest entry gives the legend of the foundation of the Monastery, and is in the following terms:—

Columcille and Drostan, son of Crosgrath, his pupil, came from Hi, as God had shown to them, unto Abbordoboir, and Bede the Pict was mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from mormaer and toisech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Columcille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked it of the mormaer, to wit Bede, that he should give it to him; and he did not give it, and a son of his took an illness after refusing the clerics, and he was nigh unto death. After this the mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should make prayer for the son, that health should come to him; and he gave an offering to them from Cloch in tiprate to Cloch pette meic gramait. They made the prayer and health came to him. After that Columcille gave to Drostan that town, and blessed it, and left as his word, "Whosoever should come against it let him not be many-yearred or victorious." Drostan's tears came on parting from Columcille. Said Columcille, "Let *Dear* be its name henceforward."

The other entries are of the greatest interest, not only as throwing much light on the land tenures and modes of transfer of land of the time, but also as showing the great reverence in which Columcille and Drostan were held. Down to the reign of David I.—a period of five centuries—all the grants are to Columcille and Drostan; and even after that time, and notwithstanding that the old Celtic Church had given place to the Roman Church, the grants are still to God, and Columcille, and Drostan, and the Apostle Peter. The last entry is a Latin charter of David I., from which we learn that the book was produced to him and admitted as evidence that the clerics of Deer possessed their lands free of all secular service.

The *Life of St Columba*, by Adamnan, was discovered in 1845, in a chest in the public library of Schoffhausen. It is copied by Dorbene, who was Abbot of Iona, and died in 713—nine years after the death of Adamnan, who was himself Abbot of Iona in 670; 82 years after the death of St Columba, and, as he states, obtained his information from a "written authority anterior to my own time, or on what I have myself heard from some learned and faithful ancients unhesitatingly attesting facts the truth of which they had themselves diligently enquired into." This is undoubtedly the work of Adamnan, and a most invaluable contribution to our knowledge of the ancient Celtic Church and the history of the time, but the book is written in Latin and has in its form no distinctive Celtic characteristics.

In Ireland a number of manuscripts of very ancient date are preserved, some of which are with, we may say, more than probability, supposed to be written by St Columba himself, and the history of some of these as given by our author is most interesting. The great and distinguishing characteristic of all these, however, as of the Irish manuscripts preserved on the continent, is the style of ornamentation which is no less remarkable for its laborious and careful execution, its wonderful elaboration and beauty, than for the remarkable fact that it is a style peculiar to Celtic manuscripts, is found in no others, and is therefore a distinct outcome and manifestation of Celtic culture. The most remarkable of these is perhaps the *Book of Kells* or *Gospel of Columcille*. It is mentioned in the annals of Ulster, under the date 1006, as being the principal relic of the western world on account of its remarkable cover, and as having been stolen from the Monastery of Kells, and found after two months with the gold stolen off its cover. Dr Westwood, the greatest living authority, says "it is

unquestionably the most elaborately executed MS, of early art now in existence." And Giraldus Cambrensis, who saw it in the twelfth century, says of it :—

The more frequently I behold it, the more diligently I examine it, the more numerous are the beauties I discover in it, and the more I am lost in renewed admiration of it. Neither could Appelles himself execute the like. They really seem to have been designed and painted by a hand not mortal.

The manuscript is now in the library of the University of Dublin. It is not improbable that it was the work of St Columba—at an rate it was executed about his time and by a Celtic scribe who lived in a drystone beehive, or wattled hut.

The bells were another distinguishing feature of the Celtic Church. It possessed a type of bell as distinct as that of its churches and of its style of illumination. Without a drawing it is difficult to give an idea of the form of these bells, but our author describes them as "tall, narrow, and tapering with flattened ends and bulging sides, and having a looped handle at the top." The greater number of those now extant are made of iron, of a flat plate hammered into shape and riveted at the side, and coated with bronze, but a few are cast of bronze. Several of these exist in Scotland, a number in Ireland, one or two in England and Wales, and one or two on the continent in monasteries originally founded by Celtic missionaries. They are found nowhere else, are markedly distinct from the bells of any other church, and there can be no doubt that those which exist are very ancient, and they are generally associated with one or other of the Celtic saints. In this neighbourhood there is one iron bell of this class at Cawdor Castle, the history of which is not known ; and a bronze one in the church at Insh. The veneration with which these bells were regarded is shown by the circumstance that many of them were enshrined in cases, ornamented in a most elaborate style. The most remarkable of these is perhaps the bell of St Patrick. This is enshrined in a most elaborately ornamented case, on which is the following inscription :—

A prayer for Donald O'Lochlan, by whom this bell was made ; and for Donald the successor of St Patrick, for whom it was made ; and for Cathalan O'Malloholland, the keeper of the bell ; and for Cuduley O'Inmaine, with his sons, who gave them help.

Donald O'Lochlan was alive in 1105, and as the bell itself was connected, by tradition at least, with St Patrick, we presume that it is to the making of the outer case that the inscription alludes. The keepership of the bell can be traced till 1466, when it is lost sight of, but in 1798 an old schoolmaster of the name of Mulholland on his deathbed left to an old pupil a treasure which he said had been for ages handed down in his family, and which turned out to be the bell of St Patrick and its shrine.

The fourth group of relics which Mr Anderson describes, and the only other existing relics of the ancient Celtic Church, are croziers, and it is not a little remarkable that in these we again find a distinct type peculiar to the Celtic Church—that type being the simple staff with crooked head, with a straightened pendant termination to the crook. These when they belonged to or were attributed to the early saints, were regarded with great sanctity, and ultimately came to be enshrined as relics. There are

a number of these in Ireland, but only two are known to exist in Scotland. One of these is the crozier, or Bachul More, of St Moluog. For centuries it was in the keeping of a family of the name of Livingstone, who, as its hereditary keepers, held a small freehold in the island of Lismore, and were locally styled "Barons of the Bachuil." It is now in possession of the Duke of Argyll. It is a plain wooden staff, 2 feet 10 inches long, and showing that it was at one time covered with plates of gilt copper, some of which remain. The other is the crozier, or, as it was called, the Quigrich of St Fillan. This was at one time a relic of great sanctity. It was originally beyond doubt the staff of office of the successors of St Fillan as Abbots of Glendochart. The property of this monastery (as was the case with that of the other Celtic monasteries) passed into the hands of the family of Macnab (son of the Abbot), as hereditary lay Abbots, and the Quigrich, like many other relics, passed into the custody of a lay Dewar or keeper. In 1782 an Oxford student who was travelling for pleasure in that part of the country saw the Quigrich, and a charter by James III., dated in 1487, confirming the custody of it to "Malise Doire," in the possession of a labourer named Malise Doire, in the village of Killin. He wrote to the Society of Antiquaries informing them of this, but before they took measures to secure the relic, Malise Doire emigrated to America, taking the Quigrich with him. It was lost sight of till 1876, when, by the assistance of Mr Wilson, author of the *Prehistoric Annals*, it was discovered in the possession of a descendant of Malise Doire, and purchased by the Society of Antiquaries, and is now in the museum in Edinburgh. It had originally been a bronze crozier of the Celtic type, ornamented with silver plates of very exquisite workmanship. When it was enshrined in a silver case the plates were removed and made part of the case or shrine, but the rest of the workmanship of the case is in every way inferior to these, and shows a decided degeneration from the ancient Celtic workmanship. In an account which he gives of this relic, Dr Stewart endeavours to prove that it was carried before the army of Bruce at Bannockburn; but Mr Anderson pronounces the evidence insufficient to bear this out, although he admits that the thing is not in itself improbable. Whether this were so or not, it will be seen that the relic is one of the very greatest possible interest, and a genuine relic of an ancient Celtic saint.

We have thus endeavoured to give some idea of the materials with which our author deals. As we have said, the history of some of the relics is in itself most interesting. To paraphrase Dr Johnston, we may say he must be cold and insensible indeed, more especially if he be a Celt, whose deepest interest is not excited and whose piety does not grow warm by the thought that we have still among us things on which the loving labour of St Columba and his contemporaries were expended. But the greatest interest of these relics lies in what they tell us of the men who laboured at them. It is as singular as it is true that in Ireland and Scotland (and between these two countries in those times it must be kept distinctly in mind that as regards the Church there was no distinction) a Christian Church arose and developed a very distinct organisation, long before the Saxons and the inhabitants of the north of Europe were converted, and apart altogether from the influence of the remains of Roman civilization and of the church which acknowledged the Bishop of Rome as its head,

From the material relics of that Church which have come down to us, and which in the book before us are so well described, we learn that the clerics of that Church were men of learning, all of them being able to read Latin, and many of them acquainted also with Greek and Hebrew. That they were men much reverencing the holy men who had been the fathers of the Church. That they were men of much piety, as shown in the care and labour with which they transcribed the sacred books and ornamented them and the other objects of their reverence. That they possessed types of churches and of church furniture peculiar to themselves, but whence derived we know not; and that they were skilful and laborious artists both with their pen and in metal. And if their houses and their churches were rude, what then? As our author has pointed out, enough of their culture remains to tell us that any conclusion from this that the men themselves were like their structures, would be rash indeed, and that the highest expression of a people's culture is not necessarily expressed in its architecture. But we will venture to draw another lesson, and it is this, that perhaps the expression of the very highest thought of these men as Christian missionaries is to be read in these very rude stone structures. It is remarkable that the earlier Celtic saints were not martyrs but the founders of monasteries, and from this we may conclude that they set up no pretensions to worldly power or influence which could have excited the hostility of the rude and barbarous tribes among whom they settled. Their business was to found small Christian colonies, in which they lived, labouring for their daily bread, and striving to win men to the truth by the example which they set of pure and simple lives. The religious idea with which they were possessed, and which drew them into desert islands to meditate and pray, and into waste places among the heathen to save souls, did not express itself in the organisation of a powerful hierarchy, or of an elaborate ecclesiastical system, but in a pure, and pious, and self-sacrificing life. It cannot be that such artists as these men were in other departments could not, had they chosen, have built stately edifices, and we prefer to think that they were satisfied with, or, perhaps, chose the rude architecture of the people among whom they laboured, because their thoughts were set on higher things than their own comfort or a stately and pompous form of worship.

Such was the ancient Celtic Church; but, alas! like many other Celtic institutions, it has vanished; and to us now it is only left lovingly to study its relics, and stretching through the intervening darkness to try to catch something of the spirit which animated its brave and much enduring saints. To those who care to do this, we most heartily recommend the book of which we have endeavoured to give some imperfect account.

We cannot part with the book without a word as to the publisher's hand in it. It is all that could be wished, and the numerous illustrations are executed in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. In especial we would call attention to the reproductions of specimens of ornamentation from ancient manuscripts. The execution of these is beyond praise, and they give a wonderful representation of the care and marvellous elaboration of detail of the originals.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXVIII.

JUNE, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

—o—
XX.

THE FAMILY OF GLENGARRY.

XVI. *ÆNEAS MACDONELL*, ninth of Glengarry, raised to the Scottish Peerage in 1660 by the title of Lord Macdonell and Arros. We have seen that on the very day on which his grandfather died, the 2d of February 1645, he was engaged at the head of his clan with Montrose at the Battle of Inverlochy, his own father having died a few years previously. On this occasion he was accompanied by his three uncles—Donald, first of Scotus; John Mor, and John Og, all of whom were distinguished warriors, and steady supporters of the Royalist cause. Angus Macdonell never left Montrose since he joined him, a young man, at the head of his followers, in 1644, in his expedition to Argyle, on which occasion they devastated and laid the whole of the country waste, burnt and destroyed everything that came within their reach. From the 13th of December 1644 till about the middle of January 1645 they over-ran the country. The slaughter was immense, and before the end of January not a single male was to be seen throughout the entire extent of Argyle and Lorn, “the whole population having been either driven out or taken refuge in dens and caves known only to themselves.” Glengarry adhered to the great Marquis throughout his distinguished career, Wishart declaring that he “deserves a singular commendation for his bravery and steady loyalty to the King, and his peculiar attachment to Montrose.”

He joined the Earl of Antrim in Ireland in 1647, where his regiment suffered a serious defeat. The author of the “Macdonells of Antrim” informs us [footnote, p. 334] that—When Antrim left Scotland, early in 1647, he brought with him a regiment of Scotch Highlanders, under the command of Angus Macdonald of Glengarry, not so much, perhaps, to employ them against his Irish enemies as to take them out of harm’s way in Scotland, where David Leslie was cutting off in detail the various fragments into which the Royalist forces had separated themselves after their great victory at Kilsyth. This Highland regiment under Glengarry soon got into trouble

here also, for on its march to join the Cavanaghs in Wexford, and thus to assist in opposing the Ormondists, it was set upon by a superior force under Sir Thomas Esmond, and entirely defeated. Four hundred of Glengarry's regiment were killed, with several officers, and the remaining officers, including himself, were taken prisoners.

He was personally present at the meeting held in August 1653 at Lochearn, to make the arrangements preliminary to Glencairn's expedition, and afterwards joined the Earl with three hundred of his followers. Among those present were the Earl of Athole, Lord Lorne, Lochiel, and several others. Lorne brought 1000 foot and 50 horse, but, in about a fortnight after, he, on some pretence, on the 1st of January 1654, clandestinely left with his followers, taking the direction of Ruthven Castle, then garrisoned by English soldiers, from Cromar, in Badenoch, where Glencairn's army was at the time quartered. Exasperated at Lorne for thus deserting him, Glencairn despatched a party of horse, under Glengarry and Lochiel, to bring Lorne and his followers back, or, in case of refusal, to attack them. Glengarry followed them up so closely that he overtook them within half-a-mile of Ruthven Castle. Lorne escaped with some of his horse, but Glengarry sent a party in pursuit, who overtook them, and brought about twenty of them back prisoners. The foot halted on a hill near the Castle, and agreed to return to the camp; but Glengarry, who had a strong antipathy to the whole Campbell race since the wars of Montrose, determined to attack them contrary to his instructions, and would have done so but for the arrival of Glencairn himself in time to prevent bloodshed. He, however, directed that no proposals should be received from them with arms in their hands; whereupon they delivered them up, when Glencairn and some of his officers rode up and addressed them on the impropriety of their conduct. The result was that the Campbells declared their willingness to serve the King and obey Glencairn as their commander, a declaration which both officers and men confirmed by a solemn oath, "but they all deserted within a fortnight."*

In 1653 the exiled Charles grants Glengarry the following commission as Major-General:— "Charles, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., to our trusty and well-beloved Angus Macdonell of Glengarry, and to all others to whom these presentis shall come greeting, know ye that we, reposing trust and confidence in the courage, conduct, and good affection of you, the said Angus Macdonell, doe by these presentis constitute and appoint you to be one of our Major-Generals of such forces of foote as are or shall be levied for our service within our Kingdom of Scotland, giving you hereby power and authority to conduct, order, and command them, in all things for our saide service, according to the lawes and custome of warre, and as belongeth to the power and office of one of oure Major-Generals of foot; and with the same to fight, kill, slay, and destroy, or otherwise subdue all opposers and enemies who are in present hostility against or not in present obedience to us," with the usual authorities, privileges, and rights belonging to Major-Generals, commanding all officers of inferior rank to obey him, while he is to obey all orders and commands from

* Graham of Deuchrie's Account of Glencairn's Expedition; and Fullarton's History of the Highland Clans, p. 293.

General Middleton, and all others his superior officers. "Given at Chantilly, the 31st day of October 1653, in the fifth yeare of our reigne."

He was forfeited by Oliver Cromwell, in 1651, for his steady and active support of the Stewarts; but on the Restoration of Charles II. he was, in December 1660, as a reward for his faithful services, created, as already stated, Lord Macdonell and Arros, in the Peerage of Scotland, the honours being limited to the heirs-male of his body.* He subsequently made a formal claim to the chiefship, not only of the descendants of Reginald, being the whole Clanranalds, but to that of the whole Clandonald, as male representative of Somerled and Donald de Isla, the common ancestors of the clan.

There is an Act of the Privy Council, dated at Edinburgh, 18th of July 1672, ordaining and commanding him as Chief of the name and Clan of Macdonald, to be answerable for the peace of the Clan, as follows:—"The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, considering that by the Laws and Acts of Parliament of the realm, Chieftannes of Clannes are obliged to find caution for their whole name and Clan, that they shall keep the peace, and exhibit and present them to justice, whenever they shall be called. In prosecution of which lawes the saides Lordes, ordaines and commandes Æneas, Lord Macdonald, as Chief of the name and Clan of Macdonald, to exhibit before the Council, upon the first Tuesday of October next, the persons under-written, viz.—Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch [and 12 others whose names are given], and to find caution for their men tenants, servants, and indellers upon their lands, rouses, and possessiounes, and the hail persons descended of their families, that they shall commit no murder, deforcement of messingers, reiff thefts, receipt of theft, depredations, open and avowed fyre raisings and deidly feids, or any other deeds contrar to the Acts of Parliament; with this provision, that the generality of the said band shall not infer against them or their cautioners an oblidge to remove from their present possessiounes of such lands possest by them as belongs to the Laird of Mackintosche, they being willing to pay therefor, as the same has been set thes many yeirs bigane; and until the said day that the said caution be found; the said Lords ordains the Lord Macdonald to be answerable, and give bonds for the saidis persones that they shall keep the King's peace, and not commit any of the crimes foresaid under the paine of five thousand merks Scottes money. And for the saids persones their further encouragement to compear and give obedience to the saids Lords, ordaines personal protection to be granted to them for the space of twentie days before and twentie days after the said dyet of appearance, not only for civill debtes, but all criminall causes whatsomever." Those mentioned in the document, besides Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch, appear to be the principal Keppoch tenants, clearly showing that Lord Macdonell was held accountable for those of the Clan outside his own immediate followers and vassals on the Glengarry property.

On the 20th of October 1673, at Annat, a contract of Friendship is entered into between Lord Macdonell and Duncan Macpherson of Cluny, in which they bind themselves and their successors to "honoure, owne, aide, fortifie, concurre with, assist and defend" each other and their

* For Diploma see Reg. Mag. Sig., Lib. 60, No. 8.

kinsmen, friends, defenders, and followers. "Forasmuch as both the saids parties doe seriously consider the ancient love, mutuall freindship and kyndness that have been observed and inviolable kept betwixt ther antecessors," they proceed to state that "it is contracted, agreed, and condiscendit upon betwixt the parties afternamed, to witt ane noble and potent Lord Aneas Lord McDonell for himself and takeing burden upon him for the name and Clan of McDonalds as Cheeffe and principall man thereof, and for his remanent kinsmen, wassals, dependents and followers, on the ane pairt; and the verie honourable Duncan McPherson of Cluny for himself and takeing burden upon him for the heall name of McPhersons and some others called *old Clanchatten* as Cheeffe and principall man thereof on the other pairt,"*

He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, first Baronet of Sleat, without issue. He died in 1682, when the representation of the family reverted to Ranald or Reginald Macdonell, eldest son of Donald Macdonell, second son of Donald MacAngus MacAlister, eighth Baron of Glengarry, grandfather and predecessor of Lord Macdonell and Arros, as follows:—Donald Macdonell, second son of Donald MacAngus MacAlister, eighth of Glengarry, became first of Scotus, or Scothouse, and married Mary, a daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, whose sister, Margaret, was married to his nephew, Lord Macdonell. By her he had issue—

XVII. REGINALD MACDONELL, second of Scotus (alive in 1695), who became tenth of Glengarry as above, and married a daughter of Macleod of Macleod, with issue—

1. Alister Dubh Macdonell, his heir and successor.

2. Angus or Æneas, on whom his father settled the lands and barony of Scotus; his eldest brother, Alister Dubh, succeeding to Glengarry only. His descendants, since 1868, claim to represent the male line, and to have succeeded to the chiefship of Glengarry.

3. John, progenitor of the Macdonells of Lochgarry, who married Helen, daughter of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, with issue—DONALD MACDONELL, II. of Lochgarry, who married Isabella Gordon of Glenlivet, with issue—(1) John, died unmarried; (2) ALEXANDER MACDONELL, III. of Lochgarry; and (3) Peter, who died young. Alexander became a General in the Portuguese service, and married Dona Maria José da Costa, daughter of the tenth Count of Soure, with issue—ANTHONY MACDONELL, IV. of Lochgarry, who married Cassandra Eliza Macdonald, daughter of Major Ross Darby, and heiress of Angus Macdonald of the Grange, Brompton, with issue—ALEXANDER ANTHONY MACDONELL, V. of Lochgarry, a Colonel in the Indian Army, who married Margaret Jane, daughter of Lachlan Maclean, with issue—(1) ARTHUR ANTHONY MACDONELL of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, VIth and present representative of the family; (2) Harry Edward; (3) Sophia Adelaide Hastings; (4) Flora Lindsay.

4. Donald, married, killed at Killiecrankie, issue unknown.

5. Archibald, progenitor of the Macdonells of Barrisdale, now extinct in the male line.

Ranald Macdonell, II. of Scotus and tenth of Glengarry, was succeeded in the latter by his eldest son,

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.

XVIII. ALISTER DUBH MACDONELL, as eleventh of Glengarry. He was one of the most distinguished warriors of his time in the Highlands. We find him and his father among the very first who joined Viscount Dundee in the attempt to restore James II. General Mackay, who commanded the King's troops, wrote to several of the Chiefs offering them large bribes with the view of dissociating them from Dundee. Among others addressed was Glengarry, who, in reply, heartily despising the bribe, advised Mackay in return to imitate the conduct of General Monk by restoring King James. Alastair, his father being aged and frail, joined Dundee "on the appointed day," the 18th of May 1689, in Lochaber, with 300 of his followers, soon followed by Clanranald, Appin, and Glencoe, with about 400 men between them. Soon after Lochiel arrived at the head of 600, while Keppoch followed with 200 more. From this place Montrose wrote his famous letter, dated Moy, June 23, 1689, to Macleod of Macleod, in which he says "Glengaire gave me account of the subject of a letter he received from you; I shall only tell yow, that if you hasten not to land your men, I am of opinion you will have little occasion to do the King great service;" so sanguine was he of the prospects of the campaign. The particulars leading up to the Battle of Killiecrankie are sufficiently well-known. In the centre were placed, under Dundee's own immediate command, the Macdonells of Glengarry and Clanranald, with the Camerons, an Irish regiment, and a troop of horse, under the command of Sir William Wallace. In the first charge they were met by a brisk fire from some of Mackay's troops, by which no less than 16 gentlemen of the Macdonells of Glengarry fell to rise no more. Nothing daunted, however, the Highlanders steadily advanced in face of the enemy's fire, until, having come to close quarters, they made a momentary halt, and having levelled and discharged their pistols, with scarcely any effect, they set up a loud shout and rushed with their claymores right in among the enemy before they had time to fix their bayonets. The result is already known. The enemy fled in utter confusion, thousands of them falling before the tremendous strokes of the double-edged claymores of the Highlanders, by which, in several cases, their bodies were literally cleft in twain. Alastair Dubh, still only Younger of Glengarry, performed feats of valour on this occasion, for which there are few, if any, parallels even among the Highlanders. The author of the "Memoirs of Dundee" informs us that, at the head of his battalion, he "mowed down two men at every stroke with his ponderous two-handed sword." He not only lost his brother Donald and several near relatives, but had also to deplore the death of his son Donald Gorm, so called from his beautiful blue eyes, a youth who had given early proof of prowess worthy of his illustrious ancestors, having on this occasion killed single-handed no less than 18 of the enemy with his trusty blade.

In August following the Highlanders suffered a serious defeat at Dunkeld, and losing all faith in their commander, General Cannon, they retired to Blair-Athole, where they entered into a bond of association to support the cause of King James, and for their own mutual protection, and then returned to their homes. They are to meet at — in "September next," and to bring with them Fencible men—Sir Donald Macdonald, Glengarry, and Benbecula, 200 each, and Keppoch 100, while others were to bring more or less according to their resources. A few days after

signing this bond they sent a characteristic answer to a communication from General Mackay, in which he asked them to address the Government for such terms as would induce them to lay down their arms. In reply they say "that you may know the sentiments of men of honour, we declare to you and all the world, we scorn your usurper, and the indemnities of his government; and to save you farther trouble by your frequent invitations, we assure you that we are satisfied our king will take his own time and way to manage his dominions and punish his rebels; and although he should send us no assistance at all, we will die with our swords in our hands before we fail in our loyalty and sworn allegiance to our sovereign."*

General Buchan meanwhile joined Cannon, and the two finding themselves unable to oppose General Mackay, after wandering for a time through the country, dismissed their few remaining followers. Buchan, Lieutenant Graham, Sir George Barclay, and other officers, retired to Glengarry's residence, where they remained for a considerable time, partaking of Glengarry's hospitality, and still entertaining some hope, however frail, of the restoration of King James, in whose interest they were prepared to enter upon any service, however hopeless and hazardous. General Cannon and his officers retired with Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, receiving similar treatment from him as those did who went to Glengarry, and entertaining the same hopes of Stuart restoration and courtly favour.

On the 27th of August 1691, a proclamation was issued by the Government promising an indemnity to all who would make their submission and swear allegiance to the Government by the 1st of January 1692, and all the chiefs, except MacIan of Glenco, gave in their adherence within the time prescribed. By a special agreement with the Government, Generals Buchan and Cannon, with their officers, were sent to France, whither, as already stated, they obtained permission from James to retire, as they could be of no further service to him in their native land.

It is unnecessary to detail at any length the various incidents and the state of feeling prevailing among the Highlanders which, in 1715, culminated in the Battle of Sheriffmuir. Alexander of Glengarry was one of those who signed a letter to the Earl of Mar, expressing loyalty to King George, stating that "as we were always ready to follow your directions in serving Queen Anne, so we will now be equally forward to concur with your lordship in faithfully serving King George." The other signatures to this document are Maclean, Lochiel, Keppoch, Sleat, Mackintosh, Fraserdale, Macleod of Contulich, Glenmoriston, Comar, and Cluny. Notwithstanding these professions of loyalty to King George, Glengarry was among the great chiefs who soon after met at the pretended grand hunting match in Braemar, on the 27th of August 1714, to arrange with Mar as to raising the standard of rebellion in favour of the Chevalier. A warrant for his apprehension, with many others of the Highland chiefs, was issued by the Government, but though Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat and several others were apprehended and committed prisoners to the Castle of Edinburgh, Glengarry escaped capture. He appeared at Sheriffmuir at the head of 500 Glengarry Macdonalds, where he greatly distinguished himself, as indeed all the Macdonalds did, of whom there were nearly 3000 in the rebellion, under the chief command of Sir Donald Macdonald of

* Parliamentary Records.

Sleat. Patten informs us that "all the line to the right, being of the clans led on by Sir Donald Macdonald's brothers, Glengarry, captain of Clan-Ranald, Sir John Maclean," and several others whom he names, "made a most furious attack, so that in seven or eight minutes we could neither perceive the form of a squadron or battalion of the enemy before us."* Referring to Glengarry, he states: "This gentleman was inferior to none in bravery." After Sheriffmuir the Highlanders retired to the North, and, after the final suppression of the rebellion, Alexander of Glengarry made his submission to General Cadogan at Inverness, and on the 15th of September 1725 the Macdonalds of Glengarry peaceably surrendered their arms to General Wade at the barracks of Fort-Augustus, and all received pardon for the part they had taken in the rebellion of 1715.

After Sheriffmuir he was created a Peer of Parliament, by the addicated King James II., by patent dated 9th of December 1716. He married Mary, daughter of Kenneth Mor Mackenzie, third Earl of Seaforth, with issue—†

1. Donald Gorm, who so greatly distinguished himself at Killiecrankie, where he fell so gloriously after having killed eighteen of the enemy with his broadsword. He died unmarried.

2. John, who succeeded his father, and several others.

Alastair Dubh Macdonell, one of the most distinguished Chiefs of Glengarry, died in 1724, when he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

XIX. JOHN MACDONELL, twelfth of Glengarry, who obtained a charter to himself and his heirs male, dated 27th of August 1724, of the lands of Knoydart, from John, Duke of Argyll, whose grandfather evicted these lands by a legal process from Æneas, Lord Macdonell and Arros. Under this destination the lands of Knoydart descended to his son, Alexander, and on his death, without issue, to his nephew, Duncan, John's grandson—son and next heir of Colonel Æneas Macdonell, John's second son, killed in the streets of Falkirk while in command of two battalions of his clan, who fought gallantly and with great effect on the right wing of Prince Charlie's army. Duncan himself took no part in the rebellion of 1745, but his second son, Angus, a youth only nineteen years of age, led two battalions of his retainers to the standard of Prince Charles, commanded respectively by Lieut.-Colonel Macdonell of Lochgarry and Lieut.-Colonel Macdonell of Barrisdale, both holding rank under himself. Alastair the eldest son, had been chosen by the other Highland Chiefs to carry an address to the Prince in France, and signed by their blood. Having missed his Royal Highness, who in the interval started for Scotland, Glengarry was taken prisoner and detained in the Tower of London until after Culloden, though he was at the time an officer in the French Guard. The manner in which the family distinguished themselves on this occasion by their ancient loyalty and valour is too well known to require extended notice in these pages, though in the separate work considerable detail will be quite appropriate.

John married, first, the only daughter of Colin Mackenzie, IXth of Hilton, with issue—

* History of the Rebellion.

† This was his second wife, he having first married Anne, daughter of Hugh, Lord Lovat, with issue, an only daughter, Anne, who married Roderick Mackenzie, IVth of Applecross.

1. Alastair, his heir.

2. Æneas, a Colonel in the army, already referred to as the leader of the clan during the campaign of the 'Forty-five. He married Mary Macdonald, daughter of Alexander Robertson of Strowan, with issue—(1) Duncan, who succeeded his uncle as XIVth of Glengarry, and of whom presently ; (2) Angusia, who married Mackay of Achamony.

He married, secondly, a daughter of John Gordon of Glenbucket, with issue—

3. James, whose daughter Amelia married Major Simon Macdonald of Morar.

4. Charles, a Major in the army, who went to America, and of whose descendants, if he left any, nothing is known.

5. Helen, who married Ranald Macdonell, fifth of Scotus.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XX. ALASTAIR MACDONELL, thirteenth of Glengarry, who in a General Retour, dated 2d of February 1758, before the Bailies of Inverness and a respectable Jury, is described :—“Qui Jurati Dicunt magno sacramento interveniente quod quondam Donaldus MacAngus vic Alister de Glengary Attavus Alexandri Macdonell de Glengary latoris de presentium filii quondam Joannis Macdonell de Glengary qui fuit filius demortui Alexandri Macdonell de Glengary qui fuit filius Ronaldi Macdonell de Glengary qui fuit filius Donaldi Macdonell de Scotus, qui fuit filius natu secundus dicti Donaldi MacAngus vic Alister obiit,” &c. “Et quod dictus Alexander Macdonell nunc de Glengary est Legitimus et propinquior hæres masculis dicti quondam Donaldi MacAngus vic Alister sui attavi,” &c. There is another Retour, of the same date and place, and before the same parties, proceeding :—“Qui Jurati Dicunt magno sacramento interveniente quod quondam Æneas Dominus Macdonell de Arros filius fratris abavi Alexandri Macdonell,” &c., &c., the same as above, and concluding, “Donaldi Macdonell de Scotus fratri natu secundi Alexandri Macdonell de Glengary patris dicti quondam Æneæ Domini Macdonell de Arros obiit,” &c. “Et quod dictus Alexander Macdonell nunc de Glengary est legitimus et propinquior hæres masculus dicti quondam Æneæ Domini Macdonell de arros ejus filii fratus abavii.” He was, as already stated, chosen by the Highland Chiefs to carry an address to Prince Charles, signed by their blood, giving assurance of their fidelity, though his father was then living, but very advanced in years. On his return he was met and overpowered by two English men-of-war, and after a hot fight he was obliged to surrender ; for the inflexible attachment and loyalty of the family to the House of Stuart, and his own military talents and influence among the Highlanders being well known to the Government, he was kept in the Tower of London till after the 'Forty-five.

He died unmarried in 1761, when he was succeeded by his nephew, the only son of Colonel Æneas Macdonell, who fell at Falkirk,

XXI. DUNCAN MACDONELL, fourteenth of Glengarry, who married Marjory, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant, Bart. of Dalvey, with issue—

1. Alastair Ranaldson, his heir.

2. Lewis, a Captain in the Army, who died unmarried.

3. James, afterwards knighted and made a K.C.B. for distinguished services, became a Lieutenant-General in the Army, Principal Equerry to

the Queen Dowager, highly distinguished at Maida, Egypt, and Waterloo. He died, unmarried, in 1857.

4. Angus, died in infancy.

5. Somerled, died at Curacoa, in the West Indies, unmarried.

6. Elizabeth, who first married William Chisholm of Chisholm, with issue, and secondly Sir Alexander Ramsay, Bart. of Balmain.

7. Sibella, who died young.

8. Margaret, who married Major Downing, with issue, an only daughter, Elizabeth, married to Mr Stewart of Lochcarron.

On the 30th of April 1788, being legally vested in Glengarry and Knoydart, he made a new destination of his whole estates in favour of certain heirs, of whom his "eldest son," explicitly so designed, was the institute. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXII. ALASTAIR RANALDSON MACDONELL, fifteenth of Glengarry, who may truly be called the last specimen of the Highland Chiefs of history, and is supposed to have been Scott's original for Fergus MacIvor. It is impossible here to chronicle in detail the various incidents of his remarkable and interesting career, but we hope to do so elsewhere. He it was who raised the great controversy in 1818 with Clanranald as to the chiefship of the clan, to which we have repeatedly referred in these pages. He married, on the 28th of January 1802, Rebecca, second daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart., by whom he had issue (with six sons who died young)—

1. Æneas Ranaldson, his heir.

2. Elizabeth, who married Roderick C. Macdonald of Castletioram, with issue—John Alastair, now a monk in Canada; Emma, who died young; and Elizabeth, a nun.

3. Marsali, who, on the 22d of October 1833, married Andrew, fourth son of Andrew Bonar of Kimmerghame, Berwick, with issue—two sons and two daughters.

4. Jemima Rebecca, who, on the 5th of July 1833, married Charles Hay, second son of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo and Fettercairn, Bart., with issue—(1) William Stewart Forbes, who (born 16th June 1835) succeeded as the 9th Baronet of Pitsligo, now in New Zealand—married, with issue, three sons and four daughters; (2) Alexander Charles (born 15th April 1837), in holy orders—married, with issue, one son and two daughters; (3) John Stewart (born 28th May 1849), who joined the American cavalry, and was killed in action at Montana, U.S.A.; (4) James Edmund (born in 1854), now in London, unmarried; (5) Emma and (6) Amelia, both died young in 1849; (7) Elizabeth, who married the Rev. George Digby, without issue; (8) Henrietta, who married the Rev. Walter Hiley, with issue—five sons and three daughters; (9) Adelaide, who married the Rev. Francis Traill, with issue—one son and two daughters. Mrs Forbes now resides at Cheltenham.

5. Louisa Christian. 6. Caroline Hester. Both unmarried, and residing in Rothesay.

7. Gulielmina, who married Hugh Brown of Newhall, with issue—two sons, Horatio and Allan, the latter in New Zealand.

8. Euphemia, died unmarried.

Glengarry was killed on the 14th of January 1828, getting off the wrecked steamer *Stirling Castle*, near Fort-William, when he was succeeded by his only surviving son,

XXIII. *ÆNEAS RANALDSON MACDONELL*, sixteenth of Glengarry, who (born 19th July 1818) married, on the 18th of December 1833, Josephine, eldest daughter of William Bennet, niece of the Right Rev. William Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, with issue—

1. Alastair Ranaldson, his heir.
2. *Æneas Robert*, born in 1835. He was a distinguished student, having secured the highest prizes at Chatham. He was drowned in the Medway in 1855, the twentieth year of his age.
3. Charles Ranaldson, who, on the death of his eldest brother, in 1862, became representative of the family.
4. Marsali, who, in 1869, married Hector Frederick Maclean, Edinburgh, without issue.
5. Eliza, who, in 1857, died unmarried, in the 18th year of her age.
6. Helen Rebecca, who, in 1866, married Captain John Cunninghame of Balgownie, with issue—John Alastair Erskine, born in 1869, and Helen Josephine Erskine. Captain Cunninghame died in 1879.

Æneas Ranaldson, who sold the property so long inherited by his distinguished ancestors, was succeeded as representative of the family by his eldest son,

XXIV. *ALASTAIR RANALDSON MACDONELL*, seventeenth of Glengarry, born in 1834. He died, unmarried, in New Zealand, in 1862, when he was succeeded as representative of the family (his next brother, *Æneas Robert*, having died in 1855) by

XXV. *CHARLES RANALDSON MACDONELL*, eighteenth of Glengarry, born in 1838. He married, in 1865, Agnes Campbell, eldest daughter of Alexander Cassels, without issue. He died, on his way home from New Zealand, in June 1868, being (failing any descendants of Major Charles Macdonell, youngest son of John Macdonell, twelfth of Glengarry, who emigrated to America), the last male of the line of Glengarry from Alastair Dubh, son of Ranald II. of Scotus, who succeeded to Glengarry, on the death of Lord Macdonell and Arros in 1682. It is maintained by some members of the family that the descendants of Major Charles Macdonell have not been satisfactorily accounted for, and they have therefore hitherto declined to acknowledge the succession of the descendants of *Æneas*, second son of Reginald II. of Scotus, and brother of Alastair Dubh Macdonell—ancestor of the late Glengarry, as Chiefs.

According to this latter claim, which has, however, been admitted by the Lyon King at Arms, on the death of Charles Ranaldson Macdonell, eighteenth of Glengarry, on the 28th of June 1868, he was succeeded as representative of the family by his remote cousin [for descent see FAMILY OF SCOTUS].

XXVI. *ÆNEAS RANALDSON MACDONELL*, seventh of Scotus, and nineteenth of Glengarry, who died on the 24th of October in the same year, whereupon, his eldest son *Æneas Ranald* having predeceased him, he was succeeded by his grandson,

XXVII. *ÆNEAS RANALD WESTROP MACDONELL*, born 5th December 1847, as twentieth representative and present Chief of Glengarry. He married, in 1874, Catharine Frances, only daughter of Henry Herries Creed, with issue—

1. *Æneas Ranald*, his heir, born 8th of August 1875.
2. Alister Somerled. 3. Marion Lindsay.

THE FAMILY OF SCOTUS.

On the extinction of the direct line of Glengarry from Ranald, eldest son of Donald, first of Scotus, the succession reverts to the representatives of Æneas or Angus, second son of Ranald, second of Scotus, and brother of Alastair Dubh. It has been already stated that, on the succession of Ranald to Glengarry, he settled the barony of that name on his second son,

III. **ÆNEAS or ANGUS**, on whose descendants the representation of Glengarry devolved in 1868, on the extinction, as is alleged, of all the male representatives of his brother, Alastair Dubh Macdonell, of Killiecrankie fame. Æneas married a daughter of Sir Norman Macleod, with issue—

1. Donald, his heir.
2. John, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Greenfield, now represented by John A. Macdonell, barrister, Toronto, Canada.

3. Allan, whose descendants emigrated to America, where many of them now remain.

4. Alexander, whose representatives are also in America.

He was succeeded in Scotus by his eldest son,

IV. **DONALD MACDONELL**, who married, first, Helen Meldrum of Meldrum, with issue an only daughter—

1. Margaret, who married Macdonald of Glenaladale.

He married, secondly, Elizabeth Cumming of Conter, with issue—

2. Ronald, his heir.

And, thirdly, Mary Cameron of Glen-Nevis, with issue—

3. Archibald, who became a priest.

He was killed at Culloden, and succeeded by his only son,

V. **RANALD MACDONELL**, who married, first, Helen Grant of Glenmoriston, with issue—

1. Æneas, his heir.

He married, secondly, Helen, daughter of John Macdonell, XIIth of Glengarry, with issue—

2. Charles, a Major in the 72d Regiment, who married, with issue, an only child—a daughter.

3. Donald, Colonel in the H.E.I.C.S., who married Anne, daughter of Archibald Macdonell of Lochshiel, with issue—(1) Æneas Ronald, advocate, now of Morar, who married Catherine, only daughter of James Sidgreaves of Inglewhite Hall, Lancashire, with issue—Ronald Talbot, James Sidgreaves, Alister Young Crinan, and an only daughter, Catrina. (2) Donald, a Captain, N.I. of the H.E.I.C.S., who married Frances Eyre, with issue—an only daughter, who died young. (3) Ann, who married Captain Stott, 92d Regiment, with issue. (4) Catharine, unmarried.

4. John, a Captain, killed in battle, unmarried.

He had also six daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI. **ÆNEAS MACDONELL**, who married a lady celebrated for great personal beauty and accomplishments, Anna, daughter of William Fraser of Culbockie. She was a good Celtic scholar, and made a collection of Ossianic poetry. By her Æneas of Scotus had issue—

1. Æneas, his heir.

2. Helen Grant, who married Colonel Kyle of Binghill.

He was succeeded by his only son,

VII. ÆNEAS RANALD MACDONELL, born 19th of December 1799. He sold the property, entered the Madras Civil Service, and afterwards settled at Cheltenham. He married Juliana Charlotte Wade, daughter of the Archdeacon of Bombay, with issue—

1. Æneas Ranald, who married Emma, daughter of General Briggs, of the H.E.I.C.S., with issue—(1) Æneas Ranald, who succeeded his grandfather as the present Chief of Glengarry; (2) John Bird, Lieutenant and Adjutant, 12th Regiment; (3) Jeanie, who married, in November 1880, P. H. Chalmers, advocate, Aberdeen, younger son of Charles Chalmers of Monkshill; (4) Charlotte Lindsay. He married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Dr Johnson, with issue; (5) Angus.

2. William, V.C., a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, who married Annie Louisa, daughter of Captain Duff, H.E.I.C.S., with issue—(1) William Fraser, (2) Jeanie, (3) Julia Charlotte, (4) Annie Lindsay, (5) Helen Grant, and (6) Edith Isabella.

3. Thomas Munro, who died without issue.

4. Alexander Kyle.

5. Anna, who married Hugh Hamilton Lindsay, son of the Hon. Hugh Lindsay, grandson of the fifth Earl of Balcarres.

6. Julia Charlotte, who married John Bird, of the Madras Civil Service.

On the death of Charles Ranaldson Macdonell, the last of the male line of Glengarry from Alastair Dubh, eldest son of Ranald, second of Scotus, on the 28th of June 1868, Æneas Ranald Macdonell of Cheltenham, as above, became representative and Chief of the ancient House of Glengarry, which see.

THE FAMILY OF CLANRANALD will be commenced in the next number.

FAMILY HISTORY AND CELTIC LITERATURE.—We have decided in future to devote attention to the SALE AND EXCHANGE OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS dealing with Celtic Literature, Family History, and Genealogy. For first list see *Celtic Magazine* for May. Fair prices will be given for all *second hand* books of the above description, at 2 Ness Bank, Inverness. Any new book supplied to order at publisher's prices.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

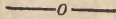
Q U E R Y.

MACDONALD OF GLENCOE.—The Camerons of Kinloch-Leiven, and also the Stewarts of Achnacone, were descended maternally from the Glencoe family. In "The Stewarts of Appin" (Edinburgh, private circulation, 1880) the following passage occurs:—"Unhappily scarcely anything remains now of this collection (the Achnacone papers) excepting some marriage settlements with the Glencoe family." Can any one of your correspondents give me definite information on the subject? QUHIDDER WILL ZIE.

[Our correspondent should apply to the authors of the work he refers to.—ED. C. M.]

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST :

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS
OF SCOTLAND.



RORY OF THE GLEN AND THE SMUGGLER.

JUST as we were thus beginning to feel the subject of the mysterious Rory most absorbing, we thought that we heard something moving at the entrance to the hut, and with equal curiosity each turned his eyes simultaneously in that direction, when we beheld not Rory of the Glen, but a poor, sorry-looking collie dog, with down-cast eyes, drooping ears, and his fur laid closely to his lank sides by the rain. He seemed, I thought, to have sought the shelter of the smuggler's hovel in circumstances similar to my own, and I, taught by misfortune, felt a strong sympathy for the poor animal when I saw him, with hanging tail and whimpering voice, as if it were diffidently soliciting admittance. As I put forth my hand to welcome him with an encouraging *pat*, I immediately recognised the identical dog which I had seen with the shepherd before the thunder-storm had come on. He also appeared to recognise me, and testified, in his own way, the joy which he felt at the meeting, by placing his wet paws on my knee and offering me a familiar salute. He next paid his respects to the smuggler, with whom he also seemed to be on the most intimate footing, and then, resting himself on his hams, he gazed on each of our faces alternately, with an anxious and whining expression of countenance, which evidently implied that he had something of importance to communicate if he knew how to make himself intelligible.

"Poor Allan Ciobair," said the smuggler, meaning the shepherd, for that was his name; "Poor Allan Ciobair has been late out this sad night; I'm sure he has lost his way in the mist."

We kept an eye on the door expecting every moment that he would enter. But several minutes elapsed while we were thus looking for his appearance, and still there was no symptom of his approach. Meanwhile the poor collie continued his restlessness and whimpering, and when the smuggler, attributing his querulous behaviour to hunger, offered him some food, instead of tasting it, he looked up pitifully in his face and raised a piercing, melancholy howl which went to both our hearts. At once a flash of conviction broke upon our minds that the conduct of the dog had some reference to his master.

"As sure as I'm alive," said the smuggler, at last, "something has happened to Allan that's no good. I never saw his poor tyke behave that way before."

"Perhaps the dog has lost his master in the mist and darkness of the night," said I.

"Maybe his master has tumbled o'er a crag," said the smuggler.

"Or been carried away by a swollen torrent," responded I.

"Or met with Rory of the Glen—God be with us," rejoined he.

A terrible suspicion now seized on me that the cries which we both heard, and which he had ascribed to Rory of the Glen, were nothing else than those of poor Allan in his distress.

"Nobody will persuade me of that," said the smuggler in reply to my expressed fears on this subject, and, with a sceptical motion of the head, he added, "I'll never believe that the voice which sounded so fearsomely through all Glenaverain this night was that o' any mortal creature."

I persisted, however, in my opinion, and as the dog went often to the door, looked back as if he wished us to follow, and once or twice repeated his plaintive howl, I proposed that we should accompany him if he made any attempt to leave the hut. It was no difficult task to gain the smuggler's assent, though he still seemed to retain his own theory regarding Rory.

I perceived that, under a very coarse exterior, this uncultivated specimen of humanity harboured in his bosom strong feelings of benevolence, and that, though a slave to superstition, he could yet, in some degree, brave its horrors in order to succour a fellow-creature in time of need. He accordingly showed much alacrity in his preparations to accompany me in following the collie. He first went to a remote corner of the hut, and, to my great surprise—for I had believed that he and I were its sole occupants--there roused an ancient-looking female from her repose on a couch of heather, which had totally escaped my notice. It appeared that she had been for some time awake, and quite aware of what was going on, as she testified no surprise at my presence, and seemed at once to comprehend the business on which we were bent. To her the smuggler entrusted the charge of the *still* in his absence, and exhorted her not to be afraid to remain alone. He next helped Flory, as he called the old dame, to a dram, not forgetting his guest or himself—and put a flask of the same potent cordial into his pocket, while he remarked that, if Allan were then lying helpless on the hill it would be the medicine that would save his life. He then got a lantern in one hand and a stout *shilelah* in the other, put a shaggy cap of dogskin upon his no less shaggy pate, and courageously led the way to the door. In the meantime I had re-adjusted my wardrobe, and thrown, by special request, the smuggler's plaid over all, and was in full marching order.

The night was still "dark as Erebus"—still the sky poured down its copious stores of rain—and still the torrent thundered along with undiminished rage. By the aid of the lantern we were able to keep in view the motions of the sagacious collie, who, wagging his tail with satisfaction, led the way a few paces ahead of us, while he frequently looked back to make himself sure that we understood and were following him. He pursued the course of the stream for a little way till he reached a place where it seemed less rapid; and then he turned his face towards it as if he wished to pass over. For a few seconds he eyed the foaming and impetuous waters with a hesitating look and whimper; but having assured himself that we were beside him and marked his intentions, he soon resolutely committed himself to their mercy. He was carried rapidly downwards by the force of the current, and being unable to keep himself longer in view, we became apprehensive that the poor animal's adventurous zeal had been fatal to him. By-and-bye, however, we were delighted to see him, by means of our glimmering light, shaking himself on the opposite side of the stream, and looking for us to follow. But how to accomplish this put us to our wits end. At length, while we were examining a narrow strait, the smuggler snapped his fingers as if he had discovered an

expedient. He then put the lantern into my hand, and ran back to the hut, and brought a narrow piece of plank which, on trial, was found of sufficient length to reach the opposite rock. By this we passed, and then put ourselves once more under the guidance of the poor collie, who hailed us with many canine manifestations of joy. He now advanced as rapidly as we could follow him in the direction whence, I believe, the cries had come, and where, the smuggler told me, lay "Corrie Donn," the favourite haunt of the redoubtable Rory of the Glen.

As we ascended the mountain, I remarked that my companion became less talkative and showed a disposition to resign to me the post of honour, by falling a little to the rear, though at the same time he seemed careful not to allow me to get far ahead of him. When, by his account, we were now entering the gorge of the *corrie*, I shouted with all my might in hopes that the shepherd, if within reach, might hear and answer me. But the only answer we received, so far as we could ascertain, was the wild and solemn repercussion of the sound from the lofty amphitheatre of rocks that encompassed us. The echo certainly was sufficiently startling in such a dismal solitude and in such an hour of such a night; so that I was by no means surprised to find my arm in the grasp of the smuggler's huge, red hand, as he clung to my side. I had no doubt that poor Allan, whatever might be his plight, lay at no great distance from us; and therefore I continued to shout as we advanced. At length we reached a place of steep and difficult ascent, covered with loose shingles, which yielded to our feet, or broken by many ravines which were now occupied by streams of water. The increasing vivacity and quickness of the echoes at this point indicated our near vicinity to the rocks, and I persuaded myself that I could perceive their dim outline by the deeper shade of darkness which it raised against the cloudy sky. Once or twice I fancied that I could distinguish, amidst the sportive illusions of echo, a faint cry that corresponded with mine. My companion was of the same opinion, and we therefore pressed on with increasing speed till our guide came to a total stand-still, wagged his tail, and uttered a peculiar but significant noise, as if overjoyed to find his master still alive. The next moment showed us, by the faint rays of our lantern, the unfortunate shepherd lying in the most deplorable condition—his features disfigured with bruises and his clothes torn and besmeared with blood. He was just able to make us understand, though more by signs than words, that he had lost his footing and had fallen from the rock which towered above us; that one of his legs was broken, and that he had received many severe injuries besides. It was evident from the serious nature of his wounds, the unabated inclemency of the weather, and the state of weakness to which he was reduced, that had we been much longer in coming to his relief, death would have delivered him from the dismal state in which we found him. There was, therefore, no time to be lost in using such means as we could command to alleviate his sufferings. The smuggler without delay applied his *panacea* to his lips, and the increased animation which it produced on his ghastly features sufficiently indicated the benefit derived from it. We then proceeded to secure the dangling limb by the aid of our staves as splints, and our garters, to obviate as much as possible the agony of motion. Having effected this, and having laid him in the plaid, which we had fortunately brought with us, and

each of us holding two corners of it, we began our slow and toilsome descent. By frequent rests, we succeeded at length in reaching the river, but now a fresh difficulty arose as to how we were to convey the patient across it. From this perplexity, which threatened to render all our previous toils ineffectual, the hardihood and address of the smuggler extricated us. He took the helpless and shattered man on his shoulders, and committed to me the charge of keeping the narrow plank steady and in its position, and then fearlessly ventured on the hazardous passage. All my endeavours were insufficient to prevent the ticklish bridge from tottering, and more than once I trembled when I saw the imminent danger of the brave Highlander and his burden. His remarkable coolness of head, however, enabled him to preserve his equilibrium to a miracle; and with inexpressible delight I soon saw him safely deposit his charge on the opposite bank.

Taking hold of the whining collie, who did not seem so keen to enter the stream as on the former occasion, I also made my way over without delay. In a few minutes more we were in the hut, and happy to find that the shepherd had sustained less inconvenience by the way than might have been expected from the ruggedness of the ground and the mode of conveyance. Having removed his drenched and comfortless garments, we proceeded to put in operation all the medical skill we possessed on the wounds and bruises of his damaged frame. The staves of a demolished cask supplied us with pretty serviceable splints; Flory's apron, which was willingly given us, was cut down to form a roller; and with these rude materials we contrived to re-adjust and secure the fractured limb in a manner which even the Faculty would have approved of. By means of Flory's alacrity too, we were enabled to bathe his cold extremities with tepid water, to staunch the wounds, which the increased circulation thus excited had opened afresh, with cobwebs from the retired parts of the hut, instead of *sharpis*; to give him such a comfortable mess of gruel as suited his debilitated and chilled state, and to commit him (after having anointed the bruised but unbroken parts of his tabernacle with the smuggler's elixir) to a soft couch of heather prepared for him in a suitable place. All parties having thus endeavoured to discharge their duty in the circumstances of each, we commended our patient to the good offices of Morpheus, who, sooner than we expected, spread his mantle over him and shed his opiate dew on his eye-lids, which cheered us with good hopes of the poor shepherd's recovery. Allan's own sufferings had not banished from his mind the thought of his absent and anxious Erich. He therefore requested, before he resigned himself to sleep, that we would relieve her from her distress of mind as soon as day appeared—and it was now not far distant—by acquainting her with the particulars of his situation.

While Flory attended to the *still*, the smuggler and I sat in silence beside the fire drying our steaming attire. But though we spoke not, our minds were not inactive. What were his cogitations I know not, but my mind was filled with the incidents and adventures of that eventful night. I recalled the feelings and reflections which had, a few hours previously, occupied my thoughts as I paced up and down in the rain and the darkness at the torrent's edge, and was forcibly struck with the remarkable illustration that had since occurred of the contrast which I had then attempted to draw between my own state and whatever I could con-

ceive more distressing in that of others. Little did I imagine that a combination of disastrous circumstances, so much worse than anything that I had experienced, lay so near me, and it was not without self-reproach that I recalled the despondent notions which had then threatened to unnerve me.

The shepherd's poor wife and family too rose before my "mind's eye," in all the sadness of my solitude and distracting anxiety during the tardy hours of that dismal night. How often, thought I, has the affectionate Ericht left her lonely cottage to gaze into the pitchy darkness in search of her absent husband. How many foreboding sighs have issued from her lone breast, how many bitter tears have bedewed her babe as she sung him to sleep, and trembled lest the morrow should find him fatherless and herself a widow. My own eyes began to fill as I dwelt on this sad picture of the disconsolate Ericht, and never doubted whether she or her husband was then most deserving of pity. In the meantime the smuggler had stretched himself on a heap of peats, and was fast asleep. My own eye-lids too began to be heavy, and just as the grey dawn appeared in the distance, I also laid my nerveless limbs to rest on the dry heather which Flory had kindly spread for me. I soon experienced a short though sweet oblivion of all the ills that had annoyed me, and when I awoke the morning was well advanced, and Flory preparing to set out with her budget of heavy tidings for poor Ericht's dwelling.

Having made due enquiries after the state of the invalid, and finding that he had slept well and was free from fever, I went out of the bothie to look about me. The morning was calm and free from rain, and the temperature, though rather moist, was mild. The lingering mist was gradually ascending to the mountain tops, whose rugged declivities glittered freshly after their late ablation in the half-obstructed sunbeams, and were richly adorned with numerous white streams and rills which had not yet shrunk within the limits of their ordinary channels. Beneath the fleecy mist I could perceive the dark gorge of *Corrie Donn*, the scene of our late adventure, though its interior was still too much obscured to be discernible. The river had sunk within one-half of its late dimensions, but like an infuriated animal that has nearly exhausted its strength by its own impetuosity, though it still retains its savage aspect and disposition, so did the hoarse stream continue to fret and foam, and its billowy waters might still seem formidable to the passenger. As I looked at it again, after gazing on the surrounding scenery, I beheld with surprise, on the opposite bank, a young woman with a child in her arms, who seemed just about to enter the ford, which was rapid, strong, and dangerous. I trembled for her safety, and endeavoured to deter her from the perilous attempt. But my voice having been drowned amidst the noise of the waters, and my signs having been unnoticed or disregarded, she resolutely rushed into the foaming and impetuous stream. I hurried to her assistance; but before I could reach her she had gained the middle of the channel, and was staggering with the force of the current and the giddiness which its rapid motion had produced. I had concluded from the first that this was none other than the anxious and disconsolate Ericht; the troubled air that marked her fair, though matronly countenance, confirmed my opinion, and I hastened to prepare her for the piteous spectacle which she would behold when ushered into her husband's presence.

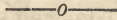
Her interview with him was very affectionate and pathetic. She seemed, however, to be more overcome with joy and gratitude than her Allan's case was not worse, than with grief that it was so bad; and her thanks, to the smuggler and myself, were profuse, sincere, and affecting. Nor did she forget to lavish her caresses on the faithful and intelligent collie, when informed of the important part he took in the services rendered to his master; since, without his kindly sagacity and activity, no human effort could have been made in time to save Allan's life. The expression of conscious joy portrayed on Oscar's honest canine features, as he watched the glistening eye of his mistress and felt the gentle touch of her caressing hand, gave sufficient evidence of the satisfaction which he felt in the part he had acted, and was enough to melt, with tenderness towards him, the hearts of all present. In a consultation which now took place it was resolved that the blacksmith of the clachan, celebrated, as most blacksmiths in the Highlands of Scotland are, for his skill in the treatment of broken bones, whether of biped or of quadruped, should be sent for to examine the setting of our patient's limb, though some of us were quietly of opinion that Vulcan himself could not have done it better, even had he been chief operator on the occasion.

The smuggler having volunteered to go on this message, made preparations to set out, as soon as he had exhorted his guests, both by precept and example, to make a hearty breakfast on such fare as he had to give them. As I did not intend to await his return, I walked out of the hut with him, and took leave of him after having received his directions for my future course, and given him in return a half-jocular admonition to be under less apprehension in time to come from the dreaded Rory of the Glen, which he received with a good humoured smile of self-conviction. But when I tendered him a piece of money in return for his hospitality, I shall not soon forget the oath which he uttered, nor the indignant frown which his rude features assumed. I felt as if I had done him an injury, and hastened to apologise, adding my earnest desire to be of service to him, and pledging myself, according to his request, to revisit him if ever I returned to Glenaverain. A similar promise was exacted from me by Allan and his grateful Erich, from whose cordial grasp I found some difficulty in disengaging myself. Having also taken leave of Flory and Oscar, I again sallied forth as the advancing sun was putting to flight the last lingering vapours, and in a pleasing though somewhat melancholy frame of mind, resumed my search for wild flowers among the mountains.

THE "INVERNESSIAN" for June contains:—The *Inverness Courier* on Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., and his Resolution on the Land Laws; Notes on various Subjects, local and general; May-day Rejoicings on the Restoration of Charles II., Illustrated; The Ladies of St Martha; A French General's Latin; Career and Death of Lord Beaconsfield, with fine full-page portrait; The Frauds of Moscow; Queen Elizabeth and the Bishop of Ely; Jean—a poem—Illustrated; A Day in the Forest—concluded; Romantic Escapes of a Fugitive Prince; Wit and Humour, &c., &c. Specimen number sent on receipt of 1½d; for a whole year, by post, for 1s 6d. A first-class family periodical.

EVICTED.

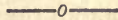
A HIGHLAND TALE OF TO-DAY.



DEAR SIR,—Until reading your “Highland Clearances” I had but a faint idea of the horrible treatment of the Highlanders. The cruelties practised on the clans by their “ain kith and kin” exceed those of Butcher Cumberland. What an unworthy set of savages those chiefs must have been! no wonder they are poor and landless now. You have the same spirit abroad to-day; your Frasers, Baillies, and Piries are the modern embodiments of the sma’ despot, but thanks to the Press their foul deeds are publicised, and the world knows all about British tyrants. Your pamphlet is a terrible tale of injustice and cruelty, and clearly proves the iniquitous and one-sided nature of our Land Laws. The day is not far distant when they shall be swept away. It has called forth the following.—Yours, &c.,

SUNDERLAND.

WM ALLAN.



Why should a landlord’s ruthless scorn
Be showered upon my head?

Why should I from my home be torn,
And forced to beg for bread?

Here I have tilled this rugged soil,
With unremitting care;

Here I have spent a life of toil
To earn a crofter’s fare.

I took the place long years ago,
’Twas then a desert waste;
But I was young, the rent was low,
And Hope was in my breast.

I struggled on; each dyke and wall
Was gathered from the land;
My cot, this byre, this barn, have all
Been reared by my own hand.

Despairing oft, my lot I curst,
My work seemed void of good,
The cheerless place was loth at first
To yield an ounce of food.

Somehow I still unquailing clung,
Determined to succeed,
I prayed to God with fervent tongue
To bless each spring-sown seed.

My hardy cattle seemed to thrive
Upon yon barren brae,
Their increase kept my hopes alive,
And were my only stay.

Then, by-and-bye, I took a wife,
 Who well performed her part,
 She bravely bore the weary strife,
 To spur my drooping heart.

Three boys were born, and strange to tell
 Each one some blessing brought :
 The turnips, hay, and corn grew well,
 We had much less of drought.

Alas ! deep sorrows o'er me rolled,
 My loving helpmate died,
 She sleeps in yonder churchyard old,—
 Would I were by her side !

Years passed, my boys grew up to know
 The poverty around,
 They felt its misery, and so
 Far distant homes they found.

I could not leave my sacred cot,
 I loved it more with years ;
 My heart is planted in the spot,
 Its soil hath drank my tears.

And *then* my landlord was a man
 Of sympathetic heart,
 He cheered me in what I began
 With open-handed art.

My efforts seemed to win his love,
 I tried to feel content,
 And though he saw his fields improve,
He never raised my rent.

He died, and times were sadly changed,
 His son was landlord then ;
 From all old things he was estranged,
 And also from old men.

He lived so fast, and spent so much
 To be considered grand,
 That Debt's unfeeling, deadly clutch,
 O'ershadowed all his land.

It had to pay for his misdeeds,
 And wild expenditure,
 The rents were raised to meet the needs
 Which reckless ways ensure.

We, crofters, were the sheep he fleeced,
 He used us as he pleased,
 And as his wasteful wants increased,
 We were the slaves he squeezed.

I could not give what was not got
 From out the fickle soil,

So now I'm forced to quit the spot,
Which bears my life of toil.

All that I've done to bring these fields
Unto their present state,
No recompense unto me yields,
To cheer my hapless fate.

Why should the labour I have spent
On buildings, walls, and drains,
Be but a landlord's guage of rent,
And measure of his gains?

Is there no law by which I can
Resist his cruel greed?
Am I to suffer that a man
A useless life may lead?

Evicted! and without a cause,
No voice to Justice give:
Are these a Christian country's laws
'Neath which the poor must live?

Oh! what a mockery of Right!
What triumph of dire Wrong!
Beneath Injustice' deadly blight,
Our race hath suffered long.

A day will come when men will slight
A landlord's dark command;
Then fearlessly they'll dare his right
To sweep them from the land.

Ah me! I never thought that I
Would feel Eviction's woes;
In yon churchyard I hoped to lie,
When Life sank to repose.

Well, well! my days are numbered now
Since from my home I go,
I feel a throbbing in my brow,
My blood seems chilled and slow.

Lay me beside her when I'm dead;
One wish before we part:
Carve on the stone above my head—
“*His landlord broke his heart.*”

GRAND TOURS IN MANY LANDS—A Poem in ten cantos, by John MacCosh, M.D., Edinburgh—has reached us. It is an exceedingly interesting narrative, written in a lively and dashing style, and, withal, flowing and graceful. The author has no difficulty in saying what he means. That is more than can be said for the great poets of the age, but it is a decided merit notwithstanding.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

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VIII.

IN my last I mentioned that the cruelties of the notorious Major Lockhart of 1745 were the immediate cause of his having been hurled before his Maker without a moment's notice. This tyrant distinguished himself as one of the most merciless even among the Duke of Cumberland's followers. To this day his name is mentioned in the Highlands with execration. In the Jacobite ballads of the period he had a prominent place. One lady, whom he robbed of her fold of cattle, immortalizes him in a plaintive song (without a word of invective) which she begins thus :—

Tha crodh agam an Sasunn,
 'S tha iad an glasadh am pairce,
 Ma ghabhas sibh an urra ri m' thochradh
 'S e Maidsear Logard an t-aireach.

Unfortunately, there were other officers stationed in the Highlands who committed indescribable excesses, under pretence of obeying the orders of the Royal Butcher, but to the credit of English officers generally, there were among them men who not only positively refused to obey the brutal Duke, but offered him their commissions rather than do so. On the field of Culloden the Duke ordered one officer after another to despatch Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallochie, lying wounded among the dead and the dying, merely because he raised his head and looked at them ; and in turn each officer, to his honour, refused. Wolfe, the first officer who tendered his commission, stated that he did not hold it for the purpose of acting as a common executioner, but to act as an officer and a gentleman. The Butcher then ordered a common soldier to club the wounded Highlander to death with the but-end of his musket. So much for the humanity of that King's son. Historians inform us that the excesses committed in the Highlands, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, are without parallel in the annals of the world, except perhaps in the atrocious barbarities committed under Hyder Ali when he entered the Carnatic ; ach—

Ge b'oil le neart Hyder Ali,
 Thug an Reiseamaid Thailleach dheth cis,
 Dha 'm bu shuaicheantas cabar,
 Shiubhladh uallach air bharaibh na frith.

The comparisons drawn between Hyder Ali and Duke William and the brave Kintail Regiment reminds me that I had heard old men relating that the Duke of Cumberland when at Inverness sent to Brahan for the Earl of Seaforth, and told him that the King was informed that he (the Earl) was also against him, though he took no active part in the Rebellion, to which Seaforth replied—“There is not a word of truth in that ; for if I and my clan had been against your father, neither you nor any other man belonging to your father would have come across the Black

Water yet. When you see the King, your father, explain this, my statement, to His Majesty, will you?" The Duke never sent for Seaforth afterwards to Inverness.

In the retreat from Culloden the Grants of Glenmorrison and Urquhart, the Frasers of the Aird, and the Chisholms of Strathglass, kept closely together, shooting any unfortunate trooper that ventured within range of their long Spanish muskets. While this amusement was rather briskly going on, and the men at the same time making the best of their way to Inverness, a company of Argyleshire Highlanders who followed the Duke, rushed on to the old stone bridge across the river Ness, and closed and locked its massive iron gates. They then constituted themselves into a guard to prevent the gates from being broken open, and to prevent the possibility of escape by the Highland fugitives, who were closely pursued by the Duke's cavalry and artillery. As might be expected the narrow avenue of Bridge Street (as it then stood) was soon crowded with a mass of retreating Highlanders. At a fortunate moment Fraser of Reilig appeared on the scene, and commanded the Argyle-men to open the gates; but the spirit which induced them to run all the way from Culloden to secure, as they expected, the wholesale slaughter of their countrymen at the bridge, induced them to disregard Reilig's orders. He then hastily addressed the crowd, and assured them that unless they released themselves instantly from their jammed-in position in Bridge Street, they would soon be annihilated by Cumberland's red-coats. Up with your swords, said Reilig, and cut to pieces every man of that vicious guard. In another instant there was not a living man of the Argyle guard on the ground. At that critical moment a gentleman riding a strong spirited horse, shouted out at the top of his voice, "Clear a passage for me in the middle of the street." He spurred and galloped his horse, and brought his breast against the top rail of the gate. The rail slightly yielded to the shock. The rider hastened back to the top of the street, and again spurring and galloping his noble steed, he brought him full against the same place, on this occasion striking at the same moment the rail with the soles of his own feet. The stubborn iron yielded to the shock, the gate was forced into the form of a semi-circle. The spirited animal fell dead on the spot, and his noble rider came to the ground only to rise with much injured though unbroken limbs. The men soon twisted the gates out of their way, and the passage of the bridge was cleared.

My great-grandfather was one of those in Bridge Street, and my grandfather had a perfect recollection of his going to and returning from Culloden. Some of the men were much exhausted after the tough affair at the bridge. My great-grandfather was advanced in years (he fought for the Chevalier at Sheriffmuir, thirty years before Culloden), and being also a big, heavy man, was much exhausted, and on crossing the bridge at the west end he proposed to ride home on one of the numerous ponies which there awaited them. There was no time to look for a saddle; the best substitute was a big plaid an aged woman was carrying on her shoulders, for which he exchanged some pieces of silver. Hastily adjusting it on one of the ponies, he asked one of his comrades in arms, my other great-grandfather, Uilleam Mac Dhonuil Ruaidh, William Chisholm, Moor of Conar, to help him to mount. In his hurry to oblige his neighbour William threw him clean over, and on going round to the other side

to give him another lift, the old hag came and snatched her plaid away, taking it and the silver together. They saw no more of her, but applied the rod to the pony until they dismissed it somewhere in Dunain wood.

The old gentleman, who thus managed to get out of danger from the Royal troops, stood alongside the Chisholm's piper when that master craftsman distinguished himself, as stated in my last, at the Battle of Sheriffmuir.

The old people of Strathglass were not in the least surprised to hear that Ian Beag, the celebrated piper, performed feats quite beyond the powers of any other piper. They had always attributed exceptional and extraordinary powers of music to the Black Chanter, "Am Feadan Dubh." They used to say that long ago a chief of Chisholm staid for a time in Rome, who, on his return, brought home among other valuables, the famous Black Chanter, combining in itself all manner of musical charms. Though manufactured of the hardest and blackest ebony, it was not impervious to the gnawing effects of time. Consequently it had been supported and strapped with bands and hoops of silver by successive Chiefs of Chisholm. This gave it the familiar name of "Maighdean a Chuarain," the Maiden of the Sandal. It is said that along with its musical charms it had other qualities the reverse of charming. When a member of the Chief's family was about to die, the Black Chanter was quite silent, or if not entirely mute for the time, the best piper that ever handled a set of pipes could not get a correct note out of this wonderful Italian Chanter. So say the legends; and a native poet, Donald Chisholm, as if determined to perpetuate his admiration of it, says in one of his many sweet effusions—

Fraoch Eadailteach binn,
'S e gu h-airgiodach grinn,
Cha robh an Alba
Na fhuair cis deth an ceol.

Comar, in the heart of Strathglass, was usually the residence of the Chiefs of Chisholm, when the heir-apparent was unmarried. When married his father always established him in Comar while he himself resided at the old House of Erchless until the modern Castle was built. The practice was continued long afterwards. I have seen old people in the district who remembered two of the very best proprietors they ever had that began their probation as chiefs in Comar. The chief used to say that the best possible training for the young laird was to begin life among the most comfortable portion of his tenantry. Some people of the present day will smile at the idea; yet experience has proved its wisdom. Thus a Highland Court on a moderate scale was established in the very centre of the people. From this centre of genuine hospitality a virtuous and exemplary mode of life used to flow. If tradition speaks aright the ties of friendship and mutual confidence never stood on a firmer basis anywhere between landlord and tenant than in the country of Chisholm. The alacrity with which the tenants furnished their chief with the requisite number of men to procure commissions for such of his sons as made choice of the profession of arms was wonderful. The process was simple but effective, and was as follows:— Either the ground officer or the wood ranger would call out with stentorian voice, at the door of the chapel after mass on Sunday, that the Chisholm

wished every man on his estate to assemble on a given day to meet him at the local inn of Cannich, or Clachan, as the case might be. The request was readily and loyally attended to. Farmers brought their sons, men servants, and all their dependants, and took a pardonable pride in introducing them to their chief. He had only to state the number of men he wished, and the quota was soon made up. On one occasion, while these preliminaries were going on, an eye-witness told me that he saw Christina Macrae, a fine looking woman, of commanding appearance, approaching Alexander XVI. of Chisholm and introducing herself as the widow of the late John Bàn Chisholm of Lietrie. She then presented her seven sons, Alexander, John, James, Rory, Archy, Duncan, and Alexander, junior, adding that she brought the seven to their noble chief that he might take his choice of them. The Chisholm replied, "Magnanimous woman, so long as I live you will never be without a friend." He then asked John whether he wished to be a soldier with his own son Duncan, when John at once answered, "With all my heart." Another of the brothers, Duncan, disappointed that the choice had not fallen upon himself, also volunteered. This Duncan was afterwards killed in action, in America, leaving one son, who followed his father's profession, became a commissioned officer, and fell at Waterloo. John dying early, only attained the rank of Sergeant-Major. James, the widow's third son, enlisted afterwards as a private soldier in Inverness, and after distinguished service died a Lieutenant-Colonel in Strathglass. The following is a copy of the inscription on his tomb in the Clachan of Comar:—"Here rest the remains of Lieutenant-Colonel James Chisholm, of the Royal African Corps. This most distinguished officer having served his king and country for a period of thirty-eight years in different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, retired to his native glen covered with wounds. He died on the 19th November 1821, aged 56." Rory, the fourth of the family, had two sons, James and John. The latter died a commissioned officer at Comar, Strathglass, and James rose rapidly to the rank of Colonel in one of the Colonial Regiments, and died while acting as Governor of the Gold Coast in Africa. A short time before his death he raised a native regiment at his own expense, in Africa, which strained his means. He died soon afterwards, his valuable services being early lost to the country, and his life and property lost to his friends. The widowed mother of such a distinguished family of soldiers had also five daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married Donald Maclean, formerly living at Carri, Glen-Cannich. Catherine had three sons, Rory, James, and Duncan. Rory was a Captain in the British army, and died in the United States. James became a Major, and died a few years ago at Boulogne. Duncan, who died young, was an Ensign. This patriotic Highland woman coming with her seven sons to her chief that he might pick and choose from them is a fair illustration of the genuine attachment of the Highlanders not so very long ago to their chiefs. Had she lived to an advanced age she might have seen one of her sons a Lieutenant-Colonel, one a Sergeant-Major; a grandson a Colonel and Governor of a British colony, another a Major, one a Captain, and three others Ensigns.

(To be Continued.)

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,
 WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE
 REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE
 PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.

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PART VII.

It has often been said that "truth is stranger than fiction." This adage is perhaps in no instance more strikingly verified than in the case of the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart. His varied adventures, his critical dangers, his at times hopeful prospects, and his frequent hair-breadth escapes, are incidents in his daring career for which it is difficult to find a parallel in the history of any other man. One thing, however, is certain, that the cause of his having been rescued in the end arose not so much from any prudence or precaution on his own part as it did from friendly feelings secretly cherished by some of the parties employed by Government for arresting him. It is well known that great sympathy was felt for "Bonnie Prince Charlie," even by office-bearers of the Crown, all over the Highlands and Islands; and although some of these appeared outwardly to be actuated by no ordinary vigilance in discharging the duties of their mission, yet at heart they would be glad if he could effect his escape. The consequence was, that on several occasions they might have arrested his Royal Highness during his perilous wanderings in the Long Island if they had a mind to do it. It is true, on the other hand, that the captains and commanders of the frigates and sloops of war which scoured the creeks and coasts of the Western Isles were all of them in right earnest to get hold of the royal fugitive dead or alive. These, however, were generally confined to their own vessels at sea, and were consequently at considerable disadvantage in seizing their prey, who avoided going to sea, unless when compelled by necessity to do so.

The perilous adventures of the ill-fated Prince from Stornoway to Benbecula have been already described. He had then to combat, not only with the violence of the elements, but likewise against the perpetual dread of being seized at any moment by some of the emissaries of the fleet of Government vessels that sailed around these isles to capture him if possible. By this time it has been said that on some occasions the unfortunate fugitive had become so heedless and hardened, and so much affected by despair, that he recklessly exposed himself to unnecessary dangers. No doubt the crisis as to his fate had become very critical, and matters looked very much beyond the power of his friends to devise the means of effecting his rescue. On his arrival at Benbecula he and his faithful party resorted, under the cover of night, to a small hut or hovel that lay at some distance, where they endeavoured to broil some shell-fish which they found among the rocks at their landing place. Next morning by the break of day the Prince sent Donald Macleod to acquaint Clanranold of his arrival at Benbecula, and of the dangers with which he was beset. Donald related to the Chief all the dangers and difficulties which they had to

encounter in the fruitless voyage to Stornoway. Clanranold was much affected and deeply concerned with Donald's account of matters, thinking that by that time his Royal Highness had been safely transported to France. The worthy chief was sorely perplexed, and as he paced up and down the room he addressed the faithful Donald and said, "Och! a's och! a Dhomhnuill, tha eagal mor orm, gu'm bheil grian Thearlaich, a bha aon uair co dealrach, gu dol fadha ann an uine ghearr ann am fuil, agus ann an tiugh-dhorchadas" (Alas! alas! Donald, I am greatly afraid that the sun of Charles, which was at one time so brilliant, is about soon to sink in blood and in darkness). All this time Lady Clanranold sat silently in her arm chair, sobbing and shedding tears. Flora was likewise present at the interview, and appeared spirited and cheerful. Turning round to Clanranold, she smartly addressed him, and said, "Tha do bhriathra ri Domhnull a' cur iongantais orm, oir fhad's a mhaireas beatha, mairidh dochas. Cuimnich gu'm bheil an Ti Uile-bheannuichte sin a shuidhich ann an speuraibh neimhe, a' ghrian ud a tha 'san am a' soilleseachadh co dealrach, uile-chomusach air Tearlach a theasairginn o liontaibh a naimhdean" (I am astonished at your expressions to Donald, for while there is life there is hope. Remember that that ever Blessed Being who planted in the firmament of heaven yon sun which now shines so brightly is all-powerful to rescue Charles from the snares of his enemies). Clanranold could not help smiling at his amiable protegé's confident remarks, and said, "O! Fhionghail, a' ghraidh, cha do chaill thu riamh do mhisneach, agus tha dochas agam nach caill" (Oh! my dear Flora, you have never lost your courage, and I hope you never shall). The interview ended by Clanranold sending the Prince a message by Donald that he would visit him in his rude hiding-place without delay. After Donald's departure the Chief became very impatient, and resolved to set off the same afternoon to see his Royal Highness. In order not to appear at a distance from home without some apparent purpose, he equipped himself with all his shooting accoutrements, such as his gun, lead-belt, and powder-flask, and thus was prepared for the hilly route to the place of concealment. At the same time Niel MacEachainn, who generally resided at Ormiclade, was to resort that very evening to the Prince's hovel, with a supply of shirts, shoes, and stockings, and a quantity of brandy and wine, to contribute to the scanty comforts of his Royal Highness. Niel MacEachainn (Niel, the son of Hector Macdonald) was a faithful inmate at Ormiclade, being an intelligent, smart Jack-of-all-trades. He was a pretty well educated youth, who made himself generally useful about the place. He spent several years in Paris, whither he was taken when a mere boy by Banker Macdonell as a body-servant. He learned to speak the French language fluently, and was therefore a very suitable messenger to be sent to the Prince, as he could talk in that language to his Royal Highness unintelligibly to all around him. Niel was a descendant of the Macdonalds of Howbeag, in South Uist, where he was born, and having followed the Prince to France, he became the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, one of Napoleon's most distinguished generals. The Macdonalds of Howbeag were a distinct, secluded sept of that clan, who had not been, for some cause, very much esteemed by the generality of their neighbours.

When Clanranold had arrived at the Prince's hovel, he was shocked at it as a miserable place. Consequently he prevailed on his Royal High-

ness to leave it as soon as possible, and to remove to a more comfortable retreat in the hill of Corrodale. Meantime the Prince falling short of means, despatched his steadfast friend Donald Macleod with letters to General Murray and Lochiel, craving a supply of money to be sent to him without delay. Macleod accidentally met these gentlemen at the head of Loch Arkaig, in Lochaber. They returned a written reply to the Prince, regretting that they had no money to send him. The new residence of the unfortunate fugitive was called the Forest-house of Glencorrodale, and although in a very lonely, sequestered place, yet he found it more comfortable and suitable than his last miserable abode. While it was dismally gloomy, and deeply buried in the Corrodale hills, yet it had one great advantage, that it afforded recreation to his Royal Highness. The forest abounded in game of all kinds, with abundance of grouse and deer, and the Prince possessed great dexterity in using his gun. He did so at times very incautiously. On one afternoon, he and two of his faithful adherents went to the moor, expecting to be successful in shooting a roe or deer. After the Prince had fired at some grouse that came in his way, he observed, to his horror, a small band of militia upon the shoulder of the hill, at no great distance from him. He had no alternative but to run and conceal himself in a ravine near by, and to give his gun to one of the attendants, with instructions to them to go heedlessly forward in the direction of the soldiers, and should they meet with them on the heights, to appear in their presence as if all were right. It was afterwards ascertained that the party of militia in question was commanded by Captain Hugh Macdonald, Miss Flora's step-father, who was well aware that the Prince was one of the shooting party, but Hugh being a Jacobite at heart, had no desire to capture his Prince.

On several other occasions the Prince had very narrow escapes from the troops of militia in the island. One evening, under the impression that there was no danger, he went off a little distance from the shore, in a small boat, to fish for lythe, and took Niel MacEachainn and one or two more of his attendants along with him. The Prince was dressed in a rough greatcoat and a broad Highland bonnet, such as were usually worn at the time by the common people of the place. Fishing for lythe requires the boat to be smartly and continuously rowed, having hand-lines and hooks baited with red or white pieces of cloth attached to them, and let out from the stern of the boat. While thus busily employed in catching the fish, a party of red-coats appeared on the elevated cliff overhanging the sea-beach, observing the boat at sea, about half a mile from the shore. The military fired a shot, whereupon the boatmen stood up and waved their bonnets over their heads, loudly shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" The soldiers, observing all want of concern on the part of the little crew, took them to be some of the country peasantry engaged in fishing, turned about, and immediately departed.

The Prince was made fully aware of his dangerous position, and of the public opinion of friends and foes in the nation at large, in regard to his perilous movements and prospects. Lady Margaret Macdonald, who was fervently attached to the interests of his Royal Highness, regularly sent him the newspapers of the day, through Baileshear, who, though himself a captain of one of the companies of militia raised to suppress the rebellion, was at heart friendly to the Prince, and even visited him along with

Boisdale at Glencorrodale. The newspapers thus sent by Lady Margaret were the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, the *Caledonian Mercury*, and the *Glasgow Journal*, supposed to have been the only newspapers of importance in Scotland at that remote period.*

As day after day passed, matters were becoming more critical and dangerous for the safety of the Prince. The Government authorities became aware that his Royal Highness was unquestionably in concealment in South Uist or Benbecula, and they issued strict orders to surround the isles in question with sloops of war, and carefully to guard every creek, loch, and bay, to prevent the possibility of escape for the hunted fugitive. Besides these guardian vessels, additional companies of militia and regulars were landed on these islands, to search the hills and dales, and to prevent any boat or sailing craft of any size to go to sea until they had searched and ransacked, not only the crews individually, but likewise all the bunkers and recesses in their boats. All this was done to prevent the concealment of papers or letters going to parties in any quarter that might suggest plans for effecting the rescue of the Prince. Lady Margaret in Skye became fully aware of all the measures taken in the Long Island to seize upon the eagerly sought after prize; but her ladyship was doubtful whether or not the Prince himself had been apprised of the real danger in which he stood, and consequently she sent a verbal communication to Baileshear, by the master of a sloop sailing for Benbecula, pressing upon him to see the Prince, and to make all known to him. As soon as an opportunity offered Baileshear, along with his friend Boisdale, went at night to Glencorrodale and had an interview with the Prince, who rejoiced to see them, and who treated them with hearty Highland hospitality. The Prince was deeply grateful to Lady Margaret for her great interest in him, and he wrote a kind letter of thanks to her Ladyship, which he handed to Baileshear for transmission. Baileshear at the same time told the Prince that the master of the sloop who conveyed Lady Margaret's verbal message to him was to return to Skye in a day or two, with a number of young cattle, and that he would contrive to send the letter by him. In order to avoid detection, Baileshear enclosed it in one from himself to his brother Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, who resided at the time with Sir Alexander Macdonald at Monkstadt. Captain Macdonald was rather lame at the time, in consequence of a musket ball having gone through his left foot on Culloden Moor, and of his having walked in great pain all the way to Skye to receive treatment from a celebrated surgeon, Dr Maclean, at Shulista, near Monkstadt. On his arrival in Skye from the battlefield he had the prudence to surrender his arms to Captain Macleod of Balmlanach, who allowed him his freedom at the time, although

* It would seem that the *Glasgow Journal* was a loyal print, and adverse to the cause of the rebels; but in order to be revenged of the politics of that journal, they destroyed its printing press, types, &c. There can be no doubt but the proprietors of the *Journal* were among the sufferers alluded to in the following paragraph in the *Caledonian Mercury* of the 10th January 1746:—"The rebels carried off from Glasgow a printing press, types, and other materials for that business (printing Prince Charles' declarations, &c.), together with servants to work in that way. When they carried off these materials they did it in this way—that is, from one printer they took a press, from another some types, and from a third chesses, furniture, frames, &c. This happened when the insurgents were on their final retreat northward, after their madly undertaken, and as madly abandoned incursion into England."

afterwards made prisoner as a rebel. Baileshear gave strict injunctions to his brother to see that his letter and the Prince's letter to Lady Margaret were consigned to the flames when read. This was done to the great regret of her Ladyship afterwards. Baileshear stated in his letter that the Prince behaved without delay to leave the Long Island, and that probably he would be landed on the small Isle of Fladdachuain, on the north coast of the district of Troternish; but this was not the case. Baileshear was perplexed as to how to secure the letters from the searching of the harpies, who were sure to ransack every hole and corner of the cattle ship. Much about that time a vessel was wrecked on the coast of South Uist, which had been laden with a mixed cargo, and among other things several casks of coffee beans had been drifted ashore, and sold for trifling prices to the natives. Baileshear filled a small barrel with the beans, and placed his letter under them in the bottom of the cask. He then covered the whole with a suitable lid, and addressed it to his brother in Skye. The captain was instructed to tell on his delivering the cask where the letter would be found. This done, the craft was soon to sail, but no sooner had the Government officials observed that preparations were being made for departing than they went on board and diligently searched the crew and all the keeping places in the vessel. The lid of the barrel was lifted, and they found it to be full to the brim with beans of coffee. All was right, and they leaped ashore.

A few days after this the Prince came to understand that Boisdale was taken prisoner, and likewise his faithful adherent, Donald Macleod of Galtrigal. This intelligence sadly grieved his Royal Highness. Dreading that his quarters at Glencorrodale had been made known to the Government parties, he left the place under cover of night along with Captain O'Neal to a more concealed retreat in Benbeucula. By this time the whole country was in a state of great excitement and alarm. Night after night Ormichlade was crowded with the friends of the Prince, in order if possible to devise some plan for his rescue. Clanranold did not think his present place of concealment at all safe, hence the necessity of having him removed at once from his hut, and of getting him concealed in some natural cave still more difficult of access, until, if at all within the range of possibility, he might be conveyed away from the island. Captain O'Neal, the faithful companion and friend of the Prince, along with Baileshear and others, waited one evening upon the Laird at Ormichlade, for the purpose of speedily adopting some prompt measures for the immediate rescue of the hunted fugitive, as the danger was alarmingly increasing. Several plans were proposed, but all had some insurmountable difficulty. At length Lady Clanranold addressed herself to Flora, who sat silently and pensively in a corner of the room, and solicited her aid, as well as the exercise of her ingenuity, for the relief of the unfortunate stranger. Flora still sat in deep meditation, and uttered not a word. "Flora, dear," said her Ladyship, "just consider for a moment the dignity, the honour, the glory of saving the life of your lawful Prince!" "My dear Lady," responded Flora, "the matter is difficult, perplexing, and dangerous, and it might be ruinous to all to plunge too precipitately into any scheme without pondering over it in all its bearings." "All true, my dear Flora," said the Lady, "but we all know that you are the only person, in the trying emergency, whom we deem able to effect the res-

cue, if you have the moral courage to attempt it." "Moral courage!" retorted Flora, as if hurt by doubting it. "Moral courage! Ah! yes, my dear Lady Clanranold, moral courage will never fail me, never; yet still moral courage may not be able to work impossibilities. I care not to endanger, or even sacrifice my valueless life, if I could but see my way to save the valuable life of the unfortunate Prince. As yet, however, the prospects are to me dark and gloomy." It was a moment of great suspense to every member of the friendly party on that eventful evening at Ormichlade, but not so much so to any as to the gallant Flora. She was possessed of abilities superior to anything like ostentation. She was influenced by goodness of heart, that was quite satisfied with its own reward. She was blessed with a sound, discriminating judgment, which braced her to discharge what she considered important duties. It was now, however, that the prudence, firmness, and devotedness of this young heroine's well-balanced mind were severely put to the test. She had to decide at once against the influence of three conflicting elements, and all of them important in themselves. She had to brave the danger of the enterprise. She had to run the risk of entailing ruin and disgrace upon her chief, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and his Lady, and she had to meet the strong and perhaps reasonable objections to her hazardous undertaking by her only living brother, whom she dearly loved. No doubt poor Flora was at that moment in a very perplexing dilemma. The party around her placed all confidence in her, as a smart, intelligent young lady of excellent address and great prudence; and they encouraged her by the assurance that her step-father, Captain Hugh Macdonald, who then commanded a detachment of the militia, and who retained a warm feeling at heart towards the Stuarts, would at once procure for her a passport under his own hand to leave the Long Island. Flora listened calmly to all these remarks, and for some time made no reply. Lady Clanranold then addressed her, and solicited the favour of expressing her mind as to the important proposals made to her. "Indeed, my dear Lady," said Flora, "I have come to the conclusion that the chances of success are extremely small. I am really of opinion that the Prince's escape to Skye is a thing almost impossible, and I will state my reasons. You know well, my Lady, that the Macdonald, Macleod, and Campbell Militia are just now commanding every pass and creek. Then it is certain that the Prince is well known to all these to be on this island. It is publicly announced that thirty thousand pounds are set as a price upon his head. And further, we are all too well aware that the white sails of England are presently scouring over Loch Skiptort, Loch Boisdale, and the other friths around us, so that, in my humble view, a sparrow cannot escape without their knowledge and consent. But think not, dear Lady, for a moment that I consider my own personal danger. Certainly not, for I am ready and willing at any hour to peril my life, and to sacrifice everything personal to myself to forward the enterprise, if you think that there is even a shadow of success. My only dread is not for myself, but for the ruin that may be entailed upon my noble friend, Sir Alexander Macdonald, by conveying the royal fugitive into his country in Skye."

All present felt much relieved by this announcement from the lips of their young and gallant friend, who seemed to be heedless of personal danger, and to be inspired with a spirit resembling that of Esther of old—"If I perish, I perish."

Notwithstanding all this, it is true that, like most others in the Highlands at the time, Flora herself felt a very deep and friendly interest in the welfare of the Prince, not from political views, but from pure compassion for suffering humanity. As yet she had never seen his Royal Highness, but she cherished the greatest sympathy for his varied privations and hardships.

In "Waverley" Sir Walter Scott has beautifully delineated her general traits of character, while her loyalty to the House of Stuart, at least to the royal aspirant to the British throne under his misfortunes, is represented as the ruling passion of her youthful, generous heart. Well then may it be fancied that on her hearing the news of Prince Charles having landed in Scotland, and raised the Royal Standard on the hills of Moydart, and called the Chiefs of Macdonald, Lochiel, and Glengarry to uphold that banner, the enthusiastic Flora would breath in silent aspiration these poetic words:—

Up with the banner,
Let the forest winds fan her,
It has waved o'er the Stuarts ten ages and more ;
In sport we'll attend her,
In battle defend her,
With hearts and with hands like our fathers before.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

—o—

SCOTTISH TITLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct a few errors in the note upon this subject in your May number?

Although most of the English dignities you assign to the Duke of Athole are very generally attributed to him, it has been conclusively proved that the only Barony inherited by him, as heir-general of the Dukes of Northumberland, is that of Percy, created by Writ of Summons in 1722. The Baronies of Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Bryan, and Latimer, as well as the more ancient Barony of Percy, created in 1299, were never part of the inheritance of the latter Earls and Dukes of Northumberland, consequently could not be transmitted to their heir. It must be remembered that the Smithson-Percies—of whom the Duke of Athole is heir-general, and the Duke of Northumberland heir-male—though descended from, in no way represented the original Percies.

The Dukedom of Aubigny is not a Scottish but a French dignity, and the Duke of Richmond, like the Duke of Hamilton, is Duke in three Peerages, or perhaps we might almost say four, viz., Richmond, in England; Lennox, in Scotland; Gordon, in the United Kingdom; Aubigny, in France.

I cannot quite make out the summary of five Lords Hamilton, five

Lords Harvard (the latter, I suppose, a mistake for *Howard*), five Lords Stewart, &c. Should be glad to see these enumerated. Also the distinction between Delamar and Delamere, unless by the former is intended the Barony of Delamar or Delamere of Dunham Massey, one of the titles of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

It is perhaps worth noting that the Duke of Abercorn possesses the same title, though of different grade, in the three Peerages, *i.e.*, Duke of Abercorn in Ireland, Marquess of Abercorn in the United Kingdom, and Earl of Abercorn in Scotland. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos also holds dignities in the three Kingdoms, being Earl Nugent in Ireland, and Baron Kinloss in Scotland.

LEIGH, LANCASHIRE.

W. D. PINK.

JAMES SINCLAIR, FOURTEENTH EARL OF CAITHNESS.

—o—

JAMES SINCLAIR, Fourteenth Earl' of Caithness, died, not at his old baronial residence, but in the great city of New York, United States, in the month of March last. He was a distinguished and public-spirited nobleman, and descended from "the lordly line of high St Clair." The Earldom of Caithness carries us back for about a thousand years, and reference is made to it in the year 870 in the writings of Torpheus. It was, however, in 1456 that the title as a separate earldom was conferred on William Sinclair, the first Earl of Caithness, who was then Great Chancellor and Lord Lieutenant of Scotland. From this eminent sire the late Earl traced his pedigree; and it is a somewhat singular circumstance that for upwards of four centuries the Caithness family have never wanted a male representative. While many of the late Earl's forefathers were well known on the battlefield and in the council chamber, he still had a higher reputation than they had, for he studied and encouraged what tended to the arts of peace, the development of science, and consequently the happiness and prosperity of his fellow-men.

His father was the thirteenth Earl of Caithness, and his mother a daughter of the Dean of Hereford. He was born in the year 1821, and succeeded to the family estates and honours in 1855. He was twice married—first, to Louisa Georgiana, a daughter of Sir George Philip of Weston, by whom he had two of a family, the present Earl and Lady Fanny Sinclair. The first Countess died in 1870, and a few years afterwards his Lordship married Marie, widow of General Medina de Pomar, who still survives him.

The late Earl received his education privately and at the University of Edinburgh; and from his youth upwards he took a plain, common-sense view of every topic that presented itself for his consideration. This practical turn of mind gave him a decided advantage, as it enabled him to treat a subject on its own merits, without any degree of impulsiveness on the one hand, or of influence on the other. He bore his family honours lightly, and he was possessed of a winning manner and obliging disposi-

tion, which prevented him from losing any friends. He was a Baronet, and in the Scottish Peerage Earl of Caithness; while he had a seat in the House of Lords as Baron Barrogill of the United Kingdom. For many years he sat in the House of Lords as one of the sixteen Scottish representative Peers, but he had so commended himself to the Liberal party as one in whom every confidence could be placed in political matters, that Lord Palmerston created him a Peer of the United Kingdom. He had other offices from the Liberal party, as he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of the County of Caithness. For several years he was a Lord-in-Waiting on Her Majesty the Queen. While he held this office he was a favourite with the Royal Family, and taught the young Princes lessons in turning and photography. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Earl at Barrogill Castle in 1876.

But while the late Earl was known for his many good qualities of head and heart, the chief bent of his mind lay in a scientific direction, and specially in the mechanical world. He had been fond of mechanics since his boyhood, and in his early days he wrought in an engineering establishment in Manchester for about a year, attending regularly at six o'clock in the morning. The steam-engine and machinery of all kinds were themes on which he delighted to dwell, and his knowledge of the principles of mechanics, coupled with the practical cast of his own mind, enabled him to grasp the details of a given subject, and thus understand its bearings. He patented several inventions. One was connected with the tape-loom, whereby a weaver by the Earl's invention was enabled to stop one of the shuttles without stopping the whole, as had been done formerly. He got £500 for this invention, and had he been a mercantile gentleman instead of a British nobleman, he might have realised a fortune by his mechanical genius. He was likewise the patentee of a gravitating compass, the main object of which was to secure in boisterous weather at sea steadiness of action, and this compass is now used by several lines of ocean vessels. He further invented a machine for washing railway carriages, which has proved very useful, as a whole train of carriages can be cleaned in a very short time, thereby saving the time and expense connected with such an operation previously.

The Earl was for years anxious to get railway communication extended to Caithness, and as a preliminary thereto he appeared himself in 1860 in the county with his road locomotive, accompanied by the Countess, having by this conveyance travelled all the way from Inverness to Barrogill. The locomotive created quite a sensation at the time in the county. At the meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, held in July 1860, he read a paper on Road Engines; and it may be mentioned that the locomotive by which he travelled to Caithness was at first experimented upon on the roads at Windsor, in presence of the Queen. The able advocacy of his Lordship to get the railway into Caithness is well known, and although he was not successful in getting his line adopted, it is evident that he hailed with great satisfaction the opening of the line under the patronage of the Duke of Sutherland. The Earl was a Director for many years of the London and North-Western Railway; and he was accustomed to say that the only *stock* with which he was acquainted was the *rolling stock* of the company.

Being fondly attached to the county of Caithness, he took a deep in-

terest in all measures bearing on the development of its resources and the welfare of its inhabitants. He was warmly attached to the volunteer movement, and was Honorary-Colonel of the Caithness Artillery Volunteers. As Governor of the British Fishery Society, he was very attentive to the fishing interests of Wick and Pulteneytown, and was thoroughly alive to the wants of sufficient harbour accommodation at Wick. He assisted materially in getting the Pulteney Harbour Act of 1862 passed, while the foundation-stone of the breakwater was laid by the late Countess amid great public rejoicing, although it is now sad to behold the breakwater a wreck, as it could not resist the tremendous violence of the storms with which it was assailed. The Earl was patron or president of nearly all the educational and benevolent societies in or connected with the county.

He was exceedingly liberal as a county landlord, and spared no efforts or expense in having his estates and the condition of his tenantry improved. It may be safely said that no estate in the North of similiar extent as that of the deceased Earl, has had such extensive improvements carried on, and that so successfully within the last twenty years. He reclaimed a considerable extent of moorland in the course of a few years, and the same was converted into an arable farm, on which there is a very commodious steading—while ditching, draining, and fencing have greatly increased the value of the estate. The Earl was the first who introduced the steam plough to the North, and for many years this powerful implement has been free to any tenant on his estates willing to reclaim and cultivate a piece of waste ground. The thatched houses have been gradually disappearing; and the tourist who may now wend his way to the far-famed locality of John o'Groat's, will observe nice and substantial dwellings with slated roofs in the district around Huna. The Earl never refused an improving lease, and in 1876 he granted upwards of one hundred and thirty leases to his tenants. It is well known that the tenants placed the utmost reliance in the integrity of the Earl. He could be easily approached by them, and would listen very carefully to any reasonable request. In the agricultural improvements, and generally in the management of the estate, he had the able and shrewd assistance of his factor, Captain Keith of Barrogill Castle.

The Town Council of Wick highly appreciated the services which the Earl had rendered to the county, and, in 1860, the freedom of the burgh was conferred on him—an honour with which he was much pleased, coming as it did from a Royal burgh only distant a few miles from his own estates. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in respect of his scientific attainments, and was besides a member of several other learned and scientific bodies. In 1877 he published a volume of Lectures, which he delivered from time to time in large towns, where they were very well received. A few years ago he acted as President of one of the sections of the Mechanical Department of the Paris Exhibition, having been appointed to that office by the Prince of Wales.

In the winter months the Earl lived at Staganhoe, a short distance out of London. He had a beautiful residence at that place, over and above a London house. Barrogill Castle—an ancient pile, the grounds of which he greatly improved and ornamented—was his residence in Caithness. Considering the limited space at our command, we have given

as much detail as possible relating to the deceased nobleman, a nobleman who was exceedingly kind and generous to all with whom he came in contact, who was on all occasions accessible to and beloved by his tenants, and one who will be mourned by a wide circle of friends for a long time to come. He was sixty years of age. His body was embalmed in New York, and carried across the wide Atlantic to Holyrood Abbey, where his remains were laid in their last resting-place about a month ago,

WICK.

G. M. SUTHERLAND.

A LOCHABER LEGEND.

—o—

Uirig an easa-bhuidh,
'S e na shuidhe an Gleanna-maili,
'S a nuair a chlaradh air an fheasgar,
Thigeadh e dhachaidh gu Mairi.

THIS is a frequent saying in Lochaber if any person makes a habit of daily frequenting a neighbour's house, and the story of it is as follows:—Once upon a time a farmer who had Glenmaillie had a pretty servant lass of the name of Mary. The farmer built a sheiling far up the glen near the falls that are still known as the "Eas buidhe," and Mary was sent there to take charge of the cows and their milk. The girl was very brave-hearted, but though not afraid to be alone in the mountain sheiling, yet she began to have company frequently that caused her great alarm. An "Uirig" came to her cot evening by evening in the dusk, and as he came in he invariably repeated the sentence at the head of this article. He had always some small trout with him, which in the course of the evening he roasted one by one, always eating the one before he roasted another, and saying as he ate each,—

Mar a rostar bricein ithear bricein.

And as he cooked and ate his fish he ogled Mary the whole time, casting at her the most admiring glances possible, to the girl's great dismay. At length she got so frightened that she fled to her master's house, and told him about the "Uirig," and that she was not safe alone in the sheiling. Her master told her he would go in her place for a day or two, and he would see if he could not rid her of the troublesome visitor. He went and dressed himself in a suit of Mary's clothes, and sat at dusk spinning the distaff as Mary was wont to do. By and by he heard a footstep, heavy and slow, and as the creature came in he exclaimed as usual,—

Uirig an easa-bhuidh,
'S e na shuidhe 'n Gleanna maili,
'S a nuair a chlaradh air an fheasgar,
Thigeadh e dhachaidh gu Mairi.

He then sat down and began as usual to roast his fish, saying,—

Mar a rostar bricein ithear bricein,

and all the time gazing at the one who in silence worked away with the distaff in the corner. At length he began to say angrily,—

Chith mi do shuil, chith mi do shroin,
Chith mi t-fheusag fhada mhor,
'S ged's math a shniomhas tu do chuigeal,

At length, in his indignation at the fraud perpetrated upon him in giving him this masculine creature instead of Mary, he was going to lay hands in violence upon the man. "What is your name?" (*C'ainm tha ort*) he asked in angry tones. And the man gave his name as "Is mi, 's is mi," which in English may be interpreted "'Tis me, 'tis me;" and then taking a pot of hot water, he threw it about the feet of the poor creature and scalded him. The "Uirisg" ran away, howling dreadfully in his pain, and all the rest of his brother "Uirisgs" ran out to meet him. They asked eagerly who hurt him, as if they were willing to avenge him, and he said, "Is mi, 's is mi." They replied, "Ma's tu, 's ma's tu, ge de a glaothaich a tha air t-aire?" (If it is you, if it is you, what are you crying for?) Mary got leave to return to the shelling in peace, and the "Uirisg" never troubled her again.

There is a strange resemblance in this story to that of the Cyclops, to whom Ulyses gave his own name as "No man," and who when his shouts of pain brought his brother Cyclops to him, said in answer to their questions that it was "No man" that hurt him; and then their answer, "If no man hurt you, why do you cry out?" I will send you soon another of these short stories, that also has a resemblance to one of these classical tales.

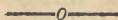
MARY MACKELLAR.

Literature.

THE CELTIC GARLAND. Translations of Gaelic and English Songs; Popular Gaelic Readings, &c. By "FIONN." Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair.

THE lovers of Gaelic song and story will heartily welcome this contribution to our rapidly extending store-house of Celtic literature. To those who do not understand Gaelic the volume will afford an opportunity of acquiring some idea of the sweet gems the language contains, especially in verse. Translations of Gaelic poetry into English are generally failures and a great injustice to the original, even Professor Blackie's not excepted, though his might perhaps with no injustice be described as much original compositions as translations. "Fionn's" renderings are of a different character, and are, on the whole, so well done that we have been largely reconciled to such productions. To render English into Gaelic is not so difficult a task, and in this department of his work the translator has been eminently successful. Among the favourite songs rendered into English are "An Ribhinn donn," "Mo Run Geal Dileas," "C'aite 'n Caideil an Ribhinn," "Eilean an Fhraoich," and several other popular gems; while

among those translated into Gaelic we have "O, whistle and I'll come to you my lad," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "The Braes o' Mar," "Flora Macdonald's Lament," "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," and "Mary of Argyle." The Gaelic prose readings, some of which are very humorous and laughable, will be found very useful to those who give readings at Gaelic entertainments, though they fall far short of and bear no comparison to the inimitable productions of "Caraide nan Gaidheal." Being mostly translations, though fairly well done, they have not always the same rich flavour about them as genuine originals. "Fionn" (Henry Whyte of Glasgow) deserves the thanks and support of his countrymen for his Garland; and notwithstanding the strong, undeserved reflections recently made upon them in a quarter where it would be least expected, we have no doubt "Fionn" will get both their thanks and support, just because he well deserves it.



THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES.*

It would be out of place to review the above-named pamphlet in these pages, but as the subject of it is of universal interest to Highlanders all over the world, it may be considered appropriate that we should give a few specimens of the opinions of others regarding it. The Rev. Alexander Stewart, F.S.A. Scot., "Nether-Lochaber" correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, writes:—

We have just been reading a very sad and heart-rending chapter in the history of Scottish Celtland landlordism, as to which many of our readers will have no difficulty in correctly guessing that we refer to "Highland Clearances," by our indefatigable friend, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., editor of the *Celtic Magazine*. It is indeed a melancholy story, which Mr Mackenzie tells with the utmost impartiality, extenuating nothing, nor setting down aught in malice. All the same, the painful story of "evictions," "clearances," and wholesale depopulation all over the Highlands and Hebrides since the '45 is told with much vivid force and pathos.

In another communication he says:—

While interesting from a social economy and political point of view, and highly creditable as a literary production, it is a sad and shameful chapter in the history of Highland Chiefship. One's cheeks burn red-hot as iron over it all.

Professor Blackie writes:—

Accept my best thanks for your "Highland Clearances," which will do good service.

John Mackay, "Shrewsbury," writes:—

I have read your pamphlet upon the "Highland Clearances" with the attention it deserves from every Highlander who feels for his fellow-countrymen in the past and in the present. I must admit that I was not so well informed about these atrocities, nor of the extent to which they had been carried, as I am now from the perusal of your pamphlet. I was well versed in those perpetrated in Sutherland, but I had little conception of the enormous extent to which such dreadful deeds of "man's inhumanity to man" had been carried in the counties of Ross, Inverness, Argyle, and Perth. In

* THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES; or, a Strange Return by the Highland Chiefs for the Fidelity of the Clans: with an Appendix on the Highland Crofters. By Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*. Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie.

this age, when the preservation even of wild birds, wild beasts, and beasts of prey engrosses the attention of Parliaments and lawgivers, and cruelty to dumb animals is punished by the magistrate, it is inconceivable that, less than three-quarters of a century ago, such barbarities could have been enacted—nay, much more, could have been permitted by the law of the land, at a time when the nation was engaged in a hand-to-hand life-and-death struggle with Europe in arms.

D. G. F. Macdonald, LL.D., in a long letter to the London *Echo* and the *Inverness Advertiser*, says:—

Mr Mackenzie's brochure is very telling and stirring, and is a valuable contribution to historic literature, teeming with cases of barbarity such as would shock the nerves of a Russian or a Turk. . . . I shall not trespass more on your space for the present, but will return to the subject another time. My main object in addressing you is to bring the pamphlet under the notice of your numerous readers, that they may be induced to get it for themselves, and peruse it carefully. When they have done so I am certain that they will shudder with indignation and horror, and believe that truth is really stranger than fiction.

The London *Daily News* says:—

In the pamphlet on "Highland Clearances," Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, traces the history of evictions in the Highlands of Scotland from the battle of Culloden to the present time, adding many interesting and pathetic details derived from the writer's long personal acquaintance with the districts to which these events chiefly refer. The tendency of the pamphlet is to show that the evils resulting from the attempt to regulate the position of landlord and tenant in Ireland in accordance with English ideas have been not less observable under like circumstances in the Scottish Highlands. The author states that it is the evictions from good inland arable land to wretched patches on the seashore which are responsible for the miserable state of things now existing; and he expresses his belief that there is no reason why immediate improvement should not take place, if the landlords would, like the present Duke of Sutherland, begin by reversing the proceedings of their predecessors and give part at least of the land back to the people.

We extract the following from some of the notices which reached us:—

There can be little doubt that in recent times several of the owners of land in the Highlands somewhat ruthlessly cleared away the populations of many a glen, but it must at the same time be admitted that the evicted were in most cases provided with the means of emigrating to Canada, where many of them have since become the heads of industrious and prosperous families. In connection with these clearances there were many cases of hardship and even cruelty, but no good purpose can be served by again bringing them to light, as Mr Mackenzie does in his pamphlet. A more important and practical subject is handled in the concluding section of the pamphlet, in which Mr Mackenzie describes the present condition of the crofters, and suggests that means should be taken to enlarge their holdings, which are at present too small to be profitably cultivated. He calls upon proprietors to follow the example of the present Duke of Sutherland, who is reversing the proceedings of his predecessors "by giving part, at least of the land back to the people."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

In this sixpenny pamphlet there is a compressed, but pretty comprehensive, account of the evictions which have taken place in the Highlands during the last three-quarters of a century. Facts are mentioned to show on what an extensive scale they were at times conducted, and with what barbarous cruelty they were carried out. Mr Mackenzie naturally speaks with great bitterness and indignation of the ingratitude of the lairds and chiefs in expatriating the poor people of their clans in order to turn the glens they occupied into feeding places for sheep and deer, and dilates on the political blunder which has deprived the country of so many stalwart men, whose absence would be sorely missed should war break out. The question is no doubt a sad and perplexing one, and strong feelings are excited by the graphic accounts of the evictions, and the pitiable scenes which accompanied them. But it would appear that the evil has not been unproductive of good for thousands of those who were thus forced, in tears and sorrow, to leave the homes and glens they so passionately loved.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

Mr Mackenzie gives particulars of the Glengarry, Strathglass, Glenelg, Skye, Sutherland, and other evictions, and the story he tells is certainly sad enough. He has for a long time made the question throughout the Highlands generally more or less a subject of special study and observation, and whatever he says may be looked upon as perfectly reliable. He hopes that the present Government, when dealing out a share of justice to the half-rebellious Irish, may show some consideration to the peace-loving and loyal Highlander. The pamphlet deserves a wide circulation.—*Daily Free Press*.

The author deals first with the evictions which have from time to time taken place in the Highlands, giving such facts and details as will at present prove most instructive as well as interesting; and he afterwards has something to say about the Highland crofters, whose position has been grossly misrepresented of late years by certain interested parties, who, professing to give a fair account of the subject, have in reality gone for their information to landlords and factors. . . . Mr Mackenzie has proceeded on a very different plan; and, both as to the clearances and the condition of the crofters, he has been careful not to set anything down but what can be substantiated by the best authorities.—*Daily Mail*.

The accounts given of the different clearances are very startling, and such as could hardly be believed in our day, were there no documentary evidence to prove their truth. In this interesting narrative the author shows that in most cases the tyranny was inflicted, not by the Highland chiefs themselves, but by underlings, who carried out the orders of their superiors with a cruel zeal that their masters would scarcely sanction if they were present. . . . The pamphlet is so cheap as to be within easy reach of all, and a perusal of it will at the same time be interesting and profitable, as showing the interest now taken by the public and the press in the well-being of even the poorest crofter.—*Ross-shire Journal*.

Mr A. Mackenzie, like the true Celt he is, has rendered valuable services to his countrymen in various departments. The present pamphlet will teach the country and statesmen who are willing to examine a great social question unbiassed by inherited prejudice or pre-conceived opinion. The story of Highland eviction in the present century is told with a straightforward simplicity more effective than the most highly coloured description; for their heart-rendering pathos and the heartless tyranny of the landlords are brought into strong relief and shows that the clamour against that class has had very good foundation.—*Leith Herald*.

The revelations of this book reveal the truth of the old adage, which Mr Mackenzie has appropriately utilised as his motto, "Truth stranger than fiction." The book gives evidence of care, research, and careful writing, and will be read with avidity by the thousands whose present position in life is the result of their or their forefathers having been evicted from their Highland homes.—*Buteman*.

"The Highland Clearances" is the title of a neat little pamphlet just received from the author, Mr Alex. Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, Inverness, Scotland, whose visit to Woodstock about a year ago will be remembered by many of our readers. The narrative of the Highland evictions (which should make modern Irishmen turn pale and bless their comparatively happy lot) is written in a free and graphic style, and will be found intensely interesting.—*Sentinel-Review*, Woodstock, Canada.

The reader would have seen a quotation from the *Edinburgh Daily Review* in our last number.

The *John O'Groat Journal* says—"The story he (the author) tells is certainly sad enough," and after describing the nature of the information given, the writer adds that the pamphlet will be found "both interesting and instructive." The *Northern Ensign* says—

It was well that the melancholy story in Mr Mackenzie's letters should be preserved in this shape, and its appearance just now is opportune when the land question is occupying so much attention. An appendix is added on the Highland crofter system, and in this part of his work Mr Mackenzie corrects the false impressions which were likely to be produced by a series of articles regarding Highland crofters which were published a few years ago in an Edinburgh newspaper.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXIX.

JULY, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

By THE EDITOR.

—o—
XXI.

THE FAMILY OF CLANRANALD.

THIS family, the modern representatives of which claim to be Chiefs of the whole Clandonald, was in many respects the most distinguished of the race. It has produced warriors seldom equalled, and never surpassed even in the Highlands. This will be clearly proved as we proceed. We have already expressed an opinion as to the family claim to the Chiefship, and gave some of the reasons which has driven us to the conclusion that the claim is not well founded. Skene, than whom there is no better authority, maintains that Donald, the ancestor of Glengarry, was the eldest son of Reginald of the Isles, and that Allan, the progenitor of Clanranald, must have been the second son. "The seniority of Donald," he says, "is distinctly proved by the fact that on the extinction of the family of Moror" (descended from a younger son), "the family of Moydart succeeded legally to that property; consequently, by the law of Scotland, they must have been descended from a younger son than the family of Knoydart and Glengarry, and it follows of necessity that the latter family must have been that of the Chief."* That the family of Clanranald is descended from

VIII. REGINALD, or Ranald, eighth in descent from Somerled of the Isles and Thane of Argyle, is admitted on all hands, and the only question is, Whether Allan, the immediate progenitor of the Captains of Clanranald was the eldest or the second son? His descendants now stoutly maintain that he was the eldest, and that his immediate successors were consequently Chiefs of the whole Clandonald. This the reader must be left to judge for himself from what has already appeared in the preceding chapters, and from any additional information forthcoming as we proceed. Reginald was undoubtedly succeeded in a large portion of his extensive domains by

* For Skene's remarks *in extenso* on this point see pp. 212-216 *Celtic Magazine*, vol. vi.

IX. ALLAN MACDONALD OR MACRANALD, second of Moydart, and other wide territories in the West Highlands and Isles, now impossible to define, as a considerable portion of his father's possessions went to the other sons. Allan fought at the famous battle of Harlaw in 1411, where he greatly distinguished himself, with his brother Donald, first of Glengarry, and Dugald, the latter of whom was slain.

Allan, according to the history of Clanranald,* married "a daughter of John, last Lord of Lorn, and brother of Dugald, Lord of Appin," by whom he had issue—

1. Roderick, his heir.

2. Allan, from whom the Sliochd Alain Mhic Alain of Knoydart, whose lands returned to Glengarry in 1613, and of whose representatives nothing is known.

3. John, issue extinct.

He died at Castletirrim in 1419, a few months after his father, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

X. RODERICK MACDONALD, third of Moydart, better known among the Highlanders as "Ruari Mac Alain." He was a man of great courage, and, very early in life, distinguished for his valour and daring. He supported the Earl of Ross in his contentions with the Crown, joined him, in 1429, in his expedition against Inverness, when, according to the MS. History of the Mackintoshes, after the King set him at liberty, "he collected a band of men accustomed to live by rapine, fell upon Inverness, pillaged and burnt the houses." Roderick afterwards fought against the King's troops in Lochaber under Donald Balloch, on which occasion the Earl of Mar, commanding the Royal army, was wounded, while Allan, Earl of Caithness, was slain, and many of their followers put to the sword. The King's army was completely defeated and overthrown.† In 1455 Roderick joined in a Macdonald raid to Sutherland, when they were defeated at Skibo by Neil Murray, and fled back into Ross. They soon, however, returned, and were met by the Sutherland men, commanded by Robert, brother of the Earl of Sutherland, on the sands of Strathfleet, "when ther followed a sharp and cruell skirmish, foughtin with great courage on either syd. In the end, Mackdonald his men were overthrowen, and most part of them killed, either in the confict or in the chasse, which continued long, even to the Bonagh."‡ Referring to this raid, the author of the History of Clanranald says, that "A severe engagement followed, the Macdonalds were ultimately defeated; but Roderick succeeded in saving most of his men, with whom he returned to Castletirrim."

He married, Margaret, daughter of the famous Donald Balloch of Isla, Chief of the Clan Ian Mhoir, with issue—

1. Allan, his heir.

2. Hector, or Eachainn, who obtained lands in Morvern, and became progenitor of the branch of the Macdonalds known as Clann Eachainn, of whom Neil MacEachainn of Flora Macdonald celebrity, father of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, the famous French general; Lachlan Macdonald now of Skaebost, and many others, of whom hereafter.

* Edinburgh 1819.

† For full particulars of this engagement see vol. v., pp. 212-218, *Celtic Magazine*.

‡ Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 74.

We are told in the family history that he married, secondly, "More, daughter of William Mackintosh of Mackintosh, by a daughter of the Thane of Calder." In the "History of the Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan," by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, recently published, page 83, it is said that William Mackintosh, who "died at Connage in 1368," had by his first wife, Florence, daughter of the Thane of Calder, "a daughter married to Ruari Mac Alan Mhic Ranald of Moydart." Considering that, *by his second* wife, this Chief of Mackintosh had five children before his death in 1368, it is scarcely possible that his daughter, by the *first* marriage, could have been the *second* wife of Ruari MacAllan of Moydart, whose first wife was a daughter of Donald Balloch of Isla—alive in 1475, and whose eldest son, Allan MacRuari, was executed in 1509.

He died about 1481, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XI. ALLAN MACDONALD, fourth of Moydart, commonly called "Allan MacRuari." He was one of the principal supporters of Angus, the bastard son of John, last Lord of the Isles, in the battle of the Bloody Bay, between Ardnamurchan and Tobermory, where Angus defeated his father. He also accompanied Alexander of Lochalsh to the Battle of Park, fought with the Mackenzies; and in the invasion of Ross and Cromarty in 1491, on which occasion they collected a great booty, a large share of which went to Clanranald.* For this spoil Alexander Urquhart, Sheriff of Cromarty, obtained restitution against Kilravock, who also joined in it, by Act of the Lords of Council, in 1492, for himself and his tenants.† Kilravock, however, soon after raised an action before the Privy Council to be relieved of the obligation laid upon him. On the 5th of July 1494 the Lords of Council continued the summons till the 3d of August following. On the 19th of May 1496, there appears in the Acts of the Lords of the Privy Council a continuation of all the summonses in the case until the 3d of July, except, *inter alia*, the one here referred to; and on the second of March 1497, a decret is recorded ordaining "that the persons underwritten sall relefe and kepe scaithless, Hucheon, the Ross of Kilravick, at the hands of Mr Alexander Urquhart, Sheriff of Cromartie and of ye guidis underwritten." Among the names set forth are Allan MacRory of Moydart, Ewin Allansane of Lochiel, and Ronald Allan MacRorysone—Allan's eldest son. In 1496 Maclean of Duart, Macian of Ardnamurchan, Allan MacRory of Moydart, Ewen MacAllansone of Lochiel, and Donald MacAnguson of Keppoch, became pledges and sureties "by ye extension of yair hands," to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, in name and on behalf of the King's Highness, that each of them should be harmless and scaithless of others without fraud or guile, under pain of a penalty of five hundred pounds for each of the said persons.‡ In 1498 steps were taken to suppress a feud which had long existed between the Clanranald of Moydart and the Macdonalds of Sleat about the lands of Garmoran and Uist.

During the disputes between the Earl of Ross and Mackenzie, no one was more zealous in the cause of the Island Chief than Allan of Moydart, who made several raids into Kintail, ravaged the country, and carried

* Gregory, p. 66.

† History of the Mackenzies, p. 74, where the amount of the spoil is given in a footnote.

‡ Acts of the Lords of Council, vii., fo. 39.

away large numbers of cattle. After the forfeiture of the Earldom of Ross, Allan's younger brother, supported by a faction of the tenantry, rebelled against his elder brother, and possessed himself for a time of the Moydart estate. John of the Isles, unwilling to appear so soon in these broils, or, perhaps, favouring the pretensions of the younger brother, refused to give any assistance to Allan, who, however, hit upon a device as bold as it ultimately proved successful. He started for Kinellan, "being ane ile in ane loch," where Alexander (of Kintail) resided at the time, and presented himself personally before his old enemy, who was naturally much surprised to receive a visit from such a quarter, and from one to whom he had never been reconciled. Allan coolly related how he had been oppressed by his own brother and his nearest friends, and how he had been refused aid from those from whom he had a right to expect it. In these circumstances he thought it best to apply to his greatest enemy, who, perhaps, might in return gain as faithful a friend as he had previously been his "diligent adversary." Alexander, on hearing the story, and moved by the manner in which Allan had been oppressed by his immediate relatives, promised to support him, went in person with a sufficient force to repossess him, and finally accomplished his purpose. The opposing party at once represented to the King that Alexander Mackenzie invaded their territory as a "disturber of the peace, and ane oppressor," whereupon he was cited before His Majesty at Edinburgh, "but here was occasion given to Allan to requite Alexander's generosity, for Alexander having raised armies to assist him without commission, he found in it a transgression of the law, though just upon the matter; so, to prevent Alexander's prejudice, he presently went to Holyrood House, where the King was, and being of a bold temper, did truly relate how his and Alexander's affairs stood, showing withal that he, as being the occasion of it, was ready to suffer what law would exact rather than expose so generous a friend to any hazard. King James was so taken with their reciprocal heroisms that he not only forgave, but allowed Alexander, and of new confirmed Allan in the lands of Moydart."*

In 1501 Allan was, with several others of the Clan, summoned before the Lords of Council to exhibit the rights by which he held his lands. He refused to attend, and on the 10th of December in the same year a decret was pronounced against him and the others as follows:—The Lords of Council decreets and delivers, that the said Ewen MacEachainn, does wrong in the occupying of the lands of Ardtornish, in the Morvern; Allan Kory's son, and Alexander Allan's son in the occupying of the lands of Moydart, &c.; Allan Ranald's son Mac Ian's son, in the occupying of the lands of Knoydart, &c.; and therefore ordains them to desist and cease therefrom, to be enjoyed, &c., by the King's Highness.

In addition to his other possessions, Allan Mac Ruari claimed the whole of the district of Suinart as tenant under John Cathanach of Isla, Allan never obtained charters for his lands, though he ultimately became on very good terms with the King, to whose influence in the Highlands he latterly, in a great degree, contributed. His heir, Ranald, was actually in high favour at court, and succeeded, in 1505, to bring a feud between

* History of the Mackenzies, pp. 51-52, quoting the Earl of Cromartie's MS. of the Mackenzies.

his family and the Macdonalds of Sleat to a successful issue, for in that year, on the 23d of August, he obtained a charter from John Macdonald of Sleat for the lands so long in dispute between them.*

He accompanied his father in a raid against Hucheon, the Ross of Kilravock, and, his father having been in consequence summoned before the King and Council, Ranald the heir had to be given up as a hostage for the father's good behaviour in future. While in Edinburgh in this position he was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and it was on the same occasion he got so much into Court favour. He is in trouble, however, in 1503, for in the Acts of Parliament for that year appears, under date of 19th March, a memorandum by which it is declared that he and several others named have been "forfaulted" in their persons and goods. On the 23d of August 1505, however, he received a Precept "Viginto octo mercatis terrarum de Sleit cum castro et fortalicio de Dunskahay, et sexaginta mercatis terrarum in Capite Boreali de Ewest, cum pertinen," which had belonged to John of Sleat. On the 7th of June 1507, the King addressed a letter to him and Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, authorising them to let the lands of Lewis and Waternish, which were then under forfeiture—a further proof of the confidence at that time reposed in him by James IV.

Allan Mac Ruari was the dread and terror of all the neighbouring clans. He "had at one time three powerful chiefs as prisoners in his fortification of Castleterrim—Macleod of Macleod, Mackay of Strathnaver, and Mackintosh of Mackintosh. The two first had in all probability quarrelled with him for being in arms against John, Earl of Ross, but the cause of his disagreement with Mackintosh is curious, and strongly descriptive of the manners of the times. Mackintosh had built for himself a castle in an island in Loch Moy (now Moyhall). On the day on which he first took possession of this castle, he summoned all his friends and vassals to partake of a banquet at which an Irish harper (in those days constantly strolling about the country) was present. After carousing for a considerable time, and supporting the ancient hospitality of the country, he rose from the table, and, before retiring to rest, expressed his happiness at being now, for the *first day of his life*, free of the dread of Allan Mac Rory, of whom he *then* considered himself quite independent. The Irish harper, in the course of his peregrinations, went to Castletirrim, and reported the words of Mackintosh. This was sufficient to rouse the spirit of the chief; he immediately summoned his vassals and travelled by night and rested by day, till he came to Lochmoy; he had carried with him several boats made of hides, and easily transported; these he launched under night and stormed the castle. Mackintosh was seized in bed, conveyed to Castletirrim, and kept in confinement for a year and a day. When he got his liberty, Allan advised him '*never to be free from the fear of Macdonald*,' and gave him one of his vassals, named Macswein or Macqueen, as a guide. This man was possessed of great prowess and personal strength, and Mackintosh prevailed on him to remain with him, and gave him a grant of the lands of Coryburgh, which his posterity at this moment enjoy.

"Some time after this, Allan required to visit his possessions in the

* Reg. Privy Seal, vol. iii., fo. 15.

Islands, and sailed from Castletirrim with one vessel only; he was, at the time, on the very worst terms with Maclean, the chief of the Clan Maclean, and had been engaged in hostilities with him; he unfortunately observed him approaching with a fleet of ten sail, and seeing no possibility of escape, he ordered his men to stretch him out as a corpse, and directed them to bear down without any concern towards Maclean's squadron. On reaching it, his men communicated the melancholy tidings of the death of their chief, whom, they stated, they were conveying to be interred with his ancestors in Iona, and they were allowed to pass; but before Maclean's return, Allan had overrun a great part of his lands, carried away the most valuable part of his effects to Castletirrim, and laid waste the country."*

Allan married, first, Florence, daughter of Donald Macian of Ardnamurchan, with issue—

1. Ranald, his heir, generally known as "Ranald Bàn Allanson."

2. Alexander, "Portioner of Muidwort," whose son, "Ian Muidartach," afterwards became Captain of Clanranald. Alexander, according to the History of Clanranald, married a daughter of Farquhar XII. of Mackintosh, described as a "celebrated beauty." In the recently published History of Clan Chattan, p. 169, we are told that a daughter of this Farquhar married "Alaster Mac Alan, captain of Clan-Ranald." Alexander's son, John Moydartach, is, however, described as a "bastard" in that work throughout, and even in the Clanranald History it is curious to notice that while in all other instances the chiefs are said to have had their sons "by" their wives, in the case of Alexander it is said, after describing the marriage, that "*He left* three sons and a daughter," of whom John Moydartach is one. It is not said that all or any of these were *by his wife*. This apparently slight, but very important, distinction would probably escape the ordinary reader; but there it is, and it shows that the author had slight scruples in stating that John Moydartach was by Alexander's lawful wife.

Allan married, secondly, late in life, Isabella, daughter of Thomas, fourth Lord Lovat, with issue—

3. Ranald Gallda, who fought and was overthrown at the Battle of Blarleine by his nephew, John "Muidartach," when the latter became *de facto* Chief and Captain of the Clan.

Allan MacRuairi was tried and executed before King James IV. at Blair Athole (where he was also buried) in 1509. This sentence is supposed to have been for the part he took in a raid upon Athole under Donald Dubh of the Isles, who made such a stout claim for the Lordship of the Isles, as already fully described.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XII. RANALD BAN ALLANSON MACDONALD, fifth of Moydart, who, as we have seen, took a prominent part in public affairs during the life-time of his father. He was very popular, and much esteemed by his vassals, and is highly praised by the author of the Red Book of Clanranald, the family historian, for his excellent qualities.

He married "a daughter of Roderick Macleod, surnamed The Black, tutor to the lawful heir of the Lewis,"† with issue, an only son—

* History of Clanranald—pp. 82-84.

† Hugh Macdonald's MS.—Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.

1. Dugall, who succeeded him.

Ranald, like his father, was tried in presence of the King and executed at Perth, for some unrecorded crime, in 1513, when he was succeeded by his son,

XIII. DUGALL MACRANALD MACDONALD, sixth of Moydart, who, for his extreme cruelty and crimes against his own kindred, became detested by the clan. He was in consequence assassinated, and his sons were formally excluded from the succession. He was married, and had several lawful sons. "Allan, the eldest son of Dougal, and the undoubted heir-male of the Clanranald, acquired the estate of Morar, which he transmitted to his descendants. He and his successors were always styled 'Mac-Dhughail Mhorair,' *i.e.*, Macdougal of Morar, from their ancestor, Dougal MacRanald."* On the death of Dugall MacRanald, the command of the clan, with the family estates, was given to Alexander Allanson, second son of Allan MacRuari, fourth of Clanranald, and uncle of Dugall MacRanald, assassinated as above. This position Alexander held until his death in 1530. On the exclusion of Dugall's heirs, Ranald Gallda, son of Allan MacRuari by Isabella Fraser of Lovat, became the nearest male heir, but he seems to have taken no steps to assert his rights. This is perhaps not to be wondered at, for he and his friends might naturally conclude that if the clan passed over the nearest legal heirs-male—the sons of Dugall MacRanald—they might with equal justice at least refuse to receive and acknowledge as their chief one whose claim was legally not so good, and whose reputation, in so far as it had reached them, was not such as they would admire in a Chief of Clanranald. Indeed, once the clan had deposed the legal representative and heir-male, we do not see why they were not just as much entitled to choose the elder uncle Alexander and his natural son, John "Muidartach," as they were to choose the younger uncle Ranald Gallda and his successors, who so long as any of Dugall's lawful representatives remained had no legal right to succeed, and of whom they knew nothing, as he had from his youth been brought up with his mother's family at Lovat, from which circumstance they called him *Gallda*, or the Foreigner.

John "Muidartach," Alexander's son, was a man of unsurpassed capacity and talent in diplomacy and war. His "mental endowments, with his great physical prowess, made him so popular that the circumstance of his illegitimacy was ignored, and on the death of his father, he was unanimously elected by the clan to be their captain and chief—to the exclusion of cousins and his uncle Ranald Gallda, any of whom had legally a preferential claim." A full, graphic, and exceedingly interesting account of the Battle of Blarleine, in which Ranald Gallda was overthrown and slain by John "Muidartach" and his followers, by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, M.A., Kenmore, appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*,† and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat the particulars in detail here; but a short quotation may be given from Gregory (p. 158):—"On the death of Allaster (second son of Allan MacRuari), which took place in 1530, his bastard son, John Moydertach, a man of uncommon talent and ability, was acknowledged by the whole clan as their chief; and he even succeeded in procuring charters to the estates. These he possessed without interrup-

* Gregory's Highlands and Isles, p. 158.

† pp. 89-94, vol. vi.

tion, till, with other chiefs, he was apprehended by James V. in the course of that King's voyage through the Isles in 1540, and placed in prison. Lord Lovat and the Frasers then bestirred themselves for the interest of their kinsman, Ranald Gallda, and made such representations on the subject, that the charters formerly granted to John Moydertach were revoked, and the lands granted to Ranald Gallda, as the heir of his father, Allan MacRuari. The existence of prior legal heirs (the sons of Dougal) seems to have been carefully concealed; and, by the assistance of the Frasers, Ranald was actually placed in possession of the estate, which he held only as long as John Moydertach remained in prison; for immediately on the return of that chief to the Highlands he was joined by the whole of the Clanranald, including the sons of Dougal, and again acknowledged as their chief. Ranald, who had lost favour with the clan by exhibiting a parsimonious disposition, was expelled from Moydart, and forced to take refuge with Lord Lovat, who once more prepared to assert the rights of his kinsman. The Clanranald, however, did not wait to be attacked, but, assisted by Donald Glas of Keppoch and his tribe, and by the Clanchameron, under their veteran leader, Ewin Allanson of Lochiel, they carried the war into the enemy's country." They soon over-ran the lands of Stratherick and Abertarff, belonging to Lord Lovat, the lands of Urquhart and Glenmorrison, belonging to the Grants, and even possessed themselves of the Castle of Urquhart. They plundered indiscriminately the whole district, and even aimed at a permanent occupation of the invaded territories. The Earl of Huntly was ultimately sent against them with a large force, among whom we find Lovat, the Laird of Grant, and Ranald Gallda. On the approach of this strong force, the Highlanders of Clanranald retreated to their mountain fastnesses, leaving Huntly and his followers to penetrate through the country without any opposition. Ranald Gallda was again, without opposition, put in possession of Moydart, while their lands were at the same time restored to those who were driven from them by Clanranald and their allies. Huntly now returned with his followers, accompanied out of compliment by Ranald Gallda. The Clanranald kept a close watch upon their movements, followed them at a distance, overtook them at Kinlochlochry, where the desperate Battle of Blarleine was fought, on the 15th of July 1544. Lovat, the Master of Lovat, and Ranald Gallda, with almost all their followers, were slain; the result being that the Clanranald maintained in possession of the estate and chiefship a distinguished leader of their own choosing, the famous John "Muidartach," against one who possessed greater legal claims, and who was supported by all the influence of the feudal law. John "Muidartach" afterwards transmitted to his descendants, without serious difficulty, the great possessions which he had so bravely won by the sword.

Regarding the parsimony and alleged effeminacy of Ranald Gallda we find the following in the *Clanranald Family History* (pp. 92-93):—"This interference of Lovat could ill be brooked by the Macdonalds, and the unlimited control which they observed the former to have over his young friend, convinced the clan that what they had heard of his effeminacy, was but too true, for it was circulated in the country that he was a boy, unfit for command or rule. A circumstance, trifling in itself, tended to strengthen this conviction. A day or two after Ranald's arrival at Castletirrim, preparations were made for a feast to be given to the clan on

his succession. Many sheep and cattle were slaughtered, and Ranald observing a great number of fires in the court of the Castle, and the busy faces of the cooks employed in dressing immense quantities of victual, inquired the cause of such a scene, when he was informed that the 'feast of welcome' was to be given on that day, in honour of his succession; and, unused to the sight of such feasts, and having no idea of such preparations, he unfortunately observed that 'a few hens might do as well.' Such an observation was not lost upon the clan; they despised the man who could, for a moment, think of departing from the ancient practice, and they were confirmed in their belief of his weakness and want of spirit. They rose in arms and expelled both him and Lovat from the Castle, and the feast which was prepared for them served to commemorate the election of John (Muidartach), who was formally declared chief of the clan." This occurred on Ranald's first appearance at Castletirrim. At the desperate Battle of Blarleine he amply proved by his heroism that whether the charge of parsimoniousness was well founded or not, effeminacy had no seat in his soul; for it is admitted by friends and foes that no one exhibited greater bravery and determination on that bloody field than he did.

He was never married, but left three natural sons, Allan, John, and Alexander, all of whom received a charter of legitimation from the Crown, dated 18th of June 1555; and, on the 28th of January 1562, Allan, the eldest son, received a gift of the non-entry duties of his father's lands of Moydart and Arisaig since his father's death in July 1544. This Allan left one son, Angus, who, as we shall see, afterwards claimed and held the lands of Arisaig and Moydart, until he was dispossessed of them by Donald, John "Muidartach's" grandson, for which act he was forfeited and declared a rebel; but this sentence, on the death of the children of Angus—a son and daughter—was soon after removed. The result of the Battle of Blarleine cleared the way from active opposition to John "Muidartach," and left him in undisputed possession as Captain and actual Chief of Clanranald of Moydart. How he conducted himself in that responsible and honourable position we shall see in our next.

(To be Continued.)

THE MACDONALDS OF GLENGARRY—A CORRECTION.—

In our last a few errors have crept into the family genealogy, all of which will be corrected in the separate work. In all cases where *Stewart* appears it should be *Stuart*. Sir William Stuart Forbes, Bart. (p. 297), is of "Monymusk and Pitsligo." James Edmund Stuart, son of Jemima Rebecca, third daughter of Alastair Ranaldson Macdonell, fifteenth of Glengarry, was born in 1851, not in 1854. Allan Brown, son of Giulelmina, is in Australia, not in New Zealand. Josephine Bennet, who married Æneas Ranaldson, sixteenth of Glengarry, was *grand-niece*, not niece, of the Bishop of Cloyne. At p. 297, the paragraph "Margaret, who married Major Downing," &c., should read "Margaret, who married Major Downing, killed during the Peninsular war, with issue—one son, George Downing, captain in the Madras Army, who married Margaret Macdonald, daughter of Coll Macdonald of Dalness, W.S., with issue, an only child, Elizabeth Margaret Downing Macdonald, who married Dugald Stuart of Lochcarron, eldest son of the late Right Honourable Sir John Stuart of Ballachulish and Lochcarron, vice-chancellor."

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:
 ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
 HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

—o—
 AULDUR.

THE weary traveller who has pursued his journey for many tiresome hours over the bleak heaths of Strath-Eihre, hails with joy the smiling mansion of Auldour, which suddenly bursts upon his view as he turns the steep ridge of Druim-na-gair. If an equestrian he checks his steed, or if more humbly provided with the means of locomotion, he seats himself on the grey stone by the way-side to feast his eyes for a short time with the goodly prospect before him. When he has hastily run over the general *coup d'œil*, he proceeds to examine in detail the various parts which enter into the composition of the landscape.

The house, an irregular old building without any pretensions to elegance, may not long arrest his contemplations, except for the pleasing air of comfort which surrounds it. But he fails not to admire the well-chosen site, a commanding elevation near the junction of the rival streams of the Eihre and the Luina. In the disposition of the grounds nature has left little for the hand of art to improve. Wherever the latter has been called in, convenience and utility seem to have directed her labours rather than the hopeless desire of adding to the charms of the scenery, on the severe but captivating features of which her frivolous ornaments were utterly thrown away. The garden, well protected from the bleak winds of the north and east by an aged clump of elms and beeches, lies immediately behind the house. Thriving plantations skirt the base of the adjoining hills; and the neatly enclosed fields—some pastured by cattle, some waving with yellow grain, and some covered with hay-cocks—impress the mind at once with the conviction that the proprietor of Auldour is no negligent agriculturist.

The snug and cheerful aspect of the whole, heightened by contrast with the rugged and dreary waste which the lonely tourist has left behind him, has so reviving an influence on his spirits that, though he should have no prospect of making Auldour a stage, he resumes his journey with increased alacrity. Much more delightful are his feelings, however, if, in addition to these pleasing emotions, he enjoys the anticipation of a warm welcome from the amiable family who make this their residence. Their dinner-hour is probably long past; but he knows well, unless this be his first visit to Auldour, that he can never enter that hospitable mansion without finding ready and ample provision for his wants.

If matters of importance, however, should render expedition requisite on his journey, of all things let him beware of coming within the enchanted walls of that abode of so much that is pleasing to its guests, for if once he give his horse the rein and suffer him to follow his own inclination, on reaching the avenue that leads to the gate, he may count it among the certainties of the way-faring man's experience that, for that day, his travels are at an end, and his most urgent business must await

the return of another morn. Let it not be supposed, however, that the hospitality of Auldour is of that antiquated kind which would do violence, by its well meant importunity, to the free will of the guest. Both the landlord and his amiable partner have been accustomed to move in those circles of society, in which such over-wrought and teasing civilities are fortunately unknown, yet it often happens that, when once the stranger is fairly seated at their social hearth, he feels little inclination to depart on a hurry; or if he prevail upon himself to make an effort to be gone, a very slight opposition is sufficient in most cases to conquer his resolution; especially if the arguments of the host or hostess be enforced by the lowering aspect and surly voice of the elements without—a phenomenon not of uncommon occurrence there.

To induce him to prolong his visit there are seldom wanting other powerful motives calculated to act on the particular turn of his mind whatever it may be. If a young man, and liable to any tender susceptibilities, he would do well to watch with care the movements of his eye and heart; for certain lovely shoots of wit and beauty are there, whose fascination is not easily resisted; and though their charms, except in one or two instances, are not yet fully expanded, they are young ladies—to drop the metaphor—of such attractions, both of person and manners, as one might not readily expect to meet with in the wilds of Strath-Eihre. It will be the cavalier's own fault if he does not find the hours which he spends amongst them pass swiftly and pleasantly away; for their powers of entertaining are multifarious, and they are never shy nor sparing in the use of them when they perceive that they are acceptable, or that any attempt is made to second their exertions to please. Whether the visitor be of a gay and buoyant cast of mind, or of too sedate a temper for the frolics of youthful glee, many inducements remain to make him linger delighted at Auldour. He must possess a very anomalous frame of spirit indeed if he can reap neither amusement nor instruction from one or other of the company which daily assemble there towards nightfall; and that in such numbers, considering the scattered population of the neighbourhood, as might tempt one to suppose that, with the pelting rain, they had suddenly dropped from the clouds.

I had the honour to present to Colonel Mackenzie a brief introductory card, which procured me a very flattering reception, and an obliging request to make myself at home at Auldour so long as I found anything to interest me in the vicinity. Whether or not this proved an inducement to make me explore the mountainous tracts around with greater diligence I cannot say; but sure it is I found them uncommonly rich in rare and curious plants, and was thus detained a guest at Auldour much longer than I had anticipated. I experienced, however, no diminution of kindness though I thus taxed the hospitality of the house. On the contrary the longer I stayed I had the happiness to find that my footing in the family became daily more domestic; so that I had been in danger, perhaps, of occasionally forgetting my distance, if I had not been frequently reminded of it by observing that there were present other guests yet more favoured than myself.

A skilful observer of character could hardly have a better field than was here spread out before the eye whereon to exercise his powers of discrimination. It is not my intention, however, to undertake the task, so

nice and difficult, of delineating the various objects it presented. A few imperfect sketches are all that I can attempt.

Besides the numerous visitors who varied in their attendance each successive day, I found at Auldour, a few who occupied a more permanent position. Of these there were two, with whom I had the pleasure to contract a considerable degree of intimacy, and I should feel mortified to think that I do not still live in their remembrance. One of them, Norman Campbell, had just concluded his medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, and had returned, decorated with the highest honours which *Alma mater* could confer, to spend a few months with his friends in the Highlands before setting out, on his professional adventures, for India. He ranked among the thousand and one cousins of the family at Auldour, where he was always a welcome guest, more especially with the ladies, whom I perceived successfully exerting their eloquence to detain him beyond the intended period of his visit there.

The company of a cousin or two of the other sex is generally a desirable acquisition to a young lady, especially in the Highlands. A cousin's intermediate *status*, between a brother and all the rest of mankind, admits of familiarities which would be equally unbeseeming in persons more nearly or more remotely connected. To the rising *belle* he answers the purpose of a mark on which she may exercise her archery, and, if possessed of spirit enough, he may sometimes succeed in turning the weapons of the fair foe back upon herself; or, as more generally happens, he will assist in preparing her, by practice, for some more flattering conquest. Besides in the country a helpless young female stands in constant need of some kind relative of the intermediate degree to discharge many little offices of gallantry—to aid her in a thousand nameless ways, for which a rude brother is either unqualified or will not take the trouble which they require; while the admission of any other gallant, to render her these gentle attentions, would be held unsuitable.

Whether or not, these or similar reasons must be called in to explain the marked regard which Auldour's pretty daughters betrayed for their intelligent and obliging cousin I presume not to say. It is certain, however, that Norman, or the *Doctor*—to give him the title for which he had paid full-dear—was well-deserving of their esteem. He was a gentleman of the highest promise. To the kindest heart he added splendid talents and no ordinary acquirements. As he had, in addition to a general preliminary education of a liberal nature, passed through a wide range of scientific studies to qualify him for his medical degree, his attainments comprehended an acquaintance with all the leading points of knowledge requisite to constitute an accomplished professional gentleman of the highest grade, at that stage of experience at which he had then arrived. To natural science in general I found him much devoted, but most of all to the department of mineralogy. He was a most indefatigable collector of specimens; and, at home, I was given to understand, he had, as a relaxation from his more severe studies, formed a private museum which did honour to his years and opportunities.

Norman was also tolerably conversant with the productions of the vegetable kingdom; and, although he possessed no particular predilection for that division of nature's dominions, I yet found him sufficiently qualified and no less disposed to assist me in my researches. I had, therefore,

the pleasure of his society for several days among the hills, during which time he not only contributed much to furnish out my *Hortus siccus*, but, what I valued still more, laid the foundation of a friendship which, I trust, will be lasting.

The other gentleman whom I am desirous to introduce to the reader's acquaintance was a son of Mars. Captain Maclaine likewise claimed kindred with Auldour or his lady—for I am not sure which—but some five or six degrees further removed than the Doctor. In any country, except in the Highlands of Scotland, the land of cousinship, he would probably have been excluded from the family tree on account of his remoteness.

The Captain had seen a good deal of the world, but very little active service except in a desultory warfare with some insurgent Indian tribes. But though in every skirmish where he had been engaged, he had behaved with unimpeachable valour, he had, nevertheless, come off without the honour of a single scar. Being rather a handsome man, however, it is possible that neither he himself nor the ladies might much regret the absence of such decorations.

As the peace had now rendered military promotion both tedious and uncertain, Captain Maclaine had become weary of lounging in country quarters. He therefore retired on half-pay to his native glen, where he exchanged his uniform for a dress of home-made tartan, took a lease of a sheep-farm from his friend Auldour, and resumed most of the habits and amusements of his early years. He now retained little of the soldier except the name, and that peculiar tone and air which mark the man who has been taught both to know his place and how to maintain it amidst the pretensions of society.

As the Captain had plenty of time at his disposal, and perhaps experienced occasionally the weariness of solitude, he was much in the company of the Laird, with whom, and with his family, he stood on the most intimate terms. The old Colonel still liked to converse with one, though much his junior, whom he counted a brother officer, on military subjects; and as he himself had passed through the hottest of the war, not entirely with impunity, his more extended experience rendered his discourse very acceptable to his friend Maclaine.

The Captain, like most others in his circumstances, was much of a sportsman; and in the summer months, when he could find no scope for the fowling-piece, his chief resource against *ennui* lay in the lakes and the rivers. The Eihre and the Luina were two excellent trouting rivulets; and when they united their waters they formed a stream which afforded many fine haunts for the grilse and the salmon. After a fall of rain had brought them to a proper state for the fly, the Captain seldom failed, if the sky was favourable, to make his appearance next morning at Auldour's breakfast table. If his sport continued good, he was too much devoted to it to return home for some days, and as he was very adroit in the management of the rod, the fine dishes with which he daily supplied the table of his host made him as useful as well as an agreeable visitor.

It soon began to be whispered, however, that the Captain's frequent appearances at Auldour were owing to a more powerful cause than either his love of aquatic sports or the friendship of the Colonel, though these served well enough as the ostensible ones. It was more than hinted by

the wise folks, whose eyes and fancies are always active, where young people meet in social intercourse, and who never want a theory creditable to their own penetration, that the attractive power which secretly influenced his movements was nothing but the witchery of the veteran's eldest daughter, the lovely Jacobina.

Miss Mackenzie had just arrived at the years of womanhood, and her now expanded charms were well entitled to the admiration which they universally received. She was possessed of great sprightliness and affability, and impressed every one with whom she conversed with an exalted idea of her wit and talents. Her stature was tall and elegant; her hair and complexion were of a captivating fairness; her blue eyes sparkled with much more expressiveness than usually belongs to that colour; and, if her features deviated somewhat from the outline of regular beauty, the habitual good humour that irradiated them easily reconciled one to such slight irregularities, and even converted them into amiable traits.

Her attractions were, no doubt, the loadstone that drew to Auldour most of the young sparks whom I found there. I soon convinced myself, however, that of all the numerous suitors who had successively courted her smiles since I had become acquainted with her, two only had any encouragement to keep the field. One of these has already been made known to the reader—our worthy friend the Captain. The other was a gentleman of much higher pretensions, being no less a personage than the gay young laird of Dunbreckan. He had lately returned on leave of absence from his first military campaign, and had become so metamorphosed by his new airs, his ferocious mustachios, and his attempts at the English accent, that his own mother was at first at a loss to recognise him.

Dunbreckan's frequent visits, on a superb charger, at Auldour, and the assiduity of his attentions to the fair Jacobina left no room to doubt of the nature of his views. As it was well understood that Miss Mackenzie's successful suitor would not receive her with an empty hand, prudential motives might combine with others of a more tender nature, to recommend the match to the young squire's consideration; for though his hereditary possessions were of considerable extent, it was generally suspected, and sometimes pretty openly insinuated, that the revenue which they yielded had by no means improved since they came under his own uncontrolled management. But whether they were the personal or pecuniary charms of the young lady that had smitten Dunbreckan, it was sufficiently clear that he had opened his batteries with much self-complacency and confidence of success.

For my own part, as soon as I discovered the state of the siege, I began to tremble for the fate of the Captain, whose conciliating manners has already made me a zealous party to his cause. I could see no probability of success against odds so preponderating. The landed suitor, of course, would have both the lady's parents on his side, however they might pretend to leave her to her own decision; and the craggy hills of Dunbreckan lay too directly in her view to admit the supposition that she herself could be altogether insensible of the accomplishments of their proprietor.

With respect to the personal qualifications of the two aspirants to her hand, a female eye alone, perhaps, were equal to the task of adjusting their respective claims. Dunbreckan surpassed his rival by a couple of

inches in stature, but it would readily be admitted, by candid judges of either sex, that this disadvantage was more than counterbalanced by Mac-laine's superior symmetry. Each feature of the latter gentleman was fraught with good humour and intelligence; whereas the physiognomy of the former required all the aid of its bristly decorations and military airs to give it any expression at all, except that of self-importance and complacency. The squire was by several years the younger of the two; but the Captain was still under thirty, and of an uninjured constitution. Upon the whole the exterior of Dunbreckan was perhaps, better calculated to make a first impression; but a few minutes' conversation would certainly turn the scales in favour of the Captain, whose resources were never-failing.

The mode of warfare too which they respectively adopted seemed as different as their characters. The one had for a long time been silently engaged in undermining the fortress, by insinuating arts which had accomplished much before their operation was detected. The other, trusting to his more imposing advantages, appeared determined to take it by storm in the first assault, while he looked down with ill-disguised contempt on his less favoured and presumptuous rival.

It was, perhaps, in Dunbreckan's overweening confidence and less delicate deference to the lady's feelings hence arising, that Maclaine's chief hope consisted. Though the addresses of the former were conducted with much formal respect, Jacobina had too much sagacity not to perceive that they were accompanied by an *hauteur* which evidently implied that she ought to consider them as doing her much honour, and that she dared not give a refusal. Her own pride consequently took the alarm. She was then induced to examine a little more closely the merits of such a self-important suitor, and she was at a loss to discover any particular claim that he possessed beyond the single one—no trifling one to be sure in the esteem of many—of his possessing hereditary domains which yielded him an income of some five thousand a year.

But Jacobina had too much sense to be dazzled by this consideration, splendid though it seemed. It did not prevent her from making a dispassionate comparison of the two; and she usually found the scales preponderating much in favour of the Captain. Of this she was never more sensible than when witnessing the conduct of both at the same time in company. Dunbreckan's range of topics was extremely limited in conversation, and his means of expressing himself consisted chiefly of a few fashionable phrases, which he was apt to introduce on all occasions. His talk, therefore, though polite, soon palled upon the ear, and its insipidity became offensive. He was reduced in a short time to the necessity of being altogether silent, or sinking down into a common-place proser.

Maclaine, on the contrary, was replete with a never-failing fund of humour and amusement. He had received from nature intellectual powers of a superior order; and though his early devotion to a military life had prevented him from receiving a complete liberal education, his own private reading, for which he had enjoyed ample leisure, had stored his mind with a variety of acquirements, especially in elegant literature.

In fact, Maclaine was quite a *bel-esprit*, and, what is rather uncommon, with very slight pretensions to such a character. He was not only familiar with all the most esteemed modern classics, but frequently amused himself with original composition, both in prose and verse; and

though his effusions were never suffered to go beyond the circle of his friends, by them they were received with very flattering admiration.

The charms of his blooming Jacobina, as will be readily believed, had often inspired his muse, by whose aid he had celebrated them in melting strains, not only in the English language, but also in the vernacular tongue of Strath-Eihre—one particularly well adapted to tender themes. He likewise performed very creditably on the flute, sung a good song, and often joined Jacobina in a duet, to the great delight and amusement both of themselves and others.

I must not omit to mention, in the list of the Captain's distinguished qualities, his histrionic powers. He was a great amateur of the drama, and had more than once appeared *incog.* with very flattering applause on a provincial stage. As he always assisted at the Christmas festivities and amusements of Auldour, he sometimes contrived to get up a theatrical entertainment; and the last year's representation of the "Gentle Shepherd," in which Jacobina and he had sustained the parts of the principal characters, was still fresh in the recollection of those who had witnessed it.

To such attainments, both solid and shining, Dunbreckan had no similar weapon to oppose. His literature was confined within a very limited range, scarcely extending beyond the fashionable novel of the day, Egan's *Life in London*, the *Sporting Magazine*, and a very few works of a kindred cast; and sometimes he even hazarded a remark that these, or some such as these, comprised all the learning that became a gentleman. He appeared to dread nothing more than the imputation of pedantry; and if, by any chance, he had occasion to employ any of the few phrases from the learned languages, which had stuck by him, since he escaped from the dominion of his pedagogue, he generally contrived to violate their grammar, particularly their prosody, probably to show how little he valued them.

He piqued himself, however, on every accomplishment becoming a man of honour, in the conventional sense in which that phrase is understood in society, and especially on his skill as a marksman. MacLaine and he had several hard-contested matches at ball-shooting; and there was now impending between them, for the tenth time, a sporting bet, to the result of which both looked forward with deep interest, perhaps regarding it as likely to have considerable influence in deciding a still more important contest—happy if they should not avail themselves of their deadly weapons to settle it in a more summary way.

Such was the result of my observations and inquiries during the first few days of my residence at Auldour. I soon became deeply interested in the contest for the fair lady's hand, and though, in the commencement, I rather desponded regarding the Captain's ultimate success, yet on more attentively weighing the pretensions of both the rivals, I arrived at the conclusion that the match was pretty equal between them.

It was very apparent that the amiable object of contention herself was considerably swayed by her internal feelings in favour of her sprightly and accomplished relative; yet how could she ever make up her mind to relinquish the idea of the smiling hills of Dunbreckan in order to share the fortunes of a landless lover? Or if the disinterested dictates of a young female heart should carry her thus far, must not the authority of parents, aunts, and uncles, one and all, to the tenth degree of relationship,

more than counteract her partiality? The worthy old Colonel, notwithstanding his evident affection for his amusing friend Maclaine, might feel more disposed to view him in the light of one of his own family, while he possessed only his present vague claim to that honour than to give him a solid and distinct title to it, by conferring on him the hand of his favourite daughter. Then his prudent helpmate, to whose more steady hand he occasionally appeared disposed to relinquish the reins of domestic government, for which his greater burden of years and a severe stroke of paralysis had almost unfitted him, was evidently in the interest of the more wealthy party, to whom she would, no doubt, lend the whole weight of her authority.

But, to counterbalance all these considerations, a powerful argument was furnished by the well-known spirit of the young lady herself, who seemed likely to consult her own inclination in the disposal of her person. Of this Maclaine appeared to be sufficiently aware, and his main efforts were accordingly directed to the securing of her affections, notwithstanding that he neglected not to pay due court to her parents. Though yet no certain conjecture could be formed as to the issue of this interesting affair, there could be no doubt from the unceasing eagerness with which both assailants plied the attack that matters must soon be brought to a crisis.

While things were in this position I learned one morning that Cameron of Dunbreckan and some other particular friends were that day expected to dinner at Aberdour. As Maclaine was already there, I congratulated myself on the opportunity I should thus have of observing all the parties together, and hoped to be able thence to draw some plausible conclusion respecting the final determination of the prize.

That I might not incur the risk of losing any of the edifying incidents of the day by making myself late for dinner, instead of going on a distant excursion, I complied with the kind request of some of the ladies to assist Captain Maclaine and the Doctor in escorting them to visit some particular scenery in the neighbouring hills. The morning passed away very agreeably in offices of gallantry, and Jacobina, as usual, being the Captain's especial charge, I rejoiced in the excellent opportunities he enjoyed for improving his advantages.

The principal object which we had in view was to visit a romantic hollow in the mountains, in which it was said many strange sights had been seen, and as strange sounds had been heard—

An hollow cave
Far underneath a craggy cliff.

It lay at the distance of several miles from Auldour, in a deep and gloomy recess of the mountains called *Coirre' Bhodaich*, or the carle's corrie, in honour of the arch-brownie of the place, a certain mysterious and by no means harmless personage, who was reported to make it his favourite resort. He was wont to accost benighted shepherds, or others who were unfortunate enough to pass that way after nightfall. Though, at first, his language and deportment were sufficiently courteous, he seldom relieved them of his company till he had let them feel the strength of his arm, which was none of the least muscular, or detained them till day-break in his powerful grasp, compelling them to sit with him either on the open heath or within the precincts of his cave.

This was no obsolete fable ; for on the very day of our excursion a young man lay dangerously ill of the fright and bruises which he had, a few nights previously, received from the rude courtesy of the *Bodach glas*. He had been found the following morning lying insensible a few yards from the entrance of the cave. The ground, as we ourselves witnessed, still bore indisputable evidence of a stubborn struggle ; and though the ill-fated wight himself had ever since been in too delirious a state of mind to give any distinct account of what had befallen him, there could be but one opinion regarding his case.

(To be Continued.)

A CANADIAN HIGHLANDER ON EVICTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

136 Seaton Street, Toronto, Canada,
May 24th, 1881.

SIR,—I received from Mr Hugh Miller, of this city, a perusal of your pamphlet on the "Highland Clearances," and I take the liberty of thanking you and conveying to you expressions of my gratitude for the manner in which you in so compressed a form, but clearly and boldly laid before your numerous readers so many painful incidents showing the wanton barbarity with which this wicked system has been carried out.

From my earliest recollections, dating back to about 1830, until I left my native land more than a quarter of a century ago, I experienced and saw so much of the privations and sufferings and other evil consequences to thousands of my fellow-countrymen, resulting from wholesale clearances, that my hatred of the system and sense of its injustice is deep-rooted in my heart, and can never be eradicated while life remains.

The desolation effected throughout the Highlands, the abject poverty of the few who are huddled together here and there along the sea-shore, the ruin and wretched condition of thousands of moral and virtuous men and women from evil associations and other causes in the cities of Great Britain, and the deplorable and wretched state in which many of them arrive on this continent, all which may be traced directly to this accursed system, I am familiar with from personal observation, and deeply deplore. That such a state of affairs should, in this enlightened age, exist in Great Britain is an inexplicable problem to many, especially on this continent.

I have requested your agents here, Messrs James Bain & Son, to send for a supply of the pamphlet with their next monthly parcel of the *Celtic Magazine*, for which I am a subscriber. I visited the Highlands three years ago, and during ten days spent in my native Isle of Skye, I was almost continually haunted with a sense of melancholy oppression owing to the desolation effected by this system within my own recollection. Mr

Macleod, the parish schoolmaster and Registrar of Bracadale, my native parish, informed me that he made a calculation, based on the decrease of the inhabitants during the preceding ten years, and he found that if it continued at the same ratio during the next ten years there would not be a living soul in the parish, and this, in a district where no physical force was used, nor cottages burnt and razed for the purpose of dispossessing the occupants, but where other forces, equally as effective and not less cruel, were at work.

I saw some notice in a newspaper lately of a pamphlet, by one Cooper, justifying the evictions in North Uist on the ground that many of the evicted are now comfortable in this country. No doubt they are, and would be so in their own country if governed by liberal land laws such as ours in Canada. We have reason to be thankful that this continent affords such an asylum from tyrannical land laws and landlords, and that honest industry and perseverance generally meet with deserving success. Again thanking you for your manly efforts on behalf of the oppressed and poor against their powerful oppressors,—I am, &c.,

J. MACPHERSON.

[We shall make such arrangements with our agents, Messrs James Bain & Sons, booksellers, 40 King Street, East, Toronto, as will enable them to send "The Highland Clearances," free by post, to any address in the Dominion on receipt by them of *sixteen cents*. Ed. C.M.]

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

Q U E R Y.

THE DARROCHS OR MACGILLERACHS: ARE THEY MACDONALDS?

Can any reader of the *Celtic Magazine* help me to settle the question, Whether the Darrochs, or Clann Ghille Riabhaich, are Macdonalds? and, if so, what branch are they descended from? There are many Darrochs now in the Island of Jura and in Kintyre. The common tradition among themselves, I understand, is that they were originally Macdonalds. It is said that a party of Macdonalds, on a certain occasion, invaded some of the remoter islands, and that among their number was a powerful youth known by the sobriquet of "MacGille Riabhaich," who always carried a sturdy oak cudgel with him on such occasions. The invaders, by the time they arrived in one of the islands, exhausted all their provender, and had nothing to eat. Landing, they observed a party of the natives gathered round a fire in the open air, over which hung, from three sticks joined in Highland fashion, a large pot. MacGille Riabhaich, expecting that the pot contained something substantial that would allay their hunger, moved as by a sudden impulse, rushed on the natives, plying his oak stick with such effect as to send them

scampering in all directions to escape from his sturdy weapon. He then seized the pot, by placing the stick through the suspender, swung it over his shoulder, and carried it away with its reeking contents to his hungry comrades, regardless of the fact that it was burning him. For this daring exploit MacGille Riabhaich secured the bye-name of Darroch or Darrach, the Gaelic equivalent for oak.

This tradition is to some extent corroborated by incidents connected with the ancestors of the present Mr Duncan Darroch of Torridon. One of these, also Duncan Darroch, who bought the estate of Gourock, near Greenock, in 1784, was the son of a large farmer, or tacksman, whose grandfather came from the North and settled in Jura. This Duncan Darroch went to Jamaica, where he made a fortune. Returning to Scotland he went to the Heralds' office to matriculate family arms and prove his right to assume those of Macdonald. It appears that his right to do so was admitted; but the Lyon King at Arms at the same time remarked, "We must not lose the memory of the old oak stick and its exploit;" whereupon the arms now borne by the family were granted to Mr Darroch. From this it would seem that a record then existed of the story of MacGille Riabhaich and his oak stick.

The oak, or *Darrach*, is prominent on the family arms, and the parchment, in Lord Kinnoul's name, dated 1794, describes the grantee as "Duncan Darroch, Esquire of Gourock, chief of that ancient name the patronymic of which is McIliriach." This gentleman's son, Lieutenant-General Duncan Darroch, was appointed to the command of the Glengarry Fencibles, on the occasion of some disorders in the regiment, as it was expected that he, being a Macdonald, would be more likely to secure discipline than an officer having no connection with the clan. The result justified this expectation; for in the Royal Military Calender (London 1816), vol. iii., p. 52, I find that "General Darroch, in 1799, was appointed to command the Glengarry Fencibles with the local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in that situation received the public thanks of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (Marquis Cornwallis) for bringing the regiment into a proper state of discipline; for, upon his taking the command, there were great feuds between the Protestant and Roman Catholic officers and men." Lieutenant-General Darroch was the grandfather of Mr Duncan Darroch, now of Gourock and Torridon.

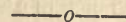
The Darrochs have always considered themselves Macdonalds, and they wear the Macdonald tartan. According to tradition, Macdonald of Staffa, son of Macdonald of Boisdale, about a hundred years ago gave a great feast at which a woman of the name of Darroch attended. One of those present objected to her on the ground, as he alleged, that she was not of the clan; whereupon Staffa corrected him, and called out to the woman, saying, "Come up here and sit by me; you have a better right than any one; the oak is the true Macdonald." I am told that one MacGille Riabhaich in Coll was the Laird's right-hand man, and that there is a chasm still shown in the island which he leapt, and which is called to this day, "MacGille Riabhaich's leap."

This exhausts my information about MacGille Riabhaich and the Darrochs, and I shall esteem it a great favour if any one can help me, by historical or traditional evidence, to supply the missing link between them and the Macdonalds,

A.M.

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,
WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE
REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.



PART VIII.

MATTERS were now hastening to an important crisis. Each successive day added to the intensity of danger to the unfortunate Charles. It was not without many hair-breadth escapes and many striking exhibitions of loyalty on the part of his steadfast friends, that he was hitherto preserved from his vigilant pursuers. For several weeks the search for the Prince was rendered more vigorous, by its being known to his enemies that he was undoubtedly within the narrow bounds of a comparatively small island. As has been said, the possibility of his escape, according to Miss Flora's shrewd opinion, might be considered miraculous, or at all events marvellous. It will ever be recorded to the honour of the Highlanders that out of the host of persons, mostly of inferior station in life, with whom the Prince came in contact, not one was tempted by the great bribe offered to betray him.

At Orniclade another large meeting of friends was held at night, to mature the plans and preparations to be immediately resorted to for the hazardous adventure. Lady Clanranold stated that she for one felt entirely disposed to be guided by Flora's suggestions, as she had agreed to become the heroine of the dangerous enterprise. Flora said but little, yet with the air of a calm but independent spirit she might be supposed to personify Smollett's beautiful ode, and to exclaim,—

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the Lion heart, and Eagle eye,
And I will follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

The numerous party greatly admired Flora's whole conduct in the matter, and complimented her upon the apparent judiciousness of her plans, all agreeing, however, that they must be acted upon with all possible expedition. Flora was no doubt greatly influenced by the principles of sympathy and of pure humanity in contributing to the safety of the Prince apart from all political views. She had learned all about his miserable state; about the cold, damp cave in which he had taken refuge; about his gaunt, haggard, and half-famished appearance; and about his clothes being in tatters from his solitary wanderings for so many weeks amid the caves and recesses of these sterile mountains. At all these things her woman's heart relented. The pure sympathy of her nature yielded to the pressure of the demand. In short, a spirit of romantic chivalry overcame every other consideration, and with a sublimity of heroism worthy of the blood of Clanranold, she declared her readiness to yield and to die in the attempt to save her Prince!

Clanranold and Lady, Captain O'Neal, Baileshear, and other parties at Ormiclade, commenced to arrange their plans, that they might be put into execution with all possible speed. Milton, Flora's brother, although one of the friends of the Prince, did not happen to be at Ormiclade on this important occasion. He intended to have been there, but he pleaded indisposition as an apology for his absence. It was, however, well known that Angus Macdonald of Milton was a prudent, cautious man, and although desiring that all would fare well with the Prince, he had no wish to be involved in what he considered the perilous schemes about to be devised for his release. Milton wanted much of the determination and magnanimity of his talented sister Flora, yet he was a man who was much respected for his integrity and sterling honesty.

On the next evening after the important meeting at Ormiclade, Flora resolved to go to Milton to acquaint her brother of all that had been done, and more especially of the dangerous and difficult part which was allotted to herself in the enterprise. She was well aware that she would meet with stern opposition from her brother to the very risky duties that she had undertaken to perform. She said to Lady Clanranold that, in a sense, she had more dread to meet the expected disapproval of her dear and only brother than she had to face the many perils to which the whole enterprise was exposed, and that still she would require to brave it out to the best of her power.

On Flora's arrival at Milton she met her brother near the house, and at once she pictured in his visage the great displeasure that evidently rankled in his heart. He addressed her sternly and said, "What is this you are about to do, my foolish sister? Are you recklessly to submit to be made a tool in a scheme that is, as sure as death, to terminate in ruin to yourself, as well as to our kindred, and country, and clan? Can you not see that a failure in the enterprise, which will be the more probable result by far, may subject all its partisans to the punishment of imprisonment and death? Just consider what Cumberland has already done by fire, and sword, and death, on the mainland, and can you, silly woman, expect to receive more mercy at his cruel hands, if found to be one of the prominent protectors of his great but unfortunate rival, Prince Charles Edward Stuart."

Flora listened patiently to the painful address of her brother, marked all his expressions with earnest attention, but remained inexorable. After some minutes of calm reflection, and when she had observed that her brother's feelings had somewhat subsided, she addressed him and said, "My dear Angus, do you not believe that there is an overruling Providence, and that there exists a benevolent Being who has the control of all events? Take matters easy, my dear brother, and do not concern yourself about me. It will be all right, for God will prosper the adventure."

Flora spent the night with her brother at Milton, and remained until the evening of the following day, when she set off along with her servant, Niel MacEachainn, for Ormiclade. As she had not been furnished with a passport from any of the militia officers, she resolved to travel under night, expecting to reach her destination in safety. In this, however, she was sadly disappointed, for in passing one of the fords on her way to Clanranold's mansion, she and her attendant, the faithful MacEachainn, were pounced upon by a party of Major Allan Macdonald's company, and

detained as prisoners for the night. Major Allan was one of the most inveterate and cruel officers in the whole service against the adherents of the Prince, as will be afterwards mentioned. Poor Flora felt very uncomfortable, dreading that she might be detained as a prisoner, and that in consequence her intended good services to rescue the Prince might prove abortive. She ventured to ask one of the parties in the guard-house who the officer in command was, and when he would appear there? She was informed that Captain Hugh Macdonald was the officer, who was expected to be there next morning at any early hour. This intelligence dissipated at once the fears under which she had for some hours suffered. On the arrival of Captain Macdonald he was surprised to find his step-daughter in the guard-house, which was but a small turf-built hut roofed with bulrushes. A long conversation took place between them in private, in which, no doubt, they fully discussed all the schemes and plans that were to be resorted to to secure the preservation of the Prince. Captain Macdonald cherished the most friendly feelings towards his Royal Highness, and it was undoubtedly the desire of his heart that he would escape. Had he been as vigilant and inveterate as his Skye countryman and neighbour, Major Allan Macdonald of Knock, the Prince would have fallen long before then into the relentless hands of his enemies. Flora, in the hearing of the military present, addressed her step-father and told him that she had a strong desire to go to Skye and visit her mother at Arma-dale, in order to avoid all these unpleasant encounters with the soldiers, who then ransacked every dwelling, and creek, and corner of the Long Island. To this natural request her step-father readily assented, and promised to transmit to her by a trusty messenger that evening the necessary passports for herself, for her man-servant (Niel MacEachainn), for an Irish spinning-maid named Betty Burke, and for six of a crew. It is needless to say that Betty Burke, the smart Irish girl, who was noted as an expert flax-spinner, was none else than Prince Charles Stuart. Late at night the passports were handed to Flora at Ormichlade by a sergeant of Captain Macdonald's company. In addition to the passports the good Captain addressed a letter to his wife (Flora's mother), which was written on an unsealed sheet of paper, and was framed in the following terms :—

“MY DEAR MARION,—I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you can keep her till she spin all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Niel MacEachainn along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them.—I am your dutiful husband,

“June 22d 1746.”*

“HUGH MACDONALD.

Seeing that the gallant Flora was now fortified with her passports and plans, a number of friends met privately at Ormichlade, who, with the Laird

* About forty-five years ago this letter was seen by the writer of this narrative, in the careful possession of Miss Mary Macleod, at Stein, in Skye. Miss Macleod was a grand-daughter of Flora Macdonald. She had a variety of relics that belonged to the Prince, such as rings, lockets, an ivory miniature likeness of himself, and other ornaments in gold and silver.

and his Lady, were to lose no time in effecting every suitable arrangement. This was an evening of the deepest anxiety to all present, as the fate of the Prince depended solely on the success of the scheme about to be resorted to that night. Of all these preparations the unfortunate fugitive himself knew little or nothing at the time, unless perhaps a general idea that may have been conveyed to him by Captain O'Neal, who visited him as often as possible. As the hut in which Charles was concealed was within a short distance of a military station, he deemed it prudent to shift his humble quarters to Rossinish, and in doing so he and O'Neal nearly lost their lives. They were ignorant as to the nature of the journey, and owing to the darkness of the night, they had almost fallen over a precipice. O'Neal lost no time in acquainting his friends at Ormiclade of the Prince's new place of concealment; and in return he was instructed to acquaint His Royal Highness that all preparations were already matured, and would speedily be put in execution. An excellent six-oared boat, the best that could be had, and six stalwart and experienced seamen, were selected and secured before then, and sworn-in to be faithful. These were all in readiness to attend to orders, and to meet the party at a fixed time and place. A great part of the evening was spent in procuring from Lady Clanranold's wardrobe suitable habiliments for the poor, ragged Irish girl. The difficulty experienced was not from any scarcity of every variety of garments in the good Lady's possession, but from the uncommonly awkward, masculine-like stature of that half-famished Emerald-Isle girl. Whether or not she had been fed, like many of her benighted countrymen on what is called "potatoes and point," is not well known, yet whatever had been her nourishment, she exhibited such an enormous size as a young peasant female that article after article, as produced by the good Lady of Ormiclade, was cast aside by the unanimous verdict of all the company present as ridiculously small. However, the dress condescended upon was one almost entirely made up that evening by all who could handle a needle in the house. It consisted of a flowered linen gown, sprigged with blue, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a large cap and broad apron, and a mantle of grey-coloured camlet with a large hood, such as Irish girls were in the habit of wearing. Next day being the 26th of June, as everything was carefully prepared, Lady Clanranold, and Flora, and Niel MacEachainn, who carried Betty Burke's dress in a well-packed bundle, were cautiously conducted by O'Neal to the miserable place where the Prince was concealed. It lay at the distance of seven or eight miles from the mansion-house of Ormiclade. At length the vigilant party arrived in safety, and found His Royal Highness alone at the time in his wretched cave. The elegant youth, the descendant of a line of kings that stretched back to the remotest antiquity, was then found roasting kidneys, and the heart and liver of a sheep, for his humble repast. The sight was affecting indeed, and it moved the party to tears; but the natural, cheerful, and affable demeanour of the Prince soon restored his affected visitors to a calm composure of mind. At his request the whole party sat down to partake of His Royal Highness's cookery. The table was a flat stone resting on a pillar of turf, and the seats were bundles of heather closely packed together. Although the fare consisted of no great variety, yet it was substantially supplemented by a large supply of prepared meat and of roasted fowls, as well as by an

abundance of wine, brandy, and other acceptable necessaries that had just arrived from Ormiclade, as requisites for the intended voyage. While thus seated at table, the Prince greatly amused his guests with racy anecdotes, and a variety of facetious remarks. In short, he made himself so very agreeable that all present were charmed with his affability and pleasant manners.

It may be stated that on this evening Flora had her first interview with him whom all along she was so very eager to rescue. Although the unfortunate Prince had been for such a length of time a hunted fugitive on that island, yet Flora studiously avoided meeting with him until that night. Clanranold and his Lady had seen him frequently, and did all in their power to contribute to his comforts, but Flora, quite contrary to general impression, had not the honour of a sight of him, until Lady Clanranold had introduced her at that time to His Royal Highness, as the young lady who was ready to sacrifice her life for his safety.

In all probability Flora's great precaution and prudence were the motives which prevented her from visiting the Prince before then. She no doubt desired to keep herself clearly aloof from any interview with him, as in the event of her intentions to rescue him being discovered by his pursuers, she could truthfully plead in defence the unreasonableness of accusing her of favouring a person whom she had never seen, and of whom she personally knew nothing.

When the homely repast was over, Lady Clanranold suggested that it was high time to commence the important business for which they had met, and to get the Prince robed in his new attire. To the no small amusement of the little party, Flora unloosed the parcel, and produced the antique dress of Betty Burke. She explained to the Prince that he must now assume the character of that Irish spinning-maid, to suit the passport that she had procured for her. The Prince laughed heartily at the very idea of the process, although he had previously been furnished by O'Neal with some description of it. Yet on his seeing the reality he could not restrain his risible faculties. He, however, greatly appreciated the ingenuity of the contrivance, thanked Flora for it in the kindest terms, and expressed a hope that it would be attended with success. His Royal Highness then retired with O'Neal to the cleft of a rock near by, that he might be robed in his new vestments. After about twenty minutes' absence he returned, and to the no small merriment of the ladies he stood before them as a tall, awkward, Irish servant. Scarcely had the metamorphosis been completed when a private messenger arrived, and announced that Captain Ferguson and Major Allan Macdonald, with troops of soldiers, had reached Ormiclade, and in consequence it was absolutely necessary that Lady Clanranold should hasten home to avoid all suspicion. She accordingly took an affectionate leave of the Prince, and left the heroic Flora, Captain O'Neal, and Niel MacEachainn to pass the night with him. It was a period of indescribable anxiety, yet the soul of Flora felt no fear. She rose superior to the dire emergency of that eventful evening, and in none of the trying scenes of her chequered life did she appear to more advantage than in her firmness and mental determination that night, and in that cave, in the presence of the Prince and his friends, after the departure of Lady Clanranold. Captain O'Neal, who had been the inseparable companion of His Royal Highness, insisted

on accompanying him from the island, while the Prince, in turn, refused to be separated from his faithful friend. At this juncture Flora smartly addressed the Prince, and told him in a firm, determined tone of speech, that his proposal to Captain O'Neal was utterly and clearly impracticable! She spoke very sharply, but respectfully, and her reasonable speech proved the inflexibility of her will as well as the sagacity of her judgment. "Your Royal Highness may at once understand," said she, "that as I procured passports for three persons only; that is for myself and servant, and for my mother's spinning-maid, the attempt of a fourth to escape without a passport, and especially so Captain O'Neal, a gentleman so well known to every officer and soldier all over the island, would jeopardise the lives of the whole." To this smart reasoning the Prince and O'Neal yielded at once, although, no doubt, with considerable reluctance. About midnight Flora, Captain O'Neal, and the servant took their leave of the Prince, and left him to meditate in his lonely solitude. Flora made the best of her way to bid farewell to her brother, as the coming evening was the one appointed for the attempt to get to Skye. Captain O'Neal was that morning arrested by a party of military on his way to Ormiclade, and made prisoner. When Lady Clanranold had arrived at home she was rigidly and even rudely questioned by General Campbell and Captain Ferguson. They insisted on her telling where she had been, when did she leave home, and what was the cause of her absence? She replied, with firm composure, that she had too good a reason for her absence, a reason that caused her much grief, and that was visiting a dear dying friend. It is true that she did call on her way home upon a young lady who was suffering in the last stage of a rapid consumption.

It may be mentioned that the interest taken by all at Ormiclade in favour of the Prince became well known to the Government officials, and consequently Clanranold and Lady, Boisdale, Clanranold's brother; the faithful Donald Macleod of Galtrigal, and many others, were soon afterwards arrested and brought to London, where they were detained as state prisoners for nearly a whole year.

About ten at night on the following evening, being Friday, the 27th June 1746, the Prince, and Flora, and Niel MacEachainn, proceeded to the sea-shore, to the place where it was arranged that they would meet the boat. On their arrival, wet and weary, as the rain fell in torrents from the surrounding hills, they observed to their horror several little vessels, or wherries, filled with armed men, sailing within a gunshot of the place where they lay concealed. Fortunately, however, these objects of terror tacked in an opposite direction, and disappeared in the hazy gloom. In about an hour thereafter, their own boat, which lay concealed in a creek, rowed up gently with muffled oars to the spot where they had so anxiously awaited it. The party with all possible speed embarked to make their perilous voyage across the Minch to Skye, a distance of 35 to 40 miles. The Prince was more anxious to get to Skye than to any quarter on the mainland, as that island was almost entirely the property of two parties, the Macdonalds and the Macleods, both of whom were ostensibly hostile to the Jacobite cause. On this account Cumberland had sent but few of his Government men to occupy that island, and to set a watch upon the movements of strangers. Charles was likewise well aware that he had a warm and faithful friend in Lady Margaret, the wife

of Sir Alexander Macdonald, whose kindness His Royal Highness had already experienced. The voyage of this interesting party was perilous in the extreme, seeing that the whole channel was scoured by Government vessels, eager to arrest the Prince dead or alive, and also seeing that the chances for eluding their grasp were exceedingly small. But as it was with them either "to do or to die," the attempt was made. At first the breeze was moderate and favourable, but in a few hours one of those sudden summer storms, so common in these Isles, came unexpectedly on. The wind arose in terrific gusts, the billows rolled mountains high, and threatened to engulf their small craft. One of those thunder-storms set in, with which the Hebrideans are familiar, and at one time it became painfully alarming. Their boat was an open one, about twenty-four feet keel, and one of the best that the Long Island could furnish. The crew were sturdy and well-picked men—excellent seamen. They were well skilled in managing their craft in a storm, and yet that night they had much to do. Their utmost energies were called forth to steer their boat amid the raging billows. Unfortunately they had no compass, and when less than two hours at sea, the storm increased to a terrific degree, and lashed the ocean into deep, foaming waves! At that moment, as if to add to their already indescribable terror, the thunder rolled in rattling peals over their heads, while the lightning flashed from cloud to cloud in the murky atmosphere! The crew had to steer before the wind, which frequently shifted, and for hours they were entirely at the mercy of the raging elements. Yet they did their work calmly and steadily, although at times they instinctively exclaimed—"Ochan! is ochan! is e tha gàrbh! is e tha gàrbh." "Alas! alas! it is rough; it is rough"—and so it was. The Prince all along behaved nobly. He cheered and animated the seamen by telling them anecdotes, but chiefly by singing verses of songs. Poor Flora, both anxious and fatigued, and no doubt much alive to the varied dangers which surrounded her, became overpowered with sleep. She lay wrapped in a plaid on the ballast of the boat, and the Prince kept watch to prevent her slumbers being disturbed. At break of day they were in no small degree perplexed at seeing no land in any direction—nothing visible but the azure horizon all round, and having no compass they did not well know how to direct their helm. By this time the storm fortunately moderated, and while the seamen had been steering at random for so many hours, their hearts were at last cheered by beholding in the dim distance the lofty headlands of Skye. They made speedily for the shore, and soon approached the Point of Waternish, a promontory on the north-west coast of that island. But who can judge of their dismay, when, on drawing near the land, they beheld a numerous party of the Macleod Militia on the beach waiting their arrival! The crew immediately raised the cry with one simultaneous shout—"Mach i! Mach i! Mach i! air ball!"—"Out with her! Out with her! to sea with her immediately!"—and with a few desperate pulls the boat was rowed beyond the reach of the red-coats ashore. The militia, sadly disappointed, and having no suitable boat to pursue, fired a shower of bullets after them, which fortunately did no injury, although they struck and riddled their sails. The danger was indeed great, seeing that one of the musket balls cleft the handle of the helm, and grazed one of the steersman's fingers, but did no further injury. The Prince stood up and cheered the

crew. He told them not to mind the fellows ashore, but to do their own duty as they had already so bravely done. During the rapid firing of the militia, he endeavoured to persuade Flora to recline in the bottom of the boat, but the heroine, with a generosity of soul that stamped her among the bravest of her sex, refused to do so unless the Prince himself, whose life she considered as far more valuable than her own, would take the same precaution. Eventually, as the danger increased, and as the bullets whizzed by their ears, the Prince and Flora and Niel squatted down on the ballast flags, until the boat had receded beyond the reach of danger. Early on the afternoon of Saturday the party landed safely at a place called Kilbride, in the parish of Kilmuir, and within five hundred yards of the house of Monkstadt, the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles.

At this time there was a small cave under a shelving rock at Kilbride. It was beyond the high-water mark, and the Prince took shelter in it, and sat on Flora's trunk, which was carried to him from the boat for that purpose. This cave has been almost demolished in later times by the removal of stones from it for building purposes. After the Prince and Flora and the faithful Niel had been safely landed, the crew rowed the boat into an adjoining creek, where they expected to enjoy some rest, and to partake of the abundance of refreshments which they had along with them, but which, owing to the storm, they could not touch since they left the Long Island the night before. Flora, accompanied by her servant Niel, walked at once to the house of Monkstadt, and for a short time the Prince was left alone in his solitary cave.

'Tis midnight : a lone boat is on the sea,
 And dark clouds gather, but no thoughts of fear
 Chill those brave hearts ! A princely refugee
 Disguised—a faithful maiden sitting near,
 Upon whose cheek anon there falls a tear—
 Fond woman's pledge of sympathy. A crew,
 Trusty and gallant, labour at the oars.
 The shifting wind white showers of spray uprears
 Like incense heavenward ; the water roars,
 While from huge murky clouds the lurid lightning pours !

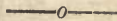
(*To be Continued.*)

A LIFE PURSUIT, a sumptuous volume, by William Allan, received, and will be noticed in an early issue. It is an autobiographical sketch, in noble verse, of the remarkable life pursuit and ultimate success of the author in his professional career.

THE BOOK OF THE CLUB OF TRUE HIGHLANDERS.—We understand that this work, by Mr C. N. Macintyre North, will be out of the hands of the printer about the end of July. The price of the few remaining unsubscribed copies has been raised from three to four guineas.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.



IX.

THE cruelties of Hyder Ali, referred to last month, reminds me that a Strathglass man perished in the infamous Black Hole of Calcutta in 1756. This young man, Alexander Fraser, was one of the nine sons of Fraser of Culbokie and Guisachan, by his wife, a daughter of Mr Macdonell of Ardnabi. Three of their sons died at Guisachan, two in America, two in the East Indies, and of two who were officers in the Austrian army one died in Germany, while Donald, the youngest of the family but one, was killed in battle. On the arrival in Strathglass of the sad intelligence that Donald was killed, his mother composed a plaintive elegy on him, the poetry of which is of a high order. She sings thus :—

Nollaig mhor do 'n gnas bhi fuar,
Fhuair mi sgeula mo chruaidh-chais ;
Domhnall donn-gheal mo run,
Bhi 'na shineadh an tiugh a bhlair.

Thu gun choinneal o's do chionn,
No ban-charaid chaomh ri gal ;
Gun chiste, gun anart, gun chill,
Thu 'd shineadh a' laoigh air dail.

'S tu mo bheàdradh, 's tu mo mkuirn,
'S tu mo phlanntan ur an tus fais
M' og laghach is guirme suil,
Mar bhradan fìor-ghlan 'us tu marbh.

'S bàs anaibaich mo mhic
Dh' fhag mi cho tric fo ghruaim ;
'S ged nach suidh mi air do lic,
Bì'dh mo bheannachd tric gu d'uaigh.

'S ann do Ghearmailt mhor nam feachd,
Chuir iad gun mo thoil mo mhac ;
'S ged nach cuala cach mo reachd,
Air mo chridhe dh' fhag e cnoc.

Ach ma thiodhlaic sibh mo mhac,
'S gu'n d' fhalaich sibh le uir a chorp,
Leigidh mise mo bheannachd le feachd,
Air an laimh chuir dlighe bhàis ort.

Sguiridh mi de thuireadh dian,
Ged nach bi mi chaoidh gun bhron ;
'S mi 'g urnaigh ri aon Mhac Dhe,
Gu'n robh d' anam a' seinn an gloir.

In the March number of the *Celtic Magazine* I find a most interesting Review by Captain Colin Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot., of a book entitled "The Scot in New France," by J. Macpherson Le Moine, Quebec. Mr Le Moine gives a glowing account of the esteem in which the Fraser Highlanders, or the old 78th and the old 71st Regiments, were held in Canada. No wonder if both the memory and the descendants of the Fraser Highlanders should be honoured and respected in Canada. It is

not detracting from the merits of any other corps to say, that a more patriotic body of men never entered the British army than that distinguished regiment. In 1757 the Hon. Simon Fraser, son of the famous Simon, Lord Lovat of the Forty-Five, came among his clansmen with letters of service to raise a regiment for the Crown. At this time Simon did not possess a single acre of land, his patrimony having been forfeited when his father was executed, so that neither fear nor favour in any form could be credited with the genuine welcome accorded to him on his return by his kinsmen and countrymen. On this his first appeal to them for men, the retainers on his father's late estates at once placed him at the head of eight hundred of their number. The neighbours and gentlemen to whom he gave commissions brought seven hundred more to his standard. These men so signally distinguished themselves under the command of their natural leader, the Hon. Simon Fraser, at the taking of Quebec, and elsewhere in Canada, that the English Government promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and rewarded him with a grant of the family estates of Lovat, forfeited in 1746. Again, in 1775, he was entrusted with raising two battalions. His officers, of whom six besides himself were either chiefs, or presumptive heirs to chiefs of clans, gave General Fraser the best possible assistance in raising the two battalions of 2340 men. They were also called Fraser Highlanders, and were known in military annals as the old 71st Regiment. The General was a great favourite with all the men under his command. He was beloved and his memory much respected in his father's country. I once heard an old man, Donald Macgruer,* saying that he recollected the General, last time he was at home, to have ordered all the tenantry round about the Aird to assemble at Castle Dounie. Seeing the men assembled on the lawn in front of the Castle, the General came out and shook hands with them all. He then sent in for his elder brother, the Hon. Archibald Fraser, and in his presence questioned the tenantry as to whether any of them had cause to complain of his brother as a landlord. The General then turned round to the Hon. Archibald, and congratulated him on the happy relations which seemed to exist between him and the tenants, adding—"I wish you to bear in mind that the estates of Lovat were restored to me and not to you, and I desire your tenantry to know that so long as you perform your duty kindly and considerately to them, I shall never interfere between you, but if you do not study how to take care of my father's men, it will be my duty to leave the army to come and take possession of my father's estates, and take care of the men who were instrumental in restoring these estates to our family." Whether this short and plain speech had any weight with Archibald in after life I know not; but certain it is that he converted Glenstrathfarrar into two sheep farms, by which act the fire was extinguished on ninety Highland hearths. So said the old people who remembered the time when the Glen was thickly studded with hospitable and well-to-do tenantry. General Fraser was dead some years before this eviction took place, he having died in London in 1782.

Duncan, the Chisholm's eldest son, whom I mentioned last month,

* The Macgruers were a branch of the Clan Fraser, and were their hereditary banner-bearers.

was second Captain in the old 71st or Fraser Highlanders. He also died in London in 1782.

Having said this much of two Chiefs who were certainly the foremost officers in the Fraser Highlanders, let me now say a few words about some of the brave men who volunteered to share the dangers and hardships of a Canadian campaign with their lairds and leaders. The first I shall refer to was John Macdonell, tenant on the Fraser estates, who left Inchvuilt in Glenstrathfarrar. He was distinguished from his neighbours by the patronymic of Ian-Buidhe mor. The men, on the eve of their departure from the North, were assembled at Inverness, the transports riding at anchor in the Sound of Kessock ready to sail. They were all mustered on the south side of the Ness, and answered to their names. All were ordered to be in readiness to embark the following morning, and every precaution was taken to carry this order into effect; but, under cover of night, our hero, John-Buidhe-mor, eluded the vigilance of the guards and patrols in town. He, however, felt it was of no use to attempt crossing the old stone bridge—the only one at that time in Inverness; the river was in high flood, but John was not to be foiled. He went down to the large ferry-boat which in those days busily plied between the Maggot and the Merkinch. When he reached the boat he found it firmly secured by a strong iron chain, fixed in a large stone, and locked. What was to be done? Neither chain nor lock could be broken without making a noise which might betray him. At last the happy thought occurred to him to try whether he could not move the stone into the boat. John, a man of herculean size and strength, succeeded in lifting it and placing it in the craft, and, having rowed himself quietly across, he left boat and stone in that position to sink or float as they pleased. With all the speed he could command John went off to Inchvuilt, a distance of more than thirty-two miles from Inverness. He gave his wife and children some important instructions about the farm, bade them an affectionate farewell, and retraced his steps to Inverness.

As the muster roll was being called over next day, John was found missing. This led to unfavourable comments on his non-appearance, but General Fraser would not listen to the supposition that he had deserted. Just as the men were about to embark a man in kilt and shirt was seen coming in great haste towards the camp, who, on approaching nearer, was discovered to be no other than the missing Ian-Buidhe mor, having walked over sixty-four miles during the night. "John," said General Fraser, "where have you been?" "Only to see my wife and children," was John's reply. The General gave him to understand that some one indicated a suspicion that he had deserted. This was too much for our hero; and he begged the General to let him know who the fellow was, that he might have the pleasure of breaking his bones and teaching him better manners in future. We heard nothing remarkable about him during the voyage until the fleet was nearing Quebec, when a man was observed from on board the transport, crouching along the top of a hill near the water. The soldiers declared that he must be a French spy, when John, not waiting to listen further, raised his gun, and fired, instantly killing the supposed spy. The sound warned the garrison and caused great commotion. General Fraser, accosting John, told him firmly, "Ud, ud, Iain, Iain cuimhnich *t-exercise*." "An diabhuil, eacarsi

na eacarsi," ars' Iain, "ach eacarsi an fheidh, far am faic mise namhaid cuiridh mi peilear troimh 'chorp." That is, "Tut! tut! John, you must mind your exercise." "The devil, exercise or exercise," replied John, "but the exercise of the stag. Wherever I see an enemy I will put a bullet through his body"—a characteristic specimen of the discipline of Ian Buidhe Mor.

Some time after this episode a French bravado sent a challenge to the Fraser Highlanders, in which he offered to fight the best swordsman among them. "Do you think he is in earnest," inquired John. "So much so," replied his friends, "that the Regiment will be bound in honour to make up a purse of gold for him if his challenge is not accepted." "He will take no gold from us," said John, "for I will meet him tomorrow morning." The meeting took place in presence of a large number of witnesses. The combatants stood facing each other. The Frenchman first made some grand move to show his agility and command over his weapon, but in the twinkling of an eye John was within arm's length of his antagonist, "striking him at the third button," as he himself used to say. The foolish Frenchman, with all his fencing skill, fell down dead, uttering a hideous yell. "May be it is counting his gold he is," said John—who was carried home in triumph on the shoulders of his comrades. All the officers and men congratulated him on his skill with the sword, and asked him how he managed to kill the Frenchman? "When we stood on the ground looking at each other," said John, "the fool thought he would frighten me!—Ghearr e figear m' anmhaoin air mo bheul-thaobh—he cut the figure of strife before me. I sprang over and struck him at the third button, and he fell dead as a herring."

The next Strathglass man in this distinguished Regiment whom I shall mention is Alexander Macdonell from Invercannich, known by the patronymic of Alastair Dubh. His courage and daring seem to have been the admiration of the whole Regiment. By the united testimony of his countrymen who served in the Fraser Highlanders and afterwards returned to Strathglass, it was recorded in the district that Alastair Dubh was one of a camp of British soldiers occupying some outlying post in Canada, where some of the contents of the military stores under their charge were disappearing in a mysterious way; and the officers, determined to detect and punish the culprit, ordered the soldiers to watch the stores every night in turn until the thief was discovered. Strange to say the first sentinel placed on this duty never returned. Sentry after sentry took his turn and place, not one of whom were again seen. One night the duty fell to the lot of some faint-hearted man, who, firmly believing that he would never return, was much disconcerted. Alastair Dubh, as compassionate as he was brave, pitied the poor man, and bade him cheer up, asking him at the same time what he would be disposed to give him if he would mount guard that night in his place. "Everything I have in the world" was the reply. Alastair did not ask for more than the loan of his bonnet, his topcoat, and his gun for that night only, all of which were readily placed at his disposal. Alastair began his preparations for the night watch by crossing some pieces of wood, on which he placed his neighbour's topcoat and bonnet. He proceeded to examine the gun, and loaded it with two bullets. He then primed and loaded his own gun with a similar charge, remarking that such was his favourite shot when deer-

stalking in Strathglass. Alastair mounted guard at the appointed time, took his two guns along with him, one bayonet, and the dummy in top-coat and bonnet. He stuck the dummy in the snow within some fifty or sixty yards of the sentry-box in which he stood. Ordering the man he relieved to retire, he expressed an opinion that the contents of his two muskets would give a warm reception to the first two thieves who approached the stores, and that the bayonet would probably satisfy the curiosity of a few more of them. During the night he noticed a huge object, under cover of a thick shower of snow, coming towards the stores by a circuitous route, apparently with the view of getting behind the dummy. In this the monster succeeded, and getting within a few paces of it he tiger-like sprang upon it, when both fell on the snow. The strange object was soon on his legs, but no sooner was he up than a couple of bullets from Alastair brought him again to the ground. After a minute's moaning and rolling on the snow, he managed to get up and attempted to reach the sentry-box, but Macdonell fired at him a second time, sending two more bullets through his body. This brought the monster again to the ground, this time to leave it no more.

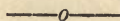
By this time the whole garrison beat to arms and soon crowded round the body of a gigantic Red Indian. A strong party was sent on the track made in the snow, in his approach, by the wild savage; they thus managed to trace and reach his cave, which was found guarded by a fierce red Indian squaw and a young man, both of whom prepared to give battle. The woman was killed in the struggle which ensued to capture them. The soldiers ransacked the cave, and found every cask of rum, box of sugar, and other article that had been stolen from the camp, either wholly or partially consumed, in the cave. Horrible to relate they also found the heads of every one of their missing comrades in the dreadful place. Just as if exhibited like trophies, each head was suspended by the queue, or pigtail, then worn by the British soldier, from a peg round the inside of this charnel house. The young Indian was bound hand and foot, brought to the camp, and placed on board the first vessel that sailed for Britain. This specimen of the wild Canadian native was so fierce and unmanageable that the sailors found it necessary to chain him to the mainmast of the vessel—a restraint so ungenial to one used to such a free and easy life, that he died on board, when he was consigned to the deep.

But how, it may be asked, was the brave Alexander Macdonell rewarded for having brought the murderer of his comrades to such a condign and well-deserved punishment? The truth must be told, however unpalatable. Indeed, in this case, it is even more; it is disgraceful. He received no reward whatever. It was adding insult to injury to tell him that, as he was not a scholar, according to the usual acceptation of that term, his country could do nothing for him! So much was the heroic Alastair hurt on learning this that he soon afterwards died of grief, or, as his comrades used to say, "Sgain a chridhe leis an taire." Let me only add that I often heard old men saying that they were intimately acquainted with him; that he was, though unusually strong and powerful, until roused by his ideas of duty, exceedingly quiet; and that in all these respects he left not his equal in Strathglass.

(To be Continued.)

A G A E L I C H Y M N.

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL (Alastair Buidhe Mac Iamhair), the
Gairloch Bard.



'S ion'adh leam an nadur
Tha air tarmachdainn 's na sloigh,
Tha 'cur cloinne 'n aghaidh 'm parantan,
Is iomadh lannail phost.

Tha mòran air an sàrachdainn
'Nan traillean aig an fheoil ;
'Se 'n deigh th' ac' air an ardan
A dh' fhagas iad 'n am broin.

Ach 's mor am bròn ri smuanachadh
Gun chaill an sluagh an còir,
A ni tha iad a buachailleachachd
Nach dean e buanachd dhoibh.

Nuair thig oidhche 'n uamhais oirn,
'S a bheir sinn suas an deo,
Gum b' fhearr dhuinn caoin an t' Slanuighear,
No na dh' fhagas sinn do stòr.

'S mor an ceo 's an dorchadas,
A thug air falbh ar cail,
Is sinn ag iarraidh beartais,
Far an d' fhairtlich e air cach.

Ar n-inntinn air a h' eigneachdainn,
Ge d' tha ar ceilidh gearr ;
Bu mho againn na chaithe' sinn,
Na breitheanas is bàs.

'S nuair thig am bàs cha tillear e,
Cha 'n ionnan e 's gach tòir,
Cha 'n fhuirich e ri deisealas,
'S cha ghabh e leth-sgeul bròin.

Is mar a faigh sinn uidheam
Gu na slighe bi sinn fann ;
Cha chuir an saoghal enodach oirn,
No h-uile stor a th' ann.

An Ti a chaidh an urras oirn,
'S a dh' fhuiling ris a chrann,
Mar dean E-fein ar teasairginn,
Cha bhi ar seasaidh ann.

Cha b' eagal dhuinn á teasairginn
Na seasadh sinn ri aithn',
Na 'n gabhadh sinn mar dhileab e
O 's cionn gach ni, 's gach tàin.

Ach 's tur a mheall an saoghal oirnn,
 'S an gaol a thug sinn dà ;
 Ged gheibheadh sinn na dh' iarradh sinn,
 Cha riaraidh e nar càil ;

Oir tha nar càil do-riarachite,
 'S ar miann ga thoir air falbh,
 Tha ar creidimh failingeach,
 'S tha Namhaid air nar lorg.

Ghoid e ar cuid talantan,
 Nuair thar e sud, san dorch ;
 An aite dhuinn 'bhi 'g aideachadh,
 'S ann 'ghabh sinn aigeadh borb.

Cha dean bùirb ar sabhaladh,
 Nuair thig am bàs mu'n cuairt ;
 Luchd mor-chuis agus ardain,
 Theid an caradh anns an uaigh.

Cha 'n aith'near luchd a bheartais innte
 Seach an t' aircleach truagh,
 Ag cadal anns' a smuirich,
 Far nach duisgear gu la-luain.

Mas th' ann a theaghlach Adhamh thu,
 'S gur aill leat a bhi beo,
 Faigh airmeachd gu da thearnadh,
 O gach namhaid th' ort an toir.

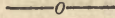
Cuir creideamh mar sgiath didein ort,
 'S na sin ach ris a chòir,
 'S mar 'bi thu air an fhirinn
 Theid do dhiteadh latha 'mhòid.

Tha latha 'mhoid sin uamhasach,
 Do 'n t' sluagh as miosa càil ;
 Tha sinne 'faotainn tuaraisgeul,
 Gur h-uamhasach an gair.

Bi'idh feadhainn eile luath-ghaireach,
 Gun bhròn, gun ghruaim, gu bràth,
 Toir cliu do'n Ti thug fuasgladh dhoibh,
 S do 'n Uan th' air a dheas laimh.

BIOGRAPHIES OF LIVING HIGHLANDERS.—We understand that a series of Sketches of contemporary Highlanders is to appear in the *Biograph*, a monthly magazine, published in London, entirely devoted to "Men of our own Time." An interesting Biography of Mr Donald Macdougall, late Royal Tartan Warehouse, appears in the June number ; and we are informed that one of the Rev. Alex. Stewart, F.S.A. Scot., ("Nether-Lochaber"), will appear in the issue for July, from the same pen. Others will follow.

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.



THERE was once upon a time a very cautious and prudent matron residing in a hamlet among the Highland hills. She had an only son whom she adored—which is a species of idolatry that mothers with only sons are given to. This son had fallen in love with a young girl in a neighbouring glen, and resolved to marry her. The mother was not very well pleased at this resolution on the part of her son, for she thought, as he was sufficient for her happiness, that she ought to have been sufficient for his. We have said, however, that she was a prudent woman, and so she resolved, rather than part with her son, to take his wife into her house also. The young people were married, the wife took up her abode in her mother-in-law's home, and the old lady resolved to test her new daughter-in-law's power to keep a secret before she would give her any of her confidences. The power of keeping a secret was always considered in the Highlands to be one of the cardinal virtues, and to this day the Southron is spoken of with contempt as one who wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. "Ceilidh an Gall an rud nach eil fios aig air"; "The Lowlander will conceal what he does not know," being a frequent saying among the people. It is always more or less a painful arrangement to make a young wife live under the eyes and beneath the same roof as her mother-in-law. They may both be excellent women, but they are not in a position to appreciate each other, however sensible they are; the "women that own" a man are naturally rivals, and, therefore, there must be jealousy between them, more or less.

The Ruth and Naomi bond seldom exists out of the Bible, and there even it was formed in very exceptional circumstances. Testing the young wife in different ways seems to have been a frequent habit in these olden times. A skein of tangled yarn was given her to wind when she first came home, and if she lost her temper over it, so as to snap a single thread, she would not be trusted with any duty requiring delicate care or patience. In this instance it was the power of the young wife to keep a secret that was to be tested, and it was done as follows:—

The elder lady one day, with an air of great importance and secrecy, took the young one aside and said she was going to tell her some awful secret, and that she must swear she would never reveal it to a human being, not even to her husband. The poor creature, flattered with such marks of confidence, and having her curiosity aroused, promised faithfully. "Remember," said the old lady, "it is to the hearthstone I am telling it." "It is indeed," said the daughter-in-law, "for the hearthstone will repeat it before I will." Then, said the elder one, I will tell you what happened to me when I expected to have a child once. I was brought to bed of a cat, no one living knows it, and I would die rather than any one else would know it but yourself. The young woman was astonished at the terrible nature of the secret, but vowed that it would be faithfully kept, and that no human ear would ever hear the story from her. The poor creature was quite in earnest about keeping the secret, but alas for human weakness; it became a burden so heavy that she could not bear it.

A thousand times it had been on the tip of her tongue when talking confidentially with a neighbour. It surged within her as the waves of the ocean that could not rest, and with the greatest difficulty she from day to day resisted the temptation of whispering it to some one. At length it quite overmastered her, and still afraid of her awe-inspiring mother-in-law, she dared not tell it to any human being, but she slipped out, and, addressing herself to the bright stars that shone above her head, she said—

A rionnag 's a reultag bhreac,
Rug mo mhathair cheile cat.

Which, in a free translation, may be rendered thus—

Ye speckled star above the earth,
My mother-in-law to a cat gave birth.

The old lady, who had evidently been watching the young one keenly, had followed her out, and, listening, she heard her address to the star, and, to show that she was caught in her hour of weakness and in the act of betrayal, she cried out sternly—

A bhrionnag 's a bhreugag bhochd,
Cha 'n e rug mi fein ach mac.

Which may be translated—

Ye poor base lying one,
Not a cat did I bear, but a son.

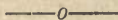
And so the poor creature hung her head in shame, knowing that she would never more be intrusted with any secret of importance by her mother-in-law.

Now I think this young wife caught a tartar in her mother-in-law, and that she was too hardly dealt with, seeing she so far kept her word as not to give the secret to any human being, and that she did not exaggerate by saying two cats or three cats. She neither proved base or lying as her mother-in-law scandalously called her. She only proved weak, and that was misfortune enough. In this story we see something very much akin to the experience of the barber of King Midas, who, bursting almost with the weight of the strange secret committed to his charge, dug a hole in the earth, and, to relieve his soul, whispered into it "King Midas be it known to you has very very long ass's ears under that cap of his." The secret that the barber committed to the earth was whispered by the reeds that grew out of the place into which he had so anxiously poured it to relieve his over-burdened spirit. The earth refused to keep his secret; and this poor young wife, who gave her's to the air, was equally unfortunate.

MARY MACKELLAR.

ROB DONN'S MONUMENT.—We have received an excellent photograph of this monument, erected to the Reay Gaelic bard in 1827, from Mr Munro, photographer, Dingwall.

THE LATE DR PATRICK BUCHAN.



PATRICK BUCHAN, M.A., M.D., and Ph. D., eldest son of the late Mr Peter Buchan, Peterhead, died at his residence, Orchardhill, Stonehaven, on the evening of Wednesday, 25th of May, aged 66 years. Dr Buchan was born in Peterhead, where he received his elementary education, and afterwards studied at Aberdeen University, where he gained several bursaries, and took his M.A. and M.D. at an unusually early age. On the completion of his college career, he commenced, and continued for a short time, to practice as a country doctor. He afterwards became a West India merchant, making Glasgow his headquarters, and occasionally visiting India. At an early period, he became connected with the Lancashire Insurance Company, acting as superintendent of agents; and, coupled with that office, he was also for a time resident secretary in Inverness, until nearly two years ago, when he retired to reside at Orchardhill, Stonehaven, a property of his own, where he died. In 1836 he married Isabella, the fourth daughter of Captain Guthrie, Stonehaven, who survives him.

Dr Buchan possessed many agreeable qualities. Perhaps he will be best known by the many sweet and genuine Scottish songs that he wrote for the "Book of Scottish Songs," "Whistle Binkie," and other similar publications. In his early days he was fond of literary pursuits, but he was always careful that the authorship of his contributions should not become known. From time to time he has contributed many articles, songs, and poems to the magazines and newspapers published in the localities where he chanced to be residing at the time. Among the better known of his literary efforts, we may mention "The Garland of Scotia" (Glasgow: Wm. Mitchison 1841), which was edited jointly by him and Mr John Turnbull. The introduction, "Remarks on ancient Music and Songs of Scotland," and the notes were the work of the Doctor, while Mr Turnbull was chiefly concerned with the arranging of the music, which was adapted for the voice, flute, and violin, &c. This work, once very popular, now scarce, was dedicated to Scotland's sweetest singer, John Wilson. Deceased aided considerably in editing the two volumes of Scottish songs and ballads, published by Maurice Ogle & Co., Glasgow, in 1871. In 1868 his work entitled "The Genesis of the Angels; or the Mosaic narrative of Creation and Geology reconciled," was published by W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh, and again the same work was issued by Maurice Ogle & Co. in 1870. In 1872 there appeared from his pen a handsome foolscap 4to volume entitled "Legends of the North: The Gaidman o' Inglismill and the Fairy Bride." He wrote various newspaper articles on commerce and sanitary reform. In consequence of a series of papers on the last named subject, he was created a Ph. D. of the University of Jena. When in Inverness, he wrote a number of popular legendary tales of the Highlands, which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, and which were highly appreciated by the reader. Nine of these were afterwards published in "The Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," compiled by the editor. Although this was generally

known among friends, Dr Buchan was unwilling to have the authorship publicly recorded in the book itself; but as his other works have now been mentioned by his friend, the editor of the *Peterhead Sentinel*, to whom we are indebted for the above particulars, we feel at liberty to acknowledge Dr Buchan's share of the "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands." Those Tales which he wrote are "The Spell of Cadboll," "Prince Charlie and Mary Macleod," "James Macpherson, the famous Musician and Freebooter," "The Raid of Cillechrist," "John Mackay of Farr," "Castle Urquhart and the Fugitive Lovers," "Cawdor Castle," "The Bonnie Earl of Moray," and "The Rout of Moy." Among others which he contributed to the *Celtic Magazine* are "The Gunns," "Allan nan Creach," "Kilchurn Castle," "Fairies in the Highlands," and a legendary poem on "Castle Urquhart."

Several of his song compositions were set to music by eminent composers, and enjoyed considerable popularity. For many years he had from time to time been engaged on what promised to be an exhaustive and valuable work on the Proverbs of all nations; but it is to be regretted that the worry of business prevented him finishing a work for which his taste, his scholarly attainments, and his knowledge of the subject specially fitted him. His appreciation and knowledge of music was considerable, and his execution on the violin, particularly of Scottish music, commended itself to good judges. Few men were better acquainted with Scottish poets and poetry, and the language of his mother country always possessed a living charm for him. Two winters ago he read a paper on "The Scottish Language," before the Field Club and Scientific Society of Inverness, afterwards published for private circulation. Literature being a favourite pastime with Dr Buchan, he cultivated and enjoyed an acquaintance, and kept up correspondence with many of the best-known men of letters of the present and past generation. His manner was particularly frank and agreeable; his disposition kindly, and his conversation instructive, and at times highly entertaining. With these qualities, it is not surprising that, when a young man in Glasgow, his home was the favourite resort of such men as Motherwell, Sandy Rodger, Whitelaw, David Robertson, and other congenial spirits. Although he gave up the life of a medical practitioner as a means of livelihood, he never ceased to keep himself posted up in connection with the profession, and he was ever ready and willing to do good where opportunity occurred. During his connection with the Lancashire Insurance Company he did much good and honest work, and to his unwearied exertions in England, Scotland, and Ireland for sixteen years, on behalf of that company, no small amount of its success is due. For such work he had special aptitude, and never failed to apply himself with heart and hand. What he undertook to do he never failed to do it well.

We may add that when he left Inverness a strong feeling was widely and openly expressed that he did not receive the consideration, from the Directors of the Lancashire Assurance Company, which long and faithful service would lead his friends to expect, and he was held in such universal esteem that a good deal of local business was lost to the Inverness office in consequence.

THE HISTORY OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLES OF SCOTLAND, from A.D. 1493 to A.D. 1625. By DONALD GREGORY; Second Edition Glasgow: Thomas D. Morrison.

THERE is no book better known to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, at least by repute, than Gregory's *Highlands and Isles*. It has often been our privilege to quote it in the *History of the Macdonalds* now passing through these pages, and in the *History of the Mackenzies*, published a few years ago. For the period with which it deals it is incomparably the best and most authentic work in existence on the history of the North-West Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The work originally appeared in 1836, while Mr Gregory was the valued Secretary of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. He made a tour through the greater part of the Highlands and the Hebrides, and gathered a mass of information such as no worker in the same field ever had access to. Indeed he is said to have almost cleared the district of all existing family MSS. His researches in the public Records for the period to which his work refers must have been of a most exhaustive and complete character. No one can look into its pages without being fully satisfied on that point; and every student of Highland history will ever continue to regret that the author did not live long enough to give to the world the continuation of his work which he intended. The mass of family MSS. and other valuable information which he collected must contain material of great historical value, and we are glad to learn that they are in the hands of his friend, the learned Dr Skene, who recently made such a valuable contribution, in "*Celtic Scotland*," to the history of the Highlands.

The original work was for many years difficult to get, as it has long been out of print; and Mr Morrison has, by the publication of this handsome edition, conferred a boon upon all who take an interest in the history of the Highlands. No Celtic student with any pretence to an accurate knowledge of his subject can get on without it. All our modern historians have freely drawn upon it as the best authority extant, and we are glad that it has now been placed within the reach of all interested in the subject.

The work, as it now appears, is printed in the same bold type as the original, on rather better paper, and is, in all respects, worthy of the author, the enterprising publisher, and the subject.

—o—
TALES OF THE HIGHLANDS, by Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Baronet; by the same Publisher.

THIS is a re-print of a fine Collection of Highland Tales, which had become very scarce and most difficult to get. It is uniform in style with the "*Highland Legends*," by the same author and publisher, recently noticed in these pages; and, like all Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's productions, written in a most attractive manner. It has been said by good authorities that the author has never been excelled in telling a Highland story for agreeableness and elegance of style. Those given in the volume before us are among his very best, and we feel sure that all who possess his *Legends* will not rest satisfied until they have procured the companion volume of *Highland Tales*. We must again express our gratitude to Mr Morrison for his enterprise and pluck in placing so many valuable works connected with the Highlands within the reach of the ordinary reader at such reasonable rates.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXX.

AUGUST, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

—o—
XXII.

THE FAMILY OF CLANRANALD.

XIV. JOHN MOYDARTACH MACDONALD, seventh of Clanranald, on the death of his father, Alexander MacAllan, who undoubtedly possessed Moydart, Arasaig, and Castle of Castletirrim, obtained a charter of his father's lands from the Crown, dated 11th February 1531, in the following terms :—"Carta Joanni Mac Allestear, et hæredibus suis, de omnibus et singulis terris subscript, viz., viginti Septem mercat. terrarum de Moydart; triginta mercat. terrarum de Arisaik; Viginti una mercat. terrarum jacen in Igk, et triginta mercat. terrarum de Skerihoff, cum pertinen. jacen. in Oest, infra vicecomitat de Inverness, quond. Alano Macrory, avo dicti Joannis, et suis prædecessoribus in hæreditate ab antiquo pertinuerunt, et per ipsos ultra hominum memoriam pacifice possessuerunt, et quod ipsorum cartæ et evidentiæ earundum per guerram et perturbationis in provincia amissæ et districtæ existunt. Tenend. de Rege, &c., Reddendo, &c. Servitium warde et relevii una cum maretagiorum contingerunt, cum clausula de non alienationis, absque licentio Regis, testibus ut in aliis, dat. Apud Edinb., 11th die Februarii 1531."

The Glengarry champion in the great controversy of 1818-19, says of this instrument, after stating that Ranald Allanson took out charters in his own favour in 1498 and 1505, that "a measure so new, and not so well understood, appears to have suggested the idea to Ean Moydartach to apply for a charter also—the better to secure him in his usurped possessions. He represented, but he represented falsely, that the lands were possessed by him and his predecessors past memory of man. He took no notice of the prior charters in favour of his uncle, which were on record. The Crown was willing to get Highland proprietors to acknowledge a superior, and, without inquiry, granted, in the year 1531, a charter in his favour proceeding expressly upon such narrative. When, however, it came to the knowledge of Ranald Allanson that the charter was surreptitiously taken out, he, in his turn, made application for having it recalled, and succeeded, and got the investitures renewed in his own person in

1540, and upon the ground that Ean Moydartach's infeftments were obtained *ex sinistra unjuxta informatione*.* The Clanranald champion, in reply, admits the charge made by his opponent, and says that "he (Ranald) took out a charter of the lands of Arisaig and Moydart on the 14th December 1540. This charter undoubtedly recals a charter granted to John of Moydart in 1531, of the same lands, *which I have no hesitation in stating was improperly obtained*." The words of the precept, dated the 13th of December 1540, the day before the date of the charter itself, in favour of Ranald Gallda, are, "revocat, cassat, annullat, et exonerat, cartam et infeofamentum per ipsum per sinistrum informationem in nostra minori ætate Johanni Mac Alestir, de predictis terris. Confectam et concessam." The charter itself is almost in the same words.

There is a summons of treason against several Highland chiefs, dated 26th of April 1531, and "Johanne Mordordache de Ellanthorym, Capitaneo de Clanronald," is among the number. No serious steps appear to have been taken against him in consequence, for it is only ten months after, on the 11th of February in the same year, that he obtained the charter already quoted.† The author of the History of Clanranald informs us that, not appearing in answer to the summons on the 26th of April, the day appointed, it was continued till the 28th, and on that day it was again continued till the 26th of May. "Further procedure appears to have been dropped against him, most probably owing to his being reconciled to the King; for, having married Margaret MacKeane, a daughter of Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, he, in July 1534, obtained from the Crown a charter of the lands of Kildonan, Moy, and others in favour of himself and his spouse." The Kildonan named was in the Island of Egg.‡ The same writer says of the Precept of the lands in favour of Ranald, above quoted, that John "had no opportunity of showing that he had a lawful title to the lands, the King having at once reduced his charter, without any legal steps whatever; and the consequence was that John resolved to maintain his title, and he actually did so in face of all opposition. The injustice done him he severely felt, and this feeling seems to have actuated him in almost every action of his life, for at no period does he ever seem to have been thoroughly reconciled to the King, or rulers of the kingdom; and the battle of Blarleine, and consequent possession of immense estates and power enabled him, upon every occasion, to distress and harrass the Government."

He is soon again engaged with the neighbouring clans, particularly the Frasers and Mackintoshes. "The battle of Blarleine had not been forgotten by Lovat, and he and Mackintosh took every opportunity of distressing him: the Earl of Sutherland, too, prompted perhaps by the wish of sharing a part of John's inheritance, was an active but secret instigator of all disputes—and the consequence was that a warfare was constantly carried on. In this John was supported by the whole of his clan, particularly Glengarry, and the Lairds of Knoydart and Morour. The irresolute conduct of the Regent of the Kingdom, and the universal sway which the Earl of Huntly, then Lieutenant of the North, had over the

* Glengarry and Clanranald Controversy, pp. 68-69.

† The year in those days began on the 25th of March, not on the 1st of January as at present, so that February is later in the year than April.

‡ Reg. Mag. Sig., Lib. 25, No. 141.

neighbourhood, contributed in no small degree to keep alive the animosity which then existed. Huntly's ambition was unbounded; his lands marched with those of the Clanranald in several parts, and could he have succeeded in reducing their power, there is little doubt but he would have reaped the whole benefit of the enterprise. Inroads were mutually made, and with various success, till the year 1554, when the Regent having resigned the government of the kingdom into the Queen Dowager's hands, and peace being for a time settled with the English, the Queen Regent and governor set about the internal settlement of the kingdom. Huntly was active in representing the conduct of John in its most unfavourable light, and he was at last despatched to bring him to the Queen Regent. He collected his own clan, the Gordons, as well as the Frasers and Mackintoshes, and marched forward to Moydart, into which he partly penetrated. John, in the meantime, was not inactive; he summoned the clan, and opposed Huntly with such a force as completely intimidated him. No action of any importance was fought, as it was alleged by Huntly that the Clan Chattan raised a tumult in the camp, which compelled him to retire. Be this as it may, Huntly, having completely failed in the enterprise, was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, and was severely attacked by his enemies; who averred that the failure originated, not in the behaviour of the Clan Chattan, but in Huntly himself having a dislike to Mackintosh, the chief of that clan. When it is considered that Huntly was at this time one of the most powerful noblemen in the kingdom, and that his strength lay in the very neighbourhood, it can hardly be supposed that the defection of the Clan Chattan would have compelled him to retire; and when, again, it is observed that Huntly at all times had a dislike to the Clanranald, and that the recent battle of Blairleine must have tended to strengthen that dislike, it is far less to be supposed that he would have favoured their cause. The more natural supposition is, that he saw the strength of John was such as to give him little chance of success, and he threw the blame of the defeat upon the Clan Chattan, while his enemies averred that he had acted disloyally.

"This enterprise having completely failed, the Queen Regent was extremely indignant; she shortly afterwards proceeded to Inverness, and held assizes, to which she summoned John, and the heads of those collateral branches of the clan who supported him; but they refused to obey the summons, unless assured of their safety. John Stewart, Earl of Atholl, was despatched against them in July 1555. Atholl was rather favourably inclined towards the Clanranald, and promised pardon and protection to them. John was induced to go to Inverness with several of his sons; he had been but a short time there when, fearing treachery, he made his escape and returned to Castletirrim. On his way he was attacked by Mackintosh and the Clan Chattan, whom he beat off; but having but few followers, he could not attempt any retaliation upon them. He very shortly afterwards became reconciled to the Queen Regent, and returned to Inverness. While there he became acquainted with Penelope, second daughter of Sir Charles Erskine, who was third son of Alexander, Viscount Fenton, and (his former wife, Mariatte M'Kane, being dead) married her in the year 1555."*

* History of the Family, 1819, pp. 101-103.

In 1547 John was commanded, among other Highland chiefs, to assemble at Fallow Muir to resist the English, who came to enforce the performance of a treaty of marriage which had previously been entered into for the marriage of Queen Mary with the heir to the English crown. John not only refused to go, but prevented all his retainers from doing so; and his influence was sufficient among the clan to induce the other leading chiefs and their followers to do the same. After the battle of Blarleine, to which we have already referred, the Earl of Huntly returned North with a strong force, when he laid a great part of the country waste, and apprehended many of the principal leaders of the clans, some of whom he put to death. Among the latter were Ewin Allanson of Lochiel and Ranald Macdonald, son of Donald Glas of Keppoch, who were tried for high treason, for the part they had taken at the battle of Blarleine and in the rebellions of the Earl of Lennox. These were tried by a jury of landed gentlemen, found guilty, for a short time imprisoned in the Castle of Ruthven, and then beheaded. Their heads were exposed over the gates of the town of Elgin. Many of the others apprehended at the same time were ignominiously hanged. John Moydartach does not appear on this occasion to have opposed Huntly, but is said to have taken shelter in the Isles, from which he returned as soon as the Earl of Huntly left the North, and retaliated on Huntly's neighbouring property and friends, by plundering and wasting their territories.

At Inverness, on the 24th of August 1552, we find a Commission, under the great seal, granted by Mary Queen of Scots, with the advice of James, Duke of Chatelherault, Earl of Arran, and Lord Hamilton, Protector and Governor of the Kingdom, to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, Lord Campbell and Lorn, and Justice General of Scotland, which proceeds, "that notwithstanding the said Governor has remained for a long time dispensing justice in the Burgh of Inverness, the Clanranald nevertheless refused obedience to Her Majesty's authority and laws, with the other subjects of the kingdom; wherefore Her Majesty gives full power to the said Earl of Argyll to assemble his friends and vassals, and with them go to Clanranald, and to pursue them with fire and sword, and within whatever islands they may seek refuge, for their disobedience, depredations, and murders."* Queen Mary of Guise, at this time in France, soon after came to Scotland, succeeded Arran as Protector, and became vested with full authority. She immediately ordered Huntly north with another expedition for the express purpose of apprehending the Captain of Clanranald, and putting an end to his violent proceedings.

In June 1554 the Earls of Huntly and Argyll "were ordered to proceed, by sea and land, to the utter extermination of the Clanranald," and others who had failed to give hostages for their good conduct. Argyll proceeded to the Isles, while Huntly with a large force, composed of Lowlanders and Highlanders, proceeded to attack Clanranald. Both failed in the object of their expedition, Huntly, because the Highlanders were so much exasperated against Huntly for his execution of William Mackintosh of Mackintosh in 1550, that the Earl declined to face Clanranald by such an army, after which he disbanded his forces and returned home. He was, in consequence, committed to the prison of Edinburgh

* *Invernessiana*, p. 223.

by the Regent, and did not obtain his liberty until he had renounced, among other lucrative grants which he had recently acquired, the Earldoms of Mar and Moray, and the gift of the ward and marriage of Mary Macleod, heiress of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg; while he became bound to banish himself to France for five years; but this latter condition was removed on payment to the Regent of a sum of £5000.

In 1548 the Highlanders, who refused to assemble at Fallow Muir, and who still remained outlaws, seem to have been pardoned in consequence of the disastrous results of the battle of Pinky, on more favourable terms than they could reasonably have expected in the circumstances. John Moydartach shared in this clemency. We find a respite, dated 26th of August 1548, in favour of "Jhone Muyduart MacAlester, Caipthane of Clanranald; Angus MacAlester, his brother; Rorye MacAlester, Allane MacAlester, sons to Jhone Muyduart; Alester MacAne vic Alester of Glengarie; Alester MacDowell vic Rynnell; Angus MacAngus Moir; Angus MacAllane vic Ranald of Knowdwart; Allane Owge MacAlester vic Allane; Alester MacDonald vic Ane of Ardmowache; Angus MacAlester vic Angus; Donald MacAlester vic Kane; Allane MacPersone vic Alester; Donald Moir MacAne vic Illane, for yr treasonable remaining and abyding at hame fra our Soverane Ladyis oist and army, devisit and ordanit to convene upon Falaw-mure, ye last day of August ye zeir of God Jm. Vc., xlvii. [1547] zers for resisting of the Protector of Inland and his army, yam beand wt'in yis realme for destruction of ye lieges yrof, and for the slauchter of ye Lord Lovet and his complices at [Blarleine] ye yier of God Jm. Vc. forty [four] zeris; and for all actions, &c., and for xix. zers to endure. At Musselburgh, ye xxvi. day of August, the zere of God Jm. Vc. xlvi. zeris. Per signaturam.* In spite of the leniency displayed towards him on this occasion, John could not give up his habits of war and pillage. He had little faith in the Government, and he probably thought it much safer for himself and his clan, in their almost inaccessible wilds, to resist a power which he could not help seeing was, at this period, fast falling into decay.

Gregory, describing the Earl of Athole's expedition to the North in 1555, says that Athole succeeded so well with John, Captain of Clanranald, "that he prevailed upon that restless chief, with two of his sons, and certain of his kinsmen, to come before the Regent, and submit themselves to her clemency. Mary of Guise, pleased with their submission, pardoned them their past offences; but ordered them, in the meantime, to remain, some at Perth, and others at the Castle of Methven, till her will should be further declared to them. After remaining, however, in these places for a short time, the Highlanders made their escape to their native mountains; giving the Regent a lesson, as a Scottish annalist [Balfour] quaintly observes, 'to hold the fox better by the ear while she had him in her hands.' This result of her mistaken lenity roused the Regent to greater exertions, and determined her to proceed next year in person to the North, to hold Justice Courts for the punishment of great offenders, and thus to prevent misrule in time coming. Accordingly, in the month of July 1556, Mary of Guise arrived at Inverness, accompanied by the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Athole, and Marischall, and the Bishops

* Privy Seal, vol. xxii., folio 27.

of Ross and Orkney, with others of the Privy Council. Here Courts were held, and offenders were visited with the most severe punishment—the chiefs of clans being obliged to apprehend and present to justice the criminals of their own tribes, according to the wise regulations by James V., which, during the late wars, had fallen into desuetude. As John Moydartach is not mentioned at all by Lesley in his account of this progress of the Queen Regent to the North, it seems probable that this arch-rebel had escaped the punishment which awaited him by flying to the more remote Isles.”*

When Queen Mary visited Inverness in September 1562, and was denied access to the Castle, John, Captain of Clanranald, made his appearance with a numerous retinue, and was among the foremost, with the Mackintoshes, Frasers, and Munroes, to protect the Queen, whom he accompanied for some distance on her return journey; and he appears to have continued firm in his loyalty during the remainder of his life. In 1566 he obtained a remission for past offences for himself, his sons, and all those who had taken part in his rebellious proceedings, dated 3d of March, as follows:—“Preceptum remissionis Johannis MacAlister, alias Moydart, Capitanei de Clanranald; Allan MacAne Vic Alestar, ejus filii; Johannis Oig MacAne Vic Alestair, etiam ejus filii; Rorie MacAne Vic Alestar, etiam sui filii; Angusii MacAne Vic Alestar, etiam filii dicti Johannis; Donaldi Gorme MacAne Vic Alester, etiam sui filii; Alani MacCawell Vic Rannald de Moroure, Angusii MacAllane Mac Rannald de Knoydert, Angusii Mac Alestar Vic Ane de Glengary Rorie, ejus fratris; Gorie, ejus fratris; Alane, etiam sui fratris; et Johannis Mac Condochie Cowill, pro ipsorum proditoria, remanentia, et domi existentia, ab exercitu apud Falew Muir, et ab hinc ad Maxwell Heuch migratione; pro resistentia antiquorum inimicorum Anglie, in mense Octobris anno domino millesimo quingentesimo quartuagesimo septimo, convenire ordinat; nec non ab omnibus aliis actionibus criminibus, transgressionibus, et offensionibus, per ipsos vel eorum aliquem, aliquibus temporibus preteritis preceden. diem date presentiam commiss. et perpetrat. Apud Edinburgh, tertio die mensis Marcij, anno Domini prescript. (1566) per signetum.”†

The following concise statement corroborates the authorities already quoted:—In 1532 King James V. granted a charter of legitimation in favour of John Makalester of Castletirrim, the son of the deceased Alexander M'Alane of Castletirrim, and in the same year, for the good service done and to be done by him, and seeing that the charters granted to his predecessors had been destroyed through war and other local disturbances, granted anew to him and to his heirs the 27 mark lands of Moydart, the 30 mark lands of Arisaik, and other lands in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, which of old belonged in heritage to Allan Makrory, the grandfather of John Makalestar of Castletirrim, and to his predecessors, and now to be held of the King in fee for service of ward, relief, and marriage, provided that John Makalester and his heirs should not do homage to any person without the special licence of the King. In 1534 John M'Allaster Vic Allan, captain of the Clanranald, granted to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, the two Kinluthes, Aernie, Glenalladill, Blyng, and Shenan, together of the old extent of 10 marks, in the barony of Moydart. In the same year

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 185-186.

† Privy Seal, vol. xxxv., folio 10.

the granter of these lands appears as John M'Alester M'Alester of Elan-terin, captain of the Clanranald. In 1538 King James V. granted to Alane M'Coule M'Rannald, and his brother Lauchlane M'Coule M'Rannald, the nonentry and other dues of 14 mark lands of Morowre and 7 mark lands in Awrissaig, and other lands, in the sheriffdom of Inverness. In 1540 the same King granted the nonentry and other dues of the same lands to Archibald, Earl of Ergile, the lands, according to the grant, having been in the King's hands since the decease of John Makangus Reoch Makrannald. In the same year he granted to Ranald Alanesoun, styled Galda, the dues of the 27 mark lands of Moydert, and the 24 mark lands of Arissaik, in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, which were in the King's hands since the decease of Alane Rorisoun, Ranald's father. At the same time, on the narrative that it appeared that the deceased Alan Rorysoun of Moydert, the father of Ranald Alanesoun, and his predecessors had been heritably infest in the same lands, and that all their charters had been lost or destroyed through disturbances in that district, in consequence of which Ranald could never obtain entry as his father's heir, King James V. granted him the lands anew, and revoked a grant of them made in his minority to John Makalester on sinister and unjust information, and all other grants of the same lands which he had given to any other persons. Ranald died in 1544, and in 1563 Queen Mary granted to his son, Allane Makrannald, the dues of the 30 marks of Mwdart, and the 30 marks of Arissak, and other lands, which were in her hands since his father's decease.*

In 1545 John MacAllister, Captain of Clanranald, and Angus Ranaldson of Knoydart, are found among the Council of Donald Dubh, shortly before proclaimed and acknowledged by all the Macdonalds as Lord of the Isles.

John was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished warriors and leaders of the whole Macdonald race, and by his brilliant talents and his consummate skill and bravery in the field, he raised himself, to the highest position in the clan; while his regard for, and attention to, his own more immediate retainers ensured for him their warmest respect and admiration. The most distinguished leaders of the other branches of the race of Somerled acknowledged his surpassing ability, and followed him in all his proceedings against the common enemy; and he never failed, when procuring any favours for himself, to include those who joined him in his dangerous exploits. During the last twenty years of his life he appears to have lived quietly, unmolested and unmolested, among his devoted people; for, in common with the rest of the Highlanders, he felt scarcely any interest in that period of Scottish history, during which the proceedings of Mary Queen of Scots, her marriages, captivity, and death, so much absorbed the attention of the southern part of the kingdom.

He married, first, Marriate Macian of Ardnamurchan, with issue—

1. Allan, his heir.
2. John Og, who married his cousin, Sheela, or Julia Macdonald,†

* Origines Pariociales Scotiæ, vol. ii., pp. 202-203.

† In the Clanranald Family History, p. 107. John Og is said to have been unmarried, and his only son, Alexander, is described as a "natural son, of whom the families of Glenalladale and Borrodale, now [1819] represented by John Macdonald,

with issue—one son, Alexander, progenitor of the families of Glenaladale, Borrodale, &c. The history of this family is sufficiently interesting to call for separate notice.

3. Roderick, who died unmarried.

4. Angus; and 5, Donald Gorme, died unmarried.

John married, secondly, in 1555, Penelope, second daughter of Sir Charles Erskine, third son of Alexander, Viscount Fenton, with issue—

6. A daughter, who married John Stewart of Appin.

He died, very advanced in years, in 1584, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XV. ALLAN MACDONALD, eighth of Moydart and Clanranald. He took a prominent share in the remarkable career of his distinguished father, and was, at his predecessor's death, nearly fifty years of age. It would have been observed that he is included in the remissions granted in favour of his father, dated respectively 26th of August 1548, 21st of May 1565, and 3d of March 1566. In 1588, he quarrelled with Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch and killed his brother, and in consequence a letter under the Privy Seal, dated 10th of May, in the same year, was passed in favour of "John M'Ranald, son and apparand aire to Allane M'Ranald of Easter Leys, his aris and assignees, ane or mar, of the gift of the escheit, &c., quhilk pertinet to Allane M'Ane Muyardt and Angus M'Allane, his sone, in Muyardt, &c.; thro being of the saids personis ordaurlic denoucint rebellis, and put to the horn for the slaughter of Allane Og M'Allane M'Ane, broder to Alexander M'Rannald of Kippoch, and not underlying the law, &c." For this offence he does not appear

Esq." We are not at all surprised to find such a statement inserted, for selfish and spiteful reasons, in a work, where so many attempts are made to falsify the facts regarding the legitimacy of John Moydartach and others. It will not surprise any one to find no scruples in a work where whole generations are passed over, and others made to live generations after they were in their graves, in spite of dates and irrefragable charters, with the clear intention of blinding the reader as to the *natural* origin of the famous Ian Muirdartach, to bastardise those of legitimate birth. Having made enquiries, among others, of Mr Alexander Macdonald, wine merchant, Inverness, one of the present representatives of the Glenaladale family, we have received permission to publish the following letter from the Rev. Donald Macdonald, Glenfinnan. Writing to his brother, he says:—"In reply to your reference to page 107 of the History of Clanranald, I have simply to say, what you already know, that the assertion of illegitimacy there stated is a most malicious untruth, put in for a purpose. The author of it, Macdonald of Dalilea, who was married to an aunt, had a quarrel with our father. By means of his acquaintance with the authors of the book, he gratified his spite, during the publication, by misleading them into *this error*, which he knew at the time to be false, and afterwards confessed openly. When the book appeared in print, he was suspected of it and accused, and afterwards, when my father and he became better friends, he made a clean breast of it. At the same time, he promised my father to have it corrected in the next edition, with a full confession of its incorrectness, but no second edition was ever issued. Such an assertion was never made before nor since by any other; it is in direct contradiction to the genealogy of the family. The trick occurred in our own time, and we are still living testimonies to his confession of the crime and retraction—that is, though ourselves too young at the time to understand it, we received it afterwards by hearing the above stated and talked over frequently by our father, oldest brother and sisters, in whose time and vivid recollection it occurred. Mr Mackenzie then has more than abundant reason for not repeating this error in his forthcoming work, as it is, first, in contradiction to the family genealogy, and, second, the author of it confessed his motive for inventing it." Burke, who accepts the "History" here referred to as his authority throughout, reproduces the error, that John Og was unmarried, in several editions.

to have been ever pardoned, nor does he seem to have obtained any charters from the Crown of his father's territories, though apparently he had undisturbed possession of them during his life.

Allan married a daughter of Alastair Crotach Macleod of Harris, widow of James Og, son of Donald Gruamach, fourth of Sleat. Allan's illtreatment of her became the cause of serious feuds between his family and that of the Macleods, which were only terminated by another marriage between John, Allan's grandson, and Moir, daughter of the famous Rory Mor Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan, knighted by King James VI. in 1613. By his wife (who, after his death, married, as her third husband, Macdonald of Keppoch) Allan had issue—

1. Angus, who died before his father, without issue.
2. Donald, who succeeded to Clanranald.
3. Ranald, who received from his father extensive possessions in Benbecula and Arasaig, and who, on the failure of Donald's male representatives, carried on the succession.
4. John, who obtained a feu charter of the lands of Kinlochmoidart, and from whom is lineally descended, on the mother's side, the present William Robertson-Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart.
5. Margaret, who married Donald, eighth of Glengarry, with issue.
6. A daughter, who married Alexander, second of Glenaladale.

He died in 1593, and was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son,

XVI. SIR DONALD MACDONALD, ninth of Clanranald. Having entered into a marriage alliance with the house of Macdonald of Isla, then at war with the celebrated warrior, Lachlan Mor Maclean of Duart, Clanranald joined his father-in-law, and entered the territories of the Macleans in Mull, Tiree, and Coll, which he harried, wasted, and burnt, carrying away a large spoil. Maclean was at the time unable to retaliate, but his opportunity soon came. In the summer of 1595, the Macdonalds decided upon proceeding to Ireland, under Donald Gorm of Sleat, with a large fleet to aid Red Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, in his rebellion against Queen Elizabeth. Duart was ready to oppose them on certain conditions, which Elizabeth was either unable or unwilling at the time to grant. He therefore disbanded his men, and Macdonald's fleet, consisting of a hundred sail, of which fifty were galleys, and the remainder smaller craft, sailed, unmolested, for Ireland. The number of soldiers and mariners who started on this expedition are estimated at about five thousand. "Nine hundred men, however, under the Captain of Clanranald, still remained; and as they passed Mull had the temerity to land for the night; running their 'galleys, boats, and birlings' into a little harbour, where they imagined themselves secure. But Maclean, by what Achincross termed a 'bauld onset and prattie feit of weir,' took the whole company prisoners, threw the chiefs into irons, sent them to his dungeons in his different castles, appropriated their galleys, and transported the common men to the mainland. Amongst the chief prisoners then taken were the Captain of Clanranald and three of his uncles, the Laird of Knoydart, M'lan of Ardnamurchan, Donald Gorm's brothers, and others; and an account of the surprise was immediately transmitted by John Achincross to Nicolson, the English envoy at the Court of James. . . . Elizabeth

was delighted with this exploit of Lauchlan Mor; assured him of her gratitude and friendship;" and sent him, in the shape of a thousand crowns, what he considered a very substantial proof of her appreciation of his conduct, and what he himself, in a letter to Cecil, characterises as an "honourable token of her favour."* The Captain of Clanranald joined the Macdonalds of Glengarry in their wars against Mackenzie in Kintail, Lochcarron, and Lochalsh, with the details of which the reader is already acquainted. He afterwards marched through Skye to his lands in Uist, when he found Murdoch MacRory Macneil of Barra committing outrages and depredations on his lands of South Uist, under pretence that a portion of them belonged to him. They met at North Boisdale, when most of the Barra men were slain. Macneil effected his escape, but Clanranald followed him to Barra, and compelled him to flee for refuge to some of the remoter Islands to the west.

The Captain of Clanranald, like most of the Highland chiefs, became much involved in debt to the Crown and neighbouring chiefs for depredations on their lands, and he is one of the chiefs who, in 1608, met the King's Commissioners at Maclean's Castle of Aros, in Mull, and agreed to give security for the payment of his Majesty's rents; deliver up the castles and strongholds; give up the feudal privileges hitherto claimed by them; submit themselves to the laws of the realm; deliver up their galleys, birlins, and vessels of war to be destroyed; and send their children south to be brought up and educated under the protection and superintendence of the Privy Council, as became the children of barons and gentlemen of the land. On the 7th of March 1610, Donald received a supersedure from the Crown of all his debts for a period of three years, on the narrative that, having a great number of his kinsmen, friends, and dependers, who, for years before had committed spulzies and depredations, and that for the obedience of the laws, he was forced to answer for them; and various decreets had gone out against him, for great sums of money which it was impossible for him to pay, though his Majesty was satisfied that he had done all he could to do so. Donald Gorm of Sleat, who had meanwhile become superior by gift from the Crown of the thirty merk lands of Skirrough, twelve merk lands of Benbecula, and one penny lands of Gartgimines, on the 4th of June 1610, granted a charter of these lands to the Captain of Clanranald, which was confirmed by the Crown on the 20th of July, and sasine was passed upon it on the 5th of October following. On the 24th of July in the same year he obtained another charter from the Crown, in which is narrated the substance of that granted by James V. to his grandfather, John Moydartach, on the 11th of February 1531, of the twenty-seven merk lands of Moydart, thirty merk lands of Arasaig, and thirty-one merk lands of Eigg. In addition he now obtained three other merk lands of Moydart, nine merk lands in Eigg, "compre-

* Tytler's History of Scotland, in which we are told that "It is curious to trace Elizabeth's connection with this man [Lauchlan Mor]. The Lord of Duart's confidential servant happened to be a certain shrewd Celt, named John Achinross; he, in turn, was connected by marriage with Master John Cunningham, a worthy citizen and merchant in Edinburgh. This honest Baillie of the Capital, forming the link between savage and civilised life, corresponded with Sir Robert Bowes; Bowes with Burghley or Sir Robert Cecil; and thus Elizabeth, sitting in her closet at Windsor or Greenwich, moved the strings which assembled or dispersed the chivalry of the Isles. This is no ideal picture, for the letters of the actors remain."

hending Galmisdale, Gruline, the third part of Cleatill, the half of Knockhaltock, and the half of Ballemenoch, extending to thirty merk lands of new extent." He also obtained by this charter the fourteen merk lands of Morar, seven merk lands in Arasaig, twenty-three merk lands of Kindess [south end of Uist], and six merk lands of Boisdale, all united and incorporated into the free Barony of Castletirrim; and the stronghold of Castletirrim was appointed the principal message of the Barony.

Allan, the eldest son of Ranald Gallda, referred to in our last as having obtained a charter of legitimation in 1555, and a gift of the non-entry duties of the lands of Moydart and Arasaig, was permitted to retain possession of these rights for a considerable time. His only son, Angus, also possessed them after him, and claimed them as his own, but Donald dispossessed him and took violent possession. Angus at once commenced an action against Clanranald, who, disdaining it as frivolous and ill-grounded, and contemning the authority of the Sheriff before whom it was brought, decree was pronounced against him on the 6th of October 1612, and he was denounced a rebel on that decree. In the same year Angus MacAllan MacRanald—Angus the son of Allan, son of Ranald—was actually served heir to his grandfather, Ranald Allanson of Moydart, in the 27 merk lands of Moydart, and the 24 merk lands of Arasaig, of the old extent of £20.* On the 14th of July 1614, a letter passed the Privy Seal in favour of Sir Alexander Kerr of Oxenham, of the escheat pertaining to him, in consequence of this denunciation; but he, nevertheless, maintained possession. Angus MacRanald shortly afterwards died, and his son John, and daughter Elizabeth, again denounced Sir Donald as a rebel, for not finding caution of law borrows, at the instance of their father, and another letter passed the Privy Seal in favour of Sir James Stewart of Killeith, of Sir Donald's escheat; but all further procedure was stopped by the death of John and his sister soon afterwards.† On the 5th of November 1611, the king, by letter, under the Privy Seal, disposed to Andrew Bishop of the Isles, "for the good, true, and thankful service done to his His Majestie," all sums owing to him by several great Highland chiefs, among others, Donald, Captain of Clanranald. He was still, notwithstanding the charters and other favours received by him from the King, held responsible for the depredations committed by him in Mull, Tiree, Kintail, and Barra; but, at last, he became fully reconciled to the King, who granted him a full remission, dated at Greenwich on the 27th of June 1613, for all his past offences. On the 26th of July 1614, Sir Donald Macdonald, of Sleat, acquired the superiority of the lands of Skirrough, Benbecula, and Gartgimines belonging to Clanranald. In 1615, Clanranald is included in an Act denouncing the Western Chiefs as rebels "against the Sovereign authority," on which occasion the Earl of Argyll with a strong force, from the counties of Dumbarton, Ayr, and Renfrew is sent against them. In 1616 he is included in a summons requiring that he should submit to appear annually before the Council, or as often as required, on being summoned to do so, and on such occasions to exhibit two of his kinsmen; reduce the gentlemen of his household to the number of six; that he should keep within a certain prescribed limits of the residence allotted to him; that he should farm a

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, vol. ii., p. 203; and *Retours*,

† *History of the Family of Clanranald*, pp. 115-116.

portion of his domains ; also plant, cultivate, and encourage his kinsmen to do the same ; that he should not keep more than three tuns of wine for consumption in his house ; that he should not keep more than one large galley, nor an unnecessary number of fire-arms ; and that he should educate his children according to certain conditions imposed. For the execution of these stringent terms he had to grant his personal bond, and the security of powerful friends. Donald afterwards visited Edinburgh, where, according to the history of the family he was knighted in May 1617, at Holyrood House, by James VI.

Sir Donald married Mary, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Isla, with issue :—

1. John, his heir.

2. Ranald ; 3, Alexander ; 4, Donald ; all of whom died without issue.

Sir Donald died in December 1619, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

(To be Continued.)

THE WEE BURN.

Whaur hae ye come frae, wee bonnie burn ?
 Whaur did ye learn sic a tune ?
 I come frae the breist o' yon mountain brown,
 An' my sang comes frae abune ;
 Whaur did ye get sic a tender lay
 That pierces my bosom thro' ?
 I hae come frae the e'e o' the heather bell,
 An' I've kissed the blue bell's mou'.
 Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

Whaur did ye get sic a merry lauch
 An' the voice o' a joyous bairn ?
 I hae touched the heart o' the white moss-rose,
 An' played wi' the maiden fern ;
 Whaur did ye get sic a wailin' soun',
 Like a broken-hearted cry ?
 I hae washed the girse by the auld kirkyard
 Whaur my lovers mould'rin' lie.
 Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

Whaur did ye get sic a fearfu' note
 That seems like the risin' win' ?
 I hae heard the groans o' deein' men
 And the rush o' battle din ;
 Whaur did ye get sic a cheerfu' look
 An' a voice o' holy glee ?
 I ken I maun lie in my Faither's loof
 For a' eternitie.
 Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

—o—
A U L D O U R.

COIRRE-BHODAICH wanted not many additional terrors; but all its other fabulous tenants contented themselves with barely frightening intruders on their premises, and no catastrophe beyond a slight temporary panic had been known to follow their visit. The *Bodach-glas* was the dread of all the neighbourhood; and so tyrannical was his sway that even the broad light of noon-day was not altogether sufficient security against his malignant tricks. He was said to manifest a particular hostility to such intruders as were led by no motive more justifiable than mere idle curiosity to visit his favourite haunts. This rendered it an undertaking of no ordinary magnanimity for ladies to make a pilgrimage to the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich*, or carle's cave; and none ever attempted it unless escorted by a powerful *posse* of gallants. Yet the *Bodach* never, in daylight, made himself visible, nor did he attempt to lay violent hands on any one. But he wanted not other ways of gratifying his resentment. The intruder seldom repassed the entrance of the corry without meeting with some disastrous or, at least, provoking kind of incident, which could only be referred, by the wise ones of the district, to his invisible interposition. Horses, however steady and well-trained, usually betrayed an unaccountable propensity to prick up their ears, stare, snort, and actually perform the part of the renowned Gilpin's steed, on coming within the verge of *Coirre-a-bhodaich*, or, if they did not forget their sobriety, the most skilful bridle hand could not prevent them from making many a dangerous *faux pas*, however sure footed. The last-mentioned description of phenomenon might have seemed, to those unacquainted with the prevailing faith of the neighbourhood, sufficiently accounted for by the roughness and inequality of the ground. But, to all true believers in the mysterious presence and powers of the *Bodach*, a much more satisfactory cause presented itself in his vindictive and malicious agency.

It occasionally happened, too, that the rider was affected with certain strange hallucinations of spirit as well as his horse, or was liable to be taken suddenly ill, or, if a lady, was apt to lose some ornament or appendage of her dress. Besides these, the *Grey Bodach* had a thousand various ways of signifying his displeasure and resenting intrusion on his domains. The party, however, which I had this day the honour of accompanying, came off, upon the whole, with unexampled good fortune. The horses all behaved well, with the exception of making a few stumbles, which led to no serious consequences. The steed of one of the gentlemen—it imports not to say whom—once actually came to his marrow bones, and projected his unsuspecting rider several yards in advance, but as the ground was covered with thick heath, his fall was sufficiently easy, and the most annoying circumstances connected with it was the peal of laughter which it drew from the rest of the cavalcade at his expense.

An accident of a similar nature had nearly happened to Jacobina. As she trotted her palfrey, rather smartly, over a piece of pretty even ground, the saddle, by reason of the slackening of the girth, suddenly fell to one side, and she had certainly come down but for the timely aid of the attentive Captain. This incident gave rise to an animated discussion, whether it was chargeable on the *Bodach-glas*, or on the carelessness of the stable-boy; but the problem being a very nice one, the disputants could not come to an agreement on the solution of it. The party had got beyond the limits of the wicked old fellow's influence, on their return homewards, and were already felicitating themselves on their good luck, when Jacobina discovered that she had lost her gloves. So trifling a matter, however, gave her no concern; and though she recollected that she had left them where she had sat for some time in the cave, and though the Captain obligingly offered to ride back for them, she would not allow him. She desired to leave them as an offering of gratitude to the *Bodach* for his forbearance while the party were in his dominions.

There was some reason to believe that the Captain had considerably advanced himself this day in the good graces of Jacobina. His rival in the meantime, however, had also enjoyed and made good use of opportunities in another quarter for promoting his views. He had arrived at Auldour soon after our departure, and had spent the forenoon in close deliberation there with the Colonel and his spouse.

Whatever had passed between him and them, we found him, on our return, in high spirits; and I remarked that he paid his respects to Mac-laine apparently with less of the constrained air of rivalry which, on former occasions, he had not been altogether successful in his attempts to conceal. From this I drew an inference rather unfavourable to my friend the Captain. I had few other opportunities of making remarks till, as it verged towards a fashionable hour, the whole company assembled in the drawing-room, in expectation of dinner. My eyes were now dazzled with the finery which both ladies and gentlemen displayed, in the midst of which, my own dingy dress-suit—for my portable wardrobe was by no means copiously furnished with variety or splendour—made so very sorry an appearance that I was glad to be kept in countenance by a few casual interlopers, who, as usual, had been drawn from the road by the welcome signal of good cheer at Auldour's liberal board.

The entertainment corresponded, in elegance and sumptuousness, with the array of the company. A display of valuable plate glittered on all sides, the *maitre de cuisine* seemed to have spared no effort to render the fare suited to the occasion; the cellar had been laid under contribution for its most choice Madeira, claret, and champagne, the servants displayed their newest liveries, and everything bore evidence that guests of no ordinary quality that day graced the board.

Dunbreckan, of course, occupied the place of chief honour, at the right hand of the smiling hostess, who looked a dozen of years younger than she had done at breakfast. Mac-laine was seated more than half-way down the table, and the contested prize, the blooming Jacobina, who never looked more lovely, was, by accident or design, placed at equal distance from both, at the opposite side; so that, in whatever way fortune might terminate the contest, neither party could well attribute his failure

to the unfavourable nature of his position, though, if there was any advantage, it evidently rested with Dunbreckan.

As the company, even when all the unbidden guests had taken their places, was, by no means, inconveniently large, I had the good luck to be so seated as to command the view of everything that went on. Fortunately, too, no troublesome dish stood before me; the lady at my left hand preferred talking to her own left-hand *beau*; and the unbidden guest who elbowed me on the right—for though the ladies certainly predominated, some miscalculation had taken place in arranging them—was too much occupied with his trencher to interfere with my observations.

Dunbreckan had performed all the ceremonies of the toilet with minute attention. His mustachios, which he frequently twirled to keep them in curl, had been exquisitely tinged with a dark-coloured dye; his whiskers had received a gentle touch of the same hue; and the elegant pencil of hair which sprung from his lower lip was left of its natural auburn. His dress boasted a newer and more modish cut than any other at the table, a precious gem sparkled on his breast, and a massy gold chain depended from his neck. His air was, in every respect, suitable to his personal decorations. It betrayed no slight expression of conscious superiority, which nobody seemed inclined to dispute; and the lead in the conversation was universally conceded to him as a matter of right, which he appeared sufficiently to understand. He attempted many fine things to the ladies, which generally succeeded in calling forth the blushes of her to whom he addressed himself, and the applauding smile of all the rest. He frequently directed his discourse down the table to the attentive landlord; talked of his new stock of Cheviots; of his contemplated improvements in farming and planting; of the plan of his new grape-house, with other topics, all of self, and of an equally instructive character.

As I remarked all this with deep interest, my heart began to misgive me for the fate of my poor friend Maclaine. I sighed to reflect that it was downright folly for him to contend any longer with such an antagonist; and I could not help feeling a little ruffled in spirit at the thought that five thousand a year, and a pair of black mustachios, should give one man such an enviable superiority over another.

My observations meantime on the behaviour of the half-pay Captain himself did not tend much to reassure me. He had hitherto sat in unassuming silence, apparently much buried in his own reflections, which I was inclined to believe, were not very different from my own. Yet his personal appearance upon the whole was more than usually prepossessing. His dress, though plain and suited to his means, was disposed with taste and elegance; and though he boasted neither mustachios nor a gold chain, and his countenance beamed not with its wonted expressiveness, there was still something in his air and general aspect which challenged a comparison with any gentleman present. My impression, nevertheless, was that he seemed somewhat crest-fallen; and I feared that his despondency would defeat his only remaining chance of success by checking the usual exuberance of his wit.

A few glances at Jacobina, however, served to revive my hopes. She seemed to be the only female at the table who witnessed with an undazzled eye the imposing display of the dashing young laird of Dunbreckan, and whose cheek altered not its hue in the least by the flattering notice he

bestowed upon her. I believe Maclaine made the same discovery, and it seemed to have considerable influence in re-animating his spirits. All along, indeed, one of more acute penetration, and more intimately acquainted with the Captain's peculiarities, might, perhaps, have perceived that, though he gave place for a little to his rival, he was neither discouraged nor disposed to relinquish the combat. He waited only till Dunbreckan had put forth his whole strength and exhausted all his address in preliminary manoeuvres, and understood perfectly how to seize his own opportunity for retaliation.

Towards the conclusion of the third course, accordingly, I perceived, with much satisfaction, that his eye began to brighten and his tongue recover its wonted powers. The notice which he acquired by some preliminary observation seemed to encourage him to further efforts, till, by degrees, the general attention was withdrawn from Dunbreckan and bestowed on him. Maclaine now began to shine in all his glory. Bursts of laughter waited on his words, and, what was a still more envied distinction, the eye of the lovely Jacobina, who was ever ready to listen to and applaud his sallies, beamed benignantly upon him.

Dunbreckan for some time struggled to maintain his ground, but his remarks, though he strove to give them their full effect by animated gestures and well placed emphasis, gained only the tribute of mute attention and general assent, while the hearty laugh of the company still went along with his rival. The mortification thus produced in the now discomfited man too manifestly betrayed itself in the forced grin with which he sometimes condescended to join in the applause bestowed upon his opponent's wit. He had no alternative, however, but to yield to the torrent which had set in so forcibly against him, and be silent, unless at any time he desired to address his conversation to the landlady. She too, seemed, from the increased dignity of her bearing, to participate in his mortification, and made several attempts to cause a diversion in his favour, but all her endeavours were unavailing.

Such was the state of matters when the ladies withdrew. The Captain, having now fewer motives for persisting in his opposition, again permitted Dunbreckan to assume the ascendancy, and to retain it till the continued circulation of the claret and Madeira set every tongue into a state of great activity. Every one now became too much occupied with his own joke to bestow much attention on his neighbours' pretensions; and the spacious dining-room rung for some hours with the noisy din of boisterous conviviality.

From this obstreperous scene Maclaine was the first to make his retreat. I was too deeply interested in his movements to remain long behind him, and therefore hastened to mark his reception in the drawing-room. I found the ladies engaged in a very spirited discussion on the merits of the gay laird of Dunbreckan. Jacobina was very sarcastic in her remarks. She alleged that any wit he possessed was like Samson's strength, placed in his beard; and though her mother, several aunts, and a majority of the young ladies zealously united in his defence, she would, by no means, admit that he was either handsome or accomplished, or of agreeable manners.

During this amusing dispute, Maclaine maintained for some time a strict neutrality. At length he pretended to join the party of the squire,

but sufficiently understood his cue to suffer himself to be easily overcome by his satirical antagonist. The controversy was soon interrupted by the appearance of the gentleman in question himself, who had probably felt uneasy that his rival should be thus enjoying the unmolested possession of the field.

The amusement of cards, in which the evening was chiefly consumed, left little room for any important manoeuvre. After supper, Dunbreckan was the first to move that the ladies should honour them with a song. As usual, in such cases, all were full of excuses; and when these were no longer tenable, those who urged them insisted that the gentlemen should set them the example. He who made the first motion was strongly pressed to lead the way; but he begged to be excused on the ground that he had a bad voice, adding at the same time that he thought most vocal performers of the male sex absolutely intolerable, especially where the more mellow tones of a feminine voice could be obtained.

If this remark was intended by the squire to discourage the efforts of his rival, whose vocal powers were well known, he woefully overshot his mark; for the ladies universally agreed that the observation was too severe, and in order to give it an unanswerable refutation, they all beset Maclaine to favour them with a specimen of his attainments. Dunbreckan attempted some apology, protested that he meant no disparagement of the Captain's powers, and expressed an earnest desire to hear him. Maclaine thus urged, had no choice left but compliance. He therefore struck up, after having stipulated that, to make amends for his own harsh notes, the ladies should all unite in the chorus of his song, which soon appeared to be a "fine new" one, of his own composition, set to a favourite Gaelic air. He afterwards favoured me with a copy of it, which I shall take the liberty here to insert, partly because I myself had the honour of being mentioned in it, and also because it seemed considerably to affect its author's own prospects:—

Air—Faillirin, illirin, &c.

O some love Madeira, and some love Champagne,
And some love to hunt the fleet stag on the plain,
O some love an old song, and some love a new,
But I love the maid with the eyes softly blue.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

There's Wooddroof, my friend, who takes wondrous delight,
In searching for wild flowers from morning to night;
But long will he range over mountain and grove,
Ere he meet with a flower to match with my love.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

Cousin Norman delights to hoard up, with care,
In's cabinet minerals precious and rare;
But long will good Norman collect and explore,
Ere a gem he find like the maid I adore.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

What kingdom of nature can furnish a hue,
To equal the charms of her eyes' lovely blue?
O vainly of Flora a match shalt thou seek,
For the lilly and roses blend on her cheek.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

What ruby, carmelian, or gold can compare,
With charms I could name that distinguish my fair?

What roe in its swiftness— what swan in its pride,
Move graceful as she whom I hope for my bride?
Faillirin, illirin, &c.

I fain would express, but must ever despair,
The enchantment that lurks in her gay artless air;
And smile fraught with fancy that beams from her eye,
These nothing, alas! can describe, save a sigh.
Faillirin, illirin, &c.

My life was a dream, till the thrice happy day,
When her shafts, aim'd in sport, soon made me their prey;
Her chains, heavenly temper'd, encompass my heart,
With a power that can ne'er be equall'd by art.
Faillirin, illirin, &c.

Whatever may be the reader's opinion regarding the poetical merits of this composition, it was received with very flattering applause by those who first sat in judgment upon it. Many of them rapturously encored it; but the performer's modesty would not allow him to comply. Dunbreckan was obliged to go along with the tide, though the compliments, which he found himself called on to bestow, seemed to cost him a considerable effort, and were uttered with but indifferent grace.

Maclaine's triumph, in fact, seemed now complete. The worthy landlord himself, though he could not fail to perceive the drift of the poetical Captain's muse, was so overcome with his feelings of admiration that he grasped Maclaine's hand, and, shaking it cordially, called for a general bumper to compliment his performances as a poet and a vocalist, and to wish him all success in his addresses to the subject of his song.

Perhaps it is nearly as difficult for a partial parent to hear, without emotion, a daughter's charms celebrated in flattering strains, as for the be-rhymed beauty herself to preserve her bosom free from all predilection for the man who thus feels himself inspired in her praise. I persuaded myself, therefore, that I read in the old gentleman's delighted eye a full approval of the poet's suit; and though his more calculating helpmate testified her satisfaction in less rapturous terms, I no longer felt any inclination to despair of my meritorious friend's success.

Mrs Mackenzie, indeed, in complimenting the Captain, betrayed such constraint in her air and manner as seemed to render her sincerity more than doubtful. Yet she endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, and to pass the matter off with her best grace. She expressed some curiosity to know the name of the fair nymph so much indebted to his muse, and remarked that she could scarcely persuade herself that she was then in the company, otherwise she must have long ago betrayed herself by her blushes.

In fact, though I had watched Jacobina's looks with as close attention as politeness would permit during her admirer's performance, I could not detect the slightest variation in her colour, and I was rather at a loss whether to admire her self-possession or to believe that, as her mother pretended, she did not understand herself as the heroine of the song.

Maclaine having thus broken the ice, several of the ladies were prevailed on to follow; but none else of the gentlemen could be induced to hazard his reputation on a field where the proudest laurels had been already gathered. That the other sex, however, might bear their part in promoting the hilarity of the evening, the ladies passed a unanimous vote

that each gentleman should be obliged to sing or pay the usual equivalent of a story. This paved the way to many amusing anecdotes and tales of wonder, and most of the fair ornaments of the party soon claiming the same privilege of the *beaux*, the song at length universally gave place to the narrative.

In the latitude of Strath-Eihre it would have been surprising if the general spirit of this species of entertainment had not been decidedly marvellous. Accordingly, each successive tale breathed more and more of the world of fable, till, at length, the colour had almost disappeared in every lovely cheek, and each fair listener seemed enchained to her seat by eager curiosity.

When this species of excitement had been kept up for a considerable time, the Doctor had the hardihood to express an opinion that certain mysterious facts, which had been stated by some of the speakers, could be accounted for, on certain principles of nature, without calling in the aid of supernatural agency, and even went so far as to throw out some remarks, tending to lessen the credit of the whole system of Celtic mythology. This provoked a universal combination of the ladies against him. Dunbreckan, whether prompted by his gallantry or by a generous impulse to aid the weaker party—though it certainly had the aid of ten to one in point of numbers—bent the whole weight of his logic to the cause of the fair combatants, while Maclaine, from motives equally inexplicable, though the reader may have his own theory on the subject, took part with the Doctor.

A general collision of opinions now ensued, and a very animated debate sprung up. Each remaining member of the company adopted the side of the question that best suited his conviction or his humour, though the majority still went with the ladies. Many staggering facts were now alleged by the advocates of the marvellous, corroborated withal by such a host of authorities, that they boldly defied their opponents to offer any plausible explanation of them without calling in the aid of some supernatural agent to loose the knot.

The Captain and the Doctor, however, with their few adherents, still maintained their position with pertinacious resolution. Maclaine became particularly animated in the debate, and showed himself no less a master of the syllogism than of the weapons of Mars and the muses. Even the arguments of his adored Jacobina herself were insufficient to drive him from his ground, though he stated his objections with all becoming deference.

As for Dunbreckan and the other gentlemen who seemed only to have obeyed the dictates of their gallantry, by engaging in this serious affray, they soon found that the office they had taken upon them was almost a total sinecure; for it speedily appeared that the fair heroines were quite able to carry on the combat by their own unaided might.

One of them—an amazon of nearly climateric years—named Grisilda Fraser, displayed the most signal prowess, and offered fairly to carry off the prize of valour. Miss Grisilda directed her blows particularly against the head of the undaunted Captain, till, believing him just on the point of giving in, and that one other effort would reduce him to utter silence, she summed up the controversy with the unanswerable and decisive assertion, that the doctrine of apparitions was as true as the gospel, and that she

could not persuade herself that any one sincerely disbelieved it, though it had, now-a-days, become the fashion for every would-be-wit to cavil at the creed of his fathers, in order to show his own superiority to vulgar prejudices.

Maclaine's answer to this irresistible kind of logic not seeming to be in readiness, the victory was believed, both by Miss Grisilda and some others, to be on her side. But, not content with having prostrated her antagonist, she appeared disposed to indulge her vindictiveness still further, by making an ungenerous use of her supposed advantage. She therefore added, when she found herself in the undisputed possession of the field, that, for all the Captain's vapouring, she would risk any bet that he would not have courage to go alone, that same night, to the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich* and fetch Jacobina's gloves.

Maclaine immediately sprung to his feet, and intimated his readiness to go to any cave that Miss Grisilda might name, within an hour's walk of Auldour, on the bare condition that she should make him the compliment of a pair of gloves and a piece of bride-cake on her wedding-day. His terms, being so reasonable and gallant, were, with the fair Grisilda's graceful blushes, instantly acceded to, and the Captain deferred his nocturnal adventure only till he had exchanged his dress-shoes for others better adapted to the ruggedness of the mountain path, and till it had been further stipulated that, if he should not happen to discover Miss Mackenzie's gloves in the darkness of the night and cave, he should leave one of his own in evidence of the accomplishment of his undertaking.

Scarcely had he sallied forth when the ladies, looking out to the pitchy blackness of the sky, felt their gentle bosoms moved with concern about the unpleasant expedition, for which their pertinacity had obliged him to exchange the comfort of the fireside. Jacobina said little; but her feelings were sufficiently manifested by her thoughtful silence. Even Miss Grisilda herself seemed to repent of her own severity. Had the Captain not been already beyond reach, she would probably have sent after him a messenger to acquaint him that the marriage gloves might be earned without incurring such trouble and danger.

As the night was now far advanced, the ladies retired without waiting the Captain's return. By and bye, most of the remaining portion of the company followed their example, till at last only the Doctor, another cousin, and myself were left to hail the Captain's return. He failed not to reappear as soon as could reasonably be expected, bearing no visible marks on his person of the hard knuckles of the *Bodach-Glas*, nor betraying any other symptom of alarm or misfortune than a slight sprain in one of his ankles, which he attributed to a stumble in the dark. His arrival was immediately discovered by several of his fair friends, whose kind apprehensions on his account had not allowed them to go to bed till they once more beheld him in safety. With Miss Grisilda at their head they once more returned to the dining-room, burning with curiosity to know the result of his adventure.

On hearing them coming, he slyly "tipped us the wink," assumed, with the facility of another Mathews, a very long visage, and, in every respect, counterfeited, with surprising success, the air and behaviour of one just escaped from Limbo. Pulling from his pocket a pair of kid gloves, he presented them to Jacobina, and begged she would say whether

they were the same which she had left in the cave. She assured him they were, and did him the flattering compliment to add that she would thenceforth keep them carefully as a memorial of his hardihood.

"A dear memorial it has been to somebody," was the Captain's only reply, while he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and with a tremulous hand, helped himself to a glass of wine. The ladies all looked alarmed, drew nearer to the fire and each other, and eagerly asked what had happened.

"Whatever has happened," said the adventurer dryly, "I shall make no more midnight visits to the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich*. Miss Grisilda," he added, "you may triumph in your argument without a dissenting voice before I again enter the lists against you; and if you knew at what expense I have gained the bet, you would to-morrow accept the hand of some one of your suitors, that you might have an opportunity of paying me your forfeit."

"I am glad, at least, Captain," said Miss Grisilda, overlooking the point in this last remark, "that you have been frightened out of your scepticism. But, for goodness sake, tell us what you have seen or heard to make you look so pale and bewildered. It is enough, I protest, to make one die of terror to look at you."

"Do tell us what you have seen, Captain, or what you have heard," demanded, at once, some half-dozen of voices.

"Did you meet with the *Bodach*?" said one.

"Had you a scuffle with him?" said another.

"Did you hear the wild troopers of the Corry?" said a third.

"O, can't you tell us all about it, Captain, without any urging?" summed up a fourth in a coaxing tone.

The pale-lipped querists meantime had crowded still nearer together, and caught hold of each other's arms, while they darted many suspicious looks towards the door.

"I am unwilling to spoil your night's rest," said Maclaine, thus assailed; "but since you insist upon it I shall tell you a part of what I heard and saw, though the whole you must not expect me to relate till I see the light of another day. Meantime I pledge my word to the truth of all I tell. Well, as I was going along by the old church-yard, humming to myself my new words to *Faillirin, illirin*, I suddenly observed something white before me."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Grisilda, interrupting him, and shrugging her shoulders, while all the other Misses shrugged in sympathy with her.

"I halted to take a view of it," resumed the narrator, "and if ever a sheeted ghost was seen in a church-yard at midnight, I protest that was one."

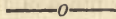
"Preserve us all!" with upturned eyes, again exclaimed Miss Grisilda.

"I rubbed my eyes," continued the Captain, "lest they might be imposing upon me. But still the white figure stood upright before me. At length it advanced a few paces towards me, and uttered some sounds resembling an eldrich laugh."

(To be Continued.)

EVICTIONS AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTER.

BY A PROPRIETOR.



I have just finished reading your pamphlet on the Highland Clearances, concluding with a description of the Highland crofter.

Your footnote at the end, saying you would be glad to have the views of those who had given the subject any attention, induces me to give you *mine*, such as they are, though I by no means pretend to solve the difficulty. Yet, I think discussion from all points of view will, if it does nothing else, at any rate, tend to throw some light on the question, and that ultimately it will be found that, like many other difficult problems, it will sooner or later right itself.

I read with melancholy interest your account of the evictions, and though I agree with you in the main, still I differ from you in some particulars.

In the first place I don't think the past evictions should all be placed in the same category of harshness and bad policy. That an eviction must smack of more or less harshness to the evicted is certain, but that such an eviction was necessarily a folly as well as a crime, may be an open question; and to decide on this, before arriving at a just conclusion, one would require to have the whole circumstances of each eviction before one, such as the position and prospects of the tenant previous to eviction, and what would have been the probable results had those evictions not been carried out.

Are we justified in concluding that in each and every instance of eviction the object of the proprietor of the day was to obtain an enhanced rental? and to accomplish which the rights of property were strained to too great a length, and the duties of the same left quite out of sight. If such, indeed, were the motives that called for such harsh measures, then the very memory of the actors deserves to be execrated; but, taking a calm and perfectly impartial view of what the then position probably was, it is quite possible that some of the proprietors might have been actuated by the highest motives for the ultimate interests of the evicted, if they happened to have been at the time in a really miserable condition.

It is now probably impossible to arrive at the then actual existing state of affairs, and the only way to judge, even approximately, of what it was is by analogy, taking the present general position of the crofter as our basis in considering the matter, though it must be borne in mind that steam has greatly altered the circumstances since, and that an eviction that might have been justifiable in former days, might be the height of folly now-a-days; but before entering into a consideration of the question in this aspect, I must state a fact in connection with two of the sad instances you give, and though it may not throw a ray of light on the dark picture you have painted, will, at any rate, deprive it of one of its gloomy features. What I mean refers to the evictions of Boreraig and Suishinish, Isle of Skye, in 1853.

Though your account of those evictions may not distinctly say so, still it infers that the late Lord Godfrey Macdonald, though, as you say, he bitterly regretted the evictions afterwards, at the time apparently sanctioned

them. You are evidently conversant with the fact that he was in the hands of trustees when the evictions from the townships in question were carried out. What I have now to say is that those evictions were not carried out with Lord Macdonald's sanction, but in direct opposition to his wishes and in violation of his feelings, as testified by several Skye gentlemen who were with him at Armadale at the time, and to whom he expressed his annoyance and grief, his hatred of the business, and his sympathy for the evicted tenants, but he was powerless in the hands of his rapacious agent. It is quite true he occupied the position mentioned by Mr Donald Ross, but against this we must put the fact that he himself was not aware of the power he possessed at the time, and it is a satisfaction to know that no Skye man's hand is stained by this blot.

The real point at issue is, what really was the position of the crofter in those days? It seems to me it was very much the same as it is now, *minus* the advantage of steam of the present day, but it is apparent that, whether for weal or woe to the crofter, his position has attracted more or less sympathy or the reverse for a long time past, and all sorts of fates have been suspended over his unfortunate head, embracing schemes extending from proposals for his banishment altogether from the land of his forefathers, down to the replacing him in possession of his original glens, according to the notions of his enemies or friends. Some have recommended improvement of the crofter's holding, while others say he should be left alone. All these views may be equally worthy of consideration except the banishing theory, which happily is now impossible even should it be tried; so we may dismiss it as cruel in intent, and deserving of no further notice.

The general impression seems to be that the present crofts are too small, and if the minimum could be fixed at £10 of a yearly rental, that would be all right. This, no doubt, would work well in some localities, and during a limited period, but when we come to apply the rule to members and the existing state of affairs, like most other rules, it has its exceptions, such, for instance, as in the case of widows. It is well known, a widow, if she has not a strong and grown-up family, or some capital to fall back on, cannot, as a rule, continue to retain a holding of this size, though she might manage to keep up one paying £3 or £4 of a yearly rental, and presently we shall see the reason why. If capital had been the stock-in-trade that worked the croft during the husband's lifetime, the widow, no doubt, would be able to retain the holding, and continue to work it as the husband did during his lifetime, but labour being the real stock-in-trade, it ceased with the husband's life, hence the widow cannot continue to work or hold the croft in question. Yet she can hold a smaller one, as she has still a small command of labour, *i.e.*, what she represents in her own person.

Take an average family of, say half-a-dozen, *viz.*, husband, wife, and four children. To support this family in the present day requires the sum, say, in round figures, of from £30 to £40 a year, according to management, but I shall base it on the following calculation, supposing the family requirements to be £30 yearly:—

Say a croft yields three rentals. A croft or any other piece of ground fairly rented should yield three returns. At this rate a croft paying £10 yearly rent and rates, should yield equal to £30; deduct rent, &c., £10;

balance, profit, £20 ; still leaving him a balance of £10 to make up from some other source to meet his requirements. Extend this calculation, and it is only when we reach the £15 holdings that they can be said to be self-supporting. Everything depends on the yearly expenditure. If £30 yearly, a fifteen pound holding would be sufficient ; but if £40, then a twenty pound holding would be necessary, but to thoroughly understand it, let us look all round it, and suppose the said family requirements not to exceed £25 annually, even then a ten pound holding would leave a deficit of £5, and it is only when we reached the twelve pound holdings they could be said to be self-supporting.

The croft, if ever so small, requires a certain amount of capital invested in it to stock it. A croft paying a yearly rental of £10, would represent a capital of about £60 sterling in round figures,* viz.—

4 Cows at £9	£36
3 Stirks at £3	9
20 Sheep at £15	15
					<hr/>
					£60

and so on, till we reach the twenty pound holdings, which would represent a capital of, say, £120.

Now we are face to face with figures, and here is the difficulty and the real reason why we have not a small prosperous tenantry—simply the want of capital. Imagine the whole of the Highlands now laid out in lots of the yearly value of from £10 to £20, how many could be found willing and capable of taking up the same? The foregoing is theory, now what are the facts?

I have not the means at hand to enable me to judge as to the position of the whole of the crofting population of the Highlands, my knowledge being limited to the position of the class in the Island of Skye, and I arrived at the following figures which may perhaps be taken as an index to other parts of the country; at any rate, they speak for matters as they stood in this Island.

The figures in question are taken from the Inverness County Roll for 1878-79, and since then the rent has not been increased or reduced to any such extent as would in any way affect the following calculation or conclusions, and refer entirely to the agricultural portion of the community, and I have been careful not to mix up with these figures such entries as "Croft and house," for, as a rule, such means that the house is a fairly good one, and that the rent is paid for *it*, the bit of ground being thrown in to the bargain, and has nothing to do with the subject under inquiry—the crofting system. The gross rental of the Island of Skye in

* Taking £60 as the average capital invested in holdings of a yearly rental of £10, gives £6 of invested capital for every £1 of rent paid, which may be considered fair for holdings of from £5 to £20, but may be slightly high for crofts of £3. I therefore estimate the capital invested in the latter at about £5 for every £1 of rent. This shows the capital now invested in land in the Island of Skye, which is not entirely self-supporting, to be upwards of £40,000, viz.—

610 Tenants at £15	£9,150
935 do. at £35	32,725
					<hr/>
1545					£41,875

1878-79 amounted to £36,802, including Raasay, but the purely agricultural portion of the above collected from tenants amounted to only £27,812 8s 3d, to which may be added £3,145 13s 10d in the hands of proprietors, making a total of £30,958 2s 1d. The remaining £5,844 includes rents derived from shootings, fishings, houses, &c., and subjects other than land.

One of the headings, and indeed the principal one, I only guess at, and though I enter the same in *stated* figures, still it is only an approximate estimate of the exact numbers. I mean the number of tenants' holdings under £4 per annum. The names of such tenants do not appear in the County Roll, but the sums paid by them are entered as paid by proprietor for tenants under £4—such and such an amount. It is therefore impossible to arrive at the exact numbers. On one estate, however, and that estate is well known as being typical of what is fair in rent—the entries under this heading in the County Roll appear as such and such an amount of rent paid by the proprietor on account of *so many* rents under £4, and the average comes to exactly £3 for each. On another estate I am acquainted with the average rental of tenants paying under £4 comes to £3 10s each, but taking the Island all over I have put down the average at £3 each, and I don't think I can be far out. Since writing the above I have just seen Mr Walker's—the Commissioner on agriculture—report on the state of crofting in the Lewis, which appears in the *Inverness Courier* of the 7th July, showing the average rental of 2,790 crofts to be £2 18s all round. The average rental in Skye, it will be seen, is considerably higher:—

- 610 Tenants, paying under £4 yearly, pay between them in all £1,832 17s 2d, or an average of £3 each.
- 935 Tenants, paying £4 and upwards, but under £10, pay £5,348 10s 11d, or an average of £5 16s 6d each.
- 178 Tenants, paying £10 but under £20, pay £2,154 11s 4d, or an average of £12 2s each.
- 25 Tenants, paying £20 but under £100 a year each, pay £993 9s 10d, or at an average of £39 14s 4d each.

Then come the gentlemen farmers,

- 33 of whom, paying over £100 a year each, swell the rental by £17,483, or an average of £529 15s 9d each.

Total Tenants, 1781.

610 of whom, @ £3 each,	£1,832	17	2
935 „ @ £5 16s 6d	5,348	10	11
<hr/>			<hr/>		
1545 paying	£7,181	8	1

From the above it is seen that the vast majority pay under £10 of a yearly rental, and if we add to the above number, the third class, numbering 178, at £12 2s each, £2,154 11s 4d, we have a total of 1,723 tenants, paying £9,336 19s 5d, whose holdings are not self-supporting.

The land no doubt greatly, or, we may say, mostly, contributes to the support of the above, but, as a matter of fact, it only supports in entirety the small minority of 58, who pay between them the large sum of £18,476 9s 10d, or twice as much as the vast majority of 1,723. It is

therefore clearly apparent that now-a-days the land is not entirely self-supporting to the vast majority. What then probably was the position of the majority of the crofter class in the days of the evictions? Making every allowance for the increased cost of living, and taking the then price of cattle into consideration, each of which would nearly balance the other, the probabilities are that the crofter's profit out of the land must have been then much about what it is now; but steam has altered the position for the better, as it enables the crofter to dispose of his labour in the Southern market, an opportunity which was not open to him in the eviction days. So his position on the whole must now be much better than in those days. Are we then justified in blaming proprietors for removing tenants, when the land they were in possession of would not maintain them, when they had not capital to enable them to increase their holdings, and when no other occupation was open to them? Under such circumstances I don't think the proprietors were to blame *in all instances*. So much for the past,

Now for the present. Having seen that the crofter has to depend on his labour as much as on his capital, the next question in importance to be considered is *the locality best suited to his circumstances*, and in which he will have most opportunities of employing his stock in trade; and here we come to the relative merits of the glen and sea-side situations. The glen has the romance of summer hanging about it, and the recollections that the glens were formerly inhabited. So why not let them be peopled again, and I interpret your own views from your article on the crofter to lean to this theory. It is quite true the glens were formerly inhabited, but circumstances have greatly altered since; the extra cost of living must be taken into consideration, and the isolation of the position makes it perfectly certain that the crofter can get no employment in such localities or their neighbourhood. Besides this, the glens possessed advantages in former days which they do not now possess, owing to the more practical restrictions and preservation of game; the glens also represent a money value now which was unheard of then. They are admirably situated for deer, so why not let them remain under those animals, at any rate for the present.

By this let me not be supposed to advocate the entire clearing of the glens, for my argument in no way applies to those inland situations through which railway lines run, for it is manifest such situations possess great advantages, as the inhabitants are in a position which makes the Southern markets easy of access. I refer simply to such localities as have no such advantages.

The sea-side resident is differently situated, and enjoys many opportunities of employing his labour, denied to the resident of such a glen.

The favourite and general means the crofter has of making up his deficit is by fishing, and here he often has it at hand; besides, the crofter who is not a fisherman, can often get other employment, for fishing, as a rule, creates more or less of a traffic in its neighbourhood; he has also sea-ware near at hand which he can use as manure, which of itself is a very great pull in his favour, but the glen man has nothing save the dry heather which he puts under his cows to use for this purpose.

In a small Island like Skye, surrounded by the sea, where even its most inland glen cannot be very remote from the sea air influence, it is

well known that even *such* glens are by no means so well adapted for stock as the sea-side localities, and if any further argument were necessary to prove the superiority of the sea-side to the glen locality, it is found in the fact of the conduct of the former inhabitants, in those days when might constituted right. The strongest, of course, always took the best, and so the gentry invariably chose the sea-board for their residences, leaving the glens to their dependants, or to those for whom room could not be found in the more favoured situations. I think, therefore, if the crofter system is to be encouraged, the sea-side situations should first be tried, and there is plenty of room for them on ground now under sheep.

As to the general question of improving the condition of the present crofter, or letting him alone, I think there is a great deal of sense in the letting him alone plan.

The first and general idea that gets hold of the Southern traveller when he visits the Highlands is one of commiseration for the crofter, judging entirely from the crofter's household arrangements—the said traveller, taking his own town residence as the test and model of what the crofter's house ought to be, leaving out of sight the fact that towns are the results of the combined efforts of various classes, which, with a great deal of money expended over a limited space, result in the formation of handsome streets and splendid edifices, forgetting that the crofter is only a labourer, that he is his own mason, carpenter, and architect, and above all that he is acquainted with the labourer's position in the south, and that after a practical knowledge of this and that system, he elects a croft with its black hut, and after due reflection considers that his own position, that of a dignified rent-payer, even with the drawback of the black hut, is preferable to the drudgery imposed on the Southern labourer, notwithstanding he is housed under a slated roof. And, taking an impartial view of both positions, I cannot think the crofter is wrong in his choice; for so long as he is reasonably industrious, he is independent, and surrounded by influences calculated to make him more or less a thinking being; and children raised in such a position have every tendency to rise, not to sink, in the social scale. The croft, be it large or be it small, has certain advantages. The crofter has his own house, such as it be, his peats, pure milk and fresh air for his children, all fanned by the atmosphere of independence. To carry home peats is no hardship to the labouring man or woman, who has to earn every penny made by some sort of manual labour; and what more glorious labour could they be employed in than in this seeming drudgery, when it is independently incurred and engaged in on their own behalf, without an order from a superior; and far from commiserating him on his position, he should be viewed as he actually stands, the real aristocrat of the labouring class.

In conclusion, one other word in defence of the crofter, and that is, to say, that he should not be judged by the present condition of his household, for it is no fault of his that it is such. It is but the results of a bye-gone and short-sighted policy, when to improve one's dwelling-house or even to improve one's holding, was nothing short of an act of insanity, as it would simply have been an invitation to have his rent raised; the then view being that, if a man could afford to improve his dwelling-house, surely he could afford to pay a little more rent, hence a premium on *non-improvement*.

There seems now to be a changed feeling on the part of laird and factor, public opinion having, no doubt, a great deal to do with it ; for it is wonderful how liberal people can be with property which does not belong to them ! Yet lairds and factors may naturally ask when are we to get the change. Should it not be immediately apparent now since the crofter is encouraged ?

This will, no doubt, come when the crofter understands that he will get compensation for any improvement he may make to his dwelling-house or holding. At the same time, some patience must be exercised by those in authority in many, or, perhaps, in most instances, for it must be remembered that crofters are not at all times in a position to effect improvements.

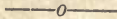
I have known crofters who might have been seen some twenty years ago with numerous and weak families having as much to do as they could, in supplying them with meat and clothes. See the same crofters now with grown up and strong families, each contributing to the maintenance of the household, and engaged in improving their dwelling-houses, and making them comfortable. This is the æsthetic period of those crofters' lives, and, as a rule, an independent and competent period of this kind, or some other, occurs during the lifetime of every or of most crofters, when improvements can, and no doubt will be carried out sooner or later ; but the crofter must first be assured that any outlay expended on improving his house or holding, will not result in a rise of rent, but on the other hand be as good as money in the bank.

L. MACDONALD.

Skaebost, Isle of Skye.

In the excellent account of the late Seaforth's funeral, which appeared in the *Courier* of Saturday last, we find the following :—" In the first part of the funeral arrangements the traditions of the house of Seaforth were strictly honoured, and were departed from only at the dictation of circumstances. What is called the Kintail privilege has always been accorded to the Kintail people—the privilege, namely, of carrying a dead Seaforth out of the Castle ; and at the funeral of the late Honourable Mrs Mackenzie the coffin was borne from the Castle by Kintail men only. On Saturday, however, there was a small representation of Kintail men, and the vacant places around the coffin were taken by tenants on the Brahan property." What a sad comment on a system which has driven the ancient retainers of the soil from Kintail, only to be followed soon after them by the chiefs themselves, who had to sell the ancient heritage of the race. Not many years ago, the greatest portion of a splendid regiment was raised in Kintail. To-day a sufficient number of natives cannot be found to carry out of Brahan Castle the coffin of the lineal representative of their illustrious chiefs according to ancient custom. The sad fact is indescribably lamentable, and we trust it will prove a warning to those who are still driving away their kith and kin and ancient retainers, to make room for sheep and deer.—*Invernessian for July.*

THE GRANTS AND THE MACGRUTHERS.



THERE had been a sanguinary encounter between the Grants and the Macgruthers, resulting in the overwhelming defeat of the latter, their few survivors having had to seek safety by dispersing, each man looking only to himself. Thus it happened that towards nightfall the leader of the Macgruthers found himself in an awkward predicament. In the confusion of his hurried retreat, added to his ignorance of the locality, instead of running away from his foes, he found, to his intense chagrin, that he had actually run right into their midst; for, from where he stood, on a slight elevation, he could see the hamlet right below him, and could see the men straggling in by twos and threes on their return from the pursuit of his own flying followers. He could even hear the joyful shouts with which the women and children greeted the successful warriors. In utter desperation poor Macgruther threw his body on the ground, and gave himself up for lost. He had been severely wounded in the fight, which, combined with his subsequent efforts, had completely exhausted him. He could neither flee nor defend himself. In his anguish he groaned aloud, exclaiming "It is all over with me, I can go no further, and I must either die here like a dog and become the prey of the fox and the eagle, or be discovered by some of the accursed Grants, who will soon put an ignominious end to my miserable life." Even the iron will and athletic frame of the hardy mountaineer could not longer sustain the terrible strain of mind and body, and Macgruther grew faint, a mist came before his eyes, his brain reeled, then all was dark. The strong man had swooned.

When he regained consciousness it was night, the keen frosty air chilled his blood, causing his many wounds to smart again. With difficulty he moved his stiffened limbs and rose to his feet. By the clear cold light of the full moon he looked anxiously around in the vain hope of seeing some place where he could obtain succour. Alas! no habitation met his view save those of his deadly enemies, who were even now seeking his life; for though all was silent in the village below, he could plainly hear the men who were placed as sentinels on every hillock and point of advantage calling to each other, and he well knew if either of them caught sight of him, his doom was sealed.

All at once he formed a desperate resolve which only his extreme peril made him entertain for a moment. This was nothing else than to approach the house of the Chieftain of the Grants, and boldly demand his hospitality for the night; for he felt that to remain exposed, with his wounds uncared for, during the severe frosty night would most likely prove fatal.

Fortunately for his daring design, he was between the line of watchmen and the village, so he apprehended no danger from them provided he was careful to keep in the shade.

With a great effort, and supporting his tremulous limbs with his trusty broadsword, Macgruther at length reached the Chieftain's house, and knocked loudly for admittance.

Those were the days when men slept with their claymores ready to

their hand at the slightest alarm, for a midnight assault was no uncommon occurrence, so, before Macgruther had scarcely done knocking, the door flew open, discovering the leader of the Grants with his drawn sword in one hand and a lighted pine torch in the other. "Who art thou that so rudely breaks my rest?" he exclaimed; then, as the light fell full on his untimely visitor, he started, "Ha! a stranger, and methinks a foe; speak! what dost thou want?" "Chieftain," said Macgruther, "you see before you a vanquished enemy. I am Macgruther, alone, wounded, and entirely in your power; but I throw myself upon your hospitality, and trust to your generosity to give me food and shelter. Here is my sword," and handing his weapon to the astonished chieftain, Macgruther drew himself up, and waited with a proud air for his answer. For a moment Grant was silent, while conflicting emotions surged within his breast. Here was the man he hated, on whom he had sworn to be revenged, standing helpless before him; how easy it were by one stroke to rid himself for ever from his constant and dangerous enemy; then the nobler part of his nature asserted itself, and, refusing the proffered sword, with a graceful gesture he said, "I cannot say thou art welcome Macgruther; but thou hast appealed to my hospitality, which has never yet been refused to mortal man. Come in, and rest in safety until thy strength be restored. Nay, keep thy sword, thou hast trusted me and I will not doubt thee." The brave old Chieftain then aroused his household, and bade them attend to the stranger's wants.

They bound up his wounds, put meat and drink before him, and provided him with a couch on which he was glad to rest his wearied form. All this was done with the greatest kindness and attention, not a single rite of hospitality was omitted.

The next day Macgruther was sufficiently recovered to resume his journey, and, with many acknowledgments to his generous foeman, he prepared to take his departure. "Hold!" said Grant, "thou hast been my guest, and I must see that no harm happens to thee this day. One of my sons shall guide thee safely until sunset. To-morrow see to thyself, for remember that the Grants and the Macgruthers are still foes, and if ever I meet thee in fair fight I shall not spare thee, and I charge thee to do the same with me or mine. Adieu!" and, with a courtly bend of the head, the proud old chieftain turned and re-entered his house.

Guided safely by young Grant, Macgruther was enabled to regain the road towards his home; at sunset they bade each other farewell, and parted as friends, who were to be foes on the morrow.

M. A. ROSE.

MARRIAGE OF MARY J. MACCOLL, THE POET. — At Kingston, Ontario, Canada, was married, on the 27th June, Miss Mary MacColl, eldest daughter of Evan MacColl, the Bard of Lochfyne. The bridegroom was Mr Otto H. Schulte, of the Hasbruck Institute, Jersey City, U.S. Intellectually the happy pair were drawn together, both having been for years engaged in literary and educational pursuits. Miss MacColl has been long well-known in the United States and Canada as a poet of no mean order, and her last work, "Bide a Wee," recently noticed in these pages, will, we are sure, cause her to be better known and appreciated in this country. We sincerely hope the auspicious union, just consummated, will prove one of enduring happiness.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE, 1881—THE SCOTS GREYS AND THE 92^d GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

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THE 18th of June, 1881, was a red letter day in the annals of the Scottish Regiments, representing, as it did, not only the 66th anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, but also the bi-centenary year of service of the "Royal Scots Greys." Raised by a commission granted by King Charles II., in 1681, to Sir Robert Dalzell, the "Greys" have always represented, *par excellence*, the Cavalry of Scotland, just as the "Highlanders" have been universally accepted as the *beau ideal* of its Infantry. Who were the Highlanders? The wives of the men who rode the white horses! Such was the belief of at least one foreign commander, if tradition speaks true.

During the hottest of the fight at Waterloo the Royal Scots Greys and the 92^d Gordon Highlanders gathered their laurels side by side. It was in the attack upon Drouet's column that the gallant Picton, the "most distinguished general of the *fighting division*," having received a musket shot in the forehead, fell at the head of the 42^d and 92^d Highlanders. It was then too that Wellington, seizing the opportunity for repelling the French attack, launched upon Drouet Ponsonby's heavy cavalry brigade—the Royals, Greys, and Enniskillens—under Lord Uxbridge. They came down like a whirlwind, the earth trembling under the shock of their attack, and, notwithstanding the death of the brave Sir William Ponsonby, who was "pierced to the heart with a lance," carried everything before them. The French infantry was paralysed—the cannoneers fell, sabred beside their guns, twenty-two of which were immediately overturned—and the eagles of the 45th and 105th French Regiments of the line fell into the hands of the victors, the former being captured by Sergeant Ewart of the Royal Scots Greys. It must have been a grand spectacle. Napoleon, whilst biting his lips with vexation at the repulse of his column, could not control the feeling of admiration which arose in a soldier's breast—"Regardez ces chevaux gris!" he exclaimed, "quelles braves troupes! comme ils se travaillent!" It is deeds such as these that awaken a spirit of noble emulation in martial bosoms. No wonder the Royal Scots Greys and the 92^d Gordon Highlanders have been sister regiments since the field of Waterloo.

On the 18th of June last a goodly gathering assembled at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, in the City of London, to commemorate the greatest victory the Iron Duke ever achieved, with, perhaps, the solitary exception of the battle of Assaye. The dinner was given by the Scots Greys, not only on the 66th anniversary of the great fight, but to record that they were about to enter into their third century of military service. What then more natural than that they should invite their old comrades of the 92^d to hold high festival with them on such an auspicious occasion. A slight damper was thrown upon the proceedings by the fact that, owing to the existing state of affairs in Ireland, only a small number of the officers of the Greys were able to obtain leave of absence. Among the past and present officers of the two regiments who at-

tended, the following distinguished names may, however, be mentioned:—General Darby Griffith, C.B., in the chair, owing to the absence, through sudden illness, of General Sir John Gough, G.C.B., Colonel of the Greys; H.S.H. The Duke of Teck; Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn; Lieut.-General Calvert Clarke, C.B.; Major-General Hawley, C.B., Assist.-Adjt.-General; the Earl of Dunmore; Lord Rathdonnell; the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie; and Sir George Warrender, Bart.; Colonels Carrick Buchanan, C.B., Nugent, Hozier, Gardyne, Macbean, Tatnall, Hibbert, and Prendergast; Majors von Vietinghoff (military attaché to the Imperial German Embassy), Wallace, Miller, Bethune, Macewen, &c. Several valuable and curious objects connected with the history of the Greys were shewn on the occasion. In the banquetting-room hung Miss Thomson's (Mrs Butler) picture of "Scotland for Ever," and the "Fight for the Standard," representing the prowess of Sergeant Ewart, as before mentioned, which had been kindly lent for the occasion by Mrs Baird of Cambusdoon. Besides a quantity of old regimental plate, there might be observed the original commission granted by Charles II. to Sir Robert Dalzell in 1681; an old post-box, decorated with the Waterloo medal, which accompanied the regiment during the campaign of 1815; a journal kept by Lieut. Hamilton of Dalzell, giving an account of the battle of Waterloo, and a photograph of the monument (erected in the church of Sholto, Lanarkshire) to the memory of Lieut. James Inglis Hamilton, who fell there in the famous charge, at the head of the regiment; and, finally, a "cuach" presented by the officers of the 92d to the officers of the Greys on the 50th anniversary of the battle, 1865.

It would be futile here to recount the *Menu*; those who know the capabilities of the Albion will readily believe that it upheld its well-earned reputation. Neither would it avail much to dwell upon the toasts in general. Suffice it to say, that they conveyed those loyal and patriotic sentiments, dear to the heart of all who esteem it an honour to wear Her Majesty's uniform—that they were ably responded to—and that the accompanying airs were most suitably chosen, and were rendered by the band with becoming spirit. But it is impossible to pass by, without comment, the toasts of the evening—the two sister regiments—"The Royal Scots Greys" and the "92d Gordon Highlanders." In honour of the occasion, two original songs (never before printed) had been composed by Archibald Maclaren, Esq., and were sung amidst the most boundless enthusiasm. Mr Maclaren gives no further clue to his identity than his name; but, unless the writer is grievously mistaken, he hails, or at least used to do so, not a hundred miles from Oxford. Be that as it may, Mr Maclaren courts no feeble muse; his verses possess dash and "go"—the *verve* which is to the song what *elan* is to the soldier. As these martial ditties, which remind one strongly of the "Soldaten Leider" of Germany, were only printed for circulation at the dinner, and are consequently beyond the reach of the majority of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, I am induced to reproduce them; and if they give to others half the enjoyment they have given to me, I am sure they will readily declare that among the Soldier Songs of Scotland they should deservedly stand in the first rank.

The first song is in honour of the Greys, and is entitled the "Battle of Fontenoy," which was fought on the 11th May 1745, and which Highlanders will remember as affording the "Black Watch," as

well as the Greys, an opportunity of displaying the most distinguished heroism. The following extract from Stewart's "Sketches" will sufficiently explain the subject of the song:—"Sir William Erskine entered the Scots Greys in 1743. He was a cornet at the Battle of Fontenoy, and carried a standard; his father, Colonel Erskine, commanding the regiment. On the morning of the battle, Colonel Erskine tied the standard to his son's leg, and told him, 'Go, and take good care of your charge; let me not see you separate; if you return alive from the field, you must produce the standard.' After the battle, the young cornet rode up to his father, and showed him the standard as tight and fast as in the morning." The second song refers to the recruiting of the 92d Gordon Highlanders, when the bonnie Duchess of Gordon rode to fairs and weddings, clad in scarlet doublet, a bonnet and feathers, and a skirt of her clan tartan, and gave a hearty smack to every lad who 'listed for the regiment; a kiss from her ruddy red mouth proving far more attractive to the Highland bumpkin, than the prosaic shilling of King George. But without more ado, here are the songs that you may judge for yourselves:—

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

Air—"THE MILLER OF DRONE."

Our trumpets sang the morning call,
 And from the ground with speed,
 Each trooper rose, and stood beside
 His ready saddled steed.
 "Mount, mount, my Greys, my gallant Greys!"
 Our leader gaily cried,
 "This day we'll show yon vaunting foe,
 How Scottish horsemen ride."
 "My Greys, my Greys, my gallant Greys!"
 Oh, cheerily he cried,
 "This day we'll show yon vaunting foe,
 How Scottish horsemen ride."

Our standard gave he to his son,
 The youngest rider there,
 Not brighter hung its tasselled gold,
 Than did his clustering hair;
 And then he from his brave old breast
 His crimson sash unwound,
 And to the stirrup of the youth
 The banner staff he bound.
 My Greys, &c.

"My Greys, your dearest pledge and mine,
 United thus you see,
 And, boy, where blades the reddest grow,
 This banner's place must be;
 And come to me at evening call,
 Thus fast together bound,
 Or rest, united still, in death,
 Upon the battle ground."
 My Greys, &c.

As billow breaks upon the strand,
 When storm is on the main,
 With cheer that drowned our thunder-tramp,
 We burst upon the plain.
 But still above the surging ridge,
 Where blades the reddest grew,

Like sea-bird over billow's crest
 The banner bravely flew.
 My Greys, &c.

At evening call it fluttered free,
 Though battle-stained and torn,
 And heading still our mustering men
 It pridefully was borne.
 His helm our old brave leader bowed,
 His crimson sash unwound,
 For stirrup still and banner staff,
 Were fast together bound.
 And "Oh, my Greys, my gallant Greys!"
 With quivering lip, he cried,
 "Yon humbled foe now well doth know,
 How Scottish horsemen ride!"

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Air—"WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'."

The French upon Holland are marching,
 Marching wi' sword and wi' flame;
 "Now, wha," cries King Geordie, "will aid me,
 In driving thae saucy loons hame?"
 Then up spoke the Duchess o' Gordon,
 And bright grew her bonnie blue e'e,
 "At hame, 'mang my kin in the Hielands,
 Are lads will take bounty frae me."
 Wearing the tartan plaid,
 Bonnet and feather sae braw,
 The round-hilted Scottish broad blade,
 The kilt, the sporran, and a'.

A banner o' silk she has broidered,
 Wi' her ain fair lily-white hands,
 And wi' its folds waving aboon her,
 She rides through the Gordon's broad lands;
 And bunches of ribbons she carries,
 Of colours the Gordons aye wore;
 While stepping in time to the pibroch,
 The pipers gae sounding before.
 Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

A lad frae the hills cries, "I'm ready
 To gang whaur your Grace may command,"
 A ribbon she ties on his bonnet,
 A shilling she slips in his hand;
 And bending her down frae the saddle,
 She presses her rosy wee mou'
 To his cheek, that grows red as the heather:—
 Oh! fast come the Hielandmen now.
 Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

They come from the braes of Lochaber,
 From Badenoch's passes they come;
 The deer in the forest of Athol
 Unscared and unhunted may roam;
 They come from the craigs of Kinrara,
 They come from the links of the Spey,
 They come from the banks of the Garry,
 The Tummel, the Tilt, and the Tay.
 Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

Then up spoke the Duchess of Gordon—
 And the din of the gath'ring was still,
 And sweet rang her voice as the merlin's
 When gloaming lies hushed on the hill—
 "When first I uplifted my banner,
 The leaves were a' green on the tree,
 Nae a' leaf yet has fa'en, and aroun' me
 A thousand brave clansmen I see."
 Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

"Now take you the banner, Lord Huntly,
 Of me no mother shall say,
 I keep my ain son from the peril
 While her's I am wiling away ;
 And, when in the land of the stranger,
 And fronting the foemen ye be,
 Braw Gordons, look then on the banner,
 And think of Auld Scotland and me."
 Then, hey ! for the tartan plaid, &c.

An' gin the fair Duchess could see us,
 Assembled together to-night,
 When Gordons and Greys are foregathered,
 Wi' auld recollections sae bright,
 It's hersell would be proud o' the gathering,
 And she'd say in her accents sae smoo',
 "My bonnie braw laddies, come to me,
 I'll kiss ye each one on the mou'."
 Then, hey ! for the Gordon plaid,
 The bonnet and feather sae braw,
 Three cheers for our Waterloo fren's,
 Field-Marshal Strathnairn and them a'.

When songs such as these fall—when they fall stale and flat—when they lose the smack and flavour of the bivouac, the clang of the charge, the smell of smoke and brimstone, the ping of the bullet, the clash of the sabre, and the roar of the cannon—then—and not till then—will Scotland have sent forth her last son to the field of battle.

A HIGHLAND OFFICER.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—TENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THIS popular meeting was held this year as usual, on the Thursday of the Inverness Wool Market—14th of July. Donald Cameron, Esq. of Lochiel, M.P., occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Ross ; the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., Inverness ; the Rev. Lachlan Maclachlan, Tain ; Mrs Mary Mackellar, bard to the Society ; Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn ; Captain Scobie ; Alastair Macdonald Maclellan of Portree Estate, Ceylon ; William Matheson, Chief of the Celtic Society of Hebburn-on-Tyne ; James Fraser, Mauld ; Colin Chisholm, Inverness ; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine* ; Councillor Charles Mackay ; Charles Innes, solicitor ; and William Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society.

Apologies were received from C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. ; Professor Blackie ; George G. Campbell ; John Mackay, Hereford ; Mackintosh of Mackintosh ; Duncan Forbes of Culloden ; Major Grant, Drumbuie ; Dr Charles Mackay ; Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost ; Angus Mackintosh of Holme ; D. Davidson of Drummond Park ; N. B. Mackenzie, Fort-William ; D. Mackenzie, Newport, Mon. ; Rev. A. C. Sutherland, B.D., Strathbraan (by telegram) ; and John Mackenzie, Auchenstewart.

Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh wrote as follows :—

I regret I cannot be present at your meeting next week, but hope it will go off with wonted success. If some reference could be made in the form of recommending that a correct Gaelic census be obtained in the manner I have begun with the counties of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, I think it would be well. Just imagine the state of mind of those in strongly Highland districts who actually kept no note of the Gaelic returns! On the other hand, while many friends omitted infants and young children, there were several staunch true men who tell me that not a soul who could lisp or squeal, if of Gaelic parentage, but was duly returned.

Mr John Mackay, Hereford, sent the following telegram in Gaelic:—

Piseach air a' Chomunn! Slainte a's falanachd do na Gaidheil a's do 'n Cheann-fheadhna urramach, uasal! Bithibh tapaidh! Bithibh duineil!

Mr George J. Campbell, added the following postscript to his letter of apology:—

Could the Society not offer a prize for the best essay, contributed by either Highlanders or Lowlanders, on the best means of attaining the objects we have in view, the essays to be at the disposal of the Society for publication or otherwise? If so, I will be glad to contribute a guinea to the "Prize Fund."

LOCHIEL was well received, and delivered a suitable address, which we are obliged to condense. After a few preliminary remarks apologising for his inability to speak Gaelic he proceeded:—To my great regret and shame I hardly understand a word of the noble tongue, the existence and the privilege of which we are met here this evening to rejoice in. (Applause.) I believe that it is only Highlanders who really know the fondness which Highlanders entertain for their mother tongue. I have often noticed the brightness of expression on a Highlandman's face when any one addresses him suddenly in his native tongue. He appears to become far more confidential in his intercourse, and I attribute very much of the suspiciousness in his nature which has been charged against him to his extreme disinclination to talk in any language besides that which he has imbibed with his mother's milk. Now having made this apology, I would say a word as to the intrinsic merits of the Gaelic tongue to all those whose business avocations and duties in life compel them to reside in the Highlands. There are various posts, and important ones, which may be held in this part of the country, which require for their proper fulfilment a knowledge of the Gaelic language. There are Sheriffships which must be filled up; there are Procurator-Fiscalships which must be filled up. Those who follow the profession of teachers, and especially of public school teachers, to say nothing of ministers of religion—to all of these classes a knowledge of the Gaelic language is almost essential to a due and proper prosecution of their public duties. So that you see, putting sentiment on one side—though I don't think we Highlanders ought to put sentiment entirely on one side—putting sentiment aside, you see that there are considerable material advantages to be derived from a thorough acquaintance with the language of this part of the country. (Applause.) I would now briefly allude to the position, to the future and past usefulness, and the general prospects of the Society to which we all belong. With regard to its position, I think it appears to stand in a most satisfactory state. The roll of membership appears to be so full, that I may say it embraces every man of any importance in the north, or at any rate nearly every man. Now, when I speak of men of importance, however distinguished, I do not do so in the ordinary sense in which the word is used. In a community of Celts, those men alone are distinguished who have done something to serve the cause and forward the interests of Highlanders. (Applause.) Here, I believe I may say, peer and peasant, chieftain and clansman, are all equal, and are all to be adjudged according to results, and those who have done most for the good of the Highlands will, not only in the present time, but in all future time be held to be those who are most distinguished. But, at the same time, we must remember, and our worthy secretary must remember, that the more we increase our members the more we increase our power of doing good, and therefore I hope, when this meeting is over, that one result of it might be that many of us may encourage our friends to belong to this Society, and take a share in all the benefits it has conferred upon the Highlands, in consequence of, and since its existence. Well, now, the usefulness of the Society may be found in the eight volumes of its transactions which I have been lately reading, and which, I can assure those who have not read them, form the most interesting and useful compendium of everything relating to Highland subjects. This Society and these transactions may be considered as the *renaissance* of Highland feeling, of Highland sentiment, of Highland language, and of Highland self-assertion—(applause)—and if these things are to do good, as I believe they will do good in the future, it will form a lasting satisfaction to those who started the Society, and showed the confidence they possessed in their countrymen, that they themselves had the courage to embark in and carry on so good a work. (Applause.) Now, out of these eight

volumes it would seem rather invidious and take up too much time were I to dwell at any length upon any one subject. But, taking a general glance over the volumes, you find there the most eloquent outbursts of the noblest sentiments, and you also find there thoughtful expression of philosophical, of ethnical, and I might even say, of philological truths. You find there a Gaelic array of legends and ancient traditions, mingled, I may perhaps say, with a not too flattering commentary upon the present condition of the Highlands. There you find Gaelic poetry, Gaelic prose, after-dinner speeches, and last, not least, you find the great Professor Blackie himself—(applause)—in his most vigorous and combative form. And, if I may be pardoned in the Professor's absence (I would not venture to quote Greek in his presence), I would say, as we find Professor Blackie enthroned in these pages, may he prove to be a *ktema es aei*—"a possession for ever." (Applause.) And, indeed, well may his name be associated with this Society, for it was under your auspices that, the greatest and most vigorous attempt upon the pockets of the philologist and upon the Highlander that has ever been known was made by the Professor, whom I believe many people consider as a modern, and a sort of very much improved Rob Roy. (Laughter and applause.) Now, gentlemen, although the Celtic Chair which has been established by the Professor may, to a certain extent, supersede the labours of the Society, yet it will only do so in one direction, for in another direction it will very greatly increase the influence of the Society by bringing it more into prominence, and by enabling it to found bursaries, establish scholarships, and in that way to do a vast deal of good which, without a central spot in which Celtic literature might be encouraged, and where a knowledge of these ancient and kindred languages might be acquired, would be likely to fail, as isolated efforts very often did fail, from not having a common centre in which to work. These bursaries were strongly recommended by Professor Blackie himself, and I hope that when the Chair is founded, this Society, and other kindred societies, will do what in them lies to carry out these things, for it must be remembered that the Chair is not a Gaelic Chair alone, but a Celtic Chair, and that assistance to Gaelic students will not come from the inside, but must come from the outside. Now, there is another matter which, I think, might very properly be taken up by this Society. I allude to the publication by those qualified, of course, to do so, of ancient Gaelic legends, accompanied with English translations. There was another subject which I think might be most usefully introduced in the transactions and doings of our Society, and that was in reference to the old historical monuments, and the ruins of ancient castles which abound in the Highlands, and I confess that their history is to me almost a blank. It is very provoking to see the ruins of a castle hundreds and hundreds of years old, and ask as to who built it, or whom it belonged to, who occupied it, what sieges it had undergone, what battles its possessors had witnessed, to be told that all these had been lost in the mists of antiquity. There is a castle in my vicinity, for instance, the Castle of Inverlochy. I have heard of the battle of Inverlochy, but I never heard of any authenticated account of the history of the Castle further back than the days of Cromwell. These things should be gone into for the benefit of the present generation and for those who may come after us. The joint secretary of the Society had collected some facts about the Castle of Glen-Urquhart, and I wish that his example might be followed by those who may be easily found in this neighbourhood, and who are quite competent to the task. These transactions appear to me to possess a very superior interest. They are much to be preferred to papers written in newspapers, because few people file newspapers, and fewer still cut out extracts. Any one, however, who wishes to brush up his memory, or to obtain some important facts, may very easily lay his finger upon the page in these transactions. They are superior to books, for this double reason, that if you were to purchase books on all Highland subjects now published, and if you ever shifted your quarters, you would require a caravan to carry them away. (Laughter.) I hope that, when this meeting is over, we shall none of us consider that our duties thereby cease, but that we shall consider what good this Society and other kindred societies have lately done to Highlanders and to the Highland cause, instilling a patriotic feeling into the youth of the nation that you can only incite them to by pointing them to those deeds of prowess which we admire in our forefathers, and which we hope to emulate in ourselves. Not long since, this and other kindred societies carried their point in regard to the kilts in the tartan regiments. (Applause.) Let us not, therefore, consider that we are weak, because we are not weak; let us carry ourselves as men; let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and do all we can to perpetuate the love of our country, and let us bring to the front those good qualities of the Celt, and of so great and so noble a race as that of the Highlanders. (Loud applause.)

Lochiel was followed by a young man who came all the way from Glasgow to murder an excellent Gaelic song. Miss Watt then sang "Cam ye by Athole," in her usual happy manner; whereupon she was loudly and most deservedly encored. The "Highland Fling," by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 78th Highlanders, Pipe-Major Ferguson, I.H.R.V.; Piper Reid, do.; and Alexander Dean, Inverness, came next. The "Oganaich" were warmly cheered and encored. An old friend, Mr John A. Robertson, who had only arrived an hour before from Boston, U.S.A., presented himself, to the surprise of many, and sang in splendid style, "Is Toigh leam a Ghaidhealtachd," in Gaelic and English, the former by Campbell Ledaig, the latter by Professor Blackie. Miss Macdonald sang very sweetly, "O, for the Bloom of my own Native Heather," and was encored. "Oran a Phrionnsa," by Hugh Fraser, followed, and Mr John A. Mackenzie, burgh surveyor, concluded the first part of the programme by an excellent rendering of "The Flowers of the Forest."

An interval of ten minutes followed, during which Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie played, in grand style, a selection of music on his great Highland bag-pipes.

The Chairman then called upon the Rev. LACHLAN MACLACHLAN, of Tain, who delivered the following spirited address in Gaelic:—

Tha latha agus bliadhna on a labhair mi anns a bhaile so ann an cainnt mo mhath-air, agus 's gann gu'r urrainn dhomh a thuigsinn ciamur tha mi an so an nochd, no cionnus a dh'irradh orm focal no dha a labhairt ribh aig a choinneamh bhliadhnail so. Math dh'fheudte gur ann a chionn 's gun robh mi aon uair a searmonachadh Gaelic anns an t-sean Eaglais Ghaidhealaich 'sa bhaile so—aitreabh nach eil, math dh'fheudte, ro thaitneach do shuilean a choigrich, ach a tha ro bhoidheach agus aillidh nam shuileansa—oir is ann innte a thoisich mi "le h-eagal agus balchrith" air Soisgeul nan Gras a chur an ceill do shluagh cho baigheil agus blath-chridheach 'sa bha riamh air an t-saoghal—Ni maith g'am beannacheadh! No math dh'fheudte gur h-ann do bhrìgh 's gu'm bheil mi na'm bhall don chomunn so—Comunn, Gaidhealach Baile Inbhirnis—agus gun robh e na chleachdadh domh 'bhi maille riu aig uairean sonruichte na'n eachdraidh. Ach co dhui, tha mi toilichte a bhi maille ribh air an fheasgar so, agus cuideachd cho mor agus cho eireachdail fhaicinn fa'm chomhair. So an t-am ris an abair sinne 's an duthaich a 's an d'thainig mise, "faidhir na cloimhe"—far am bheil na daoine mora, laidir, beartach cruinn a chum na miltean punnd Sassunach a dheanadh, no math dh'fheudte a chall. Tha iad a'g innseadh dhomhsa gu bheil na tuathanaich a gearan. Ach, Ni Maith a thoirt naitheanas dhomhsa, ma chunnaic mise tuathanach riamh nach robh a gearan! Cha chreid mi nach eil e air fas nadurra don duine choir sin bhi daonnan diombach. Aig an am cheudna feumaidh sinn aideachadh gu bheil mor reuson aig na tuathanaich a bhi mi-thoilichte anns na bliadhnachan so. Tha, gun teagamh, calltaichean mora a teachd orra; agus, tha e cruaidh gu leoir 'bhi faicinn maoin dhaoine dighiollach agus stuama a leaghadh uidh air n' uidh air falbh mar shneachd air aodan Bheinn Nibheis air teachd a steach an t-samhraidh. Chan eil teagamh sam bith nach fheum na mail tuiteam, agus nach fheum an t-uachdaran an tuathanach a choinneachadh gu cothromach agus gu cneasda mar a tha rìreadh cuid dhui cheana a deanamh. Ach so a bhochduinn mu thimchioll nan tighearnan Gaidhealach, a chuid mhòr dhiubh co dhui, nach eil, sgillinn ruadh aca ris an t-saoghal, a bhuineas dhoibh fein. Cha'n e 'mhain nach eil facal Gaelic aca fein no aig an cloinn, ach feumaidh iad falbh do Lunnain; feumaidh iad tighean mora costail a chumail a suas an sin; gus mu dheireadh am bheil an sporan a fas eutoom, agus mo thruaighe, falamh. Tha fhios agaibh uile gle mhaith gur e so smior na firinn. Tha mi creidsinn nam bithinn a bruidhinn anns a bheurla nach bithinn cho fosgailte agus cho briathrach; ach cha tuj na Goill mi co dhui, agus tha e cho maith. Ach nach eil e bronach gu leoir a bhi faicinn oighreachd an deigh oighreachd a bhuineadh do theaghlachan usal Gaidhealach re mhòran linntean air an reic ri Sasunnaich aig nach eil suim no baidh do na Gaidheil, agus le'n fhearr fiadh agus earb agus coileach dubh agus ruadh na muinntir na duthcha. Ma tha am fearann ann an lamhan uchdarain do'n t-seorsa so, cho bochd ris na luchan, tha an tuathanach a fulang air doigh no dha. Cha'n fhaigh e na tìgean agus na nithean feumail eile a tha dhith air; agus cha'n islichear am mal aon phunnd Sasunach air an droch bhliadhna. Nam fanadh an t-uachdaran aig an tigh, agus n' an tìgeadh e beo air fhearann fein agus na tha cinntinn air, nan labhradh e a Ghailig, agus nam measgadh e le shluagh fein aig feill, 'us baile, 'us eaglais, bhiodh, e fein sona, bhiodh meas aig an t-sluagh air, agus cha bhiodh an oighreachd air a reic. Tha 'n t-oran a' gradh:—

Feumaidh mnathan uaisle an Tca
'Sgur goirt an cinn mar faigh iad i.

Tha *Tea* saor gu leoir; cha'n eil sean chailleach sa'n duthaich aig nach 'eil a phoit dhubb aig taobh an teine. Agus tha ioma ni maith eile saor gu leoir mar an ceudna —na'n tigeadh daoine beo a reir an tighinn a stigh; ach se so direach a cheart ni nach dean iad. Tha 'n t-oran ceudna a labhairt gu glic agus a toirt deadh chomhairle anns an rann so :—

An naire bhochd gun chas gun lamb,
Tha 'n dan mar dh'fhag an sean fhacal,
Cha chuir i salunn air a chal,
Bi' t-fhaicill tra' mun lean i ruit.

Ach tha da thaobh air gach ceist. “Tha da thaobh air bean a bhailidh, 's da thaobh air bata 'n aisig.” An deigh a h-uile rud a th'ann, feumaidh sinn a chuimhneachadh gu'n robh bliadhnachan maith aig na tuathanaich roimhe so, agus gun d' rinn moran dhiu fortainn ged nach aidich iad e. Air an aobhar, so, bu choir dhoibh bhì foighidneach. Tha 'n sean-fhocal a'g radh—“far am bi bo bi'dh bean, 's far am bi bean bi'dh buaireadh.” Cha'n urrainn a h-uile beannachd a bhì aig neach as eugmhais deuchainnean. Cha'n eil bo no bean agam fhein, agus cha'n urrainn dhomh a radh gu 'bheil mi gu tur as eugmhais buaireadh. Ach tha a 'ghrian shiubhlach ann an gorm bhrat na'n speur, a dearsadh os mo cheann, tha na reultan ciuin an uair na h-oidhche, mar shuilean uile-leirsinnich Dhe a'g amharc a nuas orm le gradh; tha eoin na h-ealtuinn a seinn an ceilleirean binn a'm chluais; agus tha torman an uillt a toirt gairdeachas do'm chridhe. Mar sin, “Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean, gun chrodh laoigh, gun chaoraich agam,” tha mi sona gu leoir—“Tha mi taingeil toilichte, ged tha mo sporan gann.” Fagaidh sinn a nis na tuathanaich, an spreidh, 'san cloimh, agus beachdaichidh sinn air na croitearan. Tha moran do na h-uachdairean 'nar measg ro chaoimhneil ris an t-seorsa so—agus cha mhor dhiu as urrainn a bhì air an coimeas ri Lochial, a tha sa chathair air an fheasgar so: chan e mhain nach eil e g'am fogradh as an fhearann san d'rugadh agus s'an d'fhuair iad an arach, ach, tha e air innseadh dhomhsa, nach deachaidh na mail a thogail fad mhoran bhliadhnachan. Air a shon so thugamaid cliu dha; tha beannachd nam bochd aige cheana, beannachd na bantraich, agus an dileachdain. Ach tha iad ann nach eil cho iochdmhor, baigheil, cneasda. An aite bhì deanamh faire thairis air na h-iochdarain chum a'maith a chur air aghaidn, si'n fhaire “faire a chlamhain air na cearcan.” Tha iad ann nach eil a smaointeachadh air ni sam bith ach airgiod, seilg agus feineachas—a tha'g amharc air an tuath bhig mar dhrobb dhann no mhult gu bhì air an iomain agus air am bualadh air aghaidh a dh'ionnsidh na h-Eaglais-bhric. Cha cheil sinn nach robh e na bheannachd do mhoran de na Gaidheil 'b 'bhì air an tilgeadh mar so a mach air aghaidh an t-saoghail, or shoirbhich moran diu ann an rioghachdan eile air dhoigh nach b'urrainn dhoibh a dheanadh air a chroit bhochd aig an tigh. Agus chan eil teagamh sam bith nach robh agus nach eil fathast. ann an ioma aite gillean oga a fuireach anns a bhothan agus a tighinn beo air an acair bhochd, a posadh agus a siolachadh an uair a bu choir dhoibh bhì gramail, sgariteil, dichìollach, gan cosnadh ann an aithebh eile. Cha'n aithne dhomh ni is t-suaighe agus is leibidiche na gille og a lunnadaireachd 'sa slaodaireachd mu'n cuirt dorsan athar, aon uair a garadh a chas ris an teine, uair eile na sheasamh le thulchainn ri balla, a lamhann am pocannan a bhrigis gu uillean, agus piob thombaca 'na chraos. M' anam fhein; dh'allain gach mac mathar dhiu so a mach as an dachaidh. Ach se'n doigh sean spiorad anns sa'n deachaidh na croitearan a chur a seilbh, tha cianail graineil, tamailteach. Tha casaid mhor air a deanamh air na h-Eirionnaich aig an am so, airson an ceannairc agus an droch ghiulan. Cha'n urrainn neach sam bith na'r measg an dol air aghaidh a moladh. B'abhaist do dhaoine fochaid a dheanamh air na bagraidhean eagallach a bha na h-Erionnaich roimhe so a deanadh an aghaidh Shasunn agus Albainn ann am briatharan cosmhuil ris an rann so :—

Thugaibh! thugaibh! Bo! bo! bo!
Paddy mor 'us biodag air!
Faicill oirbh an taobh sin thall
Nach toir e ceann a thiota dhibh.

Ach an Eirinn aig an am so tha gnothuichean craiteach a dol air aghaidh, air nach urrainn duinn amharc le fochaid agus fala-dha. Ach cha'n eil mi cinnteach nach b'fhearrda na Gaidheil beagan tuilleadh na tha aca de naduir an Erionnaich agus gun diultadh iad cho fad sa tha na'n comas, agus gu riaghailteach, cur a suas leis gach ni a thogras iadsan a dheanadh aig am bheil coir air an fhearann. Si mo bharail nach fhada gus an tig an la so mu'n cuairt. Cha'n eil farnad agam ri cridhe an duine sin a thionndaidh muinntir a mach o'n tighian agus o'n dachaidh, gu sonraichte sean

daoine, oir s' ann orra-san a's truime thuiteas a bhuille. O, cuimhnichibh nach b'iad clann Lot, nach b'iad buill og a theaghlach, a dh' amhaire nan deigh, agus a stad 'sa chomhnard, nuair bha Sodom gu bhi air a sgrios. Bi an t-sean bhean, a chath a laithean anns a bhaile mhallaichte, a sheall le suil bhronach na deigh air an dachaidh a chaidh a mhilleadh. Agus tha so nadurra gu leoir. Tha teaghlach a fagail tir an oige air son duthaich chein. Co dhiubh, saoil thusa, a tha do rireadh muldach, craiteach? Co na cridheachan a tha da rireadh air am fagadh mar anart le bron? An iad, saoil thu, na mic agus na nigheana oga? O chan iad idir! Tha iadsan ag amharc air aghaidh le aoibhneas agus togradh ri fearann ur, ri tir a gheallaidh. Ach tha cridhe an t-sean duine thruaigh briste bruite. Am bothan bochd; an sruthan seimh; an cnocan uaine air cul an tighe, an fhraoch-bheinn mu'n cuairt air gach taobh; an eaglais san d'rinn e aoradh o' oige; a chill sam bheil athair agus a mhathair ghaolaich a gabhail tamh. O tha e cruaidh a bhi dealachadh riu uile gu brath. Ach tha am bata a feitheamh air an traigh; tha'n long air achdair anns a chaol, tha na siuil bhana cheana sgaoilte ris a ghaoith; tha am dealaichidh air teachd. Tha an long a nis fo lan shiuil, tha'n soirbheas ga deoghal air falbh: agus air clar na lunge tha esan na sheasamh, ag amharc air beanntan agus air clad-aichean a dhuthcha gus am bheil a shuilean, luchdaichte le deuraibh, a call-an-t-seallaidh ma dheireadh air fearann a ghraidh. Tha mi a'g radh gur cruaidh an cridhe a chuireadh creutairean bochd mar so mun cuairt. Far a bheil mise a gabhail comhnuidh—Siorramachd Rois—cluinnidh tu na tuathanaich a'gearan nach urrainn iad luchd-oibre air paigheadh-latha fhaotainn mar bu mhaith leo. Ciamur a gheibh nuair nach eil na daoine ann? 'Nuair a chaidh am fogradh o'n dachaidh agus on duthaich? C'ait' an diugh a faighear saighdearan Gaidhealach a lionas suas na reisim-eidean Gaidhealach, nuair a thig am a chruadail agus a chomhstri 'sa bhlar? C'ait' am bheil luchd an fheilidh nach geilleadh 'san stri? Tha iad an diugh an' t'iribh cein. Beachdaichibh air an fhirinn so. Ann an leth cheud bliadhna chaidh tri fichead mile sa deich saighdear don arm Bhreiteannach as a Ghaidhealtachd. Agus mar a dh'innis a h-aon do chleir a bhaile so dhuinn, an t-Ollamh Macgriogair; chuir an t-Eilean Sgiathanach chum nan cogaidhean anns an do ghabh an rioghachd so pairt fo cheann corr 'us da fhichead bliadhna, se ceud-gu-leth oifigich, agus deich mile saighdear don arm. Cait am faigh thu ni sam bith cosmhuil ri sin air an la diugh? Chan eil a ni comasach idir—eadhon ged a rachadh a' ni sin a dheanadh a rinn bean uasal roimhe so—ceile Dhiuc Ghordain—a thalaidh agus a cho-eignich na fir do'n reisimeid le poig o'beul boidheach uasal fein. Feudaidh sinn a radh "Dh'fhalbh sud uile mar bhruadar, 's mar bhoinne buillsgein air uachdar na'n tonn." Ach si' a cheist, Am bheil an rioghachd, luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd, a nochdadh mor ghlocais ann a bhi ceadachadh nithe do'n t-seorsa so tachairt agus dol air aghaidh? "Tha'n sean fhacal a'g radh," 'S ann an deigh laimh a bhitheas an Gaidheal glic. 'Si mo bharail 's a gu bheil so fìor mu thiomchioll tuille 'us na Gaidheal. Ann am batail na rioghachd cha robh saighdearan 'san arm cho treun seasmhach, cruadalach ri luchd a bhreacain agus ma dh'fheudte gu'n tig an t-am anns am faic an rioghachd so ni's soilleire na tha i a nis a faicinn, agus gu'n amhaire i air na nithibh agus na laithean a dh'fhalbh le bron agus aithreachas, an uair a bhitheas bron agus aithreachas diomhain agus gu'n sta. Feudaidh a Ghaidhealtachd briathran na' mnatha ri Ian a chleachdadh ris an Rioghachd—

"Nuair thig am bothan, le chraos cam,
An mal, 'sa chlann, 's a'n ceannach ort,
Bu taitneach dhuit a bhean 'san am sin
Thairneadh ceann an amuill dhuit."

A chlann n'an Gaidheal, seasaihb an gaullibh a cheile! Bithibh dileas do'n duthaich ga'm buin sibh: mairibh deigheil air cainnt 'ur mathar—agus na biodh naire oirbh gur Gaidheil sibh, agus gur Gailig 'ur ceud chainnt. Nair, an dubhairt mi? Dia ga m' chuideachadh! Nair a m' dhuthaich! Feudaidh e bhi gu bheil duthaichean ann is blaithe, is tioraile, is beartaiche; ach nam' shuilean-sa cha'n eil tir ann fo'n ghrein cho aluinn, chan eil blath ann cho boidheach ri fluran an fhraoich. Nair a m'chainnt! Ma ni mi taire oirre, na dhi-chuimhnicheas mi i, di-chuimhnicheadh mo lamh dheas a seoltachd, agus leanadh mo theangadh ri m' ghial! A chlann na'n Gaidheal, a rithist tha mi ag radh ribh, seasaihb an gaullibh a cheile! Gradhaichibh 'ur duthaich, irraibh maith 'ur luchd-duthcha! Ruithibh le foighidinn an reis a chuireadh roimhibh. "Dean greim daingean air na bheil agad, chum 's nach glac neach air bith do chrun." Buaidh leis Ghaidhealtachd fhad 'sa sheideas, gaoth r'a stucan. A mhuinntir mo ghraidh, slan leibh! An la chi 'sanch fhaic!

Mr Maclachlan sat down amid deafening applause. The address was cheered throughout, and was one of the best and most eloquently delivered Gaelic speeches we have ever listened to. The "Reel of Tulloch," and more songs, occupied the second part of the proceedings, the performers being those who acted in the first part—Miss Watt, Miss Macdonald, and Mr Robertson again being loudly applauded and again *encored*. Miss Macdonald this time sang a Gaelic song, "Och Mar a Tha Mi," very sweetly; while Miss Watt, in "O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad," was quite up to her usual, and called forth innumerable responses. A special feature of the proceedings was the singing of the following song to a popular old air, composed a few days previously by Mrs Mary Mackellar, on the recent attempt to rob the Highland regiments of their tartan:—

FLEASGACH AN FHUILT CHRAOBHAICH, CHAIS.

A fhleasgaich an fhuil chraobhaich chais,
Oig-fhìr a' chuill dualaich;
A fhleasgaich oig an or-fhuil chais,
Gur e do mhais' a bhuair mi.
C' ait' bheil sealladh fo'n gheirn,
Co ceutach ri duin'-uasal,
'S a phearsa dhireach, chuimir, reidh,
Fo fheile nam pleat cuaiche!
A fhleasgaich, &c
C' aite 'm facas riamh air faiche,
'N am tarruing nan cruaidh-lann,
Fir co sgairteil ris na gaisgich
G'an robh 'm breacan dualach!
A fhleasgaich &c.
Am bliadhna thainig fios a Lunainn,
Chuir oirn uile buaireas,
Na breacain ur g'an d'thug iad gaol,
Ga'n toirt o laoch nam fuar-bheann;
A fhleasgaich, &c.
Iad bhi srachdadh bhar nan sar,
Le laimh-laidir uaibhrich,
Am felle gearr g'an d'thug iad gradh,
'S a bha mar phairt g'am buaidh dhoibh;
A fhleasgaich, &c.
'S an uair a chuala sinn an sgeul,
Gu'n d'eirich sinn le fuathas;
Chaidh crois-tara feadh an t-saoghail,
'S fios na caonnaig' buailtich.
A fhleasgaich, &c,
Sgrog gach cuiridh 'bhoineid ghorm,
Le colg, mu 'mhala ghruamaich,
A's phlac e 'lann gu dol do 'n ar
Mar b' abhaist da gu buadhar.
A fhleasgaich, &c.
Dh' eirich an Caimbeulach og,
A's e aig mod nan uaislean;
Phog e bhiodag, 's thug e boid
Gu'm biodh a' choir an uachdar.
A fhleasgaich, &c.

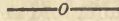
TULLOCH, in felicitous terms, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the performers, who, by their united efforts, had produced such an enjoyable entertainment. The proposal was heartily responded to, and Lochiel, in reply, after complimenting the singers and performers, said that he could not say that he had been much instructed by the Gaelic speech delivered by Mr Maclachlan. That was in consequence of his unfortunate want of acquaintance with the language, a want he greatly lamented. He only understood one word or two—the one being his own name—(laughter)—and the other the word "sporrán." Mr Maclachlan's speech showed him one thing, and that was the wonderful power over their audience men had who spoke Gaelic. (Hear, hear, and applause). He had never heard a Gaelic speech delivered before, although he had listened to a Gaelic sermon. The Gaelic language produced a fluency which the English language did not possess. (Applause).

Miss Chisholm, Namur Cottage, presided at the pianoforte, with her usual ability, and the whole arrangements were such as to reflect credit on the secretary, Mr Wm. Mackenzie, of the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*.

On the motion of Dean of Guild MACKENZIE, three hearty cheers were given for Tulloch, and the meeting broke up, every one being pleased with the entertainment,

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.



X.

WHEN a boy, I was coming down from Glencannich with an old man who had the reputation of being one of the best Seanachies in the district. He delighted in impressing on young people the necessity of knowing the history, legends, and songs of the former inhabitants in the district. Crossing Torr-beatha, a rising ground that separates Glencannich from Strathglass, he pointed out a cairn at the north-east end of Blar-an-lochan, which he said was built to the memory of a Strathconan man, killed at that spot. The tradition he related regarding him is that a party of freebooters stole a herd of cattle from Strathconan. As soon as missed, the owners followed hot haste in pursuit. They overtook the thieves, with their "creach," on Torr-beatha. The leader of the Strathconan men, Mac Fhionnla Oig, it appears, was a brave man. He at once challenged the freebooters to turn the cattle or prepare for fight. They choose the latter alternative. Mac Fhionnla Oig engaged their leader, and instantly killed him, when another of the thieves levelled his gun at the victor, and shot him dead on the spot. Thus, in an instant, the leaders of the two parties were both dead on the top of Torr-beatha. The freebooters disappeared in all haste. The men in pursuit sent one of their number home with the sad news of the death of their leader. On the following day more Strathconan men arrived in strong force, and with the assistance of Strathglass and Glenstrathfarar men they carried the body of their dead hero across the high hills of Glencannich, and the still higher hills of Glenstrathfarrar and Glenorrin, to his native Strathconan. My informant stated that a sister of Mac Fhionnla Oig came along with the funeral party, and as soon as they raised the bier on their shoulders, she composed and sung the following plaintiff verses :—

Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Mu 'n toir a bha 'n deis a chruidh.
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 D' fhag iad m' fhear fein a muigh.
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 'S lion iad a leine a d' fhuil.
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 'S truagh nach be 'n de an diugh

Having passed the ridge of Torr-bheatha, and descending the south side of it, we came in sight of the Clachan, or Cill-Bheathain, the burying ground in the upper part of Strathglass. My aged fellow-traveller took off his bonnet, and solemnly recited the pious old salutation :

Dhia beannaich an Clachan,
 Far am bheil tasgaidh na tìre,
 Far am bheil m' ullaidh agus m' araic,
 Agus m' ailleaganan priseal.

Passing Raon-Bhraid, my companion told me that, long ago, a woman went from this farm to the adjoining one of Easter Invercannich for the purpose of borrowing a griddle, wherewith to bake the Christmas bread. The snow was deep on the ground at the time. Although the distance between the two farms is only about half a mile, she felt fatigued, and sat down to rest at a place called Raon-ceann-a-ghlas, after which she resumed her walk, reached Invercannich, got the griddle, and retraced her steps homewards. On coming to the spot where she had halted on the outward journey, she was horrified to observe an infuriated wolf burrowing with all his might in the snow and earth, at the very place where she was so recently sitting. What was she to do? A battle for life was imminent, and there was not a moment to be lost. In this terrible plight the courageous woman determined to use the only weapon within her reach, and, raising the griddle, she, with all her strength, by a well-directed blow from the sharp edge, struck the ferocious animal on the small of the back, broke its bones, and cut the body in two. Some two or three months afterwards the same brave woman became the happy mother of a son, who grew up to be a famous hunter. It is said that a very rough place on the shady side of Glencannich, called Bacadh-nam-Madadh, used to be infested with wolves; but the hunter alluded to succeeded in destroying them all.

I heard the authorship of the pious salutation alluded to about the clachan attributed to Cailean Mac Alastair, a very old man, who lived long ago at Lietry, Glencannich. I was told that at the funeral of one of his children at Clachan, when the coffin was laid in the earth, he said, "This is the fifteenth coffin I have laid in this grave." He was reported to be the wisest man in the district. Let the reader judge for himself. He married five times, and succeeded in admirably adapting his own to the temper of his five different wives.

It is said that an old woman, who nursed one of the Chisholms of Comar when he was a baby, remained in the family until he became a full-grown man. Whether he consulted his nurse on the choice of a wife, I do not know. Anyhow, when he married the lady of his choice, and took her home to Comar, her ladyship did not seem to come up to the nurse's standard of perfection. The old woman believing, however, that she could improve the young lady, was good enough to remain among the domestics for the purpose of carrying her theory into practice. After a few attempts to shape and mould the views and ways of the laird's lady, the old nurse became convinced that she had a will of her own and was determined to act upon it. About a year after the marriage his wife presented the Chisholm with an heiress. To obtain the opinion of the nurse of the new arrival, the infant was handed to her, and this is how the cruel woman saluted it:—

'S toigh leam fein do leth a leinibh,
 Bho do mhullach gu ò' bhonn,
 Ach 's truagh nach robh an leth eile dhìot,
 Na theine dearg do dharach donn.

The English of which is—"I love the half of you, baby, from the top of your head to the sole of your foot; but I regret the other half of you is not burning in a blazing fire of brown oak."* This verse having been recited to the mother, she ordered the nurse not only out of the house, but out of Strathglass. She was transported to the plains of Morayshire, where the Chisholm sent men with wood to build a house for her reception. When the old crone entered the new residence in her penal settlement of Morayshire, she surveyed its internal construction with an anxious eye. Gazing at its couple-trees, her heart gladdened at finding herself surrounded with Strathglass timber, and she addressed her new abode thus:—

'S tocha leam do mhaidean croma,
Na da-thrian na'm bheil am Moireamh,
Airson gun d' fhas iad an coille Chomar,
Frith na'n damh dearg 'us donna.

Meaning—"I prefer thy crooked couple-trees to two-thirds of all in Morayshire, because they have grown in the wood of Comar, the haunt of the red and the dun stags." Before parting with the builders of her new house she made them bearers of a mark of gratitude to her patron, the Chisholm. This is how she began her message of thanks to him:—

'S truagh nach robh Loch-mhaol-ardich,
Far an orduichinn i 'm Moiramh,
A fad 's a leud, sa lom, sa larach,
Aig mo ghradh fo eorna soillear.

"I regret that Lochmular dich is not where I would order it, in Moray, its length, breadth, site, and area,† growing bright barley for my love, the Chisholm."

(To be Continued.)

THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Ex-Premier of Canada, and Mrs Mackenzie, passed through Inverness on Monday last, on their way to Caithness. Mr and Mrs Mackenzie have been travelling here and on the Continent of Europe for the last two months, and we were very pleased to learn from himself that he has been greatly benefitted by his trip, and his appearance unmistakably indicates the fact. By the time this shall have appeared in print, he is to be back in Inverness for a few days, and we hope that he will thoroughly enjoy the surroundings of the Highland Capital.

THE GAELIC CENSUS.—Though we have given this month eight pages more than usual, to enable us to present the reader with a report of the Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society, we are obliged to hold over a valuable communication by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., on the Gaelic Census; as also the Rev. Alex. Macgregor's next chapter on "Flora Macdonald." We are glad to find that Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has been successful in getting an address agreed to, in the House of Commons on Monday last, for a tabulated return of all the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland, by counties, parishes, and districts, under the Census of 1881.

* The oak is supposed to burn hotter than any other wood

† The area of Lochmular dich is about four miles.

Literature.

A LIFE PURSUIT. By WILLIAM ALLAN, Author of "*Rose and Thistle*," &c.
Sunderland: Hills & Co.

THE reading of Mr Allan's new work has afforded us unalloyed pleasure. The history of a life, however uneventful to outward seeming it may appear to be, cannot fail to be instructive; how much more so the history of an eventful life faithfully told. But Mr Allan's book is more than a history in verse of a life of mere adventure; it is the history of a life of purposeful toil, of honest long continued striving—often in spite of discouragement and apparent defeat—after fortune; a term which, with the author, means infinitely more than mere wealth. It is, too, the history of a successful life, success achieved in a manner which leaves no regrets behind, a history, moreover, written by the man whose life it is, for there is little if any attempt in the book to disguise the fact that "Mor the Scot," whose life is narrated, is Mr Allan himself.

The plan of the work is natural and simple. After a description of Mor's father and mother, written with the reverential hand of a son, in whose loving memory the one has become a hero and the other a saint, we have an account of Mor's birth, baptism, boyhood, and education—of his apprenticeship, and of his first campaign as a toiler, ending in apparent defeat. Then follow several cantos, describing a vision which had the immediate effect of reviving the hero's dead courage, and to which he ascribes the inculcation of the principles of Honesty, Justice, and Truth, which were his guides ever afterwards. Mor rises from the chair in which he had received his ghostly visitors with new hope, and once more seeking employment, is successful.

By and bye comes the American Civil War, and the blockade of the Southern Ports, affording opportunities for the employment of men of nerve and ability which Mor takes advantage of: for we next find him on board a blockade-runner. He runs the blockade at least twice successfully, but is ultimately captured and sent to prison in Washington. When he regains his liberty he returns to Britain, "not richer but far wiser than before." Soon after this a more extended sphere of labour opens to him, to be followed by one still more extended, and then comes victory and its fruits, by which we take it, is meant the enviable position which Mr Allan by his ability and energy has now earned for himself.

We have endeavoured thus to shadow forth the plan of the book, but no mere sketch can give an idea of the merit of the work itself. It is full of word-pictures of the happiest and most graphic kind. As already indicated, the portrait of Mor's father is drawn with a loving and reverential hand. He is a man who is suddenly reduced by innocent misfortune from wealth to comparative penury. But this is not dwelt on—little more than a casual reference being made to the fact. The moral and mental aspect of the man finds a larger place in his son's memory, and we are told that

Detesting cant, no hate to those he showed,
Who sought for heaven by a different road,

a feature of his character which would perhaps not be quite satisfactory to his minister, an old Presbyterian divine, who is in a subsequent canto described as—

Wrapt in cold Orthodoxy's vestiture,
He preached flame-terrors as sin's only cure,
And sought by fear-creating tales to shape
For every soul a simple fire-escape—
Bound in his blind belief that God was one
Who cursed all those that worshipped not his son
By Presbyterian version of his creed.

Mor's first teacher was Eppie Tamson, who is thus happily and doubtless truthfully described, although in a very short time the changes in our educational system will perhaps make the description appear grotesquely untrue :—

High seated towered the dame, while on her head
A lofty cap, its snowy folds outspread,
With hair becurled and ribbon round her brows,
And brass-bound spectacles upon her nose.

Full of old maidish shrill voiced consequence,
In learning little, in conceit immense.

She taught by fear the little that she knew,
And whipped for love that learning might ensue.

In a note Mr Allan says that objections may be urged against the unreality of the cantos describing his dream and its immediate issues, but we are satisfied that no reader would wish them out of the book, for these cantos contain some of Mr Allan's finest lines. It is winter, and Mor, unemployed and despairing, returns to his cold home in that mood when

Thoughts of death arise, that tempt the unhinged soul
To spurn the world and gain the restful goal.

And he and his surroundings are thus described :—

Mor, workless and purseless, friendless and crushed,
Sat by the dead fire, and the room was hushed,
He heard a death-voice in the wailing tones
Of the night wind's sudden and fitful moans.
He started and thought some spirit had tapped
As the keen hard hail on the window rapped.

Sleep comes and enshrouds the outer senses of the dispirited worker, but the spirit is awake and receives its comfort in the vision which follows, and when the sleeper awakes it is with new strength and courage, and to make new and successful efforts.

The cantos devoted to the blockade-running portion of Mor's life are perhaps the most spirited in the book. The arrival of the blockade-runner at Porto Rico leads up to a splendidly written canto on the cruelties of the Spaniards in Mexico, where—

Beneath the ruthless Spaniards' blighting breath,
An Empire vanished in a storm of death,

and in Peru, where—

O'er the peaceful country swiftly rolled
A wave of murder and a cry of gold ;

deeds followed slowly but surely by the inevitable retribution—

Where now thy glory, miserable Spain?
Where now thy Empire o'er the Western Main?
For ever gone! yet still remembered are
Thy deeds of rapine, lust, and cruel war.

The chase of the blockade runner, her escape from under the muzzles of her would-be captors' guns, her entry into Charleston, and subsequent run through the blockading squadron outwards, are all told in lines which compel the sustained interest of the reader to the end.

At times it would appear that Mr Allan forgot he was himself the hero of his poem; but this is well on in the book, when he had written so much about "Mor the Scot," that he may well be excused for occasionally investing him with a separate personality and heroic attributes. The lines where this peculiarity crops out would never have been spoken or written by Mr Allan of himself, although they are well deserved; but of this separate person, "Mor the Scot," he has no such delicacy. Speaking of Mor, he says:—

Each foul attack with *lofty scorn* he foiled.
He moved alone to golden poison proof,
And from the selfish *wisely* kept aloof.
Uncheered, unaided, *self-reliant, strong,*
He braved each tempest as he dashed along,
E'en stricken by a sudden blast of death,
Unscathed he rose with still triumphant breath.
So Mor, with throbbing heart and frenzied eye,
Indomitably marched to victory.

Nobody who knows the author will think any of these lines undeserved as applied to him, yet nobody who knows him will for a moment think he meant to apply them to himself. They occur near the end of the work, when Mor, who at first was William Allan, rises above that modest individual and becomes a god of labour whom the humble mortal seeks, and successfully, to imitate. These lines are perhaps blemishes in the work, viewing it as autobiographical, but they are not such as to call for more than a passing remark. The same may be said of one other curious inconsistency in the narrative. In the canto devoted to the description of Mor's visionary visitor, we are told that he wore upon his "warrior head" a helmet, and that

Around its up-drawn visor gleaming bright,
Shone golden letters with untarnished light,
Which seemed his faith-device, or battle-cry,
The unused, world-scorned motto, "Honesty."

In his right hand he had a sword, whose scabbard bore the word "Justice," "in diamond letters sparkling bright;" while on his left arm hung a shield, upon which was emblazoned the word "Truth"—"Heaven's password unto men." The next canto but one is headed, "Buckling on the Armour," and of Mor's visitor we are told that "the shining helmet from his head he took," and

With tender grasp, on Mor's uncovered head,
He placed the dented dome, and calmly said,

"Wear thou this blow-defying helmet ever,
From off thy manly brow, O! take it never.

Be proudly poor with this than rich,"

and so on. Then the stranger takes his sword and shield and arms Mor with them, and during the process gives him abundance of advice, warning him especially against dishonesty, untruth, and injustice. At the end of this exhortation we are told that—

Thus armed, o'er Mor a new sensation stole,
Deeds! living deeds! cried out his longing soul;
And e'er the stranger's solemn words had ceased,
His burning wish for battle had increased.
With war-dilated eye and lips compressed,
Tumultuous throbbings raged within his breast,
His limbs seemed iron and his grasp seemed steel,
His blood afire rushed wild from head to heel,
He heard *Dare's* deep-toned summons sounding ever,
"On! on! to battle! onward, now or never!"
With fearless heart, by fiercest passion swayed,
He grasped the jewelled sheath and drew the blade,
Then cried with frenzied voice, wild ringing high,
"Come world! come toil! come death or victory!"

This is a splendid burst, and after reading it one is not surprised to learn that honesty, truth, and justice became from that time forth the guiding principle of Mor's life. Some seventy pages further on, however, we come upon lines which seem to indicate that even when a declaration of principles is made in high-sounding verse, emergencies may arise when these principles have to be laid aside for the moment, and much abused expediency made the rule of action. Such, at least, would seem to have been Mor's experience.

He finds himself in prison in Washington. Each day he appeals to the British Ambassador, but without effect, for his letters elicit no response. How he at last gained his liberty is told in two lines—

Till tact beguiled a sentry's soldier pride,
Then CUNNING gained what HONESTY denied.

And as this gain was liberty, it would be hard to say that cunning or beguiling tact sparingly used, and only on emergencies, is not sometimes a valuable addition to make to one's acquirements, or to the great guiding principles of honesty, truth, and justice.

Beyond the slight blemishes we have narrated, there is little to find fault with. A few bad rhymes, such as "evil" with "devil," and "slow" with "prow," and a few traces of hasty composition, are defects which a careful revisal will remove. For aught we know, Mr Allan's nationality may so extend his poetic license as to entitle him to pronounce "devil" "deevil," in which case the lines will probably be left as they are.

The work has throughout the ring of genuine poetry, and we offer Mr Allan our hearty congratulations on the appearance of this, the best book yet produced by his pen.

The get-up of the volume is as creditable to the publishers as its contents are to the author. It is beautifully printed on hand-made paper and strongly bound in vellum, and we are by no means surprised to learn that it is already out of print.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

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XXIII.

THE FAMILY OF CLANRANALD.

XVII. JOHN MACDONALD, tenth of Clanranald, in 1622-23, entered into a contract of fidelity with Donald MacAngus of Glengarry, in which he is described as "John Moydart, captain of Clanranald," and by which they mutually bind and oblige each other, their servants, and tenants, to assist and concur with one another against all mortal enemies. In 1625 he entered into an agreement with Sir Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, by which he resigned in favour of Mackay the superiority of the lands of Arasaig and Moydart, obtaining a feu-charter of them on the 7th of April, in the same year, in his own favour. This charter was confirmed by the Crown on the 22d of February 1627. On the 1st of August in the latter year, Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat granted him a precept of *clare constat* of the lands of Skirrough, Benbecula, and Gartgimines, of which Sir Donald, by charter from the Crown, obtained the superiority in 1614, while Sir Donald of Clanranald was under attainder, as already stated. On the precept of 1614 infeftment followed on the 1st and 2d of March 1629. On the 18th of September 1627, he was served heir in special to his father in the 21 merk lands of Eigg, which are "ex antiquo quondam Joanni M'Allister avo dict. quondam Domini Donaldi M'Allane, hæredibus suis et assignatis hæreditarie datas concessas et depositas;" and the other lands which had been erected into the Barony of Castletirrim by charter in favour of his father in 1610. On this retour a precept from Chancery was obtained; and infeftment followed on the 3d of March 1629. On the 13th of May 1630 he was served heir in general to Allan, his grandfather, and to his great-grandfather, John Moydartach. Having made up titles, he made an assedation of the lands of Dalilea, Langal, and others, to John Ranaldson, parson of Islandfinnan, in life-rent, after whose death to Allan M'Ranaldson, his brother's son, also in life-rent, and on the death of Allan to his son for a term of nineteen years. Infeftment duly followed. In 1629 John "resigned the lands of Moydart and Arisaig into the hands of Sir Donald McDonald of Sleat, who had acquired rights from Sir Donald McKay to the direct superiority, and they after-

wards granted a charter of them to Lord Lorn, in whose person a second intermediate superiority vested; and in this way the family of Argyll were, till lately, in possession of the superiority of a considerable part of the Clanranald estate.* This charter is dated 18th December 1633, and 1st of April 1634. On the same date Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, with Clanranald's consent, executed a charter of the lands of Skirrough in favour of Lord Lorn, to be held of Sir Donald. About this period the Mackenzies of Kintail appear to have obtained possession of the superiority; for we find that "in 1633 George Mackenzie was served heir to his brother Colin Earl of Seafort, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, in the 27 mark lands of Moydart and the 24 mark lands of Arrasack."*

John took a prominent part in the wars of Montrose already described under the FAMILIES of SLEAT and GLENGARRY. Clanranald joined the famous Montrose and General Alexander Macdonald, son of Colla Ciotach, at Inverlochy, in 1645, and took a distinguished part in all the victories of the campaign. Clanranald soon after, his number of troops being small, returned to his own country to raise his followers, when he found the garrison of Mingarry had been attacked by the Earl of Argyll. He immediately went to its relief, defeated the Earl, reinforced the garrison, laid waste the whole of Suinart and Ardnamurchan, and returned to Castletirrim, where he found General Alexander Macdonald, who had in the meantime heard of the distress of his friends at Mingarry, and hastened to their relief. Finding his services unnecessary in consequence of Clanranald's action, he halted at Castletirrim, where he was introduced to Donald, Clanranald's eldest son, "a young man of great resolution and bravery," to whom he gave a command in his army. From thence they proceeded to Arasaig and Moydart, where they were joined by Donald Gorm, first of Scotus, and uncle of Glengarry, and raised all the men of Moydart and Glengarry. Proceeding to Lochaber, they were there joined by Donald Glas of Keppoch, with the men of the Braes of Lochaber, the Stewarts of Appin, the Lairds of Glenceoe and Glen Nevis, and a considerable body of the Camerons. This body, soon after, met Montrose at Blair-Athol, whither they had marched.

Here a council of war was held, immediately on the arrival of the Highlanders, to fix upon their winter quarters, as the severe weather was fast approaching. Montrose recommended a descent on the Lowlands, but the Highlanders preferred a raid to Argyleshire, to revenge themselves on their enemy, "Gillespie Gruamach." Montrose expressed doubt at their being a sufficient supply of food for such an army to pass them over the winter procurable in the county, when Angus MacAlein Duibh, a distinguished soldier and marksman from Glenceoe, replied, "There is not a farm, or half a farm, under MacCaillein, but what I know every foot of it; and if good water, tight houses, and fat cows will do for you, there is plenty to be had." They immediately marched, the various chiefs acting independently of Montrose, to a considerable extent, in their cattle-lifting excursions, on their way to Argyle. "John of Moidart and the Clanranald, with some of the Keppoch men, were the most active on these detours from the line of march; and upon one occasion they returned to the camp with 1000 head of cattle." They were soon marching

* History of the Family, 1819, p. 119.

† Origines Parochiales Scotiae, vol. ii, p. 203.

on Inveraray, where Argyll was, at the time making arrangements for a meeting of his retainers, whom he called together. He declared that he would rather lose a hundred thousand crowns than that any mortal should know the passes by which an armed force could penetrate his county, even in the middle of summer. The month of December was now far advanced, and to his utter amazement and terror the herds and shepherds rushed from the mountain pastures with the astounding intelligence that Montrose and the Highlanders were within a few miles of the Castle of Inveraray. The Earl immediately escaped to sea by a fishing boat, leaving his friends and the whole county to the mercy of the enemy. The town of Inveraray was burnt to ashes. The army marched in three divisions, one under Montrose himself, one under Alexander Macdonald, his Lieut.-General, and the third under Clanranald. "Thus he traversed, by separate routes, the whole district; which was wasted—even as Argyll had wasted Athole and the Braes of Angus, and burnt the 'Bonny house of Airlie.' The clans laid the whole face of the country in ashes, killing all whom they met marching to Inveraray (amounting, it is said, to 895 men-at-arms), sweeping off its flocks and herds from every valley, glen, and mountain that owned the sway of MacCailinmor."* A contemporary writer states that the Highlanders plundered and destroyed wherever they came, and "spared none that were fit to carry arms, and, in particular, they put to the sword all the men whom they met going in arms to the rendezvous appointed by Argyll; nor did they desist till they had driven all the men who were fit for service out of the country, or at least obliged them to retire to lurking holes known to none but themselves. They drove all their cattle, and burnt their villages and cottages to the ground; thus retaliating upon Argyll the treatment he had given to others, he himself being the first who had practised this cruel method of waging war against the innocent country people, by fire and devastation. Nor did they deal more gently with the people of Lorn, and the neighbouring parts who acknowledged Argyll's authority."† This expedition must have been of an atrocious character. Another contemporary writer informs us that they burnt and slew throughout the whole country, "and left no house or hold, except impregnable strengths, unburnt, their corns, goods, and gear, and left not a four-footed beast in his [Argyll's] hail lands; and such as would not drive, they houghed and slew, that they should never make stead."‡ The Clanranald and Athole men returned home with the booty from Argyle, promising to return to Montrose whenever they were called upon to do so.

We again find them, soon after, on the 2d of February 1645, taking a prominent part in the battle of Inverlochy, where, according to the last quoted authority, "the Captain of Clanranald, Maclean, and Glengario was in the middle," round the Royal Standard, under the immediate command of Montrose himself, who commanded the centre. They took a distinguished share in the battle at Auldearn, victoriously fought on the 9th of May 1645, where "the brave, hardy Clan Macdonald, and the equally brave and hardy Clanranalds, all fought like true heroes without the least fear of strokes or shot."|| The Clanranalds, with the other Mac-

* Napier's Life and Times of Montrose, 289-291.

† Wishart's Memoirs of Montrose.

‡ Spalding's "History of the Troubles in Scotland," vol. ii., p. 269—1792 Ed.

|| Red Book of Clanranald.

donalds, were at Montrose's last great victory at Kilsyth, where, as usual, they greatly distinguished themselves, under the immediate command of their chief, who had just returned from a recruiting expedition in the Highlands, bringing with him 700 Macleans and 500 of his own clan. He was accompanied by his son Donald, already referred to, a youth at this date of only twenty years of age, who greatly distinguished himself throughout the whole campaign. On this occasion Montrose unfortunately stated, in presence of many of his officers, that, though Clanranald had brought a great addition to the camp, he had provided nothing to maintain them, while all the other clans had. Clanranald indignantly replied that the swords of his men could supply them with everything necessary for their maintenance at all times and in any circumstances. This did not quite satisfy Montrose, and dispute would have followed had not Alexander Macdonald (MacColla) intervened, stating that he knew the Clanranald men well, and would become personally responsible that by next evening they would bring in as much provender as any of the other clans. He then turned to young Clanranald, directing him to get his men ready by themselves, and to prepare for a foray next morning. Donald was not slow in executing these orders. He marched his men to the lands of the Earl Marischall, and, though they had been pretty well wasted on previous occasions by others, "he brought back with him a booty, not only surpassing that furnished by any other, but one that served the whole army for months. This brave action pleased Montrose, and induced him to apologise for his hasty expression." The author of the Red Book informs us that "Young Donald and his men brought more *creachs* to the camp than any others. Many of the Highlanders, when sent to drive a prey, drove it on to their own countries without asking the general's leave. John of Moidart would allow none of his men to leave him; but there was another reason for this, namely, that it was not easy for the men from the Islands to drive their prey home from the low country; hence the raising of *creachs* fell to their share all summer. Young Donald took a large prey from the Lord Marischall's country, and from the Mearns and Angus; an old man, whom they met there, told them that the Mearns had not been used so since Donald of the Isles *creached*, the year he fought the battle of Harlaw." The same chronicler, after describing various preliminaries of the battle, states that "Montrose held a Council of War, and referred it to his whole army whether to fight or retreat. All declared they would rather fight than retreat. Yet the troops had been long without food. Montrose sent his trumpet with a challenge, at which the great army gave a shout, and drew out in order of battle, 3,000 pikemen and 11,000 in battalions behind these, and you may think it was hard work for our small numbers to face. The fight was hard. The Highlanders had 4000 foot and 500 horses; and they fixed their shirts between their legs. The horsemen had white shirts over their armour. We advanced gallantly against a battery of great guns. Battle commenced by an excellent regiment of Scotch and Irish good marksmen; Major Lauchlin and Mac Coll directing and exhorting them. Donald, son of the Captain of Clanranald, and Donald MacEachain Oig Maclean, strove who should first engage. Donald and his men, and Patrick Caoch Macgregor and his men, in one regiment—Clanranald gave the assault, and young Donald was the first man who leaped the intrenchments, and his

people after him. The enemy was completely routed." Napier explains as to the "white shirts above their armour," that it would rather seem that Montrose had ordered them to disencumber themselves of their heavy armour that was over their shirts, for they had to charge up hill in the middle of a hot August. In the retreat from Perth, leading up to the battle of Kilsyth, we are told that "Donald, the son of the Captain of Clanranald, had the honour of bringing up the rear, which was under the immediate command of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Many individual feats of bravery were performed, and those of young Donald were not the least conspicuous. At one time, by a gallant manœuvre, he cut off the entire advance of the enemy; at another time he opposed his chosen band against ten times their number, who obstinately defended a ford, and was successful." At the battle of Kilsyth a slight difference arose between Donald and Maclean as to who should assume chief command of their immediate followers. It is thus related in the Clanranald Family History:—"The action commenced by a fire of cannon and musketry from the Covenanters, and the attack by the King's forces, with a regiment of Irish commanded by Major Macdonald, and directed by Sir Alexander Macdonald. The gallant regiment commanded by Donald, son of the Captain of Clanranald, and by Maclean, were ordered to their relief. An unfortunate difference had existed between these two as to precedency. Each maintained that he was entitled to command the other; on this occasion Maclean desired Donald to place himself under his command. From Donald's situation he was rather in the rear, but, regardless of disputes of this kind, he pushed through Maclean's regiment with his men, and was himself the first who gained the trenches of the enemy. His men followed and drove all before them, striking terror wherever they went. By this bold and decisive action the battle of Kilsyth was in a great measure gained. It was fought on the 14th of August 1645. The Covenanters lost nearly 4000 men, while the loss of Montrose did not amount to 100. After the battle of Kilsyth Montrose marched to Hamilton; and nearly the whole of Scotland submitted to him. While there the Captain of Clanranald and his son retired to their own country exhausted by the many engagements they had been in." At the same time all the Western Highlanders left Montrose, and marched westward under their brilliant name-sake, Alexander Macdonald, son of Colla Ciotach, now Captain-General of the whole army, immediately next in rank to Montrose himself, and a warrior-knight of great renown. From that day, the moment on which he lost the active support of the Highlanders in the field, the star of the great Montrose began to wane, and the end is already known to every school-boy, but the Clanranald were as true to him in his misfortunes as they had been in the days of his great victories.

Wishart describes the departure of the Highlanders thus:—Many of them, "being loaded with spoil, deserted privately, and soon after returned to their own country; their officers and leaders also openly demanded liberty to go home for a short time. They pretended that, as the Covenanters had at that time no army within the kingdom, there was the less occasion for their presence; and as their corns had been all destroyed and their houses burnt by the enemy, there was an absolute necessity for their going home, tho' but for a few weeks, in order to repair their habitations, and lay up some winter provisions for their wives and

families; therefore they earnestly begged a short furlough; and, as an inducement to obtain it, they solemnly promised to return in less than forty days in greater strength and numbers. Montrose, perceiving that they were fully resolved to leave him, and that it was not in his power to detain them, as they were all volunteers, and served without pay, thought it most expedient to dismiss them with a good grace, in order to ingratiate himself the more with them, and encourage them to return. He praised the bravery of the soldiers, and in the King's name returned his thanks to the officers for their services; and entreated them to be as expeditious in settling their domestic affairs as possible, so that they might return against the appointed day, under the conduct of Alexander Macdonald, whom, at his own earnest desire, he appointed their captain. Macdonald, in a formal oration, returned thanks in all their names to the Lord-Governor for his great condescension, and gave his solemn promise as a security for their speedy return. However, he had secretly resolved not to return, and actually never after saw Montrose. He carried off with him above three thousand Highlanders, all very brave men, and the flower of the army; and not satisfied with these, he privately seduced a hundred and twenty of the very best of the Irish, and carried them along with him also as a life-guard.*

After the army was disbanded in May 1645, and peace made with the Scottish army at Newark, the Committee of Estates instructed General Middleton to grant remission on certain conditions to those who still held out. Among these was Clanranald, who refused to accept the terms offered; but retired sullenly to his stronghold of Castletirrim, where, although General Leslie and the Marquis of Argyll over-ran and wasted the greater portion of the adjoining country, he was left undisturbed. Here he for a time remained "firmly attached to his Sovereign, whose son he had afterwards the happiness to see restored to the throne of his ancestors." When the Earl of Antrim, in October 1646, proposed a new levy by the Royalist leaders for the rescue of the King, Clanranald pledged himself to raise 1300 men, of the proposed army of 30,000.†

On the 15th of August 1645 Clanranald entered into a bond of fidelity with Allan MacAlastair, Laird of Morar, who bound and obliged himself, his heirs and successors, to be bondsman and true servant to Clanranald, "fiar of Moydart," and to obey any of his heirs and successors, while Clanranald and his son, on the other hand, bound and obliged themselves and their heirs and successors "to stand by him in any where he will cause do, as his chief should do." Shortly after the landing of Charles II. at Garmouth, in Moray, on the 23d June 1650, John went and paid his respects to him, after which he retired to his Island possessions in Uist, where he continued to reside for the remainder of his life.

John married Moir, or Marion, daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Macleod, known as "Ruari Mor," and by this alliance terminated a feud which arose out of a previous marriage, and long existed between the two families. By her he had issue—

1. Donald, his heir.
2. Moir, or Marion, who married Lauchlan Maclean, eighth of Coll.
3. Catharine, who married Macneill of Barra,

* Memoirs of Montrose, pp. 137-138.

† Macdonells of Antrim, p. 274.

4. Anne, who married Ranald Macdonald, second of Benbecula, whose son Donald, afterwards, on the failure of John's male issue, succeeded as head of the house of Clanranald.

He died in 1670, at a very advanced age, in the Island of Eriska, South Uist, and was buried at Tomar, when he was succeeded by his only son,

XVIII. DONALD MACDONALD, eleventh of Clanranald, with whom the reader is already acquainted, he having taken, during his father's life, a prominent and distinguished share in the wars of Montrose. After the disastrous battle of Philipshaugh, Montrose returned to the North. The Earl of Antrim soon after landed at Kintyre, where he met Montrose. Many of the clans, among others the Clanranald, agreed to join him, but the King's order to disband the army put an end to further proceedings at that time. Donald was instructed by his father to proceed to Isla, and dispossess the Campbells. He was at the same time invited by the Earl of Antrim to join him in assisting the troops of King Charles in Ireland; whereupon, Donald, with 300 men, embarked at Uist in 1648; proceeded through the Sound of Mull to Colonsay, and thence to the Sound of Isla, where he captured a large vessel belonging to the Estates of Scotland, laden with barley. He then proceeded to Ireland, and quartered his men at Kilkenny, where he met Glengarry and a large body of Highlanders, who afterwards took part in several engagements, including the capture of Belfast, Knockfergus, Coleraine, and Londonderry. In all these proceedings Donald of Clanranald, who held high rank in the Highland regiment, took a distinguished share. He remained with the King's army until its final overthrow, when both Clanranald and Glengarry were taken prisoners and sent to Kilkenny. Here they were kept in durance for a considerable time. They, however, ultimately secured their liberty through the influence and intercession of the Duchess of Buckingham, who was married to the Earl of Antrim, after which they returned to the Highlands; Clanranald, in due course, landing safely in Uist.

Soon after the death of his father he made up titles to the property, but the part he and his family had taken in the recent wars involved him deeply in debt, in consequence of which he was obliged, to raise money, to grant a wadset of Moydart and Arasaig to Sir James Macdonald, for 4000 merks. It was, however, afterwards redeemed. On the 9th of January 1674, he passed a signature of resignation and confirmation of the lands of Arasaig, Moydart, Skirrough, Benbecula, and the Island of Eigg, on which a charter afterwards followed. In April 1684 he obtained, from the Bishop of Lismore, a charter of the Island of Canna, in the signature to which he designated himself "Donald Macdonald of Moydart, Captain and Chief of ye family of Clanranald." In the charter itself he is described as "Capitano seu principi familiæ de Clanranald."

He married his cousin, Moir, or Marion, daughter of John Macleod, XIV. of Macleod, and sister of Roderick Macleod, XV., and of John Macleod, XVI. of Macleod, all three of whom followed each other in succession as Chiefs of Macleod. By her he had issue—

1. John, who died in infancy.
2. Allan, who succeeded his father as XIIth of the family.
3. Ranald, who succeeded his brother Allan as XIIIth chief.
4. Margaret, married Donald Macdonald, third of Benbecula, who afterwards became head of the clan, and succeeded to the estates as XIV. of Clanranald, and nearest male heir, on the death of Ranald.

5 and 6. Marion and Janet, both of whom died without issue.

Donald died in 1686 in the Island of Canna, and was buried at Tomar. He was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son,

XIX. ALLAN MACDONALD, twelfth of Clanranald, who was only about sixteen years of age when his father died. He was placed under the tutorship of his brother-in-law, Donald Macdonald of Benbecula, who was at the time nearest male-heir to Clanranald, after Allan himself and his brother Ranald. Benbecula, afterwards known as Tutor of Clanranald, spared no pains in the education of his ward, whose natural sympathies in favour of the Stuarts were strengthened by the traditions of his house and the personal influence of Benbecula, himself a firm supporter of the Stuart succession, and a young man otherwise of great ability and judgment. Both tutor and ward came to meet Viscount Dundee when, in May 1689, he joined Macdonald of Keppoch at Inverness, and there offered their services. These being joyfully accepted, they returned home and raised their vassals. Dundee proceeded to Lochaber with Keppoch, where he was joined by Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat and his eldest son, with 500 Skye Macdonalds. Proceeding from thence to meet General Mackay at Blair-Athol, he was joined on the way by Clanranald, by his Tutor, and a body of 700 men. These were formed into a regiment under the Tutor's command, with the rank of Colonel. They took a leading part in the victory of Killiecrankie, in which "the Highlanders threw away their plaids, haversacks, and all other utensils, and marched resolutely and deliberately in their shirts and doublets, with their fusils, targets, and pistols ready, down the hill on the enemy, and received Mackay's third fire before they pierced his line, in which many of the Highland army fell, particularly Lord Viscount Dundee, their General, the terror of the Whigs, the supporter of King James, and the glory of his country. Then the Highlanders fired, threw down their fusils, rushed in upon the enemy with sword, target, and pistol, who did not maintain their ground two minutes after the Highlanders were amongst them; and I dare be bold to say there scarce ever were such strokes given in Europe as were given that day by the Highlanders. Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breasts; others had skulls cut off above their ears like night-caps; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at a blow; picks and small swords were cut like willows."* Other particulars of this campaign have been already given under SLEAT and GLENGARRY,† and they are otherwise well known to the reader.

The Proclamation issued by the Government, offering protection in their persons and property to all who had been in arms, if they would surrender and take the oath of allegiance, before the 1st of January 1692, was spurned by Clanranald, who proceeded, with his brother Ranald, to France, where he completed his education, under the eye of James VII., and became one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his age. Having resided for some time at the Court of St Germain's, he obtained a commission in the French service under the Duke of Berwick, and soon acquired a distinguished reputation as a brave and gallant officer. When peace was restored he returned to St Germain's, and was

* *Memoirs of Dundee*, by an Officer in the Army, 1714, pp. 19-20.

† *Celtic Magazine*.

glad to learn that, through the influence of his Tutor, Donald Macdonald of Benbecula, and other influential friends in Scotland, his estates had been preserved to him.

While in France Clanranald made the acquaintance of Penelope, a daughter of Colonel Mackenzie, who had been Governor of Tangiers under Charles II. "This young lady was not more distinguished by the beauty of her person than by the brilliancy of her wit and sweetness of temper. She was universally admired at a Court famed for the beauty of its women, and her prudence added not a little to the lustre of her charms. With such a person, possessing such a mind, it cannot be doubted that she had various offers of marriage, but she preferred Clanranald to all others, and satisfied that, with such a man, happiness could be obtained anywhere, she at once agreed to marry, and accompanying him to his native hills."* They soon returned to Scotland, and arrived safely in South Uist, where, though remote from society, "Yet so completely did their tempers accord with each other, that their uniform hospitality, polite attention, and affable manners, drew company from all parts of the kingdom, and a little Court, well befitting that of a chief, was actually formed," which was favourably spoken of in all classes of society throughout the country.

On his return to Uist, Clanranald made up titles to his estates, as his father's heir, by precept, dated 28th of July 1704, and was infested thereon in November and December 1706.

It is generally believed that he was in correspondence with the Court of St Germain's before the rising of 1715, for no sooner had the Earl of Mar raised his standard at Braemar, than Clanranald sailed from Uist with his followers, and summoned his vassals of Moydart, Arasaig, and the small isles. He is among the chiefs charged to appear in Edinburgh to give security for his good behaviour, by a certain day, and refusing, he was denounced, with other leaders of the clans, a rebel against the Crown. His reply was at once to declare openly for the Chevalier, in whose service he was appointed a Colonel. He received orders to march into Argyleshire to harass the Earl and prevent the Campbells and other neighbouring clans from joining the Government forces; and while on his way he was joined at Fort-William by a body of Camerons and Macleans, with whom he attempted to surprise the garrison at Inverlochy. In this he failed, but on the 17th of September he captured two redoubts, which, however, he was unable to retain for want of artillery. On the 6th of October he arrived at Strathphillan with about 700 of his own clan, and was joined by Glengarry and several other chiefs with a considerable following, the army on the 16th numbering some 2400 men, with whom on the following day he marched back in the direction of Inveraray, arriving there on the 19th. The town was defended by a large body of Campbells, who refused a demand to surrender made in writing, by Clanranald and Glengarry; but Sir Duncan and Colonel Campbell came out to meet them next morning on a rising ground between the town and the invaders' camp, when the two Macdonald chiefs stated that the Earl of Mar's orders were to respect the country if they disbanded their men, but that, if they kept in arms, it was to be laid waste. Next morning a message was received, Lord Isla (the Earl's brother), who was in command, declining

* History of the Family, p. 148.

to treat with any one in arms against the Government. The Macdonalds immediately proceeded to waste Kintyre and the Earl's lands in the district, after which they returned to Strathphillan. This raid kept many of the Campbells at home to protect their property and friends, and Clanranald compelled many others to pledge themselves not to move out of the district. This proved of great advantage to Mar. On the 3d of November the camp was broken up, and the whole body marched by Castle Drummond to Perth, where they joined the main army, under the Earl of Mar; and about the same time, Sir Donald Macdonald, Seaforth, the Chisholm, and other Highlanders, made their appearance. On the 9th a council of war was called, at which it was decided to march to Dunblane. The history of this march and the battle of Sheriffmuir are sufficiently well known. All the Macdonalds behaved with their wonted valour and bravery, and no one more so than the gallant Chief of Clanranald, who fell mortally wounded—"a man universally esteemed and respected by foe as well as friend, and whose memory is still cherished in the Highlands with the utmost fondness." Even Patten, the renegade author of "The History of the Rebellion," after stating that the Captain of Clanranald, with 1000 men, all with their chief, were against the Government and in the rebellion, says:—"This clan did act the part of men that are resolute and brave, under the command of their chief, who, for his good parts and genteel accomplishments, was looked upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans; maintaining a splendid equipage; keeping a just deference to the people of all sorts; void of pride or ill-humour. He performed the part of one that knew the part of a complete soldier; but a fatal bullet from the King's forces, through the body, disabled him but did not daunt him; so finding a necessity of yielding to the fate of his wound, he withdrew, and told he could do no more; only his well-wishes attended his King and his country. He was lamented by both parties that knew him." It was on this melancholy occasion that Macdonald of Glengarry exclaimed to those who were disposed to mourn over the fallen hero, "Let us have revenge to-day: mourning to-morrow"—a suggestion which was instantly acted upon with terrible effect.

As already stated, he married Penelope, daughter of Colonel Mackenzie, Governor of Tangiers, without issue. He was interred at Innerpephry, in the burying-place of the noble family of Perth, when he was succeeded by his only brother,

XX. RANALD MACDONALD, thirteenth of Clanranald. During the rebellion of 1715 he was in France. When the news of his brother's death at Sheriffmuir reached him, he determined to set off for the Highlands, but before he could start information arrived that the rebellion was suppressed. He therefore decided to remain until he could hear further particulars from his friends at home. Intelligence soon came that he was among those who had been attainted, and that steps were being taken to deprive him of the family estates. He delayed coming home; but an excellent friend of the family, Alexander Mackenzie, Principal Clerk of Session in Edinburgh, interested himself in Ranald's behalf, purchased large debts which had been accumulated by the late chief and Ranald himself, mainly for prosecution of the Stuart cause, and got them all vested in his own person. He then raised an action of abjudication in

the Court of Session against all the Clanranald estates, for the accumulated sum of £95,000 Scots, and obtained a decree in his own favour, all with the view of handing the property over to the representative of the family as soon as a pardon could be procured or the attainder removed. Ranald, however, who was never married, died at St Germain's in 1725, before a pardon could be procured or the estates conveyed to him. Thus the whole male line of Sir Donald Macdonald, ninth of Clanranald, became extinct, and the dignity and succession reverted to the nearest male heir of Ranald Macdonald, immediate younger brother of Sir Donald last named, as follows:—

RANALD MACDONALD, second son of Allan, eighth of Clanranald, and immediate younger brother of Sir Donald, ninth of Clanranald, by his wife, a daughter of Macleod of Macleod, received from his father, Allan, the lands of Barrow in Benbecula, Gartgimines, Baile-nan-Cailleach, Bailefinlay, Bailemeanach, Uachdar, Benbecula (called the two Airds), Knockworlane, and part of Machar-meanach; also the lands of Ardness, Lochyilt, and Essan in Arasaig. Afterwards, John Macdonald, tenth of Clanranald, granted to this Ranald and to his son, Ranald Og, a feu-charter, dated 12th of April 1625, for infefting themselves in these lands, and infeftment followed in favour of the elder Ranald, recorded at the Chancery of Ross on the 21st of June following. These deeds are afterwards confirmed by the superior, the Earl of Argyll, on the 14th of March 1633.

Ranald, son of Allan, ninth chief, and immediate younger brother of Sir Donald, ninth of Clanranald, married, first, Maria, daughter of Archibald Macdonald, brother of Donald Gorm Mor, seventh, and sister of Sir Donald Macdonald, eighth baron and first baronet of Sleat. By this lady (who was forcibly seized and ravished by Sir Lauchlan Mackinnon of Strathardale, and for which act he was afterwards forfeited in 1722) Ranald had no issue. He married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Dunyveg, with issue—

1. Ranald, designed "Ranald Og," to distinguish him from his father.
2. Angus Og, so called to distinguish him from his uncle, Angus of Clanranald. From Angus Og descended the families of Dalilea and Milton.

Ranald was succeeded in the lands of Benbecula and others above mentioned by his eldest son,

RANALD OG MACDONALD, who had some difference with the chief of Clanranald about the payment of his feu-duties and services. This landed him in an action in the Court of Session, where judgment went against him. They soon, however, arranged matters, and became reconciled. On the 7th of October 1652 he was infeft as fiar upon his father's charter of 1625, and the infeftment is duly registered in the Chancery of Ross. On the 16th of December 1655 he obtained from John Macdonald, tenth of Clanranald, a discharge of all feu-duties and services; and on the 25th of March 1675 he entered into an agreement with Donald, eleventh of Clanranald, by which his lands were to be held direct from the superior, the Earl of Argyll; but this arrangement was afterwards departed from before it was finally ratified.

Ranald married, first, a daughter of Macneil of Barra, by whom he had issue—

1. Donald, who succeeded, as fourteenth of Clanranald, on the death, without issue, of Ranald thirteenth chief, and of whom presently.

Ranald married, secondly, in 1653, Anne (or Agnes) Macdonald, daughter of John Macdonald, tenth of Clanranald,* with issue—

2. James, to whom his father gave the lands of Belfinlay, Ardbeg, Ardmore, and others. This James had a son, Allan of Belfinlay, who also had a son, Allan of Belfinlay, who married Jane, eldest daughter of Lachlan Mackinnon of Corry, the entertainer of Pennant and Dr Johnson, with issue—Allan, a Major in the 55th Regiment, who married Flora, daughter of Peter Nicolson of Ardmore, with issue—Captain Allan Macdonald, now of Waternish, Isle of Skye, and others.

3. Donald Og, who died without issue.

4. Moir, or Marion.

On the death of Ranald, thirteenth of Clanranald, in 1725, in France, he was succeeded by his cousin as above.

(To be Continued.)

THE HON. ARCHIBALD LOVAT was quite a character; many are the stories told about him. Once, while staying at Fraser's (afterwards Bennett's) Hotel in Inverness, he took a fancy to divert himself by ringing all the bells in the house between two and three o'clock in the morning. As soon as he heard the waiter or chambermaid coming to answer one bell, he ran into another room and rang another, and so on, until the whole house was disturbed. An English traveller happened to be in the hotel, and, understanding who it was that was making such a disturbance, and knowing Lovat to be a very vain man, he ran out and caught him, exclaiming, "You scoundrel, do you not know that my Lord Lovat is in the house?" Quite flattered by what he considered such a high respect paid to him, he at once retired, and sent for the traveller in the morning, whom he complimented on being a gentleman, knowing the respect due to his superiors.

ANOTHER story of the same Lovat is as follows:—In his time the Beaully was famous for the great quantity of salmon it contained. In one part especially, called the Salmon Leap, it is said that a person could not stand for ten minutes without seeing the fish leaping high out of the water. Lovat made a bet with another gentleman that he could cook a salmon without its being touched by any one, and he won the wager thus. He caused a fire to be made close to the water with a large pot of boiling water placed on it. He and his friend stood by, and, within a quarter of an hour, a fine salmon, leaping out of the water, fell into the pot of hot water, and so was cooked to perfection without being touched.—*Invernessian for August.*

* There is a dispensation, "dated at Ellan Raald, the 8th of June 1653," granted for this marriage by "Dominicus Dingin," under authority of a commission from the Pope, "to dispensate in such business," written on the 10th of December 1651. The parties are described as "in the second and third degree of consanguinity," whereas all marriages "contracted within the fourth degree, inclusively, are, by the universal Church of God, prohibited and declared of no force or value without a special dispensation from the said Church."

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

—o—
A U L D O U R.

HERE Miss Grisilda and one or two of her nieces screamed outright. The Captain sprung to his feet to catch the first that should fall, and the Doctor laid hold of a decanter containing cold water which happened to stand on the table, believing from the paleness of the ladies' looks that it would be instantly needed. The bare sight of it, however, seemed to act as an antidote, and by its means and the help of smelling-bottles together, all the terrified fair contrived to keep their feet, and by-and-bye recovered in some degree their vanished colour. As soon as they had recovered from their trepidation, Maclaine at their request proceeded with his narrative.

"Having got rid of this goblin——

"But how, pray, got you rid of him?" said Miss Grisilda.

"Why, being ashamed to turn back, I made all haste to pass him. I looked behind me after I had proceeded a few paces, and I still beheld him as if slowly following me. You will readily suppose I did not wait for his company, but pressed on with all possible expedition till I thought myself beyond his reach, and had left the silent cemetery at some distance in rear of me.

"When I next looked behind me, I saw no sheeted corpse, but was scarcely less surprised to behold a faint light glimmering, apparently through one of the windows of the ruins of the chapel. I watched it for a few moments, and bethought myself of Kirk Alloway; but while I yet hesitated whether I should return to examine the phenomenon more narrowly, it suddenly vanished and left me again in darkness.

"My anxiety to gain the gloves would not allow me to make another pause till I had penetrated towards the centre of the corry. Here a faint noise, like that of horses' feet, at a distance attracted my attention. I recollected the story of the phantom troopers, who are said to hold occasionally their nocturnal parade there, and regretted much that the darkness would prevent me from seeing how they went through their exercise. While I stood to listen, the noise increased in force and distinctness. The impression of each thundering hoof upon the solid turf left no room to doubt that a powerful cavalcade was approaching. I already felt the ground in tremulous motion around me, and became somewhat apprehensive of being trodden under foot without any possibility of avoiding the danger. They passed me, however, at some twenty yards' distance. They seemed to consist of about a dozen horses. I could faintly discern their figure through the gloom, but could not distinguish their riders, though something rung in my stunned ears like loud laughter as they again vanished into darkness, and the sound of their footsteps waxed faint in the distance.

"I met with no further surprise till I reached the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich*,

where, after much groping, I luckily succeeded in laying my hand on the objects of my search ; but not, I must confess, till I had received a more serious alarm than any yet mentioned."

Here he paused ; but before he had reached this stage of his narrative the recital had called forth, as may be readily supposed, many additional exclamations from the fair portion of the audience, though no alarming symptoms of another nervous attack were betrayed. Here they again exchanged significant glances, and Miss Grisilda got her phial of volatile salts in readiness for the next catastrophe. The Captain, however, was in no haste to proceed with his narration. He evidently betrayed some reluctance to communicate what passed in the cave, and when admonished on the subject, he made answer, after a few minutes' reflection, that he must request to be excused detailing any further particulars till next morning at breakfast time, when he would reveal the whole occurrences in his adventure. It was in vain that he was urged to gratify the expectation which he had excited, by telling all, and not keeping them on the rack of uncertainty and conjecture for so many tedious hours, and even spoiling their night's repose ; for Miss Grisilda protested that she should not be able to close an eye by thinking on it. The Captain was quite inexorable, and his inquisitive examiners were obliged to content themselves with remarking that it was certainly the *Bodach* himself that he had encountered, and Miss Grisilda said that he might think himself fortunate in getting so easily out of his hands. She added that the many dreadful things which he had that night seen and heard were evidently a judgment on his rashness and scepticism ; and she at length bade him good-night, with the consolatory reflection that she hoped he would be a better man for it all the days of his life.

As soon as the door closed behind Miss Grisilda and her train—who displayed on this occasion a rather uncommon degree of ceremonious courtesy in relinquishing to each other the honour of precedency as they left the room—Maclaine burst forth into an obstreperous fit of laughing. When he had recovered his composure we requested him to explain ; for though none of us believed that there was anything supernatural in the phenomena which the Captain had witnessed, yet we all appeared at a loss to account for them.

"Why, gentlemen," said Maclaine, "it is the easiest thing in the world to conjure up a spectre and impose on all the five senses with a little assistance from fancy. During the short time I have been out I have met with materials enough for some half dozen or more tales of wonder, each as good as any you have heard to-night, yet all easily explained without any necessity of having recourse to supernatural agency. I shall satisfy you all at breakfast that I have told nothing but the exact truth, and that I have, notwithstanding, met with nothing extraordinary. It will be a choice treat to observe how Miss Grizzy will look when I turn the tables upon her.

"Yet there occurred one circumstance in the case, which, to confess the truth, gave me a good deal of surprise ; and, though I never for a moment supposed it anywise supernatural, it still puzzles me to account for it. It was for this reason that I declined to mention it to the ladies till I return, as I mean to do as soon as the morning dawns, to find out the cause of it. As I was groping in the darkness for the gloves, I

thought I heard a noise as of a person breathing, towards the inner part of the cave, which you know is of considerable extent. I held my breath to listen, when I fully satisfied myself of the fact. The slow, strong, and somewhat stentorious respiration of one in sleep was distinctly audible.

"I stood for some minutes to listen, and endeavour to find out some plausible explanation of the phenomenon, but all my ingenuity was exerted in vain. I could attribute it to no wild animal that had there sought a lair, and to suppose that any human being would take up his night's lodging in so dreary an abode seemed hardly more probable. Yet this last was the most satisfactory conjecture which I could form, and at last I felt almost quite persuaded that some vagabond maniac had there sought a shelter from the inclemency of the midnight air.

"The idea that I was in the society of such an unmanageable being, in circumstances where I could do nothing to defend myself from his violence, was scarcely more comfortable than if my invisible companion had been the *Bodach Glas* himself. I confess, therefore, that I lost no time in effecting my retreat with all possible quietness, and perhaps as I made my exit from the pitchy den my feelings were not very different in kind from what might have been inspired by the apprehension of something supernatural."

We were now all equally curious to know the bottom of this strange affair, and unanimously expressed a wish to accompany the Captain in his investigations. It now wanted but a few hours of dawn, and we could not venture to bed, lest we should oversleep ourselves. We therefore resolved to watch till the break of day. With the aid of a chess-board and the Terrific Register, we contrived to keep our eyes open till the approach of day was discernible in the east. We then stepped quietly forth by raising a window-sash, and after a smart walk of nearly an hour we reached the entrance of the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich* just as the sun had begun to gild the tops of the mountains.

At first entering the interior of the cave was too dark, even at noon, to allow one object to be distinguishable from another; but remaining a few minutes in it sufficed to render everything dimly visible. We therefore required to proceed with caution till our organs of sight became familiarised to the obscurity of the place. We stole softly in till we had reached nearly the middle of the cavern, where we stood a while quite motionless to listen and to reconcile our eyes to our situation. We all heard the breathing distinctly as Maclaine had described it; and we had not listened long when we could faintly discern a human figure, wrapt in a plaid, and lying on a couch of heather near the inner extremity. He seemed still asleep, and we were careful not to rouse him till we had made more narrow observations.

But as we approached, the sound of our footsteps, in spite of all our caution, awoke him. He started suddenly to his elbow, laid his hand on a stout oaken sapling that lay beside him, and put himself in a determined posture of defence, while he fiercely scrutinised the intruders upon his repose.

I instantly recognised my kind host, the smuggler of Glenaverain, though his appearance was sadly altered since I had parted with him. From beneath his fur cap appeared a handkerchief, besmeared with blood, around his temples. One of his shaggy whiskers was also clotted with

blood, both his eyes were bloodshot, and his whole appearance bore evident marks of violence. On seeing me his aspect of savage ferocity softened into a slight grin of recognition, and his suspicious glance was exchanged for an air of seeming confidence, but still he retained the attitude of defence and the grasp of his shillelah.

"My honest friend, Alastair, can this be you?" said L. "I am sorry to see you in such a plight."

"Och, I hope she's very well," he replied, while with the familiarity of an old acquaintance he presented to me his huge fist, which, I remarked, was likewise stained with blood.

"Pray, Alastair, what made you take up your lodging in such a place, and how came you by all these marks of strife? Have you had a scuffle lately with your neighbour, Rory of the Glen?"

"Och, sir, I had a visit yesterday from worse neighbours than Rory of the Glen ever was to me."

I had already begun to suspect the true cause of the smuggler's calamity, and, observing that he still kept a distrustful eye on my companions, whose presence seemed to lay a constraint upon his tongue, I assured him that he need be under no apprehension from them, as they would be as sorry as myself to reveal anything to his prejudice. When they all had confirmed by their own mouths what I had said, and encouraged him to explain his case with confidence, Alastair Roy—for this was his true name—proceeded without reserve to detail the particulars of a visit which he had received from a party of Excise. They had demolished his still, destroyed all his apparatus, and would have also made himself their captive, but for the stubborn resistance which he offered, and for the presence of mind and masculine courage of his female assistant.

This heroine had not only taken an active part in the scuffle from its commencement, but when Alastair had been stunned and felled to the ground by a stroke from a cutlass, and the man that dealt the blow was about to secure him with manacles, she snatched his weapon from his hands and, presenting it to his bosom, compelled him to relinquish his prey, and kept him and all his companions at bay till the smuggler recovered his senses and his trusty claymore. Their united efforts then succeeded in putting to flight all the party, though they themselves had been reduced in consequence to the necessity of consulting their safety by absconding. Last evening in the dusk Alastair had arrived in Glen Lynna; but fearing to entrust his safety with any of the inhabitants, with whom he had been but slightly acquainted, and being unable to proceed farther on account of fatigue, he had preferred abiding for a night in the *Uaimh a Bhodaich*, although he was not ignorant of its forbidding character. He said he would much rather encounter the *Bodach Glas*, together with all the other goblins in Glen Lynna, than be put on his trial before the powdered wigs of the Exchequer Court in Edinburgh. Knowing how much Alastair Roy stood in awe of imaginary beings, I could readily believe that his horror of the venerable Bench of Barons was by no means fictitious, when rather than confront them he could thus venture to brave all the powers of darkness. I could also form some conception of the magnitude of his sufferings and fatigue when he could sleep so soundly in the very stronghold of the demons of Glen Lynna.

It was his intention, he said, to continue his flight, now that he was

somewhat refreshed by sleep, to a distant part of the country, where he had some friends, by whose means he hoped to be able to lie concealed till the storm was blown over. By this time his calamities, whether merited or not, had engaged as much the sympathies of my companions as my own. The Doctor now examined his wounds, and gave it as his opinion that it would be very dangerous for him to attempt going farther till they were in a better state. After a brief consultation, therefore, it was agreed that he should remain for some days at a shealing belonging to the Captain not far distant, along with two of his shepherds, whose secrecy he would take care to secure. The Doctor engaged to visit him there till he were again fit for his journey. On inquiry after my friend the shepherd of Glenaverain, I was glad to find that, by the surgical skill of the wise man of the clachan, and the capital attention of his own affectionate Ericht, he was already on foot again, and able, with the aid of a crutch, to walk small distances.

When everything was arranged for Alastair Roy's accommodation, we set out on our return to Auldour, where we arrived before many eyelids were yet opened. When at length all the company assembled round the breakfast table, it was a high treat to observe the victorious airs with which Miss Grisilda began to crow over the seemingly crestfallen Captain. The latter sat silent and apparently thoughtful, while she proceeded to state how he had made a full recantation of all his heretical opinions, and represented in glowing colours all the dreadful sights and sounds which he had last night witnessed. He had been nearly frightened out of his wits by a white ghost at the churchyard; by a dreadful burning inside the old chapel; by a troop of phantom horsemen, who hailed him with a volley of loud laughter as they galloped past him; and lastly, by something in the haunted cave, of which he had promised to give a full account at breakfast—even the particulars of an encounter which he had had with the *Bodach Glas* himself. She concluded by now calling on him to fulfil his engagement, and gratify the company with what he had promised.

"Miss Grisilda," replied the Captain, "I must take the liberty to tell you that in your representation of my last night's confessions you make rather a more liberal use of the figure of speech called hyperbole than strict justice to the accused party would demand. I made no recantation whatever—begging your pardon, ma'am—nor did I admit that I had seen or encountered either deadlight, goblin, or bodach, much less that I had been so seriously terrified as your words imply."

"Well, after that, anything!" exclaimed Miss Grisilda, raising both her hands and eyes with astonishment, and appearing as the actual personification of surprise. "I appeal," she added with much emphasis, "to Miss Jacobina, to Miss Madelina, to Miss Johanna, and to all the other ladies and gentlemen who were present, if I have not faithfully reported your words. Did you not say, 'that if ever a sheeted ghost was seen in a churchyard, you saw one last night?' Answer me that, Captain Maclaine."

"Why, I must admit that I made use of words much to that import. But I am glad, Miss Grisilda, that you remembered the *if*. 'There is much virtue in your *ifs*,' you know, and I see I must be much beholden to them on the present occasion. *If* ever a ghost was seen in a churchyard, I am still ready to allow that last night I did see one, and trembled

too, if you will have it so, at the awful sight. But till you convert the supposition into a certainty, and prove the reality of such an apparition, I must beg to assert that what I saw was only my own grey horse, while standing with his face directly towards me, and the rest of his body thereby concealed. Such an appearance in the dark, and so near a churchyard, might have been taken for a real apparition in any country. This is not the first time that Sultan has played upon the fancy of the benighted passenger. As to the eldritch laugh which I mentioned, if ever you happened to hear a horse neigh faintly, you could be at no loss to understand it."

"Well, such equivocation!" exclaimed Miss Grisilda, while the majority of the company had no small enjoyment at her expense. "I suppose," she added, "you will explain away everything else that you saw and heard by similar shuffling. How do you account for the light which you said you saw in the chapel?"

"Very easily. It was nothing more nor less than a light from a back window of the house, which I saw through a window of the old ruins in the precise manner I formerly described."

"And what becomes of the phantom horses?"

"They were real horses, ma'am—no phantoms. You will find them still grazing in the corry if you doubt my word and choose to be at the trouble of going to see. Frightened by some cause which I cannot pretend to explain—by the *Bodach Glas* if you please—they came thundering past me in the darkness exactly in the way I mentioned. And after the story of my own horse, I suppose there is no occasion to explain the awful mystery of the laughter. It was genuine horse laughter."

Sounds of a similar character were by this time rising from all parts of the table, while Miss Grisilda and her partisans strove in vain to conceal their uneasiness at their awkward position. Still, however, they had sufficient resolution to inquire about the adventure in the cave; and as the Captain, agreeably to the resolution which had been adopted on our way homeward from the corry, chose to communicate no more of that affair than appeared consistent with the smuggler's safety, he related only the most marvellous part of it, leaving his audience to explain them in any way they pleased.

This furnished the defeated party with a rallying point. Miss Grisilda recovered her spirits and her voice, and with much eloquence contended that the breathing he had heard could have proceeded from no imaginable creature but the *Bodach Glas*. Several of her fair allies again took up their weapons in her cause, and the controversy threatened once more to become general. The Captain for some time kept entirely aloof, till, perceiving that neither party was likely to come off with an undisputed victory, he at once put a period to the strife, by remarking that for his part he would never again engage in argument with Miss Grisilda, as she had last night proved herself more than a match for him, but must beg to refer the disputants to the evidence of three competent witnesses, then at the table, who had that morning accompanied him to inquire into the mysterious circumstance.

The said witnesses having been called up accordingly, severally deponed that they had found no *Bodach Glas* in the cave, 'but that a very substantial *Bodach Roy* was there, fast asleep on a couch of heather.' In

other words, they asserted that they had found a stout, red-haired man, who had taken up his night's lodging in the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich*, and who seemed no less astonished at the sight of intruders upon his morning slumbers than they themselves were at his ferocious aspect. They would confess no more for the present, but consented, if any one desired to know any more about him, or his reasons for seeking an asylum there, to afford entire satisfaction on both these points before night.

After this clearing up of so many mysteries, there remained nothing for the advocates of the marvellous but to endure the mortifying laugh which their opponents now raised against them. Miss Grisilda was reduced to absolute silence—a more extraordinary phenomenon than any that had yet been discussed. Her aspect and behaviour betrayed an evident struggle between her good nature and her indignation. The Captain, I was afraid, had entirely forfeited her favour, which I doubted if he could ever recover, unless the pleasing occasion of presenting the well-earned marriage gloves should revive her kindlier feelings towards him. She soon, however, recovered the full use of her tongue, and gave her opponents to understand that nothing had yet occurred to invalidate her general doctrine of apparitions, and that she was by no means disposed to concede the palm of victory. As the opposite party had lost their chief pillar in the defection of the Captain, they showed no disposition to renew the combat. They therefore suffered her to erect her trophy unmolested and to enjoy her imagined triumph. Some of her fair partisans candidly confessed that they regretted that the Captain's adventure had thus lost all its marvellous character, chiefly because they were thereby deprived of a choice topic for filling their next letters to their correspondents.

I took a temporary leave that day of my kind friends at Auldour to extend my excursion westward. What befel me before my return I at present reserve; and not to break the continuity of my narrative, I shall briefly state the result of my observations and information during the only other evening which I had the happiness to spend under that hospitable roof. I was anxious to learn how the Captain's cause had prospered during the two weeks that I had been absent. I was fortunate enough to find Maclaine there when I returned, and was glad to perceive that his friendly footing did not seem to be diminished. The Colonel in his evening walk leaned on his arm as usual, and the young ladies flirted with him as familiarly as ever. Mrs Mackenzie, however, and some one or two besides of the more aged dames, together with Miss Grisilda, treated him, as I believed, with more than their wonted coldness and reserve. In the manners of Jacobina herself I could discover no change. She had such absolute control over the external expression of her feelings that in his presence she betrayed no symptom from which any certain inference could be drawn. The most amusing incident of the evening was a certain dry but rather severe practical joke, which she contrived to play off upon him. As all men have their foibles, and not a few have very ridiculous ones, so the gallant Captain was not without his, which was a violent nervous antipathy to mice. At the sight of "such small deer" he would start and scream and run like a city-bred miss. Though he had never turned his back to an armed foe of his own species, and could brave, as we have seen, all the powers of darkness, he was yet a sheer coward when he beheld one

of the little depredators of the pantry. Had his enemy in the wars known this weakness, instead of opposing him with sword and bayonet, he would have set before him a couple of the small quadrupeds just mentioned, the very sight of them in the slips in all probability would have as effectually discomfitted him as in days of old the feline allies of King Cambyses did the numerous hosts of Egypt.

This infirmity in the Captain being well known, had been often laid hold of to raise a little merriment at his expense; and though the joke had been often repeated, its success was still as certain as ever. I myself witnessed this, when a repetition of it was effected by means of her whom he most admired; and when I add that the inference which I have deduced was somewhat unfavourable to my friend, I perhaps hazard my own character for penetration in such matters by the remark.

At supper the Captain was requested by Jacobina to help her from a covered dish that was before him. With his usual politeness he hastened to oblige her. On his lifting the cover, out leaped into his bosom a spirited little mouse. The cover dropped from his hand, he uttered a nervous shriek, instantly sprang to his feet, nearly demolished the table, and leaped upon his chair, where he stood for several seconds with the aspect of personified horror, amidst the deafening peals of laughter which rose all around him from the convulsed company.

The concussion which the jest gave to the sides of the hearty old landlord had nearly proved more serious to him than the alarm to the Captain. Several others also suffered severely, and some time elapsed before tranquillity could again be restored. Maclaine did not immediately recover from the shock, and his appetite seemed completely spoiled. Had any other but the lovely Jacobina acted so to him, it is difficult to conceive how he could have forgiven it; but as he could harbour no resentment against her, he recovered his good humour much sooner than might have been expected, and joined in the mirth he had excited.

I was under the necessity next morning of bidding a final adieu to the worthy family, from whom I had experienced such kindness. I was accompanied to the bridge of Eihre by the Captain, whom the favourable day had induced to try the river for a grilse. Though I had several times used the freedom to rally him on his *affaires de cœur*, I had never yet succeeded in drawing from him any explicit confession. I was too much interested in his success, however, to take my leave without making another attempt to discover what progress he had made. As we walked along, therefore, I seized my opportunity to remark that before the elapse of many weeks I hoped to see announced in the newspapers the consummation of his happiness.

The observation had all the desired effect. He thanked me for my warm interest in his views, and, affecting no misconception of my meaning, proceeded without farther hint to let me into the knowledge of the state of his case. I rejoiced to learn, notwithstanding the apparently immense superiority of force brought to bear against him, that he had during my brief absence achieved an almost decisive victory. While his rival Dunbreckan was most urgent in his suit, and when circumstances seemed most favourable to his views, the Captain had succeeded in gaining from the blushing object of their rivalry the flattering confession for which he had so long and so zealously struggled. He had also been able to gain

the consent of her worthy father, the more easily perhaps, as the Captain had remarked, that some late rumours had made him suspect that certain gambling speculations of Dunbreckan were likely to ruin him. Mrs Mackenzie, he added, still carried her head a little high, and refused to countenance him. But, he assured me, he meant to make no humiliating attempts to conciliate her favour, as he was now secure, and she must give in.

The only remaining obstacle to the consummation of his wishes was the want of a suitable mansion-house at his farm of Ardlyinna to receive his bride. Upon this he took from his pocket a plan of an edifice which he himself had drawn out; and having sat down on the parapet of the bridge, which we had now reached, he was at much pains to explain to me its various details, and requested my opinion as to its merits. The Captain's good sense, I was glad to perceive had led him to study comfort more than show, and while he had contrived to provide sufficient room for the accommodation of a few friends as guests, the general plan of the building was on such a moderate scale as best suited the fortune of the landlord. I had therefore only to express in the strongest terms my approbation, and to wish Jacobina and him many years of happiness in their future dwelling, and a numerous progeny to fill it. In return for my good wishes, I was honoured with a cordial invitation to Ardlyinna on my next excursion to the Highlands, with an assurance that Jacobina and he would be glad to endeavour to make everything agreeable to me. Having thus made a liberal interchange of good wishes, which on both sides, I believe, were breathed from the heart, our right hands at length relaxed their mutual grasp and waved the parting adieu. After I had walked a few paces an idle crotchet came across my mind, which tempted me to call back to the Captain and inquire whether there were any mice at Ardlyinna. But by this time he had cast his fly upon the stream, and was too intent on watching its motions to hear me. I therefore set forward on my solitary way, admiring the dexterous fellow's good fortune and moralising on the various destinies of men in the adventures of this life.

THE MACRAES OF KINTAIL UNKILTED.—In our last we pointed out that a sufficient number of Kintail men could not be found to carry the body of the late Seaforth out of Brahan Castle according to immemorial custom. This seems to have had a most depressing effect upon the few handsome Macraes, who hitherto were the most picturesque frequenters of the Inverness Wool Market; for, on the last occasion, not a single Macrae was seen dressed in the ancient garb of the race. They have now nearly all been driven from the lands of their ancestors, and they have apparently thrown aside the kilt and donned the Lowlander's garb in disgust. We venture to think that this is carrying resentment a little too far.—*Invernessian for August.*

THE GAELIC CENSUS OF THE COUNTIES OF INVERNESS,
ROSS, AND SUTHERLAND.

—o—

THE following valuable and most interesting statement has been sent for publication by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. :—

LONDON, 8th July 1881.

SIR,—Pending the issue of the Official Returns of the Census,* I was desirous to procure accurate returns of the Gaelic population in its three head settlements. Accordingly, circulars were issued to the Registrars of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland shires, asking for information; and as it had been publicly stated that in several cases young children and infants were not included, nor, under a misapprehension of the Registrar-General's instructions, many who speak Gaelic fluently; requesting the numbers so omitted as nearly as possible to be given. I am glad to say that 74 Registrars made returns, the results of which are shown in the Table annexed, which I hope you will be so good as publish. The Registrars of Rosehall (District), Dornoch, Dingwall, Logie-Easter, Croy and Dalcross, and South Snizort District, acknowledged the request, but stated that they had not kept a note of the Gaelic Return; the Registrar of Croy adding, that many were omitted that could speak Gaelic fluently; of South Snizort, that all were returned except 4; of Rosehall, that children not included, and of Dornoch, that none were omitted. The present Registrar of Abernethy did not take the census. The Registrar of the Southern District of Gairloch states that he does not think he has the right to supply information, and adds, "I consider there was really no Gaelic Census as yet." Considering that Gairloch gave birth to the author of "The Beauties," and the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, this result was not to be expected.

The Registrars of the following districts made no reply, viz. :—

IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. District of Stoer. | 3. District of Scourie. |
| 2. District of Bonar. | 4. Parish of Golspie. |
| 5. Parish of Tongue. | |

IN ROSS-SHIRE.

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Parish of Alness. | 6. Parish of Lochcarron. |
| 2. District of Cromarty. | 7. District of Rosemarkie. |
| 3. Parish of Kilearnan. | 8. District of Rosskeen. |
| 4. Parish of Kilmuir-Easter. | 9. Part Parish of Lochs. |
| 5. District of Coigach. | 10. Parish of Stornoway. |

* A Return was ordered by Parliament, on the motion of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, upon the 25th July, in the terms following :—

Return in the form annexed of the numbers of Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland, by Counties, Parishes, and Registration Districts, under the Scottish Census of 1881 :—

County.	Parish and Registration District.	Population.	Gaelic-speaking.
	A	—	—
	B	—	—
	C	—	—

IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. District of Rothiemurchus. | 3. Parish of Laggan. |
| 2. Parish of Kilmorack. | 4. Parish of St Kilda. |
| 5. District of Stenscholl. | |

I regret that in consequence of their silence, the Table is incomplete, but from other sources, the returns from some of them have been given as follows:—Stoer, 2230; Golspie, 709; Tongue, 826*; Cromarty, 310; Killearnan, 543; Lochcarron, 1391; Lochs, 6272; St Kilda, 77†; and Stenscholl, 1308; or a total of 14,666 for these eight districts speaking Gaelic. The results in the 74 Districts from which returns have been made, are that the total population is 134,097. Returned as speaking Gaelic 95,916.

Probable number of omissions, say 2184.

Total Gaelic, 98,100.

It will be observed, that with the exception of Edderton, Avoch, Inverallan, and Kingussie, the Gaelic omissions have been inconsiderable, and establish what I had anticipated—

1st, That full justice would, in the Highland Districts at least, be done by enumerators and Registrars, and

2d, That Gaelic prevails more widely than is generally supposed.

To these gentlemen who so kindly replied, and for the interesting information in some of their letters, my warmest acknowledgments are tendered.

I trust friends of the Gaelic in the nineteen *silent* districts (I omit St Kilda) will waken up the sleepers, and also that information will be got as regards Dornoch, Dingwall, Croy and Dalcross, Abermethy and Kincardine, Logie Easter, South Gairloch, Rosehall, and South Snizort before alluded to, in order that a Supplementary and Completing Table may be issued. I think also that friends in other counties should move in their localities, for it is too great an undertaking for one person to deal with all Scotland.—Your obedient servant,

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND, CENSUS 1881.

District.	Total population.	Gaelic speaking population.	Remarks.
Laing	1354	937	Children under 4 omitted.
Clyne	1812	1339	Many young children omitted.
Loth	584	210	None omitted who can speak Gaelic fluently.
Durness	968	900	None omitted.
Kirkton (District)	495	464	None omitted.
Kildonan	1935	1137	None omitted.
Kirkton (District)	1140	925	No remarks.
Strathy (District)	790	700	About 49 children omitted.
Kinlochberrie (District)	920	872	Few, if any, omitted.
Rogart	1227	1053	No remarks.
Strathoykell	325	48	None omitted.

* The Registrar of Tongue has since written mentioning the figures as, total, 1933; speaking Gaelic, 1826, none being omitted.—ED.

† The Registrar of St Kilda, being also the worthy minister, wrote as soon as he could, his letter taking about six weeks on the journey, stating that the whole population of 77 spoke Gaelic.—ED.

COUNTY OF ROSS.

District.	Total population.	Gaelic-speaking population.	Remarks.
Kiltearn	1182	647	No remarks.
Kincardine	1149	854	None omitted.
Kinlochluichart	632	571	None omitted.
Carnoch	281	275	None omitted.
Lochbroom (District)	3024	2779	Children under 18 months omitted, probable number 69.
Tain (District)	3009	1090	No omissions.
Resolis	1424	599	No omissions.
Tarbat	1869	1236	None omitted.
Fearn	2135	1502	None omitted.
Contin	708	536	None omitted.
Knockbain	1863	1080	None omitted.
Urray	2426	1731	Infants omitted.
Carloway (District)	3020	2996	About 20 infants omitted.
Fodderty	1879	1223	Very few children omitted.
Nigg	1000	603	No remarks.
Part of Parish of Uig	2256	2244	None omitted.
Edderton	789	429	650 nearer the truth of Gaelic-speaking people.
Barvas	5326	5322	None omitted.
Urquhart & Logie Wester	2524	1805	None omitted.
Avoch	1691	126	Children in arms omitted; about 120 not included able to speak Gaelic fluently.

COUNTY OF INVERNESS.

Inverallan (District)	2476	547	Estimated to speak fluently, 1000
Daviot and Dunlichity	1252	938	Infants who could not speak omitted; sixth census taken by Registrar.
Duthil (District)	1371	910	None omitted.
Alvie	707	504	None omitted.
Petty	1531	787	Children under 2 omitted.
Glenmoriston (District)	425	413	None omitted.
Ardersier	2084	724	None omitted; the numbers are composed of 595 in Fort-George, and 129 remainder of Parish.
Moy and Dalarossie	822	650	Registrar speaks from memory of the number of 650.
Portree (District)	2482	2362	None omitted.
Shieldaig (District)	1394	1382	None omitted.
North Snizort (District)	730	724	None omitted.
Urquhart	2013	1727	Many who could speak fluently did not return themselves; young children and infants in most cases omitted.
Strath	2598	2525	33 who speak fluently did not return themselves.
Howmore (District)	1963	1835	About 100 children under 2 omitted.
Kingussie and Insh	1987	1300	Word "habitually" restricted the numbers by about 300.
Raasay (District)	697	661	This is corrected return, including infants
Glenelg (District)	659	642	None omitted.
Sleat	2052	2042	None omitted.
Benbecula (District)	1781	1775	Corrected return, including children.
Knoydart (District)	458	401	18 infants omitted.
Glenarry (District)	553	417	A few infants omitted.
North Uist	4264	4232	None omitted.
Boisdale (District)	2314	2308	None omitted.
Bracadale	922	910	None omitted.
Fort-Augustus (District)	858	650	About 29 children omitted.
Kintail	691	652	3 omitted.
Kilmuir (District)	1254	1254	All Gaelic.
Boleskine (District)	575	484	None omitted.

District.	Total population.	Gaelic-speaking population.	Remarks.
Lochalsh	2036	1836	In all 20 infants and adults who did not return themselves, omitted.
Kirkhill	1480	881	May have been a few omissions, not many however.
Lochaber (District) ...	1375	1160	Infants and young children omitted, also several who can speak Gaelic, perfectly, but numbers of these cannot be given.
Dores	1146	764	None omitted.
Duirinish	4303	4284	None omitted.
Kiltarlity	2134	1689	40 children and 20 adults probably omitted.
Applecross (District) ...	955	930	None omitted.
North Harris (District) ...	2850	2842	None omitted.
South Harris (District) ...	1438	1432	None omitted.
Bernera	452	450	None omitted.
North Morar (District) ...	485	458	23 children probably omitted.
Inverness (District) ...	21,702	6100	Registrar has not exact figures, but is satisfied there were no omissions.
Glenshiel (District) ...	424	398	Infants omitted.
Small Isles	540	533	This is a corrected return.
Barra	2130	2120	None omitted.

Since the above was in type, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has sent us the following, dated 8th of August :—

SIR,—With reference to my letter of 8th ult. on this subject, I wish to mention that, having had an interview with the Registrar-General on the subject of the Special Gaelic Return for Scotland generally, which was granted on 25th July, I asked the favour of his giving me unofficially the 28 returns for Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, not furnished by the Registrars. This he kindly agreed to do, and the information is to be found in the annexed table.

From the returns it would appear that the Gaelic-speaking people of the three counties number 130,783, to which may be added 3217 of probable omissions, making the total 134,000—being in all likelihood one-half of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland.

These returns, except Tongue, Rosehall, Dornoch, Dingwall, Logie-Easter, South Gairloch, Croy, South Snizort, and St Kilda, do not, of course, show omissions according to the views of the Registrars, and as accuracy is very important, I cannot but regret that the Registrars of Stoer, Bonar, Scourie, Golspie, Alness, Cromarty, Killearnan, Kilmuir-Easter, Coigach, Lochcarron, Rosemarkie, Rosskeen, Lochs, Stornoway, Rothiemurchus, Kilmorack, Laggan, and Steinscholl, and late Registrar of Abernethy and Kincardine, have not been moved to reply; but having done all in my power, I must now leave the matter as it stands.

SUTHERLAND REGISTRATION DISTRICT.

	Population.	Gaelic speaking.
Stoer	2278	2174
Bonar	1571	1185
Scourie	580	384
Golspie	1548	755
Tongue	1925	1791
Rosehall	652	448
Dornoch	2525	1657

ROSS AND CROMARTY.

Alness	1033	485
Cromarty	1996	301
Killearnan	1049	558
Kilmuir-Easter	1146	518
Coigach	1167	1129
Lochcarron	1456	1313
Rosemarkie	1352	66

ROSS AND CROMARTY—(Continued).

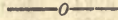
	Population.	Gaelic speaking.
Rosskeen	3746	1267
Lochs	4543	4442
Stornoway	5719	5300
Dingwall	2206	599
Logie-Easter	827	436
South Gairloch	3014	2806

INVERNESS.

Rothiemurchus	293	221
Kilmorack	2606	2023
Laggan	917	810
Stenscholl	1314	1305
Abernethy and Kincardine	1530	780
Croy and Dalcross	1709	707
South Snizort	1372	1330
St Kilda	77	77

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,
 WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE
 REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE
 PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.



PART IX. AND LAST.

Kind Providence to thee a friend,
 A lovely maid did timely send,
 To save thee from a fearful end,
 Thou charming Charlie Stuart.

—Old Song.

It may be remarked, that at this particular stage of the dangerous adventure, so many incidents of great importance took place, that to attempt relating even a tithe of them would swell this article beyond all legitimate bounds.

Sir Alexander Macdonald was fortunately from home at this time, as otherwise his presence might be a painful circumstance to himself, as well as a restraint upon the humanity and benevolence of his good Lady, who was a staunch Jacobite at heart, while Sir Alexander himself refused to show any allegiance to the cause of the unfortunate Prince. The worthy Baronet was then at Fort-Augustus in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland, who was at the time engaged in devising schemes for the capture of Charles, his ambitious, but unfortunate relative. It was on this occasion that the Duke addressed Sir Alexander at their first interview, and said to him in half jocular terms—"Ho! is this the great Rebel of the Isles?" Sir Alexander tartly replied—"No, my Lord Duke, for had I been the Rebel of the Isles, your Royal Highness would never have crossed the Spey!"

It was so far fortunate that the amiable and kind-hearted Lady Margaret was at home. She was a lady who was noted for her beauty and amiable accomplishments—a lady whose benevolence and charity are still unforgotten in the place—and a lady whose graces and virtues were an honour to the distinguished House of Eglinton!

On the arrival of Flora and her attendant at Monkstadt House, she requested a servant to tell Lady Margaret that she had just come on her way home from the Long Island. She was immediately shown into the drawing-room, where she found some gentlemen sitting, in military dress. One of these was Captain John Macleod, son of Donald Macleod of Balmeanach, who commanded a band of militia, stationed then at Uig, about two miles distant. A few more of Macleod's men were in the house at the time. A lady friend of Flora was also present, a Mrs Macdonald, the wife of John Macdonald of Kirkibost, in North Uist, who had arrived a few days before then from the Long Island, and who had informed Lady Margaret privately, that, in all probability the Prince would soon be landed in Skye. Among the rest Flora was delighted to meet her good old friend, Mr Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, *alias* "Alasdair MacDhonnhuill

Mhic Alasdair Mhic Ailein," who acted as factor for Sir Alexander. On Flora's entering the rather crowded room, the whole company arose to welcome her, as, owing to her long absence in Edinburgh, they had not seen her for years. She appeared amiable and cheerful, and warmly exchanged the congratulations of her respected friends. By means, however, of her acute perception, she had strong suspicions that Captain Macleod had an idea in his mind that her appearance there was caused by something more important than a mere friendly visit. Under this impression Flora entered into a free and easy conversation with the officer, sat beside him, and seemed to be delighted with his social talk. His conduct towards her was for a time of a different caste, and indeed all but courteous and polite. His language bordered on rudeness, and the questions put by him were positively uncivil. "Be pleased to tell me, my lady, whence you came to-day, whither do you intend to go—by what boat or vessel did you cross the Minch, and who accompanied you?" To all these stern queries, the gallant Flora, smiling and self-possessed, returned distinct replies in calm and pleasing language; and her whole deportment was so fascinating and agreeable, that she so won upon the impertinent officer, as to gain his esteem at once, and had the honour of being escorted by him to dinner, where she received his assiduous attention. The questions then asked her were of a less disagreeable description, such as—"What news, Miss Macdonald, from the Long Island? What of that unfortunate rebel, Prince Charles?" Flora smiled and expressed herself in the blandest terms, and said, "Perhaps, Captain Macleod, you are not aware that I am a bit of a Jacobite myself, and, in consequence, I am glad to understand, if true, that the unfortunate fugitive has at last succeeded in effecting his escape from his pursuers, and that by means of a vessel from France, put at his service, he has left the Long Island." The officer listened with attention, and deemed the truth of the intelligence highly probable.

At dinner, Lady Margaret, in the absence of her esteemed husband, sat at the head of the table, and her factor, Kingsburgh, occupied the other end of it. As the guests were numerous, and as some of them, such as Miss Flora and Mrs Macdonald, Kirkibost, were exceptionally welcome ones, her Ladyship appeared to be overjoyed, and expressed her regret that her husband was absent, as she had but seldom the pleasure of such an interesting company in that remote quarter of the Island. All this time, however, her Ladyship was not aware that the Prince was so very near her dwelling. Flora, always guarded and foreseeing, knew well that when the secret behoved to be soon revealed to her Ladyship, it would be necessary to send a messenger to the Prince and acquaint him of such future proceedings as might be judged advisable to be adopted. For this purpose Flora had Niel, her own servant, in her eye, as the most suitable for the undertaking. In course of the table talk, Captain Macleod, when in the act of dissecting a partridge, asked her Ladyship if there was much ground-game in this quarter? She replied, that they had some snipes and partridges, and that there was a great abundance of wild ducks and geese on the adjoining lake of Callum-Cille at all seasons, as well as flocks of wild swans in the month of September. Flora remarked that if there was a fowling-piece about the premises, her servant, Niel, was no ordinary hand at using it to advantage. Her Ladyship replied, that there was a variety

of muskets and rifles in the gun-room, where Niel might help himself, and try his luck. This was all that Flora wanted, to afford a pretext for Niel to scamper the fields, when in reality the safety of the Prince was the only game he wished to be in pursuit of. Some little time after dinner, when the guests betook themselves hither and thither for amusement, Flora got hold of Kingsburgh when alone, and revealed to him all about the Prince, and suggested the necessity of breaking the intelligence to Lady Margaret, as she could not venture to do it herself, in case that she might become so affected by her Ladyship's alarm, as to be observed by some of the guests in the house. Now, Kingsburgh being a cool and sensible gentleman, undertook to execute this important duty. In about half-an-hour thereafter he took her Ladyship into a private apartment, and revealed to her the whole secret. The intelligence, so sudden and unexpected, greatly affected her Ladyship, so much so indeed, that she all but fell into a fit of hysterics. Her features became convulsed, and she screamed so loudly, as to cause a dread that she might be heard by others in the house. She expressed herself in accents of terror—sat trembling on a chair, and exclaimed—"Oh! dear, Kingsburgh, we are undone—we are ruined—and we will all of us have to suffer the penalty of death on the scaffold! O! dear. O! dear, what is this?" Kingsburgh, with characteristic prudence and serenity of mind, assured her Ladyship that there was no danger whatever, and that he himself would conduct his Royal Highness to Kingsburgh House, and that all would be right in the end. "Oh," said her Ladyship, "how much I wish that my dear, sterling friend, Captain Donald Roy were here at this moment. I sent him the other day to Fladda-chuain,* as I was told the Prince was expected to land there, and he was supplied with shirts and other requisites for the comfort of his Royal Highness. I hope that he has returned to his house at Shulista, where he is a patient of Dr Maclean,† for the curing of his leg that was pierced by a musket ball in the battle of Culloden. As he may now be at home, let him get notice to come immediately." He was accordingly sent for, and soon arrived on horseback at the mansion-house of Monkstadt. He found Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh walking alone in the garden. They had by this time less reserve, as Captain Macleod and his men had gone to Uig to visit their company stationed there. Her Ladyship was greatly cheered by the appearance and presence of Captain Donald Roy, although she could not help saying to him—"I fear, my dear Donald, that it is all over with us, and that we are ruined for ever."

* Fladda-chuain is an Island in the Minch about a mile long, and distant about eight miles from the shore of Monkstadt. It is not inhabited, but has usually a small hut in it, to afford shelter to fishermen, and to hunters after wild fowls, which frequent it in millions.

† Dr John Maclean who resided at Shulista, about four miles from Monkstadt, was celebrated as a surgeon over all the Western Isles. He was reputed to be a very learned man, and deeply versed in the Greek and Roman Classics. It has been said that he could repeat Homer's Iliad from beginning to end, as well as Virgil's Æneid. He possessed an endless store of amusing anecdotes. Dr Maclean had two sons, one of whom was for many years an M.P. for a borough in England; and the other son, Malcolm, was a Captain in the British army, and died, near Shulista, about forty years ago. General Stewart, in his book on the Highland Regiments, alludes to the high education given in those days to the gentlemen of the Western Isles, and his remarks are strictly true.

“There is not the least fear of that, my Lady, take comfort, as all things will succeed well.” By this time Flora made her appearance, with an air of smiling cheerfulness; and her conversation and presence restored her Ladyship to a calm and collected state of mind. The whole held a consultation together, as to the best plan to be adopted for the following morning. It was resolved in the meantime, that the poor Prince who had been left for so many hours alone, must be immediately seen to, and have creature comforts supplied to him. They agreed to send Niel MacEachainn to tell his Royal Highness that Kingsburgh proposed to visit him very soon on the shore. Niel at once did so, and speedily returned. In half-an-hour thereafter, he shouldered a musket and scampered across an intervening field, as if in search of game. The game, however, was sufficiently safe from Niel’s approach, as his musket had neither flint nor ramrod, and as he failed to muster either powder or shot. Kingsburgh arrived at the place with some brandy and wine for the Prince, as well as with something substantial to eat, but no Prince was there! Niel waited Kingsburgh’s arrival, and remained in charge of the refreshments, while Kingsburgh set off in search of his Royal Highness, and walked across the fields in the direction of the house of Scuddeburgh. At length, on seeing a flock of sheep, moving with all their speed towards the high-grounds, as if scared by some strange object, he beheld in the distance a huge giant-like figure in female attire, stalking rapidly over the meadow, with every pace a fathom in length, and every movement more fantastic than the most fertile imagination could delineate the witch of Endor! Kingsburgh made up to the ghastly female, who, with a rough, knotted club in her hand, put the question—“Are you Macdonald of Kingsburgh?” “I am, your Royal Highness!” Then after congratulations of no ordinary fervency, the Prince said—“Let us now go back to the place I left.” This was done, and the much needed refreshments were liberally supplied, and as liberally and thankfully used. Late in the evening Sir Alexander’s cattleman entered the servants’ hall at Monkstadt, in a very excited state, and told in his own vernacular, in these impressive terms—“A Dhe, gleidh sinn, chunnaic mi boirionnach mor a’ bras-shiubhal nan raointean, eadar so agus an Dun, le lorg fhada ’na laimh, le currachd neonach air a ceann, agus le eididh iongantaich m’a coluinn. Chan ’eil teagamh nach aon i dhiubhsan a ghlais na Sithichean ’nan seomraichibh ’san Dun, agus a fhuair cothrom teichidh. Chan fhaca mi a leithid riamh ann an cruth neach saoghalta.” The translation of which is—“Lord, preserve us! I saw a large female quickly traversing the fields betwixt this and the fort, with a long stick in her hand, with a curious hood on her head, and with a remarkable dress on her person. Undoubtedly she must be one of those whom the Fairies had locked up in their chambers in the Fort, who contrived to escape. I never beheld one to be compared with her in the shape of a worldly creature.” Kingsburgh told this anecdote to the Prince, who heartily laughed at it. Previous to this Niel undeceived the astonished cattleman in the hall, as well as the other menials present, by his telling them that the gigantic female in question was no fairy prisoner in Scuddeburgh Fort, but an Irish spinning-maid whom they had ferried from the Long Island, on her way to the residence of Miss Flora Macdonald’s mother at Armadale.

The Prince was left for the night in a recess on the shore to which

Niel had carried blankets and other coverings to afford him some comfort.*

Meanwhile Captain Macleod and his companions had returned from Uig to Monkstadt, and had retired for the night. This circumstance afforded the Prince's friends a better opportunity for maturing their schemes. Lady Margaret, Miss Flora, and old Kingsburgh, together with Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, assembled after midnight in a private room, where they held an earnest consultation as to the means immediately to be adopted. It was arranged that Kingsburgh should take the Prince next morning along with him to his own house, twelve miles distant, and then pass him onward through Skye to the Island of Raasay. It was further arranged that Captain Donald Roy should that very night make all haste to Portree, the capital of Skye, a distance of twenty miles from Monkstadt, for the purpose of sending for, and of seeing the young laird of Raasay, and of securing a suitable boat to ferry the Prince to that Island. Macleod, *alias* "MacGhille Challuim," the old laird of Raasay, had embraced, with his clan, the Prince's cause; but his son and heir had resolved to remain loyal. Father and son adopted this policy with the view of securing their property against forfeiture, in the case of future adverse circumstances coming to pass. The party retired to enjoy a few hours' rest. Soon after sunrise Kingsburgh, who failed to sleep, arose and entered the dining-room, where he found Lady Margaret, Miss Flora, and Mrs Macdonald, Kirkibost, sitting together at that early hour. Captain Macleod and his party were as yet enjoying their slumbers in another wing of the mansion, and their absence at that critical hour was neither missed nor regretted. The early departure of Kingsburgh that morning would create no suspicion, as he had intimated at dinner, the previous day, that he desired to get home, either late that evening or very early on the Sabbath morning. The old gentleman, accordingly, after an early breakfast, and when furnished with suitable refreshments for the journey, joined Betty Burke on the shore, and set off with that sturdy Irish girl on their rugged way to the house of Kingsburgh. The morning was calm but misty, and exceedingly wet. The rain fell in torrents from the murky clouds. It was deemed prudent to avoid, as much as possible, the ordinary road, which at best was in these days merely a rough riding-path, and to take the more unfrequented tracks across the moors. This resolution added miles to the length of their journey, yet it was their wish that night would fall before arriving at Kingsburgh, not knowing what guests might be in the house before them. After the departure of Kingsburgh, Flora sat in the breakfast parlour with Lady Margaret, Mrs Macdonald, Kirkibost, Captain Macleod and others—and when a befitting opportunity offered, she made a motion to take her leave, and to make ready for the journey. Lady Margaret affected great concern as to her short stay, —deemed it ridiculous to think of such a journey under such heavy rain

* It has been stated by some that the Prince had removed to some concealed place near the garden at Monkstadt, but this was not the case. He never left the shore and the adjoining fields that evening. It is true that Lady Margaret was very wishful to see his Royal Highness, but could not venture to approach the shore at an untimely hour in the evening. Besides, Flora advised her Ladyship to keep entirely aloof from the Prince, as she (Flora) had all along done to the last moment, as many others indeed may be implicated by combining even privately for effecting his rescue.

—pressed upon her the propriety of remaining at any rate until next day—and stated that she would be the means of taking Mrs Macdonald along with her, having agreed to go together. Flora, on the other hand, expressed her great anxiety to get home as speedily as possible to Armadale, as her dear mother was so seriously ill, and as her Ladyship knew, was quite alone in these turbulent times. After repeated pressings and refusals, Lady Margaret very reluctantly consented, and addressed her thus—“As you are determined not to remain, Flora dear, I beg that you will wait until the hostler provide suitable ponies, with comfortable saddles, for Mrs Macdonald and you to carry you on.” When all was ready, and after shaking hands with Lady Margaret, Captain Macleod, and others, the two ladies mounted their tiny steeds, and trotted away. The faithful Niel MacEachainn, and other two young men who were well acquainted with the riding path, accompanied them on foot. Moving slowly along, the party after a few hours, overtook Kingsburgh and his Irish maid making the best of their way forward. Ere then, however, the unceasing rain fell to such a degree as to swell the mountain streams to overflowing, and to render most of the usual fords all but impassable. Here and there under the shelter of rocks, the party rested, in order to pass the time. Having arrived at one pretty spot, they were directed to a pure spring of water, at which they sat down, and mingled part of it with Lady Margaret's genuine mountain-dew. The well was first pointed out to the drenched party by a boy who was herding cattle at the place, and who, for his activity, received from the big Irish woman the first shilling of which he was ever master before. The boy's name was John Macdonald, a smart, raw-boned lad, bonnetless, and barefooted, who could not talk a vocable of the English language. He lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and seven years, and died in the Lawn Market of Edinburgh in 1835, at the house of his son, Donald Macdonald, bagpipe maker to the Highland Society of Scotland.*

Many years afterwards that well was secured by the Kingsburgh family, with polished flags, and a chained drinking-cup, and is called to this day—“Tobair a' Phrionnsa,” the Prince's Well.

Several ludicrous incidents took place on this rough and uncomfortable journey. Again and again Betty Burke, forgetting her assumed sex, when leaping over streams, and climbing rugged cliffs, managed her ragged skirts with amusing awkwardness. In the afternoon the party were met by numbers of country people returning home from church, who after saluting their respected factor, Kingsburgh, fixed their eyes upon, and stared at the uncommon size and slovenly appearance of that Irish lass that strode so reckless-like along! Kingsburgh upbraided them in Gaelic for their unmannerly curiosity, yet after all, they exclaimed in astonishment—“O! faicibh am boirionnach neonach sin! Faicibh na ceuman mora, fada aig an nighinn ghairbh, ghobhlaich sin! Ochan! nach dana, slaodach, neo-sgiobalta, drabasta an sgliurach i! Is cinnteach gur ann de shliochd 'nam famhar i.” These exclamations may be translated thus :—

* A minute account of old John Macdonald's life is given in No. 36, page 462-66 of the *Celtic Magazine*, which cannot fail to interest such readers as take pleasure in all the incidents connected with the Rebellion of 1745. The writer of these pages is much indebted to good old John for furnishing him with many particulars connected with the movements of the Prince in his pilgrimage through the Isle of Skye,

“O! see that strange woman! Behold the big, wide steps of that rude, long-legged dame! Eh me! what a bold, untidy, slovenly, uncouth slattern she is! Surely she must be one of the giant race!” The poor peasants were utterly bewildered, as well they might!

After an uncomfortable day's travelling, the whole party arrived in safety at the mansion of Kingsburgh, a little before midnight. They had no desire to reach it earlier. By this time the family had all gone to rest. Kingsburgh sent Miss Flora and a servant maid to his wife's bedroom to set her up, in order to prepare a supper for her husband and his guests. The good lady at first declined to leave her bed, thinking that her husband had fallen in with some fugitive rebels in their distress, and whom he wished to entertain. Flora did not then undeceive her, but kept silent. The good lady sent her keys to her husband, with orders to help themselves to the best cheer they could get at that untimely hour. At that moment her daughter, a little girl, went running to the mother's bedside, and exclaimed—“Oh! mamma, papa has brought home the most muckle, ill shaken-up wife she had ever cast eyes upon, and brought her into the hall too.” The lady at length seeing the necessity for her rising, did so at once, and when about entering the hall with its door half ajar, she observed the frightful female figure, and she at once started backwards. Kingsburgh, who stood in the passage, desired her to walk along with him into the room, which she did with trembling steps, and, on her appearance, the romantic figure quickly advanced, and warmly saluted her. The astonished lady felt the roughness of the male cheek, and the reality that it was the Prince himself instantly flashed upon her mind, and she all but fainted away. The bewildered lady speedily retired, and in broken accents, addressed her husband and said—“Oh, dear! O dear, have matters come to this? We are all ruined—we shall all be hanged!” Kingsburgh smiled, and said—“My dear wife, we shall die but once, and if we die to verify your prediction, we will sacrifice our lives in a good and noble cause. Go now make haste, and prepare supper, as we much require it. Get bread, butter, cheese, eggs, or whatever else you can lay your hands upon, for the poor, starving Prince will eat any thing in the shape of food.” She apologised, and said that she had nothing ready at that untimely hour, but these common things. “All right,” said her husband, “let us have them at once, and come to supper yourself.” “Me come to supper! I know not how to conduct myself before royalty.” “Royalty here, or royalty there, the Prince will not sit down without you, and he is as easy and plain as Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, and you know what *he* is.”

While supper was being prepared by the lady herself, as the cook was left in bed, Flora stood beside her, and related all her adventures for the last two days. The lady remarked that Flora had acted imprudently in allowing the boat that brought them to Skye to return immediately to the Long Island, as on its arrival, the crew could not escape being seized, and minutely examined; and the consequence would no doubt be, that the Royal troops would set out in fresh pursuit. In this conjecture the good lady proved quite correct—for the boat on its return was instantly captured—the boatmen were separately examined, and the sad reality was at once expiscated. Captain Ferguson immediately set sail in his Government cutter for Skye, and pursued the track of the Prince from his land-

ing at Monkstadt, until he escaped from the Island. This merciless officer was, however, a week too late. The oversight in allowing the boat to return so soon to Uist, was the only point in which the prudence and judgment of the gallant Flora had ever failed. It is true that she did not suggest or sanction the boat's return, but, unfortunately, she did not give instructions to the contrary. The whole was an oversight, and the crew were no doubt desirous to get back to their homes.

Meantime, lady Kingsburgh, assisted by Flora, and Mrs Macdonald, Kirkibost, prepared supper, at which the Prince sat at the right hand of the hostess, and Flora at her left. After supper, to which the Prince did ample justice, the ladies retired, and left Kingsburgh and his august guest alone. His Royal Highness, after apologising for the liberty, produced a small, black, tobacco pipe, which he called "the cutty," and was enjoying a smoke from it, while his host was preparing the hot water, sugar, and mountain dew to make a bowl of toddy.* The poor Prince was extremely cheerful, and while enjoying the exhilarating contents of the magic bowl, he assured Kingsburgh that he had never tasted such good toddy in his life. He thought that it excelled by far what he had received at Borrodale and in the Long Island. In short, he greatly enjoyed himself after his many fatigues and hardships, and had no desire to retire to bed. Kingsburgh, however, seeing both the wisdom and necessity of going to rest, had to perform the disagreeable duty of suggesting the propriety of breaking up the company. "After they had emptied the bowl several times," as Dr Robert Chambers so correctly and graphically describes, "Kingsburgh thought it necessary to hint to the Prince that, as he would require to be up and away as soon as possible on the morrow, he had better now go to bed, in order that he might enjoy a proper term of sleep. To his surprise, Charles was by no means anxious for rest. On the contrary, he insisted upon another bowl, that he might, as he said, finish their conversation. Kingsburgh violated his feelings as a host so far as to refuse this request, urging that it was absolutely necessary that his Royal Highness should retire, for the reason he had stated. Charles as eagerly pressed the necessity of more drink; and after some good-humoured altercation, when Kingsburgh took away the bowl to put it by, his Royal Highness rose to detain it, and a struggle ensued, in which the little vessel broke in two pieces, Charles retaining one in his hands, and Kingsburgh holding the other.† The strife was thus brought to an end, and the Prince no longer objected to go to bed."

The Prince slept soundly until two o'clock in the afternoon, when Kingsburgh entered his bedroom, and told his Royal Highness that it was

* In those times, and until a late period, toddy was never made in glass tumblers, but in large punch-bowls, often of Chinese manufacture, and when it was duly mixed the glasses of the guests were filled out of the punch-bowls by silver or wooden ladles. Punch-bowls are still kept in many households, as ornaments or heirlooms from ancestral times.

† Tradition says that this punch-bowl was of old China, beautifully figured, and would contain about an English quart. It was for centuries an heirloom in the mansions of the Lords of the Isles. Having been broken, as stated, in almost equal halves, it was carefully and neatly clasped with silver, and it likely still exists. Dr Chambers states that in 1827, it was in the possession of Colin Macalister of Barr and Cour, who was married to a daughter of Old Kingsburgh, the little girl of whom mention has been made above.

high time for him to get up, to get breakfast, and to prepare for the journey to Portree, a distance of about eight miles. After the morning repast, the ladies, amid peals of laughter, assisted in dressing Betty Burke in her antique Irish garments, which she was to wear until she had fairly left the premises. The ladies asked some of the Prince's hair, to be preserved as relics, which he smilingly granted by reclining his head upon the end of a sofa, and requesting them to cut off substantial bunches for themselves. While things were thus getting in readiness for the journey, the old lady and Miss Flora went to the Prince's bedroom, folded up the sheets on which he had slept, and each lady took possession of a sheet, and there pledged themselves to preserve them folded up and unwashed until the day of their death, when these relics would become their winding-sheets. Such was really the case. Flora never parted with this precious memorial. She carried it with her in after years to America, and back to Skye, and when she departed this life, her mortal remains were wrapped in its folds, and therewith were consigned to the grave.

About three in the afternoon of that day, the thirtieth of June 1746, the Prince warmly embraced the hospitable old lady and her respected husband, and set off for the journey. He was accompanied by Miss Flora, and the dutiful Niel MacEachainn only. Niel carried with him the substantial Highland dress of a farmer, and a pair of new shoes, all which Kingsburgh had provided for his Royal Highness. These, however, were to be exchanged for the Irish dress at some convenient distance from the house. When about half-a-mile on their way, Miss Flora walked on, while the Prince and Niel entered a hollow between two rocks, where his Royal Highness robed himself in his new dress and shoes. Niel, at the same time, carefully preserved and concealed the tattered raiment, and torn "bachules" of Betty Burke, as keepsakes to Kingsburgh of the Prince's perilous adventures. Captain Donald Roy had reached Portree on the previous evening, and having met young Raasay at the farmhouse of Toutrome, they prepared every thing for meeting the party from Kingsburgh, and for conveying the Prince to the Island of Raasay, which is separated by a channel of a mile or two from Portree. When the Prince and his attendants had arrived, they went to the only inn in the village, along with young Raasay and Captain Donald Roy, to procure some refreshments. Donald Roy suggested the propriety of the Prince's retiring to a place of safety, as there was great danger in remaining longer in a public hostelry, when so many spies and suspicious characters were moving about. He told his Royal Highness that he knew of a cave wherein he could find shelter until removed under night to Raasay, and the sooner he resorted to it the better. The whole party except Flora left the inn immediately under a drenching rain. The time had now come when the Prince had to part with his true and faithful protectress, the gallant Flora. With tears in his eyes he laid hold of the amiable lady's hands, and bade her a tender, and an affecting farewell. He ardently thanked her for having enabled him to escape from the wall of fire by which he had found himself environed, and which he never would have passed without her intrepidity and generous aid. He handed her his portrait in a golden locket, while he tenderly saluted her, and said, in affecting terms, that he yet hoped to meet her at the Court of St James, where he would be able properly to reward her self-denying heroism—and her ardent devotion and loyalty to

her unfortunate, exiled Prince. Such were the adventures of three days, and of three days only—but adventures which have immortalised the name of our heroine, and shed a halo of glory over female devotedness. The promises thus made by his Royal Highness were richly merited, and although he never gained the position to fulfil them, yet his utter forgetfulness of Flora's faithful services to him, was on his part utterly unpardonable. He lived for upwards of forty-two years after the date of this parting scene on the beach of Portree, and during that long period of time, he never acknowledged by letter or otherwise the dangers to which our heroine exposed herself to save his life.

During the darkness of that night, the Prince was conveyed from his cave to Raasay, and thence through Skye to the mainland, where for nearly three months he had to undergo terrible trials and hardships. He had no home, but in rocks and in caves, and in mountain recesses he passed his weary time, hourly exposed to be seized by his vigilant pursuers. Fortunately for him at last, two French vessels, the "L'Heureux," and the "Princesse de Conti," arrived at Lochnanuagh, on which he got on board, and sailed for France on 20th September 1746. He died after having spent a chequered, but not a too provident life, on the 30th January 1788.

Such then was the fate and final career of this unfortunate aspirant to the British throne. By the result of his natural ambition, he created much alarm throughout the United Kingdom, and caused an indescribable amount of rapine and cruelty, as well as the shedding of torrents of innocent blood!

ON THE BEACH OF PORTREE, SKYE, 30TH JUNE 1746.

Amid the shells and shingle on the shore,
 The Stuart Prince and Flora met to part;
 "Devoted one," he said, "I owe thee more
 Than tongue can utter; ever in this heart
 My fair preserver's name will hold a place.
 I hope, dear Flora, at no distant day,
 With mine the throne, and honours of my race,
 I can in deeds *thy* noble deeds repay,
 Farewell! thou faithful one!"

. Across the sea,
 In sunnier lands, where hearts beat not more true,
 The Maiden lived not in the memory
 Of him whose life to her fond zeal was due.
 Forgotten all the goodness and the grace—
 Has gratitude forever taken wing?
 Forgotten that kind sympathetic face—
 Ingratitude forgetteth every thing!

The subsequent portion of our heroine's life has been already fully described in volume iii.; and the whole, carefully revised and extended, will soon be issued in a neat volume, by the publishers of the *Celtic Magazine*.

ALEX. MACGREGOR.

CLUNY MACPHERSON OF CLUNY, C.B.—Her Gracious Majesty has conferred upon Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Colonel-Commandant of the Inverness-shire Rifle Volunteers, a well-deserved honour, by decorating him with her own hand with the insignia of a Companion of the Bath. Long may he continue to enjoy the distinguished honour.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

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XI.

LONG ago a man, much respected by his neighbours, was residing in the Davoch of Clachan, Strathglass. His name was Cameron, but he was more frequently known by the patronymic of Mac-'ill-donaich. He was noted for his acts of kindness and his willingness to assist his neighbours. In return for his good-natured deeds, it was supposed that everything he undertook prospered so much that on three different occasions he had a miraculous multiplication of such things as he required. This auspicious kind of increase is called in Gaelic "An torc sona." According to the legend it appears that Mac-'ill-donaich was a joint farmer with another man in a part of the Davoch of Clachan, the arable portion of which was at that time called "an t-Ochdamh," *i.e.*, the eighth-part of a Davoch of land. In the spring of the year Mac-'ill-donaich ploughed and prepared the ground for the seed. He took a firloft of oats to the field, and began to sow, but, strange to say, the more he took out of the bag of oats the larger it looked. Mac-'ill-donaich continued sowing away with all his might. He finished his own, and continued with equal vigour to sow his neighbour's land out of the same firloft of oats.* Some idle man, who was curiously looking on, and could perceive no diminution in the size of the bag of seed, remarked rather unceremoniously, "Am bheil thu 'n duil gu'n cuir thu an t-Ochdamh leis a cheathramh?" Do you think you will sow the eighth with the quarter? Immediately the remark was uttered, the bag became empty. Mac-'ill-donaich, attributing the sudden stoppage of the supply of seed to the inquisitive question of the idler, addressed him thus:—"A dhuine leibidich, na'm bi'dh tu air do theangaidh pheasanach a chumail samhach, chuirrinn talamh mo nabaidh, an deigh mo chuid fein a chur mar tha, leis an aon cheathramh."—You thoughtless man, had you held your flippant tongue quiet, I would have sown my neighbour's land after my own with the same firloft. Tradition says that the oats are said to have grown so well as to render the whole circumstances the wonder and source of talk in the district, until, at last, the farm on which the miracle took place acquired the Gaelic name of "Ceathramh," or, as it is written in English, Kerrow. Clann Mhic-'ill-donaich were both strong and numerous on the Strathglass estates about three hundred years ago. I heard it said that they were instrumental in settling two very knotty points in favour of the Chisholm. I believe there are a few of this family of Camerons still in the parish of Kilmorack. There was another old family of the Clan Cameron in Strathglass, descendants of Mac-Mhic-Mharstinn na Leitreach, of whom some members were noted soldiers. I heard old people saying that Lochiel was on a certain occasion in trouble with Mackintosh of Mackintosh. News came to the Strath that a battle between the two chiefs was imminent. One of the Mac Martin Camerons, Eoghan beag, was at the time a servant to the Chisholm. Ewen asked leave to go and assist his chief, Lochiel. Permission

* Firloft is an old Scotch measure equal to one-fourth part of a boll.

was readily granted, and little Ewen gladly started for Lochaber. He was in time to join the Camerons on the morning of the day of battle. The contending parties were marching on, in haste, to cross a certain ford. The Camerons on one side of the river suddenly descried the Mackintoshes about equi-distant on the other side. Placed in this position, the plans of both armies were instantly upset. If either determined on crossing, the chances were that the other would annihilate them in the water. The contending clansmen eagerly watched each other for some time; rested on their arms; then sat on the heather, and began to devise new plans of attack. Little Ewen, however, thought their council of war tedious, for he meant business. He left Strathglass with the purpose of doing some service for his chief, and was determined to prove that he was both able and willing to do it. So he got up and coolly walked out of the Cameron ranks, wending his way towards the river. He then stood on a small plateau and shouted out at the top of his voice, "An dean fear agaibh malairt saighde rium?" (*i.e.*, "Will one of you exchange arrows with me?"). In answer to this challenge an archer came down from the enemy's camp, stood on a steep bank of the river, and shot an arrow which fell quite harmless close to Ewen. He took it up and shouted to his opponent—"Co dhiu 'sfhearr leat do phlaigh fhein na plaigh fear eile?" (*i.e.*, "Will you have your own or another man's plague sent back to you?"). The reply was, "Send back my own, if you can, little man." Ewen shot the archer's own arrow across, hitting and killing him. The body of the archer having rolled down the bank into the water, another came to avenge the death of the first one, and little Ewen killed him also. After a long pause the Camerons observed the Mackintoshes preparing to move. Lochiel ordered a counter-movement in his ranks. Instead, however, of attacking the Camerons, the enemy left the field. Then Lochiel asked the little man for his name, where he came from, and several other particulars, and having received answers, he said, "My brave fellow, if you stay with me you shall have one of the best farms in Lochaber." But Ewen was plain spoken, and said that he could not wish for a better master than the Chisholm, and consequently he intended to remain with him. "In that case you must call on me before you leave Lochaber," said Lochiel. Needless to say that Ewen called on his Chief, remained with him for some days, and, when parting, Lochiel gave him a letter to the Chisholm, on receipt of which, or very soon afterwards, Ewen was placed by the Chisholm in the fertile farm of Baile na bruaich. In this farm one generation after another of his descendants lived as farmers until about the beginning of the present century, when the general curse or infatuation for sheep seized the landed proprietors of the Highlands. The only one I now know of these Mac Martins or Camerons, originally of Letterfinlay, is Hugh Cameron, who is in the 82d year of his age, and living alone at 36 King Street, Inverness. He had one son a soldier, who was in the Indian Mutiny, and if now alive I know not where.

Like other parts of the world, Strathglass has its fairy tales, goblin and ghost stories. Here is one of them. A man named Allan Bàn Macdonell from Glengarry was on a visit with some friends at Clachan, Strathglass, in the beginning of December. When about to return home he proposed to cross the hills in a straight direction from Clachan to the house of a relative in Glenmoriston, with whom he intended to pass the

night. The hills he had to cross are dreary, lonely, and long, without road or path to guide his steps. The distance as the crow flies is some ten miles. A portion of the hills is called Crabhach, and this part is supposed to have been from time immemorial haunted by some evil spirit. His friends at Clachan endeavoured to dissuade Allan Bàn from his purpose of crossing the hill. They used all available arguments to induce him to return home by the ordinary road through Urquhart. Last of all they reminded him that it might be dangerous for a lone man to pass through Crabhach about dusk, or at night, in case the old hag of the place, or as she was called in Gaelic, Cailleach-a-Chrabhaich, might attack him. "If she attacks me," said Allan, "she will never attack another after me." He was a powerful man, and was accompanied by his favourite stag-hound, whose name was Gille Dubh, or Black Gille. Allan Bàn, in bidding his friends at Clachan good-bye, told them to make themselves easy in regard to his safety, and added, "With my faithful Gille Dubh at my side, I would not hesitate to face any number of ghosts and goblins. Why, therefore, should I be afraid of danger where no danger exists?" So saying, he took himself off to the hill. According to his own tale all went well with him until he reached about half-way between Clachan and Glenmoriston. But, when passing by the side of the lake at Crabhach, he was intercepted by an ugly looking spectre, who announced itself as Cailleach-a-Chrabhaich, and ready to try conclusions with him. Allan, determined to despatch the old hag at once, entered on a fierce combat with her. He found it more difficult than he anticipated, and called his Gille Dubh to his assistance. The desperate combat was now at its height; Allan dealing heavy and mighty blows at the spectre with his ponderous sword, while his stag-hound was lacerating, galling, and ripping it on all sides. The ghost could not long stand such merciless treatment. But Allan vowed by all that was sacred, on earth and elsewhere, that he would not desist until the goblin's head should be in the nook of his plaid as a trophy for his friends at home. The moment the sacred name of the Almighty was mentioned, the spectre disappeared. Allan felt much exhausted, but proceeded on his journey.

Sitting down to rest he discovered that he had left his bonnet at the scene of conflict. To go home without his bonnet might be attributed to cowardice, so he returned and found his enemy, the old hag, had taken possession of his head-piece; and had her feet in it, busily engaged milling it at the loch side. Allan made a peremptory demand for his bonnet; but he was met with an offensive refusal, and the battle had to be fought over again. The second encounter was even more severe than the first. In the struggle, however, the brave Allan got hold of his bonnet and kept it. The Cailleach, finding she could not vanquish the hero, addressed him thus:—"You have slipped through my hands to-night; you had a narrow escape; if I had succeeded in making a hole in your bonnet you would have been dead this very night. But I shall meet you again soon, and by the time the cock crows on Christmas night you shall be a dead man." Allan reached home battered and bruised, and he took to his bed. His friends visited him daily; whatever they dreaded or believed they pretended that he was in no danger from what occurred in Crabhach. However, on Christmas night his nearest relatives and friends in the neighbourhood gathered at his house, determined to share the dangers of

the night with him. About midnight, congratulating themselves that no danger appeared, wine and spirits were placed on the table, glasses were filled; but the momentous signal was given, the cock flapped his wings, and with his shrill, clear voice announced that the line was drawn between day and night. In ecstasies of joy Allan shouted—"Tha Chailleach breugach," "The spectre is a liar: let me drink long life and happiness to all of you." Saying this, he took up a glass, but before he tasted of its contents it fell from his hand; the hand fell on the table; and the brave Allan there and then fell down a corpse before his friends. His tragic death has been commemorated in song by the poets of the time, one, who attributes the death of more of his clan to Cailleach a chrabhaich, begins thus:—

Cha teid mise do'n rathad,
 Air feadh na h-oidhche no trath la,
 Cha 'n eil deagh bhean an taigh 'sa Chrabhach,
 Tha i trom air mo chinneadh,
 Dha marbhadh, 's dha milleadh,
 'S gu'n caireadh Dia spiorad n'as fhearr ann.

In concluding this series of short papers on the traditions of my native Strath, I may be permitted to express my regret that there is no vein of the theologian about me, otherwise I might have felt inclined to say something on the peculiar state of religion in my native district during the last five hundred years. I may, however, say that under existing circumstances, it does seem to me very remarkable that the people of Strathglass were able to adhere to the Catholic faith during all this time, while the people of the neighbouring straths and glens, and the whole inhabitants of the four counties northwards, embraced either the Episcopalian or Presbyterian form of religion.

COLIN CHISHOLM.

HOW GLENMORISTON OBTAINED GLEN DUCATAY.

In the old days of ignorance and superstition, Highlanders used to attach great importance to charms and spells. These charms were composed of materials of infinite variety, worn and believed in as a sure protection against an endless catalogue of real or imaginary evils. Very frequently they were worn in the form of some article of jewellery; among others, the pin or *fibula* used for fastening the plaid, was often the object of the greatest importance to the wearer. Some of these ancient *fibule* are still preserved as family heirlooms, or in museums. They were generally of large size, and adorned with carvings of grotesque figures and quaint legends, and if they should happen to be engraved with the names of the three fabulous kings, who were supposed to have done homage to the infant Saviour—viz., Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar—then, indeed, they became invaluable, protecting the fortunate possessors from every danger, even from sickness. Such a charm was worn by the Laird of Glenmoriston at the time the following incident occurred.

It happened one day that the young Chief of Lovat was out hunting, accompanied by Glenmoriston, and while passing through the narrow glen of Ducatay, near the wood of Portclare, on the Lovat estate, a fine deerhound held in leash by Lovat, in straining after the quarry broke away.

His master called him back, and mended the leash with the brooch he wore in his plaid. In a little while, however, the eager animal had again broken the frail fastening. Fearful of having his sport interrupted, Lovat turned to his friend and begged the loan of the large fibula he wore to secure the dog's leash. Glenmoriston was in a dilemma; he was anxious to oblige his friend, but most unwilling to risk losing his valued charm, so he began to excuse his seeming impoliteness by expatiating on the extraordinary value of the ornament, which had descended to him through a long line of ancestors, and saying how grieved he should be to lose it. Lovat assured him that no harm should come to it; he merely wanted the loan of it for a short time; that he would fasten it so securely that it could not possibly get lost. Still Glenmoriston hesitated, while Lovat continued to urge him, and at length said, half in fun, that if the fibula should by any chance be lost he would give the whole of the glen they were then in to Glenmoriston for ever, without homage or acknowledgment. Glenmoriston then gave way, handed Lovat the pin, and they continued the chase.

On their return home, Lovat found to his confusion that he had, in spite of his vehement protestations of safety, indeed lost the precious article, whereupon Glenmoriston at once claimed the penalty, which Lovat was in honour bound to repay. Thus it happens that the glen of Ducatay, in the midst of Lovat's lands, belongs to Glenmoriston.

M. A. ROSE.

THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, EX-PREMIER OF CANADA, AT INVERNESS.—We mentioned in our last that Mr and Mrs Mackenzie passed through Inverness on their way North. On Wednesday, 27th of July, they returned, and visited places of interest in the town and suburbs, and on the following afternoon they were driven by Mr A. Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine* (accompanied by Bailie Macdonald and Mr James Barron, editor of the *Inverness Courier*), to the Battlefield of Culloden, and the Druidical remains at Clava. The trenches in which the Highlanders are buried on Culloden Moor, and all the surroundings, were examined with melancholy interest. On their return the party called at Culloden House, where they examined with mixed feelings the relics of 1745, including the bed upon which Prince Charles slept the night before the battle, and upon which are still found the bed-cover and hangings which decorated it on that historical occasion. In the afternoon Mr and Mrs Mackenzie made a private call upon Mr A. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*, whom they kindly entertained last year in Canada, and there met our well-known Gaelic bard, Mrs Mary Mackellar, who on Saturday enjoyed their company on the Caledonian Canal as far as Fort-William. At two o'clock on Friday a special meeting of the Town Council was called by the Provost, at which, on his motion, seconded by Bailie Macdonald, and supported by the Dean of Guild, it was unanimously resolved to offer Mr Mackenzie the freedom of the Burgh—the highest honour at their disposal—in appreciation of his distinguished and honourable career in Canada, and as a Highlander in whom all his countrymen take a very warm and special interest. Having agreed to accept this honour, it was conferred in the Castle Convening Room, at 6.30 p.m., when the ex-Premier made a speech, universally admitted to have been the best delivered in Inverness within living memory, perhaps, excepting that delivered by our own present Premier, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, on the occasion of the same honour having been conferred upon him. In the evening a handsome album of Highland scenery in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and on the route of the Caledonian Canal, was presented to Mrs Mackenzie, by a deputation from the Town Council, consisting of the Provost, and Dean of Guild Mackenzie, as a souvenir of her visit to the Highland Capital. Inverness has done itself great honour, and we feel sure our brother Highlanders, and Scotchmen generally, in Canada, will appreciate the compliment we have paid to their distinguished countryman. We may state that, though a native of Perthshire, Mr Mackenzie's grandfather went there in the capacity of Schoolmaster from the County of Ross.

THE
CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXXII.

OCTOBER, 1881.

VOL. VI.

REV. ALEX. STEWART, F.S.A. SCOT.

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THE Rev. Alexander Stewart, better and widely known as the "Nether-Lochaber" correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, is, to those who know his surroundings and disadvantages, one of the miracles of literature. Some twenty years ago, the late Robert Carruthers, LL.D., for more than fifty years editor of that paper, picked out the Rev. Alexander Stewart from among his country correspondents—as he had previously done in the case of the Cromarty mason, Hugh Miller—and became his literary godfather. During that period he regularly contributed a "Nether-Lochaber" letter to the columns of the leading provincial paper in Scotland once a fortnight of a column and a-half to two columns, which has for many years been one of the most attractive features of the paper, even when Dr Carruthers was at the head of it, and it still continues to be so. Indeed, a recent writer has said of him with substantial accuracy, that the *Courier* of the present day is only looked upon by many as the vehicle for the issue of Mr Stewart's letters, "although the journal in question is undoubtedly one of the best conducted and ablest in the Provinces." Mr Stewart is, in fact, the Prince of Provincial newspaper correspondents—a Prince without a peer.

He lives completely out of the world. The only sound of civilization, in the shape of steam locomotion; which is heard within miles of his hermitage is that of Mr Macbrayne's Royal Route steamers as they pass up and down in the distance on the beautiful Loch Linnhe, plying from Oban to Fort-William and Inverness. The railway whistle has not yet penetrated within fifty miles of his oasis in the literary desert of Lochaber. Though he may, through his glass, see the Ballachulish Hotel, and the stage coach going and coming, the sound is too far away to reach his ear. There is not a library within miles, no reading room; no learned or literary friends within reach to suggest ideas or supply inspiration, yet from his lonely manse pours forth the most delightful and the most learned disquisitions on all conceivable subjects, from the smallest and most insignificant creature in the sea to the most abstruse problem in Nature; of which he is a careful and keen observer in her various moods, delighting his readers with that boyish enthusiasm and sympathetic soul which guides the master hand and delicate brush by which he holds

forth the mirror, and presents her vagaries to his astonished constituents. How such a flow of science in popular form can emanate, as it were, from the desert wilderness of Lochaber, in such a torrent of prose-poetry is the wonder of all who read the "Nether-Lochaber" letter of the *Inverness Courier*.

And the most wonderful thing, and perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to him as a writer, is that after twenty years of regular correspondence on his favourite themes, he is as fresh and interesting to-day as ever he was. He has a charming and inimitable literary style, possessing a fascinating grace and colour entirely his own. Indeed the reader feels disposed to say of Mr Stewart what Lord Jeffrey said of Macaulay, "The more I think the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." At the same time it may be said that no form of literary expression could be more unlike that of the great essayist and historian than that of "Nether-Lochaber's." It is varied, musical, and flowing; rich and rotund, but not redundant; abounding in happy descriptive phrases, which fit into the sentence with perfect art, yet with the utmost apparent artlessness. Indeed, the chief characteristic of Mr Stewart's style is that it is always apparently artless. Whether he is telling a Highland story—in which he stands unrivalled—or recording his observations of a sea-bird—whether he is criticising a poem or describing a glorious western sun-set—in either case, he says, with the most charming grace and simplicity what he has to say, filling in every detail, and employing every suitable epithet and adjective; yet never conveying any sense of effort or exaggeration.

From his choice of language and expression it is, however, quite clear that he must be a careful writer, and he has acquired an ease and flexibility that are truly marvellous. According to Pope—

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

And so Mr Stewart must have acquired that perfection which conceals art.

Do not let it be supposed that we are extolling too highly the merits of his style. Its varied qualities, its melody and strength, its purity and expressiveness, its musical rhythm and poetical suggestiveness have been fully recognised and admired by the most cultivated literary tastes. In virtue of his letters, and we may almost say, his letters alone, "Nether-Lochaber," as his admirers delight to call him, has earned a high reputation in literary circles, not only in Scotland but wherever Scotsmen are located throughout the world. He is not only acknowledged as an authority on Natural history but on literary questions and points of scholarship. The position he has attained is quite unique, but it is quite intelligible to every one who is in the smallest degree acquainted with his inimitable letters; and who is not at least among Scotsmen?

With all his qualifications, it will be considered remarkable that Mr Stewart should have done so little literary work of a permanent character, apart from his epistolary correspondence. In 1876 he edited a new edition of Logan's "Scottish Gael," but this cannot be said to have added much to his reputation. For this he is not, however, much to blame. To bring that work up to the requirements of the present day, when so much new light has been thrown on the subject of which it treats, it

would require to be almost entirely re-cast and extended, but the facilities and space placed at Mr Stewart's disposal did not admit of more than the addition of a few foot-notes—many of them exceedingly interesting, but, to those ignorant of the circumstances, scarcely worthy of "Nether-Lochaber's" reputation and special knowledge of the subject. Perhaps the mistake was to have had anything to do with it, except on such terms as would have enabled him to do it full justice.

He has contributed more or less to the periodical literature of the day, among those more indebted to his versatile pen in recent years being the *Celtic Magazine*, the *Gael*, and, since Principal Tulloch took the helm of *Fraser's*, he has become a member of the staff of that once famous magazine. He is a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries; of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh; of the Geological and of the Natural Societies of Glasgow; Honorary Bard of the Celtic Society of St Andrews; as well as a corresponding member of several of the learned societies of the continent. He received several calls to ministerial charges of greater importance and higher remuneration than that to which he has been presented by the Government in 1850 on the unanimous petition of the parishioners, and in which he has continued ever since. Unlike most of his cloth, who almost invariably accept the call of duty to charges where the amount of the stipend is greater, Mr Stewart adheres to his first love, though the emoluments are by no means liberal—indeed the very reverse. He has, however, the full confidence and warm affection of his people, which, to a man of his character, is infinitely more valuable than mere pence. He is, at the same time, an intellectual and popular preacher, with no clerical starch or stiffness; a thoroughly social being; a most agreeable, and, sometimes, brilliant conversationalist—one of those who leaven the Established Church of Scotland with cultured tolerance, learning, and liberality.

Mr Stewart is a thorough Highlander by birth, education, and natural inclination. He is a great admirer of the language, literature, and music of his native land, and has done perhaps more than any other living man to keep the Celtic lamp flickering, if not very brilliantly burning, for the last quarter of a century. The flow of Highland story, Gaelic proverbs, genial criticism of everything calculated to advance the Celtic cause; and his own original contributions in the "Nether-Lochaber" columns of the *Courier*, kept the question alive and attracted the attention of scholars to the richness and beauty of the Gaelic language and its treasures, long before his redoubtable friend Professor Blackie volunteered to carry the ramparts of narrow-minded ignorance by his determined perseverance and eloquence, and succeeded in establishing a Celtic Professorship in the University of Edinburgh. In this respect, as well as in many others, not only Highlanders, but scholars and philologists throughout the world are much indebted to the Rev. Mr Stewart. He is in request at the leading Celtic gatherings throughout the North, and when he does attend he makes a very good appearance on the platform, and manages to please and carry his audience along with him. His hermitage in "wild Lochaber" has become a centre of attraction for all the literary and scientific dons who may chance to pass in that direction, and his isolated home is the centre of learned correspondence from men of letters in every quarter of the globe.

His parish being a very wide one, cut up here and there by long arms of the sea, he is a perfect sailor, and an equally good horseman. He is passionately fond of animals, kind and considerate to the poor, tolerant of others, and possessing a keen and generous sympathy with all around him from the meanest to the highest.

Mr Stewart was born in the Island of Benbecula, Outer Hebrides, in 1829, where his father held an appointment in the Inland Revenue Department of the Civil Service. The family soon after removed to Oban. Before entering the University of St Andrews, Mr Stewart attended the School of Kirkmichael, in the Highlands of Perthshire. Entering the University in 1843, he made rapid progress and highly distinguished himself, especially in literature and *Belles Lettres*. "Nothing in this," a recent writer says, "to point to him as a future Edwards, dragging hidden secrets from Nature with the passionate eagerness of a Suiker. No! there are woers of Nature of various kinds, and 'Nether-Lochaber' is a Literary Naturalist. His the great merit of placing before an extended constituency, in the most pleasing forms, garnered fruits from various gardens, and teaching them to take an interest in the world around them, to look beyond the coarse working apron of Nature and see the elegant texture of her garment, to dig gems from the common speech of his fellows—dirt-begrimed perhaps—and set them in silver sentences before their astonished owners."

He traces high descent from the Stewarts of Invernahyle and Glenbuckie. In 1852 he married Miss Morrison, Sallachan House, Ardgour, eldest daughter of Captain Morrison, R.N., by whom he has a family of one son and two daughters.

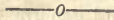
A. M.

ON SEEING A LARK'S NEST ON A GRAVE.

Songster of Heaven! Oh! be not thus distrest;
 Why cower with fluttering wing upon the ground,
 Chirping fear's notes with agonizing sound?
 What though I view thy lowly, cosy nest,
 Amid the grave grass on a maiden's breast,
 I will not harm it. Thou perchance hast been
 A joy unto her heart ere life's last scene
 Had passed into its everlasting rest;
 When thou wert warbling in the sunny skies,
 Did thy sweet songs her dying moments cheer,
 Or soothe the dull sound of the creaking grave?
 Ah me! Who knows? Here she in silence lies,
 While thou above her now thy young do'st rear
 'Mid mournful grasses which in sorrow wave.

LAGAN A' BHAINNE; OR THE MILKY DELL.

A LEGEND.



WINDING through the valleys, ascending the hills, scaling height after height, like a huge snake creeping its sinuous way along, appears the old military road made by the celebrated General Wade. Once, the highway from the south to the wild regions of Badenoch, but now seldom used, except by drovers or an occasional tourist, whose curiosity has induced him to explore the old road and the varied scenery it passes through. It is in some places little better than a narrow track, and as it crawls up the side of Corryarrick it gets rougher and more broken. The traveller finds the air get colder and colder as he advances higher up the mountain. Probably snow lies in the sheltered hollows of the rocks. Here and there he may notice rude cairns of stones hurriedly thrown together to mark the last resting place of poor unfortunate wanderers who have from time to time been overcome by fatigue and the severity of the weather, and have sunk down in that fatal sleep from which there is no awakening.

Just as the road reaches the last long ascent, it sweeps round a green hill and enters Lagan a' Bhainne, when there bursts on the vision of the delighted tourist a scene of fertility and beauty he little expected to meet with. This lovely glen is sheltered from the rude north wind, while it lies open to the rays of the sun. A clear stream meanders through the bottom of the valley. The mountain ash, the trembling aspen, and the beautiful birch adorn this favoured spot; under foot is a soft carpet of blooming purple heather; around the air is laden with the sweet scent of wild flowers; and above, melodious with the songs of birds, who feed on the cranberries growing so plentifully on every hand, while the musical humming of bees falls pleasantly on the ear. Though this beautiful glen is now desolate, and all its loveliness and fertility monopolised by grouse and wild animals, yet there was a time when it presented a very different appearance. When the road-making General first saw Lagan a' Bhainne it was thickly populated by a kindly, industrious people. The strath yielded excellent corn, and the higher ground produced the rich pasture on which the cows thrived, whose wonderful milk-giving qualities gave the place the name of the Milky Dell. This was the great cause of the prosperity of the inhabitants. In other districts the people might be equally industrious, the spinning wheel might revolve as quickly, the clacking noise of the shuttle might be as often heard, the churn might be as often used, and the quern might be as dexterously handled, yet still in no other part of the Highlands was there such plenty. Nowhere else was there such delicious milk, such thick cream, such sweet butter, such rich cheese. There seemed to be a charm about the place; none of the milky mothers ever fell sick, and no matter how poor or out of condition a cow may be when bought, as soon as she arrived in Lagan a' Bhainne she began to grow sleek, fat, and productive.

All these manifold advantages were secured to this favoured spot by the courage and presence of mind of one of the natives. Centuries ago, about the time when the brave Sir William Wallace was fighting for his

country's freedom, there came, all at once, a great scarcity of milk, and, as a necessary consequence, of butter and cheese, all over the districts of Glengarry and Badenoch. And the strangest thing was that this dearth could not be accounted for on any known principle. The pasturage was as green and plentiful, and the cows in as good condition as usual, yet still they did not give milk. Evidently the witches were at work, but it altogether baffled the wise folks of the day to discover the authors of the mischief. Charm after charm, and spell after spell were used in vain by the distressed people. Prayers were said and penances done, pilgrimages were made to holy shrines, and the help of the good Bishop at Elgin Cathedral was implored. He sent a monk, who tried his best with bell, book, and candle to remove the spell, and curse the culprit whether fairy or warlock, witch or kelpie. Whatever it was, it resisted all their efforts, and for a whole year the milk famine continued. The people grew careworn and desponding; the poor children, who were the greatest sufferers, instead of being plump, rosy-cheeked and hearty, became thin, listless, and hollow-eyed.

This total stoppage of the milk supply was a far more serious calamity to the primitive people of Badenoch than it would be at the present day; for the variety of food within their reach was infinitely more limited than it is even with people of the same class in the Highlands now. They had no tea, coffee, nor sugar, no potatoes, and very few other vegetables; and now they had no milk to moisten and sweeten their porridge, and no butter or cheese to accompany the dry oatcake or barley scones. Among the sufferers was a worthy man of the name of Alastair Bàn. He had a large family, and it went to his heart to see his little ones daily losing flesh and pining away for want of proper nourishment. Late one summer evening he left his humble cot to escape from hearing their complaining cries, and wandered, in a contemplative mood, a good distance. When he at last roused himself from his sorrowful reverie, he found he had nearly reached the top of the hill which overlooked his native dell. As he stood looking down on the peaceful glen, he was astonished to see a figure coming up the hill towards him. He wondered who, beside himself, was out so late, and coming from home too. There was something strange about the figure which he could not understand. As it drew nearer Alastair saw that it was a stranger, a little, old man, who walked slowly and laboriously up the hill, as though carrying a heavy weight. As he approached closer, Alastair was more puzzled than ever to make out who or what he was. He certainly seemed a very odd, little *bodach*, whose bent back, slow gait, and wrinkled face exhibited signs of old age which were strangely belied by his plentiful light brown hair and bright blue eyes. His dress was as strange as his looks; neither kilt, bonnet, nor plaid had he, but a long loose green coat, silk stockings, and curious looking shoes with long pointed toes. A tall peaked hat was on his head, and over his shoulder he carried a long slender hawthorn switch, which bent as though a great weight was suspended to the end of it, like a fishing-rod with a heavy fish attached. Yet Alastair could see nothing, and his curiosity began to turn to a feeling very near akin to fear as the uncanny figure drew nearer and nearer. The little old *bodach* took no notice of anything or anybody, but went straight on, bending under the weight of his invisible burden.

Just as the figure got abreast of the wondering man, a sudden impulse moved Alastair to draw his dirk, and with one swift, well-delivered blow he severed the long switch in twain. The Bodach did not seem conscious of what had happened, and continued toiling on his way until he was lost to sight over the brow of the hill. Then all at once there was a rushing, bubbling sound, and to Alastair's intense astonishment he saw pouring from the severed wand, a copious stream of rich, new milk. He rubbed his eyes and looked again; yes, there was no mistake. Faster and faster the milk was coming, still gathering force, until it rolled down the hillside like a mountain torrent after rain. He stayed no longer, but flew rather than ran down to the valley to tell the wonderful news; yet fast as he went the milk was there before him. It spread out over the whole district, and swelled the modest burn until it became a rapid river. Thus it continued for hours, until every drop of milk that had been stolen from Badenoch and Glengarry was restored by the courageous action of Alastair Bàn, and now became concentrated in his native valley, which was ever after noted for its fertility. The cows again gave their milk to the rightful owners, but nowhere, throughout the wide district affected, to the same extent or in the same quality as in the Milky Hollow. Nowhere was the grass so nourishing, the kine so yielding, the inhabitants so happy and prosperous; and though, alas! in latter times the people have been driven away, and the beautiful glen made a breeding ground for game, it still keeps its old descriptive name of Lagan a' Bhainne, or the Milky Dell.

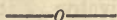
M. A. ROSE.

A GAELIC COURT.—On a recent occasion—Dean of Guild Mackenzie (editor of the *Celtic Magazine*) on the bench—a case in the Inverness Police Court was conducted entirely in Gaelic. The principal witness having objected to be sworn in English, and the Magistrate finding that the accused, the other witnesses, the public prosecutor, and all concerned understood Gaelic, swore the witnesses, had them examined, and conducted the whole case in that language. We understand this is the first case of the kind heard in Gaelic, within living memory, in the same court, without an interpreter, if not indeed for a very much longer period. Referring to this case the *Aberdeen Free Press* of 3d September says:—

The charge has frequently been made, and probably not always without cause, that Gaelic speaking witnesses, in despite of their remonstrances, are sometimes practically compelled to give evidence in courts of law in English. But whatever may be said on the general question as to the justification of such a proceeding, a case was tried before the Police Court of Inverness on Saturday, when the vulgar tongue was entirely set aside, and the proceedings were conducted in the classic language of Ossian. The case was a trifling one. A sprightly damsel of twenty summers or so, was charged with assaulting a girl with an umbrella, and also kicking her. A material witness refused to give evidence in English, and the Dean of Guild, who heard the case, and who loves the Gaelic, said he would conduct the case in his native tongue. The Superintendent of Police (who prosecuted) asked his questions in Gaelic; the "lady" at the bar was no less glib in her use of the mountain tongue, and the venerable assessor revived his acquaintance with the speech of his boyhood by directing her in that language to avoid making speeches at that stage, but to ask questions. In this way, judge, assessor, fiscal, accused, and witness took their part of the case without the aid of an interpreter.

EVICTIONS AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

BY AN EX-FACTOR.



I.

MUCH interested by your "Highland Clearances," and by Skaebost's thoughts on the crofter system in the *Celtic Magazine* for August, permit me, as a Highlander, in close contact, since 1803, with crofters and others who depend chiefly on land for their daily bread in the north of Scotland, to offer some thoughts on a matter of such vital importance to Great Britain.

During most of my life I was factor on several large Highland estates, in charge of some thousand families, chiefly cottars and crofters, some entirely terrestrial, and others partly amphibious; and having studied farming practically, and also crofting in England, Ireland, and Belgium, I believe I understand the subject sufficiently.

Newspaper commissioners and their pupils tell us our Highland soil and climate are so bad that those who hope to exist on crofts in the north are to be pitied for their ignorance, and should be driven into towns, or to those happy regions abroad, where all that man requires is to be had for the taking, without either anxiety or the sweat of his brow. But I am surprised to see, at page 43 of your own "Clearances," even you taking the newspaper view of the subject, as to "the impossibility, in the North-west, of bringing up a family, in anything like decent comfort, &c., on one to four acres of arable land."

Now, I assert, that neither our Highland climate, nor our average soil, nor its being divided into four acre lots, can justly be blamed for the apparent poverty of our crofters; but that the "discomfort and chronic starvation" which *you* say is their lot lies chiefly at their landlords' doors; as they, forgetting they are their brother's keeper, have allowed them to grow up untaught; and, for want of instruction, they do not even properly try to support themselves in comfort where God has cast their lot, subject of course to the occasional trials of bad seasons and sickness, to be found in all countries, so ordered, surely, lest we forget that "here is not our home," and that, without protection and a blessing from above, nothing can prosper.

Indeed, our Highland crofts, which for generations have produced millions of men and women second to none in the world for morality or vigour of mind and body, cannot be such miserable homes as you describe them. Our crofters, of course, have a hard fight for their bread, but I am not aware of any people whose sole capital at first, like our crofters, consists of mere health and strength, who have not to work long and hard ere they can hire servants to work for them.

Now, as to the unwise evictions of our cottars and crofters, I venture to offer some excuses for this sad, national crime. The chief one is landlords disliking their troublesome duty towards those over whom God has placed them. Hence, although quite able to carry it out, they delegate the powers they themselves should exercise to trustees or to a factor; and these sometimes act as if they had merely to arrange leases (where such

are given) and to collect rents, with the least possible trouble to themselves. And here I may express my great regret that so very few landed proprietors seem to realise the duty of training up their heir (where they have children) to the most important of all national professions, viz, the management of land and its cultivators. In other professions where the son is to succeed the father, would the latter be deemed wise, if, as soon as the son could do without his mother's care, he was removed as far as possible from the country and people in which, and by whose labour, he had to live? But, in the trade of landowner, as soon as the son's education is gone through, do we not see almost every heir to land pushed into the army, or some other employment quite unconnected with the management of land, although, if he survives his father, that is to be his employment for his daily bread; and very often kept in the dark till he is so old that he quite shrinks from beginning a new profession at his father's death, and, so long as his factor supplies him with money, cares nothing how or where it grows; the natural common consequence being that the rents do not meet his expenses, and, unless the estate is entailed, it is soon sold to a wiser person.

Under this system, it is not very surprising if a trustee or factor persuades such a proprietor that were "these troublesome crofters" removed, their neighbour sheep farmer would give a higher and a punctually paid rent for their land, while the people would do better in other employment, or by emigrating; and then the factor could settle everything with the sheep farmer in a few minutes yearly, which now takes him sometimes weeks to arrange with the crofters.

The next chief cause of "Clearances" is the crofters and their followers forgetting the eighth commandment and the game laws, and so, by poaching, &c., are constantly irritating their landlord. They may often escape conviction, but, greatly as I prefer them to game, I never yet heard of ground adjoining a crofter township where one head of game could be found for every score it would produce under the same keeper and circumstances, when marched by large farms and no crofters near to it. Long ago, near my farm, there was for generations a large crofter township of happy, thriving people. But, marching their land, and running past our landlord's house, was a noted salmon river, and he or his keeper needed to rise very early, otherwise the best pools would probably be fished before either could throw a line. One day the laird, taking a walk, with his gun, observed one of his crofters busy angling a salmon, and he was giving him his mind loudly from the opposite bank ere the poacher noticed him. Down went the rod, its owner instantly disappearing among the ferns and copse, but not before the laird's shot rattled about his ears; and that very day the fisher slept in the county jail. A lawyer very soon taught the laird that shooting poachers was the most expensive of all amusements. But an immediate clearance of every crofter from that beautiful township, and replacing them by sheep, put an end to all poaching there.

A third apology for "Clearances" is the constant trespassing and breaking down of the laird's fences by cottars and crofters, and carrying them off for firewood; putting their cattle into his woods at night, and cutting and carrying away branches and trees as if these had no owner! Some years ago I placed two men before the Sheriff, caught at night by our

foresters in a wood, having a horse and cart evidently for removing the large trees which they had cut down with their saw, and were busy cross-cutting to make them portable. But our Sheriff summarily dismissed the case, on the ground that as there was no wood *on* the cart it was not clear they meant to steal it! And when our foresters detected a man cutting down branches and young trees, both the Fiscal and the Lord-Advocate refused to prosecute, saying "the value of the wood was so trifling!" I could fill a volume with somewhat similar cases constantly brought before me as Factor or as Justice of the Peace, and our keepers, getting such law, for watching the woods and game, it is no wonder if one of them thought he had better either keep in his bed at night or take the law into his own hands, under the idea of "Home Rule" being desirable in this lawless land. So, a wood fancier soon summoned him before the same Sheriff for assault—and without any witness or visible mark of bodily hurt on the complainant, our forester was sent off to jail.

Now, can landlords be justly called cruel for evicting people, who keep him in such constant irritation and heavy yearly expenses, quite needless but for the people's dishonesty? The simple, but concealed, truth being that our cottars and crofters have all along been busy evicting themselves, and the reason why Clearances were all but unknown of old is that, even when I was young, game was of no value worth mentioning; no one cared much about the marches of estates or fences, and when cattle allowed trees to grow here and there, there were neither foresters nor gamekeepers employed, as now, looking after thieves. Further, the Poor Law of 1845 quickly extinguished the landlord's remaining sympathy with his small people, alarmed as he was by the unexpected heavy burden of poor rates which, previously, were all but entirely borne by the poor themselves. I knew a proprietor who, before 1845, used to hand £5 to his parish minister as his yearly contribution for the poor, and since then I have known his yearly poor rates to be close on £500. Such a change awoke many to the apparent duty of expelling from the parish every family not absolutely needed to cultivate the large farms.

Lastly, I would notice the heart-hardening separation between Highland landlords and tenants, caused by almost every proprietor having now deserted the national Church. When I was young almost every landlord and landlady in the north resided all the year round at home among their people, and, attending the parish church regularly, met there, after service, with all their great and small friends, with such handshaking and health enquiries as drew all hearts together, and bettered every one concerned. But now a landlord or landlady who, in the north, thus meets their people in and after church would be quite a surprise—a sad loss to high and low, without any visible gain to either—and thus, the natural, feudal, proper attachment of the people to their proprietors has been all but entirely destroyed.

In a future number of your Magazine I propose, if you will allow me, to show that the so-called discomfort and poverty of our crofters has little or no connection with our Highland soil or climate.

JOHN MACKENZIE, M.D.

EILEANACH, INVERNESS, Sept. 5th, 1881.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

By THE EDITOR.

XXIV.

THE FAMILY OF CLANRANALD.

XXII. DONALD MACDONALD, third of Benbecula, fourteenth of Clanranald, Tutor of Allan, the hero of Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir. We have already noticed the prominent share which he took in the military annals of the nation during the wars of Dundee. After Killiecrankie he returned to his Island home in Benbecula, and took no part in the rebellion of 1715. Donald, eleventh of Clanranald, had granted him a charter of nova-damus of all his lands, dated 16th of March 1680. A considerable sum of money was lodged with Alexander Mackenzie, Principal Clerk of Session, Edinburgh, with the view of procuring a pardon for Ranald, the late chief, and purchasing and conveying the estates to him. This money was obtained by Mrs Penelope Macdonald, widow of Allan, killed at Sheriffmuir, whose attachment to the clan and fond recollection of her distinguished husband cannot be better expressed than in the words of the disposition by which Mr Mackenzie afterwards conveyed the estates to Donald by her instructions. After narrating the debts, the document proceeds:—"Seeing it was at the earnest desire and request of Mrs Penelope Mackenzie, dowager of the deceased Allan Macdonald of Moydart, Captain of Clanranald, that I did purchase the several debts abovenarrated, affecting the estate of Moydart, and thereupon obtained a decree and charter of adjudication in my favour; and that it hath all along been in her view, as it was still her constant care, from the tender regard which she bore to the memory of her said deceased husband, to have the estate of Moydart settled upon, and conveyed to the said Donald, elder of Benbecula, who (by the failure of the said Allan Macdonald, and of Ranald Macdonald, late of Moydart, both now deceased, without heirs-male lawfully procreate of their, or either of their bodies) is now the nearest and lawful heir-male of the family of Moydart, and the undoubted Chief and Captain of Clanranald." For these reasons Mr Mackenzie, by this disposition, conveyed over the whole estates to Donald in life-rent; after him to Ranald, his son, in life-rent; and thereafter, in fee, to Ranald, grandson of Donald, who afterwards succeeded, in due course, as fifteenth Chief of the family, and who became so well known, during his father's life-time, in connection with Prince Charles, Flora Macdonald, and the Rebellion of 1745. The disposition is dated 5th of December 1726, and infestment followed thereon on 28th of September, and 7th, 13th, 17th, 18th, and 19th of October 1727.

Donald married, first, Margaret, eldest and only surviving daughter of Donald, eleventh, and sister of Allan and Ranald, respectively twelfth and thirteenth of Clanranald; and by this marriage he became heir to his brother-in-law, through his wife, as well as heir-male of the family, on the death of Allan, twelfth chief, in 1725. By this lady he had an only son—

1. Ranald, his heir.

He married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of George Mackenzie of Kildun, by whom he had—

2. Alexander, who obtained the estate and became progenitor of the Macdonalds of Boisdale, which see.

3. Ann, who married John, second son of Lachlan Mackinnon of Strathardale.

He died in 1730, and was succeeded by his son,

XXIII. RANALD MACDONALD, fifteenth of Clanranald, who, born in 1692, was then in the 39th year of his age. He refused to take any part in the Rebellion of 1745, though earnestly pressed to do so by Prince Charles, who called upon him immediately on his first arrival in the Long Island. He, however, offered no resistance to his son to join in that unfortunate enterprise; indeed, once the Prince did embark he extended to him every support and encouragement in his power. The particulars of his life are so well known to the reader of the papers on Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles, which have recently passed through these pages from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, that it would be quite superfluous to go into lengthy details here, but we may quote Home's interesting account of the arrival of the Prince in South Uist, his visit to, and reception by, Clanranald. After describing the voyage and arrival of the *Douelle* with his Royal Highness on board, Home proceeds to say that "she came to an anchor between South Uist and Eriska, which is the largest of a cluster of small rocky islands that lie off South Uist. Charles immediately went ashore on Eriska. His attendants giving out that he was a young Irish priest, conducted him to the house of the tacksman, who rented all the small island; of him they learned that Clanranald, and his brother Boisdale, were upon the Island of South Uist; that young Clanranald was at Moydart, upon the mainland. A messenger was immediately despatched to Boisdale, who is said to have had great influence with his brother. Charles staid all night on the Island of Eriska, and in the morning returned to his ship. Boisdale came aboard soon after. Charles proposed that he should go with him to the mainland; assist in engaging his nephew to take arms, and then go as his ambassador to Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod. To every one of these proposals Boisdale gave a flat negative, declaring that he would do his utmost to prevent his brother and his nephew from engaging in so desperate an enterprise, assuring Charles that it was needless to send anybody to Skye; for that he had seen Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod very lately, and was desired by them to acquaint him (if he should come to South Uist, on his way to the Highlands), that they were determined not to join him, unless he brought over with him a body of regular troops. Charles replied in the best manner he could, and, ordering the ship to be unmoored, carried Boisdale (whose boat hung at the stern) several miles outward to the mainland, pressing him to relent, and give a better answer. Boisdale was inexorable, and, getting into his boat, left Charles to pursue his course, which he did, directly for the coast of Scotland, and, coming to an anchor in the bay of Lochnanuagh, between Moydart and Arasaig, sent a boat ashore with a letter to young Clanranald."*

Ranald married Margaret, daughter of William Macleod of Bernera, by whom he had issue—

* History of the Rebellion.

1. Ranald, his heir.
2. Donald, an officer in the British army, who greatly distinguished himself, and was killed with General Wolf before Quebec in 1760.
3. Margaret, who died unmarried.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXIV. RANALD MACDONALD, sixteenth of Clanranald, who was, with Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, and his brother, and young Glenaladale, the first to join the Prince in 1745. We cannot do better than continue the account from Home of how young Clanranald finally consented to join His Royal Highness. Continuing the previous quotation, he proceeds—“In a very little time, Clanranald, with his relative Kinlochmoidart, came aboard the *Doutelle*. Charles, almost reduced to despair in his interview with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanranald and his friend, though well-inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him (one after the other) that to take arms without concert or support, was to pull down certain destruction on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation, the parties walked backwards and forwards upon the deck; a Highlander stood near them; armed at all points, as was the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was on board. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning briskly towards him, called out, ‘Will not you assist me?’ ‘I will, I will,’ said Ranald, ‘though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword; I am ready to die for you.’ Charles, with a profusion of thanks and acknowledgments, extolled his champion to the skies, saying he only wished that all the Highlanders were like him.” Without further deliberation the two Macdonalds declared that they also would join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms. Immediately Charles, with his company, went ashore, and was conducted to Borrodale, a farm which belonged to the estate of Clanranald. Having once decided to join he proceeded at once to raise his vassals and command those of Arasaig and Moydart to attend him, and bring their arms. These amounted to about 250 men. A list of their names and arms is still preserved.* The standard being, a few days after, raised at Glenfinnan, they proceeded to Perth, from whence Clanranald, at the head of 500 men, was despatched to Dundee, where he arrived on the 7th of September, and next day, Sunday, the 8th, proclaimed James VIII. as King. He then threw open the prison, took possession of all the public arms and ammunition he could find, and allowed all the prisoners their liberty. On the following day he searched several private houses for arms, and in all cases where he found any, he took possession and gave a receipt for them. On the 10th, by special command, he returned and joined the Prince at Perth. From that day he took a distinguished part, at the head of his men, in all the

* Printed in the Appendix to the Clanranald Family History.

proceedings of the Highland army; at Prestonpans, Gladsmuir, where the Clanranald, with their chief, was placed, as a distinct mark of honour, on the right of the front line; in the march to England and retreat to Scotland, and in the final and disastrous engagement with the King's troops on Culloden Moor. An eye-witness at Duddingston relates an incident which indicates his position and lofty bearing. "One day young Clanranald was conversing with the Young Pretender with his head covered, and Major Macdonald (Glenaladale) standing behind Clanranald uncovered." He was wounded in the head at Culloden, but managed to escape to his grandmother's house in Inverness, after which he proceeded, with his men, to Moydart, where he remained in concealment for a considerable period. The King's troops in time followed him, and, on one occasion, he escaped capture only by a miracle. A mean, base countryman, bribed by the enemy's officers, pointed out his hiding place, on the side of a steep hill; but hearing them approach he threw himself down the precipice at the risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocks, and marvellously escaped, though so near as to hear one of the soldiers saying, "the nest is warm, but the bird is flown." A few days after three French ships of war arrived in Loch-nan-uagh, which were placed under Clanranald's command as Commodore, a commission in his favour as such having been brought from France in one of them. Here Clanranald again met the Prince, and strongly recommended him to distribute a sum of forty thousand pounds, brought from France for his use by these ships, among the more necessitous of those who had suffered so much in his cause, and were now without houses, food, or shelter; the whole country having been given to the flames, and all their cattle driven away by the King's troops.

During the whole time Prince Charles was in hiding in the Long Island Clanranald remained concealed in Moydart, waiting an opportunity to remove to some other part of the country, from which he could effect his escape to the Continent. This he ultimately managed in spite of the attempts of the Government to capture him. He succeeded in finding his way to Brahan Castle, the seat of the Seaforth, where he met a daughter of Basil Hamilton, and sister of the Earl of Selkirk, whom he had engaged to marry some time before. She was a relation of his own, her mother being a sister of Ranald's grandmother. The marriage was celebrated in presence of Lady Fortrose, her husband, Viscount Fortrose, who had the forfeited estates, but not the titles, restored to him some time previously, being from home, and supposed to know nothing of his interesting visitors; for he kept out of the Rebellion, and was, so far, on friendly terms with the Government. Leaving Brahan Castle Clanranald and his Lady proceeded to Cromarty, where they embarked on board a ship bound for London under the names of Mr and Mrs Black. They arrived at their destination safely and unmolested, and soon after effected their escape to Paris. Here, finding it necessary to procure some means of subsistence, he endeavoured to obtain an introduction to those in power in France. Prince Charles shortly after came to Paris, and Clanranald requested his Royal Highness to introduce him to Louis XV., "to whom the Prince declared that he was the only person who had served him without fee or reward. He soon after got some military employment from the Court of France, and continued so employed until he be-

came acquainted with Marshal Saxe, who appointed him his aide-de-camp; and he remained for several years in that capacity, until the Marshal's death, with the official notification of which to the King he was charged, and delivered to his Majesty, at a public levee, when the King seemed so affected that he shed tears, and said to the company around him, that he had lost his right arm. During this time his lady had become pregnant, and returned to Britain for the purpose of being delivered and naturalising the child. She went to reside with her grandmother, the widow of Lord Basil Hamilton, at Edinburgh, in whose house she was delivered of a son, and died a few days afterwards. Many of the chiefs who were engaged in the unfortunate Rebellion, refusing to deliver themselves up, a bill of attainder was brought against them, which received the Royal assent on the 4th of June 1746. In this bill was included the names of *Donald* Macdonald, younger of Clanranald, Donald Macdonald of Lochgarry, Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, Archibald Macdonald of Barrisdale, Alexander Macdonald of Glencoe, and others. Many suffered the penalty of the law, and, amongst others, Kinlochmoidart. He was executed at Carlisle on the 18th of October. As to Clanranald, by mistake he was named *Donald* instead of *Ranald* in the act of attainder passed against him. His friends took advantage of this, and, after some years' delay, he succeeded in recovering his estates, to which he retired, and became a steady and loyal subject of the king. It is pretty well known that of all those who joined Prince Charles, none was more devoted to him than young Clanranald, or acted more from less interested motives. He uniformly refused all pecuniary reward, maintained his own troops, and, it is said, for this truly noble conduct, the Prince signified his intention of conferring on him the dignity of a peer of the realm, by the title of Earl of Clanranald.*

All the transactions to which we have referred took place during the life of his father, who, an old man even at the close of the Rebellion, a few years later on, on the 28th of November 1753, and being quite unable to attend to any business, renounced the life-rent of the estates in favour of his son, Ranald by whose energy and business habits the debts on the property were soon paid. For the rest of his days Ranald lived quietly and unostentatiously on his property.

He married, first, Mary, daughter of Basil Hamilton, eventually Earl of Selkirk, younger son of the Duke of Hamilton, and by her (born 8th of May 1720, died 11th of May 1750) he had issue—

1. Charles James Somerled, who died in his fifth year at Edinburgh, on the 25th of May 1755, and was buried at Holyrood.

He married, secondly, Flora, daughter of Mackinnon of Mackinnon, a celebrated beauty, with issue—

2. John, his heir.

3. James, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army.

4. Margaret, who died unmarried.

5. Mary, who died unmarried.

6. Penelope, who married William, seventh Lord Belhaven and Stenton (who died 29th of October 1814), with issue—(1), Robert Montgomery, who, born in 1793, succeeded as 8th Peer; (2), William, born in

* History of the Family, pp. 170-171.

1799, in the H.E.I.C.S., and four daughters, Penelope, Susan Mary, Flora (died in 1810), and Jean (died in 1820). Lady Belhaven died in 1816.

Ranald was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXIV. JOHN MACDONALD, seventeenth of Clanranald, quite a youth at his father's death. He travelled for several years on the Continent with a learned tutor, who gave him a very liberal education. On his return home, he obtained a commission and became a Captain in the 22d Dragoons. Having made up titles to the family estates, he, soon after, retired from the army, and resided chiefly on his property, among his retainers, by whom he was greatly esteemed while he lived, and much lamented on his death, in 1794, at the early age of twenty-nine.

He married, first, Katharine, daughter of the Right Hon. Robert Macqueen of Braxfield, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, with issue—

1. Reginald George, his heir, born in Edinburgh on the 29th of August 1788.

2. Robert Johnstone. 3. Donald.

He married, secondly, his second cousin, Jean, daughter of Colin Macdonald, II. of Boisdale, and grand-daughter of Alexander, first of Boisdale, second son of Donald, fourteenth of Clanranald, without issue.

He died in 1794, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXV. REGINALD GEORGE MACDONALD, eighteenth of Clanranald. He was born in Edinburgh on the 29th of August 1788, and was thus a minor only six years of age when he succeeded to the property. He was first sent to Edinburgh, and afterwards to Eton to complete his education. He then proceeded to the Continent, where he remained for several years. Coming of age in 1809, he returned home, and was soon after appointed to the command of the Long Island Regiment of Inverness-shire local Militia, which he held for many years. He represented the Burgh of Plymton (disfranchised by the Reform Act of 1832) in Parliament from 1812 to 1824. He lived to a very old age, and, two years before his death, in 1871, he visited his native land, "and delighted his friends by his never failing vivacity and comparatively youthful appearance." According to the Statistical Account the rental of Clanranald's estate in 1837 was about £4500 per annum; but shortly after that date the property was sold by this chief for a large sum to Colonel Gordon of Cluny, Aberdeenshire.

He married, on the 1st of April 1812, Lady Caroline Ann Edgcumbe, second daughter of Richard, second Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, by whom (who died 10th of April 1824) he had issue—

1. Reginald-John James-George, his heir, now of Clanranald.

2. Caroline-Sophia, who married, 8th September 1842, the Hon. Charles Cust, second son of John, first Earl of Brownlow, with issue—one son, Ernest-Richmond Charles, and three daughters, one of whom, Alice-Marian, married, 9th of September 1876, her cousin, Allan-Roger-Charles Porcelli, youngest son of Baron Porcelli, a Sicilian nobleman, who had married Sarah Anne, her aunt.

3. Emma-Hamilla, who married, 21st of April 1840, the Hon. and Rev. Alfred Wodehouse, youngest son of John, second Lord Wodehouse, with issue; Hobart; Reginald, who died 25th of August 1861; Charles; Hamilla-Caroline, who, on the 8th of November 1876, married Edward Taylor, British vice-consul at Dunkerque; Ernestine-Emma, who on the

17th of May 1866 married John Marshall, second son of H. C. Marshall, of Westwood Hall, Leeds; and Laura-Sophia.

4. Louisa-Emily, who married Charles-William Marsham, eldest surviving son of Robert Marsham of Stratton Strawless, County of Norfolk; and secondly, 4th December 1856, Colonel Hugh Fitz-Roy, Grenadier Guards, son of Lord Henry Fitz-Roy.

5. Flora, Maid of Honour to the Queen,

6. Sarah-Anne, who married, in 1848, Baron Porcelli, a Sicilian nobleman, with issue, one of whom married his cousin, as above.

Clanranald married secondly Anne, daughter of William Cunningham, and widow of Richard Barry Dunning, Lord Ashburton, without issue; and thirdly, Elizabeth Rebecca Newman, also without issue.

He died at his residence, Clarendon Road, London, on the 11th of March 1873, in the 85th year of his age, when he was succeeded as representative of the family by his eldest son,

XXVI. SIR REGINALD-JOHN JAMES-GEORGE, nineteenth and present Clanranald, Vice-Admiral, R.N., K.C.S.I. He married, on the 12th of June 1855, the Hon. Adelaide Louisa, second daughter of George, fifth Lord Vernon, with issue—

1. Allan Douglas, his heir, born in April 1856.

2. Angus Roderick, born in April 1858. 3. Adelaide Effrida.

[The Complete HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, with Genealogies and Biographical Notes of the principal branch families of the name, will be in the hands of Subscribers (whose names will be published in the work) before our next number is issued. It is therefore not intended to continue a consecutive account of the other and minor families of the clan in the *Celtic Magazine* any further. What we have already published has been carefully corrected, revised, and considerably extended; and in addition, a full account, with genealogies to date, of the cadet families of SLEAT, GLENGARRY, and CLANRANALD, in the order in which they branched off from the main stem—including Balranald, Kingsburgh, Castleton, Vallay, Scotus, Lochgarry, MacEachainn-Macdonalds, Glenaladale, Kinlochmoidart, and Boisdale—have been already printed in the separate volume. Accounts will also appear in the separate work of the Macdonalds of Sanda, Glencoe, Keppoch, Dalchoisnie, and several others. Price to Subscribers—*One Guinea*; large paper edition (of which only 75 copies are printed, and of which but a few now remain), *a Guinea and a half*. To non-subscribers, the price of any remaining copies will be, in the meantime, £1 5s and £2 2s respectively. To secure copies names should be sent in at once, as the issue is strictly limited to 425.]

THE CLAN CAMERON.—The next Clan History (after a few chapters on the Mathesons) which will appear in these pages will be that of the Camerons. The Editor will esteem it a great favour if all interested in any way in this clan will communicate with him privately, and supply him with any information in their possession, or direct him to where he can obtain any.

A. M.

THE FENIAN SKIRMISHING FUND AND THE HIGHLANDS.

—o—

THE following correspondence appeared in recent issues of the *Scotsman* :

SIR,—I have read your article in to-day's issue on the American Fenians and the Skirmishing Fund with considerable interest. I am, however, surprised that you made no reference to the portion of the fund which is alleged to have found its way to the Scottish Highlands. A friend sent me a Canadian paper yesterday in which a telegraphic summary appears of the proceedings at Chicago under date of 8th August. Patrick Crowe, who claims to have originated the Skirmishing Fund, held forth at the "Fenian conclave," and said that the fund "has been squandered; 7000 dollars of it being lent by one of the managers to himself; 20,000 dollars used in building a torpedo boat, which never worked, but was profitable to the ring; and 2000 dollars going to support an Irish paper in the Highlands of Scotland, and the disposition of the rest being known only to heaven and the insiders." What paper can it be that has received substantial aid from Irish-Americans? It is to be hoped a contradiction and repudiation will be at once forthcoming in the name of, I wont say patriotism, but common decency.—I am, &c.,
 NO FENIAN.

SIR,—A correspondent of yours, "No Fenian," referring to this subject, quotes certain figures mentioned by Patrick Crowe at the "Fenian Convention" held in Chicago on the 8th August, and, amongst these, 2000 dollars as having been given to an Irish paper in the Highlands of Scotland in support of the movement, and he asks—"What paper in the Highlands of Scotland can it be that received substantial aid from the Irish-Americans?" There is no *Irish* paper in the Highlands of Scotland, but there is a paper published at Inverness, *The Highlander*, which I heard some time ago had received "substantial aid" from the Irish-Americans, and which, I have reason to believe, would like to have closer relations with the Irish Land Leaguers at home. The editor and proprietor, Mr John Murdoch, some time ago made a prolonged visit to America, and, after a short stay at home, has again gone out to America. The *Highlander* was, until recently, published weekly, but now appears in the form of a monthly magazine.—I am, &c.,
 ONE BEHIND THE SCENES.

The *Highlander* Office, 76 to 82 Castle Street,
 Inverness, August 29, 1881.

SIR,—A letter under this heading, signed by "No Fenian," appearing in your Friday's issue, contains an inuendo that an Irish paper in the Highlands had received Fenian support. As *The Highlander* is, I believe, the only paper in the Highlands—or even in Scotland—that has prominently advocated the Irish land question, there can be no doubt that it is the paper alluded to, and I shall therefore be glad if you will allow me, through your columns, to state as plainly and as emphatically as possible that *The Highlander* newspaper never in any way received pecuniary aid from the "Skirmishing Fund." As a paper advocating the people's right to the soil they cultivate, *The Highlander* received the warm support of Irish Americans, who readily subscribed for it; and when Mr Murdoch, its proprietor and editor, visited America and Canada in 1879, he received as hearty a welcome from the Irish as from the Scotch, the former assisting him as much as possible by crowding upon him invitations to lecture, for which he was paid by the local committee inviting him. In January 1880, Mr Murdoch (then in Toronto) was urgently pressed to take part in the "Parnell reception" at Philadelphia, and he thereafter, by invitation, took part in a number of Mr Parnell's meetings, for which he was paid by the Central Committee in New York. But never under any circumstances has Mr Murdoch advocated Fenianism or other violent measures (on the contrary, he has always been most careful to condemn them), and never has he in any way connected himself with, or received a cent from, the "Skirmishing Fund." Mr Murdoch's present absence in America (fulfilling a second series of lecturing engagements) prevents him writing you himself, but my knowledge of the facts stated above warrants me in giving the statement an unqualified denial.—I am, &c.,
 A. E. MIDDLETON, Manager.

In the same issue of the *Scotsman* in which the last of these letters was published, the following telegram, dated New York, August 29th, appeared :—

THE FENIAN CONSPIRATORS.

Perhaps no one is better qualified to speak for the Irish Nationalists than William Carroll. The *Philadelphia Press* to-day prints a long report of an interview with him. He says the organisation which recently sat in Convention at Chicago regards the use of dynamite with contempt and disgust. The Irish Nationalist party is certainly revolutionary in its objects and methods, but it will not sacrifice innocent human life if it can possibly perceive any other method of achieving its purpose. Nothing less than the complete independence of Ireland will content them. Their present efforts are devoted to preparation and patient waiting for England's next war.

From an account in the *World*, of 31st August, of an interview by one of their correspondents with the arch-Fenian, we extract the following answer by O'Donovan Rossa :—

You were asking me about that Skirmishing Fund a while ago. Pat (Crowe) knows what he is saying. I transferred the whole thing in 1877 to the Irish National Revolutionary Committee. Pat says that Ford, proprietor of the *Irish World*, used 20,000 dollars out of the 90,000 collected, on his paper; that Dr Carroll, of Philadelphia, got 7000, on his personal note, for his own uses; that 2000 were handed to Murdoch, who agitated in this country with Parnell for the purposes of founding a paper in the North of Ireland (Scotland?); that 5000 dollars went to Michael Davitt to start the Land League; and that 20,000 dollars went to John Holland for his torpedo.

In an advertisement inserted in the American papers last spring intimating Mr Murdoch's Lectures, we were told "For vacant dates, address "Dr William Carroll, 617 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa." Further comment to show the connection of parties with each other and with the Skirmishing Fund would be a waste of space.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.—This ancient emblem of Scots pugnacity, with its motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," is represented on various species of royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition :—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard they marched bare-footed. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb, prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

—o—

I.

IN a lecture which I had the honour to deliver before the Gaelic Society of Inverness in May last, I observed :—"There is no room in this paper to consider the sculptured stones of Scotland, properly so called, though some of them are certainly curious. . . . Neither can I, for the same reason, go at length into the curious Scottish hieroglyphics so frequently met with on standing stones." Nor do I intend now to go at length into the meaning of the hieroglyphics. I shall merely indicate their suggested uses, with such sufficient clearness as shall explain the fact of their being found in juxta-position with the Christian emblem of the Cross. This paper will enable those readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, who are in the habit of passing one or more of these monoliths every day of their lives, to bestow a little more attention upon them than I fear they are in the habit of doing.

There are, as far as I know at present, but ten sculptured stones extant in Ross-shire and Cromartyshire, though many more are known to have been wantonly destroyed. These stones (all of which are noticed in Dr Stewart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*) are found in eight localities, all in Easter Ross, and all situated close to the shore of the sea, or of some sea loch. Beginning in the North, the localities are as follows:—I., Kincardine (1); II., Edderton (2); III., Tarbet (1, mostly in fragments); IV., Hilton of Cadboll (1); V., Shandwick (1); VI., Nigg (1); VII., Strathpeffer (1); VIII., Rosemarkie (2). Of these ten, two, viz., the stone at Kincardine, and one of those at Rosemarkie, are in all probability portions of sarcophagi—and of the remaining eight seven may be divided in classes, A. B. & C., as follows:—

Class A. Rude monoliths, with hieroglyphics.

Class B. Sculptured crosses, with hieroglyphics.

Class C. Sculptured crosses, without hieroglyphics.

Class A. contains two stones at Edderton and Strathpeffer. Class B. contains four stones at Hilton of Cadboll, Shandwick, Nigg, and Rosemarkie. Class C. contains but one stone at Edderton. The stone at Hilton of Cadboll, though now bearing no cross, has been placed in class B., because there is every evidence of its having once been a cross. The side which bore the cross, however, has been smoothed, to receive an inscription apparently of the latter part of the 17th century, when it had been used for a grave-stone. The Tarbet cross has the remains of figures upon it, but no hieroglyphics as far as can be seen. It has not been classed, as its extremely fragmentary state renders it next to impossible to reconstruct it in a really satisfactory manner; but it will nevertheless be described in Class B., its ornamentation being completely in harmony with that of the stones in this class.

The peculiar characters, which appear upon the Scottish Standing Stones, may for our present purpose be divided into hieroglyphics and

symbols; the former signifying characters unfamiliar to the eye, whose purport and object is conjectural; the second those which the eye at once recognises, but which may have some occult meaning hidden behind them. In the first class may be mentioned the Spectacle ornament, the Spectacle ornament or Double Disc with the Sceptre, the Crescent and Sceptre, the so-called "Elephant," &c. To the second class belong animals, &c., such as the Bull, Eagle, and Fish; articles of known use, such as the Mirror, Comb, and Harp; also monstrosities, such as the Centaur, Bird-headed Human Figure, &c. Many conjectures have been hazarded as to the meaning of the hieroglyphics, some persons connecting them with the religion of the Druids, and finding an emblem of the sun in the Double Disc and Sceptre, and of the moon in the Crescent and Sceptre. Thus, Mr Algernon Herbert, writing in 1849, regarded the Sceptre, in the figure of the Serpent and Sceptre, as "the capital Latin Z, and stands for Zodiacus, while the serpent twisted round it is the sun in his abrax period, or ecliptic." In the Crescent and sceptre he regarded the Crescent as the moon, and the Sceptre as the Latin L for *luna*. If we wish to reconcile this theory with the fact that the hieroglyphics frequently appear upon the same sculptures as the Cross, we must adopt Colonel Forbes Leslie's view, and regard them as "the picture of a mixed religion, and I believe truly representing a compromise—viz., Christianity acknowledged without Paganism being discarded." Another, and perhaps more rational view, is to consider the hieroglyphics as representing actual objects. Brooches have been found of the exact form of the Double Disc, and the Sceptre has been regarded as the brooch pin, the Sceptre in some sculptures passing *through* the Double Disc. Dr Stewart thinks that if the Crescent and Sceptre does not represent a brooch, it may be meant for a tiara. Thus, some persons regard the hieroglyphics and symbols on the crosses and pillars as representing the rank or occupation of the person buried beneath. So, when personal ornaments were comparatively rare, a brooch, or a torque would represent a chief, a fish a seafarer, a harp a harper, a mirror and comb a female, &c. Others again imagine them to signify the rude heraldry of the early septa and tribes, who adopted various objects to particularly distinguish themselves. One thing is certain, that they remained in use for several centuries, for while we find the outlines merely incised upon the rude standing stones, we find them elaborately ornamented and carved in relief upon the later Celtic Crosses.

We are aware that from the earliest times till long after the Celtic era, it was the custom of nations to bury with the deceased articles which he had valued during his lifetime, and if to bury them, why not to carve them on his monument also? The habit of depicting upon a man's tombstone the implements of his trade, which was common during the Roman era, is not yet quite obsolete, while that of representing a sword and helmet above a soldier's remains is quite common. All old English churches abound in achievements, and coats-of-arms emblazoned on tablets. Any of the theories, therefore, I have previously mentioned may be easily reconciled with the appearance of these strange figures, alongside of the Christian Cross.*

* The late Mr Chalmers would appear to have been inclined to ascribe a Gnostic origin to some of the hieroglyphics, but as no precise data have been given to go upon a mere mention of the fact is sufficient.

But enough for these characters at large, as I must now enumerate the figures which appear upon the Ross-shire and Cromartyshire sculptures. They are ten in number, counting only those which are most generally in use. The Crescent and Sceptre occurs four times (thrice upon the Rosemarkie cross, the only known example in Scotland), the Double Disc and Sceptre thrice, and the Double Disc without Sceptre once. These have been already alluded to. The Single Disc occurs twice on the Hilton stone, and may represent a brooch, or the round target carried by the Picts, the ornamentation greatly resembling that of the targets of the last century; but as the two Discs occupy the usual place of the Double Disc, below the Crescent and Sceptre, they must be looked upon as an imperfect representation of the Double Disc. The Elephant occurs but once, on the Shandwick stone, where it appears with two sheep between the legs, and an animal, apparently a dog, in front of the head. It has been ornamented with a Celtic zig-zag pattern now much worn. Dr Stewart states that Polyænus, a writer of the second century, describes Cæsar as routing the Britons under Cassolaulus, by sending an elephant against them. It is therefore quite possible that the Picts had heard of such an animal, and it has been shrewdly conjectured that the first Celtic sculptor who essayed its portraiture, did so from a description, and that all who followed him copied from the same example, until at last it became stereotyped. That the figure is purely conventional is proved by the fact, that while the sheep is represented with his wool, the eagle with his feathers, and the monster with his scales, even in the most elaborate carvings of the Elephant, the ornamentation never gets beyond the filling in of the outline with an intertwisted Celtic pattern. Two Mirrors appear on the Rosemarkie stone, and one upon the Hilton stone, where it is accompanied by the Comb. They are not, however, of the usual form. The Eagle appears thrice.* We find the Fish, apparently the salmon, upon a rough monolith at Edderton, which it occupies along with the Double Disc and Sceptre. The Torque, or Neckplate, shares the unhewn standing stone at Strathpeffer, with the Eagle. The Harp is found but once, and is of the usual *clarsach* pattern. It may be mentioned that the hieroglyphics and symbols are almost entirely confined to Pictish territory, one stone only so ornamented being found in the old Northumbrian Kingdom, at Edinburgh, and one sculpture on a rock at Anwoth, in the Kingdom of Strathclyde. I am not aware of any having been found in Dalriada. I am, therefore, myself, strongly of opinion that the symbols and hieroglyphics on the rude standing stones and sculptured crosses must alike be regarded as the work of the Pictish nation, the predecessors of the modern Highlander.

I will commence my account of the Sculptured Stones of Ross and Cromarty with a description of the sarcophagus at Kincardine.

"In the church-yard," says the Statistical Account, in 1840, "there is a stone about five feet in length, and two in breadth and thickness; it is hollow and divided into two cells, one considerably larger than the other. The ends and one of the sides are covered with carved figures and hieroglyphics; an imperial crown, and a man on horseback in the act of darting a lance or javelin, as also what appears to be a camel, are still

* The eagle on the Shandwick stone appears in the middle of a hunting scene. Dogs and stags are of course very common in these hunting scenes, but it is worthy of note that they never appear upon any of the stones as purely conventional signs.

plainly distinguishable. It is probable that it is the half of a Sarcophagus or stone-coffin, and tradition describes it as the tomb of a Prince of Loellin, who died of his wounds in the neighbourhood, and had his remains deposited there." "Loellin," I take it, means *Lochlin*, which would seem to argue that the Prince was a Scandinavian leader, a fact which is by no means improbable.*

* Did this Sarcophagus once really hold the body of a Norse Chief? Ekkialsbakki, that is the estuary of the Ekkial or Oykel, separated Sudrland, or Sutherland (so called by the Northmen because it was the most southern part of the Earldom of Ness and Katanes which belonged to them), from the rest of Scotland proper. As its immediate vicinity was a sort of debateable ground, it is not surprising to read in the sagas of fierce battles having taken place here between the two rival races. About the year 1034, we learn from the Orkneying Saga, that a bloody encounter took place between Kali Hundason, King of Scotland, and Thorfinn, Earl of Orkney. (a) The Saga says that the site of the engagement was "Torfnæs on the south side of Bæfiord." Mr Anderson suggests that this may be Tarbet Ness, Bæfiord being the Dornoch Firth; but it is highly improbable that the Scottish King would have marched his great host of

(a) The identity of Kali Hundason has been frequently disputed, many antiquaries finding it impossible to reconcile the existence of such a person with the narratives of the older Scottish historians. The Orkneying Saga, and the Saga of Olaf Trygvgrison, both state that Earl Sigurd the Stout married a daughter of Melkolf or Malcolm, King of Scotland, and that their son was Earl Thorfinn. Fordun's succession of the Scottish Kings runs thus:—Malcolm MacKenneth slew Gryme MacKenneth MacDuff at Auchnebar, and becoming King reigned from 1004 to 1034, and was succeeded by his grandson Duncan, the son of his *only* daughter Beatrice, by Crinan, Ab-thane of Dul, and Steward of the Isles. Wyntoun, following Fordun, says:—

Quhen dede wes thus this Kyng Gryme (at Bardory
Malcolme ras Kyng, that slayne had hymne:
And thretty wyntys in Scotland
Kyng this Malcolme wes regnand.

He states that Malcolm gave his daughter "Bethok fayre" to "Cryng" Abbot of Dunkeld, and that on the death of the King their son Duncan succeeded him. Fordun says of Duncan (the Duncan who was slain by Macbeth), that "he enjoyed the security of peace at the hands of all, both abroad and at home." Mr Anderson thinks that, if the Saga is correct as to the date of the battle (1034), Duncan must be Kali Hundason, and that, notwithstanding Fordun's remark about a peaceful succession, a very pretty quarrel might have arisen between Duncan and Thorfinn, concerning the division of the Scottish Kingdom, they both being maternal grandsons of King Malcolm II. Skene, however (*Highlanders*, chap. v.), is of opinion that while the Highlanders were opposing the succession of Kenneth MacAlpine's family, and were endeavouring to re-introduce the Pictish mode of succession, Malcolm, Maormor of Murray, by the defeat and slaughter of Kenneth MacDuff at Monievauid, succeeded in seizing the Scottish crown. He states that this Malcolm made peace with Earl Sigurd the Stout, and gave him his daughter to wife, and that after reigning from 1004 to 1030, he was succeeded by Malcolm MacKenneth MacDuff (a descendant of Kenneth MacAlpin), whom he identifies with Kali Hundason. Speaking of these conclusions he says:—"It will be observed that the author has here altogether departed from the generally received history, and that in place of Malcolm II., said to have reigned thirty years, he has placed two Malcolms, of different families, the first of whom reigned twenty-six and the latter four years. This view he has adopted in consequence of finding the most remarkable coincidence between the Irish Annals and the Norse Sagas, both of which agree in these particulars." Professor Munch shares these views with Skene. Skene gives as his authorities—1, Orkneying Saga; 2, Flatey Book; 3, Annals of Tigernac; 4, Annals of Ulster. No. 3 states that Malcolm MacMaelbrigd MacRuadri, King of Alban, died in 1029, and that Malcolm MacKenneth, King of Alban, died in 1034; and No. 4 corroborates this, but does not say that Malcolm MacMaelbrigd was king. Skene would seem, however, to have changed the opinions expressed in the *Highlanders* (1837) for in his preface to the *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots* (1867), and in that to Felix Skene's translation of *Fordun's Scoticonicon* (1872), he states that Malcolm MacKenneth reigned from 1004 to 1034. Further, in the latter, he states that Malcolm had two daughters, one married to Crinan the father of King Duncan, and the other to Earl Sigurd, father of Earl Thorfinn. He then goes on to say that there was war between Duncan and Thorfinn, owing to the territory each claimed in right of his mother, and that Thorfinn established his power in the North, thus identifying Duncan with Kali Hundason of the Saga. The Duan Albanach, the Chronicle of the Scots (Colbertine MS.), the Chronicle of the Scots and Picts, the Register of the Priory of St Andrews, the Cronicon Elegiacum, the Scalacronica, the Chronicle of Huntingdon, the Chronicle of the Picts and Scots (Sir T. Phillipps), the Chronicle of the Scots (Cottonian, Claudius), the Chronicles of the Scots (Sir T. Phillipps), the Chronicle of the Scots (Cottonian, Vitellius), the Chronicon Rythmicum, and the Irish version of the Pictish Chronicle, (Cottonian, Vitellius), the Chronicon Rythmicum, and the Prophecy of St Berchan 35. There are given Malcolm MacKenneth a reign of 30 years; and the Prophecy of 35, and two Celtic of three ten Latin and two Celtic MSS. in favour of 30 years, one Celtic of 35, and two Celtic of 35 years' reign, the two latter interpolating a King Malcolm MacMaelbrigd with a reign of 25 years. I have not room here to pursue this interesting enquiry further.

The sculptures on the sarcophagus occupy three panels, the centre panel being on one of the sides, with a smaller one at each end. On the left of the centre panel stands a post or pillar, surmounted by what the writer of

Scots, Irish, and Islesmen, into such a confined position as the peninsula of Tarbet, where there would be nothing for them to subsist upon. Moreover Earl Thorfinn had land levies besides his ships, and would hardly have selected such a site for a battlefield. Skene says that the fight took place "on the southern shore of the Beauty Firth." It is evident, therefore, that he, like Professor Munch, has been attracted by the similarity of sound between Beaford and Beaufort. The Saga is not very explicit as to the whereabouts of the combatants immediately before the battle. It states that Thorkel Fostri had collected men about Breidafjord (the Moray Firth) prior to it, and that he afterwards met the Earl in Moray. The King was marching from the direction of Satiri (Kintyre). It is therefore just possible that the Earl having received his reinforcements from the Isles by sea, might have met the King near Beauty. But in this case, as the King advanced from the south-west or west, he must of necessity have cut off Earl Thorfinn from his own country, and as the Earl would have had no room in his ships for his land levies in case of defeat, and as history shews us that the Northmen very seldom fought without having secured a means of flight in case of disaster, I think the weight of evidence is against Mr Skene's idea (shared by Professor Munch)—viz., that Baefjord is the Beauty Firth. It is much more probable, therefore, that the Earl preferred to give battle with his back to his own dominions, into which he could easily retreat, especially as he knew the King's force was much the largest. The following quotation, however, I think, settles without a doubt the site of the battle. The Orkneyinga Saga was written about 1225, and therefore in this case relates events which were then nearly 200 years old, and apparently to make the matter clearer it quotes Arnor Jarlaskald, Earl Thorfinn's bard, who was present at the battle, and distinctly states that it was fought on the south side of the Ekkial or Oykel. Mr Anderson's conjecture may still be correct, and Dornoch Firth being the continuation of the estuary of Oykel would represent Baefjord. Arnor sings :—

Reddened were the wolf's-bit's edges
At a place—men call it Torfness ;
It was by a youthful ruler
This was done, upon a Monday.
Pliant swords were loudly ringing
At this War-Thing south of Ekkial,
When the Prince had joined the battle
Bravely with the King of Scotland.

The battle commenced and the Earl fought valiantly, a sword in one hand and a spear in the other. The King then ordered up his standard, and here the fight was hottest, till the King was slain and his army fled. The Earl pursued, leaving his ships behind him, for the Saga says he afterwards returned to them, in order to sail to Caithness. The Scots therefore fled with too great precipitation to bury their own dead. Neither the Saga nor Arnor Jarlaskald mention any great Scandinavian warrior as having fallen on the occasion, and it is therefore within the bounds of possibility that the victors, finding the body of the King, decently interred it at the church of Kincardine. The fact of its being interred by Northmen might easily give rise to the tradition of the burial being that of a Prince of Lochlin, for though it may be argued that the Scots would surely know of the fall of their King, it must be borne in mind that the district of the Oykel was a sort of no-man's land, which did not actually come under Scottish dominion until long afterwards. The slain would undoubtedly receive Christian burial, for though Earl Sigurd the Stout, Thorfinn's father, was only converted to Christianity by force, by Olaf Tryggvison (being offered the alternative of baptism or death), and actually died under his enchanted Pagan banner, the Raven, at Clontarf, his son seems to have been better affected towards the new religion, and indeed built the first Norse church in the Islands, Christ's Kirk in Birsay, in which he was buried.

Torfness is a term of general application, meaning simply "turf or moss headland." I am of opinion, after a very careful examination of the chart of the estuary, that the site of the battle should be sought south of Bonar Bridge, either near East Fearn Point (at low water 16 feet deep and about 300 yards across), or else in the neighbourhood of Scart Point (at low water 20 feet and about 400 yards across), and both of

the *Statistical Account* conjectures to be an Imperial crown.* To this seem to be fastened two long snake-necked animals of uncertain breed, and very difficult of recognition, which are represented sitting on their haunches opposite each other, with their heads turned over their shoulders. To their right kneels a figure facing them, the arms being crossed over the breast, and above this there is a recumbent creature, apparently a sheep. On the extreme right are seen two persons riding an animal. The left panel contains a figure on horseback, bearing in his uplifted right hand a club-like instrument, and carrying in his left a spear. His horse appears to be trampling something underfoot, and below the horse's neck a round object is seen, which might pass muster for a human head, but which is too much abraded to be readily discerned. In the right panel stand two figures, clad in conical caps, and long tunics reaching below the knee, and holding long spears in their outer hands, while between them they hold up by the feet a headless human body. That these figures represent Scandinavian warriors can hardly be reasonably doubted.† I must also

which would have afforded safe and sufficient anchorage to the Orkney fleet. The Earl could have had his ships in the Oykel ready to ferry across his land forces in case of defeat, and these would have been well on their way to Wick and Thurso long before a pursuing force unprovided with ships could follow them by way of Invershin, while the Earl, his troops ferried over, would have at once stood out to sea.

Whether the Kincardine Sarcophagus once held the body of Kali Hundason, or even of any Norse sub-chief, is another matter.

* This is possibly intended to represent an ancient market-cross. The Cross of Rosemarkie is a stone shaft, having for a capital a ducal crown.

† It will be observed that among the figures on the sarcophagus are:—1, Two figures riding on one animal; 2, Two figures in Scandinavian dress holding a headless body; 3, A figure riding, and having at his saddle-bow something like a human head. The scenes represented in these sculptures bear such a strong analogy to those attendant on the death of one of the Norse Earls of Orkney, that I cannot refrain from mentioning them here. When King Harald the Fair-haired of Norway had subdued the Vikings of the Orkneys, he gave the Islands in fief to Earl Rögnvald of Moeri, the father of Hrolf or Rollo the Ganger, the conqueror of Normandy. Rögnvald, in turn, handed them over to his brother Sigurd, who became Earl, and pushed his conquests to the confines of Moray and Ross. He thus became involved in hostilities with Maormar Melbrigd Tonn or the Buck-toothed, and it was arranged that the two chiefs should meet with forty men each to settle their differences. Earl Sigurd arrived with forty horses but with eighty men, *two men being mounted on each horse*, and Melbrigd seeing he had been treacherously dealt with, resolved at least to die bravely. They met in the neighbourhood of the Oykel, and the Saga of Olaf Tryggvason describes what followed:—"There was hard fighting immediately, and it was not long till Earl Melbrigd fell and all his men with him. *Earl Sigurd and his men fastened the heads [of the slain] to their saddle-straps in bravado*, and so they rode home triumphing in their victory. As they were proceeding, Earl Sigurd, intending to kick at his horse with his foot, *struck the calf of his leg against a tooth protruding from Earl Melbrigd's head*, which scratched him slightly; but it soon became swollen and painful, and he died of it." This account is so circumstantial, that one is almost tempted to find a parallel between it and the sculptured record. Earl Sigurd the Powerful died about A.D. 875, and it is distinctly stated in the Saga that he was "hoy-laid" or "buried in a mound at Ekkialsbakki." Tradition has kept alive the remembrance of his last resting-place, for "Siward's hoch," or "haug," as it was known in the twelfth century, has passed through the various forms of Sytheraw, Sythera and Siddera, until at last it has been corrupted into the modern Cyder Hall. Unless therefore, we can prove that the Kincardine stone coffin was removed from a tumulus near this place, which is on the opposite side of the estuary of Oykel, I am afraid we must abandon the theory of its being connected with the Norse Earl Sigurd. Melbrigd or Maelbrigd was, according to Skene, Maormar of Mar.

say that I fail to detect any animal having the least resemblance to a camel. The whole sarcophagus, however, is much weather-worn.*

The slab-stone at Rosemarkie has been broken across, but is otherwise in a good state of preservation. It is divided into three panels, with a border running along one side. The two end panels and the border are ornamented with a common Celtic raised zig-zag pattern; the centre panel is more elaborate. A border of uncarved stone has been left all round the slab, and as it is only carved on one side, there is every probability of its having formed the lid of a stone coffin. I am not aware of its having any tradition attached to it, but in this and all other cases, should readers of the *Celtic Magazine* be aware of any local history affecting particular standing stones, I shall take it as a great favour if they will kindly favour me with the particulars.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

G A E L I C S O C I E T Y B U R S A R I E S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

12 Lombard Street, Inverness, 18th Aug. 1881.

DEAR SIR,—In your full report of the proceedings of the last Annual Assembly of this Society—at which I had not the privilege of being present—you quote a suggestion made in a letter from me to the Secretary, that the Society should offer a prize for the best essay on “the best means of attaining the objects we have in view.”

The objects of the Society are very comprehensive, though embraced within the compass of a few lines in the second article of our “Constitution.” They are as follows:—“The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the

* The camel twice appears upon Scottish stones: once in the Island of Canna, where the representation is excellently well done, showing the hump and the peculiar contour of the animal's head; and again at Meigle in Perthshire, where it is shown as lying down. The camel was known to the Picts, and the Annals of Innisfallen state that in 1105 one was given by the King of Alban to Mucertac O'Brien. It is to be observed that while the camel is well drawn, and represented in different positions, the “elephant” on the other hand never changes its conventional form, except once upon a stone at Largo, where it bears a strong resemblance to the walrus.

Gaelic people ; and generally the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad."

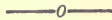
There can be no doubt that the Celtic Chair, which it is hoped will be occupied by a good Professor in November next, will be one of the most powerful means for this attainment. The second and third paragraphs of the above article cannot escape its attention, and the fourth only requires the substitution of the word "Edinburgh" for "Inverness" to be embraced within its scope.

As this Society has had considerable influence in fanning the flame of Celtic patriotism, which for generations was only smouldering, though not extinct ; but which has now, thanks to the indomitable perseverance of Professor Blackie, resulted in the endowment of this chair. I venture to suggest that the Society should follow up the victory thus secured over Saxon jealousy and prejudice, and, more important still, over Celtic conceit and apathy, by founding a respectable *Gaelic Society Bursary* in connection with the chair.

The Society not being at present in Session, I take the liberty of ventilating this important matter before the members and the Celtic public through the medium of your influential magazine ; and at the same time bespeak the advocacy of one who has done so much towards "the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands," and "the [rescuing [from] oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts," [as its] Editor.—Yours faithfully,

G. J. CAMPBELL.

[The above letter reached us too late for our last issue. We heartily sympathise with Mr Campbell's proposal, and trust the Gaelic Society will take the matter seriously in hand.—Ed., *C.M.*]



GAIRLOCH CHURCHYARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

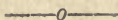
Gairloch Hotel, Ross-shire, N.B., Sept. 19th, 1881.

SIR,—On visiting Gairloch to-day, my footsteps were naturally directed to the grave of the "Celtic Burns," William Ross, and to that of John Mackenzie, collector, compiler, and editor of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," to whom you have raised such a suitable monument. To my intense disappointment I found the churchyard of this beautiful locality impenetrably overgrown with dank weeds and nettles. The whole churchyard, and with the rest, the graves of the bard and Mackenzie (as well as those of former Chiefs of the Mackenzies) are absolutely shrouded in those hateful habiliments of luxurious Nature. Indeed, in my first attempt, a shower having fallen in the morning, I was quite unable to reach either grave. To have done so would have cost me a thorough soaking of my nether garments. Can nothing be done to make this God's acre decent? I think the liberal-minded Sir Kenneth requires only to have his attention directed to this foul spot on his otherwise beautiful property to have it purified, and afterwards kept in a state of decency.

—Yours truly,

WM. ALLAN.

AN "SGIATHANACH" COIR AN LUNAINN.



FHIR MO CHRIDHE—Feudaidh iongantas a bhi ort an uair a ruigeas na briathra so do lamh, do bhrìgh nach comas domh an deanamh airidh air an dragh a gheibh do shuilean le bhi' ruith thairis orra. Is dlìgheach dhomh a bhi taingeil gun bheil mi fathast ann an tir nam beo, agus a' sealbhachadh deagh shlainte re na h-uine o'n dh'fhag mi Prìomh-Bhaile na Gaidhealtachd. Ged nach eil an uine sin fada, gidheadh is iomadh ni iongantach da rìreadh a chunnaic mi. Sguabadh mi air falbh leis an Each-iarunn mar an dealanach thairis air gach beinn agus comhnard—gach achadh agus raon, gach baile-mor agus beag a tha eadar Inbhirnis agus am Babilon uamhasach so! An uair a dh'fhag mi do bhaile mais-each fein agus Clach-na-cudainn ionhuinn, cha robh tuilleadh duil agam gum faicinn an t-aite miorbhuileach so, na tha aig a' *Cheilteach* choir air a cheann foghlumte, agus a choluinn thlachdmhor, a thilgeadh ann an doimhneachdaibh Loch-Neis! Ach air la de na laithibh, thubhairt Donnuchadh Ruadh, mo mhac fein, "Eirich gu grad, agus deasuich thu fein, agus thugamaid Lunainn oirnn, oir tha cuisean araidh 'gam cho'-eig-neachadh 'chum an t-astar sin a dheanamh, agus feumaidh tusa dol maille rium." B' fheudar geill air ball, agus falbh a rinn na fir! Fhuair mi mach an deigh laimh, nach robh gnothuch sonraichte sam bith aig Donnuchadh Ruadh chum an gluasad cabhagach so a dheanamh, ach leisgeal gu comas a thoirt do'n t-seann Sgiathanach bhochd air ioghnaidhean a' Bhaile-mhora so fhaicinn. Ach Ochan! be so da rìreadh baile na gleadhraich, oir cha'n 'eil neach no ni fo'n ghrein nach faicear agus nach faighear ann! Cha'n fheuch mi air cunntas a thoirt orra, ach thainig e'n am inntinn, gur e seann Chailean Siosal fein a chuireadh rogha caoin air comhradh ann a bhi' mineachadh na miorbhuil so air an do thuit a shuilean tla re iomadh bhadhna. Air do'n *Cheilteach*, mar an ceudna, a bhi eolach air na h-iongantasaibh so cha'n 'eil e chum feum sam bith dhomhsa dichìoll air na nithibh sin a mhineachadh a tha mi-chomusach domh a leigeadh ris. Chithear muinntir an so, deth gach inbh agus aois—deth gach duthaich agus cinneach—deth gach riochd agus dath gach trusgan agus sgeudachadh. Eireannaich agus Albannaich—Gaidheil agus Goill—Iudhaich agus Cinnich—daoine geal agus dubh—agus iadsan a tha beag agus mor—ban agus buidhe—maraon a' siubhal nan sraid air feadh 'a cheile? Ochan! tha meud a' bhaile-mhora so a' dol os ceann gach tuigse, agus a' cur feartan diblìdh an Sgiathanaich gu'n dulan gach uair a smuainicheas e air. Feumaidh mi a radh gu'm bheil mi na'm bhreislich leis an t-sealladh, oir cha'n fhaicear a leithid ann an aite sam bith eile air uachdar na talmhainn. Is e an *Cheilteach* fein aig am bheil cumhachd freagarrach chum na seallaidhean so a' sparradh air tuigse na muinntir siu a thig 'na fhochair, agus air do'n chuis a bhi mar sin fagar iad leis an Sgiathanach chum gu'n leudaich an *Cheilteach* orra 'na am freagarrach fein.

The mor chianalas orm a thaobh an latha fhliuch a fhuair ar Banrighinn ghradhach, agus na feachdan lionmhor aice air a' chuigeamh la fichead ann am baile Dhunedin. Tha mi an dochas nach toir na saighdearan bochda galar sam bith as an droch greidheadh a fhuair iad air an latha sin. Bha bron orm air an son, agus gu sonraichte air son nan Gaidheil a

chruinnich as gach cearnaidh dhe'n tir gu bhi lathair maille ris a mhor-chuideachd.

Dh'fhag mi Dunedin gu'n stad ann ach re fichead mionaid, agus thainig mi le aon sgrìob a' Inbhirnis a dh'ionnsuidh tighe mo mhic ann an Siorramachd Iorc, agus bha mi co sgith ris a' chu, le bhi a' suidh gu'n charuchadh re na h-uine sin. Ach air an laimh eile, cha robh mo mhac agus mi fein ach trì uairean gu leth eadar a thigh-san agus am Baile-Mor so. Fanaidh sinn an so seachd no ochd laithean, agus ni sinn ann sin dichìoll air pilltinn air ar n-ais gu Siorramachd Iorc chum taoghal anns na h-uiread de bhailtibh eile, mu'n tig an t-am anns an feum an Sgiathanach a ghnuis a chur ri Clach-na-cudainn aon uair eile.

Fhuair Donnuchadh Ruadh leigh eile gu seasamh 'na aite aig a' bhaile gus am pill e dhachaidh, an deigh dha ceann athar fein a chur na bhoile le ioghnaidhean Baile-cinn Shasuinn, agus na h-uiread de bhailtean eile.

Tha mi an dochas ma gheibh mi ann an slainte dhachaidh, gu'm faigh mi an luchd-eolais air fad gu slan, fallain. Tha iomaguin orm an comhnuidh gu'm bi ni eigin docharach an uair a bhios mi, mar so, astar fada o'n bhaile, agus tha na smuaintean so a' fagail m' inntinn gu'n bhi co socaireach 's bu mhath leam. Cha'n 'eil aite ann, gu'n teagamh, shamh-laichear ris an dachaidh! Ochan! cha'n'eil! cha'n'eil!

Thoir iomachore uam do gach neach eoluch, gu sonraichte do d'mhnaoi cheanalta fein agus do na paisdibh gu leir. An uair a chi thu mo charaid choir seann Chailean, innis da gu'n robh an seann Sgiathanach a' cur bheannachd da' ionnsuidh, agus a' guidheadh gu robh e fada beo—an duine gasda, coir.

Tha eagal crom nach toir thu moran tuigse no brigh as an litir fhada, rapach so, oir cha'n 'eil uine agam smuaineachadh air cìod a their mi. Tha mi co luaineach a tha'l 'sa bhos, is nach 'eil aite-comhnuidh steidhichte, seasmhach agam, air chor is nach 'eil duil agam ri litir-fhaotuinn o charaid sam bith, gus an cuir mi cul ri taobh deas Shasuinn, agus gus am pill mi gu seann "Albainn a' Chluarain."

A reir coslais is e so a' cheud uair, agus an uair dheireannach anns am faic mi am Baile iongantach so, agus is leoir e comas a bhi agam a radh gu'n, robh mi ann an Lunainn! Tha'n seann Sgiathanach bochda tuilleadh' aosda gu bhi gu'n ghnothuch araidh an lorg air iongantasibh an t-saoghail, agus gu sonraichte far nach 'eil an teaghlach aige fein air an suidheachadh. Aig a' cheart am tha dithis mhac agus triuir nighean aige ann an Sasuinn; aon mhac agus a bhean ann an Dunedin, agus mathair na cuim agus aon nighean a'n Clach-na-cudainn. Mar so tha'n teaghlach air an sgapadh!

Cha'n abair mi tuilleadh, ach mìle beannachd do gach neach eolach.

Do charaid dileas,

SGIATHANACH.

Lunainn, 30la de cheud mhios 'an Fhogharaidh, 1881.

[We have no doubt many of our readers will regret being unable to read "Sgiathanach's" letter from London, descriptive of his tour, in the Classic language of Ossian. We sympathise with our friends, but the loss we trust will impel them to begin at once the study of Gaelic. If this should turn out a result of its publication, we believe our reverend friend will feel disposed to forgive us for giving a letter intended only for our own private use to his many admirers among the Gaelic readers of the *Celtic Magazine*.]

THE LATE DUNCAN DAVIDSON OF TULLOCH.

—o—

DUNCAN DAVIDSON of Tulloch died on Sunday, the 18th of September, from the effects of a chill which he took at the recent Royal Review of Scottish Volunteers at Edinburgh, in the 82d year of his age. It is scarcely necessary to state that the death of such a popular Highlander will be greatly regretted, not only by all those who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, but by every one who took any interest in the Highlands, where, for so many years, Tulloch occupied so prominent a position. Many of our readers will remember his handsome and manly form supporting his friend Lochiel as Chairman at the last Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, upon which occasion we received the usual hearty grip of his now, alas! cold and clammy hand. No one took a warmer interest in Celtic matters than he did. He was an Honorary Chieftain and a life member of the Gaelic Society, and he at least once presided at one of its annual festivals. He was an enthusiastic supporter of all Celtic movements, and subscribed for everything published in connection with the literature and history of the Highlands.

In 1826 Tulloch was elected Member of Parliament for the County of Cromarty as a Conservative, against Macleod of Cadboll in the Whig interest, by a majority of eight to seven, the constituency numbering only a total of fifteen, including the two candidates. He sat in Parliament until the passing of the Reform Act in 1832, by which Cromarty was united with the County of Ross, when he retired to attend to his duties as a county gentleman, when he was chosen by his brother proprietors for the honourable and responsible office of Convener of the County.

On the death of Sir James Matheson, Bart., of the Lews, he was appointed during the administration of the late Earl of Beaconsfield as Her Majesty's Lieutenant for his native county, the duties of which he performed with dignity and impartiality, and to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. In early life he entered the army as an officer in the Grenadier Guards, but on the death of his father, in 1827, he retired and devoted himself to the duties devolving upon him as a Highland proprietor, owning, as he then did, very extensive estates, including Tulloch, Strath-rannoch, Duchilly, Acha-nan-Cleireach, part of Guinard, Leckmelm, and other lands in Lochbroom. He afterwards bought the estate of Brae from Mackenzie of Hilton, and this is now almost the only property remaining to his successor, the ancestral possessions of the family having unfortunately been sold, like many other Highland properties, to strangers.

He was married five times; his fifth wife, by whom he had no issue, surviving him. The well-known prediction attributed to the Brahan Seer—*Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche*—that there would be a Laird of Tulloch who would kill four wives in succession, while the fifth would kill him, appears to have been fulfilled in his case in the sense and to the extent that he survived four of his five wives, while the fifth survives him. And here it may be stated that he was not altogether without some belief in these extraordinary predictions himself, for on reading "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," including that supposed to refer to himself and the more remarkable one about the family of Seaforth, he wrote to the author

the following note, dated 21st of May 1878 :—“ Many of these prophecies I heard of *upwards of seventy years ago*, and when many of them were not fulfilled, such as the late Lord Seaforth [who died in 1815] surviving his sons, and Mrs Stewart-Mackenzie's accident, by which Miss Caroline Mackenzie was killed,” the latter reference being to the prediction that one of Seaforth's daughters should kill her sister, which she was unfortunately instrumental in doing by reckless and furious driving near the Castle gate, where a monument commemorating the sad occurrence may now be seen by the passer-by.

Tulloch married, first, on the 20th of June 1825, the Hon. Elizabeth Diana, second daughter of Godfrey, third Lord Macdonald of Sleat, by whom he had—

1. Duncan Henry Caithness Reay, his heir and successor, who, born 1836, married, in 1860, Georgina Elizabeth, daughter of Dr John Mackenzie of Eileanach, fourth son of the late Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch, baronet, with issue—Duncan, his heir ; John Francis Barnard ; and four daughters.

2. Godfrey Wentworth, who died unmarried.

3. Caroline Louisa, who married Captain George Wade, commissioner of the Seychelles, with issue—two daughters.

4. Julia Bosville, who married, in 1858, the Hon. Henry W. Chetwynd, R.N., second son of Viscount Chetwynd, with issue—four sons and three daughters.

5. Adelaide Lucy, who married Colonel Ross of Cromarty, commanding the third Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, with issue—three sons and three daughters. She died in 1860.

6. Matilda Justina, who married Lieutenant-Colonel John Craigie Halkett of Cramond, Midlothian, with issue—Duncan, an officer in the Seaforth Highlanders, and six daughters.

7. Diana Bosville, who died unmarried.

8. Louisa Maria, also died unmarried.

9. Elizabeth Diana, who, in 1865, married Patrick A. Watson Carnegie of Lour.

His first wife, the Hon. Elizabeth Diana Macdonald, having died in 1839, Tulloch married, secondly, in 1841, Eleanor, third daughter of Sir James Fergusson, with issue—three daughters.

He married, thirdly, in 1844, Arabella, daughter of Hugh Rose Ross of Cromarty, who died in 1847, without issue.

He married, fourthly, in 1849, Mary, eldest daughter of Dr John Mackenzie of Eileanach, Inverness, with issue—

Eoin Duncan Reginald, born in 1850, a settler in Queensland.

Hector Francis, born in 1857.

Alastair Norman Godfrey, born in 1858, also in New Zealand.

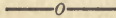
Lucy Eleanor, who, in 1874, married Allan R. Mackenzie, younger of Kintail, with issue.

Mary Macpherson ; and Victoria Mary Geraldine, still unmarried.

He married, fifthly, in 1877, Sarah Justina, eldest daughter of Colonel Jasper Taylor Hall, Coldstream Guards, who survives him, without issue.

Tulloch will be much missed throughout the Highlands, and in his person disappears one of the few remaining links which connected the last century with the present—a genuine, manly, noble-spirited Highlander.

Literature.



THE GAELIC KINGDOM IN SCOTLAND: ITS ORIGIN AND CHURCH, WITH SKETCHES OF NOTABLE BREADALBANE AND GLENLYON SAINTS. By CHARLES STEWART (Edinburgh and London).

AN oversight on the part of the writer has caused Mr Stewart's most interesting little volume to lie unnoticed so long. If we had our wish every thoughtful Highlander would possess a copy of this charming book (and it is very cheap), read it, study it, and make it his own. By so doing he would be thoroughly prepared for entering on the study of larger and more elaborate works in the same line. Supposing, however, he went no further, he would have no mean idea of what his country and his race was. Mr Stewart's style is deserving of all praise: while it is warm, there is nothing rhapsodical about it; its colour is quiet and unobtrusive. It is perfectly adapted to the thought, and therefore pleases the reader who cares for things more than words.

Of the eleven chapters of which this little volume is composed, the greater part deals with the Gaelic kingdom ecclesiastically. The first chapter discusses tersely and briefly many vexed points about the origin of the Gaelic kingdom, the various races or tribes of ancient Albin, more especially in the central Highlands. Mr Stewart while giving their due to the old chroniclers, supplements and corrects them by the still living testimony of usage, tradition, monuments, and language. To most readers the ecclesiastical portion of Mr Stewart's work, as we fancy to the author himself also, will be by far the most fascinating. We suspect that a dense cloud of ignorance stands between the minds even of professionally educated Highlanders and the history of their ancient church. That history is a noble record of self-sacrificing heroism, of glowing spiritual and intellectual life, as well as of the bravest independence. Mr Stewart has drawn our attention to it, and we are without excuse, unless we drink at the crystal fountain to which we are under his guidance conducted. That history should be studied for other purposes than that of proving the old Culdees to be Episcopal or Presbyterian. They have something far grander to teach us. They were probably neither the one nor the other in the full modern sense of the terms. Their independence as a native church is specially dear to Mr Stewart. Rome, born to command through discipline and rigid organisation, when her military power was tottering under the fierce blows of the northern barbarians, instinctively directed her genius for power, for unity into the spiritual element. As her legions met with stout resistance from the heathen Celt in Scotland, so her priests met with detrimental opposition from the Culdee Celt, who cared not to sacrifice his native ritual or doctrine to the demands of Rome. Externally Rome succeeded; internally her success was not so decided. The old leaven was not purged out entirely—witness Bruce's disregard of the threats of the Pope, witness the history of the Lollards, and when the proper conditions came at the Reformation, fermented anew with effect. We hear frequent allusions in our pulpits to Knox and Calvin, but we should be familiar with older and

no less nobler names than theirs. It is significant that the most famous of the ancient heretics was a Celt—Pelagius. Edward Irving in a magnificent paper on the Ancient Church of Scotland (Works, vol. i.) sees in this fact an early indication of the subtle character of the Scottish intellect losing itself in abstract questions. This eloquent review is well worth study.

Mr Stewart (p. 92) depicts graphically some of the characteristics of the Scottish Gaidhil; his imagination, his depth of feeling, his thoroughness of thought which makes him love the logical and abstract, his delight in conceiving the unseen world as essentially the same with the present, and lastly his love of music. This last faculty is, it is to be feared, not sufficiently cultivated in our schools or churches. The hope that by and bye under the teaching of such men as our author and others, another characteristic may be added to those enumerated above—viz., a passion for facts. Hard thinking and a warm fancy, unless tempered and fed by clear and full facts, may run the ship on the rock. Mr Stewart we are sure will feel that he has his reward if his very interesting book will awaken a true historical spirit among our teachers, intelligent youth, educated men, and our people generally. We hope all our readers have already ordered and studied this delightful little book, and that some of them will make it the stepping-stone to higher things.

CHRISTIAN ROSS.

CHRISTIAN ROSS was in many respects a remarkable woman, and as her life, humble and unpretentious though it was, affords an instance of considerable natural abilities struggling with adverse fate, a simple record of her career may not prove altogether uninteresting.

She was born in Inverness on the 15th May 1773, where her father, Thomas Ross, was in a small way of business as a cabinetmaker. Her mother, Mary Gordon, was the daughter of a schoolmaster in Forres. Both were worthy, decent people; but showed no evidence of the natural ability and poetic feeling afterwards so strikingly developed in their daughter.

Christian had the misfortune to lose her mother while she was yet quite young. About a year afterwards her father married again a respectable woman named Mary Denton, a native of Banff, who had been house-keeper for eleven years in the family of the Hon. George Duff. To please his new wife Ross removed from Inverness to Auchintoul near Banff. Here Christian was sent to a small school, kept by an old woman, who taught her pupils without stopping her spinning-wheel, so it may be readily supposed the education thus given was neither very thorough nor profound. Such as it was, however, it was all that little Christian ever had, and that only for six months, at a cost of 3s, which her father thought a sufficient outlay for a girl's education.

Mrs Ross does not appear to have treated her step-daughter unkindly; but she was a hard-working woman herself, and made everyone around her work hard also. Totally ignorant of book-lore, she neither appreciated nor understood the yearning after knowledge evinced by young Christian,

who was obliged to snatch by stealth precious moments from her daily drudgery, for the purpose of improving her mind. She was so proud of being able to write that she used to carry a bit of broken slate in her pocket, and when sent on errands would sit down and write, copying everything in the way of print that fell in her way, especially delighted when she could get hold of any verses. While so engaged the time passed without her noticing it, until she would jump up with a start and hurry home to receive the chidings which her loiterings merited. In vain her step-mother tried to break her from this idle waste of time, as the worthy woman called it; but when was love of knowledge stayed on its onward flight by such obstacles? Rather does it seem to thrive under repression, like the camomile flower, which blooms the more for being trampled on.

As Christian grew older so did her love of reading. The few books which her father's house contained were eagerly read and re-read, though always by stealth. This is how she describes herself at this time of her life. "There was no poetry in the house, except Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd and Milton's Paradise Lost. These I stole out volume by volume, and fastened them under my pocket; and when I was sent on errands I sat down by the way, and read until I forgot to return home; but when I recalled home and my errand came to mind, I wept bitterly, from fear of the reward due to my thoughtless conduct. I then made a resolution never to yield to the temptation of reading again, but, alas! those resolutions were always broke. When about fourteen years of age I was sent to Aberdeen, and went to service. I had neither books nor leisure, but I was treated with kindness and was happy. There I composed many things while I was at work, and wrote them down on the Sunday evenings. After keeping them for some time I destroyed them, that it might not be known that I *fashed* my head with such nonsense." For six or seven years Christian went on in this way, working hard, composing poetry, writing it down, and then destroying it, no one suspecting the ambitious hopes, the silent fears, the lofty aspirations which burned in the breast of the quiet, unassuming, hard-working servant girl.

At twenty-two years of age she entered the service of Dr Jack, Principal of King's College, Old Aberdeen, where she was treated with much kindness, and had more time and opportunities for self-culture. She used slyly to borrow books from the Dr's well filled library, which she read in bed for fear of being discovered. Shakespeare and some of the older poets she positively revelled in, and she now wrote more than ever, but still never preserved her effusions until chance at last disclosed her secret.

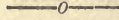
It happened thus: She had a slight illness which necessitated her keeping her bed for a short time. During this illness she was very much depressed for fear she would get worse, having no home to go to, her father being now dead. In this melancholy mood she composed her little poem, "Painful Recollections," afterwards published. Just as she had written it, her mistress came into the bedroom to see how she was, and noticing the poem, read it, and asked if she had copied it or if it was her own composition. Christian confessed to being the author, and was quite in a flutter when Mrs Jack said she should show it to her husband. Principal Jack after perusing it spoke kindly and encouragingly, telling her not to destroy any more of her poetical efforts, but to show them all to him, which she afterwards always did.

Two years after Christian married Peter Milne, a journeyman ship-carpenter; but her late master did not lose sight of her, and through him she became known to several ladies and gentlemen, who took a great interest in herself and her writings. Among these were Dr and Mrs Livingstone, the Right Rev. Bishop Skinner and Mr Ewen. Encouraged by the patronage and sympathy extended to her, Mrs Milne continued to cultivate her muse, and in 1805 she published, by subscription, a volume of poems, by which she cleared £100, a sum which indeed appeared great, and which indeed was so, to the poor woman.

An English lady on a visit to Aberdeen in 1816 heard of the modest poet, and having read some of her effusions, felt a wish to make her acquaintance; and this is how she describes her visit: "Mrs Milne's habitation is in a second floor of a very small house, in a small fishing-town called Foot Dee, where all the uncivilised fishwives live. I found her seated in the midst of her children, clean, neat, and employed at her needle. Her homely apartment had none of the litter and disorder seen in many of the dwellings of the poor in Scotland. Her countenance, pale, melancholy, and sickly, is marked by intelligence. She rose, with timid surprise, when I entered, accompanied by a friend, and addressed me, when drawn into conversation, with modest confidence. She is the wife of a common carpenter. In answer to my questions, she gave me the following particulars:—"I have been afflicted with very bad health for eleven years. During the winter I am seldom able to rise from my bed. I have eight children. Though the profits of my little book, and the patronage of some of the worthiest people have been very sweet to me, yet these blessings have been much embittered by the ridicule and contempt I have been treated with by those among whom I am obliged to live, because I have been so idle as to write rhymes. Yet my friends can witness that I have not been the more idle on that account; for I have composed my poems, such as they are, when I was most busily employed about my washing, baking, or when rocking the cradle with my foot, the inkstand in one hand, the pen in the other, and the paper on my knee with my children about me. I have written very little for these last six years; I have been so sickly and had so much care. The half of my husband's wages, which is all I am allowed when he is at sea, proves insufficient for our support, though I teach my girls to read and write myself, but send the boys to proper teachers. When these are paid, there is little left behind to purchase clothes, so that I am obliged to descend Parnassus, and doubling my former diligence, in piecing, darning, and making one thing out of another, that they may be whole and clean."

And thus in the midst of trials and discouragements Christian Ross passed the rest of her life. Possibly in happier circumstances and with the advantage of a higher education she might have made herself a name in the world of letters. For it is certain she must have been possessed of great natural abilities to have done so much as she did, in face of the almost insurmountable difficulties which surrounded her. A contemporary writer speaks of her thus, while comparing her to another poet of some reputation:—"Christian Milne does not possess the same ingenious imagination, but she has an ear far more attuned to harmony; her verse is smoother, and her effusions are full of tenderness and beauty, when reviewed as the production of an uneducated woman." E. S. M.

IMPROVEMENT AND PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT OF
THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."



THIS Number concludes our sixth Annual Volume. From the very outset the Magazine steadily gained ground in circulation and influence, until it is now considered a necessity by almost every educated Highlander throughout the world; while it is largely subscribed for by the increasing number of cultured non-Highlanders who now take so keen an interest in the Literature, History, Folk-lore, and Traditions of the Celt. These are gratifying facts in many respects; and we are anxious, while catering for increased future appreciation and support, to share the results of our present position with those who, by their steady patronage, enabled us to make the *Celtic Magazine* what it now is. We have therefore, with this object in view, decided to make a permanent addition to it of, at least, eight pages per month, beginning with our next issue—the first number of Volume VII.; and it is our intention to give sixteen pages extra, as often as possible, and when circumstances make this larger addition necessary. At the same time the quality of the paper will be greatly improved—nearly one-third heavier and finer than in the past—while the Magazine will be printed on a new font of bolder (old-faced) type, more in keeping with its antiquarian character.

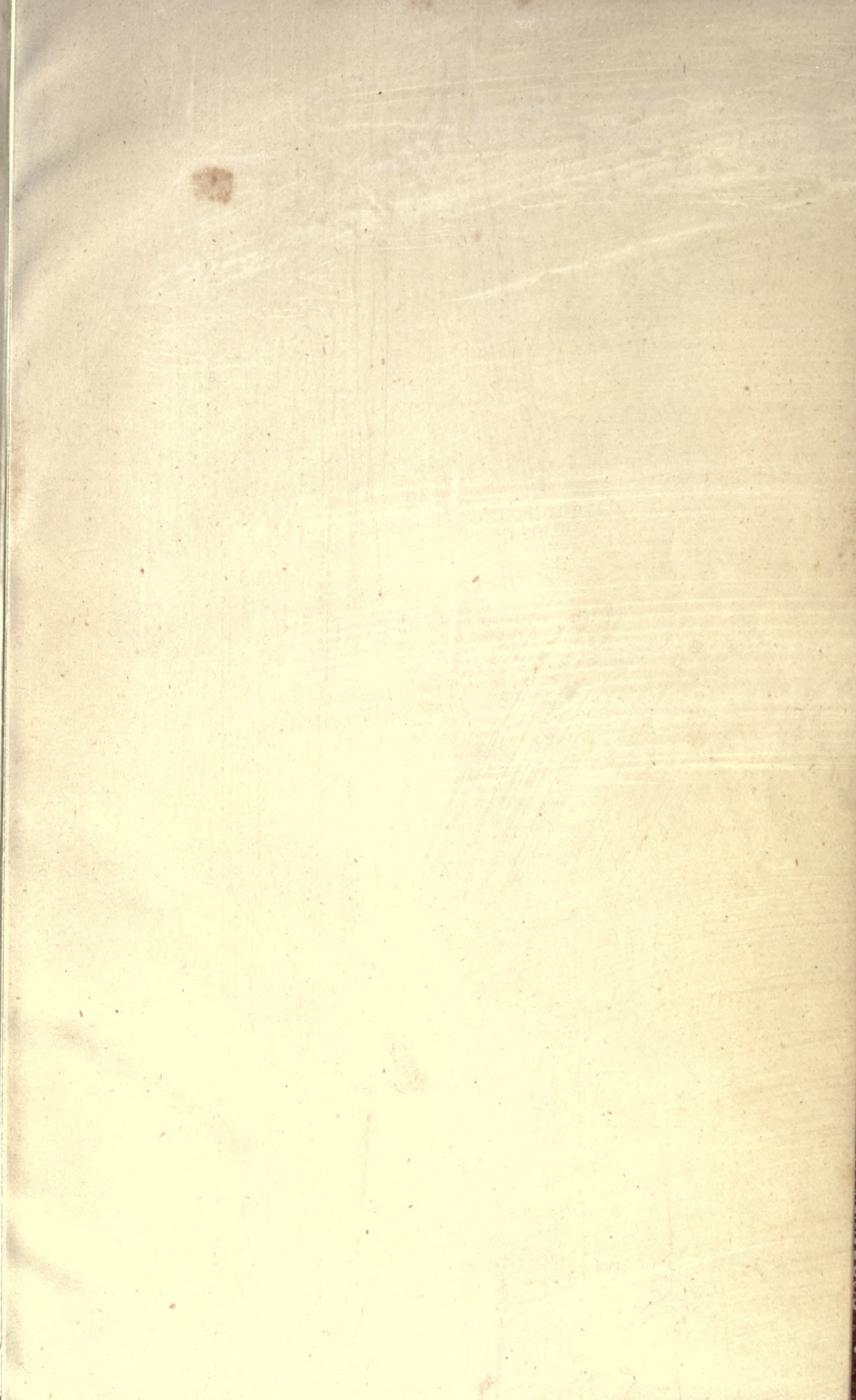
Every effort will be put forth, not only to maintain the literary character accorded us all along by critics and subscribers, but to improve even in that respect, and keep pace with the improved outward appearance of the Magazine. All we ask in return is that our friends should be good enough to bring the *Celtic Magazine* under the notice of their friends, and use their influence in still more extending our list of subscribers, and therewith the power and influence for good of our labours in the interest of our country and people. *The price and postage will continue unchanged.*

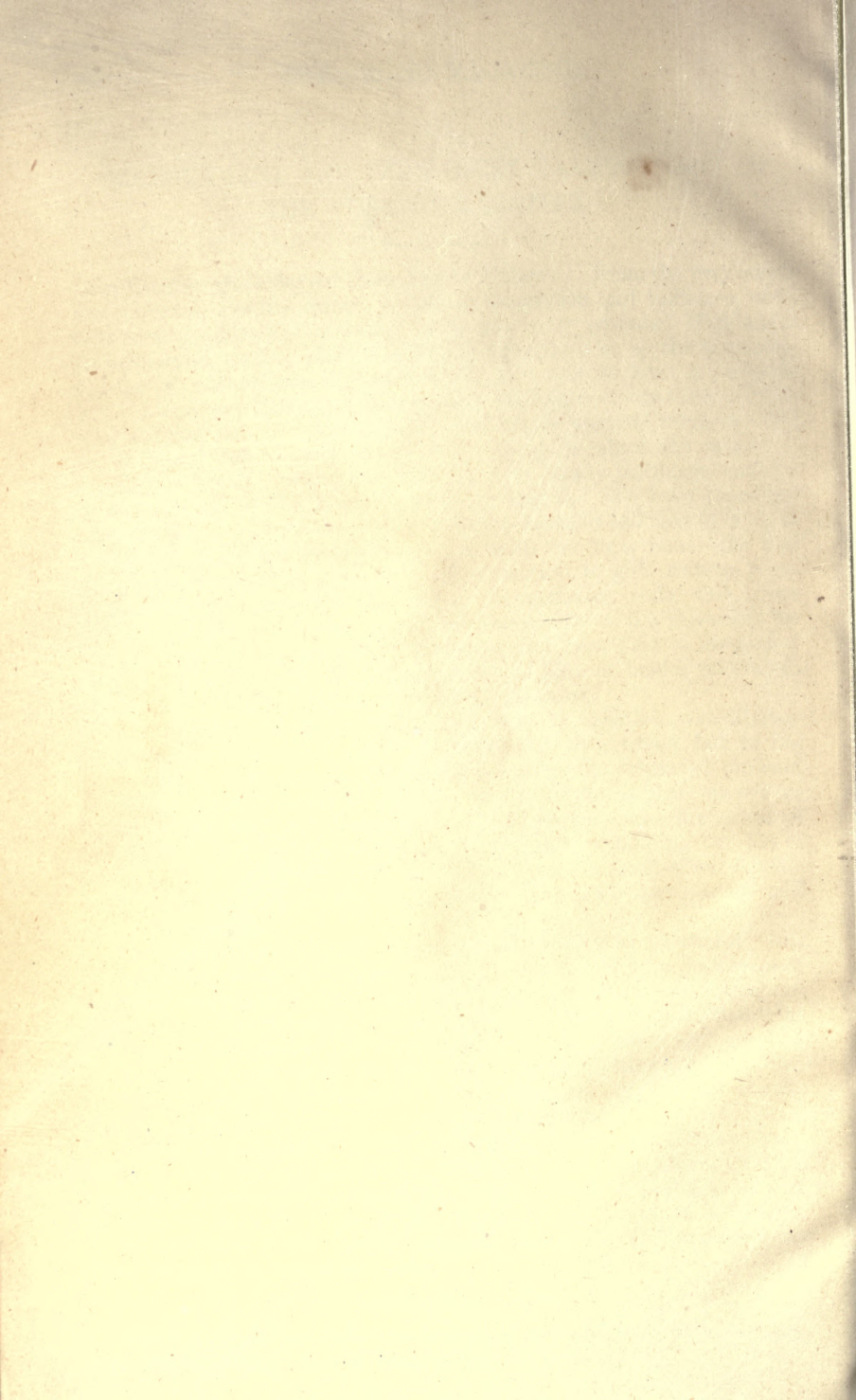
The third of the series of "Tales and Adventures of a Botanist" will be commenced in our November number. The Editor is in possession of several interesting manuscripts and other information about the Mathesons; and during the next year a series of articles on that clan, with traditions of Kintail and Lochalsh, will appear in our pages. Other arrangements are made which will make the next the most interesting volume which has yet appeared. In this respect, however, we are sure that our friends, judging by the past, will take us a good deal on trust.

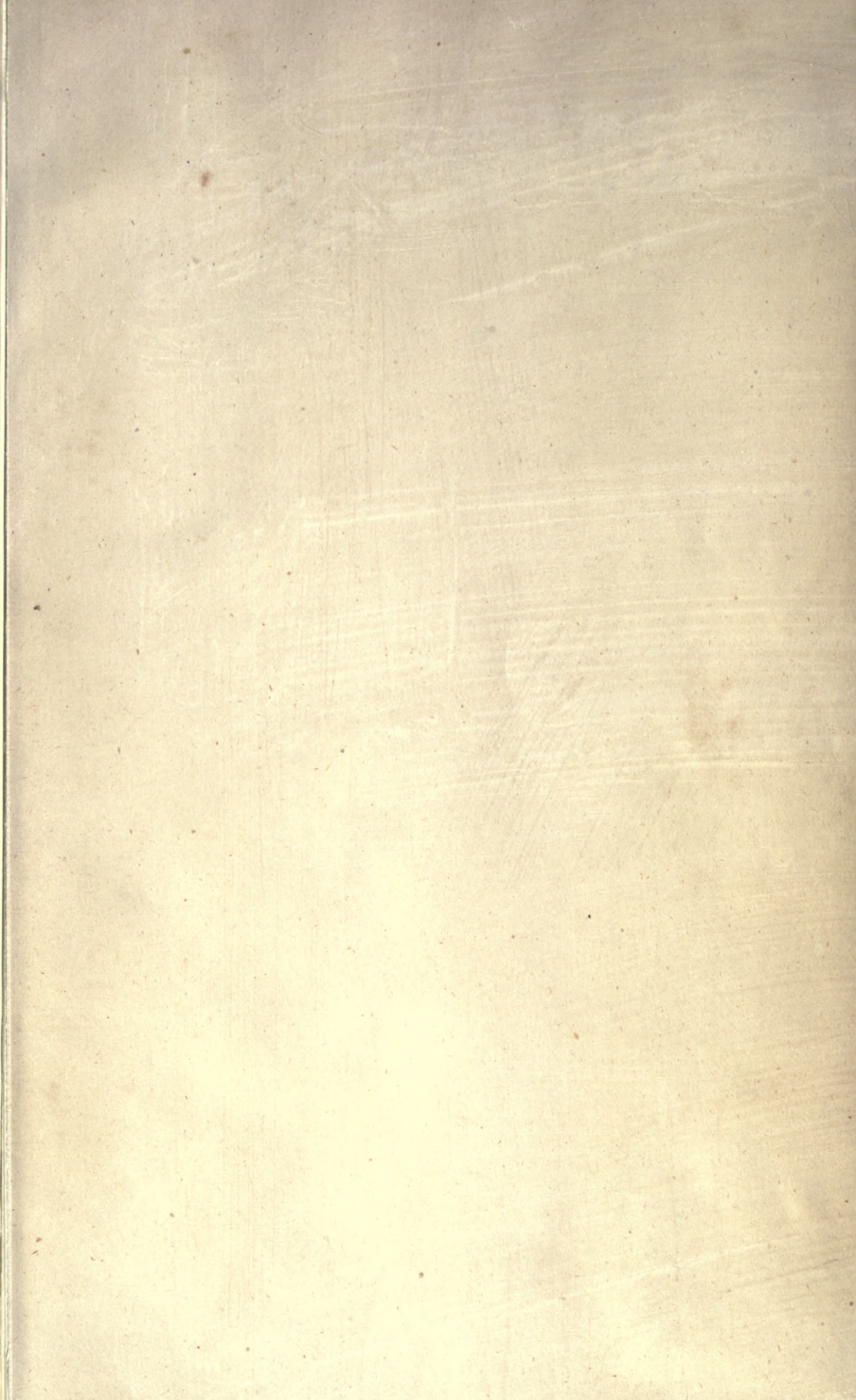
AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS may remit in *two Dollar Greenbacks*, to avoid the cost and trouble of sending Post-office orders for such small sums; and for this amount the Magazine will be sent free by post for a year to any part of the United States, or the Dominion of Canada.

As a medium of Advertising among the higher and middle classes, the *Celtic Magazine* is now unsurpassed.

WE had a visit last week from two good men and true, John Mackay, C.E., "Shrewsbury," and William Allan, the poet,









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The Celtic magazine

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