THE

Celtic Monthly:

A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

VOL. XII.

JOHN MACKAY, CELTIC MONTHLY OFFICE,
1 BLYTHSWOOD DRIVE, GLASGOW.

1904.

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DEDICATED

TO

CAPTAIN HECTOR FITZROY MACLEAN,

YOUNGER OF DUART (SCOTS GUARDS),

whose interest in Celtic Literature, and all movements intended to further the prosperity of his fellow Highlanders, has been manifested in many practical ways.

"Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shìnnsre."

("Follow closely the footsteps of thy ancestors.")

JOHN MACKAY,

Editor.

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Printer, GLASGOW.

DUGALD MACPHERSON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 1. Vol. XII.] *OCTOBER, 1903.* [Price Threepence.

DUGALD MACPHERSON,

Chief, Gaelic Society of Dunedin, New Zealand.

KINTYRE has given birth to many distinguished sons, who are to be found in all quarters of the globe occupying positions of influence and trust. When a Kintyre man follows the call of the "Lost Pibroch" and goes out into the wide world to seek his fortune, he invariably manages to find it. He evidently makes up his mind to succeed, and that is in itself half the difficulties of life overcome. No matter what remote corner of the globe you turn to, sure enough you will find the inevitable Kintyrian there before you, cherishing his Scottish customs, and patriotic to the core. He is not an Englishman, he will tell you, but a Kintyreman. That to him is something very much better! He may stay in distant lands for many years, but sure enough some day he will find himself on the quay at Campbeltown, and wonder at the changes which have taken place in the capital of *Ceann-tir*. Every summer the wanderers return, for somehow, as Miss Alice MacDonell has very truly sung, the "mountains will claim their own."

A few days ago a stalwart Gael called upon us, and remarked, "You don't know me, I suppose? I am Dugald Macpherson of Dunedin, and I know all your friends in New Zealand. I am here to see the old land." We had known Mr. Macpherson by correspondence for a number of years, and knew that he was Chief of the Gaelic Society of Dunedin and one of the most popular Highlanders in the Colony. We were truly delighted to meet him, and to hear that the Celtic cause was making great progress on the other side of the globe. The Gaelic race are too numerous and influential in New Zealand to require outside encouragement, and maintain powerful Celtic Societies in all parts of the island. That they are desirous of assisting worthy Highland objects was evidenced by the fact that Mr. Macpherson was the bearer of handsome contributions from the Dunedin Gaels to the Highland Soldiers' War Fund, Hector Macdonald Memorial, the Macdonald Fund in Govan, and the London Gaelic Society's Scheme for encouraging the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools.

We commenced this short sketch with the intention of making a brief reference to Mr. Macpherson's successful business career, but Kintyre always presents an almost irresistible attraction to us. We may now mention, however, that he was born in Kintyre in 1846, and twenty years later commenced his commercial career in the Scottish drapery trade. After filling situations in Wales and Hawick, he entered the employment of a firm of wholesale confectioners in Glasgow as city traveller, a position he held till 1883. In that year he established the firm of Macpherson, Kemp & Co., and going out to New Zealand in 1884 commenced operations there, and very soon acquired a valuable and extensive connection in the confectionary business. His firm, of which he is now the sole proprietor, represents the well-known Glasgow house of Hay Bros., Ltd., for Australasia, and Fry & Son for the South Island, N.Z. This year Mr. Macpherson was elected president of the New Zealand Commercial Travellers' and Warehousemen's Association, a high honour indicative of the respect in which he is held in commercial circles.

To Highlanders, however, he is best known as the Chief of the Gaelic Society, a position, curiously enough, which was recently occupied by an uncle of the writer, the late Mr. Neil Fleming, of Oamaru, another successful Kintyrian. The Society could not have a more genial and popular chief. We hope that he may enjoy long life and increased prosperity, and Comunn Gaidhlig Dhunedin many years of useful service in furthering the interests of our Celtic race.

EDITOR.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

VISIT OF CLAN DEPUTATION TO THE REAY COUNTRY.

THE deputation of members of this Society who have been for some time past holding gatherings of the Clan and friends in the Mackay country, have now completed their mission, and everywhere met with a most enthusiastic welcome, surpassing in some respects even the receptions extended to the deputations in former years. The Annual Tour has almost become a permanent institution, and the whole population for seventy miles along the northern coast look forward to the visit of the Mackay deputation as the "red-letter" day of the year, on which the inhabitants, of all clan names, indulge in a general holiday.

The Clan was represented this year by Messrs. Donald Mackay, Edinburgh, President, John Mackay, S.S.C., Edinburgh, ex-President, John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow, Hon. Secretary, Thomas Mackay, and Miss Jeannie Mackay, Largs, Edmund G. Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, Glasgow, Charles Mackay, Edinburgh, etc.

Instead of making Thurso the rendezvous as on past occasions, the various members met at Melvich Hotel, on Tuesday, 8th September, where the first gathering was held.

A MACKAY RE-UNION

in the far north is a much more formidable celebration than is usually understood in the south, and as practically the same programme was carried out at Melvich, Farr, Tongue, Melness, and Skerray, it might be well to describe the various items in the day's proceedings. The Hon. Secretary draws out a programme of events for each day, copies of which are printed and well circulated in advance, in the various parishes. The whole population, old and young, gather at the appointed place, with pipers playing, and all in their best holiday attire. If the weather happens to be unfavourable the meeting is held in the schoolhouse; if dry, in the most convenient field.

THE GAELIC CLASSES

which were instituted through the patriotism of the "grand old man" of the Mackay Clan, Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, are first examined. The pupils are formed up in front of the people, and are tested in Gaelic reading. So proficient are some of the scholars that a difficulty has often been experienced in finding a Gaelic book sufficiently advanced to test them, and recourse had sometimes to be made to spelling to fairly gauge the merits of the competitors.

The junior classes examined, a Gaelic examination for the older people follows, which often attracts quite a formidable array of readers. The best scholars were not infrequently to be found among the very old men and women. Then follows

GAELIC SINGING,

some of the vocalists acquitting themselves in a way not often excelled at the Gaelic Mod itself. If the *Comunn* ever ventures near the borders of Sutherland, the north coast will provide a rare company of competitors. Next the pipers have their turn, and the keenness which they always manifest in the contest is remarkable. There are many pipers but few own pipes, the same set of bagpipes being sometimes used by five or six players. The Reay country still possesses a large number of pipers of excellent merit. It was always famous for the great musicians it produced. This usually completes the real business of the clan visit, although competitions in Gaelic recitation, original compositions in prose and verse, dictation, etc., are sometimes held, if time permits.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

then follow, and very exciting contests take place in putting the stone, running, high and long jumping, tug-of-war, etc., for which substantial money prizes are given.

Having catered for the old people and the young men of the parish, the children are next attended to, and the handsome way in which the boys and girls of the Mackay country were treated on this occasion will be a pleasant memory to many during their lifetime.

GIFTS FOR THE CHILDREN.

To begin with, every boy and girl present—and that meant every child for miles round—received a gift of a new silver coin—doubtless in most cases the first piece of silver ever they possessed. After this, through the liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Mackay, each girl was presented with a suitable article of personal ornament, bangles and brooches being mostly in demand, while the boys received a variety of toys. Altogether over 2,000 articles were distributed in this way, Melness received an extra hamper of toys from Mr. Lachlan Mackay, Edinburgh. The delight of the children at receiving these unexpected gifts was worth going all the way to witness. Children's races were also held, and money prizes given to the successful competitors. These events occupied the best part of the afternoon, and when finished the deputation were usually well able to discuss the luncheon that awaited their return at the hotel.

CONCERT AND DANCE.

It might be supposed that these proceedings afforded the deputation a good day's work, but the fact is they were merely the preliminary to the more serious duties which they had to discharge in the evening. At 8 p.m., the schoolhouse was brilliantly lit up, and the pipers discoursing lively airs. On all occasions not only was every seat occupied, but the passages and side rooms were crowded, while outside many faces of those unable to obtain admission, peered weirdly through the window panes, eager to see and hear everything that went on inside. A charge was made for admission (children free), and the handsome sum thus realized was devoted to a local object, such as the district reading room, the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, or other worthy object. The president of the clan presided on all occasions, and along with Mr. John Mackay, Secretary, and Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C., contributed songs to the programme. Miss Jeannie Mackay, a gifted pianist, accompanied the vocalists, while Mr. Edmund Mackay gave a gramaphone entertainment, which never failed to create great amusement. The prize winners at the singing competition at the gathering also rendered Gaelic songs at the concert. During the interval the Gaelic Prizes are presented to the successful competitors, about thirty handsome volumes being distributed at each centre. It is only then that the results of the examination are made known, this event being probably the most interest-

ing of all the evening's proceedings. About halfpast ten the concert ends, but the clan social has not even yet exhausted itself. At eleven o'clock a

REAL HIGHLAND DANCE

commences in the dismantled schoolhouse, and continues almost till daylight. So crowded is the room that those unable to obtain admission often dance in the playground, the windows being kept open to allow the music to be clearly heard. Those inside cannot all dance at once, so they trip through the lightsome reel by turns. The members of the deputation of course attend, but rarely venture through the entire programme! One by one they succumb and find their way back to the hotel, to secure a few hours' sleep before facing on the morrow a drive of probably thirty miles, and carrying out another exciting day's entertainment such as I have described.

These are the bare outlines of each day's work, and yet many people think that the deputation enjoy

A RARE GOOD HOLIDAY!

For a whole week there is hardly a moment of leisure for that patriotic party of Mackays, and when it is all over and they settle down at Tongue to recruit from their arduous experiences, they do so with the most profound thankfulness. And yet they would not miss the clan tour on any account. Three or four of the leading officials go every year. It is hard work, but it has its delights. It is worth going to the world's end to receive the genuine whole-hearted welcome which every man, woman, and child in that vast track of country extend to these clan visitors from the south. All clans and all names are as enthusiastic as the Mackays, for they are mostly related in some degree with the predominant clan; and besides, the Mackay prizes and gifts are open to the whole population irrespective of name. The Mackays show no selfish spirit in the distribution of their favours, and the inhabitants extend to the society's representatives such a welcome as they never extend even to the Ducal House of Sutherland itself. The inmates of every house within sight of the road along which the deputation drive are on the look-out for the visitors, and from almost every door a cheer is heard and handkerchiefs waved. Many of the

HOUSE TOPS ARE DECORATED

with white banners, the ancient "Bratach Bhàn" of the Clan Mackay; even the hill tops frequently float a flag of welcome. As soon as the conveyance with the party is observed approaching the townships, the people can be seen hurrying out of the houses in their eagerness to be at the meeting place when the deputation arrive. The kindness of the inhabitants is beyond belief, and one only requires to take part in a Clan Mackay Tour to discover what is meant by a "Real Highland Welcome." The spirit of clanship is rooted deep in the soil of the Reay Country, and is probably as potent to-day as ever it was in the days of yore, when the Lords of Reay occupied the ancestral seat at Tongue. It is no doubt true that the same clan spirit exists in other districts of the Highlands, but it finds no special occasion to manifest itself. Some clan societies do not keep in touch with the home district as they ought to do. The Mackays have always realized that their society was a Highland organisation, and that it must be the "pulse" of the Mackay Country. From it came the members, or the ancestors of the members of the society, and from it will come the great bulk of the society's recruits in the future. This policy has borne splendid fruit, and kindled the smouldering clan sentiment in the north, which even the fires of Strathnaver have not managed to quench. As I have already said, it is a real delight to meet these kindly people year after year, and to feel that you are really "At Home."

All these prizes cost money, but the Clan Mackay never experience the least trouble in providing funds to meet all these outlays. Each year a number of generous clansmen and friends contribute to this special fund, and Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, provides a large number of valuable Gaelic books for each district. Of course, the members of the deputation defray their own expenses, besides contributing to the prize fund. One member of the deputation this time, was so surprised at the unsuitable sitting accomodation at the Tongue Reading Room—where religious services are held—that he promptly offered to provide the necessary chairs himself. Needless to say, the offer was gratefully accepted. The gift represents a considerable sum. At Melvich also, four members of the deputation defrayed the cost of fitting the new mission hall with lamps of the most recent design.

A visit was again made to

"BONNIE STRATHNAVER,"

and the same enthusiastic welcome was experienced from all the settlers. There are now some twenty-two tenants on the Strath, of whom thirteen are Mackays. Many of the houses were visited, where the visitors were hospitably entertained. Handsome houses have been built and the crops, in spite of the wet weather, looked splendid. The tenants all expressed satisfaction with their prospects, and were confident of success. There is plenty more land on Strathnaver suitable for crofters, and it is probable that the clan society will use its influence to get other parts of the Strath peopled.

After their week's exertions the deputation settled down at Tongue Hotel, where they spent a delightful holiday, varied with golfing, picnics, musical evenings, and other enjoyments. As usual, the people of the district did everything in their power to make the holiday pleasant.

THE KYLE OF TONGUE

is one of the most charming spots in the kingdom, the scenery being too varied and beautiful to be described in a few words. It requires to be seen to be understood and enjoyed.

In recognition of the many acts of kindness shown by the people of the district to the various clan deputations, the President of the Society (Mr. Donald Mackay), held a Reception at the hotel on Thursday, 17th ult., which was largely attended by the leading inhabitants. The younger guests engaged in dancing. After supper toasts were proposed and speeches delivered, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The local golf club had also a competition for prizes offered by the President, which resulted in a keen contest. The members of the deputation thoroughly enjoyed their stay at the capital of the Mackay country, and were sorry when the demands of business forced them to leave that lovely spot, and return to the more prosaic realities of life in the

southern cities. Next year, at the same time, another tour will be held, and those who would like to take part in it, or desire to enrol in the Clan Society, should communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, who will be glad to supply all necessary information.

The Duchess of Sutherland was staying at Tongue House during the visit of the deputation. On Sabbath the members attended the parish Church, where Her Grace occupied the quaint old canopied pew once the property of the Lords of Reay, chiefs of the Clan Mackay. The incident illustrated the uncertainty of riches and power. How long will the House of Sutherland possess the Mackay country? It is not easy to guess, but already they have sold a considerable portion of it. Possibly a Mackay may buy it back some day!

REFUGEES OF THE '45.

AFTER the proscription of 1746, and the burning and sacking of their dwellings, such of the outlawed superiors and dependents as could not escape out of the country lived upon the hills, in caves or huts, and often the unsheltered heath. Lord Lovat was concealed within a hollow tree in Morar; and Cameron of Clunes in a "bothan" or cabin on the side of the hill near Loch-Arkaig; Invercauld in a cave, or rather hole, in the midst of the great pine forests which surrounded his house; and his clansman, Inverey, in a similar retreat, not far from his home, and from which he saw the light of his burning roof illuminate the neighbouring country. Of the fidelity which preserved the secret of his retreat, an interesting example is still told in his country. There was about the house a fool—a sort of Davie Gellatlie—who, after the seclusion of the laird, was employed to carry the food to his den, not only from confidence in his extraordinary attachment, but the belief that his "daft" character should render him less liable to suspicion. He discharged his service with that fidelity and caution—that almost instinctive discretion and self-command which is sometimes so remarkable in defective intellects. Of this he once gave a remarkable instance. In the old time, when the household of every chief and superior was thronged with kindly followers and dependents, remuneration for small services was not only never expected, but its offer betrayed the ignorance of a stranger, or the temptation of some sinister design. One day two ladies, relations or intimate friends of Inverey, and well known to the fool, were by some confidential person put under his guidance to the hiding-place of the laird. He conducted them with great alacrity and care, till they arrived near the retreat, when one of the ladies, taking advantage of the shelter of the wood, offered him half-a-crown. At this donation he looked hard in the face of the donor; and the money being pressed upon him, fell into sullen and, apparently, abstract apathy, as if he had lost a temporary gleam of intelligence in more than usual aberration. The lady put up the money, and resumed the way in which they were proceeding; but the fool turned in another direction, and, after leading his fair charges in a mazy track through the wood, appeared to have lost all recollection of the way. It was in vain that they interrogated and encouraged him: he did not seem to understand them, but looked at them, with his mouth half-open, and a vacant stare, as if he neither remembered his employment, nor comprehended what they wanted; and at length, taking to his heels, left them in the wood. When afterwards he was asked about his conduct, he chuckled and grinned, and shook his head, "They gi'ed me *money!*" he exclaimed; "they gi'ed me *money!* Div ye think Inverey's *freends* wad gi'e me *money?*" This sentiment was not the weakness of his incapacity; it was a sentiment of his period among all Highlanders, and continues at the present day where the Highland character remains unchanged. Many such incidents, and many such concealments, are remembered in the remote glens; but the most remarkable, both for time, fidelity, and the resources employed in its preservation, was that of the gallant chief of Clan-Chattan, Macpherson of Clunie. For nine years he remained concealed upon his own property, in caves, vaults, and huts, supplied with all necessaries, and even comforts, by his clansmen, who not only endangered their liberty in his service, but, for his support, paid their rents twice over—once to the government factor, and once to their chief. His first principal retreat was a cave dug by his people, opposite to Craig-Dubh, in the woody bank on the south side of the little loch of Uamhaidh: the excavation was carried on during the night, and its entrance concealed by the trees and bushes; being close to the margin of the lake, the earth was conveyed into the water, and all appearance of its passage carefully removed from the brae. After this retreat had remained long unsuspected, wearying of its confinement, and thinking it safer to have a change of haunts, Clunie caused other cells to be prepared for his reception, so that he might never spend many nights in the same place, nor his people attract attention by going often in the same direction. One of the most secure of his recesses, and which exists at the present day, was a square vault under the house of Dalchulie, three miles from Clunie Castle. It is about eight feet square, and seven feet deep, wainscoated with deal planks, and entered by a trap-door in the floor, which being covered by a carpet, there was no suspicion of

its existence. From the dryness of the gravelly soil, it is perfectly free from damp, for which reason it is now used as a store closet for cheeses. No doubt its trap, and perhaps the scantling, has been renewed oftener than once, but in other respects it is exactly in the same state as when last inhabited by its noble refugee.

But the most remarkable and ingenious of all the retreats used by Clunie, or any of his unfortunate contemporaries, was the romantic and singular construction called *"The Cage."* "It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, named Letternillich,* still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed: the habitation itself was concealed within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor, and, as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other, and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the cage,—it being of a round, or rather oval shape, —and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of The Cage; and, by chance, there happened to be stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed: the smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference on the clearest day. The Cage was no longer than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking out, one baking, and another firing bread, and cooking."† In this romantic retreat Clunie entertained the Prince in his last distresses, previous to his escape from the Highlands, and here the royal fugitive received intelligence of the arrival of the ships destined for his departure. The site of his last remarkable retreat with his faithful adherent, is in the heart of the ancient deer-forest of Beann-Aler, one of the most secluded and magnificent ranges of mountain-scenery, as well as one of the finest—perhaps to be hereafter *the* finest deer-country in the Highlands. It was a part of the great territory of the Clann-Chattan, from the time that the early ancestors of the male line, represented by the present chief, Clunie Macpherson, held it in a hereditary descent which probably owned no dependence even on the Crown, and was derived from an era disappearing into the twilight of history which veils the antiquity of the Celtic tribes.

In the deep wilderness of "The Cage" Clunie found refuge after an almost miraculous escape, in which he owed his safety to the vigilance, fidelity, and vigour of his clansmen. Towards the latter time of his seclusion, the success with which he had so long baffled all danger produced some relaxation of extreme caution, and even a degree of confidence, through which, in very bad weather, or the absence of the enemy's patrols, he sometimes ventured to visit his lady, and pass a night in the house which she inhabited, and which, formerly the residence of the grieve, stood near the ruins of the destroyed mansion of Clunie.* These dangerous ventures were not without suspicion from the officer who commanded the troops of the district, Ensign—afterwards General Sir Hector Monro. The activity of this subaltern, for the apprehension of Clunie, was distinguished by a vindictive pursuit beyond the vigilance of mere military duty, and inspired by a spirit of revenge against the whole Clan Pherson, by the fire of whose battalion his father and uncle had been killed at the battle of Falkirk. It is probable that, for his known desire of revenge, he was appointed to the command of the troops directed against the clan, and he performed the cruel service with unremitting severity and persecution. "Upon a stormy, dark, and freezing evening in the depth of winter, suffering from continual exposure to cold, wet and privation of every kind, and trusting perhaps to the inclemency of the night for keeping the detachments in their quarters, Clunie ventured to return to his temporary home. By a singular coincidence, Monro had determined to make a deliberated and particular attack upon the house in the course of the same night. During his pursuit of the chief, however, he had discovered, that whenever he made a movement for his surprise, the troops were everywhere preceded by secret information. On the present occasion, therefore, he retired to rest as usual, and when all others were asleep, he leaped out at a back window, awakened his men, who lay in a barn, and, without any disturbance or observation, put them under arms, and took the road for Clunie; other parties had previously been detached to Dalchuinne, Garva-mòr, and Dalnashalg, and had orders to march in such concert,

*Leitir na lice, Gael. The hillside of the flat rock; or, perhaps more colloquially, "The flat rock-side," *i.e.*, "of the hill."

†Home's Works, vol. iii. Appendix No. 46.

*The old house of Cluny stood near the present road to Laggan, and almost on the site of the northern offices in the modern farm square.

that all the parties should unite at the same time round the house inhabited by Lady Clunie. The main body, under the Ensign, was within seven miles of its destination, when passing a cottage belonging to a man named Iain donn MacPherson, he heard in his bed the heavy tramp of the soldiers and the clink of their equipments, and immediately observing that they were passing towards Clunie, he sprang up, and, without any clothes but his shirt and kilt, ran off at full speed to give notice of the advance. The path being occupied by the detachment, he had to make a considerable circuit, and proceeded with such speed, that, by the time he was half-way to Clunie, he was seized with a stitch in his side, which obliged him to stop at a cottage, and call another man out of his bed to carry forward the alarm. Meanwhile Monro had gained some distance in advance, and it was only by very great exertion that the messenger reached Clunie ten minutes before the soldier. When he arrived the chief was surrounded by a circle of his friends, in whose reunion he indulged a brief forgetfulness of their misfortunes, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the 'cearnach,' who rushed breathless into the room with an exclamation that the 'Saighdearan dearga' were at hand. All present started from their seats, and immediately scattered in various directions. Clunie, accompanied by two stout men, proceeded towards the northern hills; but they had not gone far when they heard the approach of the detachment from Dalnashalg, and, to avoid them, turned hastily to the west, when at a little distance they discovered the advance of the party from Garva. In this jeopardy they determined to cross the Spey, and descended towards an uncertain and little frequented ford called '*Beala'-tart*,'* and nearly opposite to Clunie Castle. They gained the river without interruption, but, just as they reached the bank, heard the division from Dalchuinne entering the water on the other side. It need not be told that both the chief and his two clansmen were excellent deer-stalkers—immediately crouching on the grass, they glided away on their breasts, as they would have drawn themselves up to a deer, and, in a few moments, were several yards down the bank, where they lay flat under the brink by the water-side. In this ambush they heard the cautious plash of the soldiers passing through the stream, but as soon as their quick tramp receded across the field, they started up, cleared the ford, and finding some horses grazing on the opposite meadow, Clunie mounted on one of them, and the little party taking the western hills never halted until they reached Beann-Aler."*

*"*Beallach-tart*," the drought passage, because it is impassible except when the river is low from want of rain. For this reason it is very rarely used.

*Tradition of Badenoch, communicated by Mr. MacPherson of Bealid.

FEAR-TURUIS TIGH A' GHLINN BHIG.

[The following is one of the Folk Tales for children which gained a Prize at the Mod last year. The writer is Mr. John MacPhail, Beauly, a native of Tiree, who wrote over the name "Tirisdeach bho'n tigh." We hope to give another of his tales in next issue.—Ed.]

AIR latha sònraichte bho cheann fhada, thàinig seann duine 's e gu maith sgìth gu Tigh a' Ghlinn Bhig. Bha bean an tighe ainmeil air son a caoimhneis, agus dh'iarr i air suidhe agus 'anail a leigeil gus an deanamh ise greim bìdh dha. 'Se fear do laithean blath toiseach an Fhoghair a bh' ann. Gu mi-fhortanach cha robh graine mine a stigh, ach chuir a bhean a mach an gille bu mho de'n chloinn a bhuain sguaib mhaith eòrna a ceann an iomaire. Rinn i gradan air an sguaib, chuir e 'n gràn dhith le simid, agus chruadhaich i e ann am poit air an teine. 'Nuair a bha e cruaidh chath i e le fasgnaig; agus an sin fhuair i boicionn grinn glan a sgaoil i gu cùramach air an ùrlar ghlan sguabta; agus nuair a leag i 'bhra iochdrach gu socrach air a sin chuir i 'bhra uachdrach air a muin. Chuir i 'n gràn ann am meis aig a laimh dheis agus shuidh i 'bhleith. Shuidh Ceit air an taobh eile, agus mur a robh fuaim an sin, 's neònach e!

Bha 'm Fear turuis a toirt dhoibh naigheachan a' Ghlinn mhòr fad na h-uine, ach chuir fuaim na brathain stad air. Bha na boirionnaich a seinn luinneagan 'nuair a bha iad a bleith, mar so—

"Ui à,
Beil a bhrà,
'S gheibh thu fhèin
Bonnach beag."

Aig ceann a chuile ceathramh chuireadh a bhean làn a dùirne de'n ghràn ann an sùil na brathain. Cha robh iad fada 'cur crìoch air na bh'aca, agus 'nuair a bha iad ullamh chriathair i 'mhin agus chuir Ceit a ghreideal air an t-slabhruidh, agus ann an uine gle ghoirid bha bonnaich mhilis fhallain eòrna, ìm ùr, agus gruth cho geal ris a' chanach, agus gach ni eile 'bhiodh freagarrach, air a' bhord.

Bha cuirm aig a chloinn bhig air a gharbhan a thug am mathair dhoibh air truinnsear.

'S iomadh trath bidh milis taitneach a bha air a chuir an òrdugh mar so air feadh na Gaidhealtachd anns na laithean a chaidh seachad,

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

IN recording my conviction and belief in the antiquity of the poems of Ossian* the first question that confronts me is, "Can any credence be given to anything that has ever been written by the hand of man?" If so, then I shall have no difficulty in proving that James Macpherson was not the author of the Gaelic poems translated by him, and designated "The Poems of Ossian." If, on the other hand, all men have been liars from the foundation of the world, James Macpherson must have been one also, but before conceding this it will be necessary to enter somewhat into details. So far as I am personally concerned, I approach the subject quite impartially, as it does not matter to me who composed them, but from a strong sense of justice, I should like to see James Macpherson, the Highlanders, and the real author of the poems, receive the credit respectively due to them.

It is no use telling me, and those who think with me, that the question has been settled long ago—that the poems were simply forged by Macpherson. That is just what I am going to prove they were not, and that he was incapable of producing them, but more of this hereafter. In all matters pertaining to religion, science, and politics, differences of opinion will always exist, especially when questions can't be measured with mathematical accuracy, such as that twelve inches measure one foot, or that two and two make four and no other number. So far I am content to be in a minority, if that should be necessary, but I yield to no one in interpreting internal evidence, especially when it bears the impress of truth. I have seen mostly all that has been advanced against the poems, including

"RECENT RESEARCHES,"

but they are by no means so weighty, or convincing, as their respective advocates would like to make out. I would like to ask—Are the Scriptures true, or any part of them? If not, where is the truth to be found? Certainly not in profane history. Theologians, and others, have been wrangling for centuries over the sacred writings, and they are still as far off as ever from agreeing upon all points among themselves. They have gone to the original Hebrew sources, and came away from them still disputing, and acknowledging that modifications, and revised translations, are necessary. The Roman Catholic Church is the only body which has stood firmly by the traditional teaching of the Church, which they maintain cannot err in what she teaches. They won't budge an inch, for if they did, they would be giving away the whole case. If Christ came and lived, and taught the salvation of man, and died and rose again from the dead, we have a certain foundation for the Christian religion, but if He did not come, then all is chaos. Under an agnostic regime we should have no morality, no brotherly love, no charity, no truth, no generosity, no object in life except self-interest, and robbery, including a great increase in the number of murders, and no future state*! Notwithstanding what the boldest iconoclast can say, and we are familiar with the writings of Hackel, Darwin, Huxley, Strauss, Renan, the "ascent" and "descent" of man, *et hoc genus omne*, still there is the voice of conscience within to reckon with, as well as the internal evidence in the whole thing. We are not satisfied or convinced by the arguments of the iconoclasts and scientists, no more than we are with the anti-Ossianites. There is just the possibility, nay the probability, of their all being wrong. It would be a dreadful thing if we all renounced the teachings of Christ, simply because some scholars argue that the whole thing is a "myth."

The sacred writings are different from all others, so it is with the Ossianic poems. The

OUTSTANDING GENIUS

that produced them has had *no* equal. They are different from anything else that we know. There is no living poet who can produce anything like them, and none of the dead ones for many centuries could have written like Ossian. It would have been impossible for a young man of twenty-four years of age, with little experience of the world, to have avoided all allusion to things sacred, especially since he dealt largely in ghosts, and clouds, and the motions of the heavenly bodies. It is equally inconceivable that he could have avoided particular allusion to a pastoral state† which is about the earliest we know of in connexion with human families. However largely he may have drawn upon his imagination, it is clear that he had a mass of poetry

COLLECTED FROM ORAL RECITATION,

and in old MSS., otherwise, how are we to account for his roaming about the Highlands, if he did not intend to use the materials which we shall presently see he collected. The vivid descriptions of natural objects, and phenomena,

*Variously spelt Oisin, Oisenn, "Oshen," Oishin, &c.

*Dr. Talmage, the great American preacher, believed in Ossian as he did in the Bible.

†Dividing a herd in a case of divorce, or mention of a white bull does not constitute a pastoral state, and of agriculture there are *no* traces in the poems.

without the embellishment of classical language, and the sublime ideas which occur in many passages, are altogether different from anything else that James Macpherson wrote.

In his acknowledged works such as "The Highlander," "Death," "The Hunter," "Fragments of a Northern Tale, translated from the Norse," "The Earl Marischal's Welcome to His Native Country, "To the Memory of an Officer killed at Quebec," and "On the Death of a Young Lady," there is

NOTHING COMPARABLE TO OSSIAN

in any of them, and many, in fact, almost all who knew him in the flesh, and were capable of judging of his knowledge of Gaelic, declared that he was unfit to produce them, while others asserted that they not only had heard many of the poems which he translated, recited by native Highlanders, long before MacPherson undertook his task, but that some of the best of them were known throughout the Highlands long before he was born,* and that from a deficient knowledge of the Gaelic written language in the old character though he had a colloquial acquaintance with it, and could read modern Gaelic, yet he was unable to write it correctly, and was in consequence utterly unfit to produce the poems as an original conception of his own.

With all their faults from a grammatical point of view, we have nothing at all like them in the Gaelic language, for quaint and masterly description of natural phenomena as they appeared to the poet's imagination. What did Ossian know about assonance, alliteration, quatrains, and all the rest of the scholastic impedimenta? absolutely nothing, and he cared less. He simply interpreted Nature in poetic language as she appeared before him, and the events which occurred during his own lifetime, and that of others who had gone before him. Though some Gaelic-speaking Highlanders *do* follow in the wake of the opposition it is to be hoped that their numbers are not increasing, and especially among those who have looked into the subject for themselves without any bias.

In the present essay it is not necessary to relate all the irrelevant matter, and

COLLATERAL RUBBISH

which has been gathered round this subject by people who knew nothing about the language or the people among whom these poems were found, as they could not possibly judge whether they were forgeries or not, except by inferences and guess-work. We shall, therefore, almost ignore them and proceed more particularly to enquire what sort of materials James Macpherson had to work upon, and his real fitness for the composition and production of such poems. In the present enquiry we shall embrace the questions, (1) Did Macpherson actually collect ancient Gaelic poems?, (2) What use did he make of them?; and (3) Was he competent to translate them into Gaelic from the English, presuming that he was the author of the English? Other collections, opinions, and objections can stand over for the present. The general line of argument which I am adopting will be a sufficient answer to all critics whose minds are open to conviction.

JAMES MACPHERSON

was born at Ruthven, Badenoch, in *1738*; was educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, where he is said to have distinguished himself in classical scholarship, and it is presumed had a liberal education for the time in which he lived.

In *1758*, at the age of *twenty*, he published a poem in six cantos entitled "The Highlander," followed by "Death," "The Hunter," and other miscellaneous pieces already alluded to. In *1760*, at the age of *twenty-two*, he published his "Fragments of Ancient Poetry," collected in the Highlands of Scotland, extending from *seven hundred* to *eight hundred* lines, and in the same year we find him making a tour of the Highlands and Islands, collecting the remains of ancient Gaelic poetry, the existence of which was well known to Highlanders.*

Accompanied by Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, a good Gaelic scholar, he proceeded on his journey, collecting as he went on. Now if he had been anything of a Gaelic scholar there would have been no necessity for his taking Strathmashie along with him, but that he did collect a lot of Gaelic poetry is abundantly clear, for we first hear of him obtaining from

MR. MACDONALD OF KYLES,

a gentleman of Knoydart, (Cnoidart), a Leabhar Dearg (Red Book†) or Gaelic manuscript in the old character, containing many of Ossian's poems. We next hear of him in Skye, where he met Alexander Macpherson,‡ Portree, who was noted for his knowledge of Ossian's poems. Having been informed by the landlord of the inn at that place that this man had a manuscript of old Gaelic poems he prevailed upon him to give it up, urging that as he could repeat the poems from memory he did not require them in writing.

(To be continued.)

*Dr. Clark's Ossian, 1870.

*The Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, P. MacNaughton, 1861.

†Different from the Red Book of Clan Ranald—to be mentioned later on.

‡Brother to Malcolm Macpherson.

HIGHLAND MOD AT INVERNESS.

THE GAELIC MOD was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, on 24th September, and proved most successful. The Most Noble the Marquis of Tullibardine, D.S.O., presided at the opening ceremony, and was supported by many gentlemen prominent in Highland circles. His lordship delivered a patriotic address, in which he praised the work of the Association and strongly urged Highlanders to take a pride in their nationality and foster the language of their ancestors. Speeches were also delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, a lady delegate from Wales, and others. Owing to the large number of events and entrants, the competitions were carried on in three halls and proceeded all day. The musical standard was similar to that of former years, but the quality of many of the literary papers was not satisfactory. On the evening prior to the Mòd the Provost and Magistrates entertained the members and competitors to a Reception in the Town Hall. Tea was served, complimentary speeches delivered, and a number of songs were rendered.

The Concert which was held in the evening attracted a vast audience, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. The Marquis of Tullibardine presided, and delivered a short address. The programme was sustained by the choirs, medallists, and leading soloists, the various items being enthusiastically received. Messrs. Roderick and John Macleod, natives of Sutherland, particularly distinguished themselves by their magnificent rendering of the songs entrusted to them. The former is undoubtedly our foremost Gaelic vocalist.

The competitors at the Mod were, after the concert, entertained to an "At Home" in the Music Hall by the members of the Inverness Gaelic Choir, of which Mr. Roderick Macleod is conductor; and on the invitation of Mr. Wm. Mackay, Solicitor, Inverness, Vice-President, they were next day afforded an opportunity of visiting the Jacobite Exhibition, in which a valuable collection of relics of the '45 have been brought together.

The Business Meeting of the Association was held in the Royal Hotel. Mr. John Mackintosh was reappointed Secretary, and Mr. John Abrach Mackay, Dundee, was elected Treasurer. It was decided to hold the Mòd at Greenock next year.

The following are the prize-winners in the various competitions :—

Poetry, Gaelic poem on "Clarsach nan Gaidheal," 1, Rev. D. Macechern, Coll; 2, Rev. D. MacCallum, Lochs, Lewis. Gaelic Song, 1, M. Macfarlane, Elderslie, Paisley; 2, Mrs. K. W. Grant, New Zealand. Gaelic Song to any bagpipe march, suitable for vocal rendering, John MacFadyen, Glasgow. Gaelic poem on a patriotic subject, John Macfadyen, Glasgow. Gaelic "Highland Crofters' Song of Hope," 1, M. Macfarlane, Elderslie; 2, John MacFadyen, Glasgow. Prose, Translation of any of the tales in "The Lost Pibroch," 1, Rev. D. W. Mackenzie, Islay; 2, John Macphail, Guisachan, Beauly. Gaelic tale of adventure, 1, John Macfadyen, Glasgow; 2, John MacCormack, Glasgow. Essay, on "The Influence of the '45 on the Highlands," 1, Mrs. K. W. Grant, New Zealand; 2, J. Macphail, Beauly. Translation of twenty verses of St. Luke's Gospel, 1, R. MacDougall, Greenock. Musical Composition and Compilation, Unpublished Melody, John MacCallum, Glasgow. Unpublished bagpipe march, Pipe-Major Taylor, Edinburgh. Collection of unpublished Gaelic vocal music, John Cameron, Paisley. Musical Competitions, Quartette Singing (male voices), 1, Dundee; 2, Perth. Solo singing (male voices), J. H. Matheson, Stornoway. Solo singing (confined to northern counties), 1, John Macleod, Glasgow; 2, Dorothy J. Murray, Stornoway; 3, Miss K. Kennedy, Inverness. Solo Singing, (females), Annetta C. Whyte, Glasgow; 2, Bella Matheson, Edinburgh; 3, Margaret A. Cameron, Blackmount; (males), 1, John Mowat, Inverness; 2, J. H. Matheson, Stornoway; 3, John Macleod, Glasgow. Choral Singing, 1, Dundee; 2, Oban and Inverness Choirs (equal). Choral Singing, 1, Stornoway; 2, Easdale, Argyll. Choral Singing (confined to ladies' choirs), 1, Stornoway; 2, Edinburgh. Quartette Singing, 1, Perth (No. 1); 2, Perth (No. 2.) Solo singing with clarsach accompaniment, Mary Ann Mackechnie, Dunblane. Gaelic Airs on the Clarsach, Mrs. Martin, Ireland. Solo Singing (Rob Donn's songs), 1, Margaret E. Stewart Moodie, Edinburgh, 2, Miss Thorburn, Dundee; 3, John Macleod, Glasgow; 4, Malcolm Campbell, Glasgow. Solo Singing, Mrs. Bisset, Perth. Solo Singing (Orain Mhor), John Macleod, Glasgow. Choral Competition (juniors) Poolewe Gaelic Choir. Solo Singing (juniors, females) 1, Maggie M. Duncan, Glasgow; 2, Maggie Maclennan, Poolewe; (males), 1, Kenneth J. Macrae, Inverness; 2, Charlie Macdougall, Inverness. Duet, 1, Margaret E. Stewart Moodie and Kate Bruce, Edinburgh; 2, Miss Rodgers, Dundee, and Mr. Allan. Duet of any song by Rob Donn, 1, Mrs. Bisset and Miss Stewart, Perth; 2, Miss Whyte and Mr. J. Macleod, Glasgow; 3, Miss Macrae and Miss Thomson, Perth. Humourous Song, 1, J. H. Matheson, Stornoway; 2, Mrs. Sim, Edinburgh. Recitation, (seniors), 1, Mary Mackinnon, Oban; 2, J. Macfadyen, Glasgow. Recitation (juniors), 1, Maggie Duncan, Glasgow; 2, Jessie Ferguson, Morven; 3, Ronald Gillies, Morven. Reading, 1, M. A. Mackechnie, Dunblane; 2, Mary Mackinnon, Oban; 3, John Macaskill, Inverness. Conversation, to be carried on between the competitors and judges, Kenneth Mackenzie, Poolewe, and Katie Ann Johnstone, Morven (equal). Speech in the Gaelic Language, John Macaskill, Inverness. Violin Playing, Gaelic air, strathspey, and reel, on the violin, 1, D. Mackenzie, Inverness; 2, Frances Arthur, Dundee; 3, Daisy Taylor, Glasgow.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT takes place in Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., on Thursday, 29th October, 1903. A splendid programme has been arranged, and we have no doubt the hall will be crowded, as on all former occasions.

DEATH OF W. A. MACKINNON OF ACRYSE, CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACKINNON.—The Clan Mackinnon have lost their chief, who passed away at a venerable age. He had a highly distinguished career. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Major F. A. Mackinnon, who has, since its institution, taken an active interest in the work of the clan society. He is extremely popular among his clansmen. His wife, (the Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon) shares her husband's enthusiasm in clan matters, and takes a leading part in the philanthropic work of the clan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

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VINDICATION OF SIR HECTOR MACDONALD.

IT does not necessarily follow that because a man shrinks from facing a charge against his honour, and may even take his life rather than occupy the the position of defender in such circumstances, he must be guilty, and a knowledge of the fact prompts the fatal deed. The great majority of Hector Macdonald's countrymen refused to believe that he was guilty, and felt convinced that he had been the victim of jealous and false tongues. This generous conviction has now been proved to be well founded, and we have it on the authority of six commissioners who investigated the charges, that Sir Hector was entirely innocent, and that he had been foully slandered. In the face of this vindication, what satisfactory excuse can the late Governor of Ceylon make for his suggestive and insinuating speech in the legislative chamber. It is only too evident that there was a decided animus, a desire to injure the absent soldier at a time when he was not in a position to reply. The shame of the cruel deed lies with the men who could be so base and unmanly as to impugn the good name of such a gallant and honourable soldier. It is to be hoped the names of those who originated the charges will be made public, so that Scotsmen may know who were the real assassins of Sir Hector. That the commissioners have vindicated the spotless reputation of our Highland hero, is a consummation which will be greatly appreciated by Scotsmen in all parts of the globe.

A spirited poem entitled, "At last! To the stainless memory of Sir H. A. Macdonald," by Miss Alice C. Macdonell, of Keppoch, will appear in our next issue.

The following is the report:—

The decision of the Colombo Commissioners on Sir Hector Macdonald:—

Government Buildings, Colombo,
29th June, 1903.

In reference to the grave charges made against the late Sir Hector Macdonald, we, the appointed and undersigned Commissioners, individually and collectively declare on oath that, after the most careful, minute, and exhaustive inquiry and investigation of the whole circumstances and facts connected with the sudden and unexpected death of the late Sir Hector Macdonald, unanimously and unmistakably find absolutely no reason or crime whatsoever which would create feelings such as would determine suicide, in preference to conviction of any crime affecting the moral and irreproachable character of so brave, so fearless, so glorious, and unparalelled a hero; and we firmly believe the cause which gave rise to the inhuman and cruel suggestions of crime were prompted through vulgar feelings of spite and jealousy in his rising to such a high rank of distinction in the British army; and, while we have taken the most reliable and trustworthy evidence from every accessible and conceivable source, have without hesitation come to the conclusion that there is not visible the slightest particle of truth in foundation of any crime, and we find the late Sir Hector Macdonald has been cruelly assassinated by vile and slandering tongues. While honourably acquitting the late Sir Hector Macdonald of any charge whatever, we cannot but deplore the sad circumstances of the case that have fallen so disastrously on one whom we have found innocent of any crime attributed to him.

(Signed) ANGUS MACDONALD.
DR. MATHEW WILSON.
DR. D. MACNAUGHTON.
JAMES BRODIE.
GERALD HEATHCOTE.
ARTHUR LANG.

THE FISHING FLEET.

BEYOND the harbour calm
The wild sea-horses leap;
The fishing fleet sails on,
Out to the stormy deep.
Oh, the boats go sailing, sailing,
And the women's hearts are failing,
Are failing them for fear;
As the boats go sailing, sailing,
I hear a sound like wailing—
Of prayers for those most dear.

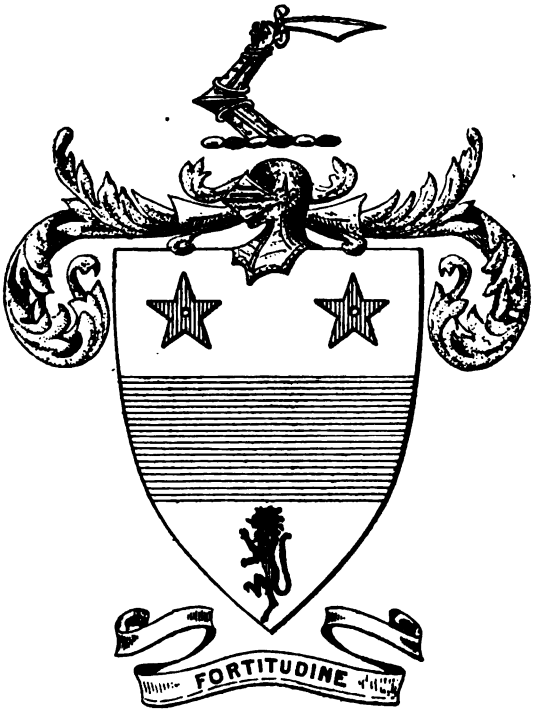
But One above doth hear
The cries of mothers, wives;
Who stilled the stormy waves,
Will watch o'er loved one's lives;
Oh, the boats go sailing, sailing,
And the women's hearts are failing,
Are failing them for fear;
As the boats go onward sailing,
I hear a sound like wailing—
Of prayers for near and dear.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE OLAN MACRAE.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACRAE, B A.

Author of "The History of the Clan Macrae."



Macrae.

Legends and Traditions of the Clan Macrae.—How the Macraes first came to Kintail.—How St. Fillan became the Greatest of Physicians and made the inhabitants of Kintail strong and healthy.—How Ellandonan Castle came to be built.

LIKE every other clan, the Macraes of Kintail had their own legends and traditions, and in olden time their country was more than usually rich, even for the Highlands, in poetry, legend, and historic lore. It was formerly a well-known and universal custom in the Highlands for the people of a township to meet together in some central house in the long winter evenings, and pass much of the time in singing songs and reciting tales. This custom, which has survived to a certain extent in some districts down to our own times, was called the Ceilidh, a word which means a meeting for social intercourse and conversation, and it is needless to say that at such meetings the Seanachaidh or reciter of ancient lore, who could relate his tales in fluent, sonorous language, and with a due admixture of homely, dramatic dialogue, a thing to which the Gaelic language so effectively lends itself, was a man whose company was always welcome. The Seanachaidh has now given place very largely to the political newspaper and other cheap forms of literature, and it may be questioned if, in itself, the change is altogether for the better. At all events, the reciter of Highland folklore endeavoured to entertain his listeners with tales of the courage, devotion and chivalry which go to make a true hero, and to young, impressionable minds the effect of this could hardly fail to be, at least, as wholesome as the ceaseless appeal to human selfishness and covetousness which too frequently forms the chief stock-in-trade of the political newspaper.

In this chapter an effort is made to preserve a few of the old legends and traditions of Kintail, and they are given almost in the very words in which they were communicated to the author by men who know Kintail and its people, and who, in almost every case, heard them related by old men at the Ceilidh many years ago. There is no attempt made to harmonise them, even when possible to do so, with the actual facts of the historic incidents to which they refer, and the reader will readily recognise some of them as local versions of legends which may be found in other lands as well as in the Highlands, but they are interesting as showing the light in which the people of the country looked upon their own history, and they serve to illustrate the wholesome pride of the clan in its own heroes, as well as their appreciation of the man of courage, presence of mind, and prompt action, who was bold and fearless in the face of a foe, loyal to his chief, true to every trust, as well as humane and gentle to the weak and helpless who were in any sense dependent upon him. It is not pretended for a single moment that such traits of character were universal in the Highlands any more than in other places, but they constituted the standard of life and conduct at which the true man was expected to aim, and it was only in as far as he succeeded in reaching that standard that his memory was held worthy of an honoured place in the traditions of his clan and country.

HOW THE MACRAES FIRST CAME TO KINTAIL.

Once upon a time, in Ireland, three young men of the Fitzgerald family, called Colin Fitzgerald,* Gillein na Tuaigh, and Maurice Macrath were present at a wedding, and partook somewhat freely of the good cheer which was provided for the guests. On the way home they got so seriously implicated in a quarrel that they thought it prudent to seek safety in flight.

*Colin Fitzgerald was the reputed founder of the Clan Mackenzie, and Gillein na Tuaigh of the Clan Maclean.

While crossing a ferry they took violent possession of the ferryman's boat, and putting out to sea with it they sailed across to Scotland. They landed at Ardnamurchan, and gradually made their way across the country to the Aird of Lovat. On arriving there late in the night, and very tired, they lay down under a hedge to rest until the morning before deciding what their next step was to be. But in the early morning they were awakened from their sleep by the clang of arms, and found two men engaged in a fierce fight quite near them. It turned out that one of these men was Bisset, the Lord of Lovat, while his antagonist was a redoubtable bully who, in consequence of some dispute, had challenged him to mortal combat. Maurice, observing that Bissett was on the point of being vanquished, proposed to go to his aid, but the other two thought it would be wiser and more prudent not to do so, as they did not know the merits of the case, and had already been obliged to leave their country through thoughtless interference in a quarrel which did not concern them. Maurice, however, would not be persuaded, and going to Bisset's assistance he cut off the bully's head with one blow. Bissett then invited his unexpected deliverer to his house, and being favourably impressed by him he offered him an important post in his service, and gave him the lands of Clunes to settle on. When the Frasers became Lords of Lovat the Macrae family was still living at Clunes, and the head of the family was appointed Lord Lovat's chief forester. One day there happened to be a great hunting expedition in the Lovat forest, and among those who took part in it was a bastard son of Lovat, who began to abuse Macrae for not giving his hounds a better chance. One of Macrae's sons, called John, who happened to be present at the time, took up the quarrel on behalf of his father, who was an old man, and settled the matter by killing the bastard. As the old man had rendered him so much loyal and valuable service in the past Lovat decided to overlook this unfortunate mishap, but at the same time advised him to send his sons out of the country, at all events for a time, for fear of the vengeance of the Fraser family. The four sons took the hint and quietly left the Lovat country. They journeyed together as far as Glenmoriston, and at a place called Ceann a Chnuic (the end of the hillock) they parted. One of them, called Duncan, went to Argyllshire, married the heiress of Craignish, and became the ancestor of the Craignish Campbells. Another, called Christopher, went to Easter Ross. The third, who was called John, went to Kintail and spent his first night there in the house of a man called Macaulay, at Achnagart. He was such a restless man that they called him Ian Carrach, which means twisting or fidgety John. Macaulay's daughter, however, fell in love with him and persuaded him to remain there. In course of time they were married. Their first child was born at Achnagart, and he was the first Macrae born in Kintail. The family of Ian Carrach was one of the chief families of Kintail until Malcolm Mac Ian Charrich, Constable of Ellandonan, lost his influence by supporting Hector Roy's claim for the estates of Kintail against John of Killin. A fourth son of Macrae of Clunes, called Finlay, after wandering about for some time, finally made his way to Kintail and settled there near his brother John. He was called Fionnla Mor nan Gad.† Fionnla Mor nan Gad was the ancestor of Fionnla Dubh Mac Gillechriosd, with whom the recorded genealogy of the Macraes of Kintail commences.

HOW ST. FILLAN BECAME THE GREATEST OF PHYSICIANS, AND MADE THE INHABITANTS OF KINTAIL STRONG AND HEALTHY.

While St. Fillan was travelling on a pilgrimage in France with a hazel staff from Kintail in his hand, he went one day into the house of an alchemist. The alchemist told the Saint he would give him a fortune if he would bring him to France what was under the sod where the hazel staff grew. Upon being questioned by St. Fillan the alchemist explained that under that sod there was a white serpent, of which he wished very much to get possession. St. Fillan then undertook to go in search of the serpent, and the alchemist gave him the necessary instructions how to capture it. When St. Fillan reached the spot where the hazel staff had been cut, at the north-east end of Loch Long, he kindled a fire and placed a pail of honey near it. The warmth of the fire soon brought a large number of serpents out of their holes, and among them the white serpent, which was their King. Being attracted by the smell of the honey, the white serpent crawled into the pail. Fillan then seized the pail and ran away with it, followed by an ever-increasing number of serpents, anxious to rescue their King. The Saint knew he would not be safe from their pursuit until he had crossed seven running streams of water. The river Elchaig was the seventh stream on his way, and when he crossed it he felt that he was now safe. When he reached the top of a small hill called Tulloch nan deur (the hill of tears) he paused for a short rest, and composed a Gaelic

†The meaning of Gad here is doubtful, it usually means a withe or switch, but in this case it may possibly mean spear. See Macbain's Gaelic Dictionary.

hymn or song, of which the following verse is all that appears to be known—

'S mi 'm sheasidh air Tulloch nan deur,
Gun chraicionn air meur na bonn,
Ochadan! a raigh nan rann,
'S fhada 'n Fhraing bho cheann Loch Long.*

St. Fillan then continued his journey, and when he arrived at the end of it, the alchemist took the pail containing the honey and the serpent, put it in a cauldron to boil, and left the Saint alone for a little to watch over it, giving him instructions at the same time that if he saw any bubbles rising to the surface he was on no account to touch them. The alchemist was not long gone when a bubble rose, and Fillan thoughtlessly put his finger on it. As the bubble burst it gave out such a burning heat that he suddenly drew his finger back and put it in his mouth to allay the pain, but no sooner did he do so than he felt himself becoming possessed of miraculous healing powers. This was how St. Fillan became the greatest physician of his age. The alchemist intended to get this power from the white serpent for himself, but when he returned to his cauldron he found that all the virtue had gone out of it. St. Fillan then returned to Kintail with his newly-acquired power, which he used among the people in such a way that in watching over their spiritual health he remembered their bodily health also, and so made them strong and well-favoured among their neighbours.

HOW ELLANDONAN CASTLE CAME TO BE BUILT.

In olden times there lived in Kintail a wealthy chief of the same race as the Mathesons, who had an only son. When the son was born he received his first drink out of the skull of a raven, and this gave him the power to understand the language of birds. He was sent to Rome for his education, and became a great linguist. When he returned to Kintail his father asked him one day to explain what the birds were saying. "They are saying," replied the son, "that one day you will wait upon me as my servant." The father was so annoyed at this explanation that he turned his son out of the house. The son then joined a ship which was bound for France. Having learned on his arrival in France that the King was very greatly annoyed and disturbed by the chirping of birds about the palace, he went and offered to help the King to get rid of them. The King accepted the offer, and the adventurer explained to him that the birds had a quarrel among themselves, which they wished the King to settle for them. By the help of his visitor the King succeeded in settling the dispute to the entire satisfaction of the birds, and was troubled by them no more. In gratitude for this relief the King gave his deliverer a fully-manned ship for his own use, and with this ship he sailed to far distant lands, but no land was so distant that he could not understand and speak the language of the people.

On one occasion, in the course of a very long voyage, he met a native King, whom he greatly pleased with his interesting conversation. The King invited him to dine at the royal palace, but when he got to the palace he found it was so infested with rats that the servants had the very greatest difficulty in keeping them away from the table. Next time the adventurer visited the palace he brought a cat from the ship with him, under his cloak, and when the rats gathered round the table he let the cat loose among them. The King was so pleased with the way in which the cat drove the rats away, that in exchange for the cat he gave his guest a hogshead full of gold. With this gold the wanderer returned to Kintail, after an absence of seven years, and anchored his ship at Totaig. The arrival of such a magnificent ship caused a considerable sensation, and when the owner presented himself at his father's house, as a man of rank from a distant country, he was received with great hospitality. His father, who failed to recognise him, waited upon him at table, and thus fulfilled the prophecy of the birds. The son then made himself known to his father, and a birth-mark he bore between his shoulders proved his identity to the entire satisfaction of the people, who received him with enthusiasm, as the long lost heir. His ability and knowledge of the world afterwards brought him into the favour and confidence of King Alexander II., who commissioned him to build Ellandonan Castle to protect the King's subjects in those parts against the encroachments of the Danes. *(To be continued.)*

*Standing on the hill of tears with skinless soles and toes,
Alas! O King of verses, far is France from the head of Loch Long.

GAELIC PLACE-NAMES IN BRAEMAR.

BY MISS L. E. FARQUHARSON, OF INVERCAULD.

THE Editor of the "*Celtic Monthly*" has kindly given me his permission to continue the notes upon Gaelic Place Names in Braemar, commenced in the February number of the magazine. Unlearned and disjointed as was the first paper, there were those who professed themselves as interested, and one correspondent even has suggested alternative readings. These will be noticed further on. My chief reason for desiring to write a second paper is that I have again read through Mr. J. B.

Johnston's excellent work "Place Names in Scotland," and have gathered all that he has to say on our local place names.

As only a very small number are explained by him, Charles Coutts' efforts to preserve upwards of sixty old meanings are not altogether worthless. Moreover in his Preface Mr. Johnston urges that "if it is highly desirable to ascertain the old spelling of a name, it is almost equally desirable that we should know its old native pronunciation. Wherever you can get a native Gael to pronounce a name, listen carefully, such a proceeding will save many a time from writing or talking nonsense."

I will endeavour as far as possible to give in full the fifteen paragraphs and names relating to Deeside mentioned by Mr. Johnston, with any alternative readings from my MSS. with the further advantage of some valuable information supplied by the Rev. William Gordon of Braemar and the Rev. Mr. Michie of Dinnet, whose long residence amongst us enables them to quote from storehouses of knowledge, closed alas! to any now taking interest in the matter. The fifteen Deeside places mentioned in Mr. Johnston's book are as follows and they will be commented upon in the order named—Aberarder, Avon, Balmoral, Ballater, Cairnaquheen, Cairngorm, Cairntoul, Clunie, Crathie, Dee, Gairn, Glenmuick, Glenshee, Lochnagar, and Ben Maick Dhui.

(1) "Aberarder. Gaelic, abhir-aird-dùr; old Gaelic, dobhar, confluence on the height over the water." Now to accept this reading we must be certain that the final syllable was originally dùr or dobhar, the first being certainly given in MacAlpine's Dictionary as an obsolete word for water. Aber, the Brythonic prefix, is certainly a "confluence or at the mouth" but to one who knows the spot and studies the surroundings there is no striking "confluence at the height over the water." High up in the Deer Forest, near what is known as the Balloch Dearg or Red Pass, rises a burn called the Fearder. It runs down a glen of the same name, past "Achadh dà Mheann" the field of the two kids, past Balmore and Balclaggan and receives the water from the Moss of Aberarder, and three-quarters of a mile further on enters the Dee at a place always called "The Inver" giving a strange instance of the Brythonic Aber and the Gaelic Inver within a short distance of each other.

The hill between the Moss of Aberarder and the Fearder Glen is rather a low one and the place where the Aberarder water joins the Feardar is a wide flat meadow, therefore "the height over the water" does not seem to suit the situation very well. Charles Coutts translates Fearder thus—"Glen Fiardir, from 'fiar' oblique and 'dir' to ascend. Probably derived from the 'Pass of the Balloch dearg,' meaning that the Glen ascends obliquely up to the Red Pass.

Is there the possibility of an elipsed "Fh" in Aberarder, thus making it the mouth of the Fearder Glen? It seems a less remote derivation than the old Gaelic "Dobhar" although the name Aberarder dates back to the fifteenth century when "Donald, Farquhar Beg's son, married Isabell only child to Stewart of Invercauld and Aberarder, and got with her the said lands."*

"Fiar" oblique, and "dir" to ascend, are traceable in the dictionary and Mr. Michie considers there is no sound objection to the initial F as explained, and that Aberfearder may quite well be the original form. One other rendering has been put forward "Feur-dur" the water or stream that runs through good grass land, or Feur-tir, grass land, for the grazing is very good at the mouth of the valley. Here there is a wealth of evidence to choose from.

(2) "Avon River and Lake. The loch is pronounced A'an; the river is probably the Haefe in the old English Chronicle, ann. 710. Strathaver in Sim. Durham (1180) is Ovania; Gaelic Abhuinn, water, river; Welsh, Afon (for Anton now Avon, tributary of R. Severn, in Tacitus-Annals XII. 31 should be read Anfona). Same root is seen in Guadiana in Spain, in Dan-ube and in Punj-aub (five rivers) and probably in Aa, name of several European rivers. Evan in Tweed-dale is the same word, Five Avons in South Britain."

Mr. Johnston does not mention that there is a mountain of the same name, Ben Avon, pronounced in common with the loch and river A'an or Aun. Water may be said to rival battles in the number of forms it takes. Besides those mentioned above we have amhuinn, the modern Gaelic form. Abhuinn is the Irish which becomes Owen, and there is Uisg with its numberless derivations, Uisk, Esk, Usk, Ax, Ex, Ox, Ux, Isis and Ouse. In Ireland we find the letter 'h' often obtruding itself, and an address given the other day in Co. Galway as Bunnahowen, resolves itself with Dr. Joyce's assistance into the old familiar "mouth of a river."

(3) Balmoral, probably "House by the big cliff or rock; Gaelic, Mor al or aill." Aill is the dictionary word for cliff, yet in a narrow valley surrounded by hills it is hard to say which house or "town" is more particularly near a "big cliff" than another. Craig Gowan behind Balmoral is much lower than many of the neighbouring hills. Neither Mr. Michie nor Mr. Gordon think any of the suggested renderings are good. "Bal-mor-aol," big house of the lime; Bal-morail," biggest house. I used to be told "town of the great field" the valley being fertile

*Records of Invercauld—p. 6.

here as compared to the heather and pine-covered district higher up. "Dal" I suppose being the word to represent field "Aol"; Lime might have referred to the house being whitened with lime, but I agree with Mr. Gordon it is a far-fetched derivation.

(4) "Ballater, village on the slope; Gaelic, 'leitir' from 'leth,' a half or part, and 'tir' land." Here Mr. Gordon agrees with me that seeing Ballater to be built in a broad flat valley between hills and none of the old village being on a slope, that this is rather an unlikely derivation. He suggests "Beul-eader," the mouth or pass into the open country. Considering the Pass of Ballater's well known position as the entrance to the Braemar Highlands, a man coming from the upper valley would naturally consider the Pass conversely as the entrance to the "open country."

(5) "Cairnaquheen, cairn of memory or recollection; Gaelic 'càrn-na-cuimhne.' It was the rendez-vous of the country-side."

Charles Coutts calls it Carn-cuimhne, cairn of remembrance, and thus it is always called locally. "I could never learn when or by whom the cairn was erected but it is of ancient date. Carn-cuimhne was the war-cry or slogan of the Crathie men, especially the Farquharsons of Monaltrie." Thus Coutts reveals he was not aware of the legend that the cairn was composed by the warriors each placing a stone before they started on a warlike enterprise, that those who returned took away their stones, the remainder marking the number of slain. That there is no foundation for this seems fairly certain, and yet the legend clings as legends will. It is to be hoped that Cairnacuimhe, *not* Cairnaquheen will be the form of the word to survive.

(6) "Cairngorm, mountain, green cairn or hill; Gaelic, green as grass, blue."

(7) "Cairntoul; Gaelic, carntuathal (pro. tooal) northern cairn, from 'tuath' north, but 'carrantual' Killarney, is from Irish, 'tuathail' left-handed, meaning hill like a reverted sickle-carran."

Dr. Joyce describes Carrantuohill as descending on the Killarney side by a curved edge, which the spectator catches in profile, all jagged and serated with great masses of rock projecting like teeth. "Tuathail" means left-handed as regards direction (a left-handed person is "ciotach") and so applies to anything reversed from its proper direction, thus Carrantuohill is "the reversed reaping-hook" because the teeth are on a convex instead of a concave edge." Now however much this may describe the Irish mountain, no Braemar man will recognise his Cairntoul. In the same way it might be a northern cairn to Deeside ideas but from Speyside it would be a cairn to the south. Here then is an instance where local tradition may be of use and here again we have two opinions on the matter. One Mr. Gordon had years ago from John Downie of Tomintoul, Braemar, whose memory and knowledge of Gaelic went back very far indeed, "Carn-an-dà-tholl," the cairn of two hollows or crevices. The "Carrantuohill" version was given by Mr. Copland in a number of the *Cairngorm Journal* this year, and Mr. Gordon's translation was given in a footnote. Should anyone fail to be satisfied they may be inclined to agree with Mr. Michie. "Cairntoul" the *Spy Cairn* or *Watch Tower*.

"Glengeuschan, the narrow glen into which the waters from the mountains drain on the south flant, used in olden times to be termed "The Cateran's Pass," and the mountain top may have got its name from its having commanded a view of this Pass, for I believe *toul* or *soul* sight (the t and s are commutable letters in Gaelic) designates a place or point from which a good view is to be got of the surrounding country—an important consideration in primitive ages, when cattle and cattle-lifting formed man's support and pastime." This is in substance what Mr. Michie writes, and "Tomintoul," the height from which a good view is to be got" readily presents itself to the mind as a well known instance of the same word. Lately "Bellevue" has been rendered in Highland Braemar as Shole Braevardgh and here again, however mis-spelt, is to be recognised Suil, eye, sight, view. I leave Gaelic scholars to choose between carn-an-dà tholl and Cairntoul or suil.

(8) "Clunie; Gaelic and Irish, cluain or cluan, a meadow." No less than sixty examples of words derived from Cluain are recorded in Dr. Joyce's Irish Book of Place-names. The best known is Clon-mac-nois, the old Pagan name of St. Kieran's foundation and which he wisely never altered, "The meadow of the sons of Nos." The name occurs "Cluain moccu-nois,' in an eighth century MS.

But here Charles Coutts has another rendering. "Craig Cluaine, pronounced Clunie, the word has different meanings, which are, a green field, a bower, or place of ambush, or a place of safety; for in a difficult place among the rocks of Craig Clunie is the remains of an ancient building, where important documents and even men were concealed in times of trouble, and hence the name Cluaine, safety."

In the dictionary Cluain is given "pacification quietness" and Mr. Gordon reminds me of "Air clunaibh glas le sith" of the twenty-third Psalm —in pastures green with peace. Certainly Craig Cluny rises above a meadow or pasture, and as certainly the reputed hiding-place or place of safety for the men of Braemar was in a crevice (rather than a building) in its precipitous and rocky sides. *(To be concluded).*

The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XVII.—The Menzies and the MacIntyres.

ACCORDING to Skene and other authorities the original name of this family was Meyners, and they appear to be of Lowland origin. "Their arms and the resemblance of name," says Skene, "distinctly point them out to be a branch of the English family of Manners, and consequently their Norman origin is undoubted." "The root of the name," says Dr. Macbain, Inverness, who has made a special study of Highland names, "is 'man' of 'mansion' and 'manor' and the name is allied to Manners and Mainwaring." In Gaelic an individual member of the clan is called *Mèinn*, thus James Menzies would be known locally in Gaelic as *Seumas Mèinn*, while the clan collectively are *Na Meinneirich*, and the chief of the clan *Am Meinnearach*. While the Menzies cannot claim a Gaelic origin the clan has been so long resident in Perthshire that they have come to be recognised as a Highland clan.

The hereditary pipers of the clan were a sept of MacIntyres long connected with the Badenoch district and claiming the protection of Clan Chattan. These Badenoch MacIntyres were regarded of old as the bards of Clan Chattan, and to one of them is attributed the Erse Epitaph in joint commendation of Farquhar vic Conchie and William vic Lachlan, Badenoch, 12th or 13th laird of Mackintosh. These MacIntyre pipers ultimately lived in Rannoch. Donald *Mor*, the first of whom we have any account, was piper to Menzies of Menzies. His son John learned with Patrick *Og* MacCrimmon at the college of Dunvegan, and is known as the author of the "Field of Sheriffmuir," 1715. His son Donald *Bàn* followed the same profession and left two sons, Robert and John. Robert became piper to the late Macdonald of Clanranald, after whose death he went to America. "John died," says Angus Mackay, writing in 1838, "about three years ago in Rannoch, leaving a son Donald who has a farm, Allarich, at the top of Loch Rannoch."

These MacIntyres were succeeded by a piper of the name of Dewar, who in turn was succeeded by John MacGregor, who was related to the famous "*Clann an Sgeulaiche*" pipers of Glenlyon. He died in 1890 and was succeeded by his son Neil, who now holds the position There is in possession of the clan an old set of bagpipes which, it is said, were played at Bannockburn.* This is very doubtful as we have no authentic record that the *pìob mhór* was heard on that historic occasion; they were certainly not common in the Highlands till some centuries later. Among the best known pipe tunes associated with the clan are "*Thàinig mo Righ air tir 'am Mùideart*"—My King has landed in Moidart, composed by John MacIntyre on the landing of Prince Charlie in 1745. The Gaelic words usually associated with the tune are—

> "Thainig mo Righ air tìr 'am Mùideart,
> Tha iad ag ràitinn, tha iad ag ràitinn,
> Thainig mo Righ air tìr 'am Mùideart
> Teàrlach Stiùbhart Rìgh nan Gàidheal."

"*Fàilte nam Meinnearach*"—The Menzies' Salute—was also composed by John MacIntyre son of Donald MacIntyre, Rannoch. The foregoing tunes are to be found in Angus Mackay's Collection of *Piobaireachd*, first published in 1838. In David Glen's "Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd" we have, published for the first time, a tune called "*Piobaireachd nam Meinnearach*,"—The Menzies' Pibroch.

Much of the music of this clan was composed for the fiddle, and we had the pleasure of perusing a list of over seventy compositions, chiefly reels and strathspeys, associated with the clan, compiled by Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., who has some intentions of publishing a collection of the music of his clan. The musical genius of the clan is well represented at present by Mr. Archd. Menzies, S.S.C., Edinburgh, author of the "Taymouth Quadrilles" and various other musical pieces. *A h-ùile latha dha!*

The MacIntyres.

Having referred to the Sept of MacIntyres who were hereditary pipers to the Clan Menzies it may not be out of place to deal with the martial music of the Argyllshire MacIntyres. To this clan we are indebted for one of our finest quicksteps—so fine indeed that it has been coveted by many and attached by several of our Highland clans. The tune, "*Gabhaidh sinn an Rathad mòr*"—We will take the Highway—is one of our best known and deservedly popular quicksteps we possess. It is to be found in many collections of pipe music under such names as "The Stewarts' March," "The Highway," "The Sherra'muir March," etc. There is, however, sufficient evidence to show that the tune and the oldest set of Gaelic words set to it, are associated with the Clan MacIntyre, whose territory lay around the base of Ben Cruachan, and by the shores of Loch Awe. The village of Cladich, Lochawe, was at one time almost entirely inhabited by MacIntyres, who carried on an extensive weaving industry; a speciality with them was the production of

*See "Celtic Monthly," Vol. IX., p. 231.

very finely woven hose and garters, which were made in every clan tartan. The oldest set of Gaelic words associated with the tune which is claimed as the MacIntyres' March refer to this clan and the village of Cladich. They are as follows :—

THE MACINTYRES' MARCH.

KEY G. *Lively, with marked time.*

s ., l	: s ., f	| m ., f	: s
Gabhaidh sinn an		rathad	mòr,
r ., m	: f ., m	| r ., m	: f
Gabhaidh sinn an		rathad	mòr,
s ., l	: s ., f	| m ., f	: s
Gabhaidh sinn an		rathad	mòr,
d ., r	: m ., d	| r	: d *Fine.*
Olc air	mhath le	càch	e.
m ., d	: d ., r	| m ., d	: m
Olc air	mhath le	luchd-nam-braoisg,	
f ., r	: r ., m	| f ., r	: f
Olc air	mhath le	luchd-nam-braoisg,	
m ., d	: d ., r	| m ., d	: m.s
Olc air	mhath le	luchd-nam-braoisg,	
d ., r	: m ., d	| r	: d *D.C.*
Bha mi'n	raoir an	Clàd -	aich.

Mar ri cuideachda mo ghaoil,
Mar ri cuideachda mo ghaoil,
Mar ri cuideachda mo ghaoil,
Clann-an-t-Saoir à Clàdaich,
Gabhaidh sinn, etc., etc.

The first verse or chorus is a declaration of independence, and a determination to take the highway, despite of all opposition, while the second verse contains a jeering reference to the Clan Campbell as "*luchd-nam-braoisg*"—or wry-mouthed—who were powerful in the neighbourhood, and likely to resent such independence on the part of the weaker clan. The third verse indicates the cause of this feeling of independence on the part of the singer—he had spent the night in the company of his clansmen, the MacIntyres of Cladich. This tune became very popular and was early appropriated by the Stewarts of Appin, with whom the MacIntyres were frequently associated in offensive and defensive warfare.

There is another MacIntyre tune in Thomason's *Ceòl Mòr* entitled "The MacIntyre's Salute—*Fàilte Mhic an t-Saoir*.

OLLA OIOTAOH MAC GHILLEASBUIG.

LEIS AN OLLA MAC FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

(Air a leantuinn).

RE nam bliadhnachan 1606 gu 1615 an uair a bha na Domhnallaich, le cuideachadh chàirdean, a' stri r'an greim a ghleidheadh air Ile cha robh aon 'n am measg a dhearbh e fhéin cho gleusta 's cho teòma ri Colla. Bha an duine, gu nàdurra, foghainteach, misneachail, seòlta; 's cha do chuir a choguis riamh a bheag de dhragh air. Cha'n fhairicheadh a cholunn no inntinn sgìos no taise. Bu choingeis leis muir is tìr. Bha e cho teòma leis a' ghunna 's a bha e leis a' chlaidheamh. Bha a theanga cho geur r' a lainn. B' e Caisteal Dhùn-naomhaig an t-aon daingneach air taobh deas Ile, ach neartaich na Domhnallaich Eilean Locha Guirm, sean daingneach Chloinn 'Illeathain. Thugadh Dun-naomhaig thairis do Easbuig *Knox* 's a' bhliadh na 1609—bha dùil aig Righ Seumas gu'n deanadh e fhéin 's an t-Easbuig nithe mòra 's na h-Eileanan mu'n àm so. Ach ann am fìorbheagan ùine bha na Domhnallaich 's an Dùn air an ais, agus air aon doigh eile ghleidh iad e fad dhà no thri de bhliadhnachan. Ach thainig cùisean gu ceann s a' bhliadhna 1614. Fhuair Tighearna Chaladair còir air Ile mu dheireadh, agus chuir an righ loingeas is feachd gu Dùn-naomhaig. B'e 'n geamhradh a bh' ann, 's cha b' ann gun dragh 's gun chunnart a bheirteadh long chogaidh gus a' chladach chreagach sin, no a chuirteadh gunnacha-mora is saighdearan air tìr. Rinn an Comanndair *Lambert* na dh' fhaodadh e gu toirt air na Domhnallaich géilleadh, agus mu dheireadh thainig Aonghus òg Domhnallach, bean Cholla, is feadhainn eile, fo làimh a' Chomanndair. Cha robh moran toinnisg an ceann Aonghuis Oig, ma's fhìor *Lambert*, ach mar a chuir eadh Colla ann. Fhuair Colla as. Theich e fhéin 's a chuid daoine 'n am birlinn, 's rinn iad an cuan dheth, get a bha na peilearan a' feadalaich mu'n cluasan. Thug iad gu tir mu choig mile o'n Dùn; bhris iad am bàta, agus sgaoil iad gach leth 's gach taobh. "Daoine comasach," sgriobh *Lambert*, "a ni sgath fhathast mu'm beirear orra." B' fhior dha. Thachair so 's an Fhaoilleach, 1615.

Thug Coll Eirinn air, ach cha b' ann 'na thàmh a bha e. Ann am beagan ùine ghlac e Dunnaomhaig air ais. Thug e cuairt feadh nan Eileanan 's an earrach so, agus tha cunntas againn air a dhoighean o litir a sgriobh Ruaraidh Mòr Dhunbheagain gu *Lord Binning* agus o chòmhdach fear *Williamson*, Eirionnach a ghlac Colla 's a ghleidh e gun taing 'n a sheirbhis fad deich seachduinean. Is gann a dh' fhàg e Eilean eadar Reachrainn is Irt anns nach do thadhail e,—Ile, Colasa, Muile, Cana, Uidhist, Irt, is

I-Chalum-Chille. Thug muinntir Uidhist lòn dha fhéin 's da chuid daoine, agus da *Philot* gu dol a dh' Irt. Chreach e Irt gu buileach. Thadhail e aig Eilean Bhoraraidh [*Burribaugh*] dlùth air Irt, is chòrd a' chreag ris gu gasda. Dheanadh i daingneach ro dhiongmhalta dha 'n a fheum. Cheannaich e fùdar is luaidhe an I-Chalum-Chille, Ghlac e air a chuairt bàta-iasgaich Eirionnach lan sìl, agus soitheach a bhuineadh do Ghlascho a bha luchdaichte le salann, fìon, beoir is uisge-beatha.

Mu 'n gann a bha Colla air ais o'n chuairt so fhuair Sir Seumas Domhnallach comas teicheadh à caisteal Dhùnéideann, agus ann an uine ghoirid bha e le a chàirdean ann an Eilean Eige, Colla le moran furain is gairdeachais air an ceann. Sheòl iad mu dheas, agus mu'n do ràinig iad Ile bha àireamh mhòr sluaigh leo. Rinneadh am beatha an Ile gu suilbhearra, 's bha fir Chinntìre deas gu éirigh leo. Bha an t-oighre dligheach 'nam measg aon uair eile, 's b'e rùn is dòchas nam Ileach gu'm biodh cùisean a rithist mar bha iad o shean—Ile fo na Domhnallaich. 'S e Mac Cailein a chuireadh a cheannsachadh na ceannairc so. Bha Caisteal Dhùn-naomhaig is daingneach Locha Guirm fo chomannda Cholla. Bhuadhaich Mac Cailein. Fhuair Sir Seumas, le beagan da chàirdean, comas teicheadh do dh' Eirinn. Sheòl iad à Port-na-h-aimhne ri oidhche ghealaich an deireadh a fhoghair, 1615. Goirid 'na dhéigh sin chaidh Sir Seumas thairis do'n Spàinn, An ceann bhliadhnachan fhuair e maitheanas, is cead tilleadh do Shasunn. Ach cha'n fhaca Ile riamh tuilleadh e. Chaochail e ann an Sasunn, 'na dhuine bochd, falamh ; gun oighreachd, gun oighre. Thainig riaghladh nan Domhnallach an Ile, far an robh an teaghlach 'n am beachd féin agus a réir coslais le firinn, an ùghdarras os cionn mile bliadhna, gu crich mu dheireadh. Bha Ile fo chasan nan Caimbeulach, daoine mu'n d' thuirt Sir Seumas ann an searbhadas anma "gu'm b'e am miann riamh a bhi 'g iasgach ann an uisge salach."

Chuir Iarla Earraghàidheal roinn de na reubalaich gu bàs mu'n d' fhàg e Ile, ach, chùis glé iongantach, cha robh Colla de'n àireamh, Theàruinn Mac Cailein an aon duine a bu chomasaiche 's a bu chiontaiche de na ceannaircich air an d' fhuair e greim, ach c'ar son? A reir a chunntais fhéin, thug e maitheanas do Cholla air chùmhanta gu'n liobhradh e an dà dhaingneach a bha fo òrdugh, agus gu'n cuidicheadh e le Mac Cailein na reubalaich a bha fhathast mu sgaoil air feadh Ile a ghlacadh. Rinn Colla so gu toileach. Dh' fhosgail e dorson Dhùn-naomhaig is Eilein Locha Guirm do'n Iarla, 's chaidh e mach gu dealasach a shealg cheannairceach. Ann an ùine ghoirid ghlac e Mac-a-Phì Cholasa 's àireamh de dhaoine inbheach eile, 's thug e thairis iad 'n am priosanaich. Chuir Mac Cailein cuid duibh so gu bàs, ach thug e Mac-a-Phì is naoinear no deichnear eile 'n am priosanaich do Dhuneideann, gu bhi fo mheachainn an lagha. Ghleidheadh Mac-a-Phì ùine an Dùnéideann, ach fhuair e as le 'bheatha is thill e dhachaidh do Cholasa.

(Ri leantuinn.)

THE FORTUNES OF AN EXILE.

BY I. K. RITCHIE.

Author of "In Love and Honour," "Dearer Far," etc

(Continued from page 235.)

CHAPTER III.

FATHER COLINSAY sat in his study with a letter from Ivan MacNeil laid out on the table before him.

It was six months since the emigrant ship had left Loch Garra, and very regularly since then Ivan had communicated with his home through the priest. Success had shone upon him from the first. At New York he had parted with most of his fellow-passengers, while some went westwards to form new settlements, and the women and girls, unfettered by ties of relationship, were recommended for occupation or drafted into domestic service, he and a few others found their new home in the city itself. It chanced that a big fur dealer of the name of MacNeil had had a quarrel with his workpeople, and he determined to discharge them all and have an entirely new staff, Scotsmen, if possible. And being charitably inclined, he made application to be allowed to interview the emigrants who were straight from the Outer Hebrides, islands to which he was remotely indebted for his birthright.

A MacNeil, as may readily be supposed, he acknowledged as having prior claims to all others, and to Ivan, although he was not the only one answering to that name, he seemed to accord the honour of a leader "of that ilk" from the first.

"You will have some capital fellows to compete with, I have no doubt," he said, evidently well-pleased with his new subordinates; "but serve me well, and it will not be my fault if you do not boss it over them all yet."

The fact was that Ivan's bright, straightforward manner had taken his fancy and the power of old clan feeling had done the rest. Ivan feared his lack of "the schooling" would be a stumbling-block in the way of advancement, but he wisely refrained from acquainting his patron of the exact extent of his knowledge, and in his spare time he set himself zealously to practice and improve his handwriting and his knowledge of spelling, and when he had gained a little surplus cash on which he could draw he took lessons in arithmetic, geography, and other subjects in which he was deficient. That he said

nothing about this in his letters home was partly owing to a delicacy in letting Father Colinsay know, and partly because he thought it would be a pleasant surprise to Joanna when the time came for them to be united again.

The contents of the letter which now lay before Colinsay were a great surprise to him. It was in the afternoon two days later that he found it convenient to walk to MacNeil's house to read the letter and receive Joanna's return messages to send to Ivan; but then a parish priest cannot be expected to be at the service of one person entirely, and Joanna might easily think herself well off to be in receipt of his kindness and to get Ivan's allotment in money without any personal trouble.

Little Mary was amusing herself on a footstool beside her grandmother when he entered; but after he had stroked her glossy curls and called her a clever little girl for answering one or two questions he put to her, Joanna told her to run out and play awhile. Father Colinsay had contrived to make it understood, without words, that he did not like curious young eyes regarding him as he brought forth Ivan's letters, and eager young ears drinking in every word he read. Perhaps it did not so much signify for the present, but the astute priest looked ahead when he might find it inconvenient that the child, upgrown and able to read and write, should be a witness of these periodical business visits. For this reason he had made it a practice to carry Ivan's letters away with him again. Although Joanna could not read, she had felt very anxious, at first, to keep each succeeding missive by her, but her dependence on Father Colinsay's goodwill kept her from expressing the wish, and both she and Granny, by degrees, became satisfied with the thought that it must be easier for him to answer the letters when he had them beside him.

Little Mary stood a moment or so in the doorway (as long, indeed, as she dared disobey her mother's order), regarding Colinsay with disappointed eyes and a petulant pout on her little mouth. The child's instinct is very keen and discriminating, the child's verdict quickly formed.

"He does not like me!" whimpered little Mary, "and I hate him."

She clenched her little hands and her brow was puckered into a despairing frown as she turned away from the house. But who was that coming down the hill, in the rich red cloth dress which Mary had many months ago decided was the most beautiful garb that was ever made? If there was no love lost between the little maid and Father Colinsay, the newcomer, at any rate fared differently in the child's affections. She ran forward as fast as her sturdy little legs could carry her, and precipitated herself, not into Flora MacAlister's arms, because that was a feat she could not accomplish, but against the skirt of that much admired red gown, and beat out a welcome there with her fat little fists in a way that showed she was a privileged protege indeed.

"How now, Mary?" laughed Flora, "whither away. Does mammy let her wee girlie run wild like this?"

"Her sent me out to play. Her had to 'tause Father Tolinsay's in an' he don't 'ike 'ittle girls," asserted the child, her heart still filled with resentment.

"Fie, fie!" admonished Flora, "I am sure Father Colinsay is fond of little Mary."

"He p'etends to be, but he iss not, weally," was the prim answer. "*Ou* 'ikes me; I see it in 'ou eyes, but Father Tolinsay 'ooks at me 'is way!" and the wee maiden imitated so well the priest's habit of looking sideways out of his drooped eyes that Flora could not repress a smile, and forgot to chide again.

"Perhaps Father Colinsay does not like big girls either," she said, "so I will not go in to see your mother to-day. Come and take a little walk with me, and tell me about Nelly and the others."

Nellie was the family pet, a very pretty terrior whose importance was periodically accentuated by her bringing on the scene two or three miniature facsimiles of herself, for whose future settlement in life Flora generously made herself responsible. Mary could prattle readily enough on this subject; how one little one was to be named Flora, in honour of the owner of the beautiful red gown, another Neil, and the third Ivan, after father.

"But father'll never see any o' them, 'tause we tant 'ford to keep three little doggies though they are so pretty," added the little one sagely.

"No, but father will not mind that when the dear little doggies have nice homes, and the money they are worth will help to bring him back home again," Flora told her; and baby though she was, Mary could grasp the truth of this suggestion; but she added ruefully, "Miss Flora, when the puppies are made so pwetty, don't you think we'll always be sorry when they have to go."

Then Flora told her a story about an old lady who had a great many pets, but was not really a good friend to them, for she could not attend to them all, and usually the law had to step in and restrict her foolish propensity, leaving only one or two little animals, who for a time were happy and comfortable, until little by little their mistress returned to her old habit, and paved the way for another action to be taken against her. Mary did not forget that story or its moral, and when the time came that she had to

part with Flora, and Neil, and Ivan, she was seen to fold her hands together and pray—"Please God, keep me from being like the foolish old woman."

Chapter IV.

"Mr. Colinsay, for your sake, I implore—for my own I command—desist!"

Flora's voice had little of its own sweet music in it as she spoke. It was full rather of indignation and contempt, though she had striven hard to let some feminine sympathy steal into her heart for the man she so thoroughly despised.

Five years had now sped by and time had divulged the priest's secret which Flora had, long ago, divined.

"I will renounce my creed, I will embrace your faith, I will even qualify as a minister of your own Church," he had declared.

But Flora turned from him with abhorrence, and it was then she cried "Mr. Colinsay, for your sake I implore, for my own I command—desist!"

Instead, he contrived to catch both her hands, and then slipped on his knees before her, "Flora, I love you—I adore you—I worship you!"

With a terrible effort of strength she wrenched herself from his grasp and would have fled from him down the hillside to continue her way home, in which she had been intercepted by Colinsay, had not natural pity constrained her to forget self, to pause a moment and urge him once more, for his own sake to forsake folly, to hear the voice of duty.

"Promise me to leave Loch Garra at once; change of scene will work wonders, believe me," she said. "A very few days will convince you of your error of judgment—will you try it?"

"You speak coldly like that when I tell you you are my sun—my soul—my life—my light! You advise me to go—you, to whom I have given my all! No! I will not go away—I will not give you up. I will stay here till you are glad to accept my love. You have spurned me as your slave—you shall bend to me as your king and master."

"Mr. Colinsay!" Flora ejaculated; then more calmly, "You cannot frighten me by any threats. I can only say I am very very sorry for you. You cannot know what you are saying. May God have mercy upon you and restore you to your right mind."

She tarried no longer now, but hurried away, and the priest, strangely calm after his wild ebullition of passion, taking an opposite direction, soon reached his chapel, and taking a key from his pocket, opened the door and entered. Outside, the building was very plain and unpretentious, but inside there was no little attempt at adornment. Within the last few years Colinsay had made it his aim to bring the furnishing and details as near perfection as possible. "Only the beautiful and chaste was worthy a place in the service of the Church," he preached, and many somewhat lax in energy had been spurred to aid him in his efforts. "But where had the bulk of the money come from?" was whispered by not a few. Those who were the priest's devoted followers answered that question by saying their spiritual pastor was one in a thousand—he would live on bread and water to save for the sanctuary. Others shook their heads and elevated their eyebrows, the report they believed was that Colinsay stinted himself in nothing. His footsteps were not heard now as he made his way towards the altar, for a soft pile carpet covered the stone aisle which had echoed to the clatter of the rough-shod Catholics of Loch Garra in former generations. The east window was newly completed, a very fair representation of the Virgin and Child; and apparently to scrutinize it was the object of Colinsay's visit.

He made a few notes in his pocket-book, carefully removed some specks of dust on the altar cloth; then suddenly, as suddenly as he had flung himself at Flora's feet, he knelt on the mosaic flooring beneath a crucifix, his eyes resting with a stern, commanding, rather than supplicating look on the sweet, compassionate features of the dying Christ. "Not my will, but Thine," is the prayer which will ever meet with acceptance there; but the burden of the priest's cry was "Give me my heart's desire."

"Holy Mary, bend her stubborn will that, like myself, she may become a humble suppliant at thy feet!"

"As she has scorned me so make her idolize me! Then will she no longer be as one out in the wilderness, but she will be led, and I will lead her to be taught of thee, O thou most holy among women!"

Thus he ejaculated in broken sentences, and outpoured the wild cravings of his heart, while the short April day waned and the shadows deepened in the little chapel, where only the truly beautiful was deemed worthy a place, but where alas! the designer of it all was desecrator!

(To be concluded.)

A Gifted Highland Composer.—The prize of £250 which was offered by the Carl Rosa Opera Coy. for the best English Opera, has been won by Mr. Colin MacAlpin, who, it will be remembered, set Miss Alice MacDonell's beautiful song "The Lad with the Bonnet of Blue" to such appropriate music. The Opera, which is entitled "The Crescent and the Cross," is to be produced in London this month. In our next issue we will give a poem by Miss MacDonell, treating of a Keppoch subject.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 2 Vol. XII.] *NOVEMBER, 1903.* [Price Threepence.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

MR. James Alexander Lovat-Fraser belongs to a branch of "The ancient and honourable clan of the Frasers," which settled in Nairnshire over a century ago. His great-grandfather was John Fraser of Alanaha, and his grand-uncle was Donald Fraser of Achovelgin. His paternal grandmother, Elizabeth Grant, was the sister of the Rev. Alexander Grant, D.D., a Gaelic preacher of much power, and the daughter of Hugh Grant, who was an infant in his father's house at Croy in Inverness-shire when it was looted by the Duke of Cumberland's soldiery after the battle of Culloden. Hugh Grant married Jane Clark, a descendant of the Clan Chattan. She was the daughter of William Clark of Berivan and Lydia Rose, who was sprung from the ancient house of Kilravock.

Born in 1868, Mr. Lovat-Fraser was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and graduated with honours in the classical tripos in 1888, becoming Master of Arts and Master of Laws in 1891. He subsequently read in the chambers of Mr. English Harrison, now an eminent King's Counsel, and was called to the English bar at the Inner Temple in 1890. He joined the South Wales circuit and Glamorgan sessions, on which he now practices.

Mr. Lovat-Fraser is an active politician. He is much in demand as a speaker at political gatherings, and alike on the platform, in the press, and as a writer of pamphlets, has done valuable service to the Unionist party. In the early nineties he was an energetic member of the London United Club, and was a familiar figure at political meetings in Lincolnshire and East Anglia. He was invited by the Rhondda Conservative Association to contest the Rhondda division of Glamorganshire at the General Election of 1890, but was compelled to decline the invitation. He has devoted considerable attention to literature. His speciality, if he has one, is the political history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and numerous articles from his pen have appeared in the *Academy*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other periodicals on the famous statesmen of the past two hundred years. His knowledge of the works and career of Disraeli in particular is exhaustive and minute. He is identified in South Wales with several social movements, and is a director of one of the Public House Trust Companies, inaugurated under the auspices of Earl Grey. He has frequently appeared in the Licensing Courts as counsel for the Glamorgan Public House Trust Company.

Mr. Lovat-Fraser takes a deep interest in all that concerns the Gael. There are probably few more deeply versed in Jacobite literature and history. If he had lived in the middle of the eighteenth century, he would have been a Jacobite as ardent as Bishop Forbes or Oliphant of Gask. He is the author of an interesting booklet, *The Suffering Episcopal Church*, dedicated to the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, in which he dwells on the Jacobite traditions of that communion. There runs through all that he writes a keen consciousness of the romance of Scottish story. He has said that the first books which his father placed in his hands as a child were the works of Sir Walter Scott, and the influence of the great magician has tinged his whole mental outlook. He is never happier than when roaming over the heather, visiting the haunts of the Jacobite fugitives or treading in the footsteps of Prince Charlie. Although he is resident for the most part out of Scotland, he is emphatically one whose "heart's in the Highlands."

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACRAE, B.A.

Author of "The History of the Clan Macrae."

(Continued from page 13).

How the great feud between Kintail and Glengarry began.—How Ian Breac Mac Mhaighster Fearachar made Lochiel retract a vow he had made against the men of Kintail.—Tradition about Muireach Fial.

THERE was once a famous archer of the Clan Macrae called Fionnla Dubh nam Fiadh* (Black Finlay of the Deer). He was forester of Glencannich. While Finlay was occupying this position, a certain Macdonald of Glengarry, who had fled from his own home for murder, took refuge in the forest, having obtained permission from one of the chief men of the Mackenzies, not only to take refuge there, but even to help himself to anything he could lay his hands on unknown to Finlay. One day Finlay and another man went out to hunt in a part of the forest which was the usual haunt of the best and fattest deer. To their great surprise they found Macdonald hunting there also. Finlay asked him who gave him permission to be there. "That's none of your business," replied Macdonald; "I mean to kill as many deer as I please, and you shall not prevent me." Thus a quarrel arose between them, and the end of it was that Finlay shot Macdonald through the heart with an arrow, and cast his body into a lake called Lochan Uine Gleannan nam Fiadh (the green lake of the glen of the deer). After a time Macdonald's friends in Glengarry began to wonder what had become of him, but at last a rumour reached them that he had been killed by Fionnla Dubh nam Fiadh.

On hearing this they formed a party of twelve strong and able men to go to Glencannich to make inquiries, and, if necessary, to take vengeance on Finlay. On arriving at Glencannich the first house they came to was Finlay's. His wife met them at the door, and as they did not know that this was Finlay's house, they stated the object of their visit, and asked if she could give them any directions or information. She told them to come in and rest. This they did, and as they were tired and hungry they were not sorry to see her making preparations to show them hospitality. Meanwhile Finlay, who was in the other end of the house, began to amuse himself by playing on his trump or Jews' harp. The Glengarry men were so engrossed and interested in the conversation of their hostess that they took no notice of Finlay's music. She, however, listened attentively to it, and from the tune he was playing she understood that he wished her to poison her guests. She accordingly contrived to mix a certain kind of poison, used by her husband to kill foxes, in the rennet with which she was preparing some curds and cream which she set before them. They partook freely of this dish, and eleven of them died from the effects of the poison shortly after they left the house. Finlay then went out and buried them. The twelfth man, however, managed to make his way back to Glengarry, where he told his fellow-clansmen what had happened.

The chief, hearing of it, chose eleven strong and brave men to return to Glencannich with this survivor, who undertook to act as their guide and lead them straight to Finlay's house. Now, though this man had already been to Finlay's house, he had not actually seen Finlay himself, and would therefore be unable to recognise him. In due time the Glengarry men reached the brow of a hill opposite to Finlay's house, where they found a man cutting turfs. This was Finlay himself, but he received them with such calm indifference that they never suspected who he was. They asked him if he knew where Finlay was, or if he was at home. "Well," replied Finlay, pointing to his own house, "when I was at that house just now, Finlay was there too." The Glengarry men, thinking the prize was now within their grasp, hurried to the house without looking behind, and so did not observe that Finlay was following after them. As they crowded in at the door, Finlay called to his wife through the back window to hand him out his bow and quiver. His wife did so, and Finlay then took his stand in a convenient position with his bow and arrows. "Come out," shouted he to the Glengarry men, "the man you want is here." They rushed out, but he shot them dead one after another before they were able to reach him. He then buried them along with his former victims, and shortly afterwards moved down to his winter quarters at Achyaragan in Glenelchaig.

After a time Glengarry began to wonder what had become of his messengers, and so he sent yet another twelve to make enqniries about them and to punish Finlay. As these men were passing by Abercalder, in the neighbourhood of Fort-Augustus, on their way to Glencannich, they got into conversation with a man who was ploughing in a field. The man innocently told

*Fionnla Dubh nam Fiadh belonged to a tribe of Macraes called Clann a Chruitear (the descendants of the harper). Those belonging to this tribe were generally of a very dark complexion. It is said they were not of the original stock of Macraes, but were descended from a foreign harper, who was brought into the country by one of the Mackenzies, and who settled down there and adopted the name Macrae.

them that he was Finlay's brother, whereupon they immediately struck their dirks into him and left him dead in the shafts of the plough. On finding that Finlay had left Glencannich they followed him to Glenelchaig, where it so happened that the first man they met was Finlay himself, who was out hunting on Mamantuirc. They began to ask him questions about the man they were in search of, which he answered to their satisfaction, and as they walked along he conversed with them with a freedom which prevented any suspicion on their part. But on parting with them he quickly took up his stand in a favourable position, and shouting out that he was the man they wanted, killed them all with his arrows before they could lay hands on him. The last of the twelve took to flight and was killed while in the act of leaping across a waterfall. His name was Leiry, and the waterfall is called Eas leum Leiridh (the waterfall of Leiry's leap) to this day. When Mackenzie of Kintail heard of the murder of Finlay's brother at Abercalder he applied for a commission of fire and sword against Glengarry, who was also making preparations on his own account to retaliate for the slaughter of his men by Finlay. The Mackenzies and the Macdonalds met and fought their first battle at the Pass of Beallach Mhalagan, in the heights of Glensheil. During the fight Finlay took shelter with his bow and quiver behind a large stone, which is still pointed out, and continued to pour a deadly shower of arrows among the Macdonalds until at last they took to flight. After the fight was over, Mackenzie made his men sit down to rest and to partake of some food. Observing Finlay among them he turned round to him and charged him with cowardice for taking shelter behind the stone during the fight. "You are very good," said he, "at raising a quarrel, but you are a very poor hand at quelling it." "Don't say more," replied Finlay, "until you have examined your dead foes." When the dead Macdonalds were examined it was found that no fewer than twenty four of the chief men among the slain had fallen to Finlay's arrows.

One day, as Finlay lay ill in bed at Fadoch, suffering from a wound in the head, a travelling leech from Glengarry happened to visit the district. He was called in to see Finlay, who felt much relieved by his treatment. As the leech continued his journey in the direction of Camusluinie, he met a woman, who asked him how the patient was. "He is much better, and will soon be quite well," replied the leech. "Agus leigheis thu Fionnla Dubh nam Fiadh" (And you have cured Black Finlay of the Deer), replied the woman. The leech did not know until now who his patient was, and upon learning that it was Fionnla Dubh nam Fiadh, he returned again to the house, and on a pretence of having neglected something that ought to have been done, in order to make the cure certain, proceeded to examine the wound in the patient's head once more. In the course of the examination he drove a probing needle through the wound into his brain, and as the blood gushed out some of it flowed into Finlay's mouth. "Is milis an deoch a thug thu dhomh" (Sweet is the drink you have given me), said he, and with these words he expired. The leech then left the house, and continued his journey. When the sons of Duncan returned and found their father dead, they set out at once in pursuit of the leech. They overtook him among the hills above Leault, killed him, and buried him on a spot which is still pointed out. Finlay himself was buried at Killelan.

HOW IAN BREAC MAC MHAIGHSTER FEARACHAR MADE LOCHIEL RETRACT A VOW HE HAD MADE AGAINST THE MEN OF KINTAIL.

John Breac used sometimes to go in attendance on Seaforth to the meeting of the Scottish Parliament at Perth, and on one of these occasions Seaforth's sword was stolen from the hall of the house where he was living in the town. The next time Seaforth went to the meeting of Parliament John Breac, who was with him, recognised the stolen sword in the possession of one of the followers of Lochiel. John charged the man with the theft, beat him soundly, and took the sword from him. When Lochiel heard of the ignominious treatment to which his man had been subjected he swore that he would execute summary vengeance on any Kintail man afterwards found among the Camerons in Lochaber. Shortly after his return to Kintail John Breac missed three of his horses from his farm at Duilig. He at once set out on their track, and traced them all the way to Lochaber, where he found them in a field, and some men trying to catch them. John went into the field and helped the men to catch the horses, for which they thanked him, but they had no suspicion who he was, nor did he tell tell them the object of his visit. He asked them, however, if Lochiel was at home, and they told him he was. He then went to the house, but it was early morning and Lochiel was still in bed. John told the servant that his business was very urgent, and desired to be conducted to Lochiel's bedroom. "Who are you, and where do you come from?" asked Lochiel when he saw the stranger entering his bedroom. "I come from Kintail," replied John. "From Mackenzie's Kintail or Mackay's Kintail?" asked Lochiel. "From Mackenzie's," replied John. "Then you are a very bold man," continued Lochiel. "Are you not aware that I have vowed vengeance against any Kintail man found

in my country?" "I am well aware of it," replied John, "and what is more, I believe I was the cause of your vow." John then quietly took possession of Lochiel's sword, which was hanging on the wall by the bedside, and, explaining who he was, swore that he would deal with him as he dealt with his man in Perth if he did not at once retract his vow against the men of Kintail, and order the stolen horses to be sent back to Duilig. Lochiel, who clearly saw that John Breac was a man who meant what he said, readily granted both requests, rather than run the risk of being ignominiously beaten like a dog.

TRADITION ABOUT MUIREACH FIAL.

About the time of the battle of Sheriffmuir there lived in Kintail a certain Maurice Macrae, known as Muireach Fial (Maurice the Generous.) He was a man of some means, and lent money to the Chisholm of Strathglass, in return for which he received certain grazing rights on the lands of Affric. Maurice and his wife used to go once a year to Inverness to sell butter and cheese, which they carried on horseback through the Chisholm country. On one occasion, as they were returning home, they were met by a party of Strathglass men, who invited Maurice to drink with them in Struy Inn. Maurice accepted the invitation, and being of a convivial disposition, was in no hurry to leave. His wife, having vainly endeavoured to induce him to resume his journey, started leisurely alone, expecting that her husband would soon overtake her. But Maurice did not follow, and his wife, at last becoming anxious on his account, hurried home to Kintail, where a party was immediately organised to go in search of him. They searched all over Strathglass, and having made many inquiries without obtaining any information, they returned back to Kintail. On returning home one of their number disguised himself as a poor idiot, and went to Strathglass, where he wandered about begging his way from door to door, but at the same time keeping a careful watch for any trace or talk of the missing Maurice. One night, while lying at the door of a house, he heard someone tapping at the window. He listened attentively, and soon heard the man at the window and the master of the house talking about the "bradan tarragheal" (the white-bellied salmon), which was tied to a bush and concealed in a certain pool in the river. When the conversation ceased and the visitor took his departure, the Kintail man, wondering what was

KILDUICH CHURCHYARD, THE ANCIENT BURIAL PLACE OF THE MACRAES.

meant by the salmon, stole quietly away to the pool mentioned, and there found the body of Maurice, who had been murdered by some of the Strathglass men, and whose body had been hidden in the river in a dark pool under a thick bush. He drew the body out of the water, carried it some distance away to a safe hiding-place, and then set out in all haste to Kintail.

When the people of Kintail heard what had happened they formed a large party and went to fetch the body home to Kilduich. As they were passing by Comar churchyard, in Strathglass, on the way back to Kintail, they came upon a large funeral party who were in the act of burying one of the principal men of Strathglass. As the stone was being placed on the grave, four of the Kintail men stepped into the churchyard and carried the stone away. This was done in order to provoke a fight, that they might have an opportunity of avenging the death of Maurice. As the challenge was not accepted they carried the stone all the way to Kilduich and placed it over Maurice's grave, where it is still pointed out. Maurice might have been murdered for the sake of the money he was carrying home with him from Inverness, but the people of Kintail suspected that the murder was instigated by some one connected with the Chisholm, who did not like to see a stranger's cattle grazing on the hills of Affric, and the tradition further says that as soon as Maurice was dead all his cattle were stolen from their grazing by the Chisholm's men. Years afterwards, when Maurice's son, then an old man, was lying on his death-bed, a certain neighbour called "Murachadh Buidh nam Meoir" (yellow Murdoch of the fingers) went to see him. It was a cold day, and as Murdoch, who was asked to replenish the fire, was in the act of breaking up an old settle for fuel, he found concealed in it the parchment bond of the above-mentioned agreement between the Chisholm and Muireach Fial.

(To be continued.)

CLAN MACLEAN NOTES. — The Annual Social Gathering of the Clan takes place in the Waterloo Rooms, on 6th November, Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B, Chief of the Clan, in the chair. A most attractive programme has been arranged, which ought to attract a large audience. It is expected that Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, C.M.G., of Morocco, will be present.

Captain Hector F. Maclean, Scots Guards, eldest son of the Chief, has just been appointed to the adjutancy of his regiment.— We are pleased to learn that his younger brother, Lieut. Charles L. Maclean, R.N., is engaged to be married to the Hon. Philadelphia Sybil Robertson, only daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Robertson of Forteviot.

JACOBITE ROMANCE.

FEW Scotsmen would be willing to spare from the history of their country that element of romance which was imported into it by the achievements and adventures of the later Stuart princes and their adherents. A romantic charm invests the Jacobite leaders. A subtle atmosphere envelops them, transforming caterans into heroes, as the fancy of Don Quixote turned barbers into knights and windmills into castles. The deeds of Prince Charlie and his followers have been an inspiration to romancers and poets for a century and a half. Something of the romantic charm which surrounded them was due to the widely different elements which went to make up their personalities. The polish and civilisation of France and Italy were grafted on the Celtic temperament, which is itself so rich in romantic possibilities. The *perfervidum ingenium* of the Gael was modified and softened by French grace and refinement. The Highland chiefs and duine-wassals were as well acquainted with the narrow streets of old Paris as they were with the blue lochs and misty mountains of Perthshire and Inverness. They wore the uniform of the army of France as well as the tartan kilt of their own clans. They mingled the gossip of Versailles and the Vatican with the ancient tales of Conan and Fingal. The *ballades* and *rondeaux* of France alternated with the old Gaelic songs and chants. The Duke of Perth, who accompanied Prince Charlie through the Scottish Campaign of 1745, had been educated at the Scots College at Douay, and spoke English with a foreign accent, which he endeavoured to conceal by the use of broad Scots. Neil MacEachan, who acted as interpreter and secretary to the Prince, and who became the father of Marshal Macdonald, had been bred at St. Omers. Æneas Macdonald, one of "the seven men" who accompanied Prince Charlie to Scotland, was a banker in Paris. There hung around the Highland Jacobites an atmosphere of foreign experience and adventure which combined with the imaginativeness of the Celt to produce a curiously charming result.

It has ever been my delight to visit the places round which the romance of Jacobitism lingers. I have sought for them in England and Scotland, France and Italy. To see the spots associated with historic personages and events, is to realise history in a way that is otherwise impossible. I remember standing one morning in the piazza in front of the Palazzo Muti Papuzurri in Rome, where James Stuart and his son Charles Edward so long resided. The piazza was almost deserted. The deep blue sky of Italy hung overhead. An old woman, clad in the picturesque costume of the contadini, and selling snails, which she

carried in a basket, walked leisurely across the square. The yellow blossoms of the orange tree, growing within the courtyard of the Palazzo, could be seen over the gates. As I summoned up remembrance of things past, I pictured to myself the many broken exiles that must have looked to that palace as the centre of all their hopes and dreams. I pictured Prince Charlie, as he came out of the gates, clad perhaps in his kilt to attend a ball at the Palazzo Pamphili, or going forth to walk with his father among the ruined places of Rome and discuss their plans to recover their kingdoms, or, it might be, to attend the Church of the Holy Apostles close by, and to assist at that mass, for which the Stuarts lost their crowns. As I stood in the piazza, the long drama of the House of Stuart passed through my mind. The murder of the Poet King; the stabbing of James the Third; the grim field of Flodden; the broken heart of James the Fifth; the tears of Mary; the beheading of Charles the First; the flight of James the Seventh; the drunken old age of the Bonnie Prince Charlie; the long succession of

"Sad stories of the death of kings."

The palace seemed wrapt in an atmosphere of tragedy. I was conscious of the sad romance of the Jacobite creed.

Just a year after I stood among the heather on a mountain side in North Morar, watching the sun set over the Cuchullin hills in Skye. Faintly in the distance sounded a pibroch played by a Highland gangrel. The bleating of a lamb seemed to add a strange weirdness to the scene. A pool, studded with water lilies, lay glistening in the rays of the setting sun. A slight breeze rose from time to time, bringing the salt smell of the sea, and flapping the kilt about my knees. All around were the mountains among which so many weary fugitives had lain hidden after the dire field of Culloden. The atmosphere was redolent of Jacobite associations. Below was the bay at which Prince Charlie had disembarked. A little boat sailed up the sound of Sleat, and, as its prow rose and fell, cutting the water, it seemed to keep time with some lines that had haunted my memory all that afternoon.

"Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye."

Again I was conscious of the charm of Jacobite romance.

Two years after my visit to Skye, I stood in the little chapel of St. Andrew in the old Scottish College in Paris. Above the altar is a picture of the patron saint of Scotland, and in the ante-chapel there are monuments to King James the Second and Seventh, and to the Duchess of Tyrconnell. The groundwork of many romances might be found in the history of the College. Here Father Lewis Innes, Lord Almoner of Prince James Stuart, filled the post of Principal, and here his brother, Father Thomas Innes, the historian, acted as Prefect of Studies. In the quaint courtyard cowled and tonsured monks from the distant Hebrides have talked over news from home. Many an intrigue has been spun within these walls; innumerable plots have been hatched to restore to the Stuarts the imperial crown of Scotland, and to seat them on the throne of King Robert Bruce. Endless prayers have been offered in the little chapel for the success of the broken-hearted Prince in Italy, who was drowning his sorrow in Cyprus wine. The college is now an establishment for the education of French youth, and cases of specimen shells and minerals stand in the ante-chapel. The busy life of Paris is all around. In the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, in which the College stands, the newsboys shout the familiar cries. The hum of the electric trams is heard in the ear. You are in the midst of twentieth century civilisation. Not far from the College is a statue of Voltaire, the man who did so much to destroy the creeds and loyalties which lay at the root of Jacobitism. But the imagination transcends existing conditions, and wanders back to the past. Again I heard in the ear of thought the words of the old boat-song,

"Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye."

The Jacobite creed long lingered in Scotland as a romantic dream, cherished by lairds and ladies of ancient descent. It was associated with the recollections of Scottish independence. The thistles, springing in deserted Holyrood, were a standing argument for the restoration of the Stuarts. Stately old dames in Edinburgh, like Lady Sarah Bruce and Lady Rachel Drummond, clung to their political faith with a mediaeval devotion. They would admit no compromise with modern ideas. "A new light!" said Lady Rachel Drummond, "a new light must come in through a crack either in the brain or in the heart." Jacobitism was invested in its decline with an aroma of aristocracy and fashion that kept it alive, after it had lost all real potency and active power. Connected as it was with ancient families and illustrious traditions, it conferred a halo of gentility upon those who professed or sympathised with it. To the socially ambitious it was better to know Miss Fraser or Miss Cameron, the old Highland lady who practised economy and prayed for "the King over the water" in the fourth storey of a land in the Cowgate, than to know Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Wilson, the plebeian wife of the wealthy whig merchant. Jacobitism supplied a touch of

idealism to a society declining into the prose of modern civilisation. Even within the memory of those now alive, the faint aroma of its atmosphere still invested a few Scottish families. "Who," asks Dean Stanley, after a visit to a Jacobite household, "who, that had ever seen the delightful castle of Fingask, explored its inexhaustible collection of Jacobite relics, known its Jacobite inmates, and heard its Jacobite songs, did not feel himself transported to an older world, with the fond remembrance of a past age, of a lost love, of a dear though vanquished cause?" The Jacobite tradition consecrates and glorifies the later history of Scotland. It remains a precious possession to Scotsmen, shredding

" Dim perfume, like a cloud
From chamber long to quiet vowed,
With mothed and dropping arras hung,
Mouldering the lute and books among,
Of queen, long dead, who lived there young."

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 8.)

IT was in Skye also that he met with Captain Alexander Morrison, Skinnidin, and spent a night at his house. He afterwards assisted Macpherson in translating and transcribing some of the poems. Being a good Gaelic scholar, he was particularly well qualified to form an opinion as to James Macpherson's capabilities for producing poems of the Ossianic type, and he declared that he was *quite incapable* of composing them; that he could as soon have created the Isle of Skye, or written the prophecies of Isaiah, as written these Gaelic poems. That he was no great poet, nor thoroughly conversant with Gaelic literature, and that he assisted him often in understanding some words, and suggested some improvements.

Captain Morrison further observes that before leaving Skye, even from his earliest recollection, he had heard repeated and learnt many poems and songs respecting Fingal, Ossian, and other ancient heroes, many of which were afterwards collected, arranged, and translated by James Macpherson. That he gave the Rev. Mr. Mackinnon, Glendaruel, before he went last time to America, in the year *1780*, "Ossian's Address to the Sun" in the original, that he found the "Address" among James Macpherson's original papers when he was transcribing for him, as it stood in the poem of Carthon,* afterwards translated and published, and that he saw several MSS. among his papers in different hand-writings, some of them in his own hand, some not, as they were either gathered by himself, or sent him from his friends in the Highlands, some of them taken from oral recitation, some from manuscripts, some from the Macvurichs in Uist, and some from the Fletchers of Glenforsa, in Mull—famous for a long time for the recitation and history of such poems. He also saw many MSS. in the old Gaelic character with Macpherson, containing some of the poems translated, which MSS. they found difficult to read, and from the character and spelling, seemed to be very ancient. That the "Address to the Sun" in the poem of Carthon wanted *two lines* in the original, which neither Macpherson, nor anybody else, could supply, nay, supply anything like them. If Macpherson was such an unprincipled scamp as many allege, and such a genius, he could easily have supplied these two lines, but the fact remains that he couldn't and didn't.

Captain Morrison's copy of the "Address to the Sun" differs only from the original of Ossian in Carthorn in the 7th, 14th, 26th, 33rd, 34th, and 35th lines.† It was in Skye also that he met with Ewan Macpherson of Badenoch, who was prevailed on by Macleod of Talisker, and M'Lean of Coll, to accompany him to Uist and the outer islands, for the purpose of taking down from recitation, he being an excellent scholar. In Uist this man attended him for three or four weeks, during which time he wrote down, from recitation, several of Ossian's poems, which he delivered to James Macpherson, who was seldom present. He also procured for him from Lachlan Macvurich, the representative of the celebrated head of that name, a Gaelic MSS. containing, along with historical matter, several of the poems of Ossian. Macvurich also gave him several MSS. belonging to Clanranald, and one of his own "as thick as a Bible, but longer," for this last, which among other poems of Ossian, contained "Berrathon," Macpherson gave him a written missive promising to return it.

On his return to Badenoch he lived for some time with the Rev. Mr. Gallie of Laggan, who had access to his papers, and who declared on the 12th of March, *1799*, that when Macpherson returned from his tour through the West Highlands and Islands—"I enquired the success of his journey, and he produced several volumes, small 8vo, another large 12mo being the poems of Ossian and other bards, and there was one in particular which he ascribed to the beginning of the 14th century, every poem in it had the first letter of the first word most elegantly

*Highland Society's Report.

†Ibid.

flourished and gilded, some red, some yellow, some blue, and some green.‡ The volumes were bound in strong parchment." Mrs. Gallie remembered also her husband and Macpherson discussing the meaning of certain Gaelic words about which they differed. The Ewan Macpherson already mentioned, who accompanied him to Uist, certified on 11th September, *1800*, that he noted down poems from Ossian from the recitation of several individuals, at different places, and that he gave them to Macpherson, and that he got from Clanranald, senior, an order on Lieutenant D. Macdonald, Edinburgh, for a Gaelic folio MSS.

On the 22nd October, *1763*, Macpherson, Strathmashie, wrote to Dr. Blair, Edinburgh, as

follows:—"In the year *1760* I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. James Macpherson during some parts of his journey in search of the poems of Ossian. I assisted him in collecting them, and took down from oral recitation, and transcribed from old MSS. *by far the greatest part* of those pieces he has published." The two Macphersons went into the subject in quite an open way, and it was only when James Macpherson found he could not overcome the language of the MSS. that he applied to Strathmashie to write them out in the Roman character.

‡Gaelic Society's Report.

The Rev. D. M'Nicol, minister of Lismore, in his remarks on Dr. Johnston's tour, speaks minutely of a large folio MSS. which Mr. Macdonald of Knoydart gave to Macpherson, and Macpherson's own acknowledgment to the Rev. Mr. Maclagan, Amulrie, Perthshire, on 27th October, *1760*, in which he says:—"I have already traversed *most* of the Isles and gathered *all* worth notice in that quarter. I intend a journey to Mull and the coast of Argyle, to enlarge my collection." I am informed that you have a good collection of poems of the kind I want. It would be therefore very obliging you should transmit me them as soon as convenient, that my book might be rendered more complete, and more for the honour of our old poetry. Traditions are uncertain; poetry delivered down from memory must lose considerably, and it is a matter of surprise to me how we have now any of the beauties of our ancient Gaelic poetry. Your collection I am informed is pure, as you have taken pains to restore the style. *I have met with* a number of old manuscripts *in my travels*; the *poetical part* of them *I have endeavoured to secure.*"

Again writing on the 16th January, *1761*, to the same, he says:—"I was favoured with your letter enclosing the *Gaelic poems*, for which I hold myself extremely obliged to you. "*Duan a Ghairibh*" is less poetical, and more obscure than *Teantach mor na Feine*. The latter is far from being a bad poem, were it complete, and is particularly valuable for the *ancient manners* it contains. It is true I have most of them from other hands, but the misfortune is that I find none *expert* in the *Irish orthography*, so that an obscure poem is rendered doubly so by their *uncouth* way of spelling."

*I have been lucky enough to lay my hands on a pretty complete poem, and truly epic, concerning Fingal.** The *antiquity* of it is *easily* ascertained, and it is not only superior to anything in that language, but reckoned not inferior to the more polite performances of other nations in that way. I have *some thoughts* of publishing the *original* if it will not clog the work too much." The above quotations do not seem like the work of a forger. Again writing to the Rev. Mr. MacLagan on the 8th of February, *1761*, he says:—"I am much favoured with your last letter enclosing four poems."†

On his return to Edinburgh in January, *1761*, he took lodgings immediately below Dr. Hugh Blair, whom he saw frequently, and to whom he read such parts as he had translated. Dr. Blair was unacquainted with the Gaelic language, but Professor Adam Ferguson, a Gaelic-speaking man, and the Rev. Alexander M'Caulay, chaplain to the 42nd Regiment, often did examine his papers, and in comparing the translation with the original found it faithful. After the translation of Fingal had been published and objected to, Dr. Blair, at the request of Mr. Hume, wrote to numerous gentlemen in the Highlands,† requesting them to give their opinion of the translation, the testimonies from all of whom were favourable. Colonel Mackay of Bighouse, Campbell of Aird, M'Intosh of M'Intosh, and Captain M'Donell of Keppoch testified to their knowledge of the originals. Mr. Campbell declared that he had heard many of them, and Captain M'Donell that he had heard parts of them recited.

The testimonies of M'Leod of M'Leod, MacFarlane of MacFarlane, Professor Ferguson, and Mr. Alexander MacFarlane, minister of Arroquhar, the latter a very superior Gaelic scholar, were to the same effect. Grant of Rothiemurchus, and Grant of Delrachny, both remembered to have often heard the poem of Fingal in Gaelic and they were positive that M'Pherson had given a just translation of it. Colonel Archibald M'Nab of the 88th regiment had very lately heard a very considerable portion of Tighmora (Temora) rehearsed in the original, with which the translation agreed. Dr. Blair himself read over the greater part of the translation of Fingal to Mr. Kenneth M'Pherson, merchant, of Stornoway, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. M'Caulay. In going along Mr. MacPherson vouched that he well knew the original of what was read to him. In many places, he remembered, and repeated the Gaelic lines, which on being interpreted by Mr. M'Caulay, were found to agree with the translation. Professor Adam Ferguson, writing from Peebles on 26th March, *1798*, to the Committee of the Highland Society says, "About the year *1740* I heard John Fleming, a tailor who in the manner of his country worked with his journeymen at my father's house, repeat in a kind of chiming measure, heroic strains relating to an arrival or landing of an host and a subsequent battle, with a single combat of two chiefs. This I took down in writing, and kept for some time, but was not in possesion of it when Mr. MacPherson's publications appeared. I had no doubt, however, in recognising the same passage in the arrival of Swaran and the single combat with Cuchullin in MacPherson's translations of Fingal. He also states that the fragments which he afterwards saw in MacPherson's hands, by no means appeared of recent writing; the paper was much stained with smoke, and *daubed* with Scots snuff.

(To be continued).

*Lachlan Macpherson, Strathmashie, saw one old MS. in his possession dated 1410.

†Highland Society's Report.

†Highland Society's Report.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. *— The* ***CELTIC MONTHLY*** *will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.*

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

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IMPORTANT.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now due. Volume XII. commenced with the last issue. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Maskay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Copies of Volume XI., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt lettering, can now be had, price 7/6 post free. Volumes V. to X. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 each. The bound volume makes a very suitable and handsome birthday or Christmas present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. Apply, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

WE have to thank Mr. John Macrae, Great River, U.S.A. (formerly of Strone Farm, Glenmoriston), and Mr. James H. Mackay, Primrose Hill, London, who contributed £1 and £1 1s. respectively towards this object which makes the sum now received by us £44 17s.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, the eminent dramatist, lately visited General Macdonald's grave in the Dean Cemetery, and placed a wreath on the spot with the following kindly lines attached—

I have looked in your fearless een, Mac,
And felt the grip o' your hand,
When our hearts were aching for hame, Mac,
Awa' in a distant land;
And I wunna believe their lees, Mac,
You were ever a man among men,
And I'd rather be damned wi' you, Mac,
Than be blessed wi'—some whom I ken.

THE RETURN TO STRATHNAVER.

THE following letter from a subscriber in New York will doubtless interest many of our readers :—

"My dear Mackay,

So Volume XI. has come to a close. You continue to do well, every number furnishing something of particular interest to American readers at least, when not awakening reminiscences equally pleasant to dwell upon. In your current number appears the first letter from the Log of the "Columba" in which reference is made to many things, sham and real, from an old Highlander's point of view, playful flings made at Saxon Highlanders and others, all of which are both amusing and interesting. Had the writer seen some of the "professional" Highlanders on this side of the foam, arrayed in full war costume, bristling with weapons, he would have turned round and hugged his Saxon Highlanders like brothers. The *debut* of some old verses of yours has given comfort as well as pleasure to many readers I feel assured—comfort from the acknowledgment that Mr. Editor can once in a while indulge in a weakness hitherto charged up to his many correspondents. The ode-like prelude to "Dunrobin" is good. In fancy we can see Iain of the "strong hand" braving the keep of his clan's hereditary foe, anathematizing the spectre of eviction, while behind the scene kneels the fair Duchess Millicent, olive branch in hand, praying for peace—eternal peace—and goodwill between the two warring clans. And lo! the prayer is answered, for soon afterwards is heard the tread of the returning Reaymen peacefully marching down Strathnaver.

Always yours,

BEN. DAVIDSON."

CLAN MACKINNON NOTES.—It is interesting to mention, as showing the kindly feeling that exists between the family of the chief and the clan, that the Society was represented at the funeral of the late chief, Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, who died at Acryse Place, near Folkestone, by the president and Vice-President. The members of the family were greatly touched by this expression of sympathy by clansmen, in their sad bereavement. Among the papers of the late chief were found several clan documents of historic interest, which the chief had pleasure in showing to the clan officials on the occasion of their visit. The original address from the Mackinnons in Skye to the Prince Consort on his marriage with Queen Victoria, was one of these. It was signed by over two hundred clansmen, and Mr. Wm. Alex. Mackinnon, M.P., as chief of the clan, was asked to present it. The reply from Buckingham Palace was also shown, as well as the chief's patent, for armorial bearings from the Lyon King of Arms, dated 1811.

The Clan Society opened the session with a musical "Ceilidh," which was well attended and proved very enjoyable.

REAR-ADMIRAL ANGUS MACLEOD has been selected for the post of Senior Naval Officer on the Coast of Ireland on completion of the term of office of Rear-Admiral E. T. Jeffrey, C.V.O. His fellow Highlanders are very proud of the high distinction which has been conferred upon Admiral Macleod.

CILL CHAIRILL.*

ST. CARIL'S BURIAL GROUND IN THE VALLEY OF THE SPEAN.

ON a hillock fair and stately, crowned with feathery birch and pine,
Looking down upon the valley, and the Spean's silver shine.

There the winds go softly sighing through the trees their mournful dirge,
Whilst the mighty torrents rushing, down the mountain gullys surge.

Here, within the sacred precints, 'neath each quaint and graven stone,
Rest the haughty chiefs of Keppoch, in the soil by right their own.

Each, beneath the soft starred mosses, resting quiet and very still,
Where the church of great St. Caril pointed high upon the hill.

Still the roofless walls are standing, built by Allan† for his sin,
One of seven in atonement, that his soul to God might win.

Raised above their slumbering people, in chasuble, and alb, and stole,
Many a priest of Caril's mission do the hosts of Christ enrol.

At their feet Ian Lom‡ is sleeping, last of Celtic laureates he,
Loyal hearted, witty scion, of the branching Keppoch tree.

On the mossy spot so christened 'Angel's Mound' in Gaelic tongue,
There the priests of God reposing, wait th' awaking trump unslung.

Many a warrior son will follow, crossed with chrism 'neath the bands,
Meekly in the long procession, maid, and wife, with folded hands.

Many a stormy life, in slumber, laid him down in peace with God,
With the seal of pardon resting on his brow beneath the sod.

Many a hasty sin repented by the saving light of grace,
For the faith they held untarnished, will the Lord, their God, efface,

Only one,§ an outcast sleeper, tho' valiant chief, rests out—alone,
Disowned of God, and of the people, unmarked by cross or stone.

How many a funeral train went winding o'er the green and verdant strath,
With the pibroch's wail lamenting, through the narrow wooded path.

There is still the seat of resting, moss-grown upon the hill,
Where the priest sat to receive them, home at last, and safe from ill.

O! to go there, and forgetting every discord, every jarring sound,
Feel the tide of sorrow ebbing, in the peace of God around.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

*St. Chairill (English Caril) after whom the church was named, was a monk of Ardchattan Priory.

†Allan-nan-creach, Allan Cameron of Lochiel, a notorious riever, who, in atonement for his many misdeeds, built seven churches throughout the Highlands, of which Saint Caril's in Lochaber is one.

‡Through the patriotic generosity of the late Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., a stone has been erected in Cill-Charill to the memory of Ian Lom, although owing to a mistake on his part, not over the spot where he is buried.

§The son of the Keppoch of the '45, who left the faith of his forefathers.

BURIAL-GROUND OF KILL-A-CHOIREIL, GLEN SPEAN.

THE INVERNESS-SHIRE GATHERING takes place in the Queen's Rooms, on 13th November, Mr. Ian Grant of Glenmoriston in the chair. A Dinner in his honour is to be held in the afternoon.

The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XVIII.—The Grahams, Frasers, Gordons, Grants and MacFarlanes.

THE martial music of the Grahams seems to be chiefly associated with the great Montrose and Claverhouse The gathering of the clan is called "*Latha Allt Eire*," commemorative of the battle fought at Auldearn near Nairn, between Montrose and the Covenanters under Sir John Hury, when the latter was defeated. Full particulars of the battle will be found in the "History of the Highland Clans." The tune is to be found in *Ceòl Mór*. The march of the clan is known in Gaelic as "*Raon Ruairidh*" the ordinary designation of Killicrankie, where Claverhouse was slain. There are two laments for Claverhouse to be found in *Ceòl Mór*, one of these is given by Angus Mackay in his Collection. There is a tune called "MacIver's Lament"—I have never seen it in notation — commemorative of a battle between the MacIvers of Glassary and the Grahams of Caolasaid, Kintyre—called in Gaelic *Clann 'Ic 'Illebheàrnaig*. The latter were all killed but two, one of these being a piper, who afterwards composed a lament, the words associated with it being—

" Thoir dhomh mo phìob
Is théid mi dhachaidh,
Thug Cloinn-bheàrnaig
Nan gobhair gniomach,
Dioghaltas air Cloinn Iomhair Ghlasaraidh."

The Frasers.

The martial music of the Frasers seems to be entirely associated with the chiefs of the clan. We have "Lord Lovat's Lament" in several collections of music and also "Lord Lovat's March." In David Glen's pipe music we have a march called "Lord Lovat's Highland Scouts." The musical genius of the clan is well represented by Captain Simon Fraser of Knockie, who was born in 1773 and died in 1852. He published a collection of "Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland, 1816." This important work was revised and re-issued by Logan & Coy., in 1884. The compiler was a noted violinist and composer. For further particulars regarding him consult "Musical Scotland," by D. Baptie.

The Gordons.

The chief of this clan is the Marquis of Huntly. In several collections we find "*Fàilte nan Gordanach*." or the Gordon's Salute," and also the Gordon's March. In David Glen's bagpipe music we find "The Marquis of Huntly's Highland Fling" and "The Marquis of Huntly's Strathspey." also "The Marchioness of Huntly's Strathspey." The Marquis of Huntly being known as "The Cock of the North," the tune bearing this name is associated with the Gay Gordons. There are a number of tunes associated with the "Gordon Highlanders" which will be found in all modern collections of pipe music.

The Grants.

This clan claim Strathspey as their habitat, where stands Castle Grant, the residence of the chief. At the upper end of the district is the noted hill called Craigeallachie which forms the slogan of the clan. The gathering of the clan is also called Craigeallachie, and will be found in Mackay's Collections, and "*Ceòl Mór*." Mr. J. W. Grant of Elchies was a friend of Donald Macdonald, Edinburgh, and to him Macdonald entrusted his second volume of Piobaireachd in MS., which is now in possession of Mr. Grant's grandson, Major-General Thomason. The tune "Elchie's Salute" which is found in "*Ceòl Mór*," was composed by Donald MacDonald. In David Glen's collection there is a strathspey called "Craigeallachie Bridge." There is also in "*Ceòl Mór*" a tune called "The Grant's Blue Ribbon."

The MacFarlanes.

Although the name of the MacFarlane's gathering tune "*Thigail nam bò*" has long been familiar to people owing to Sir Walter Scott's reference thereto, yet the tune itself was not committed to paper till within the last few years. Scott in "Waverley" says—"The Clan MacFarlane occupying the fortresses of the western side of Loch Lomond were great depredators on the Low Country; and as their excursions were made usually at night the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch "*Hoggie nam bo*" which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices, the sense being—

We are bound to drive the bullocks,
All by hollows, hirsts and hillocks,
Through the sleet and through the rain;
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hill of snow,
Boldly and heartily we go;
And all for little gain.

To Provost Robert MacFarlan, Dumbarton, is due the credit of rescuing the music from the oblivion into which it had almost fallen. The tune was taken down from the playing of Donald and John Leitch, natives of Cowal, and published by Provost MacFarlan.

Highland Gatherings.—The County of Sutherland Re-union takes place on 11th December, and the Annual Gathering of the Clan Mackay, which will take the form of a Conversazione, is to be held in the Albany Galleries, Glasgow, on 18th December. Clansfolk please note.

COLLA CIOTACH MAC GHILLEASBUIG.

LEIS AN OLLA MAC FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

(Air a leantuinn).

BHA Colla an Colasa roimhe, agus thoisich a nis strì eadar Colla 's Mac-a-Phì air son na làimhe-an-uachdar 's an Eilean so. Cha robh còir laghail aig a h-aon diubh air. Bha Clann-a-Phì an seilbh fo na Domhnallaich 's fo'n Chrùn a nis ceudan bliadhna. Thuit còir nan Domhnallach air Colasa 'nuair a chaill iad fearainn Ile 's Chinntìre. Agus b'e Colla an t-aon mu dheireadh a gheibheadh còir ùr. Thug Mac Cailein a bheatha dha, ach cha'n 'eil iomradh gu'n d' fhuair e maitheanas o'n chrùn. 'S a bhladhna 1719 fhuair e barantas-sìthe gu dol do Dhùnéideann 's air ais, air iarrtas féin, 's an déigh dha gealltainn gu'm biodh e o so suas 'na íochdaran umhal, dileas do'n chrùn. Cha'n 'eil cunntas mion againn mu cbomhrag Cholla 's Mhic-a-Phì an Colasa. Cha'n 'eil an t-Eilean ach beag, 's cha saoileadh duine gu'n leanadh an strì fada. Ach mhair i a réir coslais seachd no ochd de bhliadhnachan. Bha gun teagamh càirdean Mhic-a-Phì lionmhor, ach bu nàmhaid cunnartach, comasach Colla Bha comhnuidh Mhic-a-Phì o shean an Dun-éibhinn, 's e Tighearna Dhùn-éibhinn a *thiodal* air leac-lighe Mhic Iain an I-Chalum-Chille. Rinn Colla a dhachaidh ann an Sabhal bàn Chill-oran. Bha seann Abaid an Eilein a nis 'na làraich, ach bha Sabhal na h-Abaide fhathast 'n a sheasamh, agus is ann 's an tigh so a rugadh Alastair MacColla. Bha an dà thigh mar dhà mhile d'a chéile. Fada, goirid 's a mhair a chomh-stri, thainig i gu crich fhuiltich. Shumanadh Colla Ciotach, Gilleasbuig a mhac, agus ceathrar sheirbhiseach do Dhùnéideann 's an Og-mhios 1723, a fhreagairt air son mort Chaluim Mhic-a-Phì Cholasa, Dhomhnaill Oig Mhic-a-Phi, Dhughaill Mhic-a-Phi, Iain Mhic Cuaire, agus Iobhair Bhain, 's an Fhaoilleach roimhe sin. B'iad an luchd-casaid—Mairi Dhomhnallach, bantrach Mhic-a-Phi, Domhnall òg, a mhac, Catriona, Anna, agus Fionnghuala, a nigheanan, agus Murachadh Mac-a-Phì, an Ile, brathair Dhomhnaill Oig is Dhughaill a chaidh a mharbhadh agus an caraid a bu dìlse do Iain Mac Cuaire 's do Iobhar Bàn. Cha ruigear leas a radh nach do sheas Colla a' chùirt. Tha seanachas air sealg Mhic-a-Phì car siùbhlach an Colasa fhathast. Tha iomadh uamha is beul-fo-fhraoch is sglift-chreige 's an Eilean anns an d' fhalaich iomadh aon e fhein 'nuair a bha an tòir gu dian 'na dhéigh. Ma's fhior seanachas Cholasa bha *Brus* fhéin greis 'ga dhithearachadh 's na frògan ud. Ach theirear leab-fhaileachd ['s e sin leabafhalaich] Mhic-a-Phì riu gu léir a nis. Ma's fhior an sgeul lean Colla Mac-a-Phì o aon leab-fhaileachd gu leab-fhaileachd eile air feadh Cholasa. Lean e lorg an fhògarraich à Colasa do dh' Orasa 's à Orasa do dh' Eilean-nan-ròn. Tha an t-eilean so a' ruith do'n chuan air ceann an iar-dheas Orasa, 's air a roinn leis an lan-mhara 'na thri earrannan. 'S e an t-Eilean-iarach as fhaide mach de'n tri. Lean na mortairean an t-allabanach truagh do'n Eilean-iarach. Rùraich iad gach fròg dheth, ach cnaimh do Mhac-a-Phì cha d' fhuair iad. 'Nuair a bha iad a' tilleadh air an ais thug faoileann sgreuch aisde 's an Eilean-iarach. "Tha rud-eigin aig an fhaoilinn," arsa fear de na sealgairean, 's air an ais thug iad. Fhuair iad Mac-a-Phì 'na chrùban fo bhile creige os cionn a' chuain air sgeilp air an gann a sheasadh faoileann fhéin. "Fàbhar, a Thàmhais," thuirt Mac-a-Phì ri Tàmhas Mac 'Ille Mhoirche, a chunnaic an toiseach e. "Fàbhar no fàbhar," fhreagair Tàmhas, "is beag fàbhair a gheibhteadh o t' fheusaig ruaidh mu'n àm so 'n dé." Chuireadh Mac-a-Phì gu bàs gun tuilleadh dàlach, 's bha Colla Ciotach 'na uachdaran air Colasa. Chuir cùirt Dhùnéideann air chàrn e; ach is beag smuairein a chuir so air Colla. An suilean an lagha, is ann air chàrn no fo choille a bha e a' chuid a bu mhotha d'a shaoghal. Agus cho fhad 's a tha iomradh air cha do ràinig binn na cùirt Colasa. Cha robh Clann-a-Phì comasach air ceann a thoirt da, 's air son a' chòrr bha e coma. Fad bhliadhnachan bha e fhéin 's a theaghlach gu socrach, seasgair an Colasa, no co dhiù cho socair 's a b' urrainn aon de nàdur Cholla a bhith. Is dòcha nach robh iarraidh aig luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd moran dragha a chur air, 's ann a bhiodh iad taingeil fhad 's a dh' fhanadh duine cho buaireasach ri Colla gun a bhi cur dragh orra. Bhuineadh roinn de dh fhearann Cholasa do'n Eaglas, agus bha cuisean cho siochail 's gu'n d' fhuair Colla aonta o'n Easbuig air fearann na h-Eaglais 's a' bhliadhna 1632. Bha e fhein 's a theaghlach 's an Eilean sé no seachd de bhliadhnachan 'na dhéigh so. Cha 'n 'eil cunntas an Colasa gu'm bu droch uachdaran Colla. Cha mhotha tha iomradh cinnteach air mar a chaill e fhéin 's a theaghlach an oighreachd. Cha leigear air dìchuimhne nach robh riamh còir aig an duine air an Eilean. B' i còir Cholla air Colasa còir Abaib air fion-lios Naboit. Mharbh e agus ghabh e sealbh. Agus faodar a bhi cinnteach nach bu choimhearsnach ro shiochail Colla. Bha na Caimbeulaich an Ile, ach cha robh cùisean a' soirbheachadh gu ro mhaith leo an sin. Bha an t-uachd-aran 's an tuath neo-thoilichte. Cha robh an oighreachd 'n a cùnnradh cho maith 's a bha fiughair aig Tighearna Chaladair a bhitheadh i. Bha airgiod a dhith airsan daonnan, 's cha robh airgiod aig an tuath daonnan dha. Bha Colla 's a chuid mac gu tric an cainnt nan Ileach, agus faodar a bhi cinnteach nach ann a' moladh nan

Caimbeulach a bhitheadh iad. Mu'n àm so cuideachd thoisich cùisean-eaglais air togail an cinn an Earraghàidheal. Bha na Stiubhartaich, an t-athair 's am mac, a' strì ri riaghladh na h-Eaglais Shasunnaich a thoirt a dh' Albainn. Chaidh leo ann an tombas. Ach bha na Gaill Albannach a' cur rompa nach rachadh leo na b' fhaide. Bha na Gàidheil, gu sonruichte Gàidheil nan Eileanan 's na h-oirthir iar-thuathach, meaghbhlàth mu'n chùis. Bha mòran diubh 'n am Pàpanaich, 's an roinn a bu mhotha de'n chòrr de'n Eaglais Easbuigich. Cha b' ionann sin 's do na Caimbeulaich 's gu sonruichte do cheanncinnidh nan Caimbeulach, Mac Cailein. Bha Easbuig an Earraghàidheal is dh' fheumtadh cur leis, ach bha Mac Cailein 's a' mhor-chuid de'n t-sluagh de dh' aon bheachd ris na Gaill mu mhodh-riaghlaidh na h-Eaglais, 's bha iad deas gu aonadh leo 's a' cheum so. Bu Phàpanaich Colla Ciotach 's a theaghlach, ach is gann a shaoilinn gu'n cuireadh gnothaichean eaglais moran gluasaid àir a h aon diubh. Ach bu bheag orra na Caimbeulaich, agus bu toigh leo iorghuill is tuasaid. Agus a nis fhuair iad iorghuill is tuasaid gu leoir—làn an cuirp. Thaom fearg nan Caimbeulach orra o gach taobh. 'S a' bhliadhna 1639 chaidh Caimbeulach do'n eilean le ceud fear. Chreach is spùinn iad so Colasa o cheann gu ceann. Mharbh iad an spreidh 's thug iad gach gràn is ìm is càis air an do rinn iad greim do Chaol-Ile. Nan robh fhios air, faodar a bhi cinnteach nach robh an sgath so, is iomadh d'a sheòrsa gun dìoladh. Ach 's e thainig as gu 'm b' éigin do Cholla 's d'a theaghlach an t-eilean fhàgail. Fhuair Alastair teicheadh do dh' Eirinn far an do rinn e ainm iomraitheach ann an iomadh cath cruaidh. Tha Mr. *Hill* ag ràdh gu'n do chuireadh Colla 's a dhithis mac, Gilleasbuig is Aonghus, an làimh 's gu'n robh iad am priosan fad chuig bliadhna, gus an do leigeadh a mach iad 's a' bhliadhna 1644. Ach cha'n 'eil so a' còrdadh uile gu léir ri cunntas a gheibhear á h-Irt. Tha Mr. *Buchan*, a chaidh 'n a mhinistir do'n eilean tri fichead bliadhna 'n a dhéigh so, ag innseadh gu'n deachaidh Colla Ciotach do dh' Irt 's a' bhliadhna 1641, 'na fhògarrach, an déigh cath a chur 's a chall an aobhar a' Phàpa. Chreach Colla an t-eilean sé bliadhna fichead roimhe so, agus 'nuair a chunnaic an sluagh e 's a dh' aithnich iad cò bha aca, theich iad do dh' uamha 's cha tigeadh iad a chòir an seann nàmhaid. Ach dhearbh e dhaibh nach bu nàmhaid a nis e. Dh' fhuirich e tri ràidhean an Irt, agus cò shaoileadh ciamar a chuir an seann laoch seachad cuid d'a thìm. A' teagasg an t-sluaigh!! Fhuair Colla a mach nach b' urrainn do na h-Irtich an Creideamh Catharra a ràdh gu còthremach,—'s e sin a' Phaidir, a' Chreud, 's na deich Aitheantan. Chronaich e an sagairt, agus, ma's fhior an sgeul, dh' iarr an sluagh air an sagairt a chur as a dhreuchd. Ach ghabh Colla a leithsgeul. Thuirt e nach cual e riamh iomradh air sagairt a bhi air a chur as a phosta air son aineolais. Is eigin gu bheil roinn de'n fhìrinn aig *Mr. Buchan*, 's gu'n robh Colla an Irt cuid de'n ùine a bha dùil gu'n robh e 's a' phrìosan.

(Ri leantuinn.)

AT LAST!

To the Stainless Memory of

SIR H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

NOT a cloud upon his honour, not a tarnish on his fame!
As, at last, we stand triumphant, we who answered in his name:
Hurling back the lying slander, with a cold and proud disdain,
We, the royal race of Donald, who have never known a stain.

On that cruel night of mourning, we, who stood beside his bier,
Prayed the Lord, our God of battles, to make right, and justice, dear;
And the lie, that sent him murdered, to a martyr's early tomb,
Stand before his risen spirit, there to answer for his doom.

Not to us, O! loyal clansmen, is the sorrow of that day,
For the cloud of darkened envy, melts before the truth away,
And, the simple Highland soldier, stands a hero doubly proved,
Through his glorious deeds of valour, and his loyalty unmoved.

'Gainst the tide of envy setting to destroy him in it's spite,
Not a murmur dulled the courage of *one* man's unequal fight;
Every laurel gained, a dagger, forged to pierce his Highland heart,
By the coward hands that struck him, in the traitor's hidden dart.

Aye, my kinsmen! we have conquered, we the faithful friends who knew,
That the dearest thing he reckoned, was his soldier's honour true:
And, the tears we pressed in anguish, backward from our flashing eyes,
In our scornful indignation, now for tender outlet cries.

When the Judgement Book is opened, and each record shall be read,
There, before the eyes of all men, and the Judge they well may dread—
What mercy will the bitter tongue of cruel slander find—what angel plead
For those, who held no touch of pity, for the slandered in his need?

Are those hands entirely bloodless, who approved
the lying tale,
Holding all his years of honour, duty done—of no
avail?
Rather be the martyred hero, lying honoured in his
rest,
Than the living, guilty conscience, garnered in un-
easy breast.

Highland men! your task not ended, shall a nation's
hero lie,
Where his early life was blighted, and his restless
spirit cry,
For his home among his kindred, where the heather
sweetly grows,
O! so gently must ye lay him, where the Highland
river flows.

With the pibroch's wail before him, and the rights
of rank bestowed,
Else our hero is not righted, by the reparation
owed,
Till the utmost price be rendered, then our
memories may efface,
What our angry eyes had witnessed, in the cold
March morn's disgrace.

Yours the right! he loved so dearly all the clans-
folks of his race,
By the mother's side who bore him, is the injured
Hector's place;
Dishonoured in his honour, sweep aside that craven
slave,
Who would dare oppose a nation's right to lay him
in that grave.

London. ALICE C. MACDONELL.

GAELIC PLACE-NAMES IN BRAEMAR.

BY MISS L. E. FARQUHARSON, OF INVERCAULD.

(Continued from page 15.)

"(9) CRATHIE, perhaps Crathes, or from Gaelic "creathach," brushwood. Cratlie in Ireland is "cruit-sliabh," crooked-backed hill."

Cratlie is not to be found in Dr. Joyce's small volume; only Cratloe, sallow wood, saileog being the modern Irish for sallow. It does not recommend itself as a likely source, but there is a wealth of local tradition—to guide or bewilder us.

In Mr. Michie's "Records of Invercauld" at p. 54 is to be found a short account of the name. "The earliest notice of Crathie, as a separate property is contained in the charter by Queen Mary of the Earldom of Mar to her brother in 1564 beginning "Terras de Kirktoun de Crathye, etc." The property was of small extent. It received its name (Kirktoun) from enclosing within its bounds the Church property, manse, glebe, church and churchyard. There is some uncertainty about the derivation of the name. The Rev. Charles M'Hardy who wrote the Statistical Account for Sir John Sinclair's work (1794) and who was a good Gaelic scholar, gives it thus—"Crathy is of Gaelic derivation, probably from "cruaidh-acadh," hard or stony fields, as the parish in general is rocky, and full of stones; or from "craoibh-achadh," fields or ridges intersected with wood."

Mr. Michie expresses himself in favour of the stony field as well describing the locality in old days. Will it be tedious to put forward another suggestion backed by Charles Coutts' translation, given without any doubt and which may have been received in the district when he was young. "Crathie, once the seat of a proprietor; Gaelic, 'crioch thaigh,' that is, house of the boundary." Now Mr. Johnston has under Crichton in Midlothian, border or boundary town; Gaelic, 'crich,' and to the same origin he traces Cree on the boundary between E. and W. Galloway. The 'thaigh' of Coutts is the oft corrupted 'tigh-teighe,' a house. We are accustomed to meeting it both in Ireland and Scotland in many forms—Taynuilt, Tayvallich, Techmuiry and Tigh-na-bruaich in Scotland; Taghadoe, Taghboy, Taghmon, Teebane, Timolin, Tinnahilly, and stranger still in Stillorgan, near Dublin; Tigh Lorcain, Lawrence's house, Stabannon, Bannon's house, Stamullin, Maclan's house, Stackallan, Collain's house, a state of things said to have been brought about by the Danes misunderstanding the answers to the enquiries they made of the momentarily conquered Gaels. "It is Lorcain's house, s'teac Lorcain." Therefore that the Crathye of Queen Mary's charter might hide a house within its few letters need not surprise us, knowing that lairdships were many and small on Dee-side in days of old, and that Crathie-naird, the home of the Portioner MacHardy of Crathie, and then of a Gordon, might be built on a boundary now lost sight of, and the "aird" added because of its position high on the side of the hill.

(10) "Dee, Ptolemy's Deva; in Gaelic, 'deabh-adh,' pronounced devay, literally draining; it also implies hastiness."

The great fall of the river during its course of some eighty miles from 4000 ft. to the sea, causes it fully to deserve its name, and though until now I had always thought Deva to be of Latin origin (none of my friends knowing any Gaelic for it), Mr. Michie writes me it has been connected with the Gaelic 'dhé' and 'abhuinn' meaning river of God, great or mighty river.

(11) "Gairn (or Gairden) water? Gaelic 'garan-ain,' thicket, or carn, cairn, a cairn."

For nine out of its twelve miles the burn flows through a bare stony country, part deer forest, part grouse moor and sheep-walk, and although about the lower end the birch cluster thickly on its bank yet the rough water more

aptly translates its possibly older form 'garbh abhuin.'

(12) "Glenmuich, glen of the swine; Gaelic, 'muc,' genitive muic, a pig."

(13) ' 'Glenshee; Gaelic 'sith,' genitive sithe, pronounced shee, means a hill, a fairy, a peace, a truce."

I never heard any but the fairy name. Hills there are in plenty, but small word of peace or truce was ever spoken between the men of Glen Isla and Glen Shee. The green hills about the lower end must hold many of the little people, guarding Brown Diarmid still, whatever our Irish cousins may say, for every Albanach believes that he

" Who bore him well in wary fight
Now rests in thy dark vale, Glenshee."

(14) The last names I could find searching carefully through 250 pages were Lochnagar and Ben Muic Dhui. The latter's connection with the black pig offers no difficulty, but we get no fresh light on Lochnagar.

(15) "Lochnagar, loch of the enclosure, dyke, mound, or garden; Gaelic, 'garadh.' "

This is the same derivation as that quoted by Dr. MacGillivray as being given him by a friend. Certainly no one could imagine a likeness to an enclosure or garden on Lochnagar. The great rocks rising straight from the tiny loch may be perhaps said to enclose or dyke it round, but I cannot help thinking as in the first paper, Gaoth Charna, the horn of wind, is the real name of the *Peak*, but that the lake of hares came to give its name to the mountain rather than the lake of birds on the other face, because there is another lake of birds where the gulls breed, between Glen Ey and Glen Thaitnaich. Mr. Michie expresses himself as inclined to this belief, remarking we have another such transference in the case of the Avon *river* giving its name to the mountain. He adds that in 1805 Byron, as he heard it pronounced by the natives, spelt it Lochin y Gair, which agrees oddly with Coutt's note "pronounced Lochanyar, but we have no y in Gaelic." Later, probably for the sake of the rhyme, Byron writes "Lochnagarr." This will not satisfy my kind commentator. His suggestion that "Gar" is the cleft is probably backed by his dictionary, but a search in Mac-Alpine reveals no such word.

Lochan, not Lochnagar, seems the old spelling, meaning little lake, therefore Lochangearr, little short lake, might be quite as tenable as Gairloch in Ross-shire. I do not uphold any of my theories about Lochnagar although inclining to the lake of hares, nor do I defend Coutts' derivation of Invercauld, but I seem to hear my old friend's gutteral rendering of Inbhircathlag with its broad vowels, even though he has been dead these years past, and shall I be forgiven for setting aside the Saxon origin, "In for cauld," as hardly probable. Old John Lamond, forester for more than a generation on the Invercauld estates, and a good Gaelic scholar, used to maintain the name took its origin from the fact that the stream passing Invercauld *lost* itself in the meadows before it entered the Dee. The *lost entrance* or *influx* would be the English rendering of the old Gaelic name Invercauld; "Caillim is the root for lost.

The same critic is not contented with the assertion that the Breakneck Brook was so called in Gaelic, saying, "No one can reasonably believe that 'Breakneck Brook' had originally such a meaning in its primitive Erse name. It has a speckled look, well described by "breac," which some wily Englishman hewing in the name has already corrupted." The meaning of Eas-alt-briste-amhach was only given on Dr. MacGillivray's word and my own knowledge of the first three words. All have now been carefully verified by the dictionary with the following result—Eas, a fall, alt, a stream, briste, part of the verb to break, amhach, neck.

Here is one more note from "Place Names in Scotland" to end with, and here local history may help to fill up a blank. Mr. Johnston states that the earliest quotation for Ben he can find is for the year 1771, when a T. Russell in Denholm's "Tour through Scotland" writes:—"Prompt thee Ben Lomond fearful height to climb," and he draws attention to the fact that such words as cairn, craig, glen, loch, have only been used south of the Highland line during the last century. The history of Deeside can furnish a description of one of its most familiar Bens written many years before, with its local pronunciation phonetically given. On July 14th, 1618, Taylor, waterman and poet, started from London to walk to Scotland, and left a record filled with strangely mis-spelt place names.

"After extreme travell, ascending and descending, I came at night to the place where I would be The Brea of Marr, which is a large country, all composed of such mountains that Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate Hill, Hampstead Hill, or Malverne's Hill are but mole-hills in comparison, in respect of the altitudes of their tops or the perpendicularities of their bottomes. There I saw Mount Ben Awne with a furr'd mist upon his snowie head instead of a nightcap; for you must understand, that the oldest man alive never saw but the snow was on the top of divers of those hills, both in summer, as well as in winter."

Three hundred years nearly have passed away. Ben Avon is "Ben Awne" still and the furr'd mists rest too often this wet summer on his snowy head, and drive one in to books and fireside.

THE MACLEANS OF CROSSAPOL.

SIR,—Will you permit me to yet again inflict you with a letter on the above subject, though I fear it can have little interest to your general readers? I see the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair again writes about my family in your September issue, more I suppose in reply to my last letter, which you were good enough to publish.

Mr. Sinclair in his "Clan Gillean," p. 419 says :—"Hector eldest son of Donald of Coll was the progenitor of the Macleans of Gallanach." He gives this as a fact without any comment, and it is distinctly misleading unless p. 377 is read, where it will be seen that if this particnlar Hector did ever exist, he was admittedly born "out of wedlock." The origin of my family is first referred to on p. 393 as "a matter of uncertainty and has consequently occasioned a good deal of controversy," and all is stamped as tradition. Why then is the Gallanach origin given as a fact? I am fully aware that Mr. Sinclair received his information regarding that family from a man intelligent, honest, and worthy, but the same gallant man informed me that he had not a scrap of reliable evidence to prove his assertion, and admitted the birth out of wedlock of this Hector who he imagined his ancestor. I am as fully aware, however, that he honestly believed all he asserted. As Mr. Sinclair expresses no regret for having cast a doubt in his previous articles, on documents and papers which I told him I held, I suppose he considers they are covered under the "few typographical errors in my article"? I did not assert, as will be seen, that Mr. Sinclair was in error in making John Garbh the 8th Chief of Coll, quite on the contrary; I believe he is correct. I only to avoid any confusion referred to John Garbh as "seventh Chief of Coll (8th Chief according to the same author's "Clan Gillean')" as previously John Garbh has always been known as the 7th Chief.

Mr. Sinclair evidently can't show that the John Maclean who was *in* Crossapol in 1642 was an ancestor or even connection of my family. The gravestone of Neil Maclean of 1773 (which I can assure Mr. Sinclair was certainly in the Crossapol graveyard in August, 1900) says he was tacksman *of* Crossapol," not *in* Crossapol, which would go to show from Mr. Sinclair's arguments and also indeed those of Major-General Charles Smith Maclean, from whom I see you also publish a letter on this vexed question, that Neil Maclean had a proprietory right over the farm, at any rate his descendants did succeed to it till the whole island was sold. He doubtless was a tenant but certainly a tacksman of Crossapol, and it should be remembered that the Duine-Uasail or tacksman was not always tenant at the will of the Laird, who was in most cases a near relation, but that about 1616 leases, and in many cases long leases, were granted to the tacksman for a nominal rent or service, so he would then have had a claim to convey to his heirs. I regret if I fell into the error of saying Mr. Sinclair had called Neil Crossapol of 1773 "Neil Og," but such is certainly inferred.

I would endeavour to impress upon Mr. Sinclair that I have also had dealings with intelligent and honourable men in this matter, and one in particular has made it his life-long study to collect and sift the facts and traditions *in* Coll of the Coll family, so that it can be well conceived that he and indeed his father before him, are as reliable if not considerably more so, than those who can only collect information from far off, though perhaps just as intelligent and honourable.

The daughters of Colonel Hugh Maclean of Coll, when they signed the paper in favour of my brother, were certainly aware that the family of the Macleans of Muck was still in existence, and as aware that the legal Chiefship of the family must first come to any living male descendant in the male line of John Garbh, before it could go to the Muck family, even though the entail of the lands on the Muck family had not been cut by their father and brothers. I was perfectly aware that Seannachie placed the Gallanach family last in the order of cadets of the Coll family, but I knew that family had no claim to succeed and therefore did not consider it in the question before me. Mr. Sinclair is the first historian of the clan to venture to change the order of the cadets. If he in his wisdom favours my Neil More descent in the male line the place he gives the Crossapols would be correct, and incorrect if he favours my John Garbh descent. He changes the order given by those much more likely to know which was correct and yet he says he has not "even a belief regarding their origin." The legal heir can only be found in the last legitimate cadet from the main line in which there is a male descendant; as for instance, the heir presumptive to our present gallant and loved Chief of the Clan Maclean and his two sons, must be looked for in the Macleans of Sweden, whom though possibly extinct in Sweden, I have myself little doubt could produce male descendants in England. I am quite aware of what, even without Mr. Sinclair's assistance I have, can or shall prove, but I don't see his reasoning in saying I shall have something more to prove than that I am a descendant of John Garbh in the legitimate male line. Mr. Sinclair starts a fresh opinion from the depths of his own brain and self-constituted authority, that I am descended from a natural son of someone, though he confesses his reasons may be very weak or fairly strong. This is very refreshing, but I would suggest that before he gives his opinion in a future article, he should make sure it is backed up by information from an intelligent and honourable source which he can mention, or I fear he may bring ridicule on his own good and honourable name, when in due time I produce the authority for what I have long stated is my descent. It will be interesting to see how far he will go, and I do trust he will carefully distinguish between fact and tradition and his belief and opinion, and give some little credit to facts at any rate which I have mentioned. Is he working still on the Neil Mor descent, or did I convince him in my last letter that that descent was through the marriage of my great-grandfather? I see he does not again refer to it.

It is a pity General Maclean had not before writing directed his observation to the fact that the term "male descendant" is usually used to denote a male descendant in the male line. The gallant General's grandfather Charles married Margaret, daughter of Neil, Crossapol. I and my brother are the only living male descendants in the legitimate male line of the same Neil. He has a much regretted advantage over me in his knowledge of Gaelic and being able to correspond with Mr. Sinclair in that language, and this I suppose and the vexed question of descent, may to an extent account for his irritation and *now*

ignoring any relationship to myself or those with whom he was associated in early life, and sinking what, with pardonable pride of the General, I ventured to hope a few years ago, might well have been a close bond of friendship, notwithstanding the accident of our descents.

Yours truly,

Harlington, Middlesex. HECTOR A. C. MACLEAN.

THE FORTUNES OF AN EXILE.

BY I. K. RITCHIE.

Author of "In Love and Honour," "Dearer Far," etc.

(Continued from page 20.)

CHAPTER V.

Meanwhile Flora, at home, was in an agony of apprehension and remorse. If neither conscience nor common-sense would lead Colinsay to go away from Loch Garra she could not keep silent; for her own protection she would be obliged to acquaint her father with what had occurred, and it was revolting to her delicate sensibilities to contemplate such a step. Yet in what way could she reproach herself for the unhappy past? Often she had been little more than civil to Colinsay; she had even tried to discourage the doctor's freehanded hospitality simply that the priest might have less excuse for easy intercourse with them. But Dr. MacAlister was slow to take a hint of this kind, it being a well-worn maxim with him that Catholic and Protestant should share alike in a welcome at his table. Settled in such out-of-the-way spheres as the islands, he would argue, what had these poor priests, vowed to celibacy, to make life endurable if people were not neighbourly with them? This would have been very good if all the persons concerned had been as true to the trust reposed in them as they should have been, but Colinsay, as Time had proved, had fallen very far short. Yet so secretly had he kept his failing shrouded that no one suspected him, even Flora herself, although her early estimation of him had never altered, sometimes thought she might have judged him too harshly, until the events of the previous chapter shewed him in his true colours.

She was glad when she reached home to find that her father had gone into the country and would not be back for an hour or two; it was a relief to be alone for a little while and think of some possible course of action to prevent a repetition of what she had already endured. She would not see Colinsay again, of that she was determined. Should he persist in seeking her there would be no alternative but deny him and acquaint her father of the reason. But surely Colinsay would not be so mad, so infatuated as that, although he had declared he would not go away, that he would make it his object to bring her to submission. Submission indeed! His threats did not terrify her in the least, for Flora's nerves had never hitherto been strained, and she did not fear danger to herself; it was ruin staring Colinsay in the face, if he persisted in his wild folly, which kept her mind occupied, and her generosity of character was such that she only longed to save him, if by any means it might be done. Could the doctor be of service, or would it be best that he should remain in ignorance? While she sat still undecided Mary MacNeil was shewn in to see her.

Mary was nine years old now. She had grown up a very pretty child; her raven-black hair was long, and hung soft as silk over her shoulders, and was shewn to advantage even out of doors, for, as is the fashion of her country for young maidens, she wore no head-covering of any kind. Her dress was one of Flora's, altered to suit its new owner, and in colour of the rich red tint already mentioned as a favourite with her. Not even satisfaction in coming to display a new gown, however, could chase away the look of distress which was in her eyes. And Flora was not slow to discern it, nor the child tardy in seeking her as a confidante.

"Oh, Miss Flora, I hope you will not be busy or anything!" she exclaimed, "for I am in such trouble, and I will be wanting to tell you all about it."

"Oh, dear, I am very sorry. I am afraid I shall be a poor comforter, Mary; I am in trouble, too." The gentle hostess indulged in the luxury of thus far unburdening her heart, as she caressed the little hand tremulously agitated within her own. Indeed, Mary had grown so tall for her age, and so like what Joanna had been years ago when she had gone as a little hand-maiden to the doctor's house, that Flora's thoughts often went back with magic-like speed to that distant time, and Joanna's words of tenderness and pity trying to comfort her on her mother's death were ringing once again in her ears, when she awoke to the present, to hear Mary say, with all her parent's sincerity of manner, "Oh, Miss Flora, can't I be helping you?"

"No, dear, it is something no one can alter; but I hope it will all come right in the end. There, tell me what is the matter."

Mary hesitated and blushed. "I daren't be telling my mother," she said, "she would not believe me—but you'll be knowing I can read, Miss Flora?" she broke off eagerly.

"Why yes, of course, child!" Flora answered. "Mother would surely be disappointed if she thought you could not?"

"Yes, but she will be thinking I have made the mistake. You know how she believes in Father Colinsay?"

Flora started, and could not help colouring, and Mary interpretating her agitation as the signs of indignation pleaded "Listen to me before you'll be saying I ought not to say a word against him. You know I have often told you how he will always be wanting me out of the way when he will be reading my father's letters, and although I have sometimes asked him to let me write to father, he says he cannot, I must wait till I am older. To-day, when he came in, I wass watering my geraniums in the window where the old chest stands, and you know when the door will be open you cannot see the window from the other end of the house, and I think mother and granny forgot I wass there, at least they did not call me, and I stayed. I did not think it wass *ferry* wrong to wish to hear father's letter, and I am sure my mother would always be letting me, if Father Colinsay did not say I must not. Of course I was frightened I might be caught, but no one came near and he only stayed a few minutes. I heard every word he said, and I saw him give mother five pounds which he said was what my father will be sending in his letter. Then, when he was putting the letter back in his pocket, as he always does, I saw it dropped on the floor, and when he had gone I picked it up and carried it outside, and read it quite plain—as if I could not be making out plain writing like that!"

"But, dear, I scarcely understand. If mother thinks it best you should not read father's letters, it is very wrong, you know, to disobey her."

"Wait a minute, please, Miss Flora! It iss not mother makes any hard rules like that—it iss Father Colinsay, and because—this iss the dreadful part—he had not read out what father wrote at all! It wass all about wanting to come home to see us, and he was ferry sorry mother did not seem to be thinking he should come; but he really could afford it. Then he spoke about the money which he sent and said he wass glad it would be ten pounds this time he wass sending."

"Five, dear, wasn't it?" almost whispered Flora. Even as Joanna would have recoiled from such an imputation, she felt she could not believe this infamy ascribed to Father Colinsay.

"No, Miss Flora; read for yourself. T-e-n spells ten, doesn't it? See, it is quite plain; yet he gave mother five pounds and read out that father could not be thinking of coming home yet, it cost so much, and although he was doing well, it was a pinch to send something regular. Oh! Miss Flora, it'll none of it be true! Read for yourself."

Flora took the letter with trembling hands. She felt now she scarcely needed to corroborate the dreadful truth.

"Were you not afraid to take the letter away?" she queried weakly. "He may go in search of it."

"If he does, mother knows nothing about it, and will be telling him he did not leave it in our house," Mary answered.

And then Flora very sorrowfully smoothed out the letter and read it.

. Ivan did not write at any great length; rather he was brief and to the point, as one in constant remembrance that other eyes than those of her to whom the lines were indited would peruse them. They ran thus—

NEW YORK, Aug. 19th,—

Dear Little Wife,

Again I have duly received all the home news by the kindness of Father Colinsay, for which I need hardly say I am always grateful. The blessing of good health which will have been ours since we parted, is another cause of deep thankfulness to me. Please tell me a little more about Mary. Does Granny pet her as much as when she was a wee lassie? Tell her I hope she keeps to her lessons and will be able to write me soon. About my coming home, I am sorry you do not encourage me to do so. I could quite well afford it, but perhaps it is a bit of a luxury I ought to deny myself. You must not think I stint myself in sending the enclosed ten pounds. I am very proud to be able to do it, but I have been fortunate in being promoted in the service of a generous as well as kind master; that he will be trusting me with much responsible work and that I can be pleasing him I think as great a blessing as anything which has befallen me since we parted in the dear old island. That the holy angels may watch over us and unite us all again, and that the good God may be with our benefactor and pastor is the prayer, day and night, of your loving husband.

Ivan MacNeil.

Before Flora had come to the end of this missive her usual fortitude had forsaken her; she felt paralyzed as if some sudden blow had bereft her of clear understanding.

"There must be some mistake, Mary," she said at length. "I think you had better leave the letter with me, and I will speak to my father about it. I am glad you did not tell your mother and granny about it; it would have distressed them so much."

"Oh, I dare not, Miss Flora! A word against Father Colinsay will be worse than anything I can say; but I will not be trusting him as they will. I wass not thinking it fair that because he's a priest he can keep me from seeing my father's letters, and make my mother think it right, too."

"Little rebel!" said Flora, with a smile, but her heart was very heavy.

CHAPTER VI.

Flora was now as anxious for her father's return as before she had been glad of the respite, and when, a few moments after Mary had left

the house, she heard the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel, then footsteps in the hall and the surgery door opened, she went down at once. She had entered the room and closed the door before she recognised the figure behind the writing-table was not that of the doctor, but of Father Colinsay. Instinctively her hand sought the latch to let herself out again unseen, for the priest's back was towards her as he gazed moodily into the fire, then a sudden impulse made her alter her decision, and as she went forward he advanced with some words of greeting on his lips and in no way showing himself less self-possessed than usual. Flora held coldly aloof as she spoke.

"Mr. Colinsay, early this afternoon I thought I would never willingly breathe the same atmosphere with you again—indeed I can scarcely say I do so now, I came expecting to find my father."

"He will be here presently," the other interrupted her to say, "he will be detained at the stables for a little, and he gave me the key of the surgery that I might not have to wait for him. But I am sorry you made up your mind not to be generous to me. I hoped that although you repulsed me, in time you would think differently and give me encouragement in the decisive step I told you of—"

"Pray stop!" Flora cried. "Then I thought you were trifling with your own best interests, that a moment of weakness had betrayed you into folly you would only too bitterly repent, and, in pity, I urged you to save yourself and go. But now, within the last hour, I have learned something very dreadful—how you have been false in friendship—have dealt sinfully with a poor, simple, honest man who trusted you with the dearest treasures of his life—"

"One moment, if I may—I am quite at a loss to comprehend to whom or what Miss Macalister can refer," and Colinsay threw out his hand with an imperious gesture, as if he would enforce silence by the force of an authority he was well accustomed to exercise.

But Flora was not easily subdued.

"I speak of Ivan MacNeil and his family," she said. Oh, how could you deal so hardly by him—how could you pervert his words—withhold his hard-earned gains—how could you write what was absolutely false and convey messages Grannie never sent?"

The questions came in an indignant stream from her lips; wrung from her heart, she could not stay their passion if she would.

"Does Joanna complain I have not acted squarely by her?" Colinsay queried in a would-be careless tone.

"As yet Joanna knows nothing of your perfidy," Flora answered, "but *this* has come into my hands and witnesses only too surely against you," and she held out the letter, at sight of which Colinsay coloured deeply and then grew pale.

Strangely enough he had not discovered the loss of the missive unwittingly dropped in the MacNeil's house; but he recognised it immediately and also the truth of Flora's words. It did indeed put a dark stain on his hitherto spotless reputation in the eyes of the world. And in a moment the doctor might enter to learn his downfall and put an end for ever to the joys in life he had so long enjoyed.

"Give it to me, Flora!" he cried, desperately, and with a hasty gesture outstretched his hand to take the letter from her. And but for that slip of the tongue, that repetition of his familiarity discountenanced earlier in the afternoon, Flora might have been off her guard, but it discovered his agony—it betrayed his intention of ridding himself of this conclusive evidence of his guilt by fair means or foul.

"No," she said, standing by the open door, through which she was about to pass, "I cannot, nor will I give it to you. It has come into my possession and it is my duty to take steps that the wrong may go no further, that you may no longer deceive the innocent and guileless."

But who that is tender-hearted can turn coldly away from sin and all its attendant misery?

There were tears in Flora's eyes when she closed the door and spoke again. "Will you let me advise you to confide in my father? I only wish you well, and he perhaps has only too great a regard for you—I cannot tell. Knowing what I do I cannot keep silent unless I am assured you will clear up the mystery—will make what amends you can. Oh, what reason could induce you to do this thing?"

"What reason, Miss Macalister? The reason that makes the villain covet his richer neighbour's goods. Why not? Have you not yourself implied as much if you have not said it in so many words."

"No! No!" Flora cried, in deep distress. "Who am I that I should judge you?"

Colinsay stood silent a moment, then he said, "I am not the villainous rogue you take me for. The MacNeils' money is quite safe. It has made our church at Loch Garra the only decently equipped one in the island."

"And its priest a thief. Oh, Mr. Colinsay!"

(To be concluded).

CLAN MACKAY.—This society has now issued an appeal to clansmen at home and abroad to raise a "Benevolent Fund" of £1000. The first seven names on the circular represent over £190, and already nearly £300 have been subscribed or intimated. This is a generous response.

DR. DONALD MACRAE, J.P.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 3 Vol. XII.] *DECEMBER, 1903.* [Price Threepence.

DR. DONALD MACRAE, J.P., Beckenham.

DR. DONALD MACRAE, Beckenham, whose portrait we present with this number of the *Celtic Monthly*, is a native of Lochcarron, where he was born in 1831. He comes of the Macraes of Inverinate, being seventh in descent from the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, who was Episcopalian minister of Kintail from 1618 to 1662, and who was a famous Highlander in his own generation.

"Sliochd Fhearachair nan cuirt 's nan corn."

His father was Christopher Macrae, for many years tacksman of Glenmore in Kishorn; and in his day, one of the best known cattle dealers in the Highlands. His grandfather, Donald Macrae of Achintee, was ruling elder of Lochcarron during the ministry of the celebrated Mr. Lachlan MacKenzie. Dr. Macrae was educated at Inverness Academy and at Edinburgh University, at first for the Church, but he subsequently took up the study of medicine. During his student days he made a somewhat adventurous voyage to Greenland. The ship to which he was attached was all but lost in the ice, and on one occasion a grave disaster was averted solely by his physical strength and presence of mind. After completing his course at Edinburgh, he was for some years medical officer of Harris, where his kindness and generosity endeared him to rich and poor alike. "*An Dohtor mor coir.*" His uncle, the Rev. Finlay Macrae, was then parish minister of North Uist. From Harris Dr. Macrae moved to wider fields of enterprise and labour in England, and after practising for some time in Liverpool, he eventually settled in London, about a quarter of a century ago, and is now enjoying a green old age in comfortable retirement at Beckenham in Kent.

Among the grand old men of the present generation of Highlanders, one does not often meet a finer specimen than Dr. Macrae. Of stalwart stature and commanding presence, he is the very impersonation of what was best in the bearing and appearance of the Highland gentleman of old. He is a good Gaelic scholar, well versed in the history and traditions of his native Highlands, and interested in everything helping to promote the wellbeing of his countrymen. He loves a good Highland song, and in the fervent days of his youth he even wooed the Gaelic Muse himself.

In 1874 Dr. Macrae married Harriet Parker Garth, daughter of Arthur Michel, Esq., of Eaton Square, London, and their only child, Emily Elizabeth Mary, is married to Edward Oliver Kirlew, M.A. and B.C.L. of Christ Church, Oxford, solicitor.

" Mac Rath mor donn-gheal mo run,
Bu mhin suil 's bu leannan mnai,
A ghnuis anns an robh am ball-seirc,
'S a bha teirc air thapadh laimh."

THE SONG OF THE WAVES.

Oh, waves that beat upon the shore,
Why do ye chant so mournfully;
Ye sing of days that are no more,
Of sad lives swamped in life's dark sea.

Ye speak of grief and restless pain,
Of lonliness, lost love, all woe;
Of days and years all lived in vain—
So sing ye in your murmur low.

But yet, in your immensity,
Oh, restless, ever-changing deep,
Ye waft a song of Hope to me,
Of calm and quiet, rest, sweet sleep.

So speak the mountains, frowning, stern,
So dost thou speak, oh, heaving sea,
Words of great Hope to hearts that yearn,
Whispers of God's Eternity.

M. T. Macgregor.

DUN AONGHAIS, NORTH UIST—THE LAND OF THE "MACHAIR."

NORTH UIST.

BY THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

THE "machair," the "machair," the wild land of the sea,
The green land with the grey sand,
Where salt waves break, and outcast
Salt mists to creep in shoreward, like souls by Death let free.

The wild geese, the wild swans, below the windy clouds,
The clouds as spin-drift blowing,
As first snow faintly veiling
The land and sea enwreathing, and wan as dead ones' shrouds.

The strange calls, the strange cries, that men unheeding pass,
The spinner with the white thread,
The fisher with the brown nets,
And she that herds the cattle through the shiver of the grass.

The bent grass, the long grass, it silvers in the moon,
The moon athwart the sunset,
The light upon the darkness,
The light that sets the music, where the Shith* are rising soon.

The old Shith, the good Shith, the Voice that comes and goes,
That echoes wide of Heaven,
Nor human lot a-wailing,
No human burden wailing, but what the wise man knows.

The "machair," the "machair," the beach land of the sea,
The fisher at his fishing,
The cailleach at her weaving,
The wild birds keening westward, they steal the heart from me.

*Gaelic—pronounced Shee.

LEWIS AND HARRIS ASSOCIATION.—Probably the largest gathering of natives of these islands ever held on the mainland assembled in the City Hall, Glasgow, on 12th November, to welcome the popular laird of the Lews, Major Duncan Matheson, on the occasion of his presiding at the annual festival of this association. He was accompanied to the platform by his wife and young soldier son, Lieut. Matheson, of the "Camerons," and prominent representatives of all the Celtic societies in the city. The chairman, who was dressed in the Highland garb, delivered a most eloquent and practical address, in which he discussed the many social problems which have still to be solved in Lewis, and expressed a generous desire to assist in carrying out any remedies calculated to improve the condition of the people, and make their lives happier. He also referred to the history and antiquities of the island in a way which showed that he was an authority on these topics. The enthusiastic manner in which the audience applauded the laird's address indicated how thoroughly they enjoyed it. Such speeches are not usually heard at social gatherings. Addresses were also delivered by Sheriff Guthrie and Mr. Malcolm Macleod, President of the Association, both of whom advocated a vigorous prosecution of the fishing industry.

The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

THE MACFARLANES—*Continued.*

THE following is the groundwork of the tune with the old words associated therewith:—

'THOGAIL NAM BO.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

{ | d . d , d : m | r . r , r : m }
'Thogail nam bò, 'Thogail nam bò,

{ | d . d , d : m | m : r }
'Thogail nam bò théid sinn;

{ | d . d , d : m ., m | r . r , r : m ., m }
'Thogail nam bò, Ri uisge 's ri ceò, Ri

{ | s . d , d : m | r : d ‖
monadh Ghlinn-crò théid sinn.

{ | d . d , d : d' | l . s , l : d' }
'Thogail nan creach, 'Bhualadh nan speach,

{ | s . s , s : l | m : d }
'Thogail nan creach théid sinn,

{ | r . r , r : d' | l . s , l : d' }
'Thogail nan creach 'Bhualadh nan speach,

{ | s . s , s : l | r : d }
'Thogail nan creach théid sinn.

{ | d . d , d : d' | l . s , l : d' }
'Thogail nan creach 'Bhualadh nan speach

{ | s . s , s : l | m : d }
'Thogail nan creach théid sinn,

{ | r . r , r : l ., l | s . m , m : s ., l }
'Thogail nam bò Ri uisge 's ri ceò Ri

{ | d . d , d : m | r : d ‖
monadh ghlinn crò théid sinn.

There is another clan tune in David Glen's Collection called "MacFarlane's Rant," while in Gunn's Collection there is a tune called "*Port Mhic Phàrlain.*" There is also an Irish tune called "MacFarlane's Lamentations" to which Moore wrote English words.

THE MACNABS.

This clan is of ecclesiastical origin, being descended from the Abbots of Glendochart, which glen is the cradle of the clan. The name in Gaelic is *Mac-an-Aba*—son of the Abbot. The gathering of the clan is "*Co-thional Chloinn an Aba,*" while the salute is "*Fàilte Mhic an Aba.*" Two settings of this latter tune will be found in Glen's Bagpipe Music, along with MacNab's "Farewell to Forres."

THE MACNEILLS.

This Hebridean clan has a tune in Mackay's Piobaireachd called "MacNeill's March," and there is in *Ceòl Mór* a lament for the chief called "*Cumha Mhic Neill Bhara,*" and another clan tune called "MacNeill of Kintarbert's Fancy." The tune called "*Blàr nan Dòirneag,*" given in *Ceòl Mór* I have also heard associated with this clan. In David Glen's book of Bagpipe music there is a jig called "MacNeill of Barra's Barge."

THE DRUMMONDS.

The Earl of Perth being the chief of the Drummonds, we find among their martial music "The Duke of Perth's March." This tune is to be found in Angus Mackay's Collection of Piobaireachd. It is the composition of Finlay Dubh MacRae, who had been piper to the Earl of Seaforth, and was so named in commemoration of the march of the Jacobite army to attack the royal forces under Sir John Cope at Prestonpans, when the Highlanders were victorious. "Drummond, Earl of Perth," says Angus Mackay in a note to this tune, "having been engaged in the Rising of 1715, had been attainted, but having escaped to the continent, he retained his title, and was advanced to a dukedom by King James. He was actively employed by Prince Charles, who appointed him first lieut.-general, in which capacity he was extremely serviceable, and notwithstanding a delicate constitution he under-

went a great degree of fatigue without apparent suffering. After the battle of Culloden he embarked for France, but he died on his passage, 13th May, 1746. Findlay, the piper, joined to follow the fortunes of the white flag, along with Macrae of Ceandaloch, and they are said to have been the only persons who went from Kintail."

In David Glen's "Collection of Pipe Music" there is a reel and a strathspey called "The Duke of Perth."

FORBES.

This clan have a tune associated with them called "*Cath Ghlinn Earnan*" (or Eurainn) but I have failed to find it in any collection. Logan, writing in "Mac Iain's Clans" says, "Of the *Piobaireachd*, the ùrlar or ground work only seems to be preserved in the popular rallying tune 'Cà Glenernan, gather Glenochtie' the names of valleys in the same district." There is a popular quickstep associated with the clan known as "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

MACLACHLANS.

The only tune of consequence associated with this Argyllshire clan is "*Moladh Màiri*" (The Praise of Mary). The tune is usually ascribed to Angus Mackay, son of *Iain Dall*, the blind piper of Gairloch. He, it seems, attended a competition in Edinburgh on one occasion, and the other competitors were so jealous of him, and afraid of his superior playing, that they conspired together to destroy his chances. They obtained possession of his pipes and pierced the bag in several places. When Mackay began to practice on the day of the competition he discovered the injury, and was in despair. He had a fair friend of the name of Mary, who procured for him a sheep's skin, from which between them they formed a new *màl* or bag. With this the piper carried off the honours of the day, and in gratitude to his helper he composed "*Moladh Màiri*" (The Praise of Mary). As this tune is ever associated with the Clan MacLachlan, the following account of its origin, although less romantic, is more likely to be the correct one. A daughter of MacLachlan of Strathlachlan, chief of the clan, made a present of a wither's skin to the family piper to make a bag for his pipes. He was delighted with the present, and composed a tune in her honour. The tune is to be found in various collections of pipe music.

ROSS.

The only tune of a martial nature associated with this clan is one called "The Earl of Ross's March," said to have been composed about 1600 by Donald Mòr MacCrimmon. A member of this clan, William Ross, was piper to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria from 1854 till his death in 1891. He was a native of Ross-shire and was born about 1815. In 1876 he published a collection of 41 piobaireachds and 437 marches, strathspeys and reels, prefaced by an Essay on "The Bagpipe and its Music," written by the late Dr. Norman MacLeod, of the Barony, Glasgow. A second edition appeared in 1885.

SUTHERLAND.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

There are at least two martial tunes associated with the house of Sutherland—"The Gathering of the Sutherlands," and "The Earl of Sutherland's March." The former of these is to be found in Thomason's "*Ceol Mór*."

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY. — The Annual General Meeting was held in Edinburgh on 19th November, Mr. Donald Mackay, president, in the chair. Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, hon. secretary, read the report on the business of the past session, which had proved the most successful in the history of the Society. Numerically and financially substantial progress had been made. The treasurer's (Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A.,) statement was extremely gratifying. The total funds amounted to over £1,500, being an increase of £200 in the year. The following office-bearers were then elected. President, Thomas Mackay, Largs; Vice-Presidents, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Dr. George Mackay, of Bighouse, John Mackay, S.S.C., Edinburgh; John Mackay, Alex. Mackay, and Alex. Mackay, Glasgow; Hon. Secretary, John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*; Assistant Secretary, John M. Mackay; Educational Secretary, David N. Mackay, Glasgow; Treasurer, James R. Mackay, C.A., and twenty-four Councillors in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

An interesting discussion was initiated by Provost A. Y. Mackay on the Strathnaver crofting settlement, and he strongly advocated that the Society should exercise all its influence to get other parts of the historic strath re-peopled in the same way. Other members spoke in support of the proposal, and it was decided to approach the Congested Districts Board on the matter.

PROCLAIMING THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

(From a MS. History of the Macdonalds written in the reign of Charles II. *Gregory Collections.*)

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY.

I THOUGHT fit to annex the ceremony of proclaiming the Lord of the Isles. At this the Bishop of Argyle, the Bishop of the Isles, and seven priests, were sometimes present; but a Bishop was always present, with the chieftains of all the principal families, and a *Ruler of the Isles.* There was a square stone, seven or eight feet long, and the track of a man's foot cut thereon, upon which he stood, denoting that he should walk in the footsteps and uprightness of his predecessors, and that he was installed by right in his possessions. He was clothed in a white habit, to shew his innocence and integrity of heart, that he would be a light to his people, and maintain the true religion. The white apparel did afterwards belong to the poet by right. Then he was to receive a white rod in his hand, intimating that he had power to rule, not with tyranny and partiality, but with discretion and sincerity. Then he received his forefather's sword, or some other sword, signifying that his duty was to protect and defend them from the incursions of their enemies in peace or war, as the obligations and customs of his predecessors were. The ceremony being over, mass was said after the blessing of the bishop and seven priests, the people pouring their prayer for the success and prosperity of their new created Lord. When they were dismissed, the Lord of the Isles feasted them for a week thereafter; gave liberally to the monks, poets, bards, and musicians. You may judge that they spent liberally without any exception of persons.

THE CONSTITUTION OR GOVERNMENT

of the Isles was: Macdonald had his council at Island Finlaggan, in Isla, to the number of sixteen, viz. four Thanes, four Armins, that is to say, Lords or sub-Thanes, four Squires, or men of competent estates, who could not come up with Armins or Thanes, that is, freeholders, or men that had their lands in factory, as Macgee of the Rinds of Isla, MacNicoll in Portree in Sky, and MacEachern, Mackay, and MacGillivray in Mull, Macillemhaoel or MacMillan, etc. There was a table of stone where this council sat in the Isle of Finlaggan; the which table, with the stone on which Macdonald sat, were carried away by Argyle with the bells that were at Icolumkill. Moreover, there was

A JUDGE IN EVERY ISLE

for the discussion of all controversies, who had lands from Macdonald for their trouble, and likewise the eleventh part of every action decided. But there might still be an appeal to the Council of the Isles. MacFinnon was

RUINS OF TRINITY TEMPLE, CARINISH, NORTH UIST.

DUN TORQUIL, NORTH UIST.

obliged to see weights and measures adjusted; and MacDuffie, or MacPhie of Colonsay, kept the Records of the Isles. John, Lord of the Isles, was at peace with the king always, and had a strong party of standing forces, under the command of Hector More Macillechoan, for defending Lochaber and the frontiers of the country from robbery and incursions of the rest of the Scots. He cohabited for nine or ten years with a concubine, a gentlewoman of the Macdougalls of Lorn, Algive by name, daughter of Allan, son of Roderick Macdougall. He had by her three sons and a daughter, viz. Godfrey, Reginald, and Marius, the last of whom was drowned in his youth going for Ireland. Of Godfrey descended a branch of the Macdonalds in North Uist, called Shiol Ghiorry, or Godfrey's offspring. He had from his father a large portion of land, as North Uist, Benbecula, the one half of South Uist, Boisdale, Canna, Slate, and Knoydart. It was he who gave Boisdale to MacNeill of Barra, and gifted Hirta or St. Kilda to the Laird of Harris. He was very liberal, but his offspring were very unfortunate and lost all. He died a year after his father's death. To Reginald, of whom the family of Mudart descended, his father allotted the rest of South Uist, Egg, Rum, Mudart, Moror, and Arisaig. This gentlewoman that was their mother, being a good virtuous woman, procured to her children from their father their proportion and estates before he married. She built the

TRINITY CHURCH AT CARINISH

in North Uist. This John of the Isles mortified much land to the church in his time, and enriched the family church with several privileges. Algive likewise built the castle of Borve in Benbecula, and Castle Tirrim in Mudart. She built the parish church of St. Columb in Benbecula, and the little oratory in Grimsay, all at the expense of John of the Isles, who mortified eight merk lands in North Uist to the church, two farms in Benbecula. At last he abandoned Algive, by the consent of his council and familiar friends, particularly by the advice of MacInnes of Argour, who, being his foster father, advised him to take to wife the king's daughter. So declining Algive, who cursed MacInnes for his advice to his foster father's son, the marriage went on, for he married Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter to King Robert II., Sir Adam Moor's daughter being her mother. When John of the Isles was to be married, some of his followers and familiars advised him to behave

COURTEOUSLY BEFORE THE KING,

and to uncover himself as others did. He said he did not well know how the king should be reverenced, for all the men he ever saw should reverence himself; and with that threw away his cape, saying he would wear none. At different times he had the rights of Lochaber, and Morveirn, Mudart, and Knoydart, from the king his father-in-law. Algive thereafter lived a solitary life, but was the ruin of MacInnes of Argour. John had by the king's daughter Donald, who succeeded him; John More, of whom descended the Macdonalds of Kintyre, Antrim, and Sanay, Leargy, and Isla. He had Alister Carrick, of whom descended Keppoch and the Macdonalds in the Braes of Lochaber, which I hold to be the third noblest branch of the Macdonalds in order of their descent, as being legitimately begotten before the rest. John had a daughter by Lady Margaret Stewart married to Montgomery of Eglinton, who had

MACDONALD'S ARMS

in their house for a long time; till of late years a countess in the family removed the bloody

hand out of the arms because it held a cross; she being a rigid Presbyterian. John had another daughter by Algive, who was married to Kenneth Achiench Mackenzie, so called being nourished on a spot of land of that name near the head of Lochaw. John of the Isles went two different times to see if he could make Brian Ballach O'Neill (his brother by the mother) O'Neal, which he could not carry on. He created many thanes in his time, for the Lords of the Isles created thanes and sub-thanes at pleasure. He contracted a severe flux at Argour, a little before his death. By means of Algive and her children some indecent language was reported of MacInnes; and this was done by Algive and her children, because MacInnes was the most forward in advising John of the Isles from marrying her. Forthwith Donald Maclean, son of Lauchlane, had commission to kill MacInnes, which accordingly he did; and having also killed his five sons, got himself possessed of Argour, which his posterity enjoy to this day. The Lord of the Isles was carried while yet alive to Ardhorinish, where he died the third night thereafter, in the 55th year of his age, and was interred at Icolumkill.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SOUTH UIST.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 29.)

ONE of the most important witnesses in favour of the antiquity of the Ossianic poems is Dr. John Macpherson of Sleat, Isle of Skye, author of "Critical Dissertations on the Origin, Language, Government, Manners, and Religion of the Ancient Caledonians, their posterity the Picts, and the British and Irish Scots," published in London in the year *1768*. It is recorded of Dr. Macpherson that he was master of the Celtic, in all its branches, and took pleasure in tracing other languages to that general source of all the ancient and modern tongues of Europe.

Writing to Dr. Blair from Sleat on the 27th of November, *1763*, he says:—"I have perused a Gaelic manuscript containing all the poems translated by Macpherson, and can honestly affirm that I have seen a Gaelic manuscript in the hands of an old bard who travelled about the Highlands and Isles about 30 years ago, out of which he read in my hearing, and before thousands *yet alive*, the exploits of Cuchullin, Fingal, Oscar, Ossian, Gaul, Dermid, and the other heroes celebrated in Mr. Macpherson's book. This bard was descended of a race of ancestors who had served the family of Clanranald for about *300* years, in quality of bards and genealogists, and whose predecessors had been employed in the same office by the Lords of the Isles long before the family of Clanranald existed.* The name of the tribe which produced these hereditary poets and shenachies was *Macmhurich*." "I have made enquiry for all the persons who were able to rehearse from memory any parts of the poems published by Macpherson. and have made them rehearse *in my hearing* the several fragments, or detached pieces, of these poems which they were able to repeat. This done, I compared *with great care* the pieces rehearsed by them, with Macpherson's translations. These pieces, or fragments, are as follows:—

(1) The description of Cuchullin's chariot,

*Letter to Dr. Blair.

Fingal, book 1st, p. 11. The rehearsers are John Macdonald of Breackish, in Strath, Isle of Skye, gentleman; Martin MacGilivray, tenant in Sleat, and Allan Macaskle, farmer in Glenelg.

(2) The episode relating to Faineasolis, Fingal, book 3, p. 45. The rehearsers are, among many more: John Macdonald of Breackish, Alexander Macdonald, merchant in Sleat, John Down, cow-herd there, and John Maclean, carpenter in the parish of Strath.

(3) The actions of Ossian at the lake of Lego, and his courtship of Everallin, Fingal, book 4th, p. 50. The rehearsers are, Alexander Macdonald, merchant in Sleat, Nicol Mackenzie, in the parish of Strath, gentleman, and Ewen Macpherson, schoolmaster in Glenelg.

(4) Fingal's combat with the King of Lochlin, Fingal, book 5th, p. 62. The rehearsers are, Alexander Macdonald, merchant in Sleat, Donald Robertson, tenant there, and Nicol Mackenzie, just mentioned, *together with many more.*

(5) The Battle of Lora, p. 111. The rehearsers, Alexander Macdonald, merchant in Sleat, John Maclean, carpenter, in Strath, and Neil Mackinnon, farmer there.

(6) Darthula, p. 155. The rehearsers, Alexander Morrison, in the parish of Durinish, Ewen MacPherson, schoolmaster in Glenelg, and John Down, cowherd in Sleat.

(7) The Combat between Oscar and Ullin in the Fragments. The rehearsers, John Macdonald of Breackish, Alexander Morison, and John Down, all these above mentioned.

(8) The Lamentation of the Spouse of Dago. Sung by thousands in the Isles.

The Rev. Mr. Macdiarmid of Weem, Perthshire, got Ossian's "Address to the Sun," as they appear in Carthon and Carric-thura about *1770*, from the repetition of an old man in Glenlyon, who had learned them in his youth from people in the same glen. This beautiful "Address" was *particularly pointed out* as a glaring forgery! The Rev. Angus M'Neill, Hovemore, South Uist, also verified pieces from Fingal, book 2nd, 4th, and 5th; so did the Rev. Nicol MacLeod of Ross, Mull, Rev. Mr. MacAulay, Edinburgh, Rev. D. MacLeod, of Glenelg, and others.*

One of James MacPherson's executors in the country, the Rev. Mr. Anderson, minister of Kingussie, after informing the Committee of the Highland Society that all Macpherson's papers, MSS., and collections relating to the poems of Ossian were in London, he transmitted as the only thing he had in his possession which had any relation to the subject, an exact copy of certain notes written in *James Macpherson's hand upon the margin* of a copy of the first edition of his translation of Ossian, which had been left at Mr MacPherson's Highland residence, and which Mr. Anderson found there. These are as follows, marked as under in Macpherson's hand-writing and initialed:—

Delivered the 3 Duans of Cathloda to Mr. John Mackenzie as complete as the translation. J.M.	Cathloda
Delivered the whole of Carrick-thura to Mr. Jno. M'Kenzie. J.M.	Carrick thura.
Delivered all that could be found of Carthon to Mr. Jno. MacKenzie. J.M.	Carthon.

At the words "Have I not seen the fallen Balclutha" there is marked on the margin, in MacPherson's hand, "*all before* this given to Mr. M'Kenzie.

Delivered the whole of Oina to Mr. Jno. Mackenzie. J.M.	Oina-Morul.
Delivered the whole of Colna-Dona to Mr. J. MacKenzie. J.M.	Colna-Dona.
Delivered the whole of Croma to Mr. Jno. MacKenzie. J.M.	Croma.
The original of Calthon and Colmal given to Mr. Jno. MacKenzie. J.M.	Calthon and Colmal.
The original of the poem of Fingal given to Mr. Jno MacKenzie. J.M.	Fingal.

Among many other MSS. forwarded to the Committee of the Highland Society were a good many copies or editions of Ossian, or poems in imitation of Ossian, at that time in common circulation in the Highlands. They were chiefly collected in the Western Highlands and Islands, and frequently appeared to be the same poems, but in some with considerable variations, and what appeared to be corruptions, with those current in Ireland. Some of these pieces were supplied by the Rev. Mr. MacLagan, minister of Blair Atholl, Sir George MacKenzie of Coul, Sir J. Sinclair, Rev. Mr. Logie of Kildonan in Sutherland, Mr. Macdonald of Staffa, General Mackay, Archibald Fletcher, in Achallader, Glenorchy, Mr. Peter MacFarlane, of Perth, Rev. Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, in Tarbert of Cantyre, Captain Macdonald of Breackish, and Rev. Mr. Stewart, minister of Craignish.

Lord Bannatyne, through whose influence

*Dr. Hugh MacLeod, Professor of Church History at Glasgow, assured Lord Bannatyne that he had seen and examined several Gaelic MSS. partly written upon vellum, and apparently of great antiquity, in the possession of James Macpherson, containing poetry mixed with other compositions.

Major MacLachlan of Kilbride's MSS. were communicated to the same Committee, also procured for them another MS. apparently of great antiquity, pronounced by the late William Robertson, keeper of the Register Office at Edinburgh, to be a writing of the 13th century.* It had no date, but on the cover was a date written in Gaelic in black letter, but in a comparatively modern hand, which agrees with Mr. Robertson's opinion. "Glenmason the 15th day of the (a space illegible by the wearing of the parchment) of M . . . (a similar space) in the year of our Redemption, *1238*. This MS. contains part of the poem of "Clan Uisneachan,"† called by M'Pherson from the lady who makes the principal figure in it, "Darthula," but her name in Gaelic, thus lengthened, and made musical by Macpherson, is "*Deirdir*." A particular account of this MS. with the original of that passage and a literal translation, was given by Dr. Donald Smith to the Committee of the Highland Society. The passage above alluded to coincides very nearly with three stanzas of the edition of *Clann Uisnech*, as published by Gillies in his collection, p. 265.

The largest and most valuable collection of MSS. in the possession of the Highland Society of London belonged to the Rev. Sir James M'Gregor Dean of Lismore. From dates affixed to it, it appears to have been written at different periods from *1512* A.D. to *1529*. It contains more than 11,000 verses of Gaelic poetry, composed at different periods, from the time of our more ancient bards, down to the beginning of the 16th century. Among the more ancient are poems of *Conal*, son of Edirskeol, *Ossian*, son of Fingal, *Fergus Fili*‡ (Fergus the bard), and *Caoilt*, son of Ronan, the friends and contemporaries of Ossian.

The second of these poems in the Highland Society's edition (1805) is the same story with that called by Macpherson in his translation, "The Maid of Craca," and the third is on the subject of the battle of Gavra, where Oscar fell, an account of which makes the opening of Temora,§ in Macpherson.

There were also the collections of Dr. John Smith of Campbeltown, Duncan Kennedy of Craignish, Miss Brooke, an Irish lady, the famous Douay MSS. collected by the Rev. John Farquharson, begun before *1745* when Macpherson was only seven years of age, and filled a volume of folio size about three inches thick. The most remarkable thing about this collection which was undertaken by Mr. Farquharson at the request of Mrs. Fraser, Culbockie, was that Mr. Farquharson declared at Douay in *1776*, that he had all the poems which Macpherson translated, and several other poems equal to them in merit; and Dr. Cameron, Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh, and four Roman Catholic clergymen, all Highlanders, certified to these facts,* and that they saw and heard him often comparing MacPherson's translation of the poems of Fingal and Temora with his Gaelic originals, and complained of the inferiority of the translations throughout. These MSS. were unfortunately destroyed or lost during the French Revolution. From the above facts it is certain that MacPherson collected many MSS. older than his day; that he openly employed others to assist him in translating them; that, under public advertisement his MSS. lay for twelve months in the shop of his publishers, Messrs. Beckett and De Houdt, Strand, London, with an offer of publication, on condition of subscribers coming forward, but no one ever went to see them! There is nothing to prove that he gave other than the contents of these MSS. The account of the Douay MSS. renders it probable that he found even the longest of the poems arranged in the order in which he has given them, while at the same time it is possible that he may have done much in arranging and connecting their detached portions.

(To be continued.)

*Highland Society's Report.

†"Clann Uilsneachain," or "Clann Usnothain."

‡Said to be the brother of Ossian.

§Variously spelt "Timora" or "Temora."

*Dr. Clark's Ossian.

ROMÆ VICTOR.

WHAT caused thy proudly plumèd helm
Thus low to bow and mingle with disgracèd dust?
Naught from without this vict'ry wrought,
But from within this evil bred, increased,
And thus o'erwhelmed thee by thyself
(Till the rude North did thunder at thy gates,
Like the wild sea-tide 'gainst the crumbling cliff).

The hand that once thy famed sword did wield
Now feebly grasps the wine-cup's stem;
The form that once encased in steel did boldly strive
To plant thy city's name in every land,
Now idly stretched on couch with ease is spoilt.
The deeds that once thee worthy fame did win
Forgotten are 'midst banqueting and vice.
Thy men are women; and thy women, babes,
Not such as they who to Rome heroes gave.
The sensual scents and sights of sickly lust,
The enfeebling search for pleasure's fill,
Have sapped thy manhood's strength, and lo,—
Thine Empire totters.
Grey ruins now do teach
The world that wisdom which thou once did'st spurn.

COINNEACH DUBH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. *— The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union— for one year, 4s.*

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1903.

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IMPORTANT.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now due. Volume XII. commenced with the October issue. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Copies of Volume XI., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt lettering, can now be had, price 7/6 post free. Volumes V. to XI. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 each. The bound volume makes a very suitable and handsome birthday or Christmas present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. Apply, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN GRANT SOCIETY.—The members of this Society and friends entertained Mr. Ian M. Grant of Glenmoriston to dinner in the Grand Hotel, on 13th November, on the occasion of his visit to Glasgow to preside at the Inverness-shire Gathering. Mr. Henry O. Ogilvie-Grant of Grant occupied the chair. Mr. William Grant, London, proposed the toast of the "Imperial Forces," the "Guest of the Evening" by the chairman, and the "Clan Grant Society, by Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, responded to by the president, Mr. James Grant. The company afterwards proceeded to the Queen's Rooms, which was filled with an enthusiastic gathering of Invernessians and friends. Mr. Grant of Glenmoriston delivered an interesting address, and Provost Ross, Inverness, also spoke. An excellent concert was given, and the assembly was well attended, as usual.

ORUINNICHIBH ORUINN.

A Gaelic Gathering Song for the late Mòd at Inverness, sung to an original air composed by the author.

OH, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh cruinn,
Oh, cruinnichibh cruinn ri cheile,
Cha-n ann airson cathraid le claidhimh no lann,
Ach cuideachd 'an ceann a cheile ;
Chum air cuimhne na laithean o thriall,
Na laoich do'm bu dual a bhi uasal us fial,
A' chainnt a bu sheolta leinn ceol agus ciall,
'S gu'm basaich gach miann nach treig sinn.

Bidh gillean us nigheanan òga ri seinn
Gu fileanta, binn, 's a' chanan
'Bha blasda le'n sinnsear feadh aireamh gach linn,
'S a sheinneadh gu grinn le Adhamh ;
Gach aon aca feuchainn cò 's airde bheir luaidh
Air mòrachd nan Gaidheal— gach piseach us buaidh
A dh-fhas ris na h-armuinn a b' abhaist bhi cruaidh,
'S bho chion do 'm bu dual a' Ghaidhlig.
Seisd—Oh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh cruinn, etc.

A nall as gach aite 'san abhaist dhuibh lamh,
Ceud failte do chlann mo dhuthcha,
'Tha cruinneachadh cuideachd le furan 's le baigh,
Mar chomunn 's mar chairdean cubhraidh ;
Cha chuimhnich sinn idir gach aimhreit us strith
A lagaich ar sinnsear, 's a dh-fhag iad gun bhrigh,
Oir oh, 's ann bhios sinne, fo bhratach na sith,
Ri ceileireadh binn 's ri sùgradh.
Seisd—Oh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh cruinn, etc.

'An comunn a cheile gu siobhalta, seimh,
An diugh bidh sinn eibhinn, ceolmhor,
Mar dhream do 'm bu chòir a bhi cordadh le daimh
Nach brisear le breug no foirneart ;
'S am maireach, 'nuair agaoileas gach aon a bhios ann,
Le cridheachan dileas do Thir àrd nam Beann,
Sud slainte 'nur deigh—'s gu 'n robh deadhchean nach gann
Gu bràth air bhur crann ri comhuidh.

Co-sheirm àrd :

Oh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh cruinn,
Oh, cruinnichibh cruinn ri cheile,
Cha-n ann airson cathraid le claidhimh no lann,
Ach cuideachd 'an ceann a cheile ;
Chum cumail air cuimhne na laithean a thriall,
Na laoich do'm bu dual a bhi uasal us fial,
A' chainnt a bu sheolta leinn ceol agus ciall,
'S gu 'm basaich gach miann nach treig sinn!

J. MACGREGOR, Lieut.-Colonel,
Ardgay, Ross-shire. *Vice-President.*

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following contributions towards this fund—Mr. D. D. Macdonald, Bailey's Brook, N.S., Canada (one dollar) 4s. ; Mrs. Mackay, Mortimer House, London, 2s.6d. The total sum in our hands now amounts to £45 3s. 6d.

Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.

SIR EWEN CAMERON of Lochiel, Chief of the Clan Cameron, distinguished for his chivalrous character, was born at Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe, in February, 1629. He was called by his followers Mac'onnuill Dubh, or the son of Black Donald, according to the custom of their race, after his father Donald, the chief who preceded him; also Ewen Dubh, or Black Ewen, from his own dark complexion. He was brought up at Inveraray Castle, under the guardianship of his kinsman the Marquis of Argyle, under whose charge he was placed in his tenth year, being regarded as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his clan. Argyle endeavoured to instil into his mind the political principles of the Covenanters, but it is said that he was converted to the side of the king by the exhortations of Sir Robert Spottiswood, formerly president of the Court of Session, who had been taken at the battle of Philiphaugh in September, 1645, and was afterwards executed. At the age of eighteen he quitted Inveraray Castle, with the declared intention of joining the Marquis of Montrose, who, however, had previously disbanded his forces, and retired to the Continent. Although the royal cause seemed lost, Lochiel kept his clan in arms, and was able to protect his estate from the incursions of Cromwell's troops.

In 1652 he was one of the first to join the insurrection

UNDER THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN

when that nobleman raised the royal standard in the Highlands, and for nearly two years greatly distinguished himself at the head of his clan, in a series of encounters with General Lilburne, Colonel Morgan, and others of Cromwell's officers. In a sharp skirmish which took place between Lord Glencairn and Colonel Lilburne at Braemar, Lochiel gallantly maintained a pass with the defence of which he had been intrusted, and thereby saved Glencairn's army. His services were rewarded by a letter of thanks from Charles the Second, dated at Chantilly, the 3rd of November, 1653.

In 1654 Lochiel continued to aid Glencairn in a fresh insurrection headed by him. Being himself opposed to Morgan, a brave and enterprising officer, Lochiel was often hard pressed, and sometimes nearly overpowered, but by his courage and presence of mind, he was always able to extricate himself from positions of the utmost difficulty and danger.

Monk was now commander-in-chief of the parliamentary forces in Scotland, and he resolved

From Photo by] *[W. Drummond Norie.*

EXTERIOR OF INVERLOCHY CASTLE.

Sr Ewen Cameron *Chief of the* Clan-Cameron

The Honest Man, whom Virtue sways,
His God adores, His King obeys;
Does factious Mens rebellious pride
And threatning Tyrants rage deride
Honour's his Wealth, his Rule, his Clime
Unshaken fixt, & still the same.

to establish a garrison at Inverlochy, now Fort William, with the view of reducing the royalist clans in the neighbourhood. Lochiel lay in wait on a hill to the north of the fort, with thirty-eight of his clan, and observing a body of men about to land at a place called Achdalew, to cut down his woods and to carry off his cattle, he proceeded along in a line with the vessels, under cover of the woods, until he saw the English soldiers disembark, one hundred and forty of them having axes, hatchets, and other working implements, while the rest remained under arms, to protect their operations. Notwithstanding the disparity of their forces, Lochiel at once gave orders to advance. He ordered his brother Allan to be bound to a tree, to prevent his taking any part in the conflict, and so not deprive his clan of a chief, should he himself be cut off. But Allan prevailed on a little boy, who was left to attend him, to unloose his cords, and soon plunged into the thickest of the fight. The

From Photo by] *[W. Drummond Norie.*

COMYN'S TOWER, INVERLOCHY CASTLE.

CAMERONS RUSHED ON THE ENEMY,

discharged against them a destructive shower of shot and arrows, and before they could recover from their surprise attacked them with their broadswords. The combat was long and obstinate. At last the English, retreating slowly, yet contesting every step of ground, and with their faces towards their assailants, were giving way when Lochiel sent two men and a piper round the flank, to sound the pibroch, raise the war-cry of the clan, and fire their muskets, as if a fresh party of Camerons had arrived, hoping thereby to create a panic among the English soldiers. But this only rendered the latter more desperate, and instead of throwing down their arms they fought more resolutely than before, as they expected no quarter. They were, at length, completely borne down, and fled, pursued to the sea, when those who had been left in the boats received the fugitives, and firing at the Camerons drove them back, the chief himself advancing till he was chin-deep in the water.

"THE SWEETEST BITE."

In the course of the struggle an English officer of great size and strength singled out Lochiel, and as they were pretty equally matched, they fought for some time apart from the general battle. Lochiel succeeded in knocking the sword out of his adversary's hand, but the Englishman closing on him, bore him to the ground, and fell upon him, the officer being uppermost. The latter was in the act of reaching for his sword, which lay near, but when extending his neck in the same direction, Lochiel, collecting his energies, grasped his enemy by the collar, and springing at his throat, seized it with his teeth, and gave so sure and effectual a bite that the officer died almost instantly. Sir Ewen is stated to have said that it was the "sweetest bite" he ever had in his life. Of the English the number killed in this encounter exceeded that of Lochiel's men engaged in it, in the proportion of three to one, whilst only seven of the Camerons fell.

By this and similar attacks, now on the garrison at Inverlochy, now in conjunction with General Middleton, he

HARASSED THE FORCES OF THE PROTECTOR

with general success. After the defeat of Middleton in July, 1654, and his retreat to the Continent, Lochiel was the only chief who remained opposed to Cromwell. The English, desirous to have peace with this formidable chief, made various overtures to him to that effect, but without success, until he was informed that no express renunciation of the king's authority, or oath to the existing government would be required of him, but only his word of honour to live in peace. An agreement on this basis took place about the end of that year. Reparation was made to Lochiel for the wood cut down by the garrison of Inverlochy, and to his tenants for all the losses they had sustained

from the troops; while a full indemnity was granted for all acts of depredation and for all crimes committed by his men. All tithes, cess, and public burdens which had not been paid, were remitted to his clan.

IN 1680 THE LAST WOLF

known to have existed wild in Great Britain was slain by the hand of this brave and hardy chief in the district of Lochaber. In 1681, when the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, was residing at Holyrood, as commissioner to the Parliament of Scotland, Lochiel took a journey to Edinburgh to solicit the pardon of one of his clan, who, while in command of a party of Camerons, had fired by mistake on a party of Athole men, and killed several. The duke received him with great distinction, and granted his request. On this occasion he was knighted by the Duke. After knighting him, the Duke presented his sword to Sir Ewen, to keep as a remembrance.

In 1689 Sir Ewen joined the Viscount of Dundee when he

RAISED THE STANDARD OF KING JAMES.

General Mackay had, by the orders of King William, offered him a title and a considerable sum of money, apparently on the condition of his remaining neutral, but this offer he rejected with disdain. Though then far advanced in years, he distinguished himself with his usual heroism, and had a conspicuous share in the victory at Killiecrankie. Before the battle commenced he spoke to each of his men individually, and took their promise that they would conquer or die. On first seeing Dundee's force, General Mackay's army had raised a kind of shout, on which Lochiel exclaimed, "Gentlemen, the day is our own; I am the oldest commander in the army, and I have always observed something ominous or fatal in such a dull, heavy, feeble noise as that which the enemy has just made in their shout." Encouraged by this prognostication of victory, the Highlanders, with their usual impetuosity, rushed on the troops of Mackay, and in half an hour gained the victory.

In this battle Lochiel was attended by

THE SON OF HIS FOSTER BROTHER,

who followed him everywhere like his shadow. Shortly after the commencement of the action the chief missed this faithful adherent from his side, and turning round to look for him, he saw him lying on his back in a dying state, with his breast pierced by an arrow. With his last breath he informed Sir Ewen that observing an enemy, a Highlander, in General Mackay's army, aiming at him with a bow and arrow from the rear, he sprung behind him to cover him, and thus, like his father, received in his own body the death-wound intended for his chief.

After the battle of Killiecrankie, Sir Ewen Cameron retired to Lochaber, leaving the command of his men to his eldest son. He survived till the year 1719, when he

DIED AT THE AGE OF NINETY.

Notwithstanding all the battles and personal encounters in which he had been engaged, he never lost a drop of blood, or received a wound. He was thrice married, and had four sons and eleven daughters.

LOCH EIL, FROM UPPER ACHINTORE.

COLLA CIOTACH MAC GHILLEASBUIG.

LEIS AN OLLA MAC FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

(Air a leantuinn).

BIODH sin mar dh' fhaodas. 'Nuair a thainig a' chomstri eadar a' cheud Tearlach 's an sluagh gu h-aona-cheann, sgaoil Montròs bratach an righ an Albainn 's a' bhliadhna 1644, agus fhuair Colla Ciotach 's a dhithis mac an saorsa air doigh air chor-eigin. Thog Iarla Antruim mu dhà mhile saighdear an aobhar a' chrùin agus chuireadh mu choig-ceud-deug dhiubh do dh' Albainn a chuideachadh Mhontròis. Fhuair Alastair Mac Colla comannda an fheachd so, agus tha Tormod Mac Leoid ag innseadh dhuinn 's an *Teachdaire Ghaidhealach* ciamar. "Nuair a chruinnich Maithean na tìre a shonrachadh cò a rachadh air ceann an Airm, bha da fhlath uasal Eirionnach aig an robh fiughair ris an urram sin, a thaobh meud an càirdean aig a' choinneamh. 'Bu choir,' a deir ceann-mhath na cuideachd, 'an t-urram a thoirt do'n ghàirdean as tréine an Eirinn, nam biodh fhios có e.'

'So e,' deir Alastair, 's e tarrning a chlaidheimh, 'a' dh'aindeoin cò theireadh e.' 'C'aite

bheil an t-ath-ghàirdean,' a deir an Ceann-suidhe? 'So e,' deir Alastair, 's e tilgeadh a chlaidheimh n' a làimh chlì. Cha do chuir duine 'n a aghaidh, agus fhuair Alastair a bhi 'n a cheann-feadhna air a' chuideachd." Is docha gu'n robh cainnt de'n t-seorsa so am beachd Diorbhail Nic-a-Bhrithuin nuair a sheinn i:

" Alastair, a laoigh mo chéille,
Cò chunnaic no dh' fhàg thu 'n Eirinn?
Dh' fhàg thu na miltean 's na ceudan.
'S cha d' fhàg thu t' aon leithid fhéin ann!

Buinidh cogadh Mhontròis is Alastair Mhic Colla do dh' Eachdraidh na h-Alba 's gu sonruichte do dh' Eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd, agus cha'n e mo ghnothach sgeul a chur orra. Dhearbh Alastair a ghaisge 's a theòmachd 's a' chogadh so, agus bha a' bhuaidh aige gus an do shàth e a bhratach ann an Gocam-gò. Ma's e farmad-cùirt is mi-run a thug air Montròs dol troimh mhonaidhean Pheairt is Earraghàidheal an dùbhlachd a' gheambraidh a thoirt sgrios air dùthaich Mhic-Cailein, bu shuarach an t-aobhar e. Bha leithsgeul a b' fhearr aig Alastair Mac Colla. Cha bu ruith leis-san ach leum dol latha sam bith de'n t-seachduin air an turus cheudna. Agus feumar aideachadh gu'n robh ainfhiach trom aig na Domhnallaich, agus gu sonruichte aig càirdean Alastair, air na Caimbeulaich 's air Mac Cailein, ged nach cuir sinn ar n-aonta ris an dòigh ghairisnich air an d' thug 'fear tholladh nan tighean' a mach dioghaltas.

Tha e air a radh gu'n robh Colla 's a dhithis mac, Gilleasbuig is Aonghus, anns gach blàr a chuir Alasdair le Montròs. Cha'n 'eil dearbhadh agam nach 'eil so fìor. Ach dh' iarrainn dearbhadh gu bheil, mu'n làn-chreidinn e. Co-dhiù tha seanachas air gu'n d' fhuair iad ùine is cothrom air cogadh 's air creachadh anns na h-Eileanan 's air Tìr-mòr 's na bliadhnachan so. Ghabh Mac Cailein seilbh an Colasa, gun chòir sam bith 's a' cheud dol a mach, cho fhad 's is léir dhomh, ach an làmh-làidir. Chuir e, ma's fhìor seanachas an Eilein, fear Domhnall Ballach Mac Eòghain 'n a fhear-ionaid do Cholasa. Bha 'reachd a' Bhàillidh' cruaidh da rireadh an Colasa ri linn Dhomhnaill Bhallaich, gu sonruichte air bochdan, air bantraichean, 's air dilleachdain. Eadar màl is mòd, càin is cìs cha robh a bhi beò aig an t-sluagh. Chuir am fhear-sàrachaidh so càin air maorach a' chladaich. Chaidh Aonghus Mac Colla 's a dhaoine air sgriob do'n Eilean, cha'n 'eil iomradh có bhliadhna, ach b' ann ri linn cogadh Mhontròis. Thachair bantrach bhochd orra 's a h-aona mhart aice an ceann taoid, a' dol a phaigheadh an daimh-ursann ri Domhnall Ballach. Dh' innis i a sgeul. "Till thusa dhachaidh," ars' Aonghus, "socraichidh mise chùis ri Domhnall Ballach." Ràinig e fhéin 's a ghillean Orasa, far an robh am Bàillidh a' fuireach. Chaidh iad a steach. Thairg Domhnall Ballach snaoisean do dh' Aonghus. "A bheil iteag agad?" ['s e sin, air son an t-snaoisein], ars' Aonghus. "Cha'n 'eil iteag agam" ['s e sin, comas itealaich], fhreagair Domhnall Ballach, "na'm bitheadh, cha robh mi romhadsa an so an nochd." Cha robh tuilleadh seanachas eatorra. B' fhearann-eaglais Orasa, 's bha tearmunn aig a' chiontach a bu duibhe aon uair 's gu faigheadh e seachad air Crois-an-tearmnid a bha 'n a seasamh iomadh linn am meadhon na faodhlach eadar Colasa is Orasa. Ach cha shàbhaladh adharc na h-altarach fhéin Domhnall Ballach. Cha chuireadh na daoine an-iochdmhor gu bàs an Orasa e. Thug iad thar na faodhlach e, cheangail iad e ri carragh cloiche a tha fhathast 'na sheasamh air Leana-na-Eaglais ann am Baile-raomuinn-mòr, chuir iad seachd peileirean ann 's chuir iad fios gu Mac Cailein nan cuireadh e leithid Dhomhnuill Bhallaich a rithisd do Cholasa gu'n deanadh iad an aon ghiullachd air. Rinn Aonghus 's a chuid daoine creachadh is milleadh mòr an Ile. Bha athair is Gilleasbuig a bhrathair an neo-ar-thaing cho dian 's cho dioghaltach air Tirmòr.

Cha 'n eil fios ro chinnteach ciod e a ghluais Alastair Mac Colla 'nuair a dhealaich e ri Montròs mar a rinn e. Is dòcha nach robh e fhathast sgìth de chasgradh nan Caimbeulach. Co-dhiu 's ann air fearann Mhic Cailean a thug e aghaidh. Is an air an turus so a bha e aon mhaduinn bhòidheach chéitein 'nuair a stad e fhéin 's a chuid daoine gus an deantadh deas am biadhmaidne. Shàth e a bhratach ann an cnocan gorm, agus dh' fheoraich e cia b' ainm dha. "Gocam-gò," thuirteadh ris. Thainig fàisneachd a mhuime 'n a chuimhne, agus tuilleadh fuireach cha deanadh e. Dh' fhàs cridhe a' ghaisgich nach d' thug a chùl riamh ri nàmhaid mar chridhe leinibh. Cha robh sùil air creachadh; cha robh feitheamh ri *Leslie* a bha nis air a shàil. Troimh Chinntire ghabh e. Dh' fhag e cuid d' a dhaoine an Dùn-àbhartaidh, 's thug e Ile air. Dh' fhàg e mu dhà cheud saighdear an Dùn-naomhaig fo chomannda athar, Colla Ciotach 's chaidh e thairis do dh' Eirinn. Mu'n gann a ruith am foghar chaidh a mharbhadh am blàr Chnoc-nan-os. Bha Alastair Mac Colla pòsda air aon de nigheanan Mhic Alastair, Tighearna nan Lùb. Dh' fhàg e teaghlach, 's tha a shliochd fhathast maireann, cuid diubh an inbhe urramaich.

(Ri leantuinn).

CLAN MACKAY.—The Annual "Conversazione" of members and friends takes place in the Albany Galleries, Renfrew Street, Glasgow, on Friday, 18th December, when a large gathering is expected. Tickets (gentlemen, 4s., ladies, 3s.), can be had from Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secy., 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. All interested are cordially invited.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACRAE, B.A.
Author of "The History of the Clan Macrae."

(Continued from page 25).

Mc Crea.

Tradition about Fearachar Mac Ian Oig.—Tradition about the Glenlic Hunt.—How Ian Mor Mac Mhaighstir Fionnla killed the Soldiers.

FEARACHAR MAC IAN OIG lived at Achyark, and was a man of note in Kintail. It was in the time of Colin Earl of Seaforth, and the rents were very heavy. To make matters worse, the bailiff who collected them was a very unpopular man, and was in the habit of exacting certain payments on his own account. A quarrel having arisen about a certain tribute which Farquhar refused to pay, the bailiff went to Achyark one day while Farquhar was out hunting, and, taking advantage of his absence, carried away a cow and a copper kettle in payment of the disputed tribute. When Farquhar returned home, his wife told him that if he were half a man the bailiff would not dare to do what he did. This taunt roused him to such fury that he immediately set out with his loaded gun in pursuit of the bailiff, whom he overtook at the river Conag. As the bailiff was crossing the river, with the kettle on his back, Farquhar shot him dead. When he returned home he told his wife what he had done. "You silly woman," said he, "you have caused me to work my own ruin. I must now look to my safety, and you must take care of yourself the best way you can." He then fled for safety in the direction of Loch Hourn, where he had an uncle living. When he reached Coalas nam Bo (the strait of the cows), on Loch Hourn, in the dead of the night, he began to shout across the ferry to his uncle, who was living on the other side. When the uncle heard him he recognised his voice, and roused his own sons, who were asleep in bed. "Get up," said he, "I hear Farquhar, my brother's son, shouting to be ferried, with a tone of mischief in his voice." The young men at once got up, and brought Farquhar across the ferry. When his uncle asked him what the matter was, Farquhar told him that he had killed Domhnull Mac Dhonnachaidh Mhic Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh nam Fiadh (Donald, the son of Duncan, the son of Black Finlay of the Deer.) "If that is all," replied the uncle, "it does not matter much, for if you had not killed him, I should kill him myself."

Farquhar hid with his uncle for some months, and then took up his abode in a cave in Coire-Gorm-a-Bheallaich, in Glenlic. This he made his hiding-place for seven years, careful never to appear to any but his most trusted friends. He never left his hiding-place without placing a copper coin in a certain position on a stone at the mouth of the cave, his idea being that if anyone had visited and discovered his hiding-place in his absence they would be sure either to take the coin away or, at all events, to handle it, and move it from the position in which he had left it. It is said that in those times, if a murderer succeeded in evading the law for seven years, he could not afterwards be punished, and so, at the end of seven years, Farquhar, considering himself a free man, suddenly appeared one day at a funeral in Kilduich. His friends were delighted to see him again, and having paid a ransom to the representatives of the murdered man, he was henceforth able to go about the country in safety. On one occasion, when taunted on being a murderer by one of the bailiff's friends, Farquhar replied, "Ma mharbh mis 'e nach d' ith sibh fhein e?" (If I have killed him, have you not eaten him yourselves?) This reply referred to the ransom which in those days would probably consist of food and cattle. Seaforth, however, would not forgive the murderer of his bailiff, and so he sent a message to caution Farquhar never to come into his presence. Shortly afterwards, Seaforth was fitting out an expedition for the

Lews, and gave instructions that his men should meet on a certain day at Poolewe. When Seaforth arrived there he was disappointed to find so few of his men waiting for him. "How," said one of the Kintail men, "can you expect your men to respond to you, when you won't allow the bravest of them to come into your presence?" "And who is the bravest of them?" asked Seaforth. "Fearachar Mac Ian Oig." was the reply, "and he would soon be here if you would only restore him to the position he occupied before the murder of the bailiff." Seaforth consented to do this, and Farquhar, who was in concealment near by, was immediately introduced, and became reconciled to his chief there and then. The tradition says that in the course of this expedition Farquhar proved himself one of the bravest and best of Seaforth's followers.

TRADITION ABOUT THE GLENLIC HUNT.

There was hardly any event in the past history of Kintail around which there gathered more legendary and traditional lore than the famous Glenlic hunt, in which Murdoch, son of Alexander of Inverinate, lost his life. The reason for this was no doubt the mystery surrounding Murdoch's death, and the series of elegies composed during the fifteen days that the search for his body continued. His death was supposed by many people to have been the work of some evil spirit, and for many generations it was considered unsafe to pass at night by the spot where the body was found, as strange sights were seen there and strange noises heard, and, most convincing of all, mysterious marks, as of a round foot with long claws, used to be seen on the otherwise smooth unbroken surface of the snow that fell there in winter. But there was one man in the district who was proof, at all events, against any fear of the evil spirit by which the scene of the tragedy was believed to be haunted. This was a redoubtable weaver called Am Breabadair Og (the young weaver), who lived at the Cro of Kintail, and who always carried a brace of pistols with him wherever he went. Having resolved to challenge the evil spirit to meet him, he carefully loaded his pistols with silver buttons—silver being, according to a well-known belief of olden times, a metal which for shooting purposes was proof against the power of witches and evil spirits alike. Thus fortified, he set out as the night came on to the haunted spot, determined to challenge and shoot anything, whatever it might be, that chanced to come across his path. Nothing happened, however, the first night, and so he repeated his watch the second night also without any result. This went on for fourteen nights in succession, and still the weaver's watches were disturbed by neither voice nor vision. But on the fifteenth night, which, it may be observed, corresponded with the number of days the search for Murdoch's body lasted, the weaver returned home crestfallen, exhausted, and silent. Nobody was ever told what he saw or heard on that night, but he had evidently failed to drive away the evil spirit, which continued to haunt the place as before.

HOW IAN MOR MAC MHAIGHSTER FIONNLA KILLED THE SOLDIERS.

John, son of the Rev. Finlay Macrae of Lochalsh, was considered one of the best swordsmen of his own time in the Highlands. One Sunday, while Mr. Finlay was conducting divine service in Lochalsh Church, a party of four or five soldiers came across from Glenelg,* and began to plunder his house. While this was going on, John, who was returning home from a journey, arrived at an inn above Auchtertyre, and went in to rest. But he had hardly sat down when word reached him of what was going on at his father's house, and setting out at once with all speed, he overtook the soldiers on the way to their boat with the plunder. He told them to return everything they took, and that they would be allowed to depart without being further interfered with. It so happened, however, that as John was hurrying along to catch the soldiers, one of his garters came undone, and, instead of returning their booty, the soldiers began to make fun of his hose, which had slipped down about his ankle. This was more than John could stand, and falling upon the soldiers with his sword, he killed them one after another before they could reach their boat. The place where the soldiers were buried is still pointed out. It is quite near Lochalsh Parish Church, and is known as Blar nan Saighdear (the Soldiers' Field.)

*The military barracks at Glenelg were built in 1722, but in all probability there were soldiers stationed in that neighbourhood from the time of the Battle of Glenshiel in 1719 onwards.

AN DROBHAIR CRUINN.

[THE following tale of adventure secured first place in the competition for the prizes offered by the Clan Mackay Society at the recent Mòd at Inverness. The author is Mr. John MacFadyen, Glasgow.]

ANNS na làithean a dh' fhalbh 'n uair a b' àbhaist do na Gàidheil — agus do na Goill cuideachd—a bhi 'g iomain nan dròbh, o gach ceàrn de 'n dùthaich, gu margadh ainmeil na h-Egglaise-Brice, 's iomadh tearnadh caol troimh 'n d' thàinig cuid deth na dròbhairean, air an rathad eadar an Eaglais-Bhreac agus an dachaidhean fein.

'S iomadh duine ainmeil a bh' ann am measg nan dròbhairean a bh' ann a sud, agus ainmeil,

ann am measg dhaoine ainmeil, bha 'n Dròbhair Cruinn. Cha b' ann ainmeil, air son meud a dhroíbh, mar a bha Coire-Chòillidh a bha 'n Dròbhair Cruinn, oir tha e air a ràdh gu'n deach Coire-Coillidh a stigh do 'n Eaglais-Bhric air latha sònraichte, agus bha 'n drobh, a bh' aige —crodh agus caoirich—a còmhdachadh seachd mile deth 'n rathad-mhòr, agus bha e air a ràdh cuideachd, gu'n robh seachd pìobairean air ceann an droibh, a dol a stigh do 'n mhargadh, ach cha 'n 'eil na làithean sin cho fada bh' uainn, 'sa tha na làithean anns an robh an Dròbhair Cruinn beò, 's cha chuala sinn de 'm fad a bh' anns an dròbh a bu mhodha, a bh' aig an Dròbhair Chruinn riamh, ged a chuala sinn gu'n robh e na dhuine smiorail, gaisgeil, faicilleach, cùramach, anns an robh neart anabarrach air réir a' mheud, a chionn cha robh e ach iosal na phearsa, cho leathunn 'sa bha e cho fad, mar a theireadh iad, 's e sin a chuir gu 'n d' thug iad an Dròbhair Cruinn mar ainm air. 'N uair a ghabhadh tarbh no damh an caothach, rud is minig a rinn iad, aig na h-aisig, na'm faigheadh an Dròbhair Cruinn greum air a h-aon aca, laimhsicheadh e an damh mar gu 'm b' i othaisg a bhiodh aige. Fhuair aon tarbh 's e air an dearg chaothach as a lámhan aon uair, ach dh' fhàg e adhaircean ann an làmhan an Dròbhair. Ach coma co dhiu, cha b'e sud idir, a ni air an d' aithriseadh an sgeul. Dh' fhàg an Dròbhair Baile na h-Eaglaise-Brice air feasgar sònraichte ann an dol fodha na gréine se 'm beachd an oidhche sin a chur seachad ann an tigh òsda anns an Lairbeart, tigh anns ann b àbhaist moran deth na dròbhairean oidhche chur seachad.

Bha cuideachd còmhla ris an Dròbhair ach gabh iadsan ceum air thoiseach, ann an dùil nach biodh an Dròbhair fada as an déidh ach chum a ghnothach an Dròbhair, beagan ni b' fhaide na shaol e agus bha e fàgail a bhaile-mhargaidh gun neach gun chreudair beò na chuideachd, ach a dheadh chù, nach biodh uair sam bith fada o 'shàil. Le ceum beothail aotrom—a chionn bha margadh math, agus bha achlasan dùmhail deth chùinneadh Shasunn aige air a shiubhal—bha'n Dròbhair a toirt ceum as agus aghaidh air a dhùthaich, bha 'n t-anamoch a tighinn 's cha b'ann air a shocair mar a thoirt an seann-fhacal "Mar chloich a' ruith le gleann, feasgar fann foghair." Ach mu'n d' thainig an dorcha uile gu léir air, chuala e fuaim chasan eich a tighinn as a dhéidh, agus ann an tiotadh rinn marcaiche, coltas duin'-uasail, a suas air, agus tharruing e 'n Dròbhair, agus thòisich iad air seanachas ri chéile, agus bu mhath a b' aithne, do'n duin'-uasal seanachas a dheanadh, agus bha e cho eòlach air treudan, agus air droibh sa bhà'n Dròbhair e fein, agus cha robh dròbh no buaile ainmeil eadar Tigh Iain Ghròid, 's a' Chrìoch Shasunnach nach b' aithne do'n duin'-uasal. 'San a bha'n Dròbhair ga mheas fein fortanach, a leithid deth chompanach a thachairt, ris air an rathad. Thàinig an duin'-uasal a nuas as a dhìolaid 's thilg e'n t-srian thar a ghàirdean 's choisich e ri taobh an Dròbhair 's lean iad air seanachas car tacain, 'san déigh dhoibh a bhi greis mar so, sheas an duin'-uasal agus thuairt e gu'm feumadh esan siubhal air aghart, a chionn gu 'n robh àireamh mhath mhilltean aige ri chur seachad, mu 'n ruigeadh e a cheann-uidhe, agus an uair a bha e gu leum anns an diolaid thionndaidh e agus thubhairt e ris an Dròbhair "Nach neònach leamsa duine mar a tha thusa, a bhi gabhail an rathaid leis féin, 's gun neach na chuideachd a tighinn bhar a' mharagaidh; nach 'eil fhios agad gu 'm bheil daoine gu minig air an robadh air an rathad so."

"Ma ta" ars' an Dròbhair "Cha robh fiughair agam a bhi leam fein a nochd, ged a thuit dhomh a bhi ann, ach co dhiu tha'n cù is feàrr an Albainn agam, agus tha *Andrew Faràra* air mo leis, ged nach fhaic neach eile e, gus an d' thig feum air, agus ma thig feum air 's aithne dhomh chluich. "*Andrew Faràra*" ars an duin' uasal, 'se sin a h-aon deth na claidheamhan ainmeil, tha mi a' cluinntinn iomradh orra o' n a's cuimhne leam, 's cha 'n fhaca mi sealladh air a h-aon dhiu riamh ged a bheirinn rud math air son sin fhaodainn." "Cha ruig sibh a les a bhi ni 's fhaide mar sin," ars' an Dròbhair, s e tarruing a' chlaidheamh a bha sios ann an osan na brigis aige, 'sa cheann am falach fo 'chota os cionn a chruachain. Shin e an claidheamh ann an laimh an duin' uasail, mar nach biodh e toirt dhà ach a chuach-theine 's an spor. Ach o, ciod e'n laigse thubaisdeach a thàinig air an Dròbhair Chruinn aig an uair ud, duine 'bha cho seòlta, sicire, faicilleach, 'sa sheas riamh air margadh na h-Eaglaise-Brice, a dhol a shìneadh na bha deth dh' airm air ann an laimh coigrich, ann an dorcha na h-oidhche. Ach de 'ruigeas sinn leas a bhi bruithinn? Nach 'eil eachdraidh làn deth leithidean so? Riamh o'n latha shònraichte ud anns na thachair gu'n do chuir an duine bu chiùine a bha riamh air an t-saoghal—Maois—ann am buaireadh braise na feirge, na deich Aithntean 'nan criomagan leis an aon bhuille, agus 's minig bh' uaidhe sin a thachair e gu'n do thuit am fear làidir agus aig uair chiogailteach, gu'n d' fhàilnich e gu buileach, anns an ni sin anns an robh e air a chùnntas barraichte, mar a thuairt an sean fhocal—"'S minig a thàinig fo laimh an deadh stiùireadair." An uair a fhuair an duin'-uasal—an robair, 'se bh' ann, 's cha b'e duin'-uasal—na laimh àn claidheamh thug e tacan air a mholadh. Sheas e'n sin ceum air ais o'n Dròbhair 's bha e cuir caran deth 'n claidheamh mu 'n cuairt a chinn, thog e'n sin an claidheamh cho àrd sa b' urrainn e, agus thug e' nuas e le uile neart, agus chuir e'n ceann deth 'n

chù 's ma 'n gann a bha 'n gniomh ud deanta, bha rinn a chlaidheamh fein ri broilleach an Dròbhair bhochd agus briathran an robair na chluais—"Liubhair do sporan." Ach cha d' fheum an Dròbhair briathran sam bith, a ligeil a thuigsinn—cha do rinn e, ach bha 'n tuigsinn—sin gun mhoran feum dha, a chionn bha i ro fhada gun tighinn, agus b' eadar dha a h-uile peighinn a bh' aige—'s bha sinn aige, sporan trom—a liubhairt thairis do 'n robair, agus bha dheadh chù agus a claidheamh ga dhì còmhla ris a sin. Ma 'n do dhealaich iad, thubhairt an Dròbhair—"Thug thu bh' uamsa na bh' agam, agus ged is duilich leam mo chuid fein 'se cuid chàich a's duilghe leam, tha mi còrr agus fichead bliadhna a' dol 'sa tighinn, air an rathad so, agus ged is iomadh neach a dh' earb a chuid rium anns an ùine sin, cha do chaill neach peighinn riamh orm, ach an uair a theid mi dhachaidh, agus a dh' innseas mi gu'n deach mo robadh bidh cuid ann a chreideas mi, ach bidh moran dhiù nach creid, ach co dhiù, cha teid mi dhachaidh gu bràth gun leòn orm, so agad stoc craoibhe, agus cuiridh mi mo làmh chlì air, agus geàrr dhiom leis a' chlaidheamh, o chaol-an-dùirn i." "A dhuine ghòraich," ars' an robair, "nach foghainn leòn a's lugha na call na laimhe uile leat? cuir an lùghdag agus a mhear a's fhaisge dhi air an stoc, agus gearraidh mise dhiot iad 's gléidh an còrr deth 'n laimh bidh feum agad fhathast oirre." "Mar sin fein bitheadh e" ars' an Dròbhair 'se gabhail a nùnn far an robh stoc craoibhe, a chaidh a shàbhadh, trì no ceithir deth throidhean o'n talamh, agus chuir e 'dhà mheur sinnte air an stoc, agus thuirt e ris an robair—"A nis, buail grad, agus buail glan."

Thog an robair an claidheamh cho àrd 'sa b' urrainn e, 's an sin bha e ga thoirt a nuas le uile neart, an uair a thiolp an Dròbhair a mheòir bhar an stuic, agus chaidh an claidheamh an sàs gu domhain anns an fhiodh, 's mu 'n d' fhuair an robair ùine gu sealltainn, no gu smaointinn, bha meòir an Dròbhair Chruinn a' teannachadh gu cruaidh mu 'n sgòrnan aige. Gun teagamh, rinn an robair sporgail gu leòir, gu faotainn ma réir, dheanadh uan sin, na'm faigheadh e e-fein ann an spògan an leóghainn, agus bhiodh e a chearta cho furasda do'n uan faotainn às o'n leòghann 'sa bha e do'n robair faotainn a' làmhan an Dròbhair ged a b'e 'n robair, duine mòran bu truime na 'n Dròbhair. Có dhiù, cha b' fhada gus an robh an robair 'sa dhruim ri talamh agus fhuair an Dròbhair a chuid fein air ais, agus dòrlach math a bharrachd air, agus le iall na cuip a bh' aig an robair, chaidh a làmhan fein a cheangal air a chùlthaobh 's b' eadar dha cois-eachd ri taobh an Dròbhair, gus an Lairbeart. An uair a rànig an Dròbhair an tigh-òsda, anns an robh e dol a chuir seachad na h-oidhche, 'sa cunnaic a chàirdean fein e tighinn agus each aige anns an dàrna laimh agus duine anns an làimh eile, cha robh fios aca ro-mhath de am mineachadh a thigeadh as a' chùis, ach 'n uair a thàinig fear-an-taighe air lom, 'sa sheall e mu 'n cuairt air, thuirt e—"Ma laochan thu Dhròbhair, rinn thusa obair mhath air an oidhch' a nochd, ghlac thu 'n robair mor 's tha ciad pùnnd Sasunnach air a cheann 's ma bheir thu do Shruithla 'maireach e, gheibh thu sin agus taing."

Agus 's e sin a rinn an Dròbhair, gu math tràth anns a' mhaduinn thug e'n robair do Shruithla 's ged a chuir an robair casaid na aghaidh ag ràdh gu 'n do rob an Dròbhair esan, cha bu mhiann leis an luchd ùghdarrais ann an Sruithla sealltainn a stigh anns a chùis sin; fhuair an Dròbhair a chiad pùnnd Sasunnach le móran molaidh agus taing air son e 'bhi cho smiorail; fhuair e cead each an robair a ghleidheadh dha féin agus 's minig a chluinnte e'g ràdh as a dhéidh sud—"Ged a chaill mi mo dheadh chù, fhuair mi 'n deadh each," agus 's iomadh latha as a dhéidh sud, a bha 'n Dròbhair agus an t-each aithnichte anns na h-eileanan an Iar.

CLAIDHEAMH.

THE FORTUNES OF AN EXILE.

BY I. K. RITCHIE.

Author of "In Love and Honour," "Dearer Far," etc.

(Continued from page 40.)

NO the truth about the beautiful chapel was heard at last, and Flora, aghast, could not restrain the words of terrified upbraiding; surely worse was the confession than if it had been "I have trafficked with the poor man's earnings, but I had every hope to make it good again." Colinsay, however, found no difficulty in defending himself. "You need not put it in that light," he said. "MacNeil was sending a great deal more money home than his wife had any need of—his parish church was in sore straits for a little rêady cash, and I have used some of it as it passed through my hands. In my own time I can explain it to Ivan," he supplemented, loftily.

"If that is your way of looking at it, I have nothing more to say; but remember I have Ivan's letter, and if you will not immediately make your peace with Joanna, I must take steps in the matter."

"Never mind the letter!" he cried, testily. "Really, it is neither here nor there. You have said Joanna knows nothing about it. You misapprehend the thing altogether. Why is power given to such as I if not to use with prudence and discretion. MacNeil has been a very lucky fellow in going out there to so good

a fortune, and he should be highly honoured to give generously to Mother Church."

"To give—yes; but to be robbed—no. But I see it is useless to argue. I can only give this document into my father's hands and leave you to explain it."

Colinsay sprang forward with flashing eyes. That he should be outwitted by a woman—by the girl he had vowed to bring to submission—it was more than he could endure.

"Flora, save me!" he cried, "you only can do it. You have my secret—let us bear it together. I have told you I am willing to qualify myself as a minister of your own Church. Your father can deny you nothing, and our path in the future is clear. I do not mind acknowledging to you I have made a little mistake in playing fast and loose with MacNeil's money, but we can bank it with interest for them. They would not suspect me of anything but generous motives, and you know your own influence with them."

Not till that moment did Flora realize how completely devoid of conscience Colinsay was.

"You suggest this to me," she faltered, "and without shame would make me an accomplice in your crime! But even were I such an one as would listen to you, it were useless. It was Ivan's own child who found the letter, and saw how you had deceived them all. And she brought it to me, poor child! because she said at home they would not believe a word against you."

"I always knew that wretched infant hated me!" Colinsay exclaimed, as he staggered almost speechless into a chair.

"No, not you," Flora corrected, "but your want of sympathy with her little joys and sorrows; your foolish desire to keep her in ignorance of what she had every right to know. I have often thought it wrong, and I blame Joanna for giving way so easily."

"I am glad you blame someone besides myself," he said bitterly. "And now, as you will not help me, what would you have me do?"

"There is but one way to a new and better life," answered Flora, softly, "Repent and be forgiven."

Then she closed the door and left him, his face buried in his hands, in evident dejection. So the doctor would find him, she thought, and none confided in him in vain. With a heart lighter than it had been for hours, she went upstairs. Perhaps it would be less bitter to Colinsay to perceive her father was not prepared for the dark tale of the past years.

. . . . . .

It was weeks before Flora recovered from the shock of that dreadful moment when the doctor's startled cry on entering the surgery made her rush to his side, and together they discovered Colinsay—*dead!* Dead without a struggle, for the glass on the table beside him contained the dregs of a poison instantaneous in action. Base and cowardly in life, he had sought a coward's release from the ills with which he had himself encompassed the future. His perfidy never became subject of public scandal. Dr. Macalister's sympathies inclined towards the humane course of keeping silence, and Ivan also desired that the deplorable episode might be buried in oblivion. He so far justified the unworthy priest's opinion of him as to express himself honoured, though unawares, by enriching Mother Church.

But the outward prosperity of the chapel seemed to wane with the end of Colinsay's misguided career, and when the MacNeils visited their native land a few summers ago already the rich furnishings were dusty and moth-eaten. They placed flowers on old Mrs. MacLeod's grave in the "God's Acre" there, but they made their devotions in the old kirk, where Fraser was still the beloved pastor; and need Mary—herself soon to be claimed by one truly worthy of her in the rich country across the seas—be censured if her eyes seldom strayed from the manse pew, where Flora sat the bride of a few months?

. . . . . .

The MacNeils had always been Catholics in the olden times, but Ivan and his family have strengthened their former peace and happiness in becoming followers of a simpler creed, binding them in closer sympathy and affection with some who long have loved them in Loch Garra.

(Concluded.)

CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Social Gathering of this clan took place in the Waterloo Rooms on 6th November, and was a most brilliant and successful function. The chair was occupied by Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B., chief of the clan, who was accompanied to the platform by Lady and Miss Maclean, and the following clansfolk:—Captain C. A. H. Maclean, of Pennycross, and Mrs. Ritchie (*nèe* Miss Maclean, of Pennycross), Mr. Neil Maclean of Breda, President, and Mrs. Maclean, Maclean of Dochgarroch, Mr. John Maclean, Vice-President, and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. Hector A. C. Maclean, Harlington, Captain W. Maclean, Southampton, Mr. Colin C. Maclean, Janesville, U.S.A., Mr. Roderick Maclean, of Gometra, and others. The chairman delivered an eloquent and interesting address, in which he expressed the great pride which he felt in being chief of such an ancient and historic clan as that of the Macleans, and assured his hearers that he would shirk none of the responsibilities and duties of his honourable position, and would do everything in his power to maintain the best traditions of Clan Gillean. Mr. Neil Maclean, Breda, also addressed the gathering, while Pennycross aroused the enthusiasm of the audience by rendering a selection on the bagpipe. Altogether the occasion was a memorable one in the modern annals of the Macleans.

LIEUTENANT E. S. GRAHAM.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 4. Vol. XII.] *JANUARY, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

LIEUTENANT E. S. GRAHAM,

Vice-President, Scottish Clans Association of London.

THE subject of our sketch this month, although born in London, does not forget the land of his fathers, and as so frequently happens, is probably more interested in Celtic matters than many of those born and reared in Highland glens. He is the seventh son of Walter Graham, at one time a member of the London Corn Exchange, who, it is interesting to mention, was also a seventh son. Those of our readers who are familiar with Celtic folklore, or Fiona Macleod's works, will remember the curious superstition associated with this member of a family. His great-great-grandfather, owing to his participation in the Jacobite Risings of the eighteenth century, was obliged to leave his home in Perthshire, and settled near Langholm, on the estate of the Duke of Buccleugh, on which, and also on the Netherbie estate, his son and grandson farmed extensively, gaining some fame as breeders of Galloway cattle.

Since their migration to the border Mr. Graham's forbears have become connected by marriage with the Highland families of Nicol and Ferguson, and with the border clan of Armstrong. Mr. Graham was educated at Highgate Grammar School, and for some time studied medicine. He, however, took up volunteering very keenly, first in the ranks of the "Volunteer Medical Staff Corps," which he left as a 2nd class staff sergeant, to take up a commission in the Volunteer Artillery, where by his hard work he attracted the favourable attention of the officer commanding volunteer and militia artillery in the Home and Woolwich district, who, on the relaxation of the regulation, obtained for him a direct commission in the army. Mr. Graham's first regular commission is dated May, 12th, 1900, and he was promoted lieutenant, May 11th, 1901. He has served at Plymouth, Woolwich, St. Lucia (West Indies), and is now serving in the West African Field Force in Northern Nigeria. While stationed at Woolwich he endeavoured to found a cadet corps in connection with the Scottish Clans Association of London, of which he is a vice-president.

Mr. Graham is a player on the national instrument, and greatly interested in all matters relating to the Highlands.

BLIADHNA MHATH UR DHUIBH.

THA sneachd geal na Nollaig' air mullach Beinn Hough,
Air Muile nam mòr-bheann, 's air Eilean-a-Cheo,
Bithidh stoirm na bliadhn' ùir' ann am Bealach-na-gaoith'
Ach blàths 'n ar cridhe, a chàirdean mo ghaoil!

Ged tha sinne 's an eilean, 'us sibhse thar sàil',
Na leigibh air dì-chuimhne Eilean Chola bhur gràidh,
Och! na leigibh air dì-chuimhne fìor-chàirdean bhur n-òig',
'Us na nìonagan dileas 'tha 'g ionndrainn bhur pòg.

Air là na bliadhna ùir' bithidh sinn uile mar b' abhaist
'Cur fàilt' air na càirdean tha dileas dhuinn fhathast,
Cur fàilt' air a cheile le aoibhneas 's le ceol,
Clann Illeathain, Clann Phàidean, Clann Fhionghain 's
Clann Dhomhnuill.

DUGHALL MACEACHTHIGHEARNA.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE ISLAND OF COLL.

THE old year is dying: Ben Feall and Ben Hough
Are white as a maiden's pure bosom of snow,
The ice-blast sweeps keen through the Pass of the Wind;
But our pulses glow warm and our greetings are kind.

Can the waves of the ocean twin spirits e'er part?
Can an Islesman forget the dear Isle of his heart,
The old folks, the youths, and the maidens who miss
The warmth of his greeting, his hand-clasp and kiss?

To-morrow's New Year! You'll not come as of yore
Full-hearted, full-handed, first-footing our door,
But at night by the fire, while the ocean-storm raves,
It's of you we'll be thinking in Coll of the Waves.

D. M'ECHERN.

A BUD OF THE WHITE ROSE.

BY JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

THERE was consternation in the good city of Glasgow, one day in the winter of 1745. On the "plane stanes," under the colonade of the Tontine at the Cross, the wealthy merchants and city magnates whispered mysteriously to each other as they promenaded in all the glory of bright cloaks and cocked hats. At the entrances of "closes," the corners of narrow streets, the shopkeepers and artizans held excited converse together. Even in the drawing rooms and parlours of the rich, or the kitchens of the common folk, some burning question was debated; a feeling of unrest pervaded the entire community. And it was small wonder, for that day Prince Charles Edward, the young Chevalier, had marched into the city at the head of his "wild Highlanders," returning from that ill-advised incursion into England, and, without ceremony, had demanded quarters, food, and clothing for his ragged regiments. He had quartered his men on the peaceful inhabitants, he and his officers occupying one of the best houses after ejecting the rightful owner, and had coolly commanded the Lord Provost and Magistrates to obey his imperious orders.

Glasgow was loyal to the House of Hanover. These high-handed proceedings were generally resented by the staid burghers, yet such is the glamour that youth and misfortune combined, can cast, that many were touched. Pity and sympathy went out towards the handsome young man who had come fom exile to claim what he considered his rights. Many women, especially those of social standing, were secretly hopeful that the Prince might succeed. Not a few men were aware of the feeling in their household. Of this number was Gilbert Howie, the wealthy cloth merchant of the Candleriggs. An off-shoot of the famous Howies of Lochgoin, he had, singularly enough, married a lady whose ancestors and immediate relations favoured the cause of the banished Stuarts. Annabel Howie was a Jacobite at heart, though she made no sign of sympathy with Prince Charles, not even when Gilbert fell to railling at the Lord Provost and the City Council for weakly giving in to the demands made by the young Chevalier.

"And we are to feed and clothe these wild caterans, his Lordship counsels! If the hand of some just man would but strike a blow for Scotland now that the last whelp of a vile strain is within reach, it would not be counted to him as murder, but rather as a righteous act," he cried with vehemence.

His wife grew pale, his daughter and sole child, Marjorie, a lovely girl of seventeen, trembled.

"You do not mean that, goodman?" Dame Annabel said faintly.

"I *do* mean it," he said passionately. "Nay, more; I myself"—he broke off suddenly with a slow, furtive look at his listeners.

"Where is Willie?" he asked; "I must return to the Council's evening meeting by his lordship's desire. Bid the lads close, and let Willie see to the due safety of the place. These wild Hielandmen are thieving rogues."

He donned his cloak of fine blue cloth, and put on his laced hat as he spoke, for he was a rich and respected citizen, a frequenter, too, of the "plane stanes."

He departed, leaving horror and dread behind him, feelings that were deepened when his nephew and assistant, Willie Howie, came up from the big warehouse (in these days of simple habits, even wealthy business men lived in flats above their shops or warehouses) and repeated a conversation he had had with his angry and resolute relative.

"He'll do *something*, Aunt Annabel, of that I am certain," the young man declared. "He believes that the only thing that can stop the rebellion is the death of the Prince."

Annabel wrung her hands in destraction.

"Guid save us! and him the rightful heir; a bonnie lad and a gracious one," she moaned. 'But what can we do, Willie? Oh! What can we do?"

"Nothing," was Willie Howie's grim answer.

His cousin's eyes flashed; the girl was her father's daughter, half-hearted measures were not in her line, and her lip curled as she looked at the young man.

"Foul shame it will be to Glasgow if nothing is done to protect the Chevalier. Think, Willie! There's *one* thing only to be done," she said, her eyes fixed on his.

Some eyes possess a positive magnetism, their very slightest glance can dart meaning, understanding to other eyes. As Willie Howie looked at Marjorie a change passed over his face. A swift gleam of comprehension lit it up; he nodded to the girl.

"Do not grieve, Aunt Annabel, my uncle and the Prince will be alike protected," he assured the weeping woman in a tone that carried conviction.

The mansion occupied by Prince Charles was one of those handsome edifices so often erected at that period. Massive columns held up the great heavy portico; its lower windows had equally massive supports and high carved lintels. The interior corresponded in solid comfort with the dignified exterior; it was furnished luxuriously in the sombre style then

in vogue, for its owner was a man of immense wealth. The Prince's suite was small, yet all day the coming and going of his officers had filled the stately house with bustle and the clank of arms. Now, however, that night had fallen, these men had sought their own lodgings, and save for the steady tramp of kilted sentries all was quiet, though a considerable number of people of the lower class had congregated in the streets to stare at the lighted windows and open door.

A chill wind was blowing as Gilbert Howie took his way homeward from the Council meeting. It was late, as lateness was counted in those primitive times, for the hour of ten had just pealed from the Tron steeple at the Cross, as he came to a halt at the meeting of two streets. In the distance he could see the Prince's quarters, could faintly discern the lingering crowd before the lighted windows. For a minute he seemed to hesitate.

"Wherefore should I not? It may be given to me to save Scotland this very night," he said aloud, and strode rapidly forward in the direction of the Royal lodging.

He was but a short distance from his destination when two young men crossed the street in front of him. He stopped instantly, his brow dark with anger.

"Willie, and one of these graceless loons with him," he muttered furiously. "Oh! the wicked, idle lads. But I'll not thole their compromising of my good name."

He hurried forward into the crowd, thrusting the people aside with scant ceremony till he had forced his way to the outer verge of the circle. But no sign of his errant assistant or apprentice could he see; the men around him were neither of Willie's age nor grade; they were mature men of the lower class. But though his nephew had disappeared, the set purpose that had brought Gilbert there seemed still to dominate him. He pushed forward till he found himself confronted by the Highland sentries.

"I have business with your master in there; I must pass. I am Gilbert Howie, cloth merchant, and Town Councillor," he said, standing squarely before the men.

One of the pair seemed to have some idea of the demand; he looked keenly at Gilbert and said a few words to his companion, in Gaelic, of course.

"For the Prince?" he queried suspiciously.

"Yes, yes! the Prince," answered the merchant with impatience, flinging back his cloak to show that he was unarmed.

The men, with a guttural word of satisfaction, at once signed to him to pass, and he sprang up the broad steps and entered the mansion.

The warmly lighted hall, wide, and stretching back to the foot of a noble staircase, was empty, but from a curtained doorway on the right-hand side the sound of voices could be heard. Gilbert made straight for this door, but before his hand could touch the curtain two glittering claymores fell across it, while their owners, a brace of stalwart Celts, appeared simultaneously from behind the double leaves of the oaken door.

"I have business; I must pass," repeated Gilbert, and endeavoured to enter.

But these kilted keepers of the portals knew no English; they shook their tawny locks in dissent as the blades clashed an ominous warning. Gilbert was insisting, showing, as he had done before, that he had no weapon, and the silent guards were still barring the door with cold steel when, from another door just opposite, a man suddenly appeared, one, too, of some importance apparently.

"What is it, men? Donald, Ewan, what is all this unseemly wrangle about?" he demanded sternly, eyeing Gilbert keenly the while.

The men answered in Gaelic, and the gentleman turned courteously to the intruder.

"His Royal Highness is engaged at present, but the moment he is at liberty I will tell him you desire an audience," he said with the slight but pleasant accent peculiar to educated Irishmen.

With a bow he ushered Gilbert into a small recess in the hall where there was a seat.

"Wait here! I will come for you when the Prince is ready. I would give you a better waiting place, sir, but my brother officers use all the lower rooms," he said apologetically, before hurrying away.

The recess was evidently connected with the room whence the voices came. There was a double-leaved door in it, probably that used by the servants waiting at table. This door was, of course, closed, but a faint line of light showed down its centre; the voices were quite distinct when Gilbert sat down close to this crack in the wood. There seemed to be two or three speakers, and at sound of one voice the merchant started violently, for he knew it well. But presently another, a clear, low, tremulous one, caused a look of bewilderment to pass over his face, a look that rapidly changed to horror, then to the most awful deadly fury, as he put his ear to the crack and listened; listened, while the cold drops of agony gathered on his forehead and ran down his drawn, livid countenance. He was an austere man of high principles, but he set himself deliberately to hear all that was said in that secret conference, things meant for no other ears than those of the occupants of the room.

"But you mistake, monsieur," a pleasant, refined voice said; "I am safe among these 'savages,' as you term them, safer than the German with thousands of hirelings around him. Not a clansman of them would betray his lawful sovereign! Money, honours, cannot buy these Highland hearts!" There was pride and confidence in the slightly foreign accents.

"But there are others who wish you ill, who will plot and plan to defeat your aims; nay, thinking it loyal and noble to compass your death. Oh! Your Royal Highness, let us be near you to frustrate their attempts—they will make them, and soon." The second speaker's tone was deep and earnest.

"Oh! I am fortunate in such fidelity; I value it, and may yet avail myself of the offer made now," the first voice said.

The unsuspected listener's hands clenched till the nails cut into the palms; his breath came and went in deep pants of rage too intense for other expression.

"Let it be now—this very night," pleaded the other voice; "we are ready, for we know that danger threatens even as I speak; we know that murder broods in a heart that never held hatred till this unhappy day."

Gilbert's strong shoulders pressed against the door; there was a drawing together of the muscles as if for some supreme effort. Oh, the treachery, the double-dyed villainy of one he had trusted! The scalding tears rose in his burning eyes, to be dried by the fierce flames of wrath.

"Let your Royal Highness accept our services till your army shall have left Glasgow. We ask no more." The tones were tremulous with emotion.

"It is a generous offer and shows your loyalty. Yes, I accept your offer, young sirs. This night you shall watch turn and turn in my sleeping chamber."

"May heaven bless your Highness, and bring you to your own. By your side I shall stay to protect your life with my own," a low, trembling voice said in scarcely audible tones.

"That shall ye never do," a fierce, choking voice interrupted with a snarl, almost like that of an infuriated animal.

There was a crash of rending bolts, of splitting wood, the falling of a heavy screen, and a haggard, wild-eyed man burst furiously in, the foam of passion on his twitching lips. Gilbert, with one powerful thrust, had forced the locked door inward, and now stood as though turned to stone, staring at the three people before him. By a cushioned chair, from which he had started up, a remarkably handsome young man, in full Highland garb, stood gazing with curiosity at the intruder, while near by two others, one a mere lad in the dress of an apprentice, had shrunk back as though a blow had been dealt at each. With a face stiffened into absolute ferocity, Gilbert paused a moment, then broke out violently.

"You and your rabble shall have no dealings with the men of Glasgow. Get ye hence, ye vile son of a vile stock! May the curse of Scotland pursue ye to the very gates of hell! Get ye gone, I say." The fury of the man seemed to master him; he took a step towards the Prince, his hand raised.

With a shriek the young apprentice threw himself between Gilbert and the Prince, who had started back, his hand upon his sword.

"Father! Father! Do not touch him; he is your rightful king," the lad cried wildly, and Gilbert's hand dropped, his livid face became ashen.

"Marjorie!" he gasped, and clutched at the nearest chair for support.

The self-betrayed girl had thrown her arms round the Prince, her head turned, her eyes regarding her father with horror and defiance. She did not see the effect the revelation of her sex had upon Charles; she was not aware that the Highland guards had rushed in from the hall, that a gentleman had hastened to the Prince's side, or that Willie Howie was trying to unloose her locked fingers. She saw nothing but the terrible face of her father, the foaming mouth and blazing eyes.

"You shall not kill him! You shall not! I dare you to touch him," she cried, her voice shrill with terror.

The unhappy man had reeled after that one piteous exclamation; he looked like one stricken with a deadly illness. He made no attempt to stir—he could not. The Prince, with wonderful self-control, made a sign with his right hand, his left arm supporting the girl who would otherwise have fallen.

"Renvoyez les hommes," he said quietly, and at an order in Gaelic from the gentleman the guards instantly retired.

Marjorie, her face white as her father's, suddenly withdrew her hands from Charle's neck to cover her eyes with them. Her cousin stood immovable by her side; the Prince reseated himself calmly.

"Secure the door, O'Neal; let no one enter," he said, and the gentleman quickly fastened both doors, returning to stand behind his leader's chair as unconcernedly as though such episodes as the one then occurring were quite common.

There was a brief pause; no one stirred till Charles himself broke the silence. He looked at the stricken Gilbert with stern compassion.

"Monsieur, we want your explanation," he said, not unkindly.

In those early days, before exposure and privation had worn his face to haggardness, or selfish indulgence set indelible marks upon it, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was extremely handsome. With fascinating manners, he had less of the hauteur, but more of the personal magnetism of his masterful ancestors. As he gazed at the angry intruder, whose motives he could not fathom, there was that look of calm dignity upon his face which could influence his most turbulent followers. It influenced Gilbert unknown to himself; his mood became less aggressive; his fury was not gone, but he controlled it better. But he did not answer Charles.

"We are waiting," repeated the Prince with some impatience.

Then Gilbert drew himself together to answer; he took a step nearer, his dark eyes cast down as though in deep shame. His voice trembled, yet he spoke carefully like one anxious to betray no emotion, and he never glanced at his daughter. He gave the Prince no title save that demanded by courtesy.

"Sir, my ancestors had no cause to love yours, and did I follow their example I should let the weapon of the assassin find its way to your heart unhindered. Yet that I cannot do —you are young and may repent of the evil that you think now is no evil at all. Go your way; leave the city as you found it, loyal and true to its best interests. It may be worse for you than for Glasgow if ye heed not my warning."

He raised his sombre eyes suddenly to read the effect of his words, but beyond a slight, scornful smile Charles showed no concern. The smile seemed to determine the speaker's course.

"I meant not at first to warn you, but I dared not let your blood lie upon the city, though in my passion's heat I thought I could. Sir, as I passed from the Council chamber this night I overheard some words that told me a plot was being laid for your destruction. The plotters mean to carry it out ere the dawn. Be warned, depart at once, for all your wild horde cannot protect you against the scheme as I heard it set forth."

He paused again, but no word was uttered by the Prince, and in the silence the sound of steps and voices could be heard without. Gilbert, with almost feverish energy, resumed.

"Do I—a man who has just discovered deceit and dishonour in his own household—look like one who would lie for a purpose? Would I, who hate and despise your race, stoop to any mean device to be rid of you because my own nearest and dearest have deceived me for your sake? Sir, we Howie's have hitherto been honest, even to our foes. I would not shame the stock I have sprung from."

He got no further, a wild clamour, oaths, cries, the clash of steel, the trampling of feet, and loud bangs upon the oaken door made the group in the room start into sudden alertness. Charles had risen, laying his hand instinctively upon his sword hilt. O'Neal had hastened to his master's side, while the others had turned with one accord towards the quivering, straining door as the assaults npon it became more vehement.

"Open! Open for the love of heaven!" cried an agitated voice. "Open, or His Royal Highness is a dead man."

Marjorie gave a faint scream and clung to Willie; Gilbert placed himself beside O'Neal, but the Prince turned calmly to the latter.

"See what they want," he said, with no haste or flurry, and in three strides the Irishman was at the door.

As he flung it wide three men swept past him like a torrent, the Highland guards in their wake. All five rushed forward, the three civilians with a strange assortment of weapons, the Highlanders with drawn claymores. The leading citizen, a short, broad man of forbidding aspect, flung himself upon Gilbert Howie.

"Seize him! Seize the traitor who would murder his Royal Highness," he yelled, and laid his grasp upon the merchant's arm.

But, the momentary shock over, Gilbert threw the assailant off. Not only was he much taller, he was a far more muscular man, and the hot, fighting blood of the famous Lochgoin stock was roused.

"Simon Crawford—liar, cheat, scoundrel; I know you," he cried, and with one well-aimed blow sent his accuser spinning behind the Prince's chair.

But with oaths and furious lunges the other two were upon him. Charles, his sword unsheathed, calmly regarded the unequal combat, and Willie strove to aid his uncle, for the guards waited for O'Neal's orders, and O'Neal was for the nonce engaged in hastily refastening the door to prevent any rush from the street, or the escape of those already in the room. Suddenly a piercing shriek rang out, the Prince's sword leaped into the air, then descended. There was a deep, gurgling groan, some one pitched heavily forward. From beneath his overturned chair the Prince rose staggering, his dress disordered, his sword gone. With an awful cry O'Neal bounded to his side.

"It is nothing; I am not hurt. See to the capture of these *canaille*," said Charles rapidly, and O'Neal understood the situation when he saw the reddened sword grasped in thin

nervous hands, and a glittering dagger lying on the floor by a shapeless, huddled figure, unnaturally still.

For a moment all was confusion, but before long the struggling group resolved itself into shape; each stalwart Highlander grasped a cowering prisoner; Gilbert and Willie, panting from their exertions, were mopping moist brows; and Marjorie, sick and faint from horror and the sight of blood, had dropped to her knees, Charles himself supporting her.

But the prisoners were quickly bound and dragged to the far end of the room in company with their wounded accomplice, the man whom Gilbert had recognised. Then Charles spoke with a certain solemnity in his pleasant voice.

"I see it all, monsieur, my honourable foe; it is clear as day to me. These knaves knew that you held their secret; they knew that you would speak bitterly of me in your Council (nay, be not hurt, I am honest too), and had marked you for their scape-goat. It would have been very cleverly contrived! Had you not come here you would ere now be lying dead in some corner with that dagger in your back. Your resolve to warn me gave them their chance to finish us both. Ah! it is plain enough, my generous enemy, and I honour you as one true man may honour another. I thank you from my heart; these also, for they, too, warned me, and they are of your household."

He held out his hand, and, staunch Covenanter that he was, Gilbert laid his own in it frankly.

"I knew not that my own family had word of this plot, nor how they got it," he said. "They knew well how wroth I was at your coming, but I thank Providence they were, even as I, filled with horror at the crime meditated."

As her father spoke Marjorie's eyes sought her cousin's, and each read in the other's glance that which tongues dared not utter—never so long as they two should live must Gilbert suspect that they had warned the prince against *him*. The stern, rugged heart that had put humanity and honour before sectarian or party feeling must never be stabbed with the cruel truth that his own kin had in thought branded him a murderer. With this pride in her father mingled another feeling which she was too innocent to define, too unsophisticated to know that there might be danger or tragedy in it. Well for her that she knew she might never look upon Charles Stuart's face again, for in that bitter knowledge was her safety from future sorrow.

There was no wrath now in Gilbert's soul since the Prince had confirmed the idea that had entered his mind since the fight, that Marjorie had come on an errand similar to his own, though how she had obtained her knowledge of Crawford's plot he could not understand. That the project of warning Charles was her's he never doubted; he knew her generous, high-spirited nature too well to credit either his timid wife or matter-of-fact nephew with the plan. Her father not being available she had simply invoked the aid of the only other male relative in whom she could put implicit faith. As he built up his theory in his mind's eye a strange exultation took possession of Gilbert; he was proud of his daughter's daring and resourcefulness. As he glanced at her he even noted with secret satisfaction how well the thread-bare 'prentice garb became her fresh beauty and graceful figure. The Scots are not a demonstrative race—Gilbert had given few signs of tenderness in the domestic circle—but there was something in the softening of the stern face now under the spell of these thoughts that emboldened Marjorie to slip her hand into her father's. And Gilbert held it in a close, firm clasp that sent a thrill to the girl's loving heart. Then Charles addressed the merchant again; he had been watching the play of emotions upon the faces of parent and child; perhaps he understood their feelings better than they did themselves, for he was gifted with keen sympathy, at least in his early youth.

"Monsieur, I owe you a debt I can never fully repay, but perhaps ere long I may be able to show you that Charles Stuart can feel gratitude," he said with some emotion.

"Oh! sir, take heed in time. Do not, I beseech you, deluge Scotland's soil with the blood of her gallant sons. Believe me, you cannot succeed; your cause is desperate," cried Gilbert earnestly.

Charles drew himself up, his steel-blue eyes flashed.

"My out-spoken enemy, I shall consider my cause desperate when I am fleeing from the German's hired legions with a price upon my head," he said with haughty scorn, all unwitting that he was sketching out the miserable future.

"We shall keep the assassins safe while we are here," he continued. "Thanks to the brave maiden who wielded my sire's sword so well, one of them can trouble us but little. But I fear me I can show but small portion of what is in my heart."

He had been looking at Marjorie, and for the first time seemed to realize the beauty of the face under the ruffled locks of the pretended boy. As a man of the world he was well aware what construction the men of his order would put upon her daring action in disguising herself, but one glance at her was

enough to dispel all unworthy thoughts. He was beginning to understand something of the splendid unselfishness of the women who knew nothing of Courts, though it was reserved for another girl than the Glasgow merchant's daughter — the incomparable heroine, Flora Macdonald—to show him to what sublime heights of self-sacrifice love and loyalty could carry a noble-natured woman. Marjorie's face flushed scarlet under his gaze; she trembled. The Prince smiled (Marjorie never forgot the wonderful sadness and sweetness of that smile) as he unfastened from his coat the cockade of white satin ribbon, held in place by a jewelled pin.

"Mademoiselle, the time—as monsieur, your father predicts—may never come when my gratitude for your devotion can be shown, still, I shall live in hope that it may. But whether or not, keep this in remembrance of me and of your own brave action. It is the only order of merit, unfortunately, that I have to bestow, and they that have worn it have, alas! been unlucky. But I hope it is now the symbol of a bright day dawning for me and my House."

With infinite grace he fastened the emblem of his dynasty upon the shabby brown fustain of the "'prentice lad's" coat, and if his fingers trembled or lingered just a little longer than was necessary over their work, who shall blame him? Marjorie was very, very lovely, and she had just saved his life.

"Her mother comes of a Jacobite line," said Gilbert, as the Prince completed his task.

"And never did a fairer bud than this spring from the stem of the White Rose," said Charles, his eyes still upon the girl's glowing face. "Farewell, mademoiselle and monsieurs; if the saints permit that I come to my own, you have but to ask your reward, and it shall be given."

Alas! as we all know, he never did "come to his own," and though we may be thankful that it was so, what Scottish heart does not ache, even at this distant day, recalling the terrible sufferings and ultimate fate of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

In a certain family holding a high place among the magnates of the beautiful city of St. Mungo is preserved a knot of satin ribbon, its original white long since faded to ivory-yellow by the touch of time. Through its centre is stuck a handsome, old-fashioned, and very valuable diamond pin, which is never removed. This curious ornament is religiously handed down from mother to daughter as a sacred heirloom. And sometimes at fancy-dress balls or other functions in the city it adorns the bodice of some girl descendant of that generous, high-souled "Bud of the White Rose," upon whose bosom it was first placed by the hand of a Prince.

LONDON ARGYLLSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association gave a complimentary Dinner in the Inns of Court Hotel, London, on Saturday, 28th November, to Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan, the Gaelic prima-donna, who is a native of Argyll and a member of the Society. The chair was taken by S. Greenlees, Esq., J.P., the President, and the company numbered over 100, and included such well-known Highlanders as Dr. Farquhar Matheson, Dr. W. Aitken MacLeod, John Forbes, Dr. Cameron Gillies, D. C. Fraser, John MacKercher, and Colonel J. S. Young. The gathering, needless to say, was an enthusiastic one, and Miss Maclachlan's services to Gaelic and Scottish song met due appreciation in the able speeches of the Chairman and Dr. Farquhar Matheson. A poetical appreciation written for the occasion by Mr. Wm. C. Galbraith, the honorary secretary of the Association, was recited during the evening by Miss Iona Robertson. The poem is as follows:

ORAIN NA DACHAIDH.

They charm us thro' the passing years,
In our hearts kept warm the while;
They win our laughter or our tears,
Bring sadness or a smile:
The dear sangs in the Gaelic tongue
That bind our hearts th'gether,
The sangs we mind when we were young,
Of love, and hame, and heather.

Now we who thro' thy art have been
As children once again,
And from the vanished homesteads seen
The peat reek ower the glen,
We proffer you our mead of praise—
But poor the thanks we give,
For the glimpses of the olden days,
And the Homeland that we love.

To you, Sweet Singer, whom we claim
As our dear Queen of Song,
Whose genius great has spread thy fame
Our sundered kin among,
We offer you the tribute due
By all of Highland name,
For all you've done, and yet will do,
For the dear auld Sangs o' Hame.

AT HECTOR'S GRAVE.

Through pathways, hallowed by sorrow's feet,
I passed to his resting place apart;
A robin was singing a requiem sweet
As I laid my flowers o'er his broken heart.

So still it was 'neath the wintry sun;
No sound on the sacred silence smote
Save the one deep boom of the Castle gun,
Or the low, soft thrill of the wild bird's note.

And I wept as I touched with reverent hand
The grave of the hero that Envy slew,
And thought "In the happier spirit land
His wrongs he forgives as we cannot do."

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

IT is a curious fact that the means of producing artificial excitation, or a pleasing flow of animal spirits, is one of the earliest objects of human solicitude. No sooner have herds been domesticated and the land brought into cultivation, than the invention of man discovers the art of preparing an exhilarating beverage. To the people of the east and the southern countries of Europe, the vine afforded a delicious treat, the want of which the Gauls and Britons supplied from grain, and the liquor prepared from it they named Curmi, a word retained in close resemblance by the Welsh, whose term for beer is Cwrw; the Gael have lost this word, but they retain Cuirm, a feast, and call ale Lionn, the Llyn, or liquor of the former.

It was reserved for the northern descendants of the Celtic race to improve on the process of fermentation, and by distilling the Brathleis, or wort, they became the noted preparers of Uisge beatha. This term is literally "the water of life," corresponding to Aqua vitae, Eau de vie, &c., and it is from the first portion of the word that "Whiskey" is derived. It is otherwise called Poit du', or the black pot, in the slang

HIGHLAND SMUGGLERS' BOTHY.

vocabulary of the smuggler, the Irish Poteen, or the little pot, being of similar import.

The superiority of small still spirits to that which is usually produced in large licensed distilleries, is supposed to arise from the more equable coolness of the pipe, a regular supply of spring water being introduced for the condensation of the steam and the Braich, or malt, is also believed to be of a better quality, being made in small quantities, and very carefully attended to. As the preparation of malt for private distillation is illegal, it must be managed with great secrecy, and the writer has seen the process carried on in the Eird houses, often found on the moors, which, being subterraneous, were very suitable for the manufacture. These rude constructions had been the storehouses for the grain, to be used in another form, of the original inhabitants. Whiskey may be sometimes of inferior quality; but where the people are generally so good judges of its worth it is not likely that a bad article will be produced, and it may be observed that the empyreumatic taste, vulgarly called "peat reek," is a great defect. Tarruing dubailt is double distilled, Treas-tarruing, three times, and when

it is wanted to be still stronger, it is "put four times through," and called Uisge beatha ba'ol.

From the nature of the traffic, the most secluded spot is selected for the plantation of the simple distillery. Caves in the mountains, corries or hollows in the upland heaths, and recesses in the glens, are chosen for the purpose, and they are, from fear of detection, often abandoned after the first "brewst." The print exhibits a Whiskey Still at work in a moonlit night, attended by two gillean, or youths, and the primitive construction of the apparatus is sufficiently made out. Into the tub, or vessel, through which the "worm," or condensing pipe is conveyed, although not seen in the picture, there is a small rill conducted, which, running through, affords a constant supply of the cold stream.

National as the love of whiskey appears to be, it is matter of doubt whether it has been long known to the Highlanders. Some writers seem to have no doubt that the ancient Caledonians possessed the art of preparing alcohol; but to arrive at the distillation of spirits an acquaintance with chemistry is requisite, and society must be in an advanced state of improvement ere such a manufacture could be attempted. Writers who have directed their attention to the subject, maintain that no satisfactory proof can be found of whiskey having been in use at an earlier period than the beginning of the fifteenth century. Certain it is, that malt liquor formed the chief beverage of the old Highlanders, who do not seem to have had so fond a relish for uisge beatha as their successors, and however useful a dram of good Glenlivet may be in a northern climate, it does not appear that the present race are more healthy and hardy than their fathers. General Stewart gives the evidence of a person who died in 1791, at the age of 104, that lionn-laidir, strong ale, was the Highland beverage in his youth, whiskey being procured in scanty portions from the low country; yet Prince Charles, at Coireairg, in 1745, elated to hear that Cope had declined battle, ordered whiskey for the common soldiers, to drink the general's health, which would prove it to have been then plentiful.

Illicit distillation was at one time perseveringly carried on throughout Scotland, and whiskey was indeed a staple commodity. Many depended for payment of their rents upon what they could make by this means, and landlords had obvious reasons to wink at the smuggling which prevailed with their knowledge to such an extent among their tenants; some years ago several justices of the peace in Aberdeenshire were deprived of their commissions, for stating it as impossible to carry into effect the stringent acts passed for the suppression of the illegal practice.

In the fastnesses of the Highland districts it was difficult to discover the bothies, where the work was carried on, and prudence often forbade the gauger from attempting a seizure; but in more accessible parts of the country, his keen search could only be evaded by the utmost vigilance. In Strathdon, Strathspey, and neighbouring localities, where a mutual bond of protection exists, it is the practice, when the exciseman is seen approaching, to display immediately from the house-top, or a conspicuous eminence, a white sheet, which being seen by the people of the next "town," or farm steading, a similar signal is hoisted, and thus the alarm passes rapidly up the glen, and before the officer can reach the transgressors of the law, everything has been carefully removed, and so well concealed, that even when positive information has been given, it frequently happens that no trace of the work can be found.

The life of a smuggler is harassing, and the system has a demoralising tendency; from the time he commences malting he is full of anxiety, and the risk he runs of having the proceeds of his painful labour captured in its transit to the customer is not the least of his troubles. Sometimes the low-country people will meet the Highlanders, and purchase the article at their own risk; but it is generally taken by the latter to the towns, and they travel frequently in bodies with horses and carts. Information is often obtained of these expeditions, and the exciseman intercepts it, taking, if necessary, a party of soldiers; but sometimes, after a severe encounter, the smugglers have got off, carrying back a portion of the spirits, and, mayhap, leaving wounded or dead on both sides. When the party reaches the vicinity of a town the greatest caution must be observed in going about with the sample of "the dew," and all sorts of expedients are adopted to convey it, when sold, to the premises of the buyer.

THE M'QUISTINS.

SIR,—A friend sent me a few weeks ago the August number of "*Celtic Monthly*," containing enquiry as to the proper pronunciation of our name. Our branch of the family has always pronounced our name M'Questen. Our ancestors left Argyleshire, Scotland, for Coleraine, in North of Ireland, in 1650. I find on looking up an old record, the name as it was spelt in Argyleshire is M'Uisthon. I cannot tell you anything about the Clan they belonged to, whether there was any. Our record only begins from the time we left Scotland, came to Ireland, and then left for America in 1735. Trusting that this meagre account will be of some use to you; although I am afraid it is rather late.

Sincerely yours,

MARY BALDWIN M'QUESTEN.

Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1904.

CONTENTS.

IMPORTANT.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now overdue. Volume XII. commenced with the October issue. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

Bound Volumes.—Copies of Volume XI., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt lettering, can now be had, price 7/6 post free. Volumes V. to XI. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 each. Apply, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE MACINTYRES.

Sir,—In the October issue of the "*Celtic Monthly*," p. 16, Fionn, in his valuable papers on "The Martial Music of the Clans" gives some interesting information regarding the MacIntyres. Will you, or any reader of the "*Celtic Monthly*," inform me who composed "Cruachan Beann," his name and profession? Also who was the first Highlander who danced before Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria?

Yours truly,

Canada. A Subscriber.

Hector Macdonald Memorial.—We are indebted to Mr. D. Gair, London, for a contribution of 10s. 6d. towards this object. We have now handed the sum of £45 14s. to the Treasurer of this fund, subscribed by readers of the *Celtic Monthly*.

Clan Mackay Society.—The Annual Conversazione took place in the Albany Galleries, Glasgow, on 18th December, and proved most successful. There was a large attendance and dancing was carried on till 2 a.m. At an interval during the evening, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, in an appreciative speech, introduced the new president, Mr. Thomas Mackay, Largs, to the gathering. He delivered an interesting address, touching upon the work of the session, and his experiences during the Reay Country Tour. The past session had proved the most prosperous in the history of the Society, the total funds now amounting to nearly £1,500. Apologies were intimated from the following clansmen, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, Messrs. Campbell T. Mackay, George G. Mackay, and W. Macdonald Mackay, all of Liverpool, while the veteran clansman, Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, sent an inspiring message by wire.

The Skye Gathering, which was held in the St. Andrew's Halls, on 4th December, proved a magnificent function. Mr. Reginald Macleod, of Macleod, C.B., occupied the chair, and delivered an address on topics relating to the *Eilean a' Cheo*. A stirring speech was also delivered by Rear-Admiral Angus Macleod, in which he urged his fellow-islesmen to take a greater interest in naval matters, as a career in the Navy offered many excellent positions to young men desirous of following the sea. He knew what splendid seamen the Skye men were, and would be very proud to command a warship manned solely by natives. We hope to see this distinguished son of Skye present often at Highland gatherings in this city. The Skye Association deserve to be congratulated on their gathering, it was altogether a delightful re-union.

IN THE WOODS—DECEMBER, 1903.

The red sun flames beyond the bare black trees,
And droops his glory into pools of shrinking gold
Sweet, swinging, aged winds are everywhere.
The trees fast rusting to their glorious death,
Their yearly death—mutely to stand against
The smoking winter sky of grey—until the Spring.
Ah! dear to me the minor cadence of the wind,
That, Orpheus-like, all through the swaying trees
Doth draw strange music from each naked aisle!

The sudden-piping birds are cheery friends;
How clear the shy sun's unexpected ray!
How sweet to wander fancy-led across
The kindly carpet of the brown and golden leaves;
To feel the kiss of gentle
raindrops as they fall;
To see the bald slim branches
glistening wet—
Alone amid the fragrant
wrack to stand,
Purge out the world, and
draw into the racing blood
The softened melancholy of
the dying year.

Coinneach Dubh.

[*From W. C. Mackenzie's* ["*History of the Outer Hebrides.*"

WILLIAM MACKENZIE—UILLEAM DUBH,
Fifth Earl of Seaforth, who died in 1740

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

CONNECTED with many of the Highland Clans are curious legends and stirring tales. Some of these refer to the manner in which a clan received its crest, or the incidents which gave rise to its slogan or war-cry, while others refer to certain predictions regarding the fate of not a few Highland families. Many of these tales are concealed in ancient histories of the clans, long out of print, while others have been told by the Gaelic *seanachies* and are still confined to the native language of the Gael. In the following series of sketches some of these will be presented as they connect themselves with our leading Highland Clans. The arms of the clans will be given when these are necessary, for the better understanding of the tales.

I.—The Clan MacKenzie.

Caberfeidh—The Deer's Antlers.

As doubtless many of my readers are aware, prominent in the coat of arms of the MacKenzies' is the "Caber-feidh," or deer's antlers. So closely is this clan associated with the stag's head that in the north, where they are numerous, they are frequently referred to as the "Caber-feidhs." It is also well known that the march or quickstep of the clan is the popular tune which bears the name "Caber-feidh," ever associated with the Seaforth Highlanders—the 72nd and 78th Regiments. The origin of this portion of the clan arms is described in a legend somewhat as follows:—Alexander III. is alleged to have granted to Colin Fitzgerald in 1266 lands in Kintail, the cradle of the MacKenzies. This charter is dated at Kincardine, a place of that name supposed to be situated on the River Dee, and an incident is reported to have occurred in the Forest of Mar, in connection with which it is traditionally stated that the MacKenzies adopted the stag's head (Caber-feidh) as part of their arms, with the motto "Cuidich an Righ"—Help the King. The legend goes on to say that Alexander was on a hunting expedition in the forest, near Kincardine, when an infuriated stag, closely pursued by the hounds, made straight in the direction of the King, and Colin Fitzgerald, the alleged progenitor of the MacKenzies, according to certain theories, who accompanied the Royal party, gallantly interposed his own person between the exasperated animal and His Majesty, and shot it with an arrow in the forehead. The King, in acknowledgment of the Royal gratitude, at once issued a diploma in favour of Colin granting him armorial bearings, which were to be a stag's head puissant, bleeding at the forehead where the arrow pierced it, to be borne on a field azure, supported by two grey hounds. The crest to be a dexter arm bearing a naked sword, surrounded by the motto "Fide parta, Fide acta," which continued to be the distinctive bearings of the MacKenzies of Seaforth until it was considered expedient, as corroborating their claims on the extensive possessions of the MacLeods of Lewis, to substitute for the original the crest of that warlike clan, which bearings are now used by the representatives of the High Chief of Kintail. In Brahan Castle, the seat of the MacKenzies, is a large oil painting of the incident of the hunting match and Colin Fitzgerald's gallant rescue of Alexander III., painted by West.

The origin of the Clan March is as follows:—This stirring tune and the Gaelic words associated with it, were composed by Norman MacLeod, a native of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. The Earl of Sutherland gave a commission to William Munro of Achany, who, with a large body of retainers, descended on Assynt and carried off a "creach," or cattle raid. Among those who suffered was MacKenzie of Ardloch, who was a near neighbour of Norman MacLeod. Not content with lifting cattle, the Munros carried with them from the sheiling a large quantity of butter and cheese. This "petty larceny" incensed the bard, who composed a song and melody which became the clan song of the MacKenzies. The song is very bitter and sarcastic, and provoked the Munros very much. The Gaelic words will be found in MacKenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." It is interesting to note that a son of the author of "Caberfeidh" was Professor Hugh MacLeod of the University of Glasgow.

Another well-known tune connected with the MacKenzies is "Failte Uilleam Duibh," or "The Earl of Seaforth's Salute." The salute was composed about 1715 to William, 5th Earl of Seaforth. (*See p. 71.*) He lived in a critical time in the history of the Highlands. He was present with his clan at Sheriffmuir, and after this battle he followed James III. into exile. His estates were forfeited, although it was found extremely difficult to carry the forfeiture

into effect. For several years after the estates were confiscated the rents were collected by the Earl's faithful henchman at Sheriffmuir—Donald Murchison, and conveyed to his exiled master in Spain.

THE DOOM OF THE SEAFORTHS PREDICTED.

During the seventeenth century there lived by the shores of Loch Ussie on the Brahan estate the famous Highland seer "Coinneach Odhar"—Dun Kenneth. The Highlands are still full of his prophecies; some have been fulfilled and others have not. It is wonderful how many of his predictions have come true within living memory. The predictions to which we would now refer are those which concerned the MacKenzies of Seaforth. Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth (1635-1678), married Isabella MacKenzie, daughter of Sir John MacKenzie of Tarbet, and sister of the Earl of Cromartie. To her, cruelty and violence may be traced. It may be here stated that Coinneach was presented in a mysterious fashion with a round white stone with a hole through it. By looking through this hole Coinneach could forsee coming events. On one occasion Seaforth left his Countess at Brahan, went on a visit to Paris, and joined in its gay amusements. Lady Seaforth became uneasy at the prolonged absence of her lord, and summoned Coinneach, who had won a reputation as a prophet, and demanded to know where Seaforth was. The seer applied the white stone to his eye, and informed the Countess that her lord was in Paris, safe and sound, well and hearty. The Countess demanded the seer to describe Seaforth's appearance and where, and how, he was employed. Coinneach besought her to restrain her curiosity, as her lord was "well and merry." The lady insisted on knowing more, and used bribes and threats to induce Coinneach to give a true account of her husband, where he was and what he was doing. Coinneach at last replied—"As you will know that which will make you unhappy, I must tell you the truth. My lord seems to have little thought of you or his children, or of his Highland home. I saw him in a gay-gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets and silks and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady and his arm round her waist." On hearing this the lady's rage knew no bounds. Instead of waiting her lord's return and directing her ire against him, she thought she would discredit the revelations of the seer by branding him as a vile slanderer of her husband's character.

Turning to the seer she said—"You have spoken evil of dignities; you have villified the mighty of the land; you have defamed a mighty chief in the midst of his vassals; you have

[*From W. C. Mackenzie's* ["*History of the Outer Hebrides.*"

STORNOWAY IN 1819,

(showing Seaforth Lodge, on the site of which Lews Castle now stands, and the remains of old Stornoway Castle).

abused my hospitality and outraged my feelings; you have sullied the good name of my lord in the hall of his ancestors, and you shall suffer the most signal vengeance that I can inflict; you shall suffer the death." Coinneach was filled with astonishment and dismay, but thought that the rage of the Countess would soon evaporate, and that in the course of a few hours he might be allowed to depart in peace. But the decision of the Countess was no less violently conceived than it was promptly executed. The doom of Coinneach was sealed. No preparation was permitted the wretched man. The gallows was forthwith erected and the miserable seer was led out for immediate execution.

When Coinneach found that no mercy was to be expected from the vindictive lady he resigned himself to his fate. He drew forth his white stone of prophesy and once more applying it to his eye said—"I see into the far future and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. I see a Chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future Chief of the MacKenzies shall bear rule at Brahan, or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East, and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth, viz., Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant and Raasay, of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer.

When the seer had ended this prediction he threw his white stone into a small loch, by the side of which the gallows was erected. Then submitting to his fate he was hung up on high, and this wild and dreadful doom ended his strange and uncanny life.

Strange to say, every thing as predicted came true—long afterwards. I cannot enter into details—these will be found in the "History of the MacKenzies" and in a book called "The Brahan Seer"—but shall briefly state that the last Chief of the Seaforths, who died in 1815, was deaf and dumb, that he had three sons, that he had survived them all, that his estates were inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East, who was the unfortunate cause of her sister's death. All these things happened some two hundred years after the death of the seer. The gradual development of the doom was watched with sympathy and grief, and the fate of the Seaforths has been, during the last half century of his life, regarded as one of the most curious instances of second-sight, for which the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland have been so long celebrated.

"THE REAL MACKAY."

[In a Lecture on "Ulster Sayings and Proverbs," which Professor J. W. Byers, M.D., M.A., delivered recently to a large and influential gathering, held under the auspices of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society, he referred to the well-known saying "The Real Mackay," and gave the following interesting information regarding its use in the North of Ireland, which is probably new to most of our readers, and will doubtless be welcomed by members of the Clan Mackay. In the Mackay Country we have heard the expression used in both senses,—to denote a person whose parents and grandparents, on both sides, were Mackays; and to indicate anything that was thoroughly genuine, and beyond suspicion.

It would be interesting to know exactly what are the armorial bearings cut upon the gravestone of Daniel Mackay in the burying-ground of Bun-na-Margie. These Mackays, although said to have come "from Ayrshire" are more likely to have belonged to the Kintyre or Islay branches of the clan than to the main stock in the far North. The ancestors of most of the Antrim Mackays were driven out of the West Highlands along with the Macdonalds, under whose banner they fought for many generations, but who have received only the scantiest recognition at the hands of the various historians of the Macdonalds. We trust that the Rev. authors of the new "Clan Donald" history will remedy this omission. They were the hereditary Crowners or Coroners of North Kintyre from the days of Robert the Bruce, till they shared the exile of the Macdonalds in the 17th century, and as the Lords of the Isles were then in the zenith of their power in Kintyre, the Mackays must have ranked highly in their favour, and been able to take the field with a strong force in the Clan Donald wars. It would therefore be valuable to ascertain if Daniel Mackay used the arms of the Mackays of Reay or of Argyllshire. The latter we have never seen, although there is an imposing effigy of Mackay of Arnicle and Ugadale, who befriended the Bruce when a fugitive in Kintyre, in the ancient graveyard of Saddell Monastery, where the great Somerled of the Isles also sleeps. It bears no armorial, but that this influential landed family did use arms is almost certain. Possibly the Antrim stone may supply the information wanted. We shall be greatly obliged if any of our readers in that district (and we have quite a number) would send us a photo or sketch of the arms, and any other carvings on the stone.

We may add that the ancient family of Ugadale is extinct in the male line, and is now represented by Captain Hector MacNeal of Ugadale and Lossit, whose ancestor married the Mackay heiress. At one time there were twenty landed proprietors in

Kintyre of the name Mackay. To-day there is not one.—EDITOR.]

The following notes are from Professor Byers address on "Ulster Sayings and Proverbs" :—

THE expression "The Real Mackay" originated in the Highlands, in the country north of Sutherland, where the real home of the great clan Mackay is found. There "The Real Mackay" is one who is able to claim that both his parents and grandparents on both sides were Mackays, and so his clan connection is beyond doubt or dispute. The Mackay Clan was so famous for its integrity, uprightness, and honesty that its name passed into a proverb in the rest of Scotland, and so to all Scotsmen "The Real Mackay," applied to any person or thing, means that it is genuine and honest, without any shoddy. A blend of Scotch whisky is advertised as "The Real Mackay," and in shops in Glasgow you will see articles labelled "The Real Mackay." In various parts of Ulster the term "The Real Mackay" is used in this sense as indicating that the person or thing so designated is of the very best quality, but in North Antrim the term undoubtedly took its origin in another way. Seven brothers of the Mackay (MacCay) Clan came from Ayrshire and settled at Mosside and Ballintoy, and in the graveyard of the celebrated and ancient Franciscan Friary of Bun-na-Margie, near Ballycastle, in North Antrim, so intimately associated with the family of MacDonnell, Earls of Antrim, which in his most interesting account of this ecclesiastical antiquity Mr. Francis Joseph Biggar thinks was probably founded in the fourteenth century, there is a stone with heraldic bearings. The arms of the Mackay Clan are boldly cut on the west side of this gravestone, while on the east side is the inscription "Here Lyeth ye Body of Daniel Mackay, who died April ye 2nd, 1732. Aged 30 years." One of the sons or grandsons of the seven brothers entered the service of a Spanish king and became a distinguished general, and owing to the services he rendered he was rewarded by getting the title "Real," which is the Spanish corruption of "Regalis," and indicates a high position in the Casa Real, or Royal Household. This distinguished general came back with this title, which the country folk pronounced "rale," and he and his descendants were distinguished from the other Mackays in this particular way. It is simply a title of honour pronounced in a peculiar fashion, and with a meaning attached to it different from its original signification. A doctor and a clergyman in North Antrim are descendants of one of the seven original Mackays, and a medical student of Queen's College, Belfast, who graduated M.B. in 1901, is, I am informed, a great-great-great-grandson of one of the seven. The descendants of the general who obtained the Spanish title are generally supposed to be extinct.

COLLA CIOTACH MAC GHILLEASBUIG.

LEIS AN OLLA MAC FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

(Air a leantuinn).

IEAN *Leslie* is Mac Cailein air luirg Alastair Mhic Colla troimh Chinntire. Ghéill caisteal Dhùn-àbhartaidh le cion uisge. Chuireadh na saighdearan gu bàs gu h-an-iochdmhor, air comhairle ministeir Gallda bha leantainn an airm, their cuid, 's le deòin Mhic-Cailein, their cuid eile. B'e oighre Tighearna nan Abhanna [Sanda] aig an robh comannda a' chaisteil. Chaidh e fhéin is athair, a bha leis 'san Dùn, a mharbhadh, ach fhuair a bhan-altruim comas teicheadh leis an leanabh-oighre do dh' uamha an aodann Maol Chinntire, far an d' fhan i gus an robh an tòir seachad. O Dhùn-àbhartaidh chaidh *Leslie* 's Mac-Cailein gu Dùn-naomhaig a bha fo dhìon Cholla Chiotaich. Ghéill Colla air chùmhnanta gu faigheadh na bha 'san Dùn an saorsa. Dh' aontaich *Leslie*. 'Nuair a bhatar a' sgriobhadh nan cumhachan, thainig Colla mach as a' chaisteal a chainnt ri Mac Aonghuis an Dùin ('s e sin Dùnsta'innis), flor-charaid dha, ged bu Chaimbeulach e. Rinn *Leslie* gu grad greim air Colla, 's chuir e an làimh e, "gnìomh," thuirt *Turner*," a chuir smal air cliù *Leslie*." "Bha eilean sgreabach eile an Ile," tha *Turner* ag ràdh "fo chomannda mac dìolainn do Cholla, ach leig sinn leis-san a bhi dol." B' e so Eilean Locha Guirm. Ghlacadh Gilleasbuig Mac Colla an Sgibnis agus Aonghus Mac Colla an Dùn-naomhaig, ma tha 'n fhìrinn aig *Hill*; agus chaidh an dithis a chrochadh. Cha'n 'eil iomradh gu'n robh aon diubhsan pòsda.

Tha cunntas na's cinntiche mu chrioch Cholla. Thugadh thairis 'na phrìosanach e d'a charaid, Mac Aonghuis an Dùin. Nochd an Caimbeulach uasal so gach uile chaoimhneas do'n t-seann laoch, 's thug e cead do Cholla bhi dol mu'n cuairt, air fhacal nach teicheadh e. Fhuair Mac Cailein rabhadh mar bha cùisean. Thuit do Mhac Aonghuis a bhi an Inbher-aora, agus dh' fheòraich an t-Iarla dheth an robh Colla fo gheimhlean. Thuirt Mac Aonghuis gu'n robh. Fhreagair Mac Cailein, "Ma gheibh mise mach nach 'eil, dìolaidh tusa air." Chaidh teachdaire à Inbher-aora a dhearbhadh a' ghnothaich. Ach chuir Mac Aonghuis air falbh a cho-dhalta fhein, MacPhilip, le òrdugh teann e ghabhail gach athghoirid a los a bhi air thoiseach air teachdaire an Iarla Ràinig MacPhilip an Dùn-beag 's ghlaodh e airde chinn, thar an locha "Colla fo gheimhlean, Colla fo gheimhlean." 'S e latha

séimh, grianach foghair a bha ann. Bha Colla a mach air an achadh bhuana, gu dichiollach ag adagachadh an déigh nam buanaichean. Chuala e an glaodh, 's thuig e e. Dh' fhàg e an t-achadh air a shocair. Chaidh e steach d' a chùil; chuir e na geimhlean air a chasan le a dhà laimh fhéin; 's bha e 'na phrìosanach daingean, tearuinte, an iaruinn, 'nuair a rainig teachdaire Mhic-Cailein. Thugadh binn a bhàis a mach. B' e Tighearna nan Ard ceann-suidhe na cùirt; 's cha bhiodh fuighair ri tròcair uaithesan.

Agus tròcair no tròcair cha 'n iarradh Colla air. Bha bàs an t-seann duine an dlùth-chòrdadh r'a bheatha, riasgail, doirbh; gun fhiamh, gun sgàth. "An robh thu aig Inbher-lòchaidh?" dh' fheoraich Mac-Mhic-Eoghain dheth aig a' chùirt. "Air mo bhaisteadh, a bhodaich, 's mi bha, agus rinn mi barrachd sgath 'san teugbhail na rinn thu fhéin," fhreagair Colla le spid. Bha e riamh ro dhéigheil air snaoisein, agus b' e aon iarrtas gu'n adhlaichteadh e cho dlùth do dh' uaigh Mhic Aonghuis, 's gu'm biodh snaoisean aca le chéile air uairean, 'nuair a rachadh a sheana charaid fo'n fhòid. 'S e seanachas na dùthcha gu'n do chrochadh Collo ri crann a bhirlinn fhéin a chaidh a shineadh eadar dà chreig thar geodha cùl caisteal Dhùn-sta'innis, 's gu'n do thiodhlaiceadh e mar dh' iarr e ann an Eaglais bhig a tha nis comhdaichte le eidhinn ann an tom coille dlùth do'n t-seana chaisteal, far a bheil àite-adhlacaidh teaghlaich an Dùin.

'N ar latha-ne choisneadh an duine treubhach so cliù dha fhein is urram d'a dhùthaich. 'N a latha fhein fhuair e an t-ainm, ach gun an tairbhe. Dalta mhòran eile cha robh cliù a dhùthcha ro thric 'n a aire bheachd. Cothrom dhaibh fhéin 's d' an càirdean; anacothrom d'an naimhdean, b'e sin an creud uile. Thoill gniomharan Cholla Chiotaich peanas trom; ach bha bhàs, 'n a sheann aois, 'na mhasladh mòr d'a naimhdean. Chaill e a bheatha a chionn gu'n do chuir e earbsa ann an onoir *Leslie* 's Mhic-Cailein.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 49.)

WE shall now proceed to consider the fitness of James MacPherson to produce the Gaelic of these poems, after which we shall contest objections, and "show up" the tactics of the opposition. It has already been shown that MacPherson was no great Gaelic scholar, and that is generally admitted, though some still maintain that he was clever enough to translate the English into Gaelic. His contemporary, Captain Alexander Morrison, who worked with him, and for him, was very emphatic on that point, and his opinion was that MacPherson was utterly unfit to produce the Gaelic, and if he did, how does it happen that he made the Gaelic, a language which he only knew partially, or imperfectly, so very superior to the English?*

Dr. Hugh Blair well observed long ago that "one of the principal difficulties which an impostor would have to overcome would be to pourtray in a lively, vigorous, easy style the thoughts, actions and manners of an unknown period, without betraying any marks of a different age, nation, or state of society. It often requires some genius to depict, in the most proper and vivid colours, even what we have ourselves seen or felt, and the greatest genius can only combine and arrange, he cannot create a single new, simple idea. Hence it is almost impossible for any man to give a description of an unknown state of society which shall contain much that is original, and at the same time vivid and true to nature. There must also be a constant watch against inserting anything that would detect him. This must effectually cramp both the thoughts and the style. Now it is a fact that Ossian is simple and unembarassed, to a degree seldom or never surpassed. His words seem to flow from him without any effort whatever, while the thoughts are often original and uncommon, and at the same time natural. Such poems, therefore, never were, and never *shall* be, composed by one who describes an unknown period, and is perpetually shackled by the dread of committing himself, either by thought or expression."

Now for some practical illustrations to prove that MacPherson did not understand the meaning of all the Gaelic which he translated. Thus for—

"Bha mi dluth
Ri m' chairdean 'an carraid nan sleagh,"

he has—

'I was swift with my friends in fight."

In this case he mistakes the meaning of the word "*dluth*" (close) for swift, a sense in which it is used locally, and even then incorrectly. Having done this, he had to put a wrong interpretation on "*ri*," which means *to*. Instead then of *swift with*, it should be *close to*, thus—

"I was close to my friends in the battle of spears."

Again for—

"'S cosmhuil ri Gorm-meull am fuaim,
Mu'n èirich gaillean a' chuain àrd,"

he has—

"Such is the noise of Gormal, before the
White tops of my waves arise."

Here he mistakes the words *mu* and *an* con-

* Dr. Blair was not a Gaelic speaking man.*

tracted into *mu'n*, and meaning *around which*, for *mus* and *an* contracted into the same form, namely, *mu'n*, but meaning *before that*. It should be—

"Such is the sound of Gormal, around which the storms of ocean rise."

In the description of the left-hand-steed in Cuchullin's chariot, for—

"Bu shoilleir a dhreach, 's bu luath
Shiubhal, Sithfada b'e ainm,"

he has—

"Bright are the sides of the steed; his name is Sulin-Sifadda."

Here he confounds the word *siubhal*, which means *travel* or *pace*, with the horse's name, making it *Sulin-Sifadda*, when only *Sifadda* itself is applied to it in the Gaelic. It should be—

"Bright is his figure, and swift his pace;
Sifadda his name."

For—

"Theich Caracul, 's a shluagh om' lainn;
Theich e thall thar raoin an ardain,"

he has—

"Caracul has fled from our arms along the field of his pride."

Here he mistakes the word *ardain*, meaning a *little height*, for the same word when it means hotness, or haughtiness, of temper. It should be—

"Caracul and his people have fled from my arms: they have fled over the field of the height."*

Mistakes like the above can only be accounted for on the score that MacPherson did not thoroughly understand the Gaelic, and such mistakes are numerous throughout the poems.

Again, many words are skipped altogether, and passages of great beauty are rendered flat and insipid by wrong translations, such as—

"Nuair a dhùineas dorsan na h-oidhche
Air iolair-shùil gréine nan speur."

He has—

"When the gates of the west are closed on the sun's eagle eye."

It should be—

"When the doors of the night are closed
On the *eagle-eyed sun* of the skies."†

In these instances of imperfect translations there is no evidence of intentional fraud; they are merely the shortcomings of one who was unequal to the task of giving an English version worthy of the original. The poems of Ossian have been translated into many of the European languages, but that must ever be the original which contains‡—

"A ghaisgich dhubh ghruamach 'n a dheigh,
Mar chomh-thional uisge nan stuadh,
Mu'n cuairt do dhealain nan speur."§

Literally—

"His dark gloomy heroes behind,
Like the congregate water of clouds
Around the red lightning of heaven."

How MacPherson could have produced such passages in a language he did not thoroughly know, is beyond one's comprehension. Though I say this, one must give MacPherson due credit for having undertaken the task at all, which he did evidently with reluctance, and how he could have created all this out of nothing is equally inconceivable.

The uniform testimony of those from whom the poems were collected, is that they were the compositions of Ossian, the son of Fingal. Tradition has also handed down to us certain sayings in connection with Fingal and Ossian which correspond with their characters as delineated in the poems "Fionnghal an righ," "Fingal the King," "Cho treun ri Fionnghal," "As mighty as Fingal," "Fionnghal mor," "Great Fingal," "Cho glic ri Fionnghal," "As wise as Fingal," "Ossian MacFhionngal," "Ossian the Son of Fingal," "Ossian dall," "Blind Ossian," "Ossian am bard," "Ossian the bard," "Cho binn ri Ossian," "As sweet as Ossian," "Ossian an deigh nu Feinne," "Ossian after the Feinne," and many others, including hundreds of place-names all over the Highlands which a "myth" could hardly have commanded, and the poems themselves reveal a world of poetic beauty and grandeur such as never has been surpassed, confirming all that tradition declared, and showing Fingal as a great warrior king. Hardly less famous in tradition are Cuchullin, Diarmid, Oscar, and many more. A few more quotations will show how MacPherson's sins of commission and omission in his English translations, prove clearly that he must have been translating from manuscripts in the same way as a school boy translates from the Latin, *very freely* and not always correctly.

At the beginning of the third book of Fingal we find in the Gaelic—

"Fhionnghail 'fhir-còmhnuidh's a' chòmhrag,"
Thuirt Carull, *'bu bhinne fonn*,
"'S lionor do chleas agus dùbh-bhuill,
Fo d' fheirg thuit Lochlin nan long,
'N uair bha d' aghaidh cho lom ri òigh,"

which MacPherson translates—

"Fingal, thou dweller of battle," said Carril, "early were thy deeds in arms. Lochlin was consumed in thy wrath, when thy youth strove with the *beauty* of maids."

The literal translation is—

"Fingal, *who in battle hast thy home*,"
Said Carul, of *sweetest voice*,
"Many are thy feats and deadly strokes,
Beneath thine ire fell Lochlin of ships,
When thy face was smooth as a maiden."

*Dr. Clerk used the word "pride" also for ardain, but "height" seems more natural here.

†‡§The authenticity of the poems of Ossian, P. Macnaughton, 1861.

Here he omits to point out *why* Fingal was a "dweller" of battle. The original means that in battle was his home, as we say of Brittannia that "her home is on the deep." He also omits "*of sweetest voice*" in reference to Carul, the bard, and mistranslates the appearance of Fingal's youth by saying—"When thy youth *strove* with the beauty of maids," instead of "When thy face was *smooth* as a maiden,", that is, had no hair upon it, indicating that he took to the art of war at an early age, and proved his prowess, in his teens.

(*To be continued.*)

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACRAE, B.A.

Author of "The History of the Clan Macrae."

(*Continued from page 57*).

OF all the Macrae heroes there is no one whose name enters so largely into the later traditions of Kintail as Donnacha Mor Mac Alister. It is said that when Duncan was a mere lad he went on one occasion with his mother to sell butter and cheese at Inverlochy (Fort-William). On the way home Duncan sulked and fell behind, because his mother refused to give him money to buy a "bonnet" for himself. As they continued the homeward journey along Locharkaig side the mother was attacked by three Lochaber robbers, who not only took her money from her, but also a silver brooch, an heirloom which she prized very greatly. The conduct of her son, who refused to give any help, annoyed her so much that she called out to one of the robbers that she had still one coin left, and she would give it to him if he would thrash her son for her. "Easan am bog chuilean" (he, the soft whelp), contemptuously replied the robber, and going up to Duncan, struck him on the face with the back of his hand. This was more than the sulking lad could stand, and being now roused to action, he fell upon the robbers, beat them, and recovered his mother's money and brooch.

Duncan once went to see his aunt in Lochaber, and after wading the Garry river, he continued his journey across the Pass of Coire 'n t' Shagairt. As the darkness came on he arrived at a lonely sheiling, and asked permission to pass the night there. The mistress of the sheiling received him very coldly, and refused his request, but Duncan had made up his mind to remain, and refused to go. Presently the daughter of the mistress came in from the milking of the cows, and proceeded to turn Duncan out by force. A struggle ensued, but Duncan's chivalry led him to acknowledge himself beaten. His strength, however, gained him the respect of the mistress, and he received permission to remain overnight. He then sat down and took off his shoes and stockings to cool his feet. When the mistress of the sheiling saw his feet she recognised him, by some mark or peculiarity about them, as a connection of her own family. It turned out that she was the aunt he had come to Lochaber to see. Next morning his cousin, who wanted to put his skill as a hunter to the test, told him there was a herd of deer among the cattle. Duncan went out, killed two of them, and brought them in for breakfast. On returning home, after spending a few pleasant days with his aunt and her daughter, he found the Garry river in flood. At the river he met his mother's foster brother, Dugald Macdonald, who, on being asked by Duncan if the river was fordable, taunted him for hesitating to wade across. Duncan then plunged in, but was very nearly drowned before he got to the other side. Dugald afterwards went to Glenshiel to see Duncan's mother. He met Duncan fishing on the river Sheil, which was in flood, but did not recognise him. Dugald told him where he was going, and asked him to show the way. Duncan pointed out his own father's house on the other side of the river. Dugald then attempted to ford the river, but would have been drowned if Duncan had not come to his rescue. Thus Duncan proved himself to be the stronger of the two. When Dugald was leaving Glenshiel, Duncan's father gave him a thrashing for tempting Duncan to run the risk of wading the Garry river when it was in such high flood, and reminded him that if Duncan had been drowned then, he would not be alive to save Dugald from drowning in the river Sheil. Duncan's mother always used to say ever after this that though her husband was so good to her she could not forget how he thrashed her foster brother.

It has already been mentioned that William Earl of Seaforth appointed Duncan Captain of the Freiceadan or Guard, whose duty it was to protect the marches of Kintail from the plundering raids of the Lochaber cattle lifters. Seaforth had heard of Duncan's strength and courage, but before entrusting him with such a difficult and responsible post he resolved to satisfy himself as to the truth of what he had heard about him. He accordingly invited Duncan to come to see him in Brahan Castle. When Duncan arrived at Brahan, Seaforth received him alone in a room in the castle. After some conversation, Seaforth locked the door of the room, drew his sword, and called upon Duncan to clear himself at once of some imaginary charge, or he would take his life. Duncan, who had left his sword in the hall of the castle, had no weapon to defend himself with, but Seaforth s hound was lying on

the floor close by. Duncan seized it by the legs and threw it at Seaforth, and, before Seaforth could recover from his surprise, Duncan took his sword from him. Seaforth was so pleased with Duncan's promptness and coolness that he at once decided to make him Captain of his Guard.

At one time a band of Camerons came to Lochalsh and stole a large number of cattle from Matheson of Fernaig. When this became known, Duncan and his men set out in pursuit. They soon discovered the track of the spoilers, and they overtook them on the borders of Lochiel's country. A fight ensued, in which the Camerons had the worst of it. Not only was the cattle recovered, but in the course of the fight Duncan, assisted by his brother Eonachan and Matheson of Fernaig, the owner of the cattle, overcame Lochiel's three chief warriors, and led them prisoners to Kintail. When Seaforth heard of this he sent a bantering message to Lochiel asking him to come and ransom his champions from their prison. Lochiel sent for the prisoners, but at the same time replied to Seaforth that the Kintail men could never have taken the Cameron champions prisoners in fair fight. Seaforth then offered to send three men from Kintail to Lochiel to challenge any three of the Camerons to a friendly contest of feats of strength. Seaforth wanted the same three men to go, but his father would not allow Eonachan to be one of the three because he was too young, and because his hasty and impulsive temper might cause the friendly contest to end in a quarrel. Eonachan's place had to be taken by his brother Donald. Duncan, Donald, and Matheson of Fernaig then set out for Lochiel's castle at Achnacarry. On the way it occurred to Duncan that his brother Donald had not yet tried the strength of any of the Cameron champions, and so, when next they stopped to rest, Duncan proposed to his brother that they should wrestle together. They did so, and Duncan was soon satisfied that his brother was equal to the best of the Camerons. When they arrived at Achnacarry Castle they were received with much hospitality, and liberally supplied with food and drink. In due time the hall of the castle was cleared, and a large number of men who had come together to witness the contest were brought in. The opposing champions stood forth and began a wrestling match. The Camerons in each case had the worst of it, and Lochiel was so much disgusted with his champions that he kicked them out at the door. He then invited the Kintail men to join in the feast with his other guests, which they did. As the cup circulated freely and the evening wore on, some of the Camerons began to betray their real feelings towards the vanquishers of their champions, and occasionally cast threatening glances at Duncan and his companions. But Lochiel's lady, being anxious to avoid bloodshed, contrived to warn the Kintail men of their danger. Duncan took the hint, and taking advantage of the first favourable opportunity, he quietly got his companions out without exciting any suspicions, while he himself was engaged in conversation with Lochiel. Shortly afterwards he slipped out also and joined them. The night was dark and stormy, but they betook themselves to the mountains of Glengarry. When they reached the river Garry towards break of day, they found the Camerons in close pursuit with firearms. The Kintail men plunged into the flooded river and with much difficulty gained the other side; but the Camerons would not venture to try the river, and so they returned home after following the Kintail men for many miles to no purpose.

Another version of this legend says that during the feast some of the Camerons made the door fast to prevent the escape of the Macraes, and that a servant girl (perhaps from Kintail) made them aware of this by whispering to one of them to get out by the window, and that on a given signal from Duncan they rushed for the door, broke it open, and escaped into the darkness, challenging the Camerons at the same time to follow them.

When Duncan was a young man, he lived for some time at Killechuinard, and at night used to swim across Lochduich to Inverinate to see his sweetheart. On one occasion, as he was half-way across, he suddenly came into collision with a bull swimming in the opposite direction. The angry bull tried to gore him, and though Duncan was a powerful swimmer, he did not think he could swim against a Highland bull. So he cleverly contrived to get on the bull's back, and, seizing hold of his horns, he compelled the animal to swim back with him to Inverinate.

Though Duncan was a warrior of renown and a mighty hunter, he was also very tender-hearted, and always ready to help anyone in distress. On one occasion a servant at his father's sheiling at Caorun, in the Heights of Cluanie, was taken ill of a virulent fever, and while others were afraid to go near her, Duncan took her in his arms and carried her all the way down to Glenshiel, where she received proper attendance and recovered from her illness. She afterwards composed a song about Duncan's kindness, of which the following is the only verse that now seems to be known :—

'Si nigh'n Alastair Rhuaidh
A rug a' bhuaidh,
'S cha b'e na fuar mhic greananach ;
'Se fear mo ghaoil
A macan caomh,
A rinn 'sa Chaorunn eallach dhiom.

THE MATCH BOY

'TWAS Christmas Eve : the night was cold
The snow fell thick and fast,
But as I hurried down the street,
A little child I passed.

He crouched within a doorway dim,
Among th' untrodden snow,
Apart from every passer-by,
Alone, in abject woe.

His lips all colourless and cold,
Moved with a broken prayer,
While his numb fingers mutely made
The pleadings of despair.

I stood to cheer him, for, I felt
My heart grow sick with shame,
That one so frail should know no friend
'Mongst those who went and came,

While happy children hastening home
Scarce knew the night was drear,
Here was one little waif to whom
Could come no Christmas cheer.

But as from out his breaking heart
There rose his stifled cry,
To Heaven alone was lifted up
His sad and tearful eye.

"Father!" he cried, "dear Father! come
An' tak' me hame the nicht;
I've nae hame noo tae gang till sin'
My matches winna licht.

I dinna ken hoo they're sae wet,
I jalouse my jacket's thin,
For though I hapt them up wi' it,
The snaw has a' gaen in.

I selt jist ane wee box the day,
The man that bocht it smiled;
But when he gaed tae licht his pipe
He glowered sae dour and wild.

I've no selt ony mair sin' then,
They're nae mair guid tae me;
O! Father! tak' me hame the nicht!
I'll no be feart tae dee."

I stepped unto the sobbing child,
And took his hand so chill;
But there was that upon his face
Which made my heart stand still.

He raised to mine his dying eyes,
From which the woe had passed;
While faintly fell the fervent words—
"I kenned He'd come at last."

At last! Poor little one! at last
For this cold world too late!
Thou only wert a fragile child,
Yet who hath faith so great?

MAVOR ALLAN.

CULCABOOK WELL, INVERNESS.

[Queen Mary, on her visit to Inverness, is supposed to have taken a drink at this well, and the stream running from it is called in Gaelic "Mary's Stream." It may have derived its name from a Roman Catholic source. The Queen would probably, in passing, have taken a drink from the well, which has long been famous.]

I TAKE a draught from the famous well,
The Woods of Draikie silent stand—
And my thoughts are borne by twilight's spell
Into the days of our shadow land.

The land of our loved and noble dead,
The olden days of sweet romance,
When our chiefs in the van of battle led,
Or swung in the maze of a stately dance.

I rest and dream by Culcabock Well,
And lo! 'tis noon, the sun burns high;
Down in the vale a joyous bell
Welcomes the Highland chivalry.

Clan Chattan's men are round their Queen,
The Frasers and Munros are there;
All hearts enthralled by her dark eyes' sheen,
And her glorious crown of golden hair.

War hawks all, God help the foe,
On fields where their claymores will gleam,
Dinna they hear the cry of woe
That sobs and wails down Mary's Stream.

Why don't they see in the pageant gay
The hand stretched out for a double crown,
And the grim cold dawn in Fotheringay,
Where Mary smiled as the axe came down.

"I will drink to the hills," fair Mary said,
"And the gallant men who guard my way,
To the Scottish hearts who dauntless bled
On Flodden's dark and bitter day.

To the winds that sweep o'er the heather braes,
To the sea's deep song and the isles afar,
Whose sons shall be in the after days
Foremost all in the ranks of war."

"Give me to drink," fair Mary said,—
The water still sobs by the grassy way,
And though her form in the dust is laid,
Her beauty shines in the long, long day.

Inverness. F. W. MASSON.

STRENGTH OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.—The following list, showing the number of persons bearing clan surnames in Scotland, was compiled in 1861, and is based upon the registers for the three preceding years. They are interesting as providing a reliable estimate of the numerical strength of the leading clans :—

Macdonald ...	37,572	Cameron ...	16,802
Robertson ...	32,600	Macleod ...	15,571
Stewart ...	31,836	Ferguson ...	14,828
Campbell ...	31,555	Morrison ...	14,482
Mackay ...	23,840	Davidson ...	12,683
Mackenzie ...	23,272	Grant ...	12,186
Ross ...	18,254	Graham ...	11,709
Fraser ...	18,013	Macgregor ...	11,070
Murray ...	17,606	Munro ...	10,098
Maclean ...	17,375	Sutherland ...	9,818

ALEX. STEWART. PETER M'KENZIE. *Treasurer.* DON. MACCOLL. ALEX. M'LAREN. ALEX. M'TAGGART. DON. DOWNIE.
DON. M'MILLAN, *Chairman.* DR. GRANT. ANGUS CLARK, *Secretary.*

BALLACHULISH SLATE QUARRIERS' MEDICAL COMMITTEE.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 5 Vol. XII.] *FEBRUARY, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

BALLACHULISH QUARRIERS' MEDICAL COMMITTEE.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait group of the Medical Committee of the Ballachulish Quarries, including Dr. Grant, whose name has become so widely known in connection with the recent dispute in these Slate Quarries. In the circumstances a short sketch of Dr. Grant's career may be of interest.

Dr. Lachlan Grant was born at Johnstone some thirty years ago, where his father, who was a native of Wester Ross, was engaged in business. His maternal grandfather was Mr. William Paton, manufacturer, Johnstone Mill, a gentleman who was well known and much respected in business circles in the West of Scotland.

While Dr. Grant was still young, the family removed to Ballachulish, and it was in the Public School in the village that young Grant received the elements of his education.

After leaving school he was for a time engaged as a clerk in the quarries' office, but having finally decided to adopt medicine as a profession, he proceeded to Glasgow, where he passed the Medical Preliminary Examination. In 1889 he was enrolled as a medical student in Edinburgh University. During his University career he was Medallist in Anatomy, and also in Eye Diseases; gained prizes in Clinical Surgery, and in 1894 graduated M.B., C.M., "with distinction." With a view to further equipping himself for his life's work, he studied mental diseases under Dr. Clouston of Morningside Asylum, paid a visit to America to study hospital work there; and subsequently became assistant to Dr. Argyll Robertson, the well known eye specialist. In 1896 he was appointed assistant to Dr. M'Calman, Oban. During his stay there he submitted an original thesis, entitled "Observations on Eye Work," for which his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of M.D., "with honours."

We next find Dr. Grant selected out of a list of about sixty candidates for the post of Medical Officer to the Gesto Hospital in Skye. For this appointment Dr. Grant's knowledge of Gaelic, along with his other qualifications, was doubtless an additional recommendation. From Skye he came to Ballachulish in August, 1900, and by his skill and kindness, and by the uprightnss of his character, he soon gained for himself the esteem and confidence, and, we may add, the affection of the entire community.

In these circumstances, it may be readily understood that Dr. Grant's dismissal in July, 1902, caused the utmost surprise and disappointment throughout the whole district. The quarriers were at once up in arms against such arbitrary action, and maintained that as they appointed and paid the doctor, it was *ultra vires* of the management to have drawn up an agreement, or to dismiss the doctor without their consent. They re-appointed Dr. Grant, and gave notice that no deductions were to be made from their wages for medical attendance. The Company replied by raising an action of interdict against the doctor. While this was pending the quarriers formed themselves into a Union, and sought redress of a number of labour grievances. On December 31st, 1902, the Court of Session decided against Dr. Grant. In January, 1903, the management closed the quarries rather than concede monthly pays. The men at once withdrew their demand. The Company then offered terms of such a nature that the men unanimously refused to accept them. The Union at the same time resolved to raise an action to reduce the agreement between the Company and Dr. Grant, and issued an appeal to the public for funds.

During the year over £800 were subscribed to this fund. Many conferences and meetings were held, but without result, and though the men lost their action at law on a technical

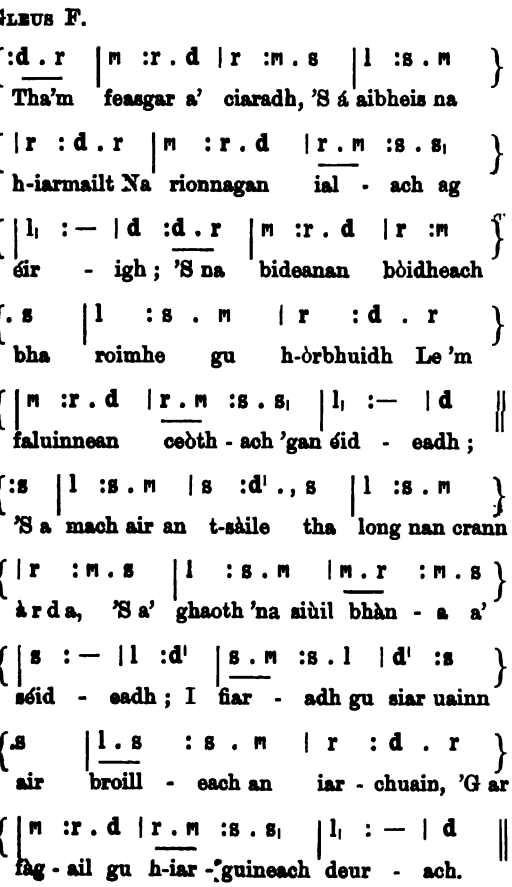
point, it had no effect on their resolution to hold out until all their grievances were redressed, and until they were allowed unrestricted choice of their doctor. All this they have secured, and the greatest industrial dispute that has ever occurred in the Highlands is now happily ended. Whatever view may be taken of the questions in dispute, one cannot help admiring the loyalty of these quarrymen to a principle which they considered to be right and just. Chivalry may be a dying sentiment in modern life; it lives still under the shadow of Sgur Dearg.

AM FOGARRACH A' FAGAIL A' GHEARRLOCH.

Mod First Prize Gaelic Song.

THE following song, by Mr. Malcolm Mac Farlane, Elderslie, was awarded first prize at the recent Mòd in the competition for "the best and most appropriate original Gaelic song, suitable to be sung to Mr. Scott Skinner's tune, 'Farewell to Gairloch,' as given in the 'Logie Collection of Music'":—

Gleus F.



Chionn air bòrd tha ar triath-ne,
Ar tearmunn, ar sgiath-ne,
Ar ré-gheal, ar grian-gheal 's ar n-aonghradh,
'N a fhògarrach reubte
Le àmhghar 's le geur-chradh
Aig fàgail 'na dheigh a chuid dhaoine.
Mhill eucoir is fòirneart
Luchd seasamh na còrach,
'S tha srulaichean brònach 'gan taomadh;
Sàr-ghaisgich an fhéilidh,
A dh' aindeoin an tréine,
Gu 'm b' éiginn daibh géilleadh do dhaorshluagh.

B' àrd aigne nam mòr-shonn
'N àm tionnsgnadh na còmhstri,
Is b' òirbheartach teòm iad 'san tuasaid,
'S ged b' iomarcach mòr-ghniomh
As leth Prionnsa nan òr-chiabh,
B' iad cealgairean Sheòrsa a bhuadhaich.
Och! na feachdairean bòidheach
Chaidh chasgairt 's an tòrachd
Air àithne an fheòladair dhuaircich!
'S an diugh tha choin dearga
Le dian-theas a' lorgach
A' chòrr am measg gharbhlaichean uaigneach.

Nis tha'n dubhar air dùnadh
Mu ghuaillibh nan stùc-bheann,
'S tha dall-cheo a' mùchadh mo léirsinn:
Mo shoraidh gu bràth dhuit,
Fhir ghrinn nam beachd àrda;
A' bhuil a bha 'n dàn duit bu gheur i;
Ach ge gruamach an tràth-s' thu
Mu d' dhaoine bochd cràite,
'S na gleannanan àillidh fo léir-chreach,
Thig ciùin mhaduinn ris duit,
'S air gorm-chnuic na tìr so,
Chì thu grian bhoillsgeach dhrilseach ag éirigh.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A cloud-heaped sky; the lone, cold moor,
An aching wind—and I am far from home.
Desolate the scene. A curlew wails,
Sobbing his grief into the gusty air,
Across the dreary waste grim silence moves.

Sad brood the circling hills around,
The mirror of the loch reflects but grey:
A chill rain falls; the canna droops,
And mem'ries cling to me like yonder mist,
Heavy and close upon the weary Ben.

The solemn stillness soothes me not,
For in its vast and hollow bosom lurk
A thousand secrets unexpressed;
The myriad questions answerless of old;
The littleness of Now, the great Beyond.

Across the moor the wingéd silence moves,
And as it surges, whispers soft
That high is low, and finished, but begun—
Success is failure; struggle ofttimes peace—
Sadness is sweet, and beauty, bitterness.

Coinneach Dubh.

MOIDART,
OR AMONG THE CLANRANALDS.

[READERS of "Moidart, or Among the Clanranalds" may remember how the writer traced down to the late chief's time the different branches of that illustrious clan, and how the Clanranald estates got divided and scattered. Thus, Canna was bought by the then tenant, Mr. MacNeil, Eigg by Professor Macpherson of Aberdeen University, Lochshiel and Eilean Shona by Alexander Macdonald of Glenaladale; Glenuig, Inverailert, Roshven, and Arisaig changed hands many times, while South Uist and Benbecula shared the fate of the rest of the once Princely dominions, until nothing was left but the shadow of the substance in the shape of Eilean Risca and the hoary ruins of its castle. Eilean Shona was bequeathed by Glenaladale to Archibald MacDonald of Rhu, who was his uncle by marriage. "Rhu" also inherited from Glenaladale the estate of Lochshiel, and his son Alexander disposed of this property of Lochshiel to Mr. James Robert Hope, who, on marrying the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, adopted the name Scott, and it is his daughter who is now the direct representative of the Wizard of the North, and proprietrix of Abbotsford. "Rhu" seems to have been a veritable type of the genuine old Highland gentleman whom one reads of. Friend of rich and poor, he kept an open door and he was as unstinted in his hospitality to all and every one who came his way, as he was mindful of and considerate to the very poorest of his tenants. Being a son of John MacDonald, who is so often referred to as the companion and protector of the Prince during his wanderings, he must have possessed a storehouse of authentic information concerning the Royal exile; and living as he did at the parting of the ways between the old and the new order of things in the Highlands, he must have had reflections of no ordinary interest to the student of Highland history. He died about 1820, and was buried in Arisaig, but his remains were subsequently raised by his family and now rest as they deserve to do, in peace in that loveliest of all resting places on the West coast, Eilean-Fhionnan, on the bosom of Loch Shiel. He left a family of sons and daughters. Alexander, as we have seen, managed like so many of his great clan, to get through his estates, while his second son John, joined the army and rose to be one of Wellington's trusted captains. He went through the Peninsular War and finished up at Waterloo without getting a scratch, although suffering the hardships incidental to these trying campaigns.

It is with this John, then, that the Rev. Mr. MacDonald intended to begin his continuation of "Moidart." Captain John's letters to his family were all preserved and handed to Mr. MacDonald for the purposes of the continuation of his history of the Clanranalds in Moidart. They were never published, as the reverend gentleman passed away without carrying out his intention. The MS. is now before me and I give it as Father Charles left it. I should add that Captain MacDonald died at Gibraltar without issue; and that Dalelea House referred to in the MS. was the birthplace of the prince of Gaelic poets, Alasdair MacMhaighstеir Alasdair. Dalelea is referred to by the writer as dull and dreary; it soon thereafter became more so and even tragic to himself, for there were born the only members of his house who lived to tend him on his deathbed, and who all followed him to the grave, with one exception, through whose hands this MS. now reaches your readers.]

Glasgow. HUGH MACLEOD.

CAPTAIN JOHN MACDONALD, whose letters written during the Peninsular War are here partly analysed, was a son of Mr. Archibald Macdonald, Rhu, Arisaig, and brother of "Lochiel," Dr. Coll, Gregor, Jane and Joanna—all of whom were living at Dalelea when I first went to Moidart. They were a delightful family, and many a happy day have I spent among them. During the dismal winter months, if circumstances allowed it, I seldom failed, year after year, to spend weeks playing at whist and backgammon with these good people. But, alas! they gradually dropped away, one after the other, worthy Miss Jane being the last. Never shall I forget the dreary, desolate appearance of Dalelea House on the evening after Miss Jane's funeral.

Captain John received a commission in the 23rd Foot, (Royal Welsh Fusileers). Although efforts had been made, in accordance with his own ardent wishes, to get him into the 92nd some obstacle or other prevented a successful issue to this scheme. He joined the Service in the early part of 1810, and shortly afterwards was stationed at Guernsey, where the time passed pleasantly enough. "We had a grand ball on the 4th June, and a grand field day. The ball cost three days' pay to all the officers in the island." A good deal of his time was given to the study of French. He attended Mass on Sundays with great regularity, having to walk four miles. The chapel was in the town of St. Pierre: "There are two namesakes that meet me every Sunday there. One is a son of Major Macdonald of the 92nd, who has joined the 45th, about a month ago, quite a boy. The other is from Fort William and belongs to the 4th Garrison Battalion." Of another catholic officer he observes: "M'Crea is quite a pattern. He never passed either Sunday or holiday without going to church—went through all his other duties in the same fervent manner, and received the sacrament the week he left the island." This was Captain Macrae of the 11th; he was a native of Kintail. "We are quite busy preparing for General Gladstone, who is to review us in the latter end of the week, and is very particular. He commands in the absence of Sir John Doyle, who has gone to attend the Prince Regent."

The first battalion having been sent away to Spain to serve under Wellington, orders suddenly came that John should forthwith proceed to

join it. In communicating this news to his father, Macdonald feels obliged to ask him for an advance of money to defray the expenses of his journey from "England to Lisbon." "There being no regular packet from this (Guernsey) to Lisbon, we must proceed to England and embark from thence. . . The passage is either £15 or £20, for which we have no allowance whatever." Our excellent Government seldom or never errs on the side of intelligent liberality to its servants if it can help it! The golden rule seems to be parsimony or mad extravagance —according as the fit comes on. The first battalion was then at the siege of Badajos, operations being conducted under Lord Beresford. But Soult came to its relief, Beresford had to retire, and shortly afterwards was fought the battle of Albuera, in which the 23rd took a distinguished part. Among its many losses was that of Captain Colin Macdonald, a near relative of the Rhu and Borradale families. His death is thus announced by Col D. M'Donell of the

From "History of the Clan Donald." [*By Rev. Archibald Macdonald.*

CASTLE TIRRIM, MOIDART,
AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE MACDONALDS OF CLAN RANALD.

11th Portuguese, in a letter to Rhu himself:—

AZANCHAL, May 28th, 1811.

DEAR COUSIN,

It is with most sincere grief I have to inform you of the death of our friend Captain Colin Macdonald of the 23rd regiment, in the battle of the 16th at Albuera. He received a shot which entered through his shoulder blade, passed through his lungs, and fractured the collar bone. In that condition the enemy took him from the field of battle, and he remained in their hands till the 18th, when they began their retreat. Finding they could not carry him away, he was left on the ground. He was immediately removed to a place where he could receive any assistance which it was possible to afford. I went, the moment I heard of his situation, to see him; he seemed to have suffered much from the ill-treatment he received, but did not appear at that time to consider his wound mortal, and supported his pain with great fortitude. I told him I had written to Borradale an account of his being wounded and taken; he said he was happy at it, as it would show them why he had not answered your last letter. The French having plundered him of everything he had about him, I sent him a few articles of my own the same evening.

I saw him no more, as next morning he was conveyed to Valverde, where he expired on the 24th, retaining the perfect use of his faculties to the last. About twenty-four hours before his death he was told his wound was mortal, and that he had but a short time to live. He received the intimation with great fortitude, called the surgeon and the soldier who attended him, and in their presence dictated how he wished to bequeath his property. This the surgeon instantly took down in writing." The letter then proceeds to describe the terms of the will, concluding with a wish of the testator, that Mr. Macdonald, Rhu, would undertake to see everything duly carried out. The writer is known in the West as Colonel D. MacDonell of Santaig.

RUINS OF ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH, SOUTH UIST.
(CLAN RANALD COUNTRY.)

John arrived in due time in Portugal. After a short stay at Lisbon, he was ordered to proceed to the headquarters of the army with five officers and two hundred men belonging to different regiments. On the way he met Col. D. M'Donell of the 11th Port. "I met Donald, Santaig, at Estremos. He commands the 11th Port., and has been very attentive to me. He is as fat and fair as if he had just arrived from England." He found his own regiment stationed at Estremos. "They are quite weak at present, not more than four hundred in the field, and eight hundred in Portugal." As a specimen of his first impressions of the country we give the following:— "I have enjoyed what I have seen of this kind of life beyond anything; but I have only had the smooth part of it as yet. The Portuguese in general are very obliging, and although much abused, will do anything they can for an officer. We get 1½ lb. of bread, 1 lb. of meat, and a bottle of a kind of sour wine issued as rations every day, and are obliged to buy anything more we can get at a very high figure, such as vegetables, etc."

While at Estremos, he met with several other officers whose families belonged to the western parts of Inverness-shire, and who were previously well known at Rhu, viz., Captain Ronald (who afterwards took the farm of Roshven or Aorinn in Moidart), his brother, both serving in the 92nd, and Major Macdonald of Inch in Lochaber, also Captain J. Macdonald, Galmasdale, Isle of Eigg,* who seems to have been attached to the 68th regiment, and was a brother of Captain Colin whose death is described above.

Shortly afterwards John had a severe attack of fever while on the march, and had to be left under the care of a servant at a small village called Celerico. The crisis became so acute that his life was despaired of, and his servant, convinced that his master could only linger for a few hours, decamped with everything worth taking. It was while the invalid was in this state that Dr. Maclean, of the Killundine family, Morven, happening to pass through the village, and seeing a tartan plaid hanging at the door of one of the houses, had the curiosity to enter. He was under the impression that he might find a countryman, but when he recognised John his amazement was very great. He immediately exerted himself to save his friend's life, and so far succeeded that John got safely

*Eigg now belongs to a Mr. Thomson. There are neither Captains nor even full Privates on the island now; Glenuig belongs to Lord Maclaren. Arisaig is the property of a member of the English family of Astley, while Inverailort and Roshven are owned by Mrs. Head and Professor Blackburn respectively. The latter two individuals have just emerged from a long and expensive litigation over the erection of a sheep fence between the two desolate estates, and there is not a soldier in the British Army to represent the once warlike country of the Clan Donald.

over the crisis before Maclean left. The family in whose house he was living did all in their power to follow the doctor's prescriptions, and it was largely due to this that the patient so far recovered, as to be safely removed to Coimbra within a few months. In a letter to his brother Alexander, dated from this town, he writes:—"I have been miserably ill at Celerico since the 4th September, and only got here on the 2nd February, 1812. . . The army is very sickly, and the regiments which were in the Walcheren have all got the ague. . . The 79th and the 26th have all been in the rear a long time from the number of deaths. Ours never muster more than four hundred although we have about a thousand in the country. I have heard a number of officers that have been in the West Indies say that they would much sooner serve a campaign in that country than in this." Coimbra, however, is highly praised for its health-restoring qualities. "This is one of the best and the healthiest cities of Portugal. The climate is so mild that the cherry trees are in full blossom already (10th Feby.), and oranges are so plentiful that the soldiers get forty for a penny. There are several convents and one nunnery, but I seldom can meet with a clergyman that can talk English, and very few that understand even French. Lent is kept much more strictly than in England. The family I am quartered on never take a morsel but once a day. They always attend Mass . . and go to public prayers in the evening. . . Salt ling is cheap, about fivepence per pound. We never taste fresh butter; we pay three shillings a pound for ship butter imported from Ireland, and six shillings for a bottle of porter, but this is a luxury which I cannot afford."

While John was thus recovering, his regiment was seeing hard service at the third and last siege of Badajos. It got frightfully cut up, and was almost annihilated. Out of twenty two officers who took part in the attack, nineteen had to be placed on the list of killed and wounded, and out of two hundred men only fifty remained to defend the colours. Reinforcements were urgently required, so that our friend was ordered to the front if at all capable of moving. He went at once, and reached in time to take part in one of the greatest battles fought by his illustrious chief, viz., the battle of Salamanca. Among his friends who fell at Badajos was his yonng companion in arms, a son of Col. Macdonald, Inch, of the 92nd. This was the same Catholic gentleman, "a mere boy" whom he used to meet at Mass on Sundays when stationed in the island of Guernsey. The gallant youth was killed while bravely storming the walls of Badajos, with his comrades of the 45th regiment to which he belonged. "Poor Inch was much affected at his son's death. He recovered the body next day after a long search, and buried it in a decent manner."

(To be continued).

THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

SIR,—In giving further reasons why, contrary to the generally received opinion of Celtic scholars, he believes in the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic Poems, Mr. Macdonald, in your last issue, takes Macpherson's translation of Gaelic into English severely to task. But to judge by the translations he suggests in lieu of Macpherson's, he does not appear to be much happier. For instance he says that—

> "'S cosmhuil ri Gorm-meall am fuaim,
> Mu'n eirich gaillean a' chuain ard,"

should in English be—

> "Such is the sound of Gormal around which the storms of ocean rise."

But surely the reference here is to that deep moaning of the sea which so often precedes a storm. Macpherson was correct in giving the word *"before"* for "m'un," and the word "cosmshiul" has an important bearing on the passage, though they both ignore it. I would put it—

> *Like* unto Gormal is the moaning
> Before the ocean storm rises.

For the words "bu shoillier a dhreach" descriptive of one of the horses of Cuchullin's chariot, Mr. Macdonald gives *"bright is his figure."* Surely *figure* is not the correct word for *dhreach* here. Colour is meant, not shape. *Bright his colour, swift his steps, sith-fada his name.* The word sith-fada means *long stride.* The name of the other horse *dubh-srongeal* clearly indicates his colour. As for the lines which Mr. Macdonald thinks once for all show that Macpherson's Gaelic was the original; here again the true picture conveyed by the lines—

> " A ghaisgich dhubh ghruamach 'n a dheigh
> Mar chom-thional uisge nan stuadh
> M'un cuirt do dhealain nan speur,"

is lost in the translation given by Mr. Macdonald—

" His dark gloomy heroes behind, like the congregate water of clouds, around the red lightening of heaven." Now in the Gaelic there is nothing about *"clouds," "red,"* or *"heaven."* But there is the word *"stuadh"* (waves) which ought to show what was meant, viz., the gathering of the waves into a water spout, which, when seen advancing towards a ship with the dark clouds bending low, and the lightening playing in it, is most awe-inspiring. So was the chief with his dark warriors behind *him.* Mr. Macdonald omits the *'him'*; but it is important as showing that the heroes were *at his back* to suppport him, and not somewhere behind where they could not be effective to inspire fear in the foe, or help their chief. That Macpherson's Ossian is founded on stories handed down orally from prehistoric times may be conceded. But the Gaelic is mostly his own; and much of it is modern, ungrammatical and unidiomatic, and he added much of his own to the stories he gathered.

Yours, etc.,

Kent. G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

SIGNAL FOR THE BOAT.

ONE of the great inconveniences of a Highland and insular life, is the necessity in traversing the country for crossing rivers, lochs, and arms of the sea. The state of the weather renders this frequently impossible for some length of time; rivers become swollen, lochs and seas are in tempestuous agitation during a great part of the winter, the inhabitants of remote places consequently suffering at times considerable privation from the stoppage of regular communication with the mainland or more favoured localities. Should the weather, however, be favourable for a passage, it is necessary to apprise the Fear a bhata, or Boatman, on the opposite side, which may be a mile or more distant, that his services are required by some weary traveller, anxious to reach his destination. The hoisting a flag on a tall pole conspicuously fixed, might well answer the purpose of a signal, but a more ready and natural expedient is practised in the Highlands. Turf is found plentifully in almost every part of the country, with which a fire is speedily got up, the smoke giving the necessary notice.

In these days of universal improvement, the

SIGNAL FOR THE BOAT.

Highlanders doubtless avail themselves of the use of chemical matches in the most remote districts, but when this valuable article is not at hand, a light is procured as in former times, from a neighbouring cottage, or a live peat may be carried from some distance. It is otherwise obtained by the sparks elicited from flint and steel, the back of a dirk, a sword, or the flash of the powder from the lock of a pistol or gun. Those who possessed a lens have used it during the warm days of summer to raise a fire by the well known concentration of the sun's rays.

There was much agreeable excitement in journeying through the West Highlands in days of yore. It was then incumbent on the tourist to engage a boat with able rowers to transport him from isle to isle or across the numerous lochs or inlets of the ocean; horses and guides were also to be procured, and in these ways a considerable amount of money was left among the Highlanders, while the intercourse was in other respects beneficial.

It is quite otherwise now that steam boats ply all around. In these the travellers generally embark at Glasgow when bound to the west and north, and they are carried to the far-famed Staffa, the venerated Iona, the Caledonian Canal, and other places, where they are

allowed an hour or two to land and examine the natural and antiquarian curiosities, which offer themselves to notice, and thus they pass through the country, without perhaps leaving a shilling behind. The poor Highlanders feel the loss of this source, whence a seasonable accession to their scanty means was often obtained.

The boat fire is always made on the same spot, that it may not be mistaken. It is generally kindled on a projecting point of land, and when the smoke is seen ascending, the people on the opposite side announce it to the ferryman, "Smuid suas!" the smoke is up, on which the boat puts off to convey the awaiting passengers across their watery way. The smoke, which it is desirable to render dense, is seen from a great distance when the day is fine, but in wet and foggy weather the mist which overhangs the water is embarrassing.

At night the brightness of the fire will render it the obvious means of giving signal for a boat. "The warning flame" was the primitive telegraph by which aid was requested and danger indicated, and the same means are yet employed in military operations. The proper distribution and management of "Bail fires" were regulated by Scottish Parliament, and the proper time for the immortal Bruce's descent upon Carrick for the recovery of his kingdom, was indicated by the kindling of a fire in a certain place.

An affecting tale, in which we find the use of fire as the only mode of conveying information, is preserved in the islands of the west.

St. Kilda, or Hirta, as it is called by the natives, is the farthest inhabited islet in this range, and it has only one place where a landing can be effected, while it is exposed to the unopposed fury of the Atlantic Ocean. The people live chiefly on the sea fowl which abound among the rocks, and with the feathers their little rent is paid. To procure these birds the greatest perils are encountered, and loss of life is often the result of the adventurous toils.

A boat had gone on one occasion to a precipitous rock at some distance from St. Kilda, in search of the usual game, when unfortunately the boat was dashed to pieces, while the crew got safe upon the rugged isle. The storm increased, and here were the forlorn men exposed to its severity with no means of escape, or any hope of relief from their grieving friends, who could do nothing for their rescue or ascertain their fate. In these afflicting circumstances the unfortunate men lighted as many fires as there were survivors, and at night, when these beacons were seen, and the number reckoned, night by night, the people of St. Kilda knew, by this device, how many had been saved, and until the weather moderated so that assistance could be sent to take them off their sea-girt prison, they contrived to subsist on such fowl and fish as could be procured.

The artist has sketched a man and woman, waiting the arrival of the boat for which they have raised the smoke, the well-known signal, which has been obeyed. In cold weather the fire is agreeable, if the party has long to wait, and there is usually a quantity of fuel prepared for use, as necessary for the working of this Celtic Trajectus, which is sometimes maintained at the expense of the landed proprietor or surrounding gentlemen.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACRAE, B.A.

Author of "The History of the Clan Macrae."

(Continued from page 79.)

IT has already been stated that Duncan was killed at Sheriffmuir, where, according to tradition, he fought in command of the Kintail contingent of Seaforth's regiments Mention has also been made of the stone which he set up at Achnagart as he and his followers were leaving Kintail on that occasion. It is said that in the retreat after the battle he killed seven troopers, one after another, with his claymore, until at last one of them came upon him with a pair of loaded pistols, shot him, and left him for dead on the field. During the night another Kintail man called John Macrae, and commonly known as Ian Mac Fhionnla Mhic Ian Bhuidhe, who had lost his shoes in some marshy ground, and was also severely wounded, revived sufficiently to think of leaving the fatal field under cover of the darkness, and commence the homeward journey. He accordingly began to search among the dead for a pair of shoes. In the course of the search he came upon Duncan, who was still alive and able to speak, and whose voice John immediately recognised. "Oh, Dhonnachaidh bhochd," said John, "'n tusa tha so, ciod e a thachair riut?" (O, poor Duncan, is that you; what has happened to you?) "Thug iad a nasgaidh mi le'n cuid peileiran beag" (They have done for me without any trouble with their little bullets, replied Duncan.) He then asked for a drink, and John, having no other means of fetching a drink, took one of Duncan's shoes, and brought it to him full of water. The water revived him so much that he was able to give John a full account of his adventures during the battle, but before the morning dawned Duncan was numbered among the slain. John lived to accomplish the home-

ward journey, and it was he who brought to Kintail an account of the manner of the death of Donnacha Mor Mac Alister. There is a tradition in Kintail that a sketch of Duncan in the battle was made by one of the officers of the Royalist troops, and that it was exhibited along with his sword in the Tower of London.

TRADITIONS ABOUT EONACHAN DUBH.

Eonachan Dubh, Duncan's youngest brother, is also frequently mentioned in connection with Duncan's adventures with the Lochaber cattle lifters. It is related of Eonachan that on one occasion he pursued a party of Lochaber raiders who had stolen cattle from Macleod of Glenelg, and recovered the spoil single handed. As the Glenelg men were returning home from an unsuccessful pursuit they met Eonachan, and when they told him where they had been, and how they had failed to discover any trace of the raiders, Eonachan volunteered to set out at once, and alone, in search of them. Late at night he discovered them in an empty sheiling house, where they had arranged to take shelter for the night, and were then roasting a huge piece of beef on a spit for their supper. Eonachan presented himself as a benighted traveller, and asked to be allowed to share the shelter of the hut for the night. This request was readily granted. After sharing in their hospitality he entertained them for some time with his conversation, and at last went to the door to see what the night was like. It was very dark, and as soon as he got outside he shouted to the men within that the cattle had all gone away. One of the men then went out to see, but no sooner was he outside the door than Eonachan, who was prepared for the occasion, threw his plaid over his head, knocked him down, and gagged and bound him before he had time to utter a word. Shortly afterwards another went out to see what had become of their companion, but Eonachan dealt in the same manner with him also. After a little time a third man went out, but only to receive the same treatment as his companions. There were now only two men left in the hut, and Eonachan, knowing that he was quite a match for both of them together, called upon them to yield, which they did without further resistance. These two men he gagged and bound also. The Lochaber men had some guns, which Eonachan rendered useless by breaking off the stocks. He then told them to make their way the best they could, with gagged mouths and bound hands, to their chief, Lochiel, with Eonachan's compliments. Having thus disposed of the thieves, he collected the cattle and drove them back to their owner in Glenelg.

Eonachan was once on a visit to Brahan Castle, and while talking with the Countess, who had a fire of cinnamon in her room, she asked him if ever he saw such a fine fire as that. "No," replied Eonachan, "the fragrant smell of that fire reaches all the way to the cattle folds of Kintail." "How is that?" asked the Countess. Eonachan pointed out to her that her extravagant ways had made it necessary for her husband to increase the rents which his Kintail tenants paid for their cattle folds. The Countess took Eonachan's pointed reply in good part and discontinued the cinnamon fires. When Seaforth heard of this he told Eonachan that the Countess insisted on having a fresh ox tongue on her table at dinner every day of the year, and that if Eonachan could cure her of this extravagance, as he had done in the matter of the cinnamon, he should feel deeply indebted to him. Shortly afterwards Eonachan was going to Dingwall with a large herd of cattle, and, as he approached Brahan, he directed his herdsmen to drive three hundred and sixty-five of the cattle past the front of the Castle, in such a way as to make the number appear as large as possible. Having given these instructions, he himself hurried on in advance. When he arrived at the Castle he was kindly welcomed by both Seaforth and his lady. As he sat by one of the windows talking with the lady the herd of cattle began to pass by. "What a very large herd of cattle," remarked the lady. "Not at all," replied Eonachan, "it is only as many as you require for your own dinner in the course of the year." She could not believe that she required so many, and she asked Eonachan what he meant. He explained to her that as she wanted an ox tongue every day for her dinner, and as an ox had only one tongue, it was necessary to kill three hundred and sixty-five oxen every year for her dinner, and that was exactly the number of the herd passing by.

To be continued.

CLAN AY—A SEPT OF CLAN CHATTAN.

SIR,—Would you kindly oblige a reader of your *Celtic Monthly* by inserting in your next issue the following queries relative to to the Clan Ay, said to have been a minor sept of the Clan Chattan. What is the origin of Clan Ay? Is it of Scotch, Irish, or Scandinavian descent? Who was its founder or leader? What were its armorial bearings, if any? At what period did this sept associate itself with the Clan Clattan; and who at the present day would represent the head of this chieftain family? At what period did the affix "son" appear to have been added to the name Ay? As in certain old rent rolls (namely of Invercauld and Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire), persons are entered Ayson and Ayeson, and at later periods the name is changed to Easson and Esson. Has this name any bearing on the Celtic name Mackay? I will feel grateful if any one can throw any light on this matter. AYSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

CONTENTS.

IMPORTANT.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now overdue. Volume XII. commenced with the October issue. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Copies of Volume XI., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt lettering, can now be had, price 7/6 post free. Volumes V. to XI. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 each. Apply, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.—At a meeting of subscribers held in Glasgow recently, it was decided to apply the funds, which it is expected will eventually reach the sum of £1500, to the erection of a suitable memorial near Dingwall, on an eminence where it could be seen from the railway line. The feeling was strongly expressed at the meeting that no part of the funds should be applied to the erection of a monument in Edinburgh.

DESCENDANTS OF ANGUS MACKAY,

THE QUEEN'S PIPER.

SIR,—I am anxious to obtain information regarding the whereabouts of the descendants of the late Angus Mackay, the celebrated piper, who died in 1838. Should any readers be able to assist me, I shall be glad to hear from them through the pages of the *Celtic Monthly*, or direct, if they prefer.

Prince Edward Island. ALEX. MACNEILL, M.D.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—This society met in Edinburgh on 21st January, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. D. N. Mackay, educational secretary, submitted draft rules in connection with the clan bursary, which had been prepared by a joint committee representing the Glasgow and Edinburgh centres, and which, after some discussion, were adopted by the meeting. The value of the bursary is £20 per annum, tenable for two years in a high school or technical college. Mr. John Mackay, Glasgow, honorary secretary, intimated that he had communicated with the Congested Districts Board in regard to prospective projects in the county of Sutherland, and had received a reply from the secretary that the Board would favourably consider any proposals addressed to them. Provost Mackay was strongly of opinion that the policy of repeopling the desolate straths in Sutherland ought to be vigorously carried out, and that new settlements, like that recently planted so successfully on Strathnaver, should be multiplied. The initiative, however, lay with the people themselves, who should hold public meetings and decide upon definite proposals, and they could depend upon the hearty support of the Clan Mackay Society. Other members endorsed the chairman's sentiments, the policy of placing the people back in the straths in the Mackay country being one which met with universal approval among clansmen.

THE ROSS AND CROMARTY GATHERING, which takes place in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on 11th Feb., promises to be one of the most interesting gatherings of the year. The Hon. John Ferguson, C.M.G., Ceylon, a native of Tain, who is at present in the old country on a brief holiday, is to preside, and doubtless he will have something to say regarding his great countryman, the late Major-General Sir Hector Macdonald, whose appointment to the Ceylon command ended so tragically. We hope to see a large gathering to welcome this distinguished Highlander. On the same date, at 5 p.m., the Association entertain Mr. Ferguson to dinner in the Grand Hotel.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.—The Social Gathering of this clan took place in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on 21st January, Mr. George A. MacMillan, London, Chief of the Society, in the chair, and there was a large gathering of members and friends. The chairman delivered an interesting address, in which he paid a high eulogy to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Hugh MacMillan, who had done so much to foster clan sentiment, and whose investigations into the history and antiquities of the clan had produced such valuable results. Speeches were also delivered by the popular president, Mr. James P. MacMillan, Paisley, and Bailie MacMillan, Partick, who welcomed the delegates from other clans and friends. Dancing was then commenced, and was kept up with spirit until 2 a.m.

KINTYRE CLUB.—In Ferguson and Forrester's, on 25th January, Mr. Hugh Ferguson, President of this flourishing Society, entertained the office-bearers to dinner, and a very pleasant evening was spent with song and sentiment.

THE MULL AND IONA GATHERING took place on 22nd ult., Captain C. H. A. Maclean of Pennycross, in the chair, who delivered an eloquent address on matters of Celtic interest. There was a large attendance.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

II. The Clan Maclean.

THIS clan had its seat in Mull and some of the smaller isles, and the leading families are Duart, Lochbuie, Ardgour, Dochgarroch, Coll, Torloisk and Brolas. The progenitor of the clan was "Gilleain na Tuaigh" —Gillean of the Battleaxe, who must have flourished in Argyllshire about the beginning of the 13th century. He was a prominent man and a distinguished warrior. Tradition relates that while Gilleain was on a certain occasion hunting on "Beinn Talaidh" in Mull, he was suddenly enveloped in a fog and lost his way. He wandered about during two or three days, and at last, utterly exhausted by hunger and fatigue, stuck his battle-axe in the ground by the side of a cranberry bush and laid himself down apparently to die. His companions discovered him in this perilous position, apparently dead, and succeeded in restoring him to consciousness and safety. Accordingly we find the crest of the leading houses of Maclean consists of a battle-axe crossed by a branch of cyprus and laurel.

It may be noted that in the arms of the Macleans of Duart which surmounts this sketch a tower is substituted for the battle-axe. The present chief of the clan, Col. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bart., of Duart and Morven, is the lawful heir male of Sir Allan of Brolas, and the tower formed part of the arms of Brolas, so that

the arms of the clan as now submitted seems to combine those of several of the leading branches of this illustrious clan.

The Slogans of the Clan.

This war-like clan has two slogans which are used alternately. These are "Bàs no Beatha" —Death or Life, and "Fear eil' airson Eachainn" —Another for Hector. This latter slogan is associated with a gallant incident which took place at the battle of Inverkeithing, 1651. Charles II. was crowned at Scone in 1651. Cromwell had no idea of allowing him to rule in Scotland, and so he marched against him and defeated the Scots under David Leslie at Dunbar. In June 1651, Cromwell led his army against the Scots, who occupied a strong position in front of Stirling. Shortly after the middle of July he sent a division of his army under General Lambert across the Forth at Queensferry to intercept the supplies of the Scottish army. Holborn of Menstrie was sent by the Scots to oppose Lambert. The two forces met at Inverkeithing on Sunday, 20th July. Lambert had about 4,000 men under

[*From photo by*] [*Mr. John A. Stewart, Glasgow.*
DUART CASTLE, ISLAND OF MULL.

The illustrations to this article are from photos by Mr. John A. Stewart, Glasgow.

LOCH EATHARNA, COLL.

him, 2,000 of whom were probably cavalry. Holborn had about 3,500 men under him. His force consisted of 1,000 horse under his own immediate command, 200 horse and 800 Lowland infantry under Sir John Brown of Fordel, 800 infantry under Sir Hector Roy Maclean of Duart, and 700 infantry under Sir George Buchanan, chief of his clan. Holborn, who was both a traitor and a coward, fled with his cavalry ere the battle has scarcely begun. The left wing, which was commanded by Sir John Brown, was, after a brave resistance, overwhelmed by numbers and forced to retreat, leaving their commander a prisoner, and mortally wounded. The Macleans and the Buchanans were in a short time encircled by the English, the result being that they were nearly all cut to pieces. It was now evident that the charge of the enemy was directed more particularly against the spot where Sir Hector stood, and who, though severely wounded, still continued to encourage his faithful followers. His noble and heroic clansmen seeing that the principal object was to cut off their beloved chief, the few that still survived flocked around his person, and numerous were the attempts upon the life of Sir Hector, which a Maclean rendered abortive by the sacrifice of his own. In their devotion for their young chief, those fearless spirits offered their own breasts to the weapons aimed at him, and as each in succession rushed forward for this purpose, his resolution was evinced, as he threw himself upon the enemy to shield the person of his chief, by the exclamation, "Fear eil' airson Eachainn !"—Another for Hector! Under the influence of this extraordinary feeling of devotion, no less than eight gentlemen of the name of Maclean lost their lives at Inverkeithing. With life only ended the resistance of the fearless Sir Hector Roy. He fell covered with wounds.

" Sir Hector Roy, the stout Maclean,
Fought, one to ten, but all in vain,
His broad claymore unsheathing;
Himself lay dead 'mid heaps of slain,
For Charles at Inverkeithing ! "

DEATH OF SIR LACHLAN MOR OF DUART.

This distinguished chief of the Macleans of Duart was killed in a bloody battle between his own clan and the Macdonalds, which took place in the year 1598, on the shore of Gruinart, Islay. It is said that before setting out from Mull, Sir Lachlan consulted a famous witch as to his chances of success. He was told that to be successful he must not land in Islay on a Thursday, and he must not drink water out of a well near Gruinart, called "Strange Neill's Well"—Tobar Neill Neonaich. Unfortunately through stress of weather he and his forces were obliged to land on a Thursday. Being athirst he drank water from the nearest well, which happened to be the forbidden one. Tradition says that on the eve of battle a dwarf from Jura offered his services to Sir Lachlan, but was rejected. This dwarf, "Dubh-sith" by name, transferred his services to James Macdonald, and was gladly accepted. According to one account, the dwarf had a gun and was on the outlook all day for an opportunity to kill Lachlan Mor. He climbed a tree, and as Lachlan was climbing a hill he bent and thus caused an opening in the joints of his defensive armour. The dwarf took steady aim and killed his victim. The body of Sir Lachlan Mor was carried to Kilchoman, Islay, and buried there.

" Big Lachlan from his rocky hold
Right wisely ruled his clansmen bold
That owned the stout command there.
But stained with gore green Islay's shore
Cut down by traitor hand there."

BREACACHA CASTLES, ISLAND OF COLL.

THE LADY OF THE WRECK.

(A TRUE KINTYRE TALE.)

THERE had been a dreadful wreck off the Mull of Cantire, and many souls had been hurried into eternity within sight of land. A gentleman who was interested in the fate of some relatives who had been on board had hastened to the spot, desirous of viewing the scene of the disaster, even though he should not haply find any traces of those who were lost. It was two days after the wreck, but many of the bodies had not yet been recovered, and trunks, boxes, and various kinds of personal property were either being swept on shore or picked up at sea by the boatmen. So many of these men were now engaged on the work that the gentleman was unable to hire a properly-equipped boat to convey him to the spot. In his dilemma he appealed to a fisherman whom he had accidentally encountered, and whom he eventually persuaded to launch his boat, promising, as he was an experienced oarsman, to assist him in sailing or sculling his little craft.

When they were well on their way, and were nearing the island off which the wreck had taken place, the gentleman noticed that his companion, whose strange manners had already attracted his attention, was gazing wildly around him, with his eyes intently fixed on a white object that could be seen not far from them tossing to and fro upon the dancing waves. Presently they were close beside it, and as the boat plunged into the trough of the sea a huge billow raised the while form on high—where for a moment it stood, as it were, poised over the boat like a thing of life—the form of a woman, with wide-open eyes and loose streaming hair, clad in her night-dress, and tightly pressing an infant to her breast. The effect of this apparition on the two men in the boat was such as to paralyze their exertions either to guide their craft, or to draw the body on board. In the moment when the wave thus raised it up before them, and lent to its pulseless form somewhat of the motion of life, the gentleman had recognised it as the body of one of those relatives of whom he had come in search—the wife of a captain, who, with her husband and only child, had barely left their well-loved home, and, when well-nigh in sight of it, had sunk in their watery grave. The white figure, clasping the babe to its breast, seemed to look down upon them for an instant with a melancholy gaze, and then, as suddenly, sank with the fall of the wave, and disappeared from their view.

But the emotions with which the gentleman saw this were overpowered by still stronger feelings. His boatman's wild look and manner had increased; and when the white figure of the lady stood over them, he flung himself on his knees in a paroxysm of terror, crying in shrill agony, "She has risen from the dead to confront me! Oh, my lady! spare me! spare me! It was a foul deed, and I have sorely repented me of it, and asked for mercy. I fled the spot, and never thought to see your face again; but the sea has given up its dead before the last great day, and you have risen in judgment against me!" And with that he threw himself down in the bottom of the boat, wildly imploring for pardon. Although he spoke in Gaelic, yet the gentleman fully understood him, being well acquainted with the language.

Presently the fisherman sprang to his feet; but by this time the corpse of the lady had floated onwards; and as the boat was under full sail, they saw the white figure no more. The man strained his wild-looking eyes in search of the form whose sudden appearance had wrought so powerful an effect upon him; and when he missed it, dashed his bonnet from his head, and passing his hand over his brow, said, in a hollow voice, "Was it a dream? or was it my lady rising from the dead?" Then he muttered, "A foul deed, a foul deed! Blood must have blood! Her eyes looked me through and through, deep into my guilty soul! Oh, my God, what a wretch have I been!"

He was so wildly gesticulating as he muttered these words, and his manner and actions were altogether so much those of a man beside himself, that, as the gentleman knew that the death of the lady whose corpse had so singularly apppeared to them was the result of the shipwreck, and could not in any way have been caused by his companion, he could come to no other conclusion than that the man was now a maniac—one, perhaps, whose lurking disease had been suddenly brought to a crisis by the strange sight that the waves had brought before him. The gentleman, therefore addressed him in his own Gaelic, with soothing words, and told him that they must attend to their boat and shorten sail, and run into the island whither they were bound. But his words had far from their intended effect; for they seemed to excite the man to a fresh frenzy. "Run in there!" he cried. "Never! Do you think I have forgotten that bay, and the boat, and my lady and her bairn? Is she to confront me again? I see it all now! You have come to drag me to my doom! Blood for blood! that's fair enough; but it must be the strongest man that wins" And in an instant he had drawn a clasp-knife, and had cut through the ropes, while the sail flapped overhead in a way that threatened to capsize

the boat. In another moment he had leaped across the thwarts, and with his gleaming knife in his upraised hand, and with madness flashing from his eyes, threw himself upon his companion.

The gentleman had but an instant to gather himself together for defence against the maniac's attack; but that instant, happily for him, was sufficient. He had seized the boat-hook, and with a well-directed blow he brought it down upon the man's bare head, and laid him senseless and bleeding in the bottom of the boat. There, with the severed ropes, he tightly bound him to the thwarts, and did his best to remedy any bad effects that might result from the blow, by staunching the blood and bandaging the wound. With some difficulty he succeeded in taking in the sail and righting the boat, which had been shipping water, and had many times been in danger of being capsized. His situation, however, was still a critical one; they were drifting out to sea; and the fisherman was giving signs that he was recovering from the effects of the blow. If the cords should yield to his maniacal strength, then the chances against the gentleman's safe return to land were few indeed.

But fortunately a boat hove in sight; and they answered his hail, and bore down to his relief, greatly astonished to receive his explanation of the state in which they beheld his companion. They knew him, it seemed, although they said that he was a new comer, and, during the brief time he had lived among them, had kept himself aloof from their society, and been distinguished for a morose and surly manner. Nevertheless they did not appear to be astonished that the man had proved himself to be insane; and this was all that the gentleman thought fit to tell them; but when he had seen the man taken on shore, and properly cared for—the man himself now being as quiet and reserved as he had been previous to the appearance of the Lady of the Wreck—he privately told to the authorities what he had seen and heard, in order that any investigation that they deemed necessary should be made into the strange circumstances of the case. The matter was gone into and sifted as much as possible; but nothing came to light; and the fisherman's expressions were regarded as the empty ravings of a poor maniac.

In the mean time the corpse of the lady, still clasping her child, had been recovered, and had been buried, together with her husband, in their own family vault.

The circumstances under which the relative had first seen her floating body would have been imprinted on his memory as nothing more than a terrible and remarkable episode in his life's history, had he not been in Cantire a few years afterwards, and requested to visit the fisherman who was supposed to be on his death-bed, and had asked to see him. The gentleman obeyed the summons and went to the man's hut; havlearned from the person who fetched him that the man had not shown any signs of insanity since that memorable day, although he had always maintained his reserved and peculiar manner, and was looked upon by his neighbours as one who had "something on his mind;" and the general belief was that the man had been a smuggler, and had done some deed which had driven him into hiding; and for which he repented. The gentleman, therefore, expected to hear some revelation concerning a deadly struggle between a smuggler and preventive officer; and was greatly amazed when the man made to him the following confession.

Hearing that he was at hand, he said, he had sent for him, not only to ask his pardon for raising his murderous hand against him, but also, before the breath left his body, to explain the words he had uttered on that day concerning the poor lady who, as he had been told, was the gentleman's relative. He had been her servant, but had been dismissed by the Captain for misconduct. He had begged her to take him back into her service; and she, by her husband's wish, had refused his request. The man swore to be revenged; and that same evening saw his mistress, with her baby in her arms, sitting in a boat, awaiting her husband's crossing the channel from the main-land. The boat was floating at the rope's length distance from the shore, and the lady's back was turned towards him as she watched for her husband. The man crept behind some rocks, and, unseen by the lady, cut the rope that held the boat to land. It floated away so gently that for a short time she was unaware of what happened. Then she called for help; but no help was at hand: and in a few minutes she was out of hearing, for the boat had drifted into the current, and was being rapidly carried down the channel and out to sea. The man watched from his hidind-place until it became a speck upon the waters and was lost to view.

He watched the husband's return—heard the consternation excited by the disappearance of the wife and child—saw persons sent out to search in all directions; and then, fearing that suspicion might fall upon him, he contrived to get a boat and cross to the main land. Arrived there, he made his way to the place he afterwards took up his abode, and gained his livelihood as a fisherman. But he made no friends, and rarely spoke, unless he was spoken to, and made the briefest of replies. Least of all would he have spoken on the subject which had now become a horror and a dread to him, haunting him by night and day. His great and daily

prevading fear was lest he should be delivered up to judgement, and consigned to the gallows as the lady's murderer; consequently her name never crossed his lips: and mingling as he did so little with others, he never heard her fate mentioned by them. But this was hardly to be wondered at; more especially in such a sequestered locality where news travelled but slowly.

Only three months of this life had passed—though every day had been to the guilty man as a living death—when the dreadful wreck happened that had brought the gentleman to the spot, and had led to his engaging with the fisherman to convey him to the scene of the disaster, which as it happened, took him not so very far from that other scene of a tragedy that had burnt itself into the fisherman's brain. There the heaving wave had suddenly raised up before him the forms of the lady and her child, of whom he believed himself to be the murderer. Their ghastly appearance, making a palpable reality of the vision that had been daily haunting him, had subverted his reason, which was already tottering in the balance, and had led to the scene that followed. The dying man now implored his hearer to pardon him for making the attempt upon his life; which, he said, was the only pardon that he could hope to obtain; his guilt, in hurrying to destruction the hapless mother and her babe, being too great to be pardoned here or hereafter.

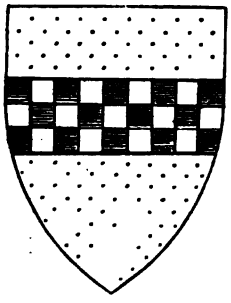
The dying man's thankfulness and astonishment may be conceived when his visitor explained to him that although he had, in truth, been guilty of their death, so far as his purpose went, yet that a merciful providence had interposed, and had saved his victims from the cruel fate to which he had consigned them. The gentleman said that he had heard from his relatives the particulars relating to the events of that evening when the lady and her child were cast adrift in the boat—a circumstance which had been regarded as an accidental one, and which ever would have been remembered as such, had it not been for the confession just now made. The man had not been seen to do the deed; and it had been considered that the rope, by fraying against the sharp edge of the rock, had thus been severed and allowed the boat to drift into the channel. The swift current bore it rapidly towards the open sea, and the poor lady had quite given up herself as lost, when a small schooner came in sight. Her signals of distress were seen by those on board, who at once sent off a boat to her assistance, and rescued her from her perilous fate; and before the morning's dawn, she and her infant were safe in their own home.

The fisherman lived long enough to hear and comprehend this explanation; but though he poured forth fervent thanks that his victims had escaped his deadly designs, he could not forget that he had been a murderer in thought and purpose if not in actual deed; and his last moments were filled with incoherent cries for mercy to that white robed figure which he fancied had again risen up before him, as it had done on the crest of the billow, clasping its dead babe to its breast, and thrilling his horror-stricken soul with the glassy gaze of death.

RUINS OF SADDELL MONASTERY, KINTYRE

THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL AND ARGYLLSHIRE REGIMENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE STEWARTS

IN 1823 a small volume of sixty-six pages appeared, entitled "Remarks on Col. Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders; chiefly respecting the Jacobitism of the Highlanders, the military levies, the transactions of Montrose, and the charges against Argyll."

The name of the author is not given, but judging from the contents of the volume, it was certainly inspired, if not actually written by a member of the House of Argyll. The book treats almost entirely of matters relating to that family and Argyllshire.

No reply to this volume, so far as we are aware, has ever been published, and as there was so much in the "Remarks" which was open to refutation, it has surprised us that such an able controversialist as General Stewart should have allowed these reflections to pass unanswered. However, that Garth did defend himself and with considerable vigour and success, is evident from the MS. volume which now lies before us. It consists of one hundred and thirty-six pages, written in a hand as clear as copper-plate and evidently the work of an amanuensis, for Garth's own caligraphy is to be found in other parts of the book, and as corrections in the text. On the last page the author writes "not intended for publication, D.S." and at the beginning is inscribed "To the library of the Writers to the Signet from David Stewart, Edinburgh, 14th September, 1823," so it is apparent he lost no time in penning his reply to his critic, whose work appeared in that same year. In another place we find written "David Stewart, Garth, 1827" Why the volume had not been placed in the custody of the librarian to the "Writers to the Signet" is a matter regarding which we can offer no explanation.

Then in regard to the contents of the volume. It includes a good deal of controversial matter, which can only be properly understood by reference to the offending passages in the printed work. To attempt to present both sides of such questions is quite beyond the space at our disposal. There are, however, many valuable facts preserved in this book which we are not aware to have seen in print elsewhere, and which are well worth quoting. They serve to illustrate the general contents of the volume, which is now the property of our friend, Mr. J. M. Sutherland, London.

The Argyll family were evidently annoyed at some references Garth made to the limited influence which they actually wielded in the County, the general public impression being that when Argyll summoned, all the neighbouring chieftains hastened to obey.

Garth has completely dispelled this delusion, for he adduces facts which show that the Earl was no more master of his own clan, than he was of those of other names. In referring to the

JACOBITE LAIRDS OF ARGYLLSHIRE,

some of whose castles were in sight of Inveraray itself, who in 1715 defied the Earl of Argyll and took up arms against the Hanoverian monarchy, Stewart says in this MS. volume:—

In the year 1715 Campbell of Auchinbreck, next in rank, property and influence to Argyle and Breadalbane, and the Campbells of Glendaruel, Ormadale, etc., were of that party; as were Breadalbane, Glenlyon, etc., in Perthshire. In Argyle also we learn from the best authority, that at the commencement of the Rebellion of 1745, several of the principal gentlemen of the County waited on the Duke of Argyle at Roseneath Castle to ascertain which side his Grace intended to take. No answer was given, and they departed in ignorance of his intentions. But he soon declared himself and exerted his influence among his own clan and immediate dependents. This influence, however, did not extend to the other Argyleshire Clans, among whom there was hardly an exception. The MacLeans, MacNeils Camerons, MacLachlans, MacDonalds of Glencoe, MacNaughtans and the Stewarts of Appin, having actually joined, or made preparations to join the Rebels. Many of the Duke of Argyle's own vassals paid no regard to his authority, when he opposed their principles.

The following is a list of the Duke's vassals and other gentlemen in Argyleshire, engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, as transmitted by the Sheriff of Argyle in October, 1746. The original list, in the handwriting of Mr. Campbell of Stonefield, the Sheriff, is in my possession.

Donald Cameron of Lochiel.
Ronald MacDonald younger of Clanronald.
Charles Stewart of Ardsheal.
Donald MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart; killed at Culloden.
Lachlan Maclachlan, younger of Inneschonell—killed at Culloden.
Charles Maclean of Drimnin; killed at Culloden.
Allan Maclachlan, now of Drummin.
John MacLachlan of Killhorn.
Alex Stewart of Ballichillish.
John Stewart younger thereof.

Alex. Stewart younger of Invernahyle.
Duncan Maclachlan younger of Crengarton.
James Stewart younger of Fasnacloich
Laclan MacLachlan of that ilk, killed at Culloden, holds his lands of the Crown.
Alex. Cameron of Dungallon.
Alex. Campbell of Ardslignish.
Kenneth MacLachlan of Kalinochanach.
Ludovick Cameron of Torecastle, holds of MacLean of Ardgour.
Alex. MacDonald of Glenco, holds his lands of Stewart of Appin.

The Laird of Glenlyon, son to the commander of Glenco, commanded six hundred of Lord Breadalbane's men, under the Earl of Mar, at Sheriffmuir. The Earl of Breadalbane being upwards of eighty years of age, and his son, Lord Glenorchy, disabled by lameness and incapable of moving without crutches, the men were placed under the command of Glenlyon, the friend and relation of the family.

In a list of suspected persons summoned to appear in Edinburgh in August, 1715, to give bail for their good conduct and to prevent their joining in the rebellion, we find the following names (along with those of the Marquis of Huntly, the Earls of Seaforth, Winton, etc.), John Campbell Earl of Breadalbane, John Campbell Lord Glenorchy, Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck. Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, Colin Campbell of Glendaruel, with many others of the same clan.

The Laird of MacDougall, Macquarrie, Campbell of Ballivolan, MacIntyre, MacNeil of Barra, and many others kept at home though prepared to join the rebels. Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck was sent prisoner to London.

RECRUITING IN ARGYLLSHIRE.

A good deal of space is devoted to Highland military matters, particularly in regard to the number of men, as compared with other parts of the Highlands, which Argyllshire raised for the national service. We find many curious facts in this chapter which have not been published elsewhere. We quote the following from the MS. The author says:—

In page 16 and the four succeeding, my critic seems to think that I have not done justice to the military spirit of the men of Argyll, nor with sufficient accuracy enumerated the regiments and men raised in that country. And he further insinuates by his defence of the Dukes of Argyll, and of their country and people that I have undervalued their character, and the power and personal influence of their chiefs.

To defend myself from such a charge would imply something like an admission that there are grounds for it; I shall therefore only quote from the "Sketches" and military history, what I have said in speaking of recruiting the first regiment of Argyle Fencibles of 1759. "The family of Argyll, which had exhibited so many eminent examples of patriotism and loyalty, was now called upon to exert the great influence which it enjoyed in the Highlands," and in continuation of the same subject I add, "but whether the common people be more inclined to the sea than the land service, there can be only one opinion as to the military disposition of the gentlemen of Argyll, and the chieftain-like and paternal support they have always received from their Chief and Protector." There are not many perhaps who would, like the author of the "Remarks," consider such language as this in any manner derogatory, from character, rank, or power, and in regard to my statement that it requires three months to recruit the regiment, while the Sutherland regiment was completed in twelve days; the author's own remarks fully prove with what truth and delicacy I noticed the fact. He says that to recruit this corps, it was necessary to call a meeting of the County of Argyll, and afterwards district meetings, and to "set all this machinery in motion" was, according to him, a matter of no small difficulty, while that of recruiting the men was still greater. Now all this I knew perfectly, but having more regard for my friends in Argyll than their Advocate seems inclined to give me credit for, I said nothing about this apparent deficiency of military spirit on the part of the people, and want of influence on the part of the proprietors, and contented myself with simply stating the facts. But I have again unluckily offended by an endeavour to account for this uncommon feature in Highland feeling and manners, by stating a very general opinion, that the Islanders of Argyll have a greater predilection for the sea than for the land service. This very general opinion I adopted, because it appeared to furnish the most natural and only probable explanation of the marked difference in question.

Lord Sutherland had no occasion to call County or district meetings in his rugged, and as it has been called, unaccessible country, unfit for the habitation or support of human beings, because the men followed the Gentlemen as quickly as they themselves could assemble, after they had received his Lordship's instructions.

Lord Macleod, an exile of thirty years, without an acre of property to hold out as a reward for his followers, met with no difficulty or backwardness on the part of the people, and found no occasion to call County or district meetings, or to put any machinery in motion; but it is unnecessary to multiply examples.

(To be continued.)

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 78.)

IN the opening of Duan I. of Ca-Lodin, the Gaelic, which I consider very beautiful, runs as follows :—

" A chaoin aiteil, gun d' fhaicinn a chaoidh,
Lùbadh chluaran mu Lòra nan sian,
Thu air astar 'an caol-ghleann na gaoith
C'uime 'thréig thu, mo chluasa co dian ?
Cha chluinnear gairm* nan liath shruth àrd,
No guth clàrsaich o chàrn nan gas.†
'Mhalmhina nan teud, thig gu d' bhàrd,
Till anam do bhaird air ais :
Till m' anam, a làmh-gheal dhomh féin.

Macpherson's translation of the above—

" Why, thou wanderer unseen ! thou bender of the thistle of Lora ! why, thou breeze of the valley, hast thou left mine ear? I hear no distant roar of streams ! No sound of the harp from the *rock* ! Come thou huntress of Lutha, Malvina, call back his soul to the bard."

The literal translation is—

Thou gentle breeze for evermore unseen,
Swaying thistles round Lora of storms,
Wandering through the narrow glen of the wind,
Why so suddenly forsake my ear ?
The sound of high mountain streams no more is heard,
Nor the voice of the harp from bushy cairn,
Malvina of (harp) strings come to thy bard.
The soul of thy bard do thou restore;
Restore my soul, white-hand, to me.

In the original *carn*‡ is not exactly a "rock"; it is a heap of stones, and there is no mention of a "*huntress of Lutha,*" and this is a very important fact, as it she s that Macpherson must have been translating from a MS. not of his own compos:tion, and introduced what he thought was understood, if not expressed, in his usual free manner of translating from the Gaelic. No one could possibly make "Why thou wanderer unseen"! out of "A chaom aiteil gun d' fhaicinn a chaoidh," or vice versa, and why should he dream of introducing words into the Gaelic that are *not* in the English at all. Whichever way we look at it, any person of common sense and intelligence must see that the Gaelic and English were written by two different individuals. "Cha chluinnear *gairm nan liath-shruth àrd" is very graphic in the original, and not easily translated. The words are singular, and uncommon, in their application, yet are most poetic and beautiful. The poet soliloquising does not hear the call, sound, noise, or roar of hoary mountain-streams and waterfalls, which to a mountaineer means a great deal, and not hearing the gentle breeze of the valley, he invokes the muse by calling on his favourite sweet minstrel Malvina to touch the harp to restore his poetic soul. It is only by going over *every line* of Ossian's poems, and noticing the peculiarity and style of the language, and comparison with the English translation, that one can arrive at a true and just conclusion as to the merits, or demerits of the Ossianic poetry. I don't care one straw whether it is all grammatically constructed or not, but there is nothing in the Gaelic language so sublime, majestic, and beautiful as the finest passages. There is an ancient aroma about every sentence, which James Macpherson, clever as he undoubtedly was, could no more .have composed than flown in the air.

Immediately following the stanza above quoted I find—

" Mi coimhead air Lochlin *nann sonn*
Ciar uisge Uthorno nan tonn,"

which Macpherson translates—

"I look to Lochlin *of lakes* to the dark billowy bay of U-thorno."

It should be—

" I am looking on Lochlin of heroes
The dark sea of U-horno of waves."

or as Dr. Clerk has it—

" I look to Lochlin of valiant men,
The dark sea of U-horno of waves."

Here Macpherson omits the " valient men " altogether, and puts "*of lakes*" in their place. If he translated from the English he was certainly wrong in the meaning, and also in the construction of the English. "L" of "valiant men," is far better than "Lochlin of lakes."

Again, line 45 of the same poem—

" Mu 'n righ ghrad dh' éirich triathan borb.
Ghlac iad uile an sleugh le *colg*,
Las an sùil gun fhocal 'n am beul,
'N anam 'g éirigh àrd do na tréin,
Air sgeith chualas *screadan* nan lann.

Macpherson translates as—

" Around the king they rise in wrath. No words come forth ; they seize their spears ; each soul is *rolled into itself.* At length the sudden clang is waked, on all their echoing shields."

The literal translation is—

" Around the king soon rose up leaders stern,
All seized their spears in *angry mood.**
Their eyes kindled. No word came from their lips.

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*Gairm, literally call.

†O chàrn nan gas, from the stony mount.

"The genuine remains of Ossian," by Patrick MacGregor, M.A., 1841.

‡Though we apply the term "carn" or "cairn" at the present day to a heap of stones or monumental heap, in olden times it may have been applied to a mountain. For instance we have the "cairn-gorm" mountains.

*Le *colg* or angry mood means, literally, with bristles or with hair erect.

Their warrior-souls arose on high.
On shield was heard the *gride*† of blades."

Macpherson omits altogether that "their eyes kindled" (with rage), and there is no mention of each soul being *rolled into itself.* If he were the author of the Gaelic why did he not introduce this graphic expression? The same may be said of numerous passages throughout these poems; the English and Gaelic being quite different in some parts.

The opening stanza of Duan III. is one of the most difficult passages in Ossian, and the only instance of direct philosophising which we have throughout his works. It is as follows:—

" Cia as tha sruthan na bha ann?
C' uin' a thaomas an t-àm 'tha 'falbh?
C' ait an ceil aimsir a dà cheann,
'An ceathach 'tha mall 's nach gann,
A taobh ballach le' gniomh nan seòd?
Tha mo shealladh air linnte 'dh' aom:
Cha-n fhaicear ach caol na bh' ann,
Mar dhearrsa na gealaich 'tha faoin.
Air linne 'tha claon 's a' ghleann;
An so dh' éireas dealan a' chòmhraig
An sin thuineas, gun sòlas neo-thréin.
Cha cuir iad an gniomhan air chòmhla
Air aimsir 'tha mòthar 'n an déigh."

Macpherson translates as—

"Whence is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid in mist their *many coloured sides.*

I look into the times of old, but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moonbeams on a distant lake. Here rise the red beams of war! There, silent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass along."

The literal translation is—

" Whence are the streams of what has been?
When will have ebbed the age now flowing on?
Where shrouds Time its two extremes
In mist slow-rolling vast of fold,
Its side all starred with hero deeds?
I bend mine eye upon the ages fled,
Seen, but in narrow gleams, is all that was,
Like to the glimmer of a sickly moon
On water winding through a glen,
Here flash the lightening-gleams of war,
There, joyless, dwell the faint of heart;
Their deeds together, they will not engrave
On Time which follows them with stately tread."

Here, the poet asks what is the origin of the past, and when the present will cease. Time hides its beginning and end in darkness, which reveals nothing but the deeds of the brave, etc. Macpherson takes no notice of the word Time, and its two extremes, line 3, and entirely mistranslates line 5. In the Gaelic there is no mention of "Ossian's eyes," or a "distant lake." If he had been the originator of the Gaelic why is it so very different to the English; and in every instance so immensely superior to the latter. We have heard of him often as a translator. There is not a single verse of Gaelic poetry known to have been composed by him.

(To be continued.)

†*Gride* or harsh sound; a jarring of blades.

THE SONS OF CLAN CHATTAN.

CLUNY'S clansmen of old
Were defiant and bold
When they guarded their homes by the Spey,
And to bards bright of song,
And to heroes belong
The brave sons of Clan Chattan to-day.
To their chiefs ever true,
When around by Craig Dubh
They for ages defied every foe,
And with each daring Scot
For their country they fought,
And with Bruce the invaders laid low.

And on grim fields of war
In wild regions afar,
Cluny's sons led to victory the way,
Where the Highland Brigade,
Of no mortals afraid,
Bravely vanquished their foes in the fray.
And though clansmen no more
On their loved native shore
Now inhabit the great Highland vales,
Yet afar o'er the earth,
For their valour and worth,
Still renowned are the sons of the Gaels.

Tho' by tyranny and guile
They were forced from their soil,
And tho' now the wide world is their home,
They, afloat on the wave,
Or in battle are brave,
And undaunted wherever they roam.
And the clansmen of old
Were defiant and bold,
And the glory of Scotland were they,
And to bards bright of song,
And to heroes belong.
The brave sons of Clan Chattan to-day.

Carnoustie. COLIN MACPHERSON.

THE MACINTYRES.

SIR,—In reply to "Subscriber" in last issue I beg to inform him that the author of the popular song "Cruachan Beann" was Patrick MacIntyre, who was born at Letterwood, Lochawe, Argyllshire, in 1782. In 1811 he became the parish schoolmaster of Innisail, at Achnacarron, and remained there until his death in 1855, at the age of 73, being schoolmaster at Achnacarron for the long period of 44 years. Before he settled at Lochawe he was for some years teacher at Jura. He was contemporary with the great Duncan Bàn MacIntyre, the Hunter Bard of Glenorchy. Patrick MacIntyre is buried in Glenorchy. I am, etc.,

FIONN.

PERSONAL NAMES IN A HIGHLAND PARISH.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been done in the way of opening up intercommunication in the Highland it is surprising how the descendants of the clan originally holding any district seem to stick to their own locality; and the circumstances which brought those bearing any other name into that district are comparatively so recent that it is quite well known to the natives. In the more remote districts this is of course the more marked. The parish of Gairloch in Wester Ross may be taken as a typical one in this respect. This parish has for centuries been the land of the Mackenzies, and its population in 1901 was 4181, of whom 553 are on the newest Parliamentary roll. These have between them 67 different surnames of which no fewer than 39 are clan names, and these account for 499 votes, so that the bearers of the other 28 patronymics account for only 55 voters. Of the 499 clansmen here, no fewer than 159 Mackenzies are on the roll. Next in order came 42 Macleans, 40 Maclennans, 33 Macraes, 32 Urquharts, 25 Macivers, 24 Macdonalds, 16 Macphersons, and 14 Frasers, with an equal number of Macleods, while there are 10 Chisholms, 9 Camerons, and only 7 of the famous Campbells. There are 6 Gunns, 5 Grants, 6 Munroes, 6 Rosses, 5 Forbes, and 5 Macaulays. Of Macaskills, Mackintoshes, and Mathesons there are 4 apiece, while the Mackays and Mackinnons are represented by two each; but by one voter only are the following clans represented — Logan, MacCallum, Macbeath, MacGillivray, MacIntyre, MacMillan, Robertson, MacAlister, Macnab, Polson, Rose, and Stewart. There is not a single Sutherland, Murray, or Sinclair, quite evidence enough that the chiefs took their brides from the south or west, never from the north—as many of the other clan names occurring can be traced back to those who came as retainers of the daughter of a clan chief when any such came as a Lady Mackenzie. It is well known that the Kemps, Crosses, and Beatons came with the iron workers; the Lawries, Boas, and Stewarts in connection with the sheep walks, while the Taylors are descendants of an English lad shipwrecked on the coast. Commerce or sport account for nearly all the others.

As to Christian names by far the most common here as elsewhere is John, which no fewer than 123 of the 553 bear. Next comes Alexander, 80 being called by that name. Then the characteristic Highland names of Kenneth, 61; Duncan, 44; Murdo, 34; Roderick, 33. There are 32 Williams, 31 Donalds, 18 Hectors, 14 Georges, 11 Jameses, 8 Roberts, and the same number of Anguses. There are only 7 each bearing the names of Colin and Finlay. One wonders that there should be only three each bearing such common names as Thomas, David and Andrew. Archibald, Lewis, Hugh, Neil, Myles, Anthony, Osgood and Norman have two representatives apiece. That few English people have ever settled here is proved by the fact that there is only one each of the name of Henry, Francis, Peter and Charles. One would have expected more than one Dugald, Ronald, Torquil, and Simon, but these names are not for some reason popular. Altogether there are no more than 36 different Christian names on the roll. Presiding officers at any poll will, however, need to have their wits about them as there are no fewer than 57 John Mackenzies on the roll of this one parish this year.

A. POLSON.

Inverasdale, Poolewe, Ross-shire.

THE THISTLE FOR ME.

YOU may sing of the lovely sweet shamrock and rose,
And admire the chaste beauties these emblems disclose,
But the bold bearded thistle that blooms on the lea,
Is the dearest of emblems to Scotland and me.

See how proudly it waves on the marshes and fens,
'Long the straths and the braes and the deep rocky dens,
And it blooms by the river, the lake, and the sea,
O! the emblem of Scotland, the thistle for me.

Tho' the shamrock and rose are delightful to view,
Yet the thistle is noble, brave, stately, and true,
The bold ensign of valour and sweet liberty,
The true emblem of Scotland, the thistle for me.

It still thrives where no rosebud or shamrock e'er blows,
On the brow of the mountain it blossoms and grows,
And away 'mongst the wilds round the source of the Dee,
The brave emblem of Scotland, the thistle for me.

On the crest of the mound it majestically waves,
And its blossoms bestrew on our forefather's graves,
As it there seems to guard the remains of the free,
The dear emblem of Scotland, the thistle for me.

Then hurrah for the thistle so hardy and brave,
High renown to the thistle and long may it wave,
Ever free may it wave and renowned may it be,
The true emblem of Scotland, the thistle for me.

Carnoustie. COLIN MACPHERSON.

"THE SCOTTISH HISTORICAL REVIEW" is the title of a new quarterly magazine published at 2s. 6d. It contains a number of learned papers treating of Scottish Antiquities, History, etc., with excellent illustrations. We wish the new venture all success.

HON. MR. JOHN FERGUSON, C.M.G., M.L.C.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 6 Vol. XII.] *MARCH, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

THE HON. MR. JOHN FERGUSON, C.M.G.,

Member of the Legislative Council of Ceylon.

THE natives of Ross and Cromarty resident in Glasgow usually select as chairman for their Annual Reunion some gentleman who has distinguished himself in county government. This year the imperial idea has replaced the provincial, and on 4th February an audience of eight hundred welcomed as their chairman, the Hon. Mr. John Ferguson, C.M.G., of Colombo. Mr. Ferguson's career is best stated in hard facts. No comments or generalities are necessary to emphasize the importance of his services to the empire. Born in Ross-shire in December, 1842, he won the Sir James Matheson gold medal for mathematics in Tain Academy at the early age of thirteen, and afterwards received a training for "the fourth estate." In 1861 he "'eard the East a-callin'" and sailed for Ceylon to practice his profession. Success came to him ungrudgingly, and he soon became joint editor of *The Ceylon Observer*, a paper which he extended and brightened in many ways. But he was not content with success in the beaten tracks of literature. He saw an opening for a journal dealing with agricultural interests in the tropics. To-day *The Tropical Agriculturist* is to be found in the libraries of every college of field culture in the sub-tropical world. In fitting himself for the editorship of such a journal, Mr. Ferguson travelled through all the fruitful lands of the tropics, having in December last completed a third tour round the globe. He has seen tea, coffee, cocoa, oranges, tobacco, palms, and cinnamon growing in their own reserves, in the far East as well as far West, and the sole of his restless foot has, during his busy furloughs, pressed the soil of almost every civilized country in the world. He has in earlier manhood, on his first furlough, returned from the Antipodes in a sailing ship, and related his experiences as coolly as if he had stepped out of the Marseilles express. There is high authority for the statement that "the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth"—and the statement is true. But the converse does not follow. Though Mr. Ferguson has exploited the most of the world at one time or another, he has also played a noble part by assisting in the social, moral, and economic advancement of Ceylon. His influence has been strongly felt in effecting the extension of railways, in improving the conditions of life, and above all in making the great natural resources of the colony known to an ambitious but unenquiring world. His volume on "Ceylon in 1903" has just appeared, and its previous four editions, beginning with "Ceylon in 1883," are well known to aspiring colonists, while his yearly "Handbook and Directory" was described by so experienced a Governor as Sir Arthur Gordon, as about the most wonderful Colonial publication he ever came across. Two years ago his unceasing services won for him a public nomination as a member of the Legislative Council, and the King, on the recommendation of Governor Ridgeway, at once confirmed the appointment. He proceeded to advocate more effectively in his larger sphere of influence, the reforms he had long demanded—such as the extension of the privileges of the Legislature, the repression and reform of the spirit monopoly and the abolition of licensed opium shops. In June of last year King Edward made him a C. M. G. He is at present in Britain on furlough, and new honours have been showered upon him during his visit. On 4th February he was officially received by the Lord Provost and Corporation of Glasgow. A few days later he lectured (not for the first time) before the Royal Colonial Institute in London, and he will shortly appear in presence of the Geographical Society of Edinburgh before leaving to be one of the representatives of his colony at the St. Louis Exhibition. His career has been strenuous and eventful, but he is still a loyal Highlander, whose dreams may be imperial, but whose memories in quiet moments are among the wine-red hills—the land of the heather and the crag.

Glasgow. DAVID N. MACKAY.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACRAE, B.A.

Author of "The History of the Clan Macrae."

(Continued from page 89.)

DONACHAN once dreamt that his sister, who was married in Lochaber, was dead. He was so impressed by this dream that he tried to persuade his brothers to go with him to Lochaber to see how she fared. His brothers made light of his fears and refused to go, so he set out alone. When he arrived at his sister's house he found that she was not only dead, but that she was being buried on that same day. He then started after the funeral party, and overtook them as they arrived at the churchyard. Here there arose a dispute as to where she ought to be buried, which greatly annoyed her brother. "What are you disputing about?" said he; "if there is no room in Lochaber for her, there is plenty of room in Kintail; lift the coffin on my back." They did so, thinking he could not carry it very far. For a long time they watched him, expecting every moment to see him lay down his burden, until at last he disappeared over the crest of a hill. They then set out in pursuit of him to recover the body and bring it back to the proper place of burial, but before they could overtake him he accidentally fell in with some men from Kintail, who helped him to carry the body all the way to Kilduich, where it was buried with all due ceremony.

From a sketch by] [*W. Drummond Norie.*

FORT WILLIAM IN 1891.

A TRADITION OF SHERIFFMUIR.

Many years after the Battle of Sheriffmuir, a Highland drover, who was conducting his herd of cattle to the Southern markets, arrived late one night near a gentleman's house in the Braes of Stirling. The gentleman was a Captain Macdougall, who had fought on the Royalist side at Sheriffmuir. The drover called on the Captain to ask permission to halt with his cattle for the night on the terms which were then usual in such circumstances. The permission was granted, and the Captain being struck by the manner and appearance of the old drover, invited him to pass the night as his guest. The invitation was accepted, and, in the course of

conversation, the Captain, learning that his guest was from Kintail, asked him if he knew a place called Corriedhomhain. The drover replied that he did, and the Captain then proceeded to relate the following incident of the Battle of Sheriffmuir: "In the course of the pursuit after the battle," continued the Captain, "I followed a stout Highlander with three well-mounted troopers. The Highlander, perceiving our approach, faced about, took off his plaid, and, carefully folding it, placed it on the ground that by standing on it he might have a firmer footing. My desire being to take him prisoner and not to kill him, we closed upon him with brandishing swords, and commanded him to surrender. This, however, he was not disposed to do, and one of the troopers, approaching too near, had his skull cleft in two by a stroke of the Highlander's claymore. As another instantly shared a similar fate, the third trooper and myself thought it prudent to keep at a more respectful distance. I was so greatly struck by the Highlander's bearing and swordsmanship that I asked him who he was, but the only information he would give me was that he was from Corriedhomhain, in Kintail." "I know the man as well as I know myself," replied the drover, "his name is Duncan Macrae." "Well then," replied the Captain, "give him my compliments, tell him I commanded the troopers who attacked him in the retreat from Sheriffmuir, that I have ever since been curious to know the name and condition of such an excellent swordsman and brave man, and that I wish him well." "I will do so with much pleasure," replied the drover, who was himself the same Duncan Macrae, of Corriedhomhain, who had fought the four troopers.

This Duncan Macrae, of Corriedhomhain, was known in Kintail as Donnacha Mor nan Creach (Big Duncan of the Spoils). He belonged to a family called Clann a Chruiter (the descendants of the Harper), and said to be descended from a minstrel, probably of Irish origin, who settled in Kintail and adopted the name Macrae. Fionnla Dubh nan Fiadh was of the same tribe.

HOW A KINTAIL MAN WAS INNOCENTLY HANGED BY THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

There was once a lady in Assynt who owned a piece of land which she proposed to give to some neighbouring laird, on condition that he should maintain her in comfort for the rest of her life. Seaforth offered to maintain her in Brahan Castle on the terms she proposed, but the old lady, preferring to remain near her own home, rejected Seaforth's offer and came to terms with Macleod of Assynt. Seaforth was annoyed at this, and, by way of retaliation, sent Murdoch Macrae (Murrachadh MacFhearachair), one of his under-factors, and Coll Ban Macdonell of Barisdale, with a party of Kintail men, on a harrying expedition to Macleod's estates of Assynt. In the course of their raid they plundered Macleod's house, and, among other things, they carried away a web of beautiful tartan. They also took away two mares, which were afterwards found and recognised on the farm of Barisdale. When Macleod heard of this he commenced proceedings against Coll of Barisdale for the theft of the horses. When the trial came on, the horses were brought to Fort-Augustus to be identified, and were kept there in the military stables. But when it became known to the men of Kintail, among whom Coll of Barisdale was very popular, that the horses were being taken to Fort-Augustus to be used as evidence against him in the trial, they resolved to make some effort to put the horses out of the way. Accordingly, Ian Mor Mac Mhaighster Fionnla (Big John, son of the Rev. Finlay), Ian Mac Fhearachair (John, son of Farquhar) of Morvich, and Donnacha Dubh Mac Dhonnachidh Mhic Choinnich Mhic Rhuari (Black Duncan, son of Duncan, son of Kenneth, son of Roderick), a Mackenzie of Lochcarron, set out for Fort-Augustus. Passing through Strathglass, they arrived at Tomich Inn early in the evening and went to bed. They then called the innkeeper to come in to them and offered him a glass of whisky. In the morning, before they got up, they called him in again and offered him another glass. This they did that in the event of any trouble he might be a witness that they spent the whole night in his house. But as soon as the people of the inn retired to rest, the three visitors quietly got up and set out in all haste to Fort-Augustus. They entered the stables by a hole which they made in the roof, and when they found Macleod's stolen mares they cut off their heads, which they took away with them and sank in Loch Ness. They then returned to Tomich Inn and went to bed again before daylight, without having been missed by the innkeeper or any of his people. The trial of Coll of Barisdale fell through because the headless horses could not be identified as Macleod's lost property.

One day, a long time after, Murdoch Macrae was in Inverness, and had on a pair of hose made out of Macleod of Assynt's stolen web of tartan. It so happened that Macleod was in Inverness on the same day, and, meeting Murdoch in the street, he recognised the stolen tartan in the hose, and naturally concluded that Murdoch was one of the Seaforth party by whom his house had been pillaged. Macleod resolved to be avenged upon him, and communicated the matter to Macleod of Dunvegan and Sir Alex. Macdonald of Sleat, both of whom were on the Government side, and there the matter rested

for some time. But one night, about a month after the Battle of Culloden, when Murdoch happened to be in the house of Macdonald of Leck, in Glengarry, where a party of the Skye Militia was stationed at the time, he was suddenly seized by a party of soldiers under Macleod of Dunvegan, and sent with a letter from Sir Alexander Macdonald to Lord Loudon, who was then stationed at Fort-Augustus. Loudon sent him to Inverness in charge of an escort of soldiers. On his arrival at Inverness, Murdoch was brought before the Duke of Cumberland, who, at the instigation of Macleod of Assynt, ordered him to be hanged at once as a spy from the Pretender. Murdoch was hanged on an apple tree which grew at the cross of Inverness, and which immediately afterwards withered. His body, which, after his death, had been stripped naked, was left hanging on the tree for two days, and then buried at the back of the Church. While thus exposed, he is said to have "appeared all the time as if he had been sleeping, his mouth and eyes being shut close — a very uncommon thing in those who die such a death." This execution of a man, believed to have been innocent, appears to have made a deep impression in Inverness. There are several contemporary references to it, and in a poem entitled "The Lament of the Old Cross of Inverness," in 1768, reference is made to the withering of the tree, and Murdoch himself is mentioned "as a man of fame and reputation," who enjoyed the esteem of men of rank and worth, and had never deserted his King or his country.

(Concluded.)

From photo by [*W. Drummond Norie.*

HIGH BRIDGE AND RIVER SPEAN
SCENE OF THE FIRST SKIRMISH OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 99).

HOW such a genius of Gaelic poetry could have hid his light under a bushel so long is a marvel. His contemporaries were unaware of any tendency that way, so are we. A man who could not write Gaelic correctly would never attempt so much, and especially in a language more graphic than the English.

Line 107 of same—

" Dh' éirich an òigh fo dheoir 's an t-sliabh,
Tharruing i o 'leadan a' chiabh,
'Bha 'seachran air a broilleach bàn,
Fo osaig 'bha 'snàmh gu mall."

" The maid rose in tears on the heath,
Drew a tress from her clustering hair
Which wandered over her white bosom,
Upon the gently stirring breeze."

(Literally under breeze which was swimming slowly).

Macpherson translates the passage—

" *Burst* into tears, she arose, and tore a lock from her hair ; a lock which wandered *in the blast* along her *heaving* breast."

There were neither *bursting*, *blasting*, nor *heaving* in the case, which is much finer in the Gaelic.

In Caomh-Mhala—"Mild eyebrow,"—Covala, we find—

" A Charuinn, a Charuinn nan sruth
C' uim' a chitheam 'am fuil do bhùrn ?
Cha chluinneam fuaim còmhraig, no guth
Ag iadhadh do thuil 'us do chùirn.
'N do chaidil righ Mhòrbheinn an treun ?
Eirich, a nighean na h-oidhche."

Which Macpherson translates—

"O Carun of the streams ! Why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood? Has the noise of battle been heard ; and sleeps the King of Morven ? Rise, moon, thou daughter of the sky !

The literal translation is—

" Carron, O Carron of streams !
Why see I thy waters in blood?
I hear no sound of war, or voice
Around thy flood or height,
Has Morven's King, the brave one, slept ?
Rise, thou daughter of the night" (the moon).

Macpherson here omits to translate line 4 altogether, and for "rise thou daughter of the *night*" he has—rise moon, thou daughter of the skye! The phrase "Eirich nighean na h-oidhche" —rise thou daughter of the night," alluding to the moon, is used in a figurative sense, as many other passages in Ossian are, and similarly in the "Address to the Sun," in Carric-Thura—"A mhic gun bheud, a's òr-bhuidh ciabh?"—son without blemish, of gold-yellow hair? is used in a figurative sense. Dr. Stern of Berlin, and others, make a great fuss about the sun being put in the masculine gender, as in all modern Gaelic the sun is feminine, and generally throughout the Ossianic poems he is masculine, which Dr. Clerk considered a presumption in favour of their antiquity.

If Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair (Alexander MacDonald) the great Gaelic poet, the first who published a vocabulary of Gaelic words could make the sun masculine, how could Ossian, who could neither read nor write, be expected to bother about genders? He used the poet's licence with grand effect in demonstrating the beauty and comprehensiveness of the Gaelic language.

Other ancient poets have put the sun in the masculine gender, and attributed hair to him in a figurative sense. Thus, Virgil, Æn. ix. v. 638 speaks of "crinites Apollo"; Dante in the beginning of Canto xxiv. of the "Inferno," speaks of the sun "freshening his locks," and Spencer, in the "Faery Queene," Book I. Canto V. line 2 has "Phaebus . . . shaking his deawie hayre," and in Max Müller's translations from the "Vedas" the figure frequently recurs.

In Carthonn—Car-Hon—line 17 we find—

"Theich fiadh o iomall a' chùirn
'S an do chuireadh air chùl an laoch
Tha tannas caol, 'us faoin 'us fuar,
Mall ag somadh mu uaigh an t-seoid
Na tréin, a Mhalmhina nam buadh.
Aig iomall nan stuadh fo 'n tòrr!

which Macpherson translates—

"The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there. The mighty lie, O Malvina! in the narrow *plain of the rock.*"

The literal translation is—

"Fled has the deer from the edge of the cairn*
Wherein the hero has been laid,
A phantom thin, shadowy, cold,
Slowly bends over the warrior's grave.
The valiant, Malvina of graces,
Are by the marge of waves, beneath the mound."

Macpherson has omitted the translation of line 4 altogether, and has mistranslated the last line! but it must never be forgotten that he was translating for his friends, not for hostile critics and enemies.

Line 178 from the same poem—

"Le osaig nan ciar mhonadh fàs
A gairm 'an talla nan triath
A thuiteadh gu trian air lar."

Macpherson renders—

"And the blast of the desert comes; it howls in *thy empty court*, and whistles round *thy half-worn* shield."

It should be—

"With blast from mountains dark and desert,
They lift their voice in chief's (or lordly) hall,
Which *fall in ruins* to the ground.'

The phrase, "*A thuiteadh*"—would fall, for "*A thuiteas*" — will fall, is an instance of the irregularity in the use of tenses of verbs which occurs frequently in Ossian. It might not have been the fault of either Ossian, or Macpherson. I would sooner attribute them to the oral reciters, or transcribers, but of that there can be no certainty.

The Gaelic of the poem of Carthon ends abruptly with the line—

"Aite còmhnuidh mo shinns're ri stuadh."
(My father's home beside the wave.")

It is very remarkable that Macpherson does not give the English or Gaelic of "Laoidh na Greine," the sun hymn, for there is unquestionable proof that it was in his possession, as there is of its having been known before his day.* It is given in full in the Highland Society's Report p. 185-186, of which the following is a stanza in modern orthography—

"O' Thusa féin a shiùbhlas shuas,
Cruinn mar làn-sgiath chruaidh nan triath
Cia as tha do dhearrsa gun ghruaim,
Do sholus a tha buan a Ghrian?
Thig thu 'n ad àille threin,
'Us folaichidh reil an triall,
Théid gealach gun tuar o'n speur.
'G a cleith féin fo stuaidh 's an iar,
Tha Thus' ann ad astar amhàin.
Co tha dàna bhi 'n ad choir?
Tuitidh darag o'n chruaich àird,
Tuitidh càrn fo aois, 'us scòrr,
Traighidh, 'us lionaidh an cuan,
Caillear shuas an ré 's an speur,
Thus ad aon a chaoidh fo bhuaidh,
An aoibhneas do sholuis fein.

Literal translation—

"O thou that travellest on high
Round as warrior's hard full shield,
Whence thy brightness without gloom,
Thy light which lasts so long, O sun?
Thou comest in thy beauty strong.
And the stars conceal their path;
The moon, all pale, forsakes the sky,
Herself in Western wave to hide,
Thou in thy journey art alone,
Who to thee will dare draw nigh?
Falls the oak from lofty crag:
Falls the rock in crumbling age;
Ebbs and flows the ocean tide;
Lost is the moon in heavens high,
Thou alone dost triumph evermore,
In joyancy of light thine own," etc.

*Fled from the spirit which guarded the tomb of Car-Hon. See Dr. Clerk's Ossian, p. 230.

*Dr. Clerk's "Ossian."

MOIDART, OR AMONG THE CLANRANALDS.

SALAMANCA AND AFTER

(Continued from page 86.)

FOR several days previous to the battle both armies were kept constantly on the alert, their positions being frequently altered while their respective commanders were trying hard to out-manœuvre each other. At length, on the 22nd, Wellington taking advantage of some mistake committed by his opponent, General Marmont, commenced the attack. Both in point of strategy, and in point of hard knocks, it was one of the most glorious, that is to say, one of the most sanguinary of the many sanguinary engagements fought in the Peninsula. The losses of the British and the Portuguese amounted to seven thousand, while those of the French were never accurately ascertained. But historians tell us that the French left seven thousand dead on the field of battle, and six or seven thousand prisoners in the hands of the winning party. Writing, shortly after the battle,

MINGARRY CASTLE, ARGYLLSHIRE—A STRONGHOLD OF THE MACDONALDS.

to his father, John says: "Our regiment lost more than a third of the number we took into action, which is not at all wonderful, as we were under fire from nine o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night. We charged up two very steep hills successfully, from which we drove the enemy in style—amounting to near four times our number. We afterwards advanced, flanked a new position they had taken, and took some guns. Their loss was immense, as they always stood till we came within four or five yards, and then fled as fast as they could." John was wounded in the left arm, but as no bones were broken, he made very light of it, and remained on the field. At one period, however, during the action, he had a very narrow escape. He was hit on the stomach by a spent ball, which knocked him down. For a short time he lay on the ground, quite insensible. The next in command, thinking him dead, cried out to his companions, "It is all over now with poor Mac." John, however, being only stunned, surprised

them all by getting up, and continued to fight as if nothing had happened. "The bullet hit on the knot of my sash which was luckily tied in front, and did not penetrate the skin!" He wrote this letter to allay the anxiety of his friends at home who, he knew, would be alarmed as they would see his name mentioned in the "Gazette" among the wounded. In one of the closing paragraphs he states:—"I have only been twice within a house since we entered Spain. Our only covering is a couple of blankets, and we sleep every night with every stitch of clothes on—even sash and belt."

Among other incidents connected with Salamanca he mentions the ill-luck of Lieut. George Macdonald, of the 68th. This officer was an intimate acquaintance of the Rhu family, and belonged to Galmasdale in the island of Eigg—right opposite Rhu House. George was wounded on the 20th, and was made prisoner by the French. These, however, seem to have treated him with great humanity. "I was happy to hear next morning," writes John, "that the greatest care was taken of him by the French, who even sent a dragoon for his baggage, which was forwarded to him." When they were compelled to fall back, the enemy took him along with them as far as Valladolid. Here they set him free on parole. At Valladolid, George made the acquaintance of the Rev. Alexander Cameron, nephew (not brother, as stated in letter), of the Right Rev. A. Cameron, a distinguished bishop of the Catholic Church in Scotland. Mr. Cameron was rector of the Scots College, and received George with the greatest kindness. He supplied all his wants, and helped him with money until George could draw upon the Government for part of his pay. "There are no collegians at present," writes John, "but the college is not destroyed. Mr. Cameron knew everything of the Highlands." George got back to Madrid in safety, but, being on parole, he had to remain idle until an exchange of prisoners took place.

The victory of Salamanca excited great enthusiasm in every class not favourable to the French. A solemn high mass, in thanksgiving, was sung in the cathedral of Salamanca. Wellington with his staff, and many of his generals, assisted. A keen observer describes the dress and the demeanour of the Duke on the occasion:—"I was much struck with the simplicity of the Duke of Wellington's attire, who wore a light grey pellise coat, single breasted, without a sash, and white neck handkerchief, with his sword buckled round his waist underneath the coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked hat under the arm. He stood with his face towards the altar during the prayer offered up for the success of our arms."

(To be continued.)

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

III.—The MacFarlanes.

THE MacFarlanes are descended from the Earls of Lennox, and Arrochar has ever been regarded as the habitat of the clan. The ancestor of the clan is Gilchrist, a younger brother of Malduin 3rd Earl of Lennox, who obtained by grant from the Earl *terras de superiori* Arrochar de Luss. This Gilchrist who lived about the year 1150, left a son Duncan, designated in old charters Duncan, Filius Gilchrist, from a grandson of this Duncan, termed Bartholmew, or in Gaelic Parlan, the the clan took their surname of MacFarlane. Parlan's son was Malcolm, a name still common in the clan. The lands above designated continued in the possession of the clan for six hundred years, until the sale of the estate in 1784.

Like a few other Highland clans the MacFarlanes had an unenviable reputation for "cattle-lifting"—the moon being known in the district of Lennox as "MacFarlane's lantern," it being so serviceable to the clan on these predatory excursions. The Gathering of the clan is an air called *'Thogail nam bò*—cattle-lifting we go, and it was doubtless this tune which Sir Walter Scott had before his mind when he wrote as follows regarding the clan—"The Clan of MacFarlane occupying the fastnesses of the Western side of Loch Lomond were great depredators on the Low Country; and as their excursions were made usually at night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern."

Their celebrated pibroch "*Haggil nam bo,*" which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices, the same being—

" We are bound to drive the bullocks
All by hollows, birsts, and hillocks,
Through the sleat and through the rain ;
When the moon is beaming low,
On frozen lake or hill of snow,
Boldly and heartily we go ;
And all for little gain."

It is now close on a century since the above was originally written, and yet it is only within the last few years that Provost Robert MacFarlan, Dumbarton, was able to rescue the music from the oblivion into which it had almost fallen. The reputed composer of the Gathering with its Gaelic words is supposed to have been Andrew, chief of the clan, son of Sir John MacFarlane, who fell at Flodden.

THE SLOGAN OF THE CLAN

is Lochsloy, in Gaelic "Loch-slòigh"—lake of the multitude, and the incident which gave rise to this war cry is of considerable interest. Lochsloy is on the farm of Upper Inveriuglas, and on the shores of this lake could lately be seen the appearance of a number of graves, which go a long way to confirm the following tradition. In the days of cattle-lifting there visited the lands of Arrochar a strong party from the Braes of Athole. These caterans arrived unobserved, and when they had mustered a large drove of cattle they made tracks homeward. They drove the cattle up hill at Stronafine, at Arrochar, and over the mountain toward Lochsloy, where they rested for a short time. They were suddenly disturbed by the Arrochar men and a conflict ensued. The MacFarlanes were about sixty in number, while the raiders numbered from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men.

The aged chief of the MacFarlanes followed his clansmen, riding on a white pony, and took up his position on an eminence to the east of the scene of conflict. Observing how few his clansmen were compared with the Atholemen, and naturally fearing that they might suffer defeat, he had recourse to the following stratagem. On the back of his pony commanding a view eastwards he took off his bonnet and waved it incessantly, as if to hurry forward a party who were on their way to assist their friends, he called to those engaged in the conflict in a voice which made the rocks resound—"Cumaibh riutha mo ghillean geala, tha cobhair aig laimh, tha cobhair aig laimh!" Keep at them my brave lads, succour is nigh, yes succour is nigh. This encouragement was shouted more than once and had the desired effect, for the voice and gesture of the aged chief struck terror into the northmen who believed a powerful party were at hand from whom there would be no escape. They fled in disorder, and on their way through a pass by the side of the loch, the MacFarlanes followed and cut down a large number of the enemies. The signal victory thus achieved gave the clan their war-cry of " Lochsloy."

About the close of the 15th century the Clan MacFarlane was divided into two sections, and in the clan country old people still refer to the distinction. The tradition is given as follows in a MS. by the late Rev. James Dewar, Arrochar. In the reign of James III. of Scotland the Laird of MacFarlane was slain at the battle of Sauchieburn, near Stirling, in the year 1488, leaving a widow, who was an Englishwoman, the mother of one son. He also left a son by his first wife, who was the heir ; but this son and heir had the misfortune to be proud, vain, silly and a little weak-minded. His half-brother was possessed of a beautiful piebald horse, which had been given to him by some of his mother's relatives. The elder brother was about to set out for Stirling, and was very desirous of riding this horse, wishing, as the young chief, to make a very grand appearance. The step-mother refused the loan of the animal, alleging, as her reason for so doing, her fear that it would not be safely brought back. Her denial only made the young man the more persistent. Finally a written agreement was drawn up, and signed by the heir, in which he promises to forfeit to his half-brother his lands of Arrochar, in case the horse was not safely returned. The step-mother bribed the groom in attendance to poison the horse on the second day from home, and the estate accordingly went to the younger brother. The clan refused to receive the latter as their chief, but combined to acknowledge the elder brother as such, though not possessed of the lands of Arrochar. Some years later, by special act of Parliament, these lands were restored to the rightful heir. The dependants who supported the rightful heir were known as "*Clann an oighre*"—children of the heir, hence the MacNuirs and MacNairs, some of whom are now Weirs, are regarded as septs of the Clan Farlane. On the other hand those who supported the half-brother were called "*Sliochd an eich bhallaich*"—the followers of the piebald horse.

THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

The MacFarlanes were among the few clans who opposed Queen Mary. Holmshed in describing the Battle of Langside says—"In this battle the valliancie of ane Highland gentleman named MacFarlane stood the Regent's part in great stead, for in the hottest brunte of the fight he came in with three hundred of his friends and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flank of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of disordering of them." The clan boast of having taken at this battle three of Queen

Mary's standards which they say were preserved for a long time in the family. The reward bestowed upon the clan is to be seen in their arms to the present day. The Regent bestowed upon them the crest of a demi-savage proper holding in his dexter hand a sheaf of arrows, and pointing with his sinister to an imperial crown or, with the motto, "THIS I'LL DEFEND."

The MacFarlane lands are now in the possession of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, and the chiefship of the clan is difficult to determine.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE GAEL.

ASSINIBOIA,
N.W.T. CANADA,
Dear Mr. Mackay, *15th January, 1904.*

The further I get from home the more charms your *Celtic Monthly* seems to possess. When I turn over its pages out here in the Wilds of the West I hear in fancy the rustle of the heather on the brae, and the wind stirring your own Mackay bulrush on the margin of the loch or tarn. And then I feel as if amongst old friends when I see the names (so familiar to me) of your contributors attached to song and story I revel with *Fionn* amongst the music of the clans, feel Lovat Fraser stirring the Jacobite embers on the hearthstone of my heart, and wander on the bank of Loch Lomond and the Dee with Miss Colquhoun and Miss Farquharson, and "wha winna follow" Miss MacDonell to the Braes of Lochaber. Not only that, but your magazine has set me singing again, and here I enclose a few verses under the heading of "Highland Footprints." The Gael does leave his mark wherever he wanders or makes for himself a home. Out here in the great territories opened up recently are place-names such as "MacLeod," "MacLean," "MacTaggart," and "The Macdonald Hills."

Wishing you a prosperous New Year,
With kind regards, I am,
Yours faithfully,
ANGUS MACKINTOSH.
(Late of Hatfield, Herts.)

HIGHLAND FOOTPRINTS.

He fought for his chief like a hero,
Unswerving, devoted, and bold,
When the heart, and the brain, and the sinew,
Were valued more highly than gold.

But a day came, that some call a better,
When chieftains their sporrans would swell,
And up went the value of mutton,
And that of the Highland heart fell.

And elbowed from strath and from mountain,
By strange Southern shepherds and sheep;
To the wail of the song of MacCrimmon
In sorrow he sailed o'er the deep.

Behind him he left his loved Highlands,
Transformed to a wool merchant's mart;
But under the folds of the tartan,
He still had his stout Highland heart.

A pathway he cut through the forest,
By dark rolling river and lake;
No perils or hardships could daunt him,
The axe of the savage, or stake.

And well marked and deep are his footprints,
Where'er in the past he has trod,
Dotted over the plain and the mountain,
Like heath on an alien sod.

And onward, e'er onward he marches,
The tartan wrapped round his broad breast,
Giving names of his clan and his country
To the nameless wide Wilds of the West.

TO FLORA.

FAREWELL to the land of the strath and the steep!
Farewell to the mist-mantled islands!
Farewell to your sweet eyes as blue as the deep,
Dear Flora, the flower of the Highlands!

You taught me, in tones like the coo of a dove,
Soft phrases in Gaelic to stammer,
And quickly all moods and all tenses of "love"
I learned in your glance's clear grammar.

Ah! harsh was the fortune that drove us apart,
And forbad vows of faith to be spoken;
You thought me, perchance, cold and shallow of heart,
And knew not that heart was half broken.

My pathway for ever afar from you lies,
And oh! be the fault now forgiven,
But I lingered, till forth from the heaven of your eyes,
By fate's flaming sword I was driven.

From the camp and the desert my thoughts oft will fly
To the glen where we wandered together,
Where the hills, crowned with cloud, stand like
guardians on high,
Round your dear little home in the heather.

Farewell and forget me, dear Flora—and yet,
If I fall where the foe's ranks are shaken,
One soft pulse may tremble, one sigh of regret
For me in your bosom awaken.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

AIRDRIE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—This Society held their Annual Competition in bagpipe music and highland dancing a few days ago, Mr. James Dunnachie, J.P., Glenboig, in the chair, who delivered a racy address on matters of Celtic interest.

"THE LITERATURE OF THE HIGHLANDERS" is the title of a handsome volume just published by Prof. Magnus Maclean, comprising his second course of Celtic lectures at Glasgow University. It treats of the "Golden Age" of Gaelic poetry, from the "Forty-Five" to the present day. The work is published at 7s.6d. and can be had at the "Celtic Monthly" Office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

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CONTENTS.

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.—We are in receipt of a donation of ten dollars towards this object from the Caledonian Club of San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A. (per Mr. J. J. Finlay), which now makes the total subscription from our readers towards this fund £47 14s.

ANCIENT HIGHLAND NAMES.

SIR,—Can you or any of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* tell me the connection, if any, between the following names, and also what their equivalents are to-day? Clan of Nemid, Mo-nenn or Ninian, Irish 525 A.D; Nennidius, of Mull (Kilnoenuig) 525; Neman, bishop of Lismore, 610; Nem, 8th son of Conaire; Nem, descendant of Angus More, son of Erc, who colonised Dalriado, 650; Namus, Namo, Nemo, Le Neym, De Neym, etc., in several charters, 1153-1233; Nem Bruty, in Roll Call of Battle Abbey. Duncan Stuart of Appin has lands of Nenoe in Duart, Mull, 1509. Are Neyn, Nene, proper names, as "Nene Donill Maclauchlane" Argyleshire, "Christinam Neyn Andoy M'Gevin" in Nig? Are the present descendants of those Nems, etc., now Nimmos or De-nams (Denholms)?

I am, etc.,
RAIBEART OG.

HISTORY OF THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

BY W. C. MACKENZIE.

THIS book is what its title indicates, and after a careful perusal we have nothing but unstinted praise to bestow on it. Written in chaste and classical English, open it where you may, it reads as a novel. But what is more, it is based upon authentic sources, and we consider no one can accuse the author of partiality towards any one person, place, or family described throughout the 600 odd pages. We have tested the author's observations or deductions at different places, and we find them amply justified by latest research in the subjects dealt with. To all belonging to or interested in Lewis and the outer islands, and especially to the Clan Macleod in these islands, the book is a veritable mine of lore The author makes slight incursions into the mainland, but then only to make the main theme sufficiently intelligible. The chapters dealing with Prince Charlie's wanderings in the islands, the ecclesiology, education, religion, trade and commerce, and the social and economic conditions of the Outer Hebrides are of especial interest. The book is well got up, the illustrations are well selected and beautiful, while the index, which is invaluable in a work of reference, and which one seldom finds sufficiently detailed in modern works dealing with the Highlands, is in this case simply excellent. We commend the work to our readers, and we wish Mr. Mackenzie to at once set about doing with the poetry and tradition of the Isles what he has now so well done with their history. As the work is already nearly out of print, those desiring copies, (cloth, 12s.6d., fine paper edition, half morocco, gilt top, 21s.; foreign postage, 1s. extra), should apply at once to the "Celtic Monthly" Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.—Among the business transacted at the last meeting of this Society, was the appointment of a committee to make arrangements to give a grand reception to Mr. D. Macpherson, President of the Society, on his return from his lengthy visit to Scotland. Ere these lines appear, our worthy Kintyre friend will have received a hearty Highland welcome from his fellow Gaels of Dunedin. This flourishing Society is doing splendid work in fostering an interest in the Gaelic language and Celtic studies in New Zealand.

CLAN MACKAY.—Members of the Clan Mackay will be interested to learn that Mr. George G. Mackay, Liverpool, Ex-President of the Society, has just sailed on a holiday tour in South Africa, where doubtless he will find his way to a meeting of the Highland Society of Cape Town.

THE GLASGOW COWAL GATHERING, which was held recently, under the Presidency of Mr. Matthew Henderson, proved a very successful function, the speeches being interesting, the music excellent, and the attendance very large. The chairman's principal theme was the re-peopling of the glens, a subject of comment at many gatherings this winter.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The 126th Annual Dinner takes place on 21st March, Lord Tullibardine, D.S.O., in the chair. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales will be the honoured guest of the evening.

THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL AND ARGYLLSHIRE REGIMENTS.

Being extracts from an unpublished manuscript by Major-General David Stewart of Garth, author of "*Sketches of the Highlanders and the Highland Regiments.*"

(Continued from page 97.)

THE author gives a list of Corps raised in Argyllshire which agrees with the number in my book, only that I do not specify the number of men raised in 1745 and '46, and I include the 2nd Battalion 91st, raised in 1803, which he has omitted. Of the exact number of men raised in 1745, whether they were formed into Battalions, and who were the Commanders and Officers, I am ignorant. It is also unlucky that my knowledge of circumstances and my regard for truth have subjected me to the charge of having underrated the military spirit of the Argyle Highlanders, and of not having bestowed more attention on the 2nd Battalion of the 91st Regiment. Of this Corps I took as much notice as I did of any other 2nd Battalion, which had seen no service

AROS CASTLE, ISLAND OF MULL

till after the period comprised within the limits of my plan, and the order in 1809 to assume the breeches and cap or hat, and to give up the Highland garb. But I had another reason for not giving a minute detail of circumstances, as if I had done so, I must have shewn that there were not seventy Argyll men in the Battalion when quartered in Perth in 1807, and that therefore the title of Argyle Regiment might well be called a misnomer. The same observations would apply to Colonel Clavering's Battalion of Argyll Fencibles, though there was somewhat of a greater proportion of Argyllmen; but in Colonel M'Neil of Colonsay's Regiment of Argyll, there were only 28 men from that County.

In the same manner we find that in the complement of men from Argyll of the Army of Reserve in 1803, there was not one balloted individual from the County, not one principal joined, all were substitutes recruited by Bounty. I commanded these men after they joined the

42nd, when I formed the 2nd Battalion of that Regiment in Fort George in August, 1803, and it was impossible to avoid observing the remarkable difference between the quotas furnished by the Counties of Ross, Sutherland, etc., and of whom all without exception were natives of the Counties for which they served, while Argyll did not furnish one volunteer or balloted soldier. Much more could I say to prove the small comparative proportion of Argyllmen in the battalion under the County name; and it is with great reluctance I say this much, having in a manner been compelled to make the statement in my own defence. I have indeed mentioned, in noticing the charges of a learned writer on the Highlanders, of a want of a military spirit among the Gaelic Islanders; that from Islay where alone it is, according to his assertion, that Recruits can be obtained; the 42nd and 78th Regiments had not twenty men during the twenty-one years I belonged to these Corps. Smaller still was the number we had from Kintyre, Arran, Tyree, etc. The only men we ever had from Tyree were recruited in the year 1791. They disgraced the 42nd. Ten men out of the eleven recruited in that Island by Lieut. Donald M'Niven, deserted the week they joined in Edinburgh Castle, a circumstance the more remarkable in a Regiment where desertion of their colours or failure of duty, was then almost unknown.

I regret my having allowed myself to say so much on this subject; I hope it will be seen that it was not necessary to mention the Regiments more particularly than I have done in the History of the Highland Military. But if the Author can prove that the Island of Islay produced *732 men from one Corps* in twelve years, as Lord Seaforth's Estate in the Island of Lewis did for the 78th Regiment (both Islands being nearly equal in point of population.) If he can prove that the Islands of Mull, Coll, and Tyree, produced in twelve years 2130 men for the Regiments of the Line, Fencibles and Army of Reserve (as the Isles of Skye, North Uist, and Lewis did) and that the Districts of Knapdale, Cowal, and Kintyre, on the main land of Argyllshire, containing a population nearly three times more numerous than the

SUTHERLAND ESTATE,

which sent forth eight hundred soldiers in twelve days (which number came from that property on one occasion, and nine hundred men in eleven days on another occasion, and on a third the same number of men with equal expedition If all this can be proved I will be ready to confess that I gave a very unfair and partial estimate of the military of that county. But while this remains to be proved, I must beg leave to continue in the belief, that I have in no manner under-rated the Military Service of Argyll, and in this belief I am fully supported by the opinion of many gentlemen of the County, both Civil and Military, and of the first intelligence, and perfectly competent to judge of the facts. All these without a dissenting voice, say that I have done them justice.

INFLUENCE OF THE HIGHLAND DRESS ON CHARACTER.

The Author seems to think that I consider the Highland spirit lost along with the garb. My object was to give a History of the service of the Highland Regiments, and when they ceased to be *Highlanders* either by name, garb, or appearance, they of course could not be included. Indeed the 91st gave up the garb, and all appearance of Highlanders long before the orders of 1809. But at the same time, I may observe that although I have no such opinion as that, the military spirit of the Highlanders has been lost since their change of garb, believing that it stands on a firmer foundation, yet I am much inclined to ascribe considerable influence to particular and distinguishing garbs, in exciting a certain spirit and feeling in men; and the policy of those who discouraged the use of the dress, is at least very doubtful, and it is rather singular that some who have been strongly opposed to it as an useless and absurd distinction, inconsistently contradict their own opinions by approving in the amplest manner of the distinguishing dress of Grenadiers and Light Infantry, of Hussar dress, mustachios, German caps, Spanish mantles, French pantaloons, etc., to be worn by our troops. Now if foreign dresses and accoutrements are considered proper marks of distinction for English Regiments, is not the ancient garb of their native country under which so many splendid actions highly honourable to the national character have been achieved, a suitable dress for a Scotch regiment? Will not the recollection of past deeds, will not the garb itself inspire a Highlander with a feeling that when he wears it he is bound not to tarnish it. Those who are accustomed to see a Highlander in his ordinary working clothes, will have noticed the striking difference in appearance, gait, and manner of walking when he assumes the garb of his forefathers.

THE EXECUTION OF JAMES STEWART.

In noticing Mr. Stewart's case for the purpose of introducing the effect the view of public executions has on the mind of Highland soldiers, I mention the following circumstance in page 40 of the Appendix to the "Sketches." "A gentleman of the name of Stewart, a relation of the family of Ardsheal, was taken up, indicated, and tried at Inveraray in 1752, on suspicion of being act and part (as the Scotch law termed),

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.
From a painting by Vandyck.

Montrose

or in the foreknowledge of the murder. The Duke of Argyle, then the Justice General, sat upon the Bench, and the Lord Advocate attended as prosecutor; the only instance of this officer presiding on a criminal trial, or of the Lord Advocate prosecuting at a County Assize. Mr. Stewart was found guilty, and executed near the spot where the murder was committed, and hung in chains. The whole transaction caused a great sensation, and the justice of the verdict and execution was much canvassed. It is now believed that the result would have been different had the trial taken place at a later period. Whether or not Mr. Stewart deserved his fate, it were well that all executions made such an impression on the minds of the people as this did, and continues to make to this day. The talents and respectable character of the person executed, the public exhibition of his body, a thing hitherto unknown in the country, and the doubtful circumstances of his guilt, are still matters of deep reflection among the people. On Sundays at times, when they pass in more than ordinary numbers, they assemble on or near the spot where the gibbet stood, and talk with impressive awe of the whole circumstances. Turbulent and accustomed to blood as the Highlanders were supposed to be, the terror and awe inspired by public executions is very remarkable. This awe is not confined within the mountains: I have seen soldiers fearless of death when before an enemy, for days before an execution become thoughtful and seemingly powerfully impressed with a kind of dread they could not shake off.

Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate, who knew Argyll intimately, and who waited upon him in Edinburgh Castle before his execution, when the following conversation passed between them, "I remember," says the Lord Advocate, "that having told him a little before his death that *the people believed he was a coward*, and expected he would die timorously, he said to me he would not die as a Roman braving death; but he would die as a Christian, without being afrightened, yet some concluded that he died without courage, because he shifted to lay down his head, and protracted time by speaking at all the corners of the scaffold, which was not usual, and buttoning his doublet twice or thrice after he was ready to throw it off.

MONTROSE AND MACLEOD OF ASSYNT.

Montrose was executed on the 2nd May, 1650; he had landed in the North Highlands from Holland in 1649, and collected a small body of Highlanders who were soon afterwards attacked and put to flight by Colonel Strachan at Culraine in Ross-shire. Montrose escaped, but was discovered (in the disguise of a common Highlander) by the false friend to whom he had entrusted himself, but who betrayed his friend and gave him up to his enemies. M'Leod of Assynt, then a chieftain of property and note in the County, has been generally accused of being this false friend, and much obloquy thrown on his charater in consequence, particularly among his own countrymen, who looked with horror on such a breach of trust, but in justice to his memory I state the following authentic facts.

Assynt was not in the country at the time, being in Aberdeenshire, and on his way home was met at the ferry of Spey by Montrose, then under escort as a prisoner. Being well acquainted they halted and spoke, when Montrose said he was afraid that Assynt and his people would be blamed for his capture having been on his lands, but added, if he would return and follow him to his night's quarters, he would give him a written declaration, acknowledging that he had no concern in the matter. M'Leod accordingly turned back, followed Montrose to Cullen, but his guards would commit of no communication. As the Marquis anticipated, Assynt was accused, and after the restoration was apprehended and carried to Edinburgh, where he was tried for betraying Montrose, and on other charges, but the Lord Advocate gave up and would not proceed in that part of the ditty or indictment, as he could bring no proof of the allegation.

A FRUSTRATED EVICTION.

Four years ago another skirmish was exhibited on that spot (Culrain) between a body of Highlanders, principally women and boys, and a party of military from Fort George. The improvement of the district was then to commence in the modern Highland fashion, that is, by ejecting and extirpating the whole population consisting of several hundred families occupying a most beautiful and fertile stretch of country. They had paid their rents regularly and not a complaint could be urged against them. Such considerations, however, are overlooked in the new Highland changes. Warrants of ejectment were accordingly issued against the whole race. They remonstrated and stated that they had never failed in their rents, and they were ready to pay the expected advance, and hoped that they would not be compelled to transport themselves to a foreign country. This appeal was disregarded but the people shewing symptoms of resistance and of a determination not to be removed from the land of their forefathers, it was necessary to call for the support of the Sheriff. Expecting that the civil frown would be insufficient, he sent to the nearest Garrison for a detachment of troops, and (as he had foreseen) when he entered the district accompanied by the Civil Officers to turn the people out of their houses,

they were opposed by a numerous body of inhabitants, all declaring that they would rather be killed by the soldiers, or burnt in their houses than to be thrown as outcasts on the world without home or shelter (it was winter, with much snow on the ground), in that inclement season. A desperate affray ensued. It is unnecessary to give a detail of the battle, but the Sheriff who had this unwilling and unpleasant duty to perform had his carriage broken and found it advisable to retire with his troops.

THE HIGHLANDS AND HIGHLANDERS OF OLD.*

BY MISS MURRAY MACGREGOR,

Author of "History of Clan Gregor.

MISS MURRAY MACGREGOR, on being called upon to deliver her lecture, said—I am very pleased to be able to-night to be again with you; this ancient hall, although built with stone and lime, when filled with Highland people becomes "Mo Dhachaidh;" the blooming heather, the murmuring burn, even the perfume of the well-loved peat return to me, as I trust they do also to those of you who enjoy such associations. The title of my address to-night, "The Highlands and Highlanders of Old," will have prepared you to listen to some old tales, and my feeling is that amidst our Society, something in connection with our land and its people appeals most to our sympathies. On this occasion I have merely gathered a few fragments from old histories, and these relate chiefly to my own clan, because the materials came nearest to my hand. I should not like to give you a regular paper on our eventful history; that would have to be done by someone less deeply interested, for me the task would be too personal and too sacred. Doubtless it is a delusion, but I always feel as if I had lived with my Clan through all their vicissitudes. The slight sketches I shall now offer are only gathered here and there, but I trust you may find them of interest, and they serve to illustrate the conditions which prevailed long ago. Miss Murray MacGregor (continuing) then delivered her lecture as follows:—

One of the very earliest reliable records of passing events belongs to our own county of Perthshire and to the Kirkton of Fortingall in Glenlyon. In the century preceding the Reformation the Vicar of the parish was a certain James MacGregor, who besides that charge was also in 1514 the Dean of the distant island of Lismore in Argyllshire. He and his brother Duncan, who seems to have been associated with him as servitor and secretary, collected and transcribed into a book a very valuable

COLLECTION OF GAELIC POETRY,

which has been fortunately preserved. A modern biographer writes of the two brothers as "imbued with that love of old Highland story and cherished fondness for Highland song which manifests itself in so many a quiet country Highlander." Besides this treasury of poetry the Dean wrote a chronological list of the Scottish kings up to the reign of James V., and also a very interesting obituary known as the Chronicle of Fortingall. Dean MacGregor died in 1551, but from 1531 up to 1576 the entries were continued by the Curate of Fortingall. The older dates, taken probably from monastic or ecclesiastical sources, refer chiefly to the deaths of the early kings, beginning with Malcolm Ceannmor, who died in 1092. Later we have mention of the Battle of Bannockburn, 1314, and the combat of the 60 men at Perth in 1396, and afterwards the deaths of certain MacGregors and other chief men in the neighbourhood. The notes in the lifetime of the Dean and in that of the Curate are naturally fuller. Amongst other incidents recorded are:—

The religious house on the Island of Loch Tay was burned owing to the negligence of servants on Palm Sunday, 31st March, 1509. This is the Island at the Kenmore end of the loch and the ruins of a Priory (founded in 1122) still remain on it.

1522, August—Death of a venerable man, Sir Robert Menzies, Knight, at Weyme.

1523, August 12—Death of Sir Colin Campbell, Knight, Laird of Glenurquhay, at the Castle of Glenurquhay.

The following entry is the first by the curate:—

1531—The quhilk year I said my first mass on Whitsunday. Memorandum—Rannoch was harried the morne after St. Tennenis' day in harvest by John Earl of Atholl and by Clan Donoquhy, and at the next Beltane* after that, quhilk was xxxii. year, the Brae of Rannoch was harried by them above written.

1545. August 25—The House of Gordalis Trochrie in Strathbran was burnt by Alexander of Glenstray, on which day Robert Robertson of Strowan was captured and four of the servants of Robert were slain.

1554—There was a most severe snowstorm this winter.

1565—Item ane good summer and harvest—great hardships in many parts of Scotland, in Strathearn, in Glenalmond, in Breadalbane, both slaughter and oppression being made in sundry

*Delivered to the Gaelic Society of Perth.

*Beltane was a festival kept on the 1st of May, old style. It originated in the worship of the sun and bonfires were kindled on the hills.

other parts by the Earl of Argyll and MacGregor and their accomplices. In Strathardill many men slain by the men of Atholl and the Stewarts of Lorn.

This little abstract of what happened that year showed we could all of us take a little turn at fighting, when opportunity required! Notwithstanding the

GLAMOUR OF THE PAST,

which was so eventful and full of heroic virtues, it must be confessed the tamer days of the present have their advantages. Some there are who, not content with reverential love for our ancestors, and the desire to throw a dutiful veil over their faults, fancy that their condition was very much happier, and much more free than that of Highlanders in later days. Those who speak thus can but very imperfectly know the testimony of history and of tradition. There were many burdens, though they were probably borne with that all-powerful lever—contentment—the value of which exceeds any amount of gold. The early needs of our forefathers were—first, food; secondly, protection from their surrounding enemies, whose position was probably exactly the same as their own. The Chief or Chieftain, whether he had conquered the land he occupied or received it by Charter, frequently saw fit to portion it out among his sons. They and afterwards their descendants held it on certain conditions, varying on different properties and among different families. The Chief or the feudal lord required a number of armed men for the sake of protection ready to fight with him against whosoever became his foe, and it behoved him to fight to protect the homesteads of his people. The prey gathered from the conquered or outwitted foe often provided the Clan with fresh meat, in such few crops as could be raised, or the little black cattle and grey sheep which the grass could support, were required for the maintenance of the Chief and people when they were not waging a successful war or had sustained one, the results of which were adverse. The Chief in his self-denial and magnanimity might wish to decline the lion's share of whatever was going, but it was his clansmen's pride and delight to provide it for him.

SEVERAL CUSTOMS

prevailed which were sanctioned by the necessities of the time. One of these was that of foster children; mothers who were the wives of Chiefs or of men of importance in the Clan seem rarely to have suckled their children. The infants were given out to nurse in the family of some faithful clansman, and the reception of these little inmates was considered a great honour and a great privilege. Not only did the foster-mother seem almost to prefer the little stranger to her own offspring, but the foster-father, the brothers and sisters, as well as more especially the infant suckled with the little guest, all showed enthusiastic fidelity to their charge. This devotion to the foster-child is finely illustrated in Sir Walter Scott's history of the battle on the North Inch, when the foster-father and his eight sons one after the other were killed fighting againt Hal o' the Wynd to protect Hector, their young Chief.

THE CHIEF OF A CLAN

received from his clansmen, whether near relations of his house or farther off in the scale of kinship, implicit military obedience, without which it would have been impossible to carry out great undertakings promptly and successfully, and they were bound to assist him in every adventure whether in peace or war. In return he afforded them protection and espoused all their quarrels. The tenants and dependents engaged that at their death a 'Calp' (taken apparently from the Gaelic word Calpach, a heifer) should be given to the Chief. It was generally the best horse, ox, or cow on the place. In some cases where the Chief was weak or absent from his land, and a powerful neighbour got possession of it and offered protection to its inhabitants, a family by compulsion or fear changed its allegiance, and gave to their new protector a formal bond of 'Manrent" by which full submission and dutifulness was promised to the chosen 'Superior.' Two instances of this will now be quoted as illustrations, altering slightly the old Scotch in which they are written that all may understand them. They are taken from a valuable collection known as the "Black Book of Taymouth." First in 1547

A BOND OF MANRENT

between certain MacGregors of the Dougal Ciar family and Glenurchay—

"They and ilka ane of them has chosen of their own free motive an honourable man, John Campbell of Glenurchay and his heirs, to be their Chief, to be their protector in all just actions as ane Chief does in the countrie of the Highlands, and shall have lands of me (Glenurchay) in assedation (lease) for the payment afore others, and when any of them deceases, shall leave to me or my heirs, 'Ane Cawylpe of Kinkynie (i.e., 'Ceann Cinnidh,' head of the tribe) as is used in the countries about."

The paper appears to have been left in Glenurchay's hands, "subscribed by the parties named with their own hands led at the pen by the Vicar of Inchadyn" (now Kenmore). The second is dated 10th July, 1550—

Alexander M'Patrick M'Condoquhay is become of his own free will a faithful servant to Collyne Campbell of Glenurquhay and his heirs for all the days of his life time incontrar (against) all (other) persons, the authority alone being excepted,

both to ride and go on horse and foot in Highland and Lowland upon the said Collyne's expenses. And gif (if) it happens any difference betwixt the said Collyne, his heirs and MacGregor his Chief, the said Alexander shall not stand with ane of them, but he shall be an evenly man for both the parties."

(To be continued).

THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

SIR,—In the number of the *Celtic Monthly* for last month, Mr. Murray Campbell, a gentleman hailing from the land of the "Cinque Ports," criticises my corrections of James Macpherson's translations from Ossian, and substitutes what he thinks would be a better translation. I am glad that a Gaelic scholar has taken up the cudgels in favour of Macpherson, but I may remind him that I am at present working upon the principle that "he that spareth the rod spoileth the child," my main object being to prove that Macpherson was *not* the author of the Gaelic of Ossian. In his first quotation from my paper referred to, he omits to mention Macpherson's mistranslation of "white tops" of "*my*" waves, which was the worst in the couplet. To render the subject clear to an outsider, the passage alluded to should be quoted in full. It is as follows—

" Cluinneam toirm air taobh nam beann,
Mar chuileig fheasgair nan *cleas mall* ;*
Siol Eirinn nan colg a th' ann.
No doinionn nan sian 's a choill' ;
'S cosmhuil ri Gorm-Mheall* am fuaim,
Mu 'n eirich gailleann a' chuain àrd."

I hear a sound on the mountain side
Like evening flies in "*drony dance*" ;
It must be Erin's fiery sons,
Or the stirring of storm in the wood.
Such is the sound of Gormal*
Around which the storms of ocean rise.

The sound of the "evening flies," and the "stirring of storms" suggests that the first faint sounds were heard afar off like the hum of the evening flies, while, as the moving host came nearer the noise became louder and louder, so as to resemble the stirring of the storm ; therefore, the sound must have been loud, and not a moan. In any case, "moaning" won't do for "*fuaim.*" If Mr. M. Campbell will turn to any English Dictionary he will find that the meaning of " such " is "similar," " like," " of that," or "the like kind," etc., and in *no* Gaelic Dictionary will he find " moan " for " *fuaim.*" It is sound, or noise. I, therefore prefer "around which" in the stanza referred to, to even Dr. Clerk's "resounding Gormal" "Ere ocean-tempest rises high."

Regarding "bu shoilleir a dhreach," descriptive of one of the horses in Cuchullin's chariot, "*bright is his figure,*" or, "shining his coat," is far better than "*bright his colour*" as the latter would make him a bay horse, whereas the animal *was dark.* If he turns to the dictionaries again he will find that " dreach " is figure, form, aspect, shape, seemliness, beauty, etc., *not colour.* I did not say that "*sith-fada*" was not *long stride.* What I did say was that "*Sulin-Sifadda*" was *not* only not his name, but a great blunder, which *no one* who could compose the Gaelic would have committed even with the assistance of the "Printer's Devil." Again, " stuadh " is certainly a " wave " but it is also the "summit of a mountain." The "gathering" of the water on the mountain top constituted my "congregate water of clouds," and " dealan " and " speur " mean " lightening " and " heaven," and I refer him once more to the Gaelic dictionaries.* There is *no* separate word for "red" but it is understood, as a flash of lightening represents fire, and fire is red. I must now turn to my whipped child, Macpherson. If, as Mr. M. Campbell says, "Macpherson's Ossian is founded on stories handed down orally from prehistoric times," what would prevent poems also from being handed down? I may further inform Mr. M. Campbell that there are thousands of Highlanders both at home and in the Colonies, and in different parts of the world who believe in the poems of Ossian, and who *do not* believe in the Celtic scholars who *deny* that they *ever* had any existence. And while on the subject I must give him some information he did not ask for, and would advise him to ponder well over it, and "break the news gently" to the Editor of the "Encyclopaedia Brittannica" and others who hold that James Macpherson had no originals.

In a letter from the Rev. Donald Macleod, Glenelg, to Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, 26th March, 1764, he wrote—"It was in *my house* that Mr. Macpherson got the description of Cuchullin's horses and car in Fingal, Book I. p. 11, from Allan MacCaskie, schoolmaster, and Rory MacLeod, both of this glen. He has not taken in the whole of the description ; and his translation of it (spirited and pretty as it appears, so far as it goes) falls so far short of the original in the picture it exhibits of Cuchullin's horses and car, that in none of his translations is the inequality of Macpherson's genius to that of Ossian so very conspicuous." That accounts for *one* "original" at all events, and if Mr. M. Campbell can prove to me that the above learned divine was a fabricator, or a forger, I shall believe in the Celtic scholars, but not till then.

I am, etc.,

Edinburgh. K. N. MACDONALD.

*"Gorm-Mheall" literally "blue mountain," or hill, but as *gorm* also means " green " in Gaelic, it should be "green mountain" supposed to have been the dwelling place of Starno, King of Lochlin. Dr. Clerk translates "cleas mall" (slow, or lazy hum, or play), as "drony dance," which seems the best rendering under the circumstances.

*The simile is that the dark gloomy heroes following their leader resembled the gathering of clouds in a storm in which lightening was introduced to inspire awe.
†"Coimthional" also means a cloud. The scene evidently alludes to the sky, or heavens, or firmament. The beauty of Ossian is in its figurative language.
†In the "Genuine Remains of Ossian," by Patrick MacGregor, M.A., the passage is rendered—

" His frowning warriors grim behind,
Like a collection of aerial waters
Around the meteors of heaven."

THE MACVURICHS.—SIR, Could you, or any of your correspondents, give the proper derivation of the name MacVurich? Does it mean the son of the moor, or son of Murdoch, or what is the proper meaning of MacVurich? Your reply will oblige.

C. M'P

THE CROFTER'S SONG OF HOPE.

[The following composition was awarded first prize at the recent Gaelic Mod held in Inverness. It is the work of Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Elderslie.]

ORAN NAN CROITEARAN GAIDHEALACH.

KEY Eb. RANN.

: m.,r	d.,d : d.d | d.r : m.f	s.,s : s.s | s.f
Tha na	neòil a' dol thairis, bha cur	gruaim air an talamh,
: m.s	l.,s : d'.,l | s.m : d.m	r : — | r
'S an	luchd-saothrachadh an fhearainn aigne	bhròn - ach;
: m.,r	d.,d : d.,d | d.,r : m.f	s.,s : s.s | s.,f : m.
'S tha i	tighinn, grian na saorsa, gu bhi	dòirteadh air gach taobh dhinn
.s	l.s : d'.l | s.m : r.m	d : — | d ‖
A	gathan grinne, glana, caoingheal,	bòidh - each.
: s.l	d'.d' : d'.d' | d'.r' : d'.t	l.l : l.,l | l.t : t.
O, bu	trom, trom, teannasach a'	chuing bha 'gar n-amalladh
.d'	s.,s : s.s | l.s : m.d	r : — | r
Fo	riaghlairean gun cheartas ac' gun	tròc - air,
: d.r	m.m : m.,m | m.m : r.d	f.f : f.,f | f.f
Ach tha	àm ùr air tighinn; chuireadh	srian 'san fhear - mhillidh,
: m.s	l.,s : d'.,l | s.m : r.m	d : — | d ‖
Agus dh'	fhàg sud sinne misneachail lan	dòch - ais.

SEISD.

: m.f	s : -.f | m.d : t_1.d	r : r.,m | r.s
Thugaibh	ó am fearann deanaibh;	bun as an fhearann,
: l.t	r' : r'.,d' | t.s : s.t	l : — | l
Agus	gleidhibh gu daingeann teann ar	còir air;
: m.f	s : -.f | m.d : t_1.d	r : r.m | r.f
Thugaibh	ó am fearann, cha 'n eil	bun eil' air thalamh
: m.s	l.,s : d'.,l | s.m : r.m	d : — | d ‖
As am	faod an duine tarruing beatha 's	beò - shlaint.

Togaibh oirbh as ar measgne,
Sibha', a bheadagain 's a leisgein,
Oir bu dochannach an teist a thug sibh òirnne;
'S e tha mhiann oirnn beatha sheasgair
Bhios gun sòghalachd, gun easbhuidheachd.
A chosnas sinn le treise, tùr is eòlas.
O, is milis blas na saorsa
Leis an neach a dh' fhuiling daorsa,
Agus feumar air an aobhar sin bhi seòlta
Los nach caillear uiread 's fhuair sinn
Le bhi dearmadach, caoin-shuarach
Mu na sochairean a bhuannaich sinn 'sa chòmhstri.
Thugaibh ó, etc.

B' eòl dhuinn daoine bha 'san dùthaich so,
Air ghlé bheag céill is tùralachd,
Rinn imrich dh' ionnsuidh smùid nam bailtean mòra;
Fhuair iad goireasan gun dìth annta,
Is rogha de gach nì annta,
Air chosd iad féin 's an sìol bhi dìbhidh, spreòchant',

Ach 'sna glinn tha 'n t-àileadh cùbhraidh,
Is gach fàs a ghnàth cho ùrar,
Agus nàdur féin cho dlùth rinn an còmhnuidh
'S gu'm bheil spiorad glan 'nar càileachd
Tha na's luachmhoire 's na 's àirde
Na ged bh' againn tighean blàtha 's mill de stòras.
Thugaibh ó, etc.

Nis, grad-éirich, thusa, Chalumain,
Dean altachadh 's cuir crathadh dhiot,
Is teann ri d' obair lathail féin gu dòigheil ;
Bidh tu còrr uair sgìth is fallusach,
Is uairean eile smalanach,
Ach cuiridh 'n cridhe fallain sud air fògradh ;
Cha 'n 'eil leigheas anns an t-saoghal
Leth cho éifeachdach ri saothair
Gu bhi togail sunnd air dhaoine a bha breòite,
Nuair is aca féin tha 'bhuannachd
Agus fios nach toirear uap' e
Le mealltair shios no shuas, mur bi iad gòrach.
Thugaibh ó etc.

TO THE HOMELAND.

O ! I'm weary, weary, weary, of the roar o' London town,
My heart is filled with longing for the hills o' grey and brown,
And the scent o' pines, and seawrack, and the sight of warring seas
And the sighing o' the spring winds among the leafless trees.

O ! home, my home, I see you, set by the Western shore,
Where the wild Atlantic breezes blow the sea foam to the door,
Cold and grey the sky above you, and tho' all the land is bare,
My Highland heart is longing, filled with longing to be there.

For I'm sick o' streets and peoples, and I'm tired and want to rest,
So I'll hie me to the Northland, to the place I love the best,
There in quiet the glens are sleeping, while the sea frets in the bay,
And the westland winds shall charm me, charm all my cares away.

London. WM. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The February meeting of this Society took the form of a Musical Evening, which attracted a large gathering of members and friends. Mr. Thomas Mackay, Largs, President, who occupied the chair, referred to the enjoyable form which the monthly meeting on this occasion had taken, and promised that another would be held soon again. Mr. David N. Mackay, Educational Secretary, read the new rules for the Clan Bursary Competitions, which were unanimously adopted. Thereafter an attractive programme of Gaelic and English songs was proceeded with. Among those present (our Toronto readers will be interested to learn) was Captain Catto of the 48th Highlanders, Canada, who was delighted to make the acquaintance of so many fellow Gaels.

A PAN-CELTIC MOVEMENT.

BY ASHMORE WINGATE.

AN OUTLINE—I.

IN my "Pass of the Shadow," I remarked that it must be admitted that the statement was true that the world had been slipping more and more out of the Celtic grasp, so far as that grasp was the grasp of administrative hands. I cannot think that the most ardent Celt or Celtic enthusiast will disagree. For while he can point to a Scotch Archbishop of York, or to an Irish Duke of Wellington, or to hosts of high Celtic officials, he has to admit they are only in power as representatives of a predominant partner of a different race from themselves.

Again, there are Gaelic associations that give banquets to each other in the British Colonies, and others that do the same in London ; and on these the predominant partner looks with tolerance. But anything like a political organization, if one excepts the United Irish League in Ireland, is distinctly absent. If the ancient Briton gave way before the invading Teuton, it must have been for lack of organization, without which, courage is of no use. And if their descendants desire to assert themselves as an independent political force, they will find that a Pan-Celtic administrative mechanism is indispensable. Clan Societies and Eisteddfodds are good, but quite insufficient ; they are not active forces of racial unity.

See what the position is. One finds the larger half of a remarkably noble country, Scotland, being denuded of all that is best in national things ; one finds it becoming the playground of rich inhabitants of the United States and of England, even as Switzerland and Scandinavia have become. Only Switzerland and Scandinavia still possess a great deal more of all that is best in national things than Scotland possesses. And the reasons for this are obvious. Now the humiliation of Scotland as the land of Mary Queen of Scots, the land of Saint Columba, the land of the author of "Marmion," would not be so great if her ranges of mountain, her expanses of lake, were in the hands of native aristocrats ; but now that they are in the hands of Anglo-American magnates, it is great in the extreme.

It may be said—it is said, that Scotland has a fair share of representation in the Imperial Parliament ; and I will not stay to question the saying. But she is, naturally enough, in an eternal minority there ; and will continue to be so, since her sons and daughters flock to England ; whereas with an independent Parliament, under a monarch common to both Parliaments and

peoples, her few members of constituencies were in a sense the equals of all Westminster. For example, even a small state like Montenegro is in a manner the equal of Russia, so long as independence continues. But to talk of a minor partner having the same rights as a predominant partner is absurd. That is the position. Things could not be much worse. And I believe that the whole evil condition of the country is more or less traceable to the Union of the Parliaments, to the making of the United Kingdom, in the time of Queen Anne.

And while I admit that Mr. Balfour, speaking the other day in England, in the jocular, Laodicean style that characterizes his handling of so many subjects, was right in saying that Scotland had benefited commercially by the Union, yet I think that the word "commercially" exhausts all the benefits. Scotland, so far as I can see, has benefited neither morally nor socially by the Union; and as for any intellectual benefits, these she could have obtained in time, without losing her Parliament There are things that money does not buy, or, if it does buy them, fails to replace. And conversely there are races of people who give these things away, as a man might cast off an old shoe.

To conclude this part of the essay, it remains to be said that a country, a continent, a world that is governed by one or two predominant partners represented by one or two compressed masses of centralized people, who use the surrounding lands as playgrounds, is not a good thing; for the predominant partners become imperious; whereas the surrounding lands become demoralized.

II.

That is the Jeremiad, or lamentation; the Nehemiad, or plan of reconstruction, is more difficult. Yet it is possible. Firstly, it must be recognised that, although the Scotch, and the Scotch alone, gave up their Parliamentary independence voluntarily, yet the Scotch alone cannot win it back voluntarily. "Freedom"* has no doubt "broadened down, from precedent to precedent," but only in certain planes, and through the use of crystallized constitutional methods. Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen are as free as Englishmen, in their capacity of citizens, but they are unable to obtain a devolution of government, in the highest sense, to their local metropolés. And the necessary power can only be acquired by a combination between the three lesser constituents of the United Kingdom and Ireland. This would provide, at the highest present estimate a phalanx of some two hundred and ten legislators, a phalanx that could wreck most English Governments by judicious alliances with Southern Oppositions; indeed few Cabinets could last more than a month.

And by this means almost everything derived by the Pan-Celtic combination could be brought to pass. The great obstacle would be the Teutonic Conservatives in Southern Scotland, and in Ulster, people whose standpoint is purely commercial, or else whose minds are so inflated with the dream of a world-wide Empire, that they forget the cruel deeds of history. But even some of these may be brought to see the injustice involved in the fact that though all the people of Wales, for example, desired that the prevalent form of religion should be established in place of Anglicanism, yet they could not compass their wish.

Surely in questions of national import, with perhaps the exception of foreign affairs, each of the partners in these Islands should be autonomous; surely each should be able to destroy or to establish anything within themselves that they please. It is a demoralizing thing for the representatives of any body to be in a permanent minority. And with separate parliaments under a common Monarch, all would be, if not well, at least nearly well.

Again, just as there was a great talk of Anglo-Saxon unity, at the time of the Cuban war, why might not there be an attempt at Celtic Unity, the inauguration of a Pan-Celtic movement, throughout the world? Many Scotchmen, most Irishmen, all Welshmen, might be enrolled, with Colonial patriots. And to their power there would be no limits.

There are methods by which they might sway, or if desirable, obstruct the policy of distant British possessions; sometimes acting in concert with a league of Irish Americans. The Celtic languages would emerge from the shade into which they have fallen in certain quarters. And instead of Anglo-Saxon playgrounds we might arrive at actual Celtic lands.

Without the assistance of others, the Scotch can never prevent the denationalization of two-thirds of their country; not in the least. But they must be prepared to assist others in turn, so as to gain a mass of votes. My creed is that no one of the minor partners can obtain absolute local Government, such as Norway and Hungary possess, without the whole weight of my two hundred and ten members, ready to wreck any Ministry that would not come to terms. Some one may cry out against constitutional change. But if the people of these islands have got beyond the reach of constitutional change, they must be in a state comparable only to that of a mortifying body that is beyond the reach of pain.

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*Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

DAVID MACRAE.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 7. Vol. XII.] *APRIL, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

DAVID MACRAE, MONIFIETH.

THIS month we have pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of Mr. David Macrae who, from the active interest he has taken in Celtic literature, and in all municipal and social movements, is amply entitled to a place in our "Celtic" gallery.

His father, Alexander Macrae, was one of a family who left the Isle of Skye about 1840. He was accompanied by his brother Roderick, the rest of their relatives having emigrated to Australia. The two brothers settled in Forfarshire, and Alexander married and took up residence in the parish of Monifieth. Here, on 29th September, 1849, the subject of our sketch was born. His father died before he (David) had attained his sixth year, leaving him and two sisters to the care of their mother. He received the rudiments of his education at the parish school, and at the age of sixteen was engaged to learn the trade of a mason.

Before this he had been influenced by the genius of his country. The poems of Burns, and the tales of the Ettrick Shepherd had come under his observation, and had filled his mind with undefined longing after intellectual attainments. Later, the writings of Hugh Millar had a marked influence on the development of his mind. "My Schools and Schoolmasters" was read again and again. Its clear and flowing style had an unfailing charm. The glances of old-world life, and the vivid portrait of Highland manners and customs that are met with in it, were a continual source of pleasure.

While he was working in Edinburgh a newspaper was started under the title of "The Reformer," with ex-Bailie Lews as editor, and Ernest Jones and other ardent spirits as contributors. It was to this paper that Mr. Macrae sent his first attempt at writing for the press. His enthusiasm on its appearing "in guid black print" was unbounded.

After he was married and settled in Monifieth, trade during the winter of 1879 was duller than usual, and work was not to be got. He determined to open a bookseller's shop, which proved a successful venture. Shortly thereafter he became local correspondent to the Dundee newspapers, and like all other writers for the daily press, has done an immense amount of work which was only of evanescent interest. A local correspondent can, however, influence to some extent public movements in the town which he represents. Important action has on many occasions been taken in Monifieth which was first suggested by Mr. Macrae in the columns of the "Dundee Advertiser."

His first important contribution to literature appeared in the "Labour News" in 1877, and was entitled "The Poets of Labour." These sketches were re-printed in book form, and went through two large editions. Several years later he contributed a series of articles to the Dundee "Evening Telegraph," under the heading 'Rambles Round Monifieth," dealing with the traditions and historical associations of the parish. These were also reprinted and met with such hearty appreciation that the book has been long out of print. He has for many years issued the "Monifieth Literary Annual" and has written largely for its pages articles of local interest.

Among his public services has to be included nine years' membership of the Parish Council, of which he was for one term chairman, and *ex-officio* a Justice of the Peace for Forfarshire. Two years ago he was appointed postmaster of Monifieth, but still continues to take an active interest in literature, which has in no small measure dominated his career.

Personally he is of a genial disposition; is a devoted lover of our patriotic Scottish songs; a shrewd observer of the social and political movements of the day, and has a firm belief in the progressive sentiment aptly expressed by Tennyson in these lines—

> "Not in vain the distance beckons,
> Forward, forward let us range,
> Let the great world spin forever
> Down the ringing grooves of change."

THE HIGHLANDS AND HIGHLANDERS OF OLD.

BY MISS MURRAY MACGREGOR,

Author of "History of Clan Gregor.

(Continued from page 117.)

Some details follow as to the land, goods, moveable and immoveable, which, should the said Alexander have no bairns living at the time of his decease, are to pass to the said "Collyne," 'For the quhilk the said Collyne and his heirs shall defend the said Alexander in all his past actions.'

This bond, however, led to fatal consequences for the said Alexander, as a prominent

MACGREGOR CHIEFTAIN

shortly afterwards avenged this defection from the Clan.

"On the 22nd November, 1551, Duncan Laudes and his son Gregor, at six hours at even, under silence of night, by way of 'hame sukin' (a law term for assaulting a man in his own house) came to the house of Alaster Owir, alias M'Gregoure, servant to Colin Campbell of Glenurquhay, of the lands of Moreis (that is Morinch on Loch Tay), and by force took him forth of the said house, and by way of murder struck him with whingers (a knife, a sort of hanger) and cruelly slew him and despoiled and took from him his purse, and in it some forty pounds, and straight thereafter passed to the lands of Killin to the house of a poor man called John M'Bayne, piper, and there assieged the said house and broke the doors thereof, and by force took the said John forth of the same and struck his head from his body, and cruelly slew him, and gave him divers other strokes with whingers in his body."

Such doings in a country must have been undoubtedly unpleasant, and it seems quite curious how we ever grew out of them to be the douce, peaceable people we now are! There is

A ROMANTIC TALE

about the first Macgregor of Dunan in Rannoch, Patrick, son of MacGregor of Roro in Glenlyon. There may be descendants of his, or of his brother in Lerigan here now present in this hall, for one at least lives in Perth. It is said that Patrick accepted from his father his patrimony, and set out to seek his fortune. The date given by a descendant is 1480 but this is possibly too early. We know, however, by the Fortingall obituary that one of the first of the Roro family died at Roro 1477, therefore it is not absolutely impossible. The adventures will be best told in the words of the narrator who wrote them down about 1820:—

"Patrick happened to set out at a very fortunate time, for having proceeded only the length of Cor Dunan (quite at the west end before the water of Gaoire falls into Loch Rannoch and at the mouth of the Glen Dubh, which the traveller coming up from Glenlyon would follow), and lodged there all night with his cattle; a messenger reached him next morning from the camp of an adventurer who had lodged all night upon the opposite side of Loch Laidon, to try his hospitality, and upon learning who they were he (Patrick) sent their commander a fat cow. Their commander seemed much astonished at so noble a gift, and asked his men who it was that sent it; they could not tell, and consequently were sent back to enquire. The two leaders met, and having communicated their views to each other, MacGregor learned that he whom he had entertained was the son of

THE LAIRD OF APPIN

(in Argyllshire), and the head of a party of men, intending to take revenge upon the then inhabitants of the Braes of Rannoch, called Clan-Ian-Buidhe and Clan Maileach, who had but recently offered an affront to the Laird of Appin's men who were passing by. They then

From a photo by [*W. Drummond Norie.*

FALLS OF SPEAN, AT ACHLUACHARACH, LOCHABER.

agreed to join issue, and that when they had rooted out the inhabitants they would divide the conquered lands between them. They proceeded and succeeded in conquering from the west as far as Errochd on the north side of the Loch and as far as West Camghouran on the south side. MacGregor took possession of his own share, and Stewart left a representative with a party of men to occupy his ground, and returned to his own country. On the next succeeding Sabbath, each with his party proceeded to the Parish Church of Killiechonan, which they were about to enter, when a dispute arose as to which should go in first, MacGregor or Stewart's representative; thereupon both drew their swords, and MacGregor slew his opponent. Word was immediately dispatched to Stewart to inform him of what had happened, to which he replied, "That if he were there in person, there might be cause for disputing MacGregor's precedence, but that he had never authorised his servant to dispute it for him, that the fellow only met with what he deserved, adding that as they could not agree together, MacGregor might enjoy the whole for him, which was the case." That is to say, this was acted upon, and MacGregor sent for his brothers, and settled one at Lerigan and another at Learan.

It is remarkable that the leaders who had been engaged in such rough work as turning out the inhabitants of the land and taking possession of it by violence yet thought it their duty to go to church, although carrying with them those fierce passions which they thought rather creditable than otherwise, and never sought to control. The question of

PRECEDENCE IN ENTERING CHURCH

appears often to have given rise to disputes. The Clan Laurane claimed an ancient right to it in Balquhidder, but are said to have shared the claim with the Clan Gregor as a reward for

A GLIMPSE OF THE CAMERON COUNTRY AT LOCH ARKAIG.

LOCH ARKAIG, NEAR ACH-NA-CARRY.

the help given by the latter in a fight with the Buchanans of Leny, but in 1532 a dispute broke out between the MacLarens and the MacGregors at the door of the Kirk of Balquhidder. The Vicar of the parish, Sir John MacLaren, was slain in the fray, and much ill-feeling raised. The story of this broil is related in one of the books by the late Mr. Fittis, our townsman, but it is also a current tradition still in Balquhidder.

MACGREGORS OF DUNAN.

Patrick MacGregor, No. 5 of his house, had a sister named Rachael, who when quite a young girl was driving her father's calves to the hill ("Saodachadh nan laogh") when a party of Lochaber men happened to be returning from the southern markets. Being a wild set, and seeing her unprotected, they thought it a good plan to carry off the maiden by force to marry her to a certain bachelor in Lochaber, whose name was "Mac-Mhic-Raonil-na-Ceapach. He was both old and ugly, and Rachael refused him. Threats were made in consequence of her resistance to all their persuasions, but one of the young men took her part, and proposed that all the gentlemen present should be drawn up in line, and that the girl should choose for herself amongst them, the man upon whom her choice fell being compelled to marry her forthwith or to leave the country. Rachel's choice fell on Cameron of Blair-a-Chaorin, a very handsome young fellow, with whom she lived so happily that she never thought of paying her parents in Rannoch a visit. Some years later her husband, who was a cattle dealer, passed to the south with his drove by way of Dunan, accompanied by several other dealers with their cattle. As night was coming on, Cameron sent his servant forward to his father-in-law, whom he had never seen, to ask for a night's grass for the cattle. Grass was not considered so very valuable then as it has been since, and his request was instantly granted, with a pressing invitation that the drovers should also take up their lodging in his

house. The servant, perceiving that his message was so well received, mentioned the name of Blair-a-Chaorin as one of his visitors, at which the old man seemed overjoyed. They were hospitably entertained, and at parting next morning he requested his son-in-law to call on his return, when he presented him with twenty cows and a bull as a marriage portion, and an expression of gratitude for Cameron's goodness to Dunan's daughter.

It is said that one of Blair-a-Chaorin's sons in after years went over to see his uncle Patrick of Dunan, and settled near him, being the first of the tribe of Camerons called "Sliochd-Ian-Mhic-Mhartin" who resided in Rannoch. Another branch came later of the family of Kinlochleven. Both have since become almost extinct.

A MacGregor niece of Rachel, a handsome young girl, went to Lochaber to see her aunt in her home there, and was seen by a noted free-booter, known as "Gaumkin-Ceann-fhin," who lived at Loch Treig, and was a brother of the ugly Mac-Mhic-Raonil. Either out of admiration for the girl, or in

REVENGE FOR THE SLIGHT

put upon his brother, he intercepted her on her journey and carried her off to his home. The girl's brother went to her rescue, but she dissuaded him from violence, as under the circumstances she preferred remaining with her captor. Gaumkin, not having received any patrimony with her, went some time later with his party, and took away all the goats her brother had at Dunan. They were immediately pursued to Loch Treig, and when the lady saw her brother and his party arrive, knowing her brother's hot temper and that the quarrel on her account had never been made up, she fell into a fit of hysterics and died suddenly. Her brother, therefore, departed without taking any revenge.

A SAD TALE OF LOVE.

Our sketches must necessarily comprise a love tale, and the one now to be told is sad. It relates to Gregor Roy MacGregor of Glenstrae, father of the Glenstrae who fought at Glenfruin. A beautiful Gaelic song ("Cumha Ghriogair MhicGhriogair"), the hero of which has been the subject of various conjectures, appears to fit his hard fate exactly. We learn from the "Black Book of Taymouth" that "Gregour Roy mariet the Laird of Glenlyoun's dochter, by whom he had Allaster M'Gregour, and Johnne Dow M'Gregour, his brother, the foresaid Gregour, wes execute, be Coline Campbell of Glenurquhay," and in the Fortingall obituary occurs: "1570, 7th day of April—Gregor M'Gregour of Glenstrae, heddyt at Balloch." In the Killin Collection of Gaelic songs the preface to this one gives the Glenlyon tradition, which we will now relate. "In the latter half of the 16th century lived Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon at 'Caistel a' Curin-bhan,' about two miles above the Pass. He had a daughter whom he intended to give in marriage to the Baron of Dall, on the south side of Loch Tay. The daughter, however, preferred young Gregor MacGregor of Glenstrae, and in spite of opposition left her father's house and married him.

Glenlyon and the head of his house,

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL OF GLENURCHAY,

with his son, were very angry, and followed Gregor and his wife with relentless enmity." The persecuted pair wandered from place to place, taking shelter under rocks and in thickets of woods. On the night preceding 7th of April, 1570, they had rested under a rock on a hillside above Loch Tay. "They were in an instant surrounded by a band of their foes and carried off to Balloch, where the young husband was executed by the neighbour, who as hereditary Sheriff had the power to do so." There is a song, which is that of a broken-hearted widow in a passion of grief, and it is generally accepted as having been contemporary. One passage has the two following lines: "Whilst my Gregor, the white-palmed one, in my arms then rested safe," from which expression in Gaelic the beloved young husband is known as "Griogair ban nam basa geala."

I will read part of a prose translation by the compiler of the "Lairds of Glenlyon." The sentiments of revenge are doubtless revolting, but allowance must be made for the period at which the poor woman lived, as well as for her circumstances—

"Oh that Finlarig were wrapped in flames, proud Taymouth lying in ashes, and fair-haired Gregor of the white hands in my embrace. All others have apples: I have none; my sweet lovely apple has the back of his head to the ground. Other men's wives sleep soft in their homes; I stand by the bedside wringing my hands. Better follow Gregor through heath and wold, than be with the mean little Baron of Dall, in a house of stone and lime. Better be with Gregor putting the cattle to the Glen than with the mean little Baron of Dall, drinking wine and beer. Better be with Gregor under sackcloth of hair than wear silken sheen as the mean Baron's bride. Though it snowed and drifted, and was a day of sevenfold storm, Gregor would find me a rock, in whose shelter we might lie secure."

A SIEGE AT LOCH KATRINE IN MID-WINTER.

I will give one other incident which occurred some forty years later. After the conflict of Glenfruin between the Colquhouns and the MacGregors in 1603, almost all the principal men of the latter clan were put to death, and very stringent laws were enacted against those who

survived and their descendants; also against the numerous kind friends amongst other clans, who tried to hide them and give them assistance. Hunted and pursued, the fugitives, whether armed men or aged decrepit "bodachs," anxious women and young children, arrived hastily on the shores of the numerous lochs intersecting their country, eager to be ferried across, and thus escape from their enemies, rowed by the strong arms of trusty friends, to find a brief shelter on the opposite shore till driven forth again. But on the 6th September, 1610, a proclamation was made that the Clan Gregor should not have recourse to the lochs of Loch Long, Loch Goill, and Loch Lomond, and "have the commodity to be transported to and from the said lochs;" therefore it was ordered that the owners of the boats on the said lochs should not transport any of the clan, their wives, children, servants, or goods over the lochs under the most severe penalties.

In January, 1611, the MacGregors had shut themselves up on an island towards the head of Loch Katrine, probably the one now called the Black Island, "whilk they haif fortifeit with men, victuall, poulder, bullet, and uther weirlyke furniture, intending to keep the same as ane place of weare and defence." Great efforts were made to dislodge the clan; a levy of all lieges between sixteen and sixty years of age within specified bounds was summoned to be at the head of Loch Lomond on the 12th February, thence to carry all required boats to Loch Katrine for use in the intended siege, and two pieces of ordnance to be sent from Stirling Castle for the same purpose. But in the Records of Council we find that at the end of February the projected expedition had entirely collapsed, the

MACGREGORS HAVING GOT CLEAR AWAY

without "so much as any mynt or show of pursuit." Another account in the Black Book of Taymouth relates that the clan being straightway pursued and having betaken themselves to an island, the Secret Council employed Sir Duncan Campbell and other gentlemen in the county about, to besiege them. "Quhilk being begun the siege was hastily dissolved through a vehement storm of snow."

A clan tradition relates that one of the besiegers was lighting a fire on the shore, when Callum Oig MacGregor VcCoull shot him dead with a long-barrelled gun, and called out so as to be heard across the water, "Thugadh thall a chrom na geredh," "Take care you dirty crook," and as the Gaelic word crom signifying crook, was used for a shoemaker, to which trade the defunct belonged, Callum was supposed by the daunted besiegers to be a conjuror against whom they could no longer carry on the war.

My clansfolk having, by favour of the elements got this respite, we may, I think, fittingly leave them for the present, and end the "ceilidh."

(Concluded.)

CLAN AY.

SIR,—The following information, taken from Clan Chattan histories, is in answer to Ayson's letter in your February number—

Clan Ay is the patronymic of the Tordarroch Shaws, one of the several branches of Clan Shaw, a sept of Clan Chattan.

The founder of Clan Shaw was Shaw Mor, styled 1st of Rothiemurchus, said to be one of the leaders in the clan combat of 1396 on the North Inch of Perth, and great-grandson of Angus, 6th of Mackintosh, and his wife Eva, heiress of old Clan Chattan. Shaw Mor's son James, 2nd of Rothiemurchus, left issue, Alexander and Adam, the latter becoming the progenitor of Clan Ay or the Tordarroch Shaws.

Angus Shaw, 3rd of Tordarroch, signed the Bond of Union among the Clan Chattan in 1543; Adam, 5th, signed that of 1609, "for himself and taking the full burden of his race of Clan Ay;" while the name of Robert, 7th, appears on the bond of 1664. Alexander, 10th, once Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Man, who died in 1811, was the last Shaw "of Tordarroch:" The present representative of the old Tordarroch Shaws and Clan Ay is Charles F. H. Shaw-Mackenzie of Newhall, Ross-shire, 13th in succession, who added the name and arms of Mackenzie to his own on acquiring Newhall estate through his paternal grandmother.

An off-shoot from Clan Ay migrated to the Black Isle of Ross in the 17th century, their names being variously spelt, M'Ay, M'Hay, M'Cay and M'Kay. In the churchyard of Kilchrist is the tombstone of Duncan M'Ay of Teanadallich, dated 1707, bearing arms the lion rampant, lymphad, and boar's head of the Mackintoshes, and the hand and dagger of the Shaws, clearly indicating that this colony had no connection with the *real* Mackays of Strathnaver.

The Shaws freely intermarried with the Farquharsons and MacHardies of Aberdeenshire, and even became possessed of lands in that county. It is natural to assume that, according to the custom of the times, they were accompanied or followed by others of their clan whose names in the course of time would gradually change from Shaw or M'Ay to Ayson and other variations. Nothing has been more juggled with than Highland names, as reference to old records will show.

New York. MACDHAI.

HONOUR TO A GAELIC AUTHOR.—The Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness, joint-editor of "Sutherland and the Reay Country" and "Rob Donn's Songs and Poems," has been the recipient of a valuable series of presents from the people of Durness, which included a handsome gold watch, and an illuminated address, while Mrs. Gunn also received gifts of jewellery. The Rev. Mr. Gunn has, since his induction to the parish, devoted himself to further its interests, serving on the County Council, and as chairman of the Parish Council, and it is pleasant to know that his services are so highly appreciated by his parishioners.

MOIDART, OR AMONG THE CLANRANALDS.

SALAMANCA AND AFTER

[Being the letters of Captain John Macdonald, son of Archibald Macdonald of Rhu, Moidart. Edited by the late Father Charles Macdonald.]

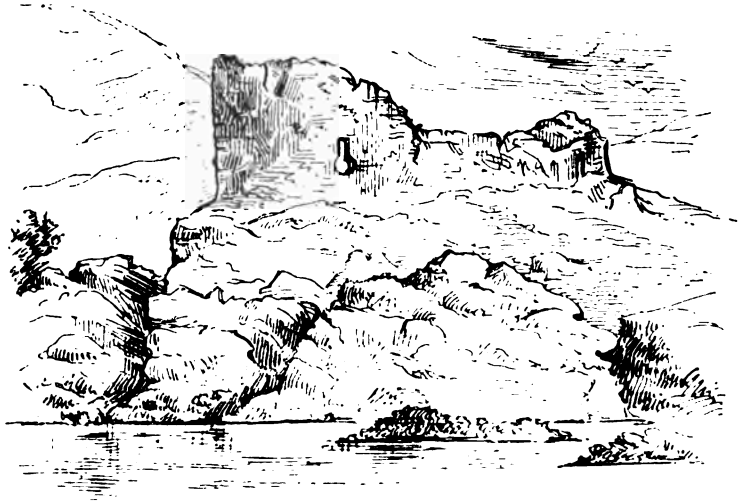
(Continued from page 107.)

OCCUPATION OF MADRID.

WELLINGTON lost no time in following up his victory; but in spite of the close pursuit which he instituted, he was quite unable to overtake General Clansel who, owing to Marmont being greviously wounded, succeeded to the command of the French army. Marmont had one of his arms shattered by the splinter of a shell. The limb had to be amputated. Clansel evacuated Valladolid, and retreated towards the north. The Duke then marched upon Madrid, and, a few days afterwards, John wrote the following letter to his father from the palace of the Escurial, thirty-one miles from the capital:—

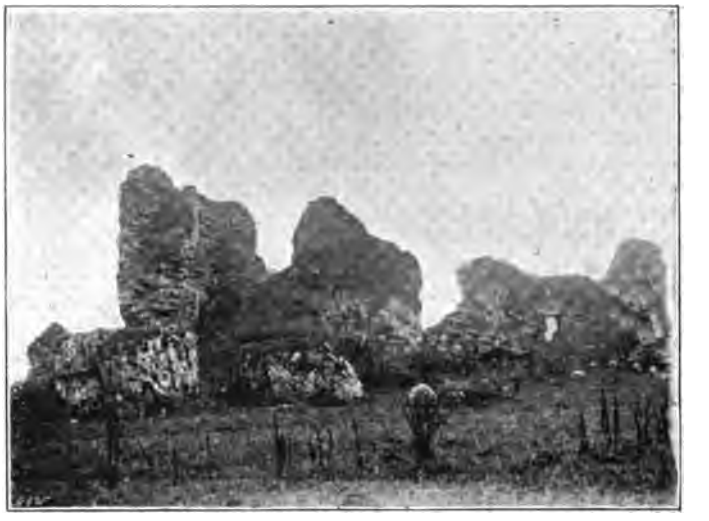
"We have at length after three months' marching and counter-marching, got into quarters, being completely tired of travelling all day, and sleeping under the canopy of heaven all night. Since the 22nd June (Salamanca) we have had no fighting, the enemy retiring before us in all directions. We followed the remains of Marmont's army as far as Valladolid where we left the 6th Division with all the regiments lately come out from England which had got sickly. His Lordship moved on Sigoria, in which there is a royal palace, with the rest of his army. King Joseph had left it but a few days previous to our entrance. From this we crossed the Guadarama, and nothing could equal the joy of the inhabitants on seeing us enter Madrid. In fact no language that I can use can convey the least idea of it. They surrounded us in immense crowds, embracing the soldiers, pulling the officers nearly off their horses, and everybody exclaiming 'Viva los Inglezos.' Any unconcerned spectator would have thought them mad —the young and the old dancing about in all parts of the city, the church bells ringing, the bands of the different regiments playing, the houses most beautifully decorated with tapestry, and at night illuminated. . . We halted four or five days near Madrid, and I believe the army would have been very glad to have halted as many months. Nothing can equal some of the public buildings in it, especially the royal palace, which has not been destroyed in the least, and contains some of the finest paintings in Europe. The churches are likewise very magnificent, but have suffered a good deal from French rapine. In the greatest part of the country they have not left a single article of plate in a church. From Madrid we returned to this palace which was once the admiration of the world, now an immense heap of buildings without any furniture or paintings, the French having removed every thing portable when our army advanced to Talavera. There is still a most beautiful chapel, and the burying-place of the kings of Spain exceeds perhaps anything of the kind in the world.

The people throughout the whole country bear the greatest hatred to the French, but the population is very much exhausted and weakened through the length of the war. Joseph's manners have gained him a good many adherents from among the nobility and lower orders. It is said that he has about 15,000 Spanish troops, but he seems to place very little dependence upon them We have not fallen in with any of them as yet, but our men laugh at the idea of calling them soldiers, seeing the manner in which those on our side fight. The Spaniards generally describe Joseph to be a good kind of man. He is very fond of retirement, reads a great deal, and drinks more. They attribute all his actions to his counsellors who are part of the Spanish nobility. . . We have only six officers with the regiment and about two hundred men. All our wounded are doing well, although all have had serious injuries except myself. Angus, Lochans, is here with the 79th. We have also a son of



RUINS OF KNOCK CASTLE, SLEAT, ISLE OF SKYE.

Knock in Sleat with us. He belongs to the 21st regiment, but is at present Captain in the 8th Portuguese. Captain Macdonald of the Artillery (Boisdale's brother) and Glengarry's brother are also here. From the society here you would suppose us quite happy, but there is one great want, viz., money—the pay due to us being six months in arrears. Officers that have money in England cannot get cash for bills, and some of them pay as high as eight shillings for every dollar. The staff have not been paid since December, 1811. Now as we have got a halt, we are in expectation of getting some. The great difficulty of procuring provisions on a march obliged them to give all the ready money to the Commissariat Department." Letter dated 25th August, 1812.



BORVE CASTLE, BENBECULA—A CLANRANALD STRONGHOLD.

NOTES ON HIGHLAND OFFICERS.

The Angus Macdonald, Lochans, of the 79th, mentioned above, was a Moidart gentleman, son of Donald Macdonald, Lochans or Glenmoidart. His mother was a sister of Banker Macdonald, Dalelea, a direct descendant of Maighstear Alasdair, Episcopalian minister of Ardnamurchan, and thus closely related to the famous Jacobite bard of the '45. Angus had seen a good deal of service in the Peninsula, and had suffered much from the privations endured during the campaign. He was killed at the siege of Burgos, a few weeks subsequent to the date of the preceding letter. In giving a few details touching the melancholy event John says:—"You would have seen poor Angus Lochan's death in the papers. He lived but a few hours after receiving his wound. He had been very unwell for some time before, and was unfortunately lost for two or three hours among the wounded, in which time he must necessarily have lost a great quantity of blood. However he appeared in excellent spirits after his wound had been dressed." His death took place almost immediately afterwards. On the same melancholy occasion, reference is made to Lieut. Gregorson of the 42nd. He belonged to the Gregorsons of Ardtornish, Morven, and was killed at the siege of Burgos.

THE RETREAT AND ITS HARDSHIPS.

It was one of the hardships incidental to an army in the field that a short respite, such as that breathed after Joseph Buonaparte's flight from Madrid, should be rudely interrupted by the enemy, who returned in overwhelming numbers. Wellington was compelled to raise the unfortunate siege of Burgos, where he lost thousands, and to fall back once more on the Douro—General Hill's division, to which the 23rd Fusiliers was attached, was left to defend Madrid, and to cover the rest of the retreating forces. This dangerous task they performed with great intrepidity; but when they in turn had to keep moving backwards, their sufferings were of the very acutest, both from the constant exposure to the inclemency of the weather and to the utter breakdown of the commissariat. A vivid picture can be realized from the following, dated November 26, Villa de Agra, Spain.

"You will be surprised at not having heard from me for so long a time, but a knowledge of recent events will explain everything. For the last month we have been constantly moving without any covering, and often without any baggage, in the worst weather possible, and the roads as deep as any part of the moss at Bunacaime (a wide expanse of bogland between Arisaig and South Morar). It is the first time I have been in a serious retreat and I hope it shall be the last. The scenes of misery met with every day exceeded anything I would have imagined. Men, women, and children, together with every sort of beast of burden, dropping down on all sides—starving with hunger and cold, and no one able to give the least possible relief. We had to keep marching on, our commissariat badly supplied, and the enemy ever close upon our heels. For two days we had no food of any kind, at other times we had wheat issued to us, but without being ground, and many days we had to march for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, We have not got into winter quarters yet, as the difficulty of getting

forage is so great that we must be sent down to Portugal—probably near the Duoro which is considered a plentiful quarter—very few troops having been there for the last two years. At present we are much crowded, having one brigade and three troops of cavalry in this small village, considerably less than Fort-William. Our regiment is merely a skeleton, but we have a strong draft just landed at Lisbon from the 2nd battalion, which will make us respectable again."

Out of their small contingent they lost from fatigue and hunger one officer and about forty or fifty men. Fairly into a land of plenty again, and thoroughly rested, the young soldier, with that happy lightness of disposition belonging to persons of his profession, forgets the past, and writes to his father in the liveliest terms. Perhaps he has a purpose in this, viz., to disarm their anxiety on his account. "We now no longer feel any bad effects from our late retreat. I enjoy the best of health. We are in the centre of the country where you get all your port wine from, and which is infinitely better here—not having been mixed with any spirituous liquors. The country is perhaps wilder than any part of the Highlands, and though the tops of the mountains are constantly covered with snow, we enjoy during the daytime the mildness of summer (3rd February). We get our wine at about a sixpence per bottle. We have some wild boar shooting, and, compared with our recent ways of living, we may be said to be in paradise. I am learning the Spanish language from a friar who was turned out of Salamanca by the French, and who speaks English remarkably well." (*To be continued.*)

SONNET—MY FRIEND.

THY spirit is beside me in my room :
Miles may us sever ;—I remember well
The hours we roam'd together, hill and dell,
The hours of sunshine and the hours of gloom.
Shall I forget them ?—Never !—till the tomb
Shuts its dark portals on my last farewell :
And then it may be—but no soul can tell—
We may be fairer flowers of endless bloom.
Large heart—true friend—strong in thy purpose set,
The Celtic nature of thy sires of old,
The earth has sweeter been since first we met,
Since first thy merits Friendship 'gan unfold.
Take this small wreath of poesy from one
Who loves thee with a love thy worth hath won.

Ballingry. RANALD MACDONALD.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—A specially interesting meeting of this Society will be held in the Religious Institution Rooms, 200 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, on Tuesday, 29th March, when Mr. W. M. Mackenzie, M.A., F.S.A., Scot., will deliver a Lecture on "The Antiquities of Lewis," illustrated with numerous lime light views. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 105).

WE can hardly conjecture how Macpherson could have lost the Gaelic of the foregoing beautiful "Address to the Sun." He may have mislaid it, or more probably, destroyed it along with other poems. He could hardly have considered it non-Ossianic; at any rate, no one has been able to fill in the Gaelic of the last part of Carthonn or *any other* of the lost pieces. It might have been done if all the Gaelic scholars concerned in supporting the authenticity of the poems had been conniving at the supposed forgery perpetrated upon their countrymen.

The poem of Oigh-nam-mòr-shùl—"Maiden with the large eyes," opens with the lines—

" Mar ghluaiseas solus speur fo scleò
Air Làrmon mòr a's uaine tom
Mar sin thig sgeul nan triath nach beò
Air m' anam 'us an oidhche trom.
'N uair thréigeas filidh caoin a mhùirn,
A chlarsach chiuil 's an talla àrd ;
Thig guth gu cluais Oisein o' chùl,
Mosgladh anma 'an tùr nam bàrd.
'Se guth nam bliadhna 'thuit a th' ann,
Tional uile a nall le 'n guiomh."

which Macpherson translates—

"*As flies* the unconstant sun over Larmon's grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night. When bards are removed to their place, when harps are hung in *Selma's* hall, then comes a voice to Ossian and wakes his soul ! It is the voice of years that are gone ! They *roll* before me with all their deeds ! "

The literal translation is—

" As moves the light of heaven under *mist*
On Larmon great of greenest knoll,
So comes the tale of chiefs who live no more,
On my soul in the *deep* of night.
When leaves the gentle bard his joy,
His tuneful harp, in *lofty* hall,
Comes a voice from behind to Ossian's ear,
Kindling in his soul the spirit of the bards,*
'Tis the voice of the years that are gone,
Crowding all back with their deeds."

Macpherson here entirely mistranslates the first line. "As moves the light of heaven under mist," is much more poetical than "As *flies* the unconstant sun." In the original the movement of

*The memory of the deeds of the past flashes on Ossian's soul, and he resolves to record them in song. "Mosgladh anma an tùr nam bard" is somewhat obscure. "An tùr nam bard" may refer to the place in which the inspiration of the poet came on Ossian —"in the tower of the bards"—or it may point to the nature of the inspiration which visited him—"in the mind or genius of the bards." Dr. Clerk adopted the latter meaning.

the sun is a slow one, and altogether Macpherson's translation is inferior, and not so complete as the literal translation, and both are very much inferior to the original. There is no mention of "Selma's" hall in the text, it simply mentions "*lofty*" hall. Of course a translator uses freedom, and he is certainly very free. He converts "chiefs who live no more" into "tales of old," and for "crowding all back with their deeds" he rolls them before him. The word "scleò" or "sgleò" in the first line seems to me to mean a light cloud, as, in my opinion, the poet's idea was that the sun was moving slowly under a cloud which would be more natural than moving *under mist.*

In Gaol-nan-daoine—"the love of men" line 36, we have—

" O chladach Chròna thagh mi clach
Measg fonna le neart nam bàrd,"

Macpherson translates—

" I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards."

The real meaning is—

" From Crona's beach I chose a stone
Mid songs of bards (who sang) with power."

And all through the stanza Macpherson's English is inferior to the Gaelic.

The poem of Crònma begins—

" 'S e guth ciuin mo rùin a th' ann !
Neo-mhinic, gann gu m' aisling féin thu !
Fosglaibh sibhs' ur talla thall,
Shinns' re Thoscair nan àrd speur.
Fosglaibh sibhse dorsan nan neul.
Tha Malmhìna gu dian fo dheur.
Chualam guth measg m' aisling féin.
(Tha farum mo chléibh gu h-ard)
C' uim a thainig an osag 'n a dheigh
O dubh-shiubhal na linne thall ? "

Translated by Macpherson—

" It was the voice of my love ! Seldom art thou in the dreams of Malvina ! Open your airy halls, O fathers of Toscar of shields ! Unfold the gates of your clouds ; the steps of Malvina are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast ! from the dark rolling face of the lake ? "

The literal translation is—

" The gentle voice of him I love it is !
Rare and brief thy coming to my dream,
Open ye your hall afar,
Sires of Toscar, in the lofty skies,
Open ye the doors of the clouds ;
Malvina passionately weeps.
I heard a voice amid my dream.
(The throbbing of my heart is loud)
Wherefore behind it came a blast
From the black going of the loch afar ? "

Here there is a marked difference, as usual, between Macpherson and the literal translation. The word *neo-mhinic* in the second line means "not often, unfrequent, or seldom," and *gann* means "scarce," but upon the whole perhaps "rare and brief thy coming to my dream" is better than "seldom art thou in the dreams of Malvina," because the word "Malvina" does not appear in this line. Malvina hears in her dream the voice of Oscar, long dead, and calls on the spirits of her fathers to open their gates to receive her spirit. The last line I would translate "from the dark rolling face of the lake yonder," because I think the lake meant must have been in sight, not far away. "Black going" is weak.

To be continued.

THE WAIL OF KINTAIL.

[It appears from the Valuation Roll of Ross and Cromarty for the current year that the surname of Mackenzie is practically extinct within the bounds of the parish of Kintail—the original home of the clan.]

The birch and bracken bloom and fade,
As years and seasons pass,
The wild flowers blossom in the dells,
And deers-grass trails in moss;
The heather still its perfume sweet
Spreads on the autumn gale,
But the race of brave Mackenzie now
No longer knows Kintail.

The eagle still her eyrie builds
In steep Scour Ourin's crag,
Ben Attow's corries shelter still
The hare, the fox, and stag;
In Morvich's shade and Invershiel
The curlew screams her wail,
That the home of the Mackenzie is
No longer in Kintail.

On Eilean Donan's crumbling walls
The ivy wildly grows,
Around its rocky islet base
The tide still ebbs and flows,
In breezes blowing o'er the ruins
Is heard the sad refrain,
Oh ! the race of brave Mackenzie now
No longer knows Kintail.

The five majestic sisters rear
Their hoary heads on high,
In sorrow oft they shroud them in
The cloudy western sky;
The torrents down their sides are tears
Of grief without avail,
For the cradle of Mackenzie rocks
No longer in Kintail.

Alas ! the clan may now be found
Wide scattered o'er the earth,
But not around those hoary hills
That gave the race their birth,
Except in that God's acre,
The old clachan in the vale,
Not one poor lone Mackenzie finds
A home in his Kintail.

CURLIANA DINGWALL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1904.

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CELTIC LITERATURE.

THOSE interested in Highland literature should scan our advertising pages this month, in which will be found particulars of a large number of most interesting volumes in the Gaelic language, as well as others in English which appeal to Highlanders generally. If readers do not find there the particular class of literature in which they are interested, the editor will be very pleased to answer any queries, and recommend the most useful reference books on any special subject.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Copies of Volume XI., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt lettering, can now be had, price 7/6 post free. Volumes V. to XI. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 each. Apply, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CORRECTION.—In last month's instalment of "The Reasons why I believe in the Ossianic Poems," a slight error occurred. For "it is remarkable that Macpherson does not give the English or Gaelic of 'Laoidh na Greine,'" read "it is remarkable that although Macpherson gives the English of 'Laoidh na Greine,' he should have lost the Gaelic, which was afterwards supplied to the Highland Society by the Rev. Mr. MacDiarmid, Weem."—K.N.M.

CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—The branch of this Society which was recently inaugurated in London has already proved a most encouraging success. An "At Home" was held a few days ago, which attracted a large attendance of clansfolk, representing the various Skye and Mull branches of the clan. The tables were covered with the dress and hunting tartans, and everything was done to carry the minds of those present away from the surroundings of London town, by associating their meeting with the objects familiar in Eilean a' Cheo. MacKinnon of MacKinnon, chief of the clan, and his charming lady were present, and were greatly delighted with the most enjoyable evening which was spent. The branch has already a membership of nearly eighty, and promises to be a vigorous offshoot of the parent stem in Glasgow.

GLENGARRY HIGHLANDERS.—Our kinsmen in Glengarry, Ontario, seem in some matters to have preserved their Highland spirit and characteristics better even than their countrymen in the old land. This is specially so in the fostering of the Gaelic language. On 12th March a great gathering of Glengarry Highlanders was held at Alexandria, Canada, for the purpose of "organising, outfitting, and maintaining an independent Company of Glengarry men" for the defence of the country. It is to consist of ninety men and ten officers, and pipers, in the Highland dress. Major-General Lord Dundonald is bearing the entire expense of outfitting the pipers and providing the pipes. The proceedings were of the most enthusiastic nature, and altogether our kinsmen in the New Glengarry in the great Dominion across the seas, have proved themselves worthy of the best traditions of their race. It is just such a movement as one would expect from the chivalrous and dauntless clansmen who figure in Connor's charming story "Glengarry Days."

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW AND THE "CELTIC LECTURESHIP.—On Tuesday, 29th ult., a largely attended meeting of this Society was held in the hall of the Religious Institution Rooms, Mr. John Mackay, editor *Celtic Monthly*, president, in the chair. Mr. Wm. M. Mackenzie, M.A., F.S.A., Scot., delivered a most instructive lecture on the "Antiquities of Lewis," which was illustrated with a large number of lime-light views of places and objects of antiquarian interest in the island. Thereafter, Principal Story, of Glasgow University, made a statement regarding the Celtic Lectureship which it was proposed to establish in connection with the University, and appealed to the Highlanders of Glasgow, and to the various local Celtic Societies, to give the project their most substantial financial support. On the motion of Mr. John Mackay, president, seconded by Professor Magnus Maclean, D.Sc., it was agreed to vote from the funds £10 per annum for five years, towards this deserving object, and to give the scheme their heartiest encouragement.

THE ANNUAL CONCERT OF THE ST. COLUMBA GAELIC CHOIR, which was held on the 23rd ult., was a red-letter event in the history of that celebrated choir. The Marquis of Tullibardine presided over a gathering numbering fully 1,500 persons, and delivered an address which, in no ordinary way, appealed to the sympathies of the audience. He welcomed the revival of interest in Highland matters, especially in connection with the Gaelic language and music, and strongly urged his countrymen to use every effort to make Gaelic the future language of the race, as it had once been in the past. He made reference to his gallant regiment "The Scottish Horse," for which he was still recruiting men, and stated that he intended visiting Tiree shortly, where some twenty sturdy Islanders had already enrolled, and where he still hoped to complete an entire squadron. The Choir thereafter gave a delightful concert of Gaelic music, the various soloists acquitting themselves well.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

IV.—The Macdonalds.

EVER associated with this clan is the legend of the red hand. Various versions of it are extant, but the following is one which has been told by Macdonald *seanachies*, and which is contained in the ancient manuscripts of the clan. Two brothers of the race of Coll Uais seeing the island of Islay at a distance from their native Ireland, resolved, both at once, to possess it. It was then agreed between them that they should start a race for it. Each got his *birlinn* ready with its full complement of men, and the race began. When within a short distance of landing one galley was a length only ahead—which shows how keen the contest was—whereupon the brother in the galley behind,

ANCIENT ARMORIAL OF THE MACDONALDS.

seeing that the race was won by the other, placed his left hand on the gunwale and with his own sword cut it off, and threw it ashore, saying as he did so, "*Tha m' fhuil agus m' fheòil air tìr romhad*"—My flesh and blood are on shore ahead of you. The man who so acted was the ancestor of the Macdonalds. Islay was of course the first possession of the family in Scotland. The red hand—*Lamh dhearg*—can be traced in the Macdonald arms in 1292. It appears in a seal of Alexander, Lord of the Isles, of that date, but without the cross crosslet. The bloody hand holding the cross-crosslet is the crest of the Macdonalds exclusively. It is generally understood that the clans who have the hand in their coat of arms were at one time or other vassals of the Lords of the Isles. The cross, as part of the Macdonald arms, cannot be

traced further back than 300 years. The story of the cross is this:—A descendant of Conn and an ancestor of the Macdonalds, acted the same part as Constantine the Great did in establishing Christianity in the Roman Empire, by helping St Patrick to establish it in Ireland, and in this way the cross became associated with his name.

As my readers are aware the oldest Gaelic charter we possess is that by Donald, son of John Macdonald, and grandson of Robert, 2nd King of Scotland. The date of the charter is 1408, and conveys certain lands to Brian Vicar Mackay. Another charter granted by a Macdonald—also to a Mackay—is that which relates to certain lands at Kilmahumaig, near the village of Bellanoch on the Crinan Canal. Here is a green mound called *Dun-Dòmhnuill* (Dun-Donald), where the Lords of the Isles were wont to dispense justice. Tradition states that on one occasion a criminal who had just been condemned to death, broke from his keepers in presence of his chief and escaped to the hills. In wrath Donald ordered a pursuit, in which one of his followers, remarkable for fleetness of foot, speedily overtook the culprit, and after a severe struggle secured and conducted him back, when the sentence was at once carried into effect. To recompense the captor the chief bestowed on him the lands of Kilmahumaig, the charter running in Gaelic as follows:—

"Tha mise Dòmhnull nan Dòmhnull, am shuidhe air Dùn-Dòmhnaill, a tabhairt còir o'n diugh gus am màireach, dhuitse Mhic Aoidh bhig Chill-ma-shumaig, suas gu Flaitheas Dhé, agus sìos go h-Ifrinn, fhad 's a shéideas gaoth 'sa ruitheas uisge, agus so an làthair Catrìona mo bhean agus Airig bheag mo bhanaltrum."—I, Donald of Clan Donald sitting on Dun Donald, give a right from to-day till to-morrow to you, little Mackay of Kilmahumaig, up to God's

heaven and down to hell as long as wind blows and water runs; this I do in presence of my wife Catriona, and little Effie, my nurse.

It is said that Mackay was, by advice, brought to hold his land of the Argyll family for a feu-duty of something below a shilling. There is no Mackay there now.

ALLAN MACRUAIRE.

At one time there was a bitter feud between Allan Macdonald of Clan Ranald, better known as Allan MacRuaire, and Maclean of Duart, probably Hector Odhar, 9th chief. Allan was the dread and terror of all the neighbouring clans, and at one time had the three powerful chiefs of Macleod, Macintosh, and Mackay of Strathnaver confined in Castle Tioram. At this time Allan desired to pass between Moidart and the small Isles, and sailed with one vessel only. He was at the time on the very worst terms with the chief of the Macleans. The man on the look-out descried another large *birlinn* coming round the point of Ardnamurchan. "Whose is she?" asked Allan. "The Chief of Maclean's." "My dire foe," ejaculated Allan.

SHIELD OF THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

"Shall we put about?" asked the steersman. "She will overtake us," said the watchman; "she is large and full of men." "Go on," said Allan, "spread my plaid over me, stretched on this beam; if hailed or questioned, say you are conveying Allan MacRuaire's remains to Iona. Play the family Lament, piper." They were hailed, and answered as directed. "Let them pass with the dead," said the Chief of Maclean, "we are well quit of Allan." As soon as they were out of sight, Allan arose and said—"Row to the nearest point of Mull." He landed, and taking some of his men ordered the rest to row to Aros Bay. On his way across to Aros he set fire to the houses. In the meantime Maclean landed in Moidart and commenced to carry off the cattle. Some who ascended the highest hill saw the island of Mull in smoke, and immediately informed their chief. "Ha!" says he, "Allan is come alive; leave the cattle, and let us back and intercept our foe on his return." When Allan arrived at Aros, he boarded his galley, and said—"Row, men to Loch Suaineart, and avoid a second meeting; quick, ere he doubles the point." They landed at Salen, Loch Suaineart; withdrawing the wooden pins the *birlinn*

was soon in planks, and on the shoulders of the men, and soon launched on the waters of Sheilfoot, and Allan was in his castle as soon as Maclean arrived at his own; and thus saved his cattle by burning a few thatched houses.

SEADUNE—A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

BY LUCY H. SOUTAR

"A little strip of golden sand
Divides the water from the land."

I.

BONNIE JOHNNIE.

"—— such crowds are issuing forth, named
John at the same moment——"—*Leigh Hunt.*

HE was sixty and she was eighty-three. Their locks were thinned and were white as the winter's snows; still she always called him "my boy," and was there not the same difference to-day in their ages as when sixty years ago she fondly clasped her first-born to her breast, and thanked her God it was a laddie!

Johnnie was the only child God gave her. Flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, straight of limb and pure of heart, a laddie that never knew a day's illness. "Aye, but he's a bonnie boy!" said the village Highlanders. "Bonnie" meant, in their Gaelic tongue, "good health," and by the sobriquet "Bonnie Johnnie" he was distinguished from the numerous village urchins of the name of John.

The neighbours knew little of his father; a holy man who died young and left his widow a life interest in the business, was his unwritten history, and a widowhood of fifty-five years had dimmed even the wife's recollections of the father of her boy. His business was that of a master-mason, and when Johnnie was seventeen years of age he followed in his father's footsteps, and by degrees enlarged the business, so that at this time when we are introduced to him, he was the principal master-mason north of the Kyle.

During these sixty years few changes had taken place in his home; imperceptably the flaxen hair had turned white, but the blue eyes had not changed with time, but retained, as in childhood, the same innocent look; the lines of the face had slightly altered with years, and the smooth skin was tanned by exposure; the beard, closely cut round the chin, was white and stubbled, and the mouth had grown firmer; a few furrows on the brow were the only marks left by thought and business worries. The old home remained unchanged throughout all these sixty years, with the exception that Mrs. Shaw, Johnnie's mother, had latterly to employ the services of a girl to aid her in her housework, but only in the daytime; at six o'clock Martha returned to her mother's house, and Johnnie and his mother had it all their own way after that hour.

She was eighty-three the first and only time I saw her; the winter had been severe, old folk said, "a worse winter they had na had for nigh on forty year. The young folk never knew its like." Mrs. Shaw had been a hale body all her days; once or twice she had had a threatening of bronchitis, which the village folk pronounced "brown kittens," and it was through this mispronunciation that I came to know her.

The mother of Mrs. Shaw's servant girl had helped me to get my house into order, when I, an ignorant southerner, took up my abode in the village of Seadune, and among many bits of news told me Mrs. Shaw had "brown kittens!" I had always liked cats—I might say loved them, and to possess a brown fluffy kitten was my ambition, so I made up my mind to call on the possessor of these brown kittens, and ask for one as a little companion. It was the month of February and the snowdrops were in bloom, and some of the bolder spring flowers were showing colour; with a bunch of these early blooms I knocked at Mrs. Shaw's door. It was opened to me by Martha, and at my request to see Mrs. Shaw, Martha shewed me into the little old lady's bedroom; though not aware of my mistake, I saw my visit was ill-timed and my hostess too ill to be questioned about kittens.

Raised up among her pillows she was breathing painfully, her befrilled night-cap all but covered her snow-white hair, her face was pinched and drawn, the scrupulously clean bedroom lacked not for comforts; it was easily seen a life was ebbing away. She did not greet me as a new acquaintance, but talked of "her boy" as if he were still a child; her only regret seemingly was leaving him behind to be cared for by strangers; she never realized he was a man, he, who had long reached the years of manhood, and was now descending the other side of the hill of life.

His mother's impression had been imbibed by the villagers, and Mister Johnnie with all his apparent matrimonial qualifications to an outsider, had never been regarded by the spinsters of the place as a man who might long ago have shouldered the cares and blessings of a wedded life. Quietly, evenly, monotonously, day after day passed until years slipped by; no new needs arose to call forth new energies, and in easy comfort "Bonnie Johnnie" retained his youth and youthful ways till death came to interrupt the smooth current of a life rare in its placid content.

On the night of my visit the wind rose to hurricane violence as it swept through the pine

trees, shaking anew their burden of whiteness into feathery showers of snow. The blast drove great wreaths against doors and windows, and hurled in its fury blinding drifts of softness into white mountains. Johnnie sat at his mother's bedside and held her wrinkled hand in his; there was peace within, the peat fire cast a bright light in the chamber where only the laboured breathing was heard, tears rolled slowly down Johnnie's rounded cheeks and fell on his mother's withered hand.

"Dinna greet, my boy, the way's nae lang noo," she murmured, and gently the aged mother slipped lower among her pillows, and regardless of the storms without the spirit winged its way to rest, and "her boy" was left motherless and alone.

II.

BIRDIE GRAY.

"'Tis little, but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.—*Tennyson.*

THE sea was moaning and dashing its full waves in long trails of white foam on the pebble-strewn sands, the sky was overcast, and in the gray light the wing of the seagull flashed like silver as it dived for its morning meal in the troubled waters. In the elements there was a feeling of unrest, and this feeling was reflected in the usually placid nature of John Shaw. It was Sunday morning, the church bell had not yet tolled the hour of nine to rouse the sleepy villagers on the day of rest; the window blinds were still drawn and the doors were closed; a few hens strutted in the village street, and the cocks greeted one another with their morning chant. Johnnie was restless; he had risen at the hour of the working day and wandered along the beach; his head was bent and his face wore a care-worn expression.

At the east end of the village was the churchyard; situated on a rising piece of ground, it commanded a good view of the surrounding country and a wide stretch of the ocean. Leaving the beach Johnnie entered its unlocked iron gate and picked his steps over the flat tombstones, graves of the forgotten dead, which now formed a pathway; beating down with his walking stick the rank weeds, which luxuriated in their unhindered growth, he took a shorter way to a newly-made grave. Unheeding some of the strange epitaphs on the crumbling tombstones, he never raised his head until he reached the granite slab where newly-cut letters told—"Elsie M'Donald, relict of John Shaw" lay at rest by the side of her husband, dead fifty-five years before. Johnnie's grief for his mother was the grief of a child for the loss of its best friend. He had never been without her, and he missed the doing of little services for her; he missed her doing for him, and he rebelled at the vacancy her death had left; not for one moment would he wish her back to suffer, but to her absence he could not become reconciled; thought chased thought, and the tears stole down his cheeks, and in his heart there was a feeling of loneliness unknown before to the child man.

He was roused from his meditations by a shrill voice wishing him "Good morning"; raising his head he saw a nimble little creature tripping towards him from the higher part of the churchyard, her red skirt held up by one tiny hand, while in the other she held a white pocket handkerchief; a tippet of ermine covered her shoulders, and a white boat-shaped hat, with long ostrich feathers was on her head; beneath it fell her hair in brown ringlets. As she came nearer one noticed the face was not that of a young woman, and the eyes sparkled with an unnatural brightness.

"Good morning, Miss Gray, said Johnnie, raising his hat.

"I have been waving to Horace, been waving!" she said excitedly, and waved her handkerchief as if to demonstrate what she had said. "I did not see the boat, but I think Horace saw me," and she laughed a childish laugh, making her ringlets dance anew, and continued her way. Johnnie turned from his mother's grave and followed her out of the churchyard; in passing a gray granite monument his eyes dwelt for one moment on the words written in gold—"The sea gave up the dead," but his companion tripped on unheedingly. At the iron gate she waved a good-bye to him and with light dancing steps and trilling a snatch of a love song, she disappeared into a pretty little cottage that stood on the outskirts of the village.

Little Miss Gray's eccentricities had long ceased to excite the inhabitants of Seadune; she had spent the past twenty years among them and they had become accustomed to her. Her life was one great "to-morrow," her mind went no further; for twenty years the present had been a blank, she was still the young girl of eighteen, waiting for the return of the boat with her lover, Horace Seymour.

It was just such another April morning as this when he, full of life, hired a boat, and along with two fisher lads from the village pushed their craft out into the waters, when the gray dawn broke in the east and the sea mews uttered their wail over a restless sea. Horace Seymour was on a visit to his uncle and aunt, and future bride, at the village inn of Seadune. Colonel Gray, a keen angler, often spent the early Spring in the Highlands, where he could enjoy his favourite pastime. Beatrix and her mother had

accompanied the Colonel, and Horace with a week's leave of absence from his regiment was enjoying himself with his little cousin and sweetheart in fishing and boating, riding and walking, and every play a young man full of health and spirits and the means to enjoy them, could indulge in.

"It is to be a rare sail to-morrow morning, Birdie," he said, as he wished his little cousin good-night. "And you'll wave to me from the knoll in the kirk-yard!"

Birdie had waved that morning and many a to-morrow morning since that sad day when the Colonel and his family were at breakfast, and saw the doctor, then a young active man, approaching the hotel; the Colonel was summoned to the smoking-room, and there the doctor told him he feared some mishap had taken place, for on the beach a mile distant from the village was found the partially stripped body of one of the fisher lads who had gone out in the boat with Captain Seymour; footprints from the tide mark told the tale that the lad had swam ashore and dropping from exhaustion, died before he could tell of a catastrophy which sent a thrill of grief throughout the country side. Boats manned by brave men sought in vain a trace of the lost; the ocean kept its secret, the waves moaned their dirge, and until the sea gives up its dead Horace Seymour, and Duncan Rhua shall rest beneath its ceaseless billows. Public subscription raised a monument over Hector Gilchrist's grave, and the tale of sorrow is still read by visitors who visit Seadune churchyard; but Birdie Gray never heeds it. A long illness, where life struggled with death, and then intellect struggled with the body, left her bodily whole, but the memory a blank. At her home in Yorkshire the body drooped and her parents yielded to the doctor's advice to let her live in her present, and thus at Seadune little Miss Gray dwells, cared for by her trustworthy servant Alice, petted by the county ladies, respected by the villagers, and waiting unconsciously for that grand morrow, which shall unite her with her Horace in the land where there is "no more sea."

(To be continued.)

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—This Society met in the Rooms, Forrest Road, Edinburgh, on 17th March, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, Vice-Pres., in the chair. An interesting discussion took place regarding the conditions and rentals in connection with the crofting settlement in Strathnaver, some of which seemed rather unfair to the tenants. It was decided to make further enquiry, as the clan are greatly interested in the success of the settlement, and will grudge no effort to achieve this result. It was agreed to encourage the movement in support of the teaching of Gaelic being more adequately recognised in the New Scottish Education Bill.

OSSIANIC POEMS.

SIR,—I shall not seek to intrench on your valuable space to make any reference or reply to the remarks about the correct rendering of Gaelic in the first portion of Mr. Macdonald's letter in the last issue of the "Celtic Monthly." I am quite content, if I be in error, to err with the Rev. Thomas Ross, Mr. Patrick MacGregor, and other eminent Gaelic scholars who have made translations of Macpherson's Gaelic poems.

I am not a Gaelic scholar, though I have known the language all my life, and I don't take up the cudgels—or shall we say dirk?—for Macpherson, but very much the reverse. I should therefore be glad if you would grant me space in which to deal with what Mr. MacDonald says in the latter portion of his letter.

When I said that stories were handed down orally from prehistoric times, I, of course, meant in prose and verse. Some of these stories and poems were, at a later date when Gaelic became a written language, preserved in manuscript; and all of them, whether handed down orally or preserved in manuscript, were

ASSIGNED TO OSSIAN,

though there is not a scrap of real evidence that he was the author of any of them—and he certainly was not the author of all. Such of these manuscripts as now exist (in Edinburgh, Oxford, Dublin, and in private hands), have been guarded with jealous care. The only Gaelic manuscripts that apparently received no care at all were those handed over to Macpherson; they do not now exist. That these stories and so-called Ossianic poems were recited in the Highlands till recent times, is common knowledge. When I was a boy I heard some of those stories recited in Sutherland, the subject being battles between the Feinne and the King of Lochlin. It is not disputed that Macpherson was given the Book of Clanranald and other Gaelic manuscripts, or that poems were recited to him which he took down in writing. But—and this is the significant fact to which I would call Mr. Macdonald's attention—these original manuscripts and the copies made by himself from the recitations, *were never again seen*, and they did not exist at his death when his papers were examined. The owners of these manuscripts pressed Macpherson for their return but in vain.

I had occasion lately to look through the books, manuscripts, and records in the possession of the

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON,

and there I found ample evidence to show that the Society had for years been pressing Macpherson in the best interests of Celtic literature, to himself publish, or allow the Society to publish, the Gaelic originals. He would not. First, it was want of time; then want of funds. When ample funds were subscribed by Highlanders in India and paid over to him, he said he would publish the Gaelic originals as they came into his hands as soon as possible. But nothing was done, though Macpherson stuck to the money. At his death he left Mr. John Mackenzie, Hon. Secretary of the Highland Society, executor of his will, with £1,000 for publishing Ossian's poems in the original Gaelic. When Mr. Mackenzie came

to examine the papers left by Macpherson, he found none of the

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

except one mutilated volume which contained none of these poems, nor what was taken down during the recitals; they had all disappeared. What he found was the Gaelic text as arranged by Macpherson (helped perhaps by better Gaelic scholars than himself) either by translations from the English already published, or a patchwork mixture made up of what he had collected in the Gaelic and his own additions—it does not matter which—and this is what was published in 1807 under the rather misleading title of "The Poems of Ossian in the Original Gaelic." Other collections have been made in different parts of the Highlands since Macpherson's time—most of them are arranged in "Leabhar na Feinne," but nothing was ever found like Macpherson's. No person was ever met with who could recite the poems, or even a hundred lines, as given by Macpherson; Macpherson's Ossianic poems were only known in the Gaelic to one man—James MacPherson.

MACPHERSON WAS A HIGHLANDER.

He had been given, and had collected what were thought to be poems by the heroic bard of his country, of whose reputation he would surely be very careful. Why then did he not issue them in the first instance in the language in which they were composed, with an accompanying translation in English? And why, in all the years from 1760, when the first poems were published, till his death in 1796, during which he and the poems were subjected to the most scathing criticism, did he not produce the originals and so vindicate himself and them? It is surely obvious that there can only be one reply.

I should be sorry to think that, as Mr. Macdonald says, there are thousands of Highlanders at home and in the Colonies who still believe in the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic poems; yet it may be so, for

SUCH BELIEFS DIE HARD,

and believing in them was for a long time considered a point of honour by Highlanders.

Mr. Macdonald is good enough to give me what he calls "news I did not ask for," and asks me to pass it on to the editor of the "Encyclopædia Brittanica" in the hope, I suppose, that it will convince that learned gentleman of the error of his ways. Mr. Macdonald thinks that Mr. Macleod's letter to Dr. Blair accounts for at least one original, and adds that if I prove that Mr. Macleod was a fabricator and forger he will believe the Celtic scholars, but not till then. Far be it from me to attempt to purchase Mr. Macdonald's conversion at such a price. The effect of this news, which is not news but an old story, on me is but to strengthen my disbelief of Macpherson and all his works.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THIS FAMOUS CAR

were collected by others in different parts of the Highlands—two are given in *Leabhar na Feinne*—and they all agree, more or less, with only such differences as oral transmission would involve, but they are not the same as Macpherson's, and they are not descriptions of a war chariot that could possibly belong to Cuchullin, and Ossian was not the original composer, but some one who lived many centuries after he was in his grave. Mr. Macdonald argues that because Macpherson got a description of this car in Mr. Macleod's house—a description which he did not use, but substituted one of his own—we are to accept it and the rest of the poems as Ossianic. Are we to believe that

NINETEEN CENTURIES AGO

in the wild roadless Highlands of Scotland, or in Ireland among a rude semi-civilized people, there was such a war chariot as is here described—such as would be considered a miracle of perfection in the most luxurious days of ancient Rome? We know that the Celts of Gaul and South Britain used war chariots, but they were very rude vehicles, consisting of rough pieces of wood fastened together by thongs. These chariots were used as cavalry, for in those days the Celts did not ride. Macpherson brings this chariot on the scene in a way that stamps it as entirely his own. We are told that the

SONS OF LOCHLIN

heard a noise on the hills. Swaran and his warriors have a discussion as to whether the noise is like "the loud roar of a winter torrent" or (marvellous difference). "the hum of dancing flies at even"—whether it is "the warlike sons of Erin," or "a whirlwind in the wood"—and the king sends his scout to see which it is. The word "scout" suggests all one can conceive of coolness, daring, and self-sacrifice in war. But see what sort of scout we have foisted on us as from the heroic bard.

"He went and trembling swift returned,
His eyes rolled wildly round,
His heart beat high against his side,
His words were faltering broken slow."

NOT MUCH OF "THE LOVAT SCOUT" ABOUT HIM.

In this sad state of mortal funk, not very conducive to careful observation one would think, he gives the king this minute description of the advancing car—even the names of the horses—and, as we might expect from such a craven, advises the king to "fly from the hero who comes."

At a time when the more civilized Celts of South Britain were facing the Romans clothed in skins, with their bodies painted with woad, Macpherson makes Cuchullin and his warriors fight in coats of mail of highly tempered—*dubh ghorm*—steel. Every page of these

SO-CALLED OSSIANIC POEMS

bears on it the stamp of modernism and mediocrity, both as regards language and ideas. If Mr. Macdonald would care to know the real Cuchullin and his heroes he should read Lady Gregory's "Cuchullin or Muirthemne." There he will find something better than the sham creation of James Macpherson. I hope that in my next box of books from the library I shall find "The Literature of the Highlands." I am curious to see what a Celtic scholar like Professor Maclean has to say about Macpherson's "Ossian."

I am, etc., G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

"THE SYMBOL OF THE APOSTLES" is the title of a most interesting little volume just published by the Very Rev. Alex. Macdonald, D.D., of Antigonish, Canada. It has met with a most favourable reception among Highlanders in Nova Scotia. Bishop Macdonald of Charlottetown describing it as a contribution of the highest value to the historic aspect of our faith." It should find a ready sale on this side of the Atlantic.

BUAIDH NA BLIADHNA '45 AIR A GHAIDHEALTACHD.

[The following essay on "The Influence of the '45 on the Highlands," contributed by Mrs. K. W. Grant, New Zealand, was awarded first prize at the recent Gaelic Mòd at Inverness.]

RI sealltuinn mu'n cuairt, theireadh duine gur i a cheud leth do 'n fhreagairt:—Tha na Gàidheil air an sgapadh gu iomall gach tìr air an domhan: tha 'Ghàidhealtachd 'na fàsaichean agus 'na làraichean; tha ar n-uaislean a 'reic an coir-bhreith ri coigrich; tha 'chuid is modha do'n bheagan sluaigh a th' air am fàgail, 'nan seirbheisich aig na coigrich sin; agus tha'n còr do'n phobull a tuineadh mar is fheàrr a dh' fhaodas iad air stiallagan fearainn taobh nan cladaichean, agus am measg geadan nan creachann.

Ach tha sgoil shaor anns gach sgìreachd: tha rathad-mòr réidh fo bhonn a choisiche bho Churrachd-na-Corruich gu rùdha Roisneoïdh, agus drochaid thairis air gach sruth: tha'n snaithne caol sin air am bheil na dealanaich a ruith air ghnothuch, a 'snuimeadh gach clachan aonaranach, an aon chuid ris a bhaile mhòr, ris gach ceàrn eile do'n chruinne: tha na slatan lùbach a tha 'nan slighe do'n each-iaruinn 'gan leagadh sìos feadh nam beann, ann ar fàsaichean fraoich, agus mu'n cuairt nan cinn-sàile: agus theid litir a ghiùlan air son sgillinn ruadh do'n àite 's dìomhaire, agus is fhaid' às 'an iompaireachd Bhreatunn.

Tha'n leth so do'n fhreagairt cho fìor ris a cheud chuid. Ach tha e mar fhiachadh oirnn amharc na's mionaidiche 's a chùis, agus gach ni fa leth a thoirt 'na òrdugh. Gu freagairt cheart a thoirt, feumar seallsuinn, car prioba, na's fhaid' air ais na 'Bhliadhna Theàrlaich.

O'n àm 's an deachaidh craobh ar sinnsear a chur ann an Albainn,—mu 1500—1200 roimh linn Chriosd,—bha a cinneas fallain, àrd. Ach mu'n bhliadhna 1000 do 'n linn so thainig caochladh. Phòs righ Albainn ban-phrionnsa Shasunnach. Air do na Tuathaich a thainig ás an Fhraing na h-uaislean Sasunnach fhuadachadh às an tìr fhéin, dhròbh iad a stigh do Albainn. Thug an righ oighreachdan do'n fhearann a b' fheàrr do chàirdean a mhnatha. Chaidh a Bheurla 'thoirt a stigh; chaidh a Ghàidhlig 'fhuadachadh ás a chùirt agus ás na mòid; agus chaidh an Eaglais Bhreatunnach a chur fodha.

O'n àm sin chaidh amharc oirnne mar gu'm bu choigrich sinn 'an ioghachd ar sinnear, agus anns an rathad air na Goill. Bha ar cànain, ar n-earradh, agus sinn fein n-ar n-oilbheum dhaibh. Thug sinne gu cridheil fuath dhaibh; rinn sinn dioghaltas orra mar a b' fhearr 's a bu bhitheanta 'b'urrainn duinn.

Air ar n-iomain na b'fhaide 's na b' fhaide 'dh 'ionnsuidh an iair, chaidh ar druideadh uidh air n-uidh 'an daingneach tìr nam beann. Leth cheud bliadhna 10 'n '45, na'n robh e'n comas nan Gall, bha sinn air ar lom-sgrios bhar uachdar an tala'mh. Ach bha 'n làmh 's an robh an tuath air a h-ais, cha deachaidh eadhoin Mort Ghlinne Cothann leò cho buileach 's a bu mhath leò.

Bheir na nithean sin uile oirnn a thuigsinn ciamar a leig iad a mach am fuath air na Gàidheil an uair a thug blàr Chuilfodair an cothram dhaibh. Cuidichidh iad, mar an ceudna, dhuinn a thuigsinn nach robh e maith dhuinn air gach taobh fa leth, marsainn air ar roinn an aghaidh a chéile.

A thuilleadh air sin, cha robh e maith dhuinne mar shluagh a bhi air ar dinneadh a stigh ann an oisinn. Ged a bha sinn sona sunndach, bha sinn air ar creachadh, an toiseach leis na Lochlannaich, agus na dhéigh sin leis na Goill, do gach meadhon a chumadh deagh eòlas beò 'nar measg. Bha e'n t-àm gabhail againn ma bha sinn ri toradh a ghiùlan as ùr; agus b' e'n t-àm 's an do thachair e, a bhliadhna '45.

Air dòigh na d'thug masladh air ar n-ainm mar Ghàidheil, thuit am buille. Chaidh geugan maiseach madurra craoibh ar sinnsear a sgath, agus an deagh shean stoc a ghearradh sios, cha mhòr gu a bun. Bu ghoirt e ri 'ghiùlan; bu chràiteach e'n uair a chaidh fleumhan a shracadh a suas, a bh' air dol domhain, fairsuing a sìos 's an talamh. Ach b' fheudar 'fhulang, agus b'i a bhliadhna '45 a rinn an obair. Tha còr agus ceud-ga-leth bliadhn' air ruith o'n àm sin, gidheadh cha'n 'eil e ach mar an dé. B' aithne do'm mhàthair duine a chunnaic, an uair a bha e ceithir bliadhna dh' aois, a Mhorairne 'na lasair aig saighdearan an fhir-chasgraidh Cumberland. Bha fathast cumhachd 's an achd an aghaidh earradh a' bhreacain an uair a rugadh mo shean-mhàthair. Thug so e thun an doruis dhomhsa.

Tha còr agus ceud-gu-leth bliadhn' air ruith o'n àm sin, gidheadh tha e mar cheudan linn. Oir tha eòlas air meudachadh cho bras, gu 'r gann a tha astar na ùine ann nis mò; agus tha 'leithid do chrith ghluasad air a chruinne-ché, a falbh 'sa tighinn, gu'm bheil slòigh an t-saoghail a nis cho dlùth air aon a chéile agus cho eòlach 'sa bha fineachan na Gàidhealtachd air a chéile an sin. Oir tha obair mile bliadhn' air a dheanamh 'an tiota leis an linn a th' air ùr chriochnachadh.

Ciod, matà, a bhuaidh a bh' aig a' bhliadhna '45 air a' Ghàidhealtachd? 'S ann a réir a cor an diugh a bheirear breith. An déigh iad féin a shàsuchadh le fuil nan Gàidheal, thugadh dà chaochladh mòr a stigh le muinntir Lunainn.

Ghabhan rioghachd thairis o na Cinn-Chinnidh gach còir a bh' aca thairis air an t-sluagh; ach a mhàin an còir air a mhàl a thogail.

Thugadh an airm, agus earradh a' bhreacain o'n t-sluagh, agus, faodar a ràdh, an cànain.

Mar so chaidh dà bhuille gheur, chuimseach a thoirt do na nithe sin anns an robh ar beata mar shluagh a co-sheasamh; na nithe a shonruich sinn, o'n leth a muigh, mar Ghàidheil. Bha a cheud chaochladh a chum ar n-ùmhlachd a thoirt a' làmh a Cheann-Cinneadh, agus a shocruchadh air an rìgh: b' e 'n dara caochladh—a chabar a thoirt bhàr damh donn na cròice. Fad deich air fhichead bliadhna, 'se sin, fhad 'sa bha ginealach òg ag éiridh suas, a dh' fhàs cleachdta ris na briogaisean dh' fhuiling sinn an smachd maslach mu dheireadh so. Cha'n 'eil am breacan a nis ach 'na chuimhneachan air an àm a dh' fhalbh. Chunnaic mi, gu dearbh, ann an siorr'achd Pheairt far an robh an t-fhéile air a chaitheamh mar a b' abhàist; agus chunnaic mi duine 'dol do'n chrannaig agus a toirt searmoin, 's an fhéile, ach air a shon sin uile, cha'n earradh ar dùthcha a nis mò:—beannachd leis!—agus a réir coltais cha bhi a Ghàidhlig fada 'ga leantainn, 's e sin *anns a Ghàidhealtachd:* tha i 'tòiseachadh ri a ceann a thogail—taing do Ni Math—an àitean eile!

Bha buaidh a bu chudthromaiche air a h-uile dòigh—math is olc—aig a chaochladh eile, a tha, gu dearbh, 'na màthair-aobhair do gach ni a tha mar theine 'nar cnàmhan a thaobh na Gàidhealtachd air an la-diugh.

A suas gus a bhliadhna '45, bha na Gàidheil fo riaghladh athaireil a Cheann-Cinneadh. B'e 'n Ceann-Cinneadh an ceann-feadhna 'an àm cogaidh; am fear-lagh aig a h-uil' àm, am breitheamh anns gach cùis eadar duine 's duine. Bu leis am fearann, ach bu leis e gu maith an iomlain a chumail air adhart, agus rinn e a dhachaidh am measg a shluaigh; bha ann an tomhas mòr an aon ruith orra. Mar so bha uachdarain is ìochdarain ceangailte gu dlùth ri chéile tre ghràdh, tre dhìlseachd, tre dhìon còirean aon a chéile.

Bhriseadh gach ceangal dhiubh so, ach ceangal an airgid. Thoisich na triathan ri fuireach 's na bailtean. Dh' fhàs iad aineolach air an ìochdarain. Chuir iad seirbheisich thairis air an oighreachdan. Tha e cosdail tighinn beò ann am baile-mòr, gu sonruichte 'n uair a tha inbhe àrd ri 'chumail suas; cha robh gu leòir do thighinn-a-stigh aig na h-uaislean ann am màl nan daoine cumanta. Thoisich an sluagh ri 'bhi air an sguabadh as an rathad. Rinn mòran diubh dol air imrich-cuain; cuid eile imrich do na bailtean-margaidh; chrùbain cuid eile far am faodadh iad, aig an tigh.

Chaidh fearainn mhòra chaorach a shuidheachadh, gus an deachaidh an crios geal, mu'n do labhair Coinneach Odhar, a sparradh air a Ghàidhealtachd.

An sin chaidh bacadh air na sruthan 's na lochain; air gach beathach is ean d' am b' àbhaist cuibhrionn a bhi aig an t-sluagh. Agus an sin thainig caochladh a thuilleadh.

Thionndaidh leabhraichean-naigheachd aon duine, tàir agus fuachd an t-saoghail ris na Gàidheil gu blàthas agus fàbhar. Thòisich feachd nan luchd-turnis ris a Ghàidhealtachd a thaghal. Mhiannaich iad greis a chur seachad 's an dùthaich. Chaidh àros an duine mhòir a ghabhail, agus thug sin airgiod dà. An sin thainig na féidh gu 'bhi luachmhor, agus thainig feum air an sguabach a rithis, a chum an sluagh a bh' air fhàgail a chur às an rathad, no 'stigh do na cùiltean.

Chaidh na h-àitean-ionaltraidh a bha saor aig duine 's am bith, a roinn leis na triathan eatorra féin—a chuid mhòr dhiùbh — agus, mur 'eil àirighean 's na h-eileana, cha 'n aithne dhomh gu'm bheil iad ri fhaotainn a nis air tìr-mòr.

Aig an àm so tha e neo-cheadaichte do iasgair gealag a gheibh e 'na lìon a ghleidheadh, ma tha e taobh stigh do'n uidhir so'shlatan do'n chladach. Ciod a th' air fhagail aig daoine bochda gu tighinn beò air!

Tha bàthaiche an duine-mhòir dìonach, an t-ùrlar cho glan ri ùrlar seòmair; tha tigh a bhantraich leis an tubha air tolladh, agus, ri àm fliuch, an t-ùrlar creadha 'na lodan.

Tha na féidh air am bruich air son coin an t-sealgair, agus na daoine 'dol a dhith—cha, mhòr, gun ghearan. Tha 'n coigreach, air a dheagh thuarasdal, a faire thairis air an inbhir; tha athraichean an sluaigh, seanndaidh, crom, a' dol 7-9 mìle gu an obair, agus a coiseachd dhachaidh gu claoidhte 's an fheasgar. Tha sgoil a nasgaidh aig a chlann. Ionnsuchadh mar'an àitean eile, 'ga dhinneadh 's an eanchainn, gun oilean no foghlum 's a chridhe. Tha, thall 's a bhos, oisinn far am faighear clann mar a bu chleachdta 'm faotainn 's an dùthaich, ach far am modha a tha 'n sluagh a measgadh leis na Goill tha 'chlann a fàs beadaidh, mì-mhodhail, dàna.

Tuigear air na nithe so uile nach *Gàidhealtachd* tìr nam beann nis mò. Tha na beanntan, 's na glinn an sin fathast, ach c'àite 'm bheil na Gàidheil?—

Ach, tha taobh eil' air a mhaoil!'

Chuir a bhliadhna '45 crìoch air riaghladh athaireil nan Ceann-Cinneadh. Cha robh an Gàidheal ri 'bhi 'na leanabh na 's fhaide. Chaidh gach ceangal a bhriseadh a chumadh e gun seasamh air a bhonn féin. Tha e saor gu 'bhi 'na dhuine, air tighinn gu aois, agus làn inbhe; freagarrach a mhàin do'n rioghachd. A so suas is i a choguis; toil mhath, uasal, cheart a tha ri a bhi 'n àite fear-iùil. Tha geatachan an deagh eòlais farsuing fosgailte dha. Faodaidh an Gàidheal òg—ma tha 'n smior ann—ceum a chumail ris an fhear is fhaid' air adhart 'am

foghlum, 's am fiosrachadh. Tha co-ionnan cothram, tha co-ionnan seasamh aige ri neach 's am bith eil' air uachdar an talaimh, ann an cur cath na beatha. Tha so taghta math, oir tha e uidhir ri 'ràdh gu 'm bheil ar soirbheachadh agus ar buaidh—le comhnadh a Chruithear—'nar làmhan fhéin.

'S iad smachd agus oilean comharradhan cloinne, agus tha sin 'na aobhar dòchais a thaobh na Gàidhealtachd. C'àite 'n robh Africa 'n diugh mar bhì gu 'n deachaidh fear a bha 'na Gàidheal gu chùl, 'ga rannsuchadh; agus ciamar a gheibheadh e 'n t-eòlas feumail mar biodh e air fhuadachadh á Ulbha? C' àite 'n robh Canada agus New Zealand an diugh mur bhì na Gàidheil? Tha iad sin a cur dhachaidh na feòla dhuinn deas glan gu 'cur 's a phoit, tha iad a cur ìm, càise, is olann, gun ghuth air fiodh agus nithe feumail eile. Tha cuid diubh air lagh a thoirt a mach, nach faod buill aon teaghlach tuilleadh na àireamh shonruichte acair-fhearainn a shealbhachadh, air eagal gu'n tigeadh gorta fearainn gu bràth air an t-sluagh.

Tha ioma ni a dhùraichdinn a ràdh air an taobh so do 'n chùis; ach ghabhadh e leabhar iomlan gu ceartas a dheanamh ris, agus tha mi air tighinn gu crioch nan 2000 facal, ach beag, agus 's fheudar cumail ris an àireamh a th'air a luathsachadh. DI-CHOIMHEAD.

COULD MACPHERSON COMPOSE 'OSSIAN'?

SIR,—Having read the important and learned letters of Dr. K. N. Macdonald on this question, through the medium of your columns, and believing that that gentleman's opinions are candidly given from the multitudinous facts he has acquired, all bearing on the authenticity of Ossian and his poems, with your permission I will show that James Macpherson did not and could not compose the poems in question, and from the evidence already given by Dr. Macdonald as to this, it needs but small efforts on my part to substantiate what that gentleman has already demonstrated to a certainty concerning the authorship of Ossian's poems. And notwithstanding all that has been written during the long and continuous controversy on this subject of national importance to the Celtic race at home and abroad, as well as to the literary world, it is a remarkable fact that none of the critics (who have accused Macpherson of being the author of the poems in question), have given a candid opinion of the poems themselves, apart altogether from their authorship, and as we are told "that they have been translated into all the polite languages of Europe," surely this is of itself a very high encomium of their excellence.

But there are those who cannot comprehend the genius or merits of Ossianic verse, neither do they belong to candid critics, nor can they judge aright of poets and poetry, and Ossian's poems tell of a very early age in our national history; and are original, natural, pathetic, heroic, and sublime, and the lofty ideality and pathos of mind as shown in Ossian's similies, surpass and are incomparable with the works of any other poet, and in their style of diction they stand alone and bear the stamp of antiquity. None but a living witness could have told so graphically of the battles and combats between the Caledonians and the invaders of early times, and of Fingal and his heroes; so I believe that Ossian, the bard of "Streamy Morven," must have been an eye-witness to the scenes of which he has sung.

Poets, like preachers, have their own peculiar styles of composition, and James Macpherson, although a poet, could no more compose poems such as Ossian's, than I could compose "Queen Mab," and it is simply ridiculous even to suppose that Macpherson could compose the poems in question.

I am, yours etc.,

Carnoustie. COLIN MACPHERSON.

FOR LOVE OF APPIN.

[The people of Appin, evicted and deported to America in the 18th century, wailed and sang "Lochaber No More" long after they put out to sea. It is said that the older men never smiled again, lest they should be thought to have forgotten Scotland.]

THE hand is to the plough an' the e'e is to the trail;
The river-boatie dances wi' her heid to the gale;
But she'll never ride to Appin;
We'll see nae mair o' Appin; [gate.
For ye ken we crooned "Lochaber" at the saut sea's
It's a land o' giantrie;
Its lochs are like the sea.
But it's no' a desert fairly;
The corn's fu' an' early;
Ye'll hear the laddies daffing;
Ye'll hear the lassies laughing;
But we—we cannot tine
What lies ayont the brine:
When we sang "Lochaber" then
We were gray, gray men.
We'll smile nae mair for ever.
By the prairie or the river,
Lest ony think perchance that we forget
The rainy road to Appin—
East awa' to Appin—
The rainy road to Appin that the leal men went.

It's no' a desert fairly, it's grand an' young an' fine;
Here the sons o' Anak might live an' press the wine;
But it's O, for hame an' Appin—
The heather hills o' Appin— [lie.
The thousand years o' Appin, where the leal men
Oor face is set as stane,
But we'll thank the Lord again—
Gang saftly a' oor days;
An' wark shall be oor praise.
The bairns will tak' a root
By the mighty mountain foot;
But we—we canna sever;
It's no for us whatever;
We hear nae earthly singing
But it sets "Lochaber" ringing,
An' we'll never smile again
I' the sunlight or the rain
Till oor feet are on the lang last trail—
The siller road to Appin—
East awa' to Appin—
The siller road to Appin rinnin' a' the way to God!

Christchurch, New Zealand. JESSIE MACKAY.

LONDON ARGYLLSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL DINNER OF ASSOCIATION IN CRITERION RESTAURANT—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, K.T., CHAIRMAN.

MAJOR J. F. A. MACNAIR, R.A., C.M.G.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 8 VOL. XII.] *MAY, 1904.* [**Price Threepence.**

MAJOR J. F. A. M'NAIR, R.A., O.M.G.
(Late Lieut.-Governor of Penang.)

A MOST interesting volume could be written on clan sept names and the stories associated with their origin. Many of these curious departures from the parent name were occasioned by an historic or personal incident, which gave rise to some pet name, often crystallising in course of time into a surname more potent than the original from which it sprung. As the subject of our sketch this month is a distinguished representative of an influential sept of a powerful clan, we may be excused for referring briefly to the origin of the name. In our March issue, page 108, "Fionn" in his sketch of the historical clan MacFarlane, related the circumstances in the history of that clan which gave birth to the well-known name of M'Nair—*Clann an Oighre*, whose name is condensed into In-uir, children of the heir. Various authorities favour other derivations, but the above, which has the approval of Dr. MacBain, a learned authority in Gaelic matters, is generally accepted as being the most authentic, because of its traditional origin.

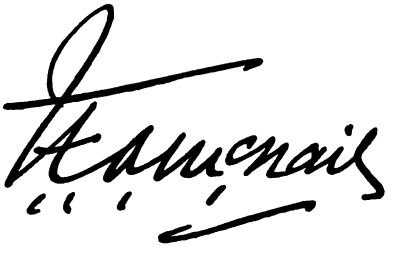
Arrochar, a beautiful district at the head of Loch Lomond, being the ancient territory of the MacFarlanes, and situated not many miles distant from Glasgow, it is not surprising that the M'Nairs, a leading sept of the MacFarlanes, should be found occupying prominent positions in the business enterprises of that city for more than two centuries past. And in this connection it is worthy of mention that at the present time the name MacFarlane is one of the most wealthy and influential of all the clan names represented in the Glasgow Directory, and affords excellent material for a useful and successful Clan Society, if only an enthusiastic clansman could be found to undertake the initiatory duties.

The family of M'Nairs, of which the subject of our sketch is a representative, have been settled in Glasgow, and associated with its great business pursuits, since the middle of the fifteenth century. They entered energetically into the tobacco and sugar trade with the Southern States of America, and the West Indies, and amassed large fortunes, which enabled them to acquire valuable landed property in and around the city, and to occupy positions of prominence in business and social circles.

Robert M'Nair, who, in 1764, purchased the house and lands of Jeanfield, Parkhead, was also proprietor of the celebrated Easter Sugar House in the Gallowgate, and at the time of his death in 1779 he was the largest owner of house property in the city. This gentleman was partial to practical joking, and some amusing stories regarding his curious "ploys" may be found in works treating of Glasgow in the eighteenth century. He had six children, the eldest, Robert, being the great-grandfather of Major M'Nair. This Robert again had three sons; Robert of Belvidere (a Bailie and Dean of Guild of the city), engaged in sugar refining along with his brother James, of Calder Park. He was afterwards appointed Collector of Customs at

Leith, and died in 1836. The other brother, John, was a merchant, and married a daughter of Provost French of Glasgow, by whom he had three children, Janet, Eliza, and Robert. The last named, born 21st January, 1795, and father of the subject of our sketch, entered the army as an ensign in 1812, and was all through the second American War. While holding a blockhouse in an engagement near Buffalo, he was overwhelmed by a large force of the enemy and taken prisoner. He was for many years a staff officer in London, holding the rank of Major, and died in 1862. In 1827 he married an English lady, and had three sons and two daughters, the eldest of whom, Major John Frederick Adolphus M'Nair, C.M.G., born 1828, has had a very distinguished career. He was educated at King's College School, London, and entered the Madras Artillery in 1845, became Captain in 1858, and retired Major in 1870. During those years he occupied many important positions in the Malayan Peninsula. In 1856 he was staff officer of the Artillery, Singapore, and in 1857 private secretary to the Governor of the Straits Settlements. From 1858-73 he was executive engineer and superintendent of jails at Singapore. In 1868 he built the Government House at Singapore with convict labour, for the reception of H.R.H. the late Duke of Edinburgh. Surveyor General in 1872. In connection with the suppression of piracy in the Straits of Malacca in 1874, he was with H.M.S. "Thalia" and "Midge" as Commissioner, and in 1875-76 was also special Commissioner to Salangore and to Pangkor with Sir Andrew Clarke, the Governor of the Straits Settlements. In 1878 he officiated as Colonial Secretary, and in the latter year went on special missions to Siam, and was permitted to receive from the king of that country the Order of the White Elephant, as Knight Commander. In 1875-76 he was also appointed first chief commissioner of Perak, and took part in the affair at Kotah Lamah, for which he received a medal with clasp. His fourth official visit to Siam was as Secretary to Sir William Robinson's mission in 1878, to present the G.C.M.G. to the king. From 1857-80 all public works in the colony were under his direction, and from 1880-84 he officiated as Lieut.-Governor of Penang, when he retired. On several occasions he has received the thanks of Government for his services to the State.

In the limited space at our disposal we are unable to do more than merely indicate the outstanding points in Major M'Nair's eventful career, the detailed facts of which would provide material for a book of absorbing interest. Some of the fruits of his experiences he has published



in two valuable and delightful volumes, viz, "Perak and the Malays," and "Prisoners their own Warders"; in the latter he gives an historical account of the convict establishments of the Straits Settlements, Singapore, Penang and Malacca, together with many remarkable stories of convicts and their careers.

Major M'Nair is also a keen student of Nature, and has contributed many useful articles to magazines treating of Natural History subjects. His "Folk-tales from the Indus Valley," in collaboration with Mr. Lambert Barlow, and "Customs and Ceremonies at Betrothals and Weddings in the Punjab," show that he is deeply interested in antiquarian and folk-lore pursuits.

In 1849 Major M'Nair married Sarah Des Granges (Lillie), daughter of the Rev. Bennington H. Paine, and has issue, two sons and three daughters, all living. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and an associated member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and a member of the Athenæum Club, London. *Cr.* C.M.G, 1879.

SEADUNE—A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

BY LUCY H. SOUTAR.

(Continued from page 135.)

III.

MRS. GORDON.

Tae hae a wife and rule a wife,
Take a wise man, take a wise man!
To get a wife to rule a man
O that ye can, O that ye can!"

THE village of Seadune is a long, irregular street; no symmetry had been observed in the buildings. A one-storied cottage with its thatched roof and white-washed walls and its "but and ben" might be noticed sandwiched in between houses of apparently greater importance, of faced stone, slated roofs, large windows, and two stories; but there were differences observed by the inmates of these cottages, and rank was as crucial a point among the inhabitants of this Highland village, as it is in the metropolis with its squares and suburban villas, its haughty west-end and poverty-stricken east.

The dwellers in the buts and bens gossiped in their doorways, and those in the slated-roofed houses in their back gardens, which stretched to the sea-shore on one side of the village street, and to the pine woods on the other. Bonnie Johnnie's house was one of the most important ones with its garden to the sea. The white blinds, the white muslin window-screens and white-washed walls gave it a look of cold cleanliness. Never a face at the window and never a sound within, the cottage had a constant look of expectation, as if it stood in readiness for a guest. The wheels of the little household moved smoothly under Martha's care and her mother's supervision; but Johnnie was alone. The unusual stillness of a still house produced a weird feeling; he was irritated by Martha's punctuality, as he called it, leaving so early, though she had changed her hour from six to eight o'clock; he lost interest in his meals, satisfying his hunger only; he hurried through them making a long day longer. Mrs. Gordon introduced several new arrangements; she asked Mr. John to ring the hand bell when he wanted Martha; there were no bells in the master mason's house, and the small hand-bell had been an ornament for so many years that it looked like abuse to use it. The first evening it was placed conspicuously by the side of the brown teapot. Johnnie did not touch it, and Martha waited until she heard the master go upstairs ere she ventured into the parlour to take away the tea things. This mode of announcing that he had finished his meals went on for some days, then Mrs. Gordon "took the liberty," as she termed it, to point out the bell to Mister John saying, "If you would but touch it, Martha would come ben and it wouldn't be hindering her the waiting!"

The following evening Johnnie looked long at the little brass bell with its white-knobbed hand; at last he raised it, the tongue struck the side, and he quickly caught it and put it down cautiously; but Martha's sharp ear had heard the sound, and with her round cheeks flushed and her round dark eyes rounded with astonishment and importance, hastily entered and cleared away the dishes. The following evening it was easier and Johnnie was bolder, and so the bell gradually grew into an object of interest and brought him, at the end of his meal, some company.

As the weeks passed by, some of the spinsters of the little village began to think Johnnie might do worse than marry, "if he only married the right woman," each added; but no one had the courage to mention whom that might be! It was even hinted by some of his workmen that the master "had taken on awfully" about his mother's death or else he was in love!

I noticed bonnie Johnnie had lost some of the placid expression I first observed as one of his characteristics. It was the month of June, day was fading into night, and 'twas the village bed hour. Johnnie quietly unlocked the back door leading into the garden, secured by the careful Martha, and wandered down to the sea-shore, where he stood gazing at the dancing waves as they broke in showers of silver spray, and ran silently over the moonlit sands. Johnnie was meditating a change in his household.

He breakfasted in the kitchen, such was his habit in his mother's time, while Martha tidied out the parlour; it was a cosy room with a carpeted floor and clouty-rug, his mother's handiwork, bright in its variety of colour and strange in its design; the shining grate and blue hearthstone told that Martha had been early astir to make all comfortable for the master. The morning sun shone brightly into the little room, and the canary sang in its cage over the scarlet geraniums which filled up the window ledge. Through the open doorway swept the scent of the flowers mingled with the sea breezes.

The bell was on the table, but it had never been rung during breakfast time. Johnnie gave it two clangs, and with an astonished look Martha hastened to answer its summons.

"Martha," said her master, looking at her with his calm blue eyes, "tell your mother I want to speak to her this evening."

"Yes, Mister John," answered Martha, wondering what she had done amiss and what Mister John had to say to her mother.

At tea time Mrs. Gordon waited on Johnnie.

"I was thinking," said Johnnie, "that such a lonesome life is not good for a man."

"'Deed, Mister John, and now that you mention it," said Mrs. Gordon, rubbing her hands, "by your leave I will be reminding you the very Scriptures prove to us man should not live alone, and since your holy mother has been removed, me and Martha has often observed how lonesome it is for you of an evening, but I am sure we will be able to accomodate you."

Deep down, and hidden from all but herself, there arose from time to time a thought in the heart of the hard-working widow that Johnnie might go far and do worse than marry herself. She was his junior by a few years, and she knew no one could cook better dinners, keep a cleaner house or do up starched linen with so fine a gloss as she did. In her earnestness and excitement she sat down on the edge of the sofa, folded her hands and sighed; she was following her own thoughts and desires. Johnnie, not accustomed to make changes with rapid strides, broached the subject which had perplexed him for so many weeks.

"I was thinking, Mrs Gordon, that Martha might stay overnight and have her sister to sleep with her!"

Rudely awakened from her dreams Mrs. Gordon rose hurriedly and gave consent to what she thought was a trivial matter and one that could not afford the master much company.

"'Deed, Mister John, they're young enough for the responsibility of being away from their homes, but I'll no make a matter of it since your mind is set on it, but am thinking if you would only see your way to make a change that would be more for your good, it wouldn't be so lonesome for you," and Mrs, Gordon looked volumes, which were quite undecipherable to Johnnie, and slowly left the parlour to tell Martha of the master's wishes, and thus it was Johnnie took the first step which led to many changes in a quiet, colourless life.

IV.

MISS AMELIA.

I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane,
He lo'es ne'er a lassie but me,
He's promised to mak' me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.

THE baker's shop was five doors "east the village street" from Johnnie's home; from the day he could toddle holding on to his mother's finger it had been Johnnie's pleasure, and lately duty, to go for the breakfast rolls.

William "Bap" had succeeded his father in the bakery business since Johnnie first went on that daily commission, and now William was an old man, little seen by the inhabitants, since his work made him turn night into day, and when the village hour of leisure came round, it was William's bed hour; some said his work made him thirsty, and that which quenched his thirst made him drowsy; but the fact remains that as William had to be astir soon after four in the morning to knead the batch and get the "baps" ready for the villagers' breakfast, he was in bed when the rest of Seadune found the time to gather in groups in the village street or in one another's houses, to discuss the questions of the day, or what was of greater importance, the questions of the village.

A tall, gaunt man, with shoulder blades sharp enough to make one fear they would cut through his coat, he silently and alone conducted his business. His large black eyes under their shade of heavy eyebrows, is the one feature of his face that remains in my memory. Clad in gray with a white apron and floured all over, I picture him as he was to be seen of a morning carrying the tray with the steaming, fragrant batch of new bread out of the bake-house in the garden, into the shop; his shirt sleeves drawn up past the elbow and a brown paper cap on his grizzled hair, no smile on his face, and scarcely a greeting escaped his thin tight lips as his customers wished him "good-day." Something had soured William "Bap's" nature and taken the sunshine out of his life, and some said the father's temperament reflected itself on his daughter and made her too reticent, but she was nevertheless much respected by the village gossips.

Miss Amelia Smith was one of Seadune's young ladies; since her mother's death it had been her duty to sit in the shop and equally divide her time among the customers, the gray stocking which seemed ever on her needles, and "King," her large black cat. No one ever thought of giving her her father's nickname "Bap"; to all she was known as Miss Amelia. In appearance, a daughter more unlike a father could not be imagined; tall, slim, and active, with fair hair neatly parted and looped up with a black velvet bow, her clear complexion and pink cheeks might be the envy of many a city beauty. The features were regular and the eyes gray-blue; but of her appearance Miss Amelia seemed unconscious, as unconscious as the village bachelors whom I blamed for allowing her maiden beauty to pass with the maturity of womanhood, when at thirty-five I met her a spinster! Thus do outsiders judge and feel convinced their judgment is right.

Johnnie's morning visit to the little shop with its ginger-bread figures in the window no longer passed without comment. The neighbours noticed that when five minutes would have done for the whole commission, their grandfather clocks ticked out ten minutes; some more bold in their

curiosity than others, timed their visits to Miss Amelia's, when Johnnie was there; but they generally found him speaking to "King," who in a friendly manner stretched himself full length on the counter or arched his back, loudly purring while Johnnie stroked him down and Miss Amelia's pink roses were neither rosier nor paler than their wont, and the baffled neighbours could only watch and wait, and circulate their surmisings, till all the village believed that there was sure to be a match between Mister John and Miss Amelia. The two chief actors in the drama remained unconscious of the part they were playing, till one morning William "Bap," coming in with the laden wooden tray, slammed the shop door behind him, making all the gingerbread men, cocks, and rabbits, fall in fragments on the window ledge, and roughly asked Johnnie what his intentions were, for though he was a silent man he was not a deaf man, and Amelia was no longer a girl to be played with, and if folks found reason to talk the sooner they knew the reason the better.

Never in his life had Johnnie been able to act or speak without much time for consideration, and taken thus suddenly unawares he could only stammer out he had come for the morning "baps."

Amelia's fair cheeks flushed as she placed a hand on her father's bony arm and looking into his face said, "Father, remember I never can."

William shook her roughly from him, and Johnnie, who had never thought of any other errand than the morning rolls, looked in wonderment at father and daughter. Amelia's embarrassment increased at the thought of her unwomanly assumption; but she had divined her father's thoughts, and Johnnie, forgetting his rolls, left bewildered, puzzling over the sentence: "Remember, I never can"; a sentence which two years later was made clear, when Amelia Smith bade farewell to Seadune, the wife of the Australian rancher who fifteen years previously had left his native village secretly betrothed to the fair Amelia, to seek his fortune in that distant colony.

If William "Bap" loved anyone, it was his daughter, and though aware of her secret betrothal, the long lapse of time without definite news made him anxious to see her settled ere he himself lay down "where the weary are at rest." The village gossip had reached his ears and he pondered over the benefits of such a home for his daughter, without reckoning on the staunch though silent attachment of Amelia to her absent lover, and resolved at one stroke to silence gossip and settle his daughter near to him; but Amelia's gentle manner could assume a firmness her father knew he could never overcome. Few words were spoken after Johnnie's departure; but Amelia's *never* meant "never" to all swains, whether her rancher returned for her or not; to him she had pledged her troth and she was one of the old fashioned maidens who believe in love in marriage.

So the village children continued to tap on the window panes and cause the ginger-bread figures to fall and break, thus getting double quantity in fragments for the pennies, and Miss

A HIGHLAND SCENE.

Amelia overlooked the too apparent trick and continued to knit her gray stocking and sell her morning "baps"; but Johnnie's life-long visits stopped and the villagers gossiped the harder, and invented all sorts of reasons, till the weeks passed into months and Miss Amelia changed her Sunday bonnet of white and pink roses and her gray gown for her autumn brown, and nodded again friendly to Johnnie as she went up the passage to her pew in the church, and the inhabitants of Seadune say to this day "That Miss Amelia said Mister John 'No' when he proposed to her; but they became quite chief afterwards."

To be continued.

"AN LÒNDUBH" (The Blackbird) is the title of a most charming little work which has just been edited by Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, Elderslie, and published at the small sum of twopence. It contains twenty Gaelic songs, with music in two-part harmony, intended specially for the use of schools in the Highlands, but a glance at the titles of the songs satisfy us that it will interest adults quite as much as juveniles. A better selection of Gaelic songs for the purpose intended could hardly be made, and include quite a number of delightful melodies which are seldom to be found in Celtic anthologies, such as "Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu," "Caidil gu lò,' "Boch oirinn ó!" "Iorram," etc. Several attractive airs composed by the editor himself appropriately find a place in the little work, and illustrate that Highlanders need not depend entirely on the past for a musical reputation. Altogether, this work is a really valuable contribution to Gaelic musical literature, and we hope that it will become popular in schools in all parts of the Highlands.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROSS-SHIRE.*

BY ROBERT MUNRO, ADVOCATE, EDINBURGH.

WHEN I had the honour of receiving the kind request made by the Committee of your Society that I should address you this winter, I was sojourning in Wales. Next after Scotland, I love Wales: next after Ross-shire, I place the county of Merionethshire. I was anxious to comply with your Committee's request, but I had great difficulty—if I may borrow a ministerial phrase—in fixing upon a text. It occurred to me that a comparison between the

WELSH PEOPLE AND OUR HIGHLANDERS

—between their languages, manners, and characteristics—might be interesting, and in that I was probably right. There is a strange affinity between the two—a strong clan feeling, a sturdy independence, a love of freedom, a hatred of tyranny which characterise Welshmen as they characterise Highlanders. But, after all, when asked to address a gathering of Ross and Cromarty folk, it seemed to me that a subject nearer their heart and mine would be one intimately connected with the county which gave us birth. Accordingly I have entitled this short paper "Recollections of Ross-shire."

I had some diffidence in choosing this subject—and for this reason. The term "Recollections" at once introduces a personal note, and I am not conceited enough to imagine that my humble personality is of great interest to anyone whom I have the honour of addressing to-night; therefore if the first person singular intrudes more often than I could wish, you will pardon it, and attribute it rather to the exigencies of my subject than to my deliberate choice.

One other fore-word in this connection. Recollections being personal, and my experience being mainly confined to Ross shire—though I often looked across the firth with interest and admiration to Cromarty—any of my hearers who are chiefly interested in the latter county will perhaps to-night be content to reverse the process, and to look across for a little to the Ross-shire side. May I add, that as my subject is wide, I will be, if you please, intentionally and deliberately discursive, though not I hope wearisome, in my treatment of it.

Much water has flowed through the bridges since the days of my youth in Ross-shire. I am by no means a Methusalah, and yet I am alarmed to find that my recollections of the county date back more than a quarter of a century now. They circle round a Free Church manse in the centre of the county, the

FREE CHURCH MANSE OF ALNESS.

The sweep of Ross-shire, seen as I remember it from that standpoint on a summer day, can never be effaced from my memory or indeed from the memory of any one who has looked upon it. On the one side rose Fyrish Hill, its heathery slope clad with a wealth of noble trees, till a November gale of recent date laid many of them low: in front, an expanse of fertile fields, and wooded tracts, girt round at the horizon-line by the hills of Strathconon and the lonely bulk of Ben Wyvis; while, to the left, lay the Cromarty Firth, glistening in the sunshine. Some scene like that is doubtless imprinted on the memory of many of my hearers, as they look back to boyhood's and girlhood's days: and I ask them, do not their hearts warm as they recall the dear homeland? Amid the drift and the drive of city life, is it not well sometimes to take at least a mental holiday among the restful scenes associated with our early years?

Brought up as I was in a manse you will expect from me a manse outlook in these musings. That is not necessarily a dull outlook. It is natural that some of my earliest recollections are of the

MINISTERS OF ROSS-SHIRE.

What a change from the days in the seventies! With the exception of Mr. Grant of Tain, I don't think there is a Free Church minister now between Bonar Bridge and Beauly who was there when I was a boy. And there were giants in these days. How well I remember them! First I would recall Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall, the uncrowned king of the Northern ecclesiastical world. He lingers in my memory—not so much the preacher, but the man. I can still recall his dignity, his eloquence, his impressiveness in the pulpit; but I cherish still more the recollection of his simplicity of character, his kindliness and sympathy. I remember how the little ones of the household loved him, and looked forward to his coming. "Take him all in all we shall not look on his like again." There is no one left who wields the unquestioned influence which he exerted, no one who wins the universal trust and fealty which his personality evoked. Another figure that rises before me is that of

DR. AIRD OF CREICH.

True, the sphere of his labours was just across the border from Ross-shire; but he knew and loved the county and the county revered him. Who can recall Dr. Aird without remembering the courtly grace, the elevation of character, the rugged grandeur that distinguished the old man? Who that heard him relate an anecdote can forget his skill as a story teller? I can see him

*Read at the March meeting of the Glasgow Ross and Cromarty Benevolent Association.

still, attired in his "surtout" coat, tapping his silver snuff-box, as, with his characteristic smile, he retold a story of the eighteenth century, crammed full of dates, and not a date out of its place. I have often thought what a world of pities it is that so much learning and historical knowledge as he owned should be entombed with him. He, too, though he had no children of his own, loved children. He could be austere, but not with young people.

I may be pardoned one personal reminiscence. I have referred to his silver snuff-box. In another pocket he carried a second silver box; it contained what the dear old man called 'white snuff,' in other words strong peppermint lozenges, which he carried for the benefit of the juveniles of the households he visited; and ere he was five minutes in the house the white snuff-box was produced, and I need hardly say its contents were duly appreciated by the youthful snuffers. He was indeed a prince of story-tellers. One anecdote related, if I mistake not, to Dr. M'Intosh of Tain, and a character known as Watty, who came and went freely about the manse there. One Saturday evening

DR. M'INTOSH'S WIG WENT AMISSING.

It was hunted for high and low, but could not be found. Efforts to procure a substitute also failed. So Dr. M'Intosh had to face his congregation on Sabbath morning without his wig. Judge of his indignation, when he saw, sitting placidly in the front seat of the gallery, Watty, wearing, with an air of proud possession, the missing wig.

Then I also recall Mr. M'Dougall of Fodderty, whose gentleness and spiritual character endeared him to all; the genial Mr. Murray of Tarbet, who did his best to teach me Gaelic, and in particular wrote four lines of Gaelic verse for my special benefit, which I remember to this day, but which I will not dare to endeavour to reproduce; Mr. Grant, Tain, who first instructed me in the art of hymn-singing, not then so common in Ross-shire as now; Mr. Campbell of Kiltearn, our immediate neighbour to the west, whose pony and phaeton were familiar to all; Mr. Fraser of Ross-shire, some of whose family, if I mistake not, are with us to-night; Mr. Mackenzie of Beauly, with his gigantic form; Mr. M'Gregor of Ferintosh, and many others whom I could name.

AN OLD-TIME ROSS-SHIRE COMMUNION.

Of course it was at communion seasons one saw most of these men. Those of you who are accustomed only to south country communions will find it difficult to credit the duration of the services in the time I speak of. May I indicate the order of events? If you are familiar with it, it will recall old times; if you are not, you ought as Ross-shire folk, or the descendants of Ross-shire folk, to be. Service began on Thursday, the fast day, at eleven o'clock in the church, in English, and at the same hour in the "tent" in the wood, in Gaelic. About half-past twelve, while a psalm was sung in both church and wood, the ministers exchanged places, and a second sermon was preached in each place by the new arrival. The service lasted at any rate till two o'clock. In the evening there was another service, sometimes two. On Friday the men's meeting was held, and lasted often for four or five hours—one elder giving out the 'Question,' and well nigh twenty, from all parts of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire speaking to it. In the evening, still another service was held. I well remember dear old Dr. Aird

PREACH FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS

at one of those Friday evening services. Saturday was a repetition of Thursday, except that the "men" conducted the evening service. On Sabbath the "English" began at 10·30 in the church, and lasted till three o'clock or thereby. It included several table services, preceded by the ceremony of "fencing the tables." The Gaelic service began at the same hour, and lasted somewhat longer. In the evening there were again English and Gaelic services. Monday was a repetition of Thursday and Saturday.

The duties of the precentor at such times were heavy. Need you wonder that one of these functionaries, who was not a very apt speller, rendered an account, in which he charged for "extra *sinning* at the communion time."

THE GAELIC SINGING

was a feature of these out-of-door gatherings. Many of you have doubtless heard "Old French" or some other of these historic tunes sung by a gathering of thousands out-of-doors on one of these sacred occasions. I have heard the surpliced choirs of St. Paul's: I have listened to the finest organs of Europe, in the most majestic of cathedrals; but I tell you that I have never heard anything more impressive than the

PLAINTIVE WAIL OF A MULTITUDE

on a Highland hillside, as, in their mother tongue they uplifted their voices, and sang one of these old favourite tunes. I recall a grotesque scene Dr. Aird used to depict in his inimitable way of a communion gathering in the open air, and how, at the most solemn moment, the minister's son tied a long string round the legs of some twenty cocks and hens and paraded them round the congregation. You can imagine the din. To prevent all misunderstanding I may be permitted to add that there is nothing autobiographical about this story. No choir strikes took place in these days; there were no choirs to strike. Singing, however, played a great part in the exercises of the communion season; as many of you know, in

the manse on Monday, after the services of the season are over, the books are produced, and the well-known lines "Pray that Jerusalem may have peace and felicity" are sung to "St. Paul" before the members of the company disperse to their various homes.

PEACE AND FELICITY

in the church life of the Highlands seems for the time to have passed away. Acrimony and unbrotherliness prevail where then harmony reigned. I do not seek to apportion the blame; I merely record a sad fact. Ecclesiastical life in those days was not embittered by any distracting controversy; men lived as brethren in unity. Let us hope that better times are in store for Ross-shire, and that the peace of these early days may speedily be restored.

(To be continued.)

BUAIDH "COGADH A' PHRIONNSA."

[The following essay on "The Influence of the '45' on the Highlands," which was awarded second prize in this competition, was contributed by Mr. J. Macphail, Beauly (Pìobmhòr.)]

B'E so an dara h-ionnsuidh de'n t-seòrsa so a chaidh a thoirt air son a' chrùin a spìonadh bho theaghlach Hanobher leis na Stiùbhardaich. Bha Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba uile—ach beag—air taobh Sheamais agus Thearlaich; agus 'se so, agus sùil ri còmhnadh fhaotuinn bho'n Fhraing, a thug do Thearlach misneach gu dol air aghaidh, agus dian strì a dheanamh air son faotuinn 'na rìgh. Bha 'Ghaidhealtachd uime sin, an còmhnuidh, ann an staid neo-shuidhichte. Cha robh fios aig an t-sluagh 'dè cho luath 's a bhiodh iad air an gairm gu dol fo'n armachd, an gunna a chur air an guaillean agus an claidheamh-mòr iomchar agus a laimhseachadh ann aobhar a' Phrionnsa; agus cha robh an inntinnean air an socrachadh air nì a dheanadh an cor ni b' fheàrr ann an dòigh 'sam bith.

Bha'n talamh a' dol a dholuidh le cion àiteach, agus bha 'n sluagh ag earbsa air son an teachdan-tìr as na b'urrainn iad a ghoid air an coimhearsnaich, no a thoirt uapa le làmhachas-làidir. Cha robh e measail ceàird 'sam bith ionnsachadh ach a ghoibhneachd, oir is ann 's a' chèardaich a bha innealan cogaidh agus seilg air an deanamh, agus uime sin 's e 'n gobhainn duine 'bu mheasaile 's an àite. Bha na ceàirdean sìtheil eile air sealltuinn sìos orra mar nach biodh iad urramach gu leòr air son duine coimhlionta, agus gheibhte am bitheantas iad air an leantuinn le daoine air an robh fàillinn no mì-dhreach air chor eiginn—mar a bha 'n "Grèasaiche Cam" no 'n "Tàilear Crùbach."

Bha ùghdarras agus cumhachd mòr aig na Cinn-chinnidh os-ceann an t-sluaigh, agus bha iad aig gach àm ris gach cuideachadh is còmhnadh fhaotuinn bho'n luchd-cinnich, a bha ullamh gu cogadh a dheanamh ris an rígh, air a' chrùn no ri aon-a-chéile. An déigh

"COGADH A' PHRIONNSA"

bhà e soillear nach robh dòchas tuilleadh ann air son aobhar nan Stiùbhardach. Ged a lìon a bhuirbe agus an t-an-iochd a chaidh a chur an cleachdadh aig an àm fhuilteach sin cridheachan dhaoine le fuath do'n rìgh agus d'a luchd-riaghlaidh, lìon iad iad mar an ceudna le eagal, 'nuair a chunnaic iad nach robh e comasach dhoibh a bhuaidh fhaotuinn; agus thionndaidh iad air falbh an inntinnean bho chogadh 's bho airm; agus bha iad a' leantuinn chleachduinnean 'bu shìtheile agus a bu bhuanachdaile. Shocraich iad an aire air àiteach an fhearainn, agus air cur air aghart obraichean de dh' ioma gné. Chaidh rathaidean-mòra, drochaidean, agus gearasdain a dheanamh le òrdugh agus air costas an Aird-riaghlaidh. Bha comas conaltraidh eadar a' Ghaidhealtachd agus a' chuid eile de'n rìoghachd. Bha lagh is riaghailt uir an toirt a stigh, agus bha beatha agus cuid neach ni bu shàbhailte na bha iad roimhe so. Bha'n sluagh òg a' faotuinn teagasg is fòghlum, ag ionnsachadh cheàirdean feumàil; agus a' togail orra gu ceàrnan eile far an robh iad a' tigh'n gu bhith 'nan daoine measail cliùthtach. Bha ùghdarras nan Ceann cinnidh air a chur an lughad, agus thug iad uile géill do'n aon chumhachd, Crùn Bhreatuinn. Chaidh réisimeidean Gàidhealach a thogail a bha fo chomannd nan seann chinnfheadhna; agus cha robh aig Rìgh Deòrsa saighdearan a bu ghaisgeile agus a bu dìlse. Thainig e gu bhi na ni sàbhailte gu leòr do neach a bhi 'taghal agus a' siubhal far an robh e roimhe so 'na ghnothuch cunnartach sin a dheanamh. Bha a nis eòlas sgriobturail air a theagasg gu dìleas agus gu fallan anns gach sgìreachd, agus a' faotuinn roinn de ghéill agus do dh' ùmhlachd.

'Nuir a thuig daoine beartach anns a' Ghalldachd agus 'an Sasunn gu'm biodh iad fhéin agus an cuid sábhailte anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, thòisich iad air tighinn agus air gabhail fearainn, agus air ceannach oighreachdan bho a h-uachdarain Ghàidhealach, a bha am bitheantas bochd, agus a bha rodheònach an talamh a reic. Cha robh mòran spéis aig na sealbhadairean ùra do'n t-sluagh bhochd a bha mu'n tiomchioll; agus ghabh iad gach cothrom air an sgiùrsadh air falbh air son àite 'dheanamh do chaoirich agus do dh' fhéidh. 'Se flor bheagan de na

SEANN UACHDARAIN GHAIDHEALACH

nach do reic an oighreachdan, air neo nach do chuir fo thuathanaich mhòra no fo fhéidh iad. 'Nuair a thàinig sìth agus suidheachadh thàinig mar an ceudna soirbheachadh, agus bha 'm

barrachd pailteis is comhfhurtachd aig an t-sluagh na bha aca roimhe sin.

Tha mòran—a tha cumail a mach gu'm b'e na Stiùbhardaich Oighreachan dligheach a' chrùin—a' gabhail ris gu'n robh e air son math na rioghachd gu'n deach buaidh a thoirt gu tur orra aig blàr fuilteach Chuilfhodair, agus gu'n d' thàinig an dùthaich gu h-iomlan agus a' Ghàidhealtachd gu sònruichte gus a bhi air an riaghladh ni b' fheàrr na bhitheadh iad fo na Stiùbhardaich; agus ged a bha 'bhuille 'chaidh a thoirt ni bu chruaidhe 's ni bu ghoirte na dh' fhaodadh i bhi, gu'n d' thàinig rath is sonas air a' Ghàidhealtachd d'an robh i roimhe sin 'na coigreach. Thàinig, eadhon, muinntir a shaoil-eadh-mide a bhiodh ag àrach droch rùin, naimhdeis agus dìoghaltais, mar a tha sliochd Mhic Shimi, d' an deach an ceann a chur air Cnoc-an-Tùir, air son a' phàirt a ghabh e ann an "Cogadh a' Phrionnsa," agus Lochiall—gu bhi dìleas agus treubhanta air taobh an rìgh agus an Aird riaghlaidh aige. Chog iad air a shon aig an tigh agus ann an dùthchannan céin. Gheibhear, air oighreachdàn nan daoine urramach so, na bailtean tuath mar a bha iad bho cheann nan ceudan bliadhna, sluagh òg sgairteil, èireachdail, stuama, calma agus beusach a' fàs suas, agus na fir òga an diugh cho ullamh gus an cinn-chinnich a leantuinn

GU BUAIDH NO GU BAS

ann an aghaidh naimhdean na rioghachd agus a bha an sinnsir gus sin a dheanamh ann an aobhar a' Phrìonnsa. Tha eadhon aig an dearbh àm so réisimeid eugsamhail de luchd-sgrùdaidh air a togail le Ceann-cinnich nam Friseileach anns am bheil dà-cheud-deug de ghillean òga smiorail gleusda as gach ceàrn de'n Gàidhealach air son dìon na rioghachd.

Tha daoine glice do'n bheachd gu'n robh e air son math na dùthcha gu h-iomlan gu'n deach uachdaranachd na Stiùbhardach bun-os-ceann ged a thàinig ioma cruaidh-chàs 'na lorg sin aig an àm, mar a bha mort is marbhadh air uaislean is ìslean a chog an aghaidh an rìgh—masladh is tàmailt agus ùbhla is ana-ceartas air fir, air mnathan agus air cloinn, as leth nach b' urrainnear cionta 'sam bith a chur ach g'am bu Ghàidheil iad.

Tha daoine gabhail tlachd ann a bhi 'cumail air chuimhne treubhantas, dìlseachd, agus gaisge, nan daoine o'n d' thàinig iad mar eisimpleir, ged a tha iad a' creidsinn a nis nach robh na buadhan maithe sin air an cur an cleachdadh ann an aobhar a bha gus soirbheachadh sonas agus math na rioghachd aig àm "Cogadh a' Phrionnsa" anns a' bhliadhna 1745.

THE CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY are arranging to present Lieut. Maclean, R.N., second son of the chief, with a tangible evidence of their goodwill, on the occasion of his approaching marriage with the daughter of Lord Robertson.

THE ANCIENT PEOPLE.

Lo and lo mine ancient people!
Cairn and cromlech hold them sleeping,
Mine though the world divide!
Where abode my lonely spirit
When their early clay was fashioned,
Kings of misty Albyn wide?

Lo and lo the passion gathers,
Far away by Southern waters,
Mourning Malvina dead!
Mourning for the hill of Morven,
And the perished kings of Albyn,
Fair fall the hearts they led!

Morn to morn the cairn is calling;
Nightly yerks the cord that binds me
To the land of Fingal's rest.
Mine they are, the ancient people,
They who went—returning never
From the battle in the West!

Blood and name and doom embracing!
Happier passing, dying, with them,
Theirs to the mist of doom!
So the dreamy passion gathers,
By the bright unstoried waters
Where found their children room.

Christchurch, New Zealand. JESSIE MACKAY.

OSSIAN—The following is from our respected correspondent "Macdhai," New York.—"The learned articles on Ossian's Poems by Dr. Macdonald are extremely interesting. The present generation, I think, is inclined to accept Ossian on his merits, not caring a rap whether the translator be Macpherson or Nebuchadnezzar. The Empire's grim, unknowable bard, Rudyard Kipling, has among others drawn inspiration from Ossian. Not that we grudge the battle-splashed Rudyard—his mother being a Macdonald—a sip from Ossian's well whenever his wardented, brass-mounted throat gets dry, but the trouble is, few of these beggars will own up to it."

DEATH OF AN ABERDEENSHIRE HISTORIAN.—The Rev. J. Michie, of Dinnet, Aberdeenshire, whose death took place recently, was a Highlander of the best type, who rendered good service in elucidating the history of his native Deeside. He was born, 22nd January, 1830, received his early education at Crathie Parish School, passing from there to Marischal College. In 1878 he was appointed minister of Dinnet, after serving 20 years as schoolmaster at Logie Coldstone. Among his publications during this period may be mentioned "Deeside Tales," "History of Logie Coldstone," and "Loch Kinnord." He also assisted in the compilation of the Gordon Papers, and in 1902 he edited that excellent volume, published by the New Spalding Club, on "The Farquharsons of Invercauld." A Gaelic speaker, he took an enthusiastic part in forming a Gaelic Society in Deeside, and in promoting every movement intended to preserve the ancient language.

THOSE interested in Highland literature should scan our advertising pages this month, in which will be found particulars of a large number of most interesting volumes in the Gaelic language, as well as others in English which appeal to Highlanders generally.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1904.

CONTENTS.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The closing meeting of the session was held in the Religious Institution Rooms on 21st April—Mr. Thomas Mackay, Largs, president, in the chair. An application for assistance was considered and a grant made. A circular from the Highland Society of Greenock on the subject of the Scottish Education Bill and Gaelic teaching in Highland schools was read, and it was decided to give any movement which was intended to further this object the hearty support of the clan. The lack of native teachers, and the unsympathetic attitude of many of the School Boards in the Highlands towards the study of the Gaelic language, were matters which, it was stated, the Highland people themselves ought to consider and remedy. Mr. David N. Mackay, educational secretary, reported that the Society's bursary of £20, tenable for two years, would be competed for in July in Sutherland. Mr. John Mackay, hon. secretary, exhibited a coat of arms which he believed to have been that of the Mackays of Islay or Kintyre, and gave an interesting description of the various armorial shields of the Mackays, and other matters relating to the heraldry and history of the various branches of the clan. Mr. J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., intimated that £1050 of the Society's funds had just been re-invested at an increased rate of interest. A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the meeting.

HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL FUND.—We have just received, per Mr. Duncan Macdonald, Merthyr Tydfil, Wales, a donation of £10 10s. towards this object, subscribed by the members of the Caledonian Society of Merthyr Tydfil. Among the individual subscriptions we note the following:—Messrs. Donald Mackintosh, President, £1 1s., Duncan MacDonald, £1 1s., Angus Mackintosh, £1 3s., Thomas Nibloe, £1 3s., Duncan Cameron, £1 1s., Donald Macdonald, 12s., John Urquhart, 10s.6d., James Fraser, 10s.6d., Norman Macleod, 10s.6d., John MacBean, 7s.6d., William Urquhart, 7s.6d., Robert Logan, 7s.6d., etc. We regret to learn that the worthy President of the Society, Mr. Donald Mackintosh, died last week, and was interred on Tuesday, 27th April.

We have received a contribution of five dollars towards the fund, from Mr. Justice Maclennan, Toronto, Canada, which increases the total sum subscribed by our readers to £59 4s.

MORAG OG MO OHREE!

MY HEART'S YOUNG MORAG.

OH! give me, Morag òg, thy lily-white hand,
From th' ocean wind my plaid shall shelter thee,
And lay thy curls, fair as the yellow sand,
Close to my shoulder, Morag òg mo chree.

I've built a cot on the shore of Can-a-vye,
Oh! share it and a palace it shall be,
The coronets of princes could not buy
One golden lock of Morag òg mo chree.

The sea shall give us of her shining store;
The lamb, her fleece; the dun cow, milk so free;
The croft, enriched with sea-wrack from the shore,
All, all shall be for Morag òg mo chree.

At eve my pipes shall echo from the hill,
When stoops the sun to kiss the blushing sea,
Then by the peat-fire's glow my cot I'll fill
With songs of love for Morag òg mo chree.

But if thy love should fail, thou dearest one,
The stricken deer to the mountain tarn will flee,
In the lonely hills I'd hide me from the sun,
My heart undone for Morag òg mo chree.

Coll. DUGALD MACEOHERN.

CHEERING WORDS FROM READERS IN DISTANT LANDS.—Mr. Alex. Milne, Oamaru, New Zealand, writes as follows:—"The *Celtic Monthly* has arrived regularly, and I never had any literature I relished so much as the *Celtic*."

By same post we received an interesting letter from Mr. Robert C. Mackay, Waikaia, New Zealand, who says:—"I enjoy reading the *Celtic Monthly* very much, and of particular interest to me is the re-settlement of Strathnaver, all my people being evicted from that valley during the terrible clearances. I am a native of Tongue, Sutherland, and am glad to say that I can both speak and read the Gaelic."

Our clansman will doubtless be glad to learn that there are now over twenty families settled in "Bonnie Strathnaver," and we confidently anticipate that the day is not far distant when the whole strath will be re-peopled as of yore. We have on many occasions visited the strath when its thirty miles were a silent wilderness, and how cheering it was last September to see the blue smoke rising from human dwellings, and hear the voices of the children. Clan Abrach has re-asserted itself.

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.

KNOWN AS JAMES VIII. OF SCOTLAND, III. OF SCOTLAND.

(From a rare print.)

MOIDART,
OR AMONG THE CLANRANALDS.

SALAMANCA AND AFTER.

EFFECTS OF THE RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

[Being the letters of Captain John Macdonald, son of Archibald Macdonald of Rhu, Moidart. Edited by the late Father Charles Macdonald.]

ARMS OF MACDONELLS OF GLENGARRY.

IN spite of this pleasant retreat into winter quarters, the horrors of the life, and of the retreat from Burgos will never cease to shock the reader as one of the gloomiest pages in British history. Our enemies assert that we lost twelve thousand men, and the more candid among our own historians confess to a loss of seven or eight thousand. In a stinging letter addressed to the commanding regimental officers, Lord Wellington seems to fasten a good deal of the blame upon them, and speaks his mind with unmistakable energy. For the insubordination and disgraceful state of discipline among the men, he has no hesitation in making the officers directly responsible. Some critics blame the Duke himself. He attacked Burgos, say they, and wasted thousands of valuable lives, because he failed to bring up a proper siege train; and the demoralization of the army during the retreat was almost a direct result of his not having attended with sufficient care to the commissariat. One of Captain John's letters, dated from Soitella, 6th February, 1813, does not give a very encouraging picture of the state of matters, even while he and the rest of the army were, as he puts it, "in paradise."

"Every one talks of having an early campaign this summer, but my own opinion is that we cannot advance much earlier than May. Many divisions have not had an article of last year's clothing as yet, and are incomplete in every kind of field equipment. The commissariat mules are in the worst state possible; in fact ours are so bad that we are very badly supplied here. The soldiers are very sickly, and the best of them can only be considered in a state of convalescence. Our regiment has eighty men in hospital out of three hundred and fifty at headquarters; others are much worse. I am told the 5th Regiment have lost two officers and fifty men in the regimental hospital since we came into quarters. These, with the great numbers we have lost in the retreat from fatigue and hunger, of which you have never had any account, have weakened the army so considerably that it is rendered unfit for any active service for some time. To remedy the great loss of men last year, we are to have a Spanish brigade attached to each division, and give them English officers, which is the only chance of doing any good. At present they are quite a burlesque on soldiers. The Portuguese are much better, having been disciplined by English officers, but even they cannot be made to charge. With this medley, you may guess the result of a campaign, if properly opposed."

Writing two months afterwards, he says:—"The whole of the army continues very sickly, especially the Guards, one brigade of whom have buried about six hundred men since our coming into quarters, and the men that recover are no better than skeletons. The 2nd Light Division and our own are the only ones fit to take the field. The general opinion throughout the army is that a considerable number of the French troops will march for Germany during this Spring; but there are no accounts of any having left as yet. They have been constantly marching during the whole winter and destroying everything they can on their side of the Ebro. . . . Lord Wellington's headquarters are at Trenada. His lordship generally hunts three times a week, being in a famous part of the country for hares. The rest of his time is given to business. The next campaign promises to be more comfortable than the last, as both officers and men are to have tents, the want of which last year is thought to have been the cause of the great sickness in the army. Government allows one horse per company to carry them for the men. Officers of course will carry their own. We have been much better paid since our coming into quarters than we were last year, being now paid up to November last, which reduces our arrears of pay to four months and a half. Latterly we have been paid in English guineas, which pass here at 23s.4d. We never expect to be paid the whole amount till we arrive in England, where it will be more wanted. We are obliged to adopt the regulation about caps and jackets in our regiment which has destroyed our handsome though costly dress. Our quartermaster is coming up with materials for the

change, which in this country will cost us twenty or thirty guineas a piece."

BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

Wellington, about the middle of May, opened the next campaign with an army of 75,000 men. These he pushed rapidly forward, meeting with little opposition from the French, who fell back in the direction of the Ebro. By a very skilful manœuvre the British General crossed that river before the enemy had the least suspicion of his intentions. This led to the battle of Vittoria, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the French. These had to fly in the wildest state of disorder, leaving all their artillery, viz., 150 guns, their military stores, and an incredible quantity of plunder gathered from every part of Spain, in the hands of their victors. During this action, and in the marches previous and subsequent to it, John's brigade was in the foremost lines of the advanced divisions, and although under fire from four o'clock in the morning till nine at night, escaped with very few losses. This was chiefly due to the French having early in the fight lost all their guns. "Perhaps there never has been an instance," says he, "in which the French army behaved so badly. There appears to have been a complete panic in their ranks, and so far were their infantry from giving us an opportunity to charge that they seldom allowed us to get within gunshot of them. Had our cavalry behaved as well as they should have done, we should have given a very different account of them from what you will see in the Gazette."

PURSUIT AND PLUNDER.

The immense booty abandoned by the retreating foe was a sore temptation to the leading brigades, but the presence of Lord Wellington and his staff who rode among the ranks, urging on the pursuit, was a restraint too powerful to be disregarded. It is with a grim sense of humour that John informs his father that while others enriched themselves with gold, silver, and valuables of every kind, he received only a mule! "The quantity of baggage taken is enormous, and though our division was the first that passed over it, yet from having his Lordship along with us, and from the quickness of the pursuit we had no time to plunder. We repeatedly saw carts and waggons loaded with plate and silver, without a man falling out of the ranks to lay hands on it. Again, there was money, jewels, luxuries of every description strewn about the roads and lanes without a possibility of our falling out of the ranks to pick them up. The division in our rear got an immense quantity, some officers having secured from eight to ten thousand dollars; even our Band who had charge of the officers' horses during the action, came up next morning loaded with dollars and plate. Our camp next morning more resembled a Fair than a regular encampment, every man selling or buying some article of plunder. My own share is a mule which I bought from a soldier who had taken it out of one of Joseph Buonaparte's carriages."

None of his Highland friends suffered in this engagement, as they belonged to the 2nd Division which was posted at some distance from the scene of action. "Allan Kinachreggan has grown remarkably tall, and is a fine young man. The Eigg lads are both well. Cameron, Strone, I see every day as he is in the same brigade. Macdonald, Knock, is quite well."

While pressing hard upon the enemy who were flying towards Pampeluna, Wellington detached part of Hill's division to intercept General Clansel who, at the head of a considerable corps, had separated from the main body of the French army with the intention of getting into France by a different route. John's regiment formed part of the brigade despatched on this service; but after a week's wearisome chase, they had to abandon the design, and return to Pampeluna, Clansel being too quick for them, and reaching the frontiers in safety.

SIEGE OF PAMPELUNA.

For the first few days, in the beleaguering of Pampeluna, both sides took things rather comfortably. "We were on very good terms with the French, some officers having even gone to the gates to drink wine with the French officers, and placing our sentries at night within forty yards of each other." But Soult, who recently took command of the French army, soon gave our countrymen something more to think about. He had reorganised the broken army of Joseph, added immensely to its strength, and, bent upon raising the siege or blockade of Pampeluna, commenced by making the most vigorous efforts to regain possession of the passes in the Pyrenees leading to the town. John's regiment was sent to defend Roncesvalles, one of the highest of the passes. "We were attacked on the 25th July, and after some severe fighting maintained our position till night. We then retired, the French having about ten times our number, and continued retiring till yesterday (the 27th), fighting every inch of ground. Being reinforced by the 2nd Division and some Spaniards, we drove back the enemy with immense loss of their best troops, having taken the same hill six or seven times with our bayonets, and as often being driven from it again by superior force. At length being reinforced by two other British regiments, we remained masters of it."

ROUT OF THE FRENCH.

The fight was renewed on the 28th. "We spent a dreadfully rainy night on the 27th. Our regiment being on picquet were first in action

next morning, which was by far the most spirited I ever saw the French make. They formed columns of grenadiers in the plain, and though cut down by sections kept advancing until they were overthrown down the hill again with our bayonets. How any of us got out of this action is to me astonishing, as we were for six or seven hours exposed to the most tremendous fire possible. My captain was killed, and the other lieutenant wounded, so that I have got the grenadier company ever since. I understand the 92nd regiment have been nearly cut up, having twenty-two officers and four hundred men killed or wounded in one day. This is not official, but I am afraid they have lost a great number. We expect another attack either this afternoon or to-morrow, but our brigade being so cut up yesterday will be kept in reserve. I write this on the top of a bleak hill, without any covering, and on my knees. It is now twelve o'clock, and there does not appear to be any preparation for attack on either side." Written on the field, 29th July.

On the 30th the fighting was as fierce as ever. On that day :—"We attacked their position and continued fighting till we got them into France. They must have lost from 15,000 to 20,000 in this incursion. Our brigade was reduced to six hundred men after these ten days' work, which was the severest I was ever engaged in since I came to this country." This was pretty much the Duke's own opinion. Writing to a correspondent he states:—"I never saw such fighting as we have had here. The battle of the 28th was fair bludgeon work."

HIGHLAND WEAPONS
In the possession of Mr. W. Jex Long, Ardincaple, Loch Long.

THE 42nd HIGHLANDERS AT THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN.

IN the summer of 1763 the western frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia were overrun by scalping parties of Red Indians who laid waste the settlements and slaughtered the inhabitants, sparing neither men, women, nor children. Sir Jeffrey Amherst was commander-in-chief in the colonies at the time, and he sent an expedition, led by Colonel Henry Bouquet, a brave Swiss, to chastise the ruthless marauders. The troops at his disposal at the time were few, and consisted chiefly of fragments of regiments, shattered in health, that had arrived from the West Indies. Five hundred of the fittest (of which a hundred and fifty of the 42nd Black Watch, under Major Campbell, a gallant son of Clan Diarmid, who I hope his clansmen of to-day have not forgotten—were the best), were hastily got together for the occasion. These Highlanders, as will be seen, acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of the race and regiment to which they belonged.

In the light of hard-won glory,
Shining over six score years,
Listen to a Western story
Of a time of blood and tears.
When from settlement and clearing,
'Mid the forest dense and dark,
Rose the cry of "Foemen nearing"!
In whose wake lay victims stark.
And when naught but smouldering embers
Showed where once the cabin stood,
With the inmates foully murdered
Lying round in dust and blood;
"Help, Oh! help" in shrieks of anguish
Might ascend into the sky,
From those depths of isolation,
But no human aid was nigh.

Over all the western border
Slaying, swept a savage horde,
Ere the tidings reached the sea-board
And Sir Jeffrey drew the sword.
Few (save men returned from service
In a hot, unhealthy land,
Shattered by disease and nerveless)
Were the troops at his command.
But a leader brave and fearless,
Reared among the Alps, was there,
He—in forest warfare peerless—
Would all dangers gladly dare.
And five hundred men were gathered
For the coming war in haste,
Of which eight score Highland soldiers
Under Campbell were the best.
And with them the gallant Bouquet
Waved adieu to port and town,
And his face turned on the wild-woods
When the sun at e'en goes down.

After days of hasty marching
Over many a rugged mile,
He his weary soldiers rested
At the village of Carlisle.

Then he found that fear and hunger
Had their stamps set on each face,
And that fugitives in hundreds
Filled the famine stricken place;
That sad tidings were not scanty,
Tales too harrowing to tell,
As if o'er that sylvan region
Were let loose the hounds of hell.
All the thinly settled border
Was a waste besplashed with blood,
And amid the desolation
Only Fort Ligonier stood.

To that weak beleaguered outpost,
Eight score roadless miles away,
Bouquet soldier-like determined
Aid to send without delay.
Full of dangers was the journey,
And the men to spare were few,
But he thought that Highland soldiers
Might with care and speed get through.
Thirty of the "Forty-Second,"
Fleet of foot, enduring, brave,
Are the men, if men can do it,
That the distant fort will save.
Out into the pathless forest,
With a woodman as their guide,
Lightly armèd and provisioned,
Swift and silently they glide.
Will they reach their destination
Ere the fort's defenders fall?
Through that foe-infested region
Will they reach the fort at all?
Yes! 'mid bullets thickly falling,
Cheers of joy, and savage din,
Just in time to save the outpost,
Swung the band of heroes in.

On through forest, gorge and valley,
Over mountain, swamp, and creek,
Bouquet slowly followed, hampered
With his transports and his sick.
In his front were woodmen ranging,
Scouts went roaming on each side,
Prying into every thicket
Where a lurking foe might hide.
But no foe their way contested,
For no foe was to be seen,
Although ruins, gore, and ashes,
Told too oft where they had been.
When at length Ligonier's fortress,
After days of toil, he reached,
There it stood though oft assailèd,
Still untaken, still unbreached.
But the agile foe had vanished,
Shortly before he got there,
And the fort's brave stout defenders,
Tired and harassed, knew not where.

There he left the weak and ailing,
And his laggard bullock train,
And with men, packmules, and horses
Plunged into the woods again.
O'er his camping ground that evening,
Lulling prostrate forms to rest,
Softly, 'mongst the waving treetops,
Sang the zephers of the west.
Undisturbed by foe or phantom,
Peacefully the soldiers slept;
Although over many a pillow
Guardian angels may have wept.
From their mossy, dewy couches
Rose the warriors with the sun,
For their noonday place of resting
Was to be at Bushy Run.

On they marched through savage verdure,
And far-reaching forest aisles,
Until they, ere noon, had trodden
Seventeen rough woodland miles.
As they neared the place of halting,
Much in need of rest and cheer,
Rifles broke in front the stillness,
With a crackle sharp and clear.
'Twas the prelude of a battle
That had stirred the noonday air,
And the ambushed foemen springing
On the vanguard from his lair.

And the thrill of the encounter
Through the steady columns ran,
As two companies press'd forward
To support the fighting van.
Hardly had the levelled bayonet
Swept the bushy front-ground clear,
When the fire of fresh assailants
Burst upon their flank and rear.
Round the convoy in a circle,
Bouquet then his soldiers drew,
Laid the wounded in the centre,
And defenders outward threw.

Then began a trying contest
Round that ring of steel and fire,
That the bravest might dishearten,
And the most enduring tire.
With their favourite savage tactics,
That laid many a hero low,
Now on this side, now on that side,
Rushed with yells the dusky foe.
And no sooner had the soldiers
With the bayonet cleared the ground,
Than a storm of bullets lashed them
From the smoky woods around.
And their fire was all but useless,
For the foe they could not see,
'Mongst the smoke-retaining bushwood,
Sheltered well by rock and tree.
Thus went on the stubborn contest
Till the closing of the day,
And the rifle's final echo
In the distance died away.

Sentinels were thickly posted
Round the weary camp that night,
Behind which the soldiers rested,
Tired and thirsty from the fight.
Thirsty! for no water had they,
And no water could they get,
To assuage the battle fever,
Or the hot dry lips to wet.
In the centre lay the wounded,
Racked with anguish, thirst, and pain,
Lay the moaning, writhing, dying,
And the stark and silent slain.
Painful, pityful, pathetic,
Was that midnight forest scene,
Into which the stars are peeping
Through a canopy of green.

There a young and dying soldier,
With a comrade o'er him bent,
In delirium has wandered
To the flowery lanes of Kent.
From his side a forest ranger
Rises, waving o'er his head
An imaginary trophy,
And falls back that instant, dead
And in yonder prostrate clansman
Slowly ebbs life's crimson tide,
As he whispers to his lover
On Loch Rannoch's grassy side.

But at length the rosy morning,
With its levelled shafts of light,
From the fresh and dewy forest
Chased the phantom-breeding night.
And the agile dusky savage,
Springing lightly from his lair,
With his war-whoops wild and hellish
Rudely rent the morning air.
And renewed in all its fury
Was the fight of yesterday—
Rabid wolves around the lion
That sore wounded stood at bay.
After hours of weary fighting,
Fighting that seemed all in vain,
An idea, timely, hopeful,
Flashed on Bouquet's active brain.
'Twas to feign that he was beaten,
Draw the foe in masses near;
And send Campbell down the gully*
To attack them flank and rear.
Then the outer ring of fighters,
As if beaten in he drew,
And in bustling feigned commotion
His well guarded centre threw.
And the feint was as successful
As the feigner could have wished,
For the foemen left their shelter
And upon the circle rushed.
But a ledge of bristling bayonets
Sprang from earth as they drew near,
And the warlike Highland slogan
Ran along their flank and rear.
And a wave of sombre tartan,
With a steel-tipped flashing crest,
Dashed upon them, and their masses
On the steady circle press'd.
Then ensued an awful struggle,
That no pen can well portray,
For the foemen (see their annals)
Were no cowards in the fray.
But as o'er the field of battle
Shone the brilliant noonday sun,
Shouts of triumph told that Bouquet
Won the fight of Bushy Run.

N. T. Territory, Canada. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—The Annual Business Meeting of this Society was held in the Religious Institution Rooms, on 26th April—Mr. John Mackay, editor *Celtic Monthly*, president, in the chair. The Annual Reports were read, which showed the Society to be in a flourishing condition. Mr. John Mackay, having occupied the position for two years, proposed as his successor Mr. James Grant, who was unanimously elected, and thanked the Society for the honour they had done him.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 129).

IN 'Calthon 'us Caolmhal,' 'Calhon and Colvala —"slender eyebrow," the poem opens:—

Glan guth num fonna do thréin,
'Fhir 'tha 'tuineadh leat féin 'an còs,
E 'teurnadh mar shruth o bheinn,
An caol-ghlean na gréine dhomhs'.
'Fhir a thàinig o mhagh nan Gall
Mosglaidh m' anam 'an talla nam fleagh,
Mar na làì 'am bliadhnaibh thall;
Tha mi 'sìneadh mo làmh gu sleagh;
Tha mi 'sìneadh mo làmh 'tha lag,
'Us an osun fo smachd mo chléibh'.
An cluinn thu, 'shiol nan còs 'an creig,
Fonn o Oisian mu òg-ghnìomh féin?
Tha m' anamsa mu 'n aimsir mhoir:
Thill solus us sòlas do thriath:
Mar so féin a chithear a' ghrian
'Us i' sinbhal 's an ìar 'an soillse,
An deigh do 'ceuman gluasad fo nial,

which Macpherson translates—

"Pleasant is the voice of thy song, thou lonely dweller of the rock! It comes on the sound of the stream, along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger! in the midst of my hall. I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other years. I stretch my hand, but it is feeble, and the sigh of my bosom grows. Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock! to the song of Ossian? My soul is full of other times: the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the West, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a *storm*."

The literal translation is very different.

"Sweet to the brave (is) the voice of songs
Thou lonely dweller in the cave,
It downward flows, like mountain rill,
In the narrow glen of the sun on me
Thou who from field of Gall* hast come,
My soul enkindles in the hall of feasts,
As the days of the years that are gone.
I stretch my hand to the spear,
I stretch my hands which are feeble,
And the sigh is smothered in my breast,
Wilt thou hear, son of the cave of the rock
From Ossian, a lay of the deeds of his youth?
My soul communes with times of greatness,
Light and joy have to the chief returned!
Even thus is seen the sun
Sweeping in brightness through the west,
After his steps have moved beneath a cloud.

Here it will be observed that there is a marked difference between Macpherson and the real meaning of the Gaelic. The first line is completely changed, and "thou dweller of the rock" should be, "thou lonely dweller in the cave," and being a "Gall," or stranger, Macpherson was led to believe that the lonely

*A stranger, but there is no clue to his nationality.

dweller in the cave was one of the first Christian missionaries. Macpherson is very partial to the word "rock," whether it is a cairn, heap of stones, or a cave he makes a "rock" of it. The most remarkable thing about this passage is that the sun is *feminine*, contrary to general usage in Ossian. The rhythm would admit the masculine as well. Whether the Gaelic grammar admits it or not the ancients knew quite well the difference between genders, but when the personal pronoun "I" means she, her, or it, and "E" means he, him, or it, one must judge by the sense in which either was applied.

Line 39 of the same poem—

" Thog bàrdan na duana 's na dàin,
Bhuaileadh clàrsaichean mall fo theudaibh,
Las sòlas 'an eudann a' bhròin."

which Macpherson translates—

" Bards raised the song, and touched the harp,
Joy brightened on the face of the sad."

It should be—

" The bards raised both chant and song
The harp's slow-lingering chords were struck,
The face of sorrow brightened into joy."

Dr. Stern of Berlin is particularly wroth over the use of the word "*bardan*" instead of "na baird." No doubt the latter is the correct term, and its just a question open to dispute whether Ossian or Macpherson were the better gram-

OSSIAN RECITING THE DEEDS OF OTHER DAYS.

marian. The word "bardan" might have been used occasionally, or the mistake might have been on the part of the reciter. We need not go into fits over it: but it must never be forgotten that Ossian probably lived more than a thousand years *before any* Gaelic grammar was thought of. "Strathmashi," if he were in the conspiracy, should have seen to this mistake, and if Macpherson was *fit* to produce *the rest* of the Gaelic, he was quite competent to correct this error.

Line 274 of the same poem—

" Bha 'n nearstan mar *iolair nan speur*."
"Their strength was as the eagle of the skies."

Dr. Clerk in his notes to this poem says that the strength of the heroes is not compared, as it would be in modern language, to the strength of the eagle, but directly to the eagle himself, as the strength of Ossian's voice is compared to the powerful spirit of Lodin, he considers a proof among others of the antiquity of the language of Ossian, and maintains that the poem of *Calhon* and Colvala is among the oldest in the collection owing to the archaic forms which appear in it more frequently than in any of the others.

Fingal, Duan I, line 211—

" 'A mhùirne a's glaine measg nam *mna*,*
Nighean àluinn Chormaic an àigh."
" Morna, most lovely among women,
Graceful daughter of great Cormac."

Dr. Stern is also wild over the phrase "measg nam mnà," being used instead of "measg nan ban," in the Ossianic poems, or as he calls them, Macpherson's cloud poems. There being no

*Mnathan, wives, plural of bean.

Gaelic grammar in existence when the poems are supposed to have been written, "measg nam mnà or mnathan" may have been an expression in common use. In MacEachan's Gaelic Dictionary "mnà" is the plural of bean—a woman, wife—and I am informed by an excellent Gaelic scholar who knows the grammar of the language thoroughly, that he has heard fairly good Gaelic scholars commit worse grammatical mistakes.

The appearance of Cuchullin sitting in his chariot, Fingal, Duau I, line 383.

" 'S a' charbad chithear an triath
Sàr mhac treun nan geur lann,
Cuchullin nan gorm bhallach sgiath
Mac Sheuma, mu-n eìreadh dàn,
A ghruaidh mur an t iuthar caoin,
A shùil nach b' fhaoin a' sgaoileadh àrd
Fo mhala chròm, dhorcha, chaol,
A chiabh bhuidhe 'n a caoir m'a cheann,
Taomadh mu ghnùis àluinn an fhir.
'Se 'tarruing a shleagh o' cùl.
Teich-sa 'shàr cheannaird nan long,
Teich o'n t-sonn, s e 'tigh 'n a nall,
Mar ghaillinn o ghleann nan sruth !

Rendered by Macpherson—

"Within the car is seen the chief; the strong armed son of the sword. The hero's name is Cuthullin, son of Semo, king of shells. His red cheek is like my polished yew. The look of his blue-rolling eye is wide, beneath the dark arch of his brow. His hair flies from his head *like a flame*, as bending forward he wields the spear. Fly, king of ocean, fly! He comes like a storm along the streamy vale."

Literal translation—

" In the chariot is seen the chief,
True-brave son of the keen brands,
Cuchullin of blue-spotted shields,
Son of Semo renowned in song.
His cheek like the polished yew,
His clear far ranging eye
Under arched, dark, and slender brow.
His yellow hair down streaming from his head,
Flows round his glorious face
As he draws his spear from his back.
Flee thou great ruler of ships!
Flee from the hero who comes on
As a storm from the glen of torrents."

Macpherson's translation is very good, but both it and the literal translation fall far short of the terse, and forcible language of the Gaelic. It was regarding this poem from line 345 that the Rev. Donald M'Leod of Glenelg wrote on 26th March, 1764. "It was in *my house* that Mr. Macpherson got the description of Cuchullin's horses and car in Book I, p. 11, from Allan MacCaskil, schoolmaster, and Rory MacLeod, both of this glen; he has not taken in the whole of the description and his translation of it (spirited and pretty as it appears so far as it goes), falls so far short of the original in the picture it exhibits of Cuchullin's horses and car, their harness, and trappings, etc., that in none of his translations is the inequality of Macpherson's genius to that of Ossian so very conspicuous." The above should be proof enough that Macpherson *did* make use with discretion of the poems he collected, and that they were *not* creations of his own brain.

The conflict between Cuchullin and Swaran, line 413. Duan I.—

" Mar thoirm fhoghair o dhà bheinn,
Gu 'cheile tharruing na suinn,
Mar shruth, làidir o dha chreig
'G aomadh, 'taomadh, air an réidh,
Fùaimear, dorcha, garbh's a' bhlàr.
Thachair Innisfàil 'us Lochlin,
Ceannard a' spealt-chleas ri ceannard,
'Us duine 'n aghaidh gach duine,
Bha cruaidh a' spealt-chleas ri ceannard,
'Us duine 'n aghaidh gach duine,
Bha cruaidh a' screadan air cruaidh,
Bha clogaidean shuas 'gan sgoltadh
Fuil a' dòrtadh dlùth mu'n cuairt,
Taifeid a' fuaim air mìn iuthur
Gathan a' siubhal tro' n speur
Sleaghean 'bualadh—tuiteam thall."

which Macpherson translates—

"Like autumn's dark storms, pouring from two echoing hills, toward each other approached the heroes. Like two deep streams from high rocks meeting, mixing, roaring on the plain land, rough and dark in battle meet 'Lochlin and Inis-fail.' Chief mixes his strokes with chief, and man with man, steel, clanging, sounds on steel. Helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smokes around. Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky, *spears* fall."

Literal translation—

" Like roar of autumn from two hills
Against each other rushed the warriors,
Like strong torrents from two crags
Sweeping, flooding over the plain,
Loud sounding, dark (and) rough in battle,
Encountered Innis-fail and Lochlin.
Chief with chief at cleaving sword-play
Man confronting man ;
Steel was grinding on steel
Helmets cloven on high.
Blood quick-spilling all around
Bow-string twanging on smooth yew,
Darts speeding through the sky,
Spears clashing, *(men)* falling.

In Macpherson's translation after the words "spears fall" he brings in the first line of the next stanza, but in the Gaelic its not "spears fall," it is "spears (were) clashing." Its the men that were falling. Neither Macpherson's nor Dr. Clerk's came up to the Gaelic. In some lines I prefer Macpherson's rendering, but all through the one is rather free, and the other too literal, but Dr. Clerk supplies all Macpherson's omissions.

(To be continued.)

THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

SIR,—If Mr. Murray Campbell is "quite content" to err with Patrick MacGregor, M.A., he will, of course, be equally pleased to support such an able Gaelic and English scholar in the conclusion which he arrived at concerning the authenticity of the poems. After translating them into very tolerable verse, he ends by saying—"The antiquity of these poems has been attacked with *every weapon* which could be furnished by prejudice, the love of fame, or the love of gold. *It has withstood every assault*, and each successive shock has only rendered the foundations of their genuineness *more immovable*, by producing many evidences, of which otherwise posterity would, in all likelihood, never have heard, and by demonstrating that their authenticity did not pass unchallenged in the very age and country in which they were first made known to the world by men who wanted neither the will nor the ability to prove them spurious, *had that been possible*. We may now therefore, not only 'indulge the pleasing idea that Fingal lived and that Ossian sung'—an idea which we could not rationally reject, had these poems *never* been collected,—but unless we can believe that something may proceed from nothing, and choose to adhere to a *real absurdity* rather than admit an *apparent improbability*, we must first rest firmly assured that *these poems contain a record of the exploits of the sons of Alban in the days of the celebrated Fingal, and that they are all the genuine compositions of Fingal's far-famed son.*"

There is no law to compel Mr. Murray Campbell to believe in Ossian's poems unless he likes, and if he can't believe in them, he can let them alone. Neither is there any use "crying over spilt milk." We all know that James Macpherson did not preserve *all* the Gaelic MS. and transcriptions which he collected, but he had good reasons for not doing so. After being called a forger, and a liar, and having left his MS. *under public advertisement* for twelve months in the shop of his publishers, Messrs. Beckett and De Hondt, Strand, London, for the inspection of the public, it was not his fault if no one went to see and examine them. Smarting under such insolence and neglect which his nature could not brook, it is not surprising that he determined to confound the critics and the scholars for all time, and he did it.

When Mr. Campbell speaks of nineteen centuries ago, I suppose he alludes to the Irish legendary tales regarding Cuchullin. Scottish tradition does not admit that Cuchullin and Fingal lived in different eras, and Mr. Campbell is much mistaken if he thinks that the believers in Ossian's poems are bound down by any particular date, though passages in the poems themselves fix the period in the third century of our era. What we mainly contend for is, that they are ancient and Scottish, or rather Celtic poems, and that Macpherson merely collected them and translated them.

THE HOMERIC COMPARISON.

As to how these things can be handed down through so many ages I must give Mr. Campbell a little more information he has not asked for. Lycurgus is said to have brought the Homeric ballads from Ionia three hundred years after the death of Homer; that would be about 500 B.C. Pisistratus "arranged" them, according to Cicero, but Diogenes Lærtius gives the credit of it to Solon, and Plato to Hipparchus. So that Homer had several "Strathmashies" to bring him to his present shape. Again Zenodotus, and particularly Aristarchus, revised the poems, rejecting what they considered spurious, and the Alexandrian grammarians seem to have given them a further polishing. Who can tell what additions and subtractions have been made by all these hands? The warmest defenders of Homer admit that it contains many interpolations. The late Professor Blackie and Mr. Gladstone pointed out that in the 11th book alone of the Iliad, there are 150 lines absolutely irrelevant. There are various discrepancies and *glaring* contradictions far surpassing any blemish in Ossian to be seen between Book V. *v.* 576, where Pylaemenes is killed by Menelaus, and Book XIII, *v.* 658, where the slain warrior appears in life and vigour, and a literal repitition of lines in Book IV. *v.* 446, is to be found in Book VIII. *v.* 601. These facts are admitted by the strongest advocates of the authenticity of the Iliad. Wolff Lachmann and other learned men scout the idea of its authenticity, as strongly as Laing and others did that of Fingal. But notwithstanding all this, the Homeric poems were received by the Greeks, and *are received* by the general public in every civilized country, as the genuine utterance of the Celtic muse? The "Edda" the mother of all Scandinavian poetry, is said to have been composed in the 6th century, carried to Iceland in the 9th, and written down in the 11th century. Or take the "Niebelungen Lied," Max Muller traces it back to the "Edda," and still further, to Grecian and Persian myths, about the unceasing contest between darkness and light, winter and summer. But taking the historical view generally given of it, it is said to refer to events of the 5th century, to have been written down in the end of the 12th century, and entirely forgotten, when a MS. of it was accidently discovered in the library of a German noble in the 18th century. It is also received as an ancient poem, and a very noble one too.*

WELSH COMPARISON.

Then there are the works of Taliessin and other Welsh bards There is *no* MS. of these to be found, yet the Welsh maintain that the "Four Ancient Books of Wales" were composed about the 6th century, and written down in the 12th. There are no Laings, or Humes, or Campbells among them! Could Scotsmen not take a lesson from their brother Celts of "gallant little Wales?" If Mr. Campbell can't comprehend these things, or believe in them, he should drop antiquarian studies, and take to some other pursuit. I consider it as proven that James Macpherson was not the author of the address to the sun, which he got in the house of the Rev. Donald MacLeod of Glenelg, because that gentleman recognised it in his translation, and Captain Morison of Skye, *actually saw* the original among Macpherson's papers when he was assisting him in his translations, and transcribing for him, whether written down by himself or sent him by his Highland friends, but it was the *same* with what was afterwards translated, and published in Carthon; whether he took in the whole

*Dr. Clerk's Ossian.

description or not does not affect the question.† We can't interfere with the licence of the translator, no more than we can with that of the poet. Both are independent of the general public, and are entitled to exercise their own judgment.

I consider it also proven by the evidence of credible witnesses that he had a mass of poems which he collected in the Highlands, and that these were actually seen by Gaelic-speaking professors, and many clergymen, and others of the highest respectability. Besides that, we have the best of evidence that the famous Gaelic MSS. collected by the Rev. Mr. Farquharson before 1745, and carried to Douay, France, were hundreds of times compared with Macpherson's translations and found to agree with each other.

As regards the war chariot, they were encountered by Agricola at the Grampian mountains, and the Roman historians had *actually* seen them. No doubt they were rough vehicles, but they existed all the same; and as regards the Celts not being able to ride, if Mr. Campbell searches history he will find that they were constantly riding, and it was considered a disgrace not being able to ride. Concerning cowardly scouts, it seems to me that Ossian was preparing the listener for a burst of rhetoric regarding the real hero of the story. The scout in question was probably surprised and frightened; such scouts have been rare in the Highlands. The worst in modern history was at the battle of Inverlochy in 1645. Unfortunately his name was Campbell!

K. N. MACDONALD, M.D.

†And Captain Morison's own version only differed very slightly from it in the 7th, 14th, 26th, 33rd, 34th and 35th lines. It was also well known in Skye. See list already given.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

BY FIONN.

THE LAMONTS.

BUT little is known of the martial music of this clan. There is an old pibroch called "Stiallag"—the name of a farm on the Ardlamont Estate, which has long been associated with this race. The Lamonts of Stiallag were cadets of the Lamont of Lamont family. It seems that Lamont, in a fit of generosity, had granted his piper the farm of Stiallag—and to his descendants after him. The piper was so pleased with his chief's gift that he composed a pibroch to which he attached the following Gaelic words, setting forth the qualities of the farm—each verse ending with the refrain "*'S lean fhein Stiallag*"—Stiallag is mine—

'S leam fhéin, 's leam fhéin,
'S leam fhein Stiallag,
'S le m' shliochd am dhéigh,
'S leam fhéin Stiallag.

Stiallag beag caol,
Le monadh 's le fraoch,
Le cnocan 's le glaic,
Le tolman 's le stac,
Le cnocan 's le glaic
'S leam fhéin Stiallag.

Nach éibhinn dhomh fhein,
Nach éibhinn dhomh fhein,
'S do m' shliochd am dhéigh—
'S leam fhéin Stiallag.

Gun phreasan gun chìs,
Gun driscan gun sìon,
Gun phreasan gun sion,
Gun driscan gun sion,
Nach sonadh tha mi
An Stiallag.

'S leam fhéin, 's leam fhéin,
'S le m' shliochd am dhéigh;
'S leam fhéin 's leam fhéin,
'S leam fhéin Stiallag.

Such was the tune Clan Lamont's piper played to waken his master and his young bride on the morning following their bridal. It appears the young chief of Lamont had married a daughter of Lochiel, and on hearing the pibroch "Stiallag," it sounded strange and new to her. She asked Lamont about the tune, saying she had never heard it before. Her husband told her he was so well pleased with his piper that he had made him a gift of a farm called Stiallag. He also told her how the piper had composed the tune in honour of the event, and repeated the words to her. She reproached him for giving the farm to the piper's descendants, saying it was quite enough to let him have it during his own lifetime, and that at his death it should revert to the chief. When Lamont found time he informed his piper that he could only grant him a life rent of Stiallag.

The Lament of the Clan is "*Cumha an Fhògraich*"—The Wanderer's Lament, and the words associated with it begin—

"'Sa Mhic Laomuinn tarruing t-aonar."

I am not aware that it has ever found its way into any collection of pipe music. The Salute of the Clan, or at least some of the Gaelic words associated with it, have recently been recovered by Mr. Archd. Brown, Greenock, author of "Memorials of Argyleshire." They are as follows—

Mhic Laomainn ceud fàilt' dhuit,
'O Thollart gu d' airde,
Inbhirinn 's an Cùl-tràthach,
'S a' Mhealrach nam pàisdean.
O hururaich o, hererich,
O hururaich o, hererich!

ARCHIBALD A. CHISHOLM.

Mrs. ARCHIBALD A. CHISHOLM.

HELEN CHISHOLM ALEXANDER CHISHOLM.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 9. Vol. XII.] *JUNE, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

MR. ARCHD. A. CHISHOLM, LOCHMADDY.

"THE Chisholms," writes Dr. MacBain, Inverness, who has made a special study of clan names, "may be said to have been a Highland clan; its members are of good Gaelic origin, but the chiefs hailed from Roxburgh on the Borders, where the estate of Chisholm still retains its ancient name." The first of the "de Chisholms" came north in the fourteenth century, and became Constable of Urquhart Castle.

Mr. Archibald A. Chisholm, who adorns our Celtic Gallery this month, has for over twenty years occupied the difficult and delicate position of Procurator-Fiscal in the Long Island, and it speaks volumes for his knowledge and tact that he has discharged his duties during that period in such a manner as to retain the entire confidence and esteem of the community. Mr. Chisholm is the eldest surviving son of the late Æneas Chisholm, some time farmer at Auchnacloich, Phopachy, and Invercannich. He is the ninth representative of the Kirnnenas and Lectry families. He was educated at home, and in England at Sedgley Park School, Stafford, and St. Wilfred's College, Oakmoor. He was for some years principal depute Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire, under the late Sir Henry MacAndrew. In 1881 he was appointed Procurator-Fiscal of the Long Island district at Lochmaddy, where we still find him. He was in office during the great land crisis and agitation, and no district so congested and poor came so successfully through those events. Always seeking the improvement of the district, he has persistently advocated before Royal Commissions and otherwise cheap and rapid steam communication for mails and passengers between his district and large centres in the south, considering this the most vital want for the bulk of the people.

In 1892 Mr. Chisholm married Helen Ann, younger daughter of Alexander MacHardy, Esq., Chief Constable of Inverness-shire, and they have a family of sons and daughters.

During his residence in the Long Island, Mr. Chisholm acquired a thorough knowledge of the language of the people, and has largely identified himself with the progress of the island. He presided this winter at the Annual Gathering of the Uist and Barra Association in Glasgow. His address on that occasion was regarded as one of the best efforts of the Celtic season. Mr. Chisholm is a keen photographer and holds the position of President of the Outer Hebrides Photographic Society. *A h-uile latha dha!*

FIONN.

IN MAY TIME.

THERE'S scent o' May on the morning breeze
That blows o'er the meadows fair,
And white o' May on the hawthorn trees
In the boundary hedges there;
There's twitter and chirp o' birds that nest,
Flowers yellow and white and blue,
There's whin ablaze on the low hill's crest,
And there's ever a thought o' you.

There's these and more by the Western shore,
Where ever my thoughts go down,
It's thee I see while I pace the floor
Of a dull grey house i' the town;
There's flutter o' white beyond the stream,
Neath the oak, our trysting tree,
Is there ever a thought o' me I dream,
While my heart is filled with thee.

London. WM. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

IAIN RUADH DROBHAIR, NO AN T-ATH-LEASACHADH.

[The following play, by Mr. John MacFadyen, is eminently suited for an amateur theatrical. The lack of novelty and variety in Gaelic entertainments has been long felt, and the following effort to supply this deficiency, which has the merit of being homely and easily staged, ought to recommend it to the Ceilidhean and village entertainments throughout the Highlands—Editor.]

Dramatis Personæ.

Iain Ruadh Drobhair, fear a tha glé ghaolach air an dram.
Donnachadh, brathair Iain, fear an tighe.
Seònaid, bean Dhonnachaidh.
Mòr Thearlaich, bana-choimhearsnach.
Dùghall, an Gobhainn.
Mòrag, caileag òg.

An t-àite . . . Cidsean Dhonnachaidh.

Nuair a thogar an cùirtean bithidh Seònaid agus Donnachadh, a' suidhe air cathraichean, ise a' figheadh stocaidh, esan a' snaidheadh ceann cromaig.

Donn.—Cha 'n eil fhios cuin a thig an t-allabanach againne dhachaidh an nochd.

Seòn.—Fàgaidh e tigh-an-t-sruthain aig deich uairean. 'S e sin an uair a theid a chur am mach. Agus tha Tigh-an-t-sruthain sé mile as a so. Agus ma bhios Iain mar is àbhaist da—an rud a bhitheas—ni e 'n t-astar sin, co dhiù, dà uair, a' dol o thaobh gu taobh an rathaid mhòir.

Donn.—Ciod è air an talamh is urrainn sinne a dheanamh ris? Tha e 'na aobhar cunnairt dha féin agus 'na aobhar nàire do na h-uile neach a bhuineas da.

Seòn.—Ciod è is urrainn sinn a dheanamh ris! Tha an sin ceist a tha na 's fhasa fharraid na fhuasgladh. Ciod is urrainn sin a dheanamh ris ach cur suas leis mar is fhèarr a dh' fhaodas sinn! A chionn, ged a chuireamaid am mach as an tigh e, bheireadh muinntir na dùthcha beum dhuinn air son sin a dheanamh, oir cha 'n eil dachaidh eile aige. 'S ged a tha e mar a tha e, is toigh le muinntir an àite e.

Donn.—B' fhèarr leam gu 'm faigheadh e greim air té-eiginn a phòsadh e, dh' fheuch an socraicheadh sin e.

Seòn.—Cha socraich air an t-saoghal so esan fads' a bhios e aig an obair a th' aige. Na 'n gabhadh e clobaireachd shuas anns na glinn far nach tachradh deoch làidir ris uair anns na sè mìosan, dh' fhaoidteadh gu 'n tigeadh e gu rud-eiginn de fheum uaireiginn. Ach, fad 's a leanas e ris an dròbhaireachd, cha bhi dùil agam gu'n toir e thairis an t-òl. Ach, nuair tha a cuimhn' agam, is fèarra dhuit falbh a sìos do 'n bhùth agus cairteal a'-phuinnd de ghlaodh fhaotainn.

Donn.—Dé tha thu dol a dheanamh le glaodh? Na, co dhiù, le cairteal-a'-phuinnd deth. Nach foghnadh na bu lugha na sin?

Seòn.—Tha 'n cùl air falbh bhàrr an sgàthain; 's tha 'n laoighcionn a' falbh bhàrr a' Bhlobuill; 's tha glag aig a h-uile cathair 'san t-seòmar. An uair a bheireas tu air chùl air a h-aon diubh g' a togail, saoilidh tu gu'n tuit i 'na connalach air an ùrlar. 'S ann a bhios nàir orm nuair a bhios neach a stigh a thogas a h-aon diubh 'na làimh.

Gabhaidh Donn. am mach, agus fanaidh Seòn. mar a bha i, Thig Donn. a stigh a rìs an ceann tacain, agus an glaodh aige. Eiridh Seon., cuiridh i an glaodh an soire, le steall math uisge, agus cuiridh i an soire ri taobh an teine.

Seòn.—An do thaghail thu aig a' ghreusaiche, nuair a bha thu shìos anns a' bhùth, dh' fheuch an robh do bhròg an deas?

Donn.—Ma tà, cha do thaghail. Cha do chuimhnich mi air a sin; ach bheir mi leum a sìos fathast is bithidh mi air m' ais mu 'm bi an glaodh deas.

Theid Donn. am mach agus suidhidh Seòn. mar a bha i roimhe. Thig Mòrag a stigh.

Mòrag.—Thuirt mo mhàthair gu 'm bu mhath leatha sibh a dhol a nunn tacan air chéilidh; cha 'n eil aice ach i féin; tha m' athair 's na balaich a mach aig an iasgach.

Seòn.—Bha mi dìreach a' smaointinn air sin a dheanamh. Cha 'n eil agam ach mi fhéin. Dh' fhalbh Donn. a sìos dh' ionnsuidh a ghreusaiche, agus, a thaobh Iain, cha 'n eil fhios cuin a thig e—air an daoraich, tha mi cinnteach.

Mòrag.—Cha chreid mi nach eil deur beag aig a' ghobhainn an diugh.

Seòn.—Creididh mi gu 'm bheil. Cha robh dorus na cèardaich fada gun each a bhi 'na sheasamh aige o mhadainn gu feasgar an diugh. Bithidh sinn a' falbh. *Exeunt.*

An ceann tacain thig Iain a stigh agus gleodhadh math air, mar gu 'm b' ann. Seallaidh e shìos is shuas agus tòisichidh e air bruidhinn ris féin.

Iain.—Cha 'n eil fhios c' àite 'n deach Baintighearna nam bàirneach agus Tighearna nam fiasgan an nochd. Tigh gun chù gun chat, gun leanabh beag, tigh gun ghean, gun ghàire.

Chì e 'n sin an soire aig taobh an teine; seallaidh e innte; gheibh e spàin agus tòisichidh e ri feuchainn ciod is gnè no is blas do na th' anns an t-soire. Blasar e.

Iain.—Is cinnteach, tha 'n salann daor 'sa bhaile so 'n dràsd; cha do chuir i srad an so.

Gheibh e an soitheach salann agus taomaidh e dòrlach de 'n t-salann 'san t-soire. Blasar a rìs e.

Iain.—Ma bha ise gann leis an t-salann, rinn mise picill dheth: tha so mar a bha 'chabhraich a bha 'n tigh a' ghobhainn. Bha i odhar 's bha i goirt; cha 'n fhanadh a neul air an t-soitheach 's bha 'n cuthach oirre le teas. Ach tha brìgh 'san eanaraich so, dé 'sam bith eanaraich a th'

ann: tha e toirt air mo bhilean bhi leanachd ri chéile.

Cuiridh an gobhainn a cheann a stigh air an dorus gun Iain a bhi toirt an aire dha. Teannaidh an gobhainn a stigh a' seinn :—

Dùgh.—Creicidh mi mo sheanamhair is ceannaichidh mi bean; Creicidh mi mo sheanamhair o'n tha i fàs sean; Creicidh mi mo sheanamhair is gheibh mi beagan airgid; Creicidh mi mo sheanamhair is ceannaichidh mi bean.

Iain.—Nach tu tha sunndach, a Dhùghaill; feumaidh gu 'n robh eich gu leòir ri 'n crùidheadh 'sa bhaile so 'n diugh, agus gillean fialaidh leò.

Dùgh.—Cha do chrùidh mi 'n diugh ach an t-aon each.

Iain.—An t-aon each! 'S bochd an obairlatha sin.

Dùgh.—An cuala tu riamh iomradh air Seisreach Dhoire-nan-cuileann?

Iain.—Ma ta, chuala mi na facail sin—Seisreach Dhoire-nan-cuillean—ach 's e sin uile e. Cha 'n eil fhios a'm dé 's ciall daibh.

Dùgh.—Dé 's ciall daibh! Ma tà, innsidh mise sin duit. Seisreach Dhoire-nan-cuileann, seisreach gun each gun duine.

Iain.—Ciamar a b' urrainn seisreach a bhi gun each gun duine?

Dùgh.—B' urrainn anns an dòigh so: dà chapull agus tàillear. Mar a tha fhios agad, tha 'n seanfhacal ag ràdh—cha duine tàillear; cha duin' a dhà dhiubh; chuireadh aon fhitheach tri fichead dhiubh le creig.

Iain.—Tha 'n seanfhacal breugach: chunna mise tàillear a' gabhail air triùir, latha 's mi air an fhaidhir Mhuilich.

Dùgh.—Cha bu ghobhainn a h-aon de 'n triùir; no cha ghabhadh tàillear orra. Ach co dhiu, 's e thug orm Seisreach Dhoire-nan-cuileann ainmeachadh, nach do chrùidh mi 'n diugh—mar a thuirt mi riut—ach an t-aon each. Chrùidh mi tri capuill; agus fhuair mi dram no dhà air a thàilleamh sin. *(A' seinn).*

Ged òlainn dram le companaich,
Cha 'n abair sud gur drongair mi;
Ach 's coma leam na spongairean
Nach faighteadh bonn 'nam pòca.

Ach bha m' fhear-cinnidh as a' Ghlaic-bhàin a bhos leis an làir dhuinn, agus mar a bha e riamh, bha e cho tioram ri caoran-mòna—'s cha 'n e h-uile caoran-mòna tha cho tioram ris, am bliadhna. 'S ann a bha mac-na-bidse a' searmonachadh stuamachd dhomh fad 's a bha mi a' crùidherdh na làrach duinne. Ach 's math a thuig mi gu 'n robh mi faotainn an t-searmoin ud air eagal 's gu 'm biodh fiughair agam ri dram an uair a bhiodh m' obair crìochnaichte; agus thuirt mi ris—'Sin thu ghille; cha 'n ann gun aobhar a ni 'm fitheach fead.'

Iain.—Air gaol a mhathais, a Dhùghaill, ma tha dad agad am botul thoir srùbag dhomh as; chionn, eadar tiughadas na h-eanaraich so agus tuillidh 's a' chòir salainn, tha mo sgòrnan loisgte.

Dùgh. Ciod è tha cèarr ort, Iain? Tha do theangadh mar gu 'm biodh i tuillidh 's a' chòir mòr air son do bheòil.

Am feadh a tha Dùgh. a' labhairt cuiridh Iain an spàin na bu doimhne 'san t-soire agus bheir e an uachdar cnapan de 'n ghlaodh.

Iain.—Tha thusa mar bha poit an fheòladair: tha 'n tromalach air do mhàs. Cha 'n eil mo theangadh tuillidh 's a' chòir mòr air son mo bheòil; ach tha 'n eanaraich so cho tiugh 's gu 'm bheil i a' leanachd ri m' bhilean.

Dùgh.—Coma leat a bhi cur na coire air an eanaraich. Feuch an abair thu trì uairean "Mac-an-Aba" gun do chab a dhùnadh.

Iain.—Mac-an-ab, Mac-an-Ab. (An sin gun a bheul a dhùnadh) Ac-an-a-a, Ac-an-a-a.

Dùgh.—Nach abradh cathag sin?

Cuiridh, an sin, Iain an cnapan 'na bheul agus feuchaidh e a dheudan air. Cuiridh e fhiaclan troimh 'n chnapan. Gabhaidh e air nach urrainn iad tighinn o chéile. Toisichidh Iain air gearradh leum feadh an tighe, agus, mu dheireadh suidhidh e 'na chathair agus leanaidh e ri crathadh a chinn 's a turaman. Gabhaidh an gobhainn eagal, mar gu 'm b' ann, agus bheir e 'n dorus air. Tachraidh Donn. ris anns an dorus agus tillidh iad a stigh còmhla.

Donn.—A thràill mhosaich, tha thusa mar a bha thu riamh, 's mar a bhitheas tu. Ciod e thug dhachaidh ri soillse latha thu anns an dòigh sin, 's muinntir a' bhaile 'gad fhaicinn.

Crathaidh Iain a cheann, agus e toirt sùla muladaich air Donn.

Dùgh.—Iarr thusa do Dhia, a Dhonnachaidh; tha rud-eiginn ceàrr air do bhràthair. Tha fhios a'm cà bheil bean-an-tighe. Théid mi air a son.

Theid an gobhainn a mach.

Donn.—An do chaill thu do chainnt?

Crathaidh Iain a cheann a rìs. Cuiridh Donnachadh fiamh iomaguineach air a ghnùis, agus bheir e ceum a dh' ionnsuidh Iain agus tòisichidh Iain air feuchainn ri bheul fhosgladh le a mheòir.

Donn.—Ciod é air an talamh a tha ceàrr ort? B' fheàrr leam gu 'n tigeadh bean an tighe.

Thig an gobhainn agus Seòn. a stigh.

Seòn. Iain, a chiall Iain, dé tha cur ort?

Crathaidh Iain a cheann, 's e toirt sùl muladaich oirre. Tòisichidh Seòn. an sin air feuchainn ri beul Iain fhosgladh. Fairtlichidh sin oirre. Suidhidh an gobhainn air cathair a'spleucadh air a'chuideachd.

Seòn.—Tha so os cionn mo bheachd. Teirig, a Dhonnachaidh, air tòir Mòr-Thearlaich.

Ruithidh Donn. am mach. Theid Seòn. air ais 's air aghaidh air an ùrlar a' fàsgadh a làmhan, 's ag acain, am feadh a tha iad a' feitheamh. Thig Donn. agus Mór a stigh. Feuchaidh Mòr ri beul Iain fhosgladh le a meòir. Seallaidh i mu 'n cuairt air son spàin. Chì i an spàin a bh' anns an t-soire. Beiridh i oirre, agus leanaidh an glaodh rithe.

Mòr.—Ciod é a tha 'n so?

Seallaidh Donn. agus Seòn. air a chéile, agus sméidhidh *iad air Mòr* a dhol gu taobh leo.

Donn (an cagar.)—'S e glaodh a th' anns an t-soire. Cha chreid mi nach do shluig e cuid deth! An saoil sibh gu 'n dean e coire dha?

Mòr.—Cha dean coire air an t-saoghal, na 'm faigheamaid a bheul fhosgladh.

Am feadh a tha Mòr. Donn. agus Seòn. a' cainnt, éiridh an gobhainn agus feuchaidh e ri beul Iain fhosgladh. An sin gheibh Donn. agus Mòr spàin a h-aon agus toisichidh iad air deudan Iain a thoirt o chéile.

Mòr.—Seas thusa gu taobh, a Dhùghaill, tha do mheòir tuillidh 's garbh air son a' ghnothuich so. Bithidh feum againn air do neart an ceann tacain.

Mu dheireadh, bheir iad buaidh air a' ghlaodh, mar gu 'm b' ann. Glanaidh Mór a mach an glaodh le a corragan, agus am feadh a tha i aog bair, labhraidh i mar a leanas.

Mòr.—Am bheil purgaid agaibh 'san tigh?

Seòn.—Tha. Salts is Senna. An dean sin an gnothach?

Mòr.—Ni iad sin an gnothuch gu gasda. Deasaich iad, agus cuiridh sin a laidhe an truaghan leth mharbh so. *(An cagar ri Donn)* Air chor air bith na innis dà gur e glaodh a bh' anns an t-soire. *(Ri Iain.)* Dé dheanadh tu na' n tigeadh sud ort, 's tutighinn troimh 'n Leitir,' s tu mìltean o dhuine agus o thigh?

Iain.—Bhithinn marbh.

Mòr.—Bhiodh tu sin: cho marbh ri sgadan a bhiodh seachdain an salann agus mìos an crochadh ris an spàrr.

Seòn.—Bha ort an rud sin ris an abair i "a' ghlas-chibheall," a thug thu ort fein le òl deoch làidir; agus bheirinn a' chomhairle ort do thiomnadh a dheanamh mu 'n òl thu an ath ghloine, a chionn ma thig i rithis ort—an rud a thig—cho cinnteach 's a dh' òlas tu e cha 'n eil e bhos a ni fuasgladh ort.

Thig Mòrag a stigh 'na deann ruith.

Mòrag.—Tha 'm ministear a nuas a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe.

Mòr.—Feumar a chur 'sa chlosaid as an rathad. Beir air cheann air, a Dhùghaill, agus sibhse, a Sheònaid 's a Dhonnachaidh, air a bhothaig. Ni mise togail air a chasan, agus tilgidh sin 'sa chlosaid e.

Nii ad sin.

Mòr.—Nis, ma bheir thu ràn no ròmhan asad am feadh a bhios an duine cneasda a stigh, théid do thacadh an déigh dha falbh.

An sin suidhidh iad gu'stolda, foiseil a' feitheamh a' mhinistir. Thig am ministear a stigh agus leigear sios an cùirtean.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS — The question of "Has the social condition of the Highlanders improved during the past century" was discussed at a gathering of London Gaels the other day, and after the *pros* and *cons* had been very fully discussed, it was decided by a majority, that the Highlander was no better off to-day than his ancestor was a hundred years ago.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROSS-SHIRE.

BY ROBERT MUNRO, ADVOCATE, EDINBURGH.

(Continued from page 148.)

YOU will think perhaps that I have lingered too long over ecclesiastical topics. I warned you, however, at the outset that mine was a manse outlook. May I now say a word as to the political life of that time. I desire to do so without in the least introducing the element of party. Then, as now, the

LAND QUESTION

was *the* question in Ross-shire. Then, as now, there was a steady exodus from Ross-shire to great cities like this. I would be the last to check the enterprise which is characteristic of all true Highlanders, and which impels them to seek other worlds to conquer. There is that in the humblest Highlander that longs to burst the bonds of "those twin gaolers of the daring heart—low birth and iron fortune." Thank God that it is so. And yet I am persuaded that the rush from the country to the city is good for neither. It is trite to say it and it is none the less true—you will not stem the tide till the people get back to the land which is their inheritance. Till our straths and glens are repeopled, you will find poverty in the country, congestion and starvation in the city. I well remember the early days of the Highland Land League in Ross-shire: the fiery speeches of Dr. Macdonald; the visits of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Michael Davitt, the leading articles and letters that filled the newspapers of the day, and the strong public feeling which was enkindled. The acuteness of the controversy died away; the bitterness of feeling then engendered is largely forgotten; but the problem remains.

I was glad to read of the splendid purchase of land in Skye made by the Congested Districts Board the other day—a purchase which will affect the future of many a good Highlander. The present state of matters calls loudly for remedy. I have seen the crofts in mid Ross-shire: I have visited the shielings in Skye; and the opinion I have formed is, that there are men starving on land only fit for deer, and there are deer fattening on land which would be a God-send to the people. Sheep and deer have by some proprietors been regarded as more valuable than human beings; and there was point in the question put by an independent elector to a candidate in the Highlands, whether, if elected, he would give the sheep a vote! The views of Highlanders regarding the land largely account for their views regarding the game laws. In one village I have heard it said that the only industry was poaching. Many Highlanders do not regard poach-

ing as a crime. I am not, as a lawyer, defending that view: I am merely stating its existence. I well remember as a boy going out to fish with a man who held office in a certain church in Ross-shire, and who was also a

KEEN AND GOOD FISHERMAN.

I hooked and landed my first grilse. My companion produced a canvas bag, hitherto concealed under his surtout coat, popped the fish in, swung the bag round out of sight under his coat, and charged me to say nothing about the fish if any one came by. I was puzzled at this, but did as I was told. A few moments later the river bailiff sauntered up. My friend invited him to sit down on the grass and have a smoke. He did so. They lit their clays and puffed away for a quarter-of-an-hour or so, and watched me fish. All this time the fish—which at a later stage I discovered to be unclean and caught out of season—was about three inches from the unsuspecting keeper, to whom my companion descanted amiably on angling topics in general, and the absence of sport in particular, till at last they bade one another good-day.

I have spoken of the ecclesiastical and political conditions of the time. Let me say a word regarding the

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE COMMUNITY,

as I recall it. It was a simple and uneventful, but withal a happy one. We were more self-centred in these days. Newspapers were not so numerous, nor so interesting. Why, when I remember Alness first, the daily paper did not arrive till nearly five o'clock in the evening, and comparatively few copies came even then. Now you get the 'Scotsman' soon after breakfast. The 'Daily Review' was the popular paper of the time. Locally we had the 'Invergordon Times,' to which 'Lochbroom' used to contribute fiery articles on the land question, and the 'Ross-shire Journal' in Dingwall. I don't recollect any other local papers. To the 'Journal' I had the honour of regularly contributing in the days when Mr. Lewis Munro was its gifted editor. Now we have in addition the 'Northern Weekly,' one of the best of our north country papers, and the 'North Star.' Curiously enough, Tain has not, and, so far as I know, never had a newspaper of its own. Nowadays a

FLOOD OF WEEKLY JOURNALS,

both of the snippety kind and of a more substantial character, flows far and wide over the Highlands generally, and Ross-shire in particular. I was amazed, on a Friday afternoon, on the occasion of a recent visit, to see the incredible number of 'People's Journals,' 'Weekly Scotsmans' and so on which came in, and the swarm of purchasers who eagerly awaited their arrival. All these things point to a widening of interests, an enlargement of parochial ideas, and that is well. If I may, however, I would venture to record a protest against the almost exclusive devotion shown by many people to the ephemeral productions of the moment, and against the neglect of the enduring treasures of literature, some of which in Ross-shire I think were valued more highly and consulted more frequently twenty-five years ago than they are to-day.

A CONCERT IN THESE DAYS

in country districts was a comparative rarity; an operatic performance almost unknown; societies, friendly and literary, few and far between. Now, you have in every little village its Philharmonic Society, its Oddfellows, its Good Templars, its library, and so on, to say nothing of the visits of travelling concert and theatrical companies. All that marks a change in the social life of the county—a change in the main for the better. And yet it is not without regret, speaking for myself at least, that I see the old simple life displaced, and existence in our country villages more closely assimilated to the drive and stress of the nerve-wearing life of the town. One remembers, for example, with a sigh the peace of a Sabbath morning in Ross-shire. Go out in the morning, and, save for the singing of the birds, and perhaps the rustle of the corn, a perfect stillness prevailed. And then, at ten o'clock, the

CHIME OF THE EARLY CHURCH BELL

cleft the silent air. Shortly thereafter you could see little clusters of people wending their way to the place of meeting—the women wearing the picturesque white mutch, now almost extinct, the men in their decent black attire. Then came the service, with a severe simplicity more restful and impressive than the ostentation of a cathedral. And then, when the day's services were over, go out again, and say whether, when all the voices of earth were still, the air was not eloquent of all that is best and highest. Contrast that scene with the clang and bustle of the city on a Sunday morning, the dash of its cabs, the clangour of its car bells, the aimless flow of the crowds that go they know not whither, and the clatter of their tongues, and tell me if you would willingly exchange one peaceful Sunday in Ross-shire for a dozen in the city.

I must say a word also about the

EDUCATIONAL CONDITIONS

of the time. The present system was in its childhood when I first remember it. And what a mighty boon the Education Act has proved to the Highlands! Your crofter's son now sits side by side at the University with the gilded aristocrat, ay, and often outdistances him in the race for fame. And why? Because in some remote Highland glen, an obscure dominie, with no reward but an approving conscience, has devoted all his energies, late and early, to the

mental training and equipment of the lad. And do not forget that we owe the Education Act to the most venerable judge on the Scottish Bench, whose name is a household word in Scotland—I mean Lord Young. There are other lawyers, strange though it may seem to some of you, whose names Ross-shire holds dear. I have only to mention the late Dr. Carment in order to recall to many of you his generosity and amiability. Another member of my profession—Mr. Taylor Innes—happily still with us, has established a reputation that is unique, not only as a lawyer, but as the most erudite of ecclesiastics.

And what shall I say of the people of

ROSS-SHIRE IN THESE DAYS?

During the first fifteen years of my life I saw much of them in all parts of the county. As a boy I accompanied my father in his pastoral visiting. I can never forget the respect and kindness with which the minister was received. A more warm-hearted, courteous, loyal race you cannot find. These were days when the institution of 'catechising,' *i.e.* examination in the Shorter Catechism, was the rule, not the exception. The annual visit of the minister was an event preceded by close and agonizing study of that much-abused system of theology. It was quaint, and yet touching, to see grown men and women endeavour to reproduce without stumbling such a cranky answer as that to the question of 'What is effectual calling?' or some other of the series. The nervousness of a minister preaching his first sermon could not surpass the apprehension with which, in presence of his fellows, a burly farm-servant, say, approached this ordeal. How many of us could come through it now unscathed? I remember a tale of my father's revered predecessor in Alness, Mr. Flyter, who when he invited an unwilling victim, ignorant of the "questions," to repeat one, received the modest reply: —"Oh, Mr. Flyter, it would ill become me, a poor ignorant man, to be saying the questions to one like yourself that knows them so well."

HIGHLAND MARRIAGES AND FUNERALS

have been the target of much ridicule and reprobation. I have attended both on many occasions; and I can truthfully affirm that I have never seen anything unseemly at either. I recall one of Dr. Aird's stories regarding the first marriage ceremony he performed. He was nervous and uneasy. The bridegroom was neither the one nor the other. "Indeed, Sir, he had been married twice before, and he was far more familiar with the whole proceedings than I was."

As regards funerals, I think there is more sacrifice of personal convenience, in the matter of being present at the funeral of a friend—no matter what the weather, the distance, or one's engagements — than anywhere else I know. Sentiment runs strong in the North: but it is repressed. Your Ross-shire man does not wear his heart in his sleeve. But it beats true all the same, to old associations. Most of us know some hallowed nook in a Highland churchyard, not too well cared for maybe, but it is dearer to our memories than the most stately necropolis.

One cannot dismiss the social life of the time without referring regretfully to the

DECAY OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE,

and Gaelic-speaking persons in Ross-shire. When I remember Alness first, the Gaelic congregation was larger than the English; now it is a mere shadow. And that is a typical case, I fear. The death of a language is always sad; but the death of a language entwined with the best traditions of the Highlands is simply deplorable. How different with the Welsh language! Its literature is abundant: it has its newspapers, its books, its societies. The little children gabble it: nearly all the grown-up folks can speak it, and are not ashamed to own that they do. In the village I annually visit, out of five churches there are only two which have any English service at all; and in one of these two—the Anglican Church—there is a Welsh service as well as an English one. Why are we so slack over this matter? I am glad to see the proposal made to endow a Celtic Chair in your University. May it be a success.

OF THE SCENERY OF OUR COUNTY

what can I say? We have heard of the operation of painting the lily: to praise the natural beauty of Ross-shire seems equally superflous. It is a "land of brown heath and shaggy wood: land of the mountain and the flood." Nature is grand and awe-inspiring at one point. She pours forth from her stores sheer loveliness and charm at another; and at a third she co-mingles the grand with the beautiful, till you are fain to confess that the result cannot be matched. I see that the chairman at your Annual Gathering, than whom there is no more experienced traveller, stated that in all his wanderings he had not seen our Ross-shire scenery equalled. Sheriff Guthrie, who, on the occasion of a recent Highland Gathering in this city, said that he had visited every country in Europe, save Turkey, made a similar statement. I take it that that is not the language of imagination or of empty compliment: it is sober sense. I would that I had the pen of a ready writer to make to live before you again the fertile stretches by the Cromarty Firth: the blue expanse of its waters guarded by the sentinel Sutors: the panorama from the summit of Wyvis and of Fyrish: the picture painted by Nature at Loch Duich or Loch Maree: the rocks and cliffs by the Skye railway; the scene from the harbours at Portree and Stornoway: the

stretch of land and sea as seen from far distant Carloway.

Love of one's country is a noble thing; love of one's county is not less so. Your Society is doing splendid work in keeping alive the SPIRIT OF LOCAL PATRIOTISM. In a humble way, I should like to assist in that work. These rambling remarks, put together in the intervals of a busy life, may do a very little in that direction. I would, however, like to give my desire a more practical form. With the permission of your Committee, I should like to offer a prize of £5 to any of the younger members of this Society who may care to compete for it, for the best essay written on a subject connected with the twin counties, to be selected by the Committee, and to be competed for under conditions to be determined by them. If that should help to stimulate the interest of the younger members of your Society in the counties which we all love, I for one shall be more than satisfied.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

V.—The MacIntyres.

THE name MacIntyre is in Gaelic *Mac-an-t-saoir*—the carpenter's son. The traditional history of the clan states that they are a sept of the MacDonalds of Sleat, Skye. On one occasion the chief's galley sprung a leak. The hole was discovered, and a clansman, forcing his thumb into it, cut off the thumb and left it there, so that he might be at liberty to assist in the work of sailing the galley. By so doing he saved the crew from drowning, and was ever afterwards called *Saor na h-òrdaig*—the thumb joiner. Sometime afterwards a son of this carpenter—who was known as *Mac-an-t-saoir*—the carpenter's son, leaving Sleat in his galley resolved to seek his fortune elsewhere, taking a white cow with him, and vowing that wherever the cow would lie down to rest after landing he would settle there. This she did at Glenoe, Lochetive-side, at a place still known as *Làrach na bà baine*—the site of the white cow. It is a well known fact that the MacIntyres of Glenoe possessed these lands for a period of 500 or 600 years before 1806. The tenure by which they held Glenoe from Breadalbane was the payment annually in summer of a snowball and a white fatted calf, reared on the land, which was delivered over at a stone still called *Clach an laoigh bhiota*—the stone of the fatted calf. The snowball could easily be got at the back of Cruachan, and as they always kept a white cow or two, a white fatted calf was also procurable. This arrangement continued till about the beginning of the eighteenth century when the chief of Glenoe, at the time, foolishly agreed to the payment being commuted into money, which then became rent.

Ailein Dall makes the following reference to the MacIntyres:—

"Clann an t-saoir o thaobh Cruachain,
Bha cruadalach treun,
Ged chaill iad a chòir
Bh' aig an seòrs' ann an Slèibht'."

MacIntyres from Cruachan
Bold, hardy, and fleet,
Though they lost what belonged
To the clan when in Sleat.

There is a curious entry in the "Black Book of Taymouth" (page 200) regarding this clan. It would appear as if the "chiefship" had been forfeited. The subjoined gives the particulars of the recognition of Campbell of Glenurquhay (now represented by the Campbells of Breadalbane) as chief of some persons of the name for "Clan Teir":—

"Duncan M'Olcallum V'Ane V'Yntere, Gillecrist M'Corkill V'Inteir, Johne M'Corkill V'Ynteir, Torkill M'Ane V'Inteir, Johne Glas M'Olvorie V'Inteir, and Johne M'Ewin V'Oldouycht V'Intere . . . forsamekill as our predecessouris for the tyme happinit to commit slauchter upon wmquhile Sir Colyne Campbell of Glenurquhay knycht in the minorite and less aige of Kyng James the (First) in the cruel slauchter of ane foster brother of the said Sir Colynes callit Johne M'Gillenlag, for sythment and recompens of the said slauchter our saidis predecessouris to eschew the hatrent and persute of the said Sir Colyne deliuerit to hym ane of the principale committaris of the said slauchter callit Johne Boy M'Ynteir to be pwneait at the will of the said Sir Colyne. And mayrouer that thai and thair posterite mycht remane in favouris of the said Sir Colyne electit and tuke hymn and his airis for thar chieffis and masteris . . . and . . . gev . . . to the said Colyne and his airis thair calpis . . . quhilkis calpis the said Colyne Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurquhay knycht his sone that deceissit in Flowdoun and all utheris lardis of Glenurquhay sen syne tuk up: the said Clan Teir of new ratify the said Bond in favour of Colyne now of Glenurquhay. Dated at the Castle of Glenurquhay before witnesses Alexander Menzes of Rannocht, Johne M'Conachy Gregour, Johne M'Conachy Roy, and Sir Malcum M'Gillequhonill, 4 June, 1556."

The chiefship of the clan, if not forfeited as above stated, lies with the senior branch of the clan—James MacIntyre, son of Donald Mac-Intyre, born at Fonda, State of New York, in 1864. Mr. Duncan MacIntyre, Leith, of the Camus-na-h-eire branch, and fourteenth in descent from the first chief of whom there is any authentic record, has probably the best

claim to the chiefship of any one resident in this country. He is the son of the late Rev. Dr. John MacIntyre of Kilmonivaig. This gentleman has in his possession the Glenco ring, having engraved on it the MacIntyre crest and motto—"*Per Ardua.*" The ring was carefully examined by Duncan bàn MacIntyre, the famous hunter bard of Glenorchy. On that occasion the bard composed some verses called *Rainn Gearradh arm*, descriptive of the ring and armorial bearings, etc., which have been translated as follows:—

The Crest—a hand and dagger bright,
Borne in many a bloody fight
To fame and fortune pierced a way,
As motto saith "Per Ardua."

Beneath the Crest, on ground of "or"
The Shield the brave devices bore,
Two eagles bold of plumage red,
With crests erect and wings outspread,
Above with fluttering pinions see,
A galley on a silver sea;
Below, behold on field of same
A gentle hand with cross of flame
Summoned the clan from cot and hall
To stand by their chief "*Troimh chruadal.*"
Such are the Motto, the Crest, and the Shield,
Which oft fought and won by flood and field,
Have handed down from sire to son,
'Mong the MacIntyres of Cruachan Ben,
And still reflect the untarnished glow
The fame of thine ancient house Glenoe.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 158).

ALL these passages have been quoted at random here and there, and scores might be added to show that Macpherson—good translator though he was—failed to bring out the full force of the Gaelic, and that the English all through is *inferior* to the original, which it would not have been if Macpherson were the author of both, by translating the Gaelic from the English. Few people unacquainted with the Gaelic can have any idea of the difference between the two languages, and how difficult it would have been for Macpherson, at the early age of *twenty-four* or *twenty-five* to have supplied the Gaelic with all its quaint phrases, beautiful passages, and wonderful descriptions of natural phenomena, all out of his own head must be very apparent. The very idea is absurd and preposterous.

I may here mention that I lately asked two poets to give me their opinions on this subject. The one is a Gaelic-speaking poet, the other is not, and sides mainly with the opposition. The Gaelic speaking poet says—"Perhaps the most that can be safely made of the subject is that the poetry is the work of various bards, whose lives extended over *many* centuries, but that it was handed down years after completion of the greater, and more important part of it, more or less as a whole. I see nothing impossible in such poetry being quite common where bards were fostered, and encouraged as they *most certainly were* both in Scotland and Ireland, during the first ten centuries of our era, and in Scotland much later. It would indeed be strange if it were not so. The poetry so far as language and method go is *most assuredly* native, and all that is mythical about it is that *never absent* sentiment of heroic characterization common, I may say, to the whole Aryan family."

The non-Gaelic speaking poet writes—"Indeed it is impossible to believe that a race of fervid blood, and strong imaginative faculty like the Celts, leading a life of strife and adventure, and wandering about among the most striking and romantic scenery, should not have created a literature, embodying their own mental characteristics, and warlike achievements, a literature which would not at once be rushed into the printing office like the mushroom productions of the present day, but would come floating down on the somewhat unsteady currents of tradition, and have therefore a heterogeneous character. That such a literature could be properly rendered into English I hold to be utterly impossible. History or mathematics may be translated from one language to another, *poetry never*, especially *good* poetry. "Just a few days ago I read in a Norse journal a translation of Burns's 'Address to a Mouse.' It was the work of an able man, and a true poet, but it was no more like Burns than I am like Hercules. "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie." How could this be reproduced in another language, and affect the reader as this line affects a Scotsman? Therefore, I say again, that the native Gaelic literature must remain a sacred and secret treasure, which the Saxon will *never* be able to understand or appreciate."

I shall now give a few quotations from Macpherson's own poetical compositions by way of contrast.

From "The Highlander."

"The youth I sing, who, to himself unknown,
Lost to the world and Caledonia's throne,
Sprung o'er his mountains to the arms of Fame.
And winged by fate his fire's avenger came,
That knowledge learned, so long *denyed* by Fate,
And found that blood, as merit made him great,
The aged chieftain on the bier is laid,
And graced with all the honours of the dead,
The youthful warriors, as the corpse they bear,
Drop the sad head and shed the generous tear,
For Abrias shore, Tay's winding banks they leave,
And bring the hero to his father's grave."

"Fragments of a Northern Tale translated from the Norse."

"Where fair-haired Harold o'er Scandian *reighned*,
And held with justice, what his valour gained.
Sevo in snow his rugged forehead rears,
And o'er the warfare of his storms appears,
Abrupt and vast, while wandering down his side
A thousand torrents gleaming as they glide,
Unite below, and pouring through the plain
Hurry the troubled Tarno to the main."

"The Earl Marischal's Welcome to his native country." An ode.

"'Twas when the full-eared harvest bowed
Beneath the merry reapers hand,
When here the plenteous sheaves were strewed
An there the cows nod o'er the land,
When on each side the loaden'd ground [crowned."
Breathing her ripened scents the jovial season

"To the Memory of an Officer killed at Quebec."

"Ah me! what sorrow we are born to bear,
How many causes claim the falling tear,
In one sad terror life's dark current flows,
And every moment has its load of woes.
In vain we toil for visionary ease,
Or hope of blessings in the vale of peace,
Coy happiness ne'er blesses human eyes,
Or but appears a moment, and she flies."

"On the Death of a Young Lady."

"Lamented shade! thy gate demands a tear,
An offering due to thy untimely bier,
Accept then, early tenant of the skies,
The genuine drops that flow from friendship's eyes.
Those eyes which raptured hung on thee before,
Those eyes which never shall behold thee more,
So early hast thou to the tomb retired,
And left us mourning what we once admired."

"A Poem on Death."

"O discord! gnashing fury! ravenous fiend!
Hell's sharpest torment! nauseous qualm of life!
You bathe the poniard oft in friendship's breast,
Peace, virtue, friendship, harmony, and love,
Delightful train of graces, shrink from thee,
Vice, envy, villainy, deceitful thoughts,
Blood-thirsty cruelty, insatiate pride,
War, woe of mothers and new married maids
Attend thy shrine, and thence long-plighted leagues
And unity are broke, thence stream of blood
Flow from the patriot's honest-thinking heart,
And rapine, bloodshed, carnage-train of death
Resistless, restless, tear th' unhappy world,
Fly, fly, foul fiend, and leave the mangled world,
Too long thy prey, ah me! shall hapless man,
For ever, ever feel thy iron rod."

None of these passages give the slightest indication of the genius of Ossian. They are such as any of our minor poets could produce, and are neither remarkable for lofty flights of imagery, nor for powerful descriptions of scenery, or anything else. Let any man of common sense just think for a moment and he can hardly fail to see how impossible it would have been for Macpherson to have conceived the Ossianic poems. In the first place he was only *twenty-two* years of age when the "fragments" were published, *twenty-four* when "Fingal" came out, and *twenty-five* when "Temora" appeared. At such a youthful age how could he have described such an early stage of existence, and society, and civilization, without floundering terribly, even at the outset. A cunning forger would not have admitted the existence of music, and harps, nor ships with masts, and *white* sails. He would see at once how incompatible these things would have been with *feasts of shells*, and *dwellers in caves*, and *ghosts* on hills and *in clouds*. When the heroes could flourish spears, swords and shields, helmets, bows and arrows, and display horses and chariots, there is no mention of a pastoral state proper, and the domestic crockery consisted only of shells! but what liquor they drank in these shells we are left in entire ignorance of.* Wine, I believe, is only mentioned once, and the whale and the eagle are the only animals mentioned beyond those of the chase—except the droning of bees, and movements of flies of an evening, on one occasion, and the rousing of the birds of the air on another. All that goes to show that Macpherson copied all he describes from MS. and from transcriptions of oral recitations.

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*The Picts were celebrated for making a delicious drink from the tops and blossoms of the heath (heath ale), and Perlin describes the Scots as regaling themselves with "bierre, god alles, and alles." "Herb ale," and other liquors were also known to the old Highlanders.
Logan's "Scottish Gael," vol. ii.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE BIRDS.

The kiss of the birds of Angus (the Celtic Eros brings both love and death.

A noiseless rush of sweet soft wings,
A sudden breath of honeyed perfume strange,
A flash—and lo, they upward sweep!

Ah! now full well I know the white
And drifting motes amid the high clear blue
Of Angus were the messengers.....
The present falls away; the past
Has never been; the future cannot be.
Trembling I stand, aflame, yet ice-cold still;
Have Love and Death come hand in hand?
Nor understand I this, nor care to know;
Enough to feel the young red blood,
Lusty and striving, race and race within.....
And so I lay me down and wait,
(Ah! God, the sunny world is wond'rous fair!)
With calm glad face against the West.
(Although the new-born love-pain tears me so)
My heart is strong, mine eyes agleam
With dawn's fair rose and pearl in Tir nan Og.

COINNEACH DUBH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1904.

CONTENTS.

CELTIC LITERATURE.—Readers interested in the literature of the Highlands will find our advertising pages particularly attractive this month. The list of Celtic "Remainders" contains a number of very cheap and useful works; while many rare and curious volumes are also advertised.

"THE BOOK OF MACKAY" is the title of a monumental work on the Lords of Reay and the Clan Mackay, by the Rev. Angus Mackay, which is now in the press. It will be most comprehensive in its scope, and will treat of the history and genealogy of the main stem and cadet branches of the House of Reay, and also of the antiquities, legends, and other subjects of clan interest. The volume will be profusely illustrated with portraits, views, relics, etc., and *to subscribers only*, will be published at the moderate price of 21s. As only a very limited edition is being printed, those desirous of securing copies should apply at once to Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

SIR,—When Mr. Macdonald makes a reply to my letter which, by any stretch of language, may be called relevant, and when he adopts the courteous tone which usually obtains in polemical discussion, I shall deal with it. To his letter in your last issue—irrelevant as it is discourteous—I can make no reply. May I remind Mr. Macdonald that the subject under discussion is not the conduct of the Campbells at Inverlochy, or of the Macdonalds at Culloden, but the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic Poems?

G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

A DREAM OF KINTAIL.

ALONE on the frozen prairie
In silence I onward go,
Weary and worn with wandering
Over the wastes of snow;
Solitude reigning around me
At the close of a winter day,
I pitch my camp at evening
By the shores of Hudson's Bay.

I sing a song of Scotland
As I lay me down to rest,
And my yearning heart goes over
The great ocean of the West,
To the land of hill and heather,
The land that gave me birth,
And I think with all her failings
'Tis the fairest land on earth.

I dream a dream of Scotland,
Oh! could it last till morn!
I see the little shieling
By the burn where I was born,
And I get shadowy glimpses
Of those to me so dear,
While echoes of the sweet old songs
Fall faintly on my ear.

I listen to the music
Of the corries and the crags,
The treble of the curlew
And the deep bass of the stags,
The croaking of the raven
And the moaning of the gale,
And in fancy I am roaming
O'er the mountains of Kintail.

Ah! 'tis absence—years of absence,
And the distance we may roam,
That weave around our fancies
Brightest visions of our home,
The misty veil of time and space
Drawn o'er our mental eyes,
Thus softens all the ruggedness
That in the homeland lies.

But deeper still and deeper
Does slumber o'er me steal,
I seem to be dissolved amidst
The raptures of my dream.
At last those tender visions
Fade wholly from my sight,
I heave a sigh for Scotland,
My native land—good night!

CURLIANA DINGWALL.

MENZIES OF RORO, AND OF SHIAN.

WANTED, proof of the reputed descent of the Rev. William Menzies of Wester Shian from William Menzies of Roro. The latter was the second son of Sir Robert Menzies of that ilk, knight, who died in 1520. Failing actual proof, any information bearing on the matter will be much appreciated.

Edinburgh. J. CHRISTIE.

A CAIRN IN LEWIS.

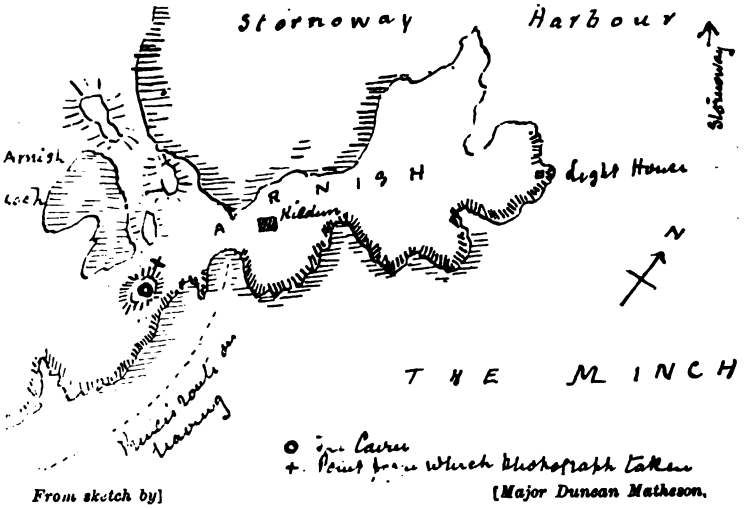
THE PRINCE CHARLIE CAIRN; AND PORTRAIT OF MAJOR DUNCAN MATHESON OF THE LEWS.

WHEN the fatal 16th April drew to its close in the year 1746, it saw the end of an episode in history remarkable for all its cirumstances. It was the close of an enterprise begun in a spirit of inconceivable daring, and carried through in the spirit of ancient chivalry and of self-sacrificing devotion. When night descended for a few hours upon the bloody field of Culloden, it descended for ever upon the old ideas of national pride and independence, and upon the last pageant of the Clans in all their martial glory. A Scottish prince, heir to a throne, pretender if you will, yet Scottish still and the embodiment at the time of centuries of Scottish national spirit and aspiration, was hurrying as a fugitive past Invergarry on toward the West, on to exile and to hopeless extinction. From Ruthven the Clans were dispersing "to their own dear glens," never to play their gallant part again. The wild rush of Gladsmuir, the brilliant march on London, the impetuous charge of Falkirk, were forgotten save as reasons for bitter hatred and revenge. The short dream of Holyrood, where tartan and broadsword, plumes and jewels, made their last brave show on Highland Chief and clansman, and where

"The lights shone o'er fair women and brave men,
And all went merry as a marriage bell,"

had become a night-mare and a derision. The tartan, stained with the blood of heroes, was being trodden under the disdainful foot of the Hanoverian Butcher.

Truly it was the end, the end of a story of romance. But where was the romance now? Was it not all crushed out by overwhelming disaster, drowned in cruelty, oppression and contempt? It might well have been so. Yet strange to tell the second chapter of the Great Adventure, begun on the dark evening of Culloden, added fresh lustre to a lost cause, and surrounded it with a halo of undying romance. Catholic or Presbyterian, Whig or Tory, all have, thank God, generous hearts, which cannot resist the fascination of a story woven with the golden threads of devotion and endurance. Full indeed of such characteristics is the story of those five months' wanderings. It tells of a Royal Prince determined at all cost to be free to make another effort for the Crown of his fathers, his sanguine heart buoyed up by faith in the Cause, and in that broken reed, Louis of France; of his incredible suffering of wet and cold, hunger and fatigue, with an endurance and a gaiety which alone kept his desponding companions from despair. It tells of a Prince Charming, whose magnetic personal influence had made the cautious Lochiel throw caution to the winds, every waverer immediately draw the



From sketch by] [Major Duncan Matheson.

MAP OF ARNISH, SHOWING POSITION OF CAIRN.

sword, and now made even opponents refuse to betray him. It tells of the devotion of such gentle heroines as Flora of Armidale, Lady Clanranald of Ormaclade, Lady Macdonald of Moydhstat, reckless of certain ruin, or a halter, or barbarous imprisonment; of the faithful Donald Macleod of Gualtergill, of the aged Chief of Strath, of the generous outlaw Chisholm, who never gave to another the hand once grasped by his Prince. It is a tale in which we may be glad to have had a part, and may we not in Lewis record the fact that Lewis had a part in it? Strange that *Ultima Thule* should have a place in the story of a struggle for the Crown of Britain, yet so it was, and how it came about is an oft-told tale, but as many a Lewisman wots not of it, we may briefly tell it.

Riding through the night of 16th, the Fugitive reached on 20th April at Loch-an-Nuagh, the Western sea, hoping to find across it somewhere in the Long Island a friendly vessel to carry him to France. On 26th April he embarked, accompanied still by "that fatal influence," O' Sullivan, by three others and by seven rowers, and seating himself at the feet of the faithful helmsman, Donald Macleod, he with gay *insonciance* faced, in an open boat, such a storm as even the experienced Donald had never encountered. Morning found them in Benbecula, safe from the sea, but within the toils of the enemy. Failing to find the Prince in St. Kilda, where

From photograph by] [*Mrs. Duncan Matheson of the Lews.*

PRINCE CHARLIE'S CAIRN, ARNISH, LEWIS—LOOKING SOUTH.

rumour had placed him, the Government were sweeping every glen and hollow in the Long Island with troops, and every bay with a fleet of over a score of ships. On 29th April the Prince was in Scalpa (Harris), whence Donald was sent by sea to Stornoway to hire a ship. On May 4th the Prince followed, but, driven by a storm, landed near the head of Loch Seaforth, and with his usual marvellous endurance started to walk over moor and morass to Stornoway.

It was a fearful night, and in those roadless days a dreadful walk by night. The way was often lost, and it was not till noon next day, 5th May, that they (the Prince, O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Burke, and the guide), reached Arnish Loch, where later, about three o'clock, Donald found them "all wet to the skin." His report was not hopeful He had hired a vessel, but the captain becoming suspicious refused to complete the bargain. Rumour, which in all his wanderings seemed to follow the Prince at a few hours' distance, had already announced his arrival, and the officers of the local volunteers assembled at the Lewis Hotel of the day, (for "refreshers" let us suppose), were proposing to march out and attack him. Donald took a bold course. He walked into the coffee-room, rated them for their foolish imagination of a Prince with an army, and told them the truth. They at once declared that they had no wish to harm the Prince, but requested that he would not get them into trouble by remaining in the island. We must remember that an anti-Jacobite

Seaforth was then superior, and we may also record the fact that not one in Stornoway, rich or poor, made any attempt to secure the £30,000 that was waiting for them at Arnish. Donald conducted the Prince to Kildun House (now Arnish farm house), where he was hospitably received by the Lady Kildun (Mrs. Mackenzie, cousin of Seaforth). He dried his clothes at the fire, did a little amateur cooking and then went to bed for a much needed rest. O'Neil says that the Prince slept the night on the moor, which is probable, considering the danger of capture in a house, and improbable if we remember the terrible experience of the previous night. Another equally good authority, Neil MacEachan, father of Marshal Macdonald (Duke of Tarentum), says he slept at Kildun. In any case early next morning, May 6th, the party embarked in Donald's boat, almost certainly at the little pebbly cove opening on to the Minch a few yards south of Kildun, and, plentifully supplied with provisions by their hostess, steered South. Alarmed by cruisers in the Minch, they slipped into Loch Shell, and spent four miserable days on Eilean Iubhard, sheltering as best they could in a roofless hut, the remains of which may be seen to this day. We must not leave our own island. Suffice it to relate that in Benbecula he found the net drawn round him and escape hopeless. It was then that Flora Macdonald, at the risk of her own life, literally saved the life of the Prince and got him safely away "over the sea to Skye." We in the Lewis heard no more of him till he landed safely in France on 29th September.

At Arnish Loch, now "Prince Charlie's Loch," everything remains exactly as it was in that stormy May of 1746. But on the green hill above the loch, facing "Kildun" and overlooking the pebbly cove, there has just been erected a rough stone cairn some twelve feet high. Set into the cairn is a granite slab on which, beneath a semblance of the "White Rose," is the following inscription:—

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, WITH THREE ATTENDANTS LANDED IN LOCH SEAFORTH ON 4TH MAY, 1746, AND WALKING ALL NIGHT REACHED ARNISH LOCH AT NOON, 5TH MAY. IN THE EVENING HE WAS RECEIVED AT KILDUN HOUSE BY LADY KILDUN (MACKENZIE). EARLY ON MAY 6TH HE LEFT IN A BOAT AND LANDED ON EILEAN IUBHARD, LOCH SHELL, REMAINED THERE FOUR DAYS AND SAILED THENCE TO SOUTH UIST AND SKYE. THE PRINCE'S FAITHFUL PILOT WAS DONALD MACLEOD, GAULTERGILL, SKYE.

"DEOCH-SLAINTE AN RIGH."

The last words are the first Gaelic words the Prince learnt after landing in Scotland. But perhaps some will say that they smack somewhat of disloyalty! Far from it. With us to-day it is a purely abstract question how the competence of the packed Convention of 1689 would stand before the pleadings of a skilled advocate such as Mr. Graham Murray, K.C., or Sir Edward Clarke, and how far it was reasonable to describe as a Pretender Prince James, the late Queen's brother and eldest son of her father, King James VII. It is now a subject only for academic discussion whether the King *de jure*, a Stuart, or the King *de facto*, a Hanoverian, had in 1745 the greater right. This we may not do—question the result in this year of grace, 1904. The Divine Ruler of Kingdoms guided the destinies of our country and we know that He cannot err. So when, in obedience to the toast you cast your mind back a century and a half and think of that fascinating personality, of that Prince so cruelly contemned of Fortune, you may also think of the son of a Beloved Queen, herself an ardent admirer of our Bonnie Prince, the son, who has the same personal charm, the same magnetic influence, the same sway over the hearts of men, himself a descendant of the Stuarts and at this day *de jure* and *de facto* King of both Lewis and Great Britain, and with all good conscience you will say "Deoch-slàinte an Righ."

DUNCAN MATHESON
Of the Lewis.

Mr. James Mead Sutherland, London, sends us a most artistic little booklet, bound in a cover with a design of Sutherland tartan, in which he gives an account of the charitable work of the "Strathnaver Fairy Circle," and makes an appeal for funds to carry on its good work.

THE LATE DUNCAN WHYTE, GLASGOW.

THIS well-known and much respected Gael passed away at his residence in Dennistoun on May-day morning, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. Mr. Whyte was a native of Coire-chnàimh Glenlean, Cowal, and a lineal descendant of *Forsair bàn Choire'-'n-t-sith*, who flourished in Cowal over two hundred years ago, and who composed songs which are still extant. This poetic forester was understood to have been a descendant of the Mac Gillechalums of Raasay, but his descendants were known in Cowal as "*Sliochd an Fhorsair bhàin*"—the children of the Fair Forester, and through time they came to be surnamed Whyte.

Mr. Whyte came to Glasgow in the early decades of last century, and was for a time in the employment of Messrs. Findlay & Co. Some years later he sailed for the Australian Colonies, and shortly after his return, about 1843, he joined the late Peter Ferguson, and they carried on for a long period of years a successful business as cattle-salesmen. For many years back Mr. Whyte was regarded as the oldest cattle-salesman in Glasgow. In 1865,

THE LATE DUNCAN WHYTE, GLASGOW.

Mr. Whyte formed one of a small band of Cowalites—afterwards known as the "Twelve Apostles"—who formed the Cowal Society. He presided with much acceptance at the Annual Gathering of that Society in 1890, and delivered a most interesting address, in which he stated that he could remember when there were only some ten or twelve slated dwellings on the whole seaboard of Cowal, apart from the mansions of proprietors, the manses and the hotels.

An ardent Celt, ever devoted to his mother tongue, he was the ready patron of every movement having for its object the preservation of the Gaelic language. He was for many years president of Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu, and presided at the Gaelic concerts conducted by that Association long before our modern "Mòds" were dreamt of. Some seven years ago he visited Cowal and was photographed on the historic cairn known as "Càrn Mhic-an-tuairnear," as shown above.

An observant man, Mr. Whyte took a deep interest in the ancient lore of Cowal, as well as

in Celtic matters generally. He read several interesting papers before the Cowal Society and the Gaelic Society of Glasgow. He also contributed Gaelic articles to the Celtic press over the pen-name of "Coir'-an-t-sìth." The "grand old man of Cowal" was buried with kindred dust at Kilmun.

FIONN.

THE ISLAND OF BARRA: PAST AND PRESENT.

BY D. F. DE L' HOSTE RANKING, LL.D.

IT is said that "Happy is the country which has no history"; and if this be true, Barra ought to be an exceptionally happy place; for of its history there are very few traces. Perhaps this arises to some extent from its remoteness and inaccessibility. Even in these modern days, with all the advantage of steamboats, the voyage to Barra is not one to be lightly faced by the bad sailor; the boats are small, and the sea is often very rough even in summer, so that the six or seven hours' passage from Tobermory to Castlebay, if there be a strong head wind and a cross tide, seems to stretch out into years of agony. It is all fully compensated for when the island is reached, but it is apt to cling to one as a dreadful memory afterwards. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why so few of the writers on the Hebrides in the eighteenth century give any account of Barra itself in their narratives; if referred to at all it is only in connection with South Uist, and not as a distinct entity. Neither Pennant, Gregory, Dr. Johnson, nor any of the earlier writers seem to have actually visited the island: Pennant set out to go there, but was prevented by stress of weather; Johnson only mentions it incidentally, as producing a very small breed of ponies, not more than thirty-six inches high. Probably the only parson who really *knows* Barra thoroughly is Mr. Alexander Carmichael, whose magnificent work "Carmina Gadelica" is a storehouse of information on all matters connected with the Outer Isles.

That Barra was originally inhabited by a Pictish, or non-aryan race, there is no room for doubt; nowhere through the Isles do the Pictish traits shew more strongly in the people, and nowhere is there less evidence of the Norse admixture which shews so strongly in the Lews; although Barra is said to have been a great storehouse and headquarters of the Norse vikings.

If other evidence were wanting it would only be necessary to look at the Brughs, or Brocs, which are to be found in the island; the dwellings of those mound dwellers which are found all over the North and West of Scotland, from the Orkneys to Galloway. It is true that they are usually looked upon as graves, and ascribed to the Norsemen; as is the case with the "Brugh nam braithearan" that big brugh which stands on the machair near Borve on the west coast of Barra, which is said to get its name from being the burial mound of three brothers who fought there; close by it are the two standing stones, known as the "Clachan Lochlain," and the "Danes' Stones," evidently the remains of an old serpent circle such as those of Stennis or Callernish; but this reference of such monuments to Norse times seems simply to arise from that period being looked on as one of such extreme remoteness that beyond it the memory of man cannot go. But imagination can go back much farther than the Norsemen, and, meeting with traditions of the time when these and similar mounds were really the dwellings of a race of "Skraelings," can picture them as "sithean," the dwellings of the "Good People"; and tales are still handed down of how mortals have spoken with the mysterious inhabitants: here is one that is told of the "tolman" near Baile Thangusdail in Barra.

There was a woman in Baile Thangusdail, and she was out seeking a couple of calves; and the night and lateness caught her, and there came rain and tempest, and she was seeking shelter. She went to a knoll with the couple of calves, and she was striking the tether-peg into it. The knoll opened. She heard a gleegashing as if a pot-hook were clashing beside a pot. She took wonder, and she stopped striking the tether peg. A woman put out her head, and all above her middle, and she said, "What business hast thou to be troubling this tolman in which I make my dwelling?" "I am taking care of this couple of calves, and I am but weak. Where will I go with them?" "Thou shalt go with them to that breast down yonder: thou wilt see a tuft of grass; if thy couple of calves eat that tuft of grass, thou wilt not be a day without a milk cow as long as thou art alive, because thou hast taken my counsel."

Another tradition which seems to point to Barra as having been a dwelling place of the Picts long after they had retired from the mainland is that which mentions the Barra witches in especial as being sellers of winds favourable and unfavourable. This dealing in winds is, I fancy, purely the attribute of pre-aryan races. I do not, at this moment, recall any aryan race of which the *native* sorcerers sold winds; recourse is always had to a sorcerer of an earlier race, Etrurian, Basque, Lapp, Finn, Samoyede, as the case might be.

Of early Celtic days in Barra we have no record: we know that, like all the Western Isles,

it was one of the outposts of Celtic Christianity. Not an island, hardly a *rock* of the Western seas but bears some trace or tradition of a chapel or cell, and is linked with the name of one of the early Celtic saints. Barra itself, so far as the largest of the islands is concerned, takes its name from St. Barr; but it is also specially connected with a saint much better known by name at least, St. Brendan, the saint who for seven years preached to the fishes; and who at last set sail for that mystic western isle of the blessed, the Tir-na-h-oige of the Celtic mythology, to which, too, Oisein went; that land

"Where falls nor rain, nor hail, nor any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

There, like Arthur, and Barbarossa, he lies waiting till the end shall come.

We hear little of the Outer Isles again till we find them under Norse rule. In 888 A.D. Harold Harfaager conquered them, but the conquest does not seem to have been a very permanent one; over and over again Celtic names crop up among the rulers. In 890 A.D. Ketil established himself as king; while in 938 A.D. we find Aulaf Mac Sitric ruling. Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, conquered the Hebrides in 990; and yet again in A.D. 1072 we have a thoroughly Celtic name, Diarmaid MacMael nam bo, chronicled as that of the ruler.

About the same date another Norse adventurer established himself in the Isles; this was Godred Crovan, one of the leaders of the Norsemen at the battle of Stamford Bridge, under Harold Hardraader. After the defeat of this latter by Harold Godwinson, Godred Crovan seems to have escaped to the Outer Isles, where he established himself and successfully opposed Malcolm Ceannmor. Godred Crovan was expelled by Magnus Barefut, of Norway, in 1093, A.D. The Saga of Magnus Barefut says:—"Fire played fiercely to the heavens over Lewis. He went over Uist with flame. He harried Skye and Tiree. The people of Mull ran for fear. There was smoke over Islay. Men in Cantyre bowed before the sword edge." When Magnus came to the Western Isles, the Saga tells us that "He fell straightway to harry and to burn the builded country, and to slay the men folk." Magnus would seem to have confirmed Godred in his rulership, as we find Olave, son of Godred Crovan ruling after him: his daughter Ragnhildis married Somerled of Argyle, who is spoken of as being son of Gilledonnan son of Gillebride. In the time of Alexander III. the Western Isles were finally ceded to Scotland by Magnus of Norway. David II. gave Uist, Barra, Eig and Rum to Ranald MacRuari in 1344 A.D. This Ranald was killed at Perth in 1346, and John of Isla, husband of Anne, sister of Ruari, became his heir, and took the title of Lord of the Isles.

In 1427 A.D. Alexander, Lord of the Isles, gave a charter of Barra to Gilleonan, son of Roderick MacMurchard MacNeill; the charter included Boisdale in South Uist. John Garve Maclean disputed with Gilleonan the ownership of Barra, and Gilleonan was killed in Coll.

His descendants followed the Macleans of Duart, and were constantly in opposition to the crown. On the insurrection of the islanders under Donald Dubh in the beginning of the 16th century, Gilleonan MacNeill of Barra was among the chiefs who, in 1504 A.D. were summoned to answer for treasonable support given to the rebels. In 1545 Gilliganan MacNeill of Barra was one of the barons and council of the Isles who accompanied Donald Dubh, styling himself Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, to swear allegiance to the King of England: his elder son, Ruari, was killed at the battle of Glenlivet, 1594. Ruari, the turbulent, grandson of Gilliganan, went in for a little piracy, a weakness which seems to have run in the family. Having seized an English ship off Barra, he was, on complaint being made by Elizabeth, summoned to appear at Edinburgh. Having treated the summons with contempt he was treacherously seized by Mackenzie, tutor of Kintail, while on a friendly visit to his ship, and sent to Edinburgh. He there confessed to the seizure of the ship, but pleaded that he considered himself bound, as a loyal subject, to avenge the death of His Majesty's mother, treacherously murdered by Elizabeth. He was pardoned, but his estate was forfeited and given to the tutor of Kintail, who restored it on condition that it was held from him by payment of sixty marks Scots yearly. Ruari was *handfasted* to a lady of the family of Maclean, by whom he had a family. He afterwards married a sister of the Captain of Clanranald, by whom also he had a family. There was very great jealousy between these two families, those of the elder line complaining that their father favoured too much those of the younger line. The younger line were supported by the Captain of Clanranald as the only legitimate sons. The eldest son of the first family was seized in Barra by the Captain of Clanranald on a charge of piracy on a Bordeaux vessel, and taken to Edinburgh, where he died in prison. His brothers in revenge seized, with the aid of Maclean of Duart, Neill MacNeill, the eldest of the second family, and sent him to Edinburgh on the same charge of piracy. They also seized their father Ruari and put him in irons. Neill MacNeill was acquitted; and the elder sons were summoned to produce their father before the Privy Council. Refusing to do so, they were declared rebels, and a commission was issued to the Captain of Clanranald against them. As a consequence of these proceedings

Clanranald was enabled to firmly establish the succession of the younger branch, his own nephews.

Barra remained in the possession of the Mac-Neills till about 1840. The last representative of the family was Lieut.-Col. R. MacNeill, who died in 1836. The island then passed, by purchase, into the Gordon Cathcart family.

The ancient residence of the MacNeills was in Ciasmuill Castle at the head of the bay where stands "Baile MhicNeill," now called Castlebay. Martin, who visited Barra about 1703, speaks of it as being then inhabited; but the family seem to have deserted it about 1720, and to have built houses in various parts of the island, finally settling at Eoligarry in the north end. The castle remained tolerably complete till some sixty years ago, when a goth of a factor let it out for a fish-curing station! This resulted in its being dismantled piecemeal, the old chapel being entirely destroyed, and the stones taken away for ballast. One of the two wells which exist within the walls, sunk down into the rocky island on which the castle stands, was filled up with stones and rubbish. It is said that the water for these wells is brought from the main island itself by pipes under the sea, their course being covered over with large flagstones.

(To be continued.)

SEADUNE—A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

BY LUCY H. SOUTAR.

(Continued from page 145.)

V.

WHELKIE ALLIE.

"—A land where charity provides:
For all who can no longer feed themselves."
Wordsworth.

THE west end of Seadune village was not its most aristocratic end; here more noticeable than in the other end of the long irregular street were the smaller houses and the humbler inhabitants; and though the cold pinch of poverty did not dwell in this village, still there were the poor, and the kind ladies of Seadune had from generation to generation helped to provide for the wants of those incapable of providing for themselves. They had built a dozen cottages with swiss pointed windows and doors of rustic woodwork, and little stripes of gardens, entered by wicket-gates. These they had given as homes to the deserving poor, and, must it be added, the sometimes not too deserving. Here the lame pensioner was waited upon by the half-witted; who fetched the water from the village pump for her and chopped her wood, and the lame one took charge of the poor half-wit as one might of a child; here the widow whose working days were over, and the blind to whom had been denied the sight of all the beauties of the land and sea found food and shelter, and here also at Christmas time, the doles of half-crowns, coal, flannel, and warm petticoats were distributed; where Betsy wrangled with Bell, and Cursty with Jeannie over the distribution, and sometimes 'swapped' their gifts of flannel for the half-crown which the judicious doner had specially avoided giving to the more improvident; for the half-crown found its way to "the Public," the Public which had been the direct cause of Bell's poor wit and poverty.

In one of these cottages dwelt Whelkie Allie, one of the most diminutive specimens of humanity imaginable. She was the widow of a fisherman, drowned when Allie was a sprightly little wife, but so long ago that if it had not been for the thread-like ring of brass which encircled the third finger of her left hand I doubt if even Allie would remember the fact that she had been a wife, for there had been no child to remind her of her married life.

Allie gained her livelihood by the gathering of whelks, cockles, and mussels among the big boulders when the tide was at ebb and selling them to those who would buy, latterly she could not procure sufficient pennies to supply even the small shrunken body with the necessities of life, and though she stoutly maintained she was no pauper, consented to live—she explained just to please the Lady of Seadune—in one of the alm houses. When she could get the help of a little fisher child in gathering the shell fish at low tide she was made welcome at the "Big Hoose," and paid well for a merchandise the Lady of Seadune had little use for. Her independent spirit also found another way of helping to make a livelihood. Allie was regarded as a witch, a true reader of fortunes, and it was well for her that the times were forebye when witches and their black cats suffered for professing a knowledge of the Black Art.

A peep at Whelkie Allie in her cottage would make the most incredulous wonder if there was not something uncanny about the little old cronie.

A big fire of sticks, the fallen branches of trees, leaped and crackled on the hearthstone, throwing a lurid light on the tiny, weird figure seated on a low wooden stool at the fireside, dressed in a lilac print gown and red apron, a yellow kerchief round her neck, and a green tartan shoulder shawl, and on her head a close-fitting white cotton mutch; her skin was dry and yellow as parchment, with deep furrows, two bead-like eyes of intense blackness were the only features that told of the once active spirit

whose independence still struggled with a time-worn body; on another little stool in front of her were some potatoes in their skins, which had been boiled in sea water in the pot which hung on the crook over the fire; beside them was a saucer with tea, black as ink; the brown teapot stood on one side of the hearth, and Allie's cat sat erect and asleep on the other. Her cat was not the proverbial black cat of the witch, Tom had a white shirt and white slippers, and his striking peculiarity was that he always sat erect with his back to the fire, winked his eyes occasionally at Allie's visitors, and licked his white slippers and shirt most industriously before rain; he was rarely absent from his corner on the right of the hearthstone and Allie's brown teapot always stood on the left. The room was small and the furnishings spare, the bed with its patchwork quilt, a veritable Joseph's coat for brightness and design, a dresser with two rows of bright coloured crockery, one chair, and Allie's trunk with her stuff gown and plaid for the Sabbath day, and folded in a sheet laid in the bottom of this trunk were her "death clothes," and in a stocking-foot two gold pieces to pay for her funeral expenses, for Allie's independent spirit would not brook the thought of a pauper's funeral. She had through much saving changed her coppers into silver and her silver into gold to secure her a decent laying-out and burial. That was all the room contained with the exception of a gaudy almanac several years behind date which hung over the chimney piece.

I had never seen Allie's room by daylight, because she never sat indoors if she possibly could sit on her doorstep, her distorted rheumatic hands supporting her head, and her elbows resting on her knees; for her visitors the little wooden stools were brought out, and under the swiss porch Allie entertained them in her broken English which sometimes was quite unintelligible to those who could not understand Gaelic, but these daylight visitors were not those who were winked at by the cat nor helped Allie in her profession of fortune teller. Many a village lad and lass stealthily stole into her fire-lit room and left with beating heart and wild hopes, but with a silver coin less than when they entered Allie's presence.

Martha was by no means a fearless girl, but then the young never think it foolhardy to pry into the future, they are so full of life, so strong in their own powers, so untried and so wanting in that lore which age and experience alone can give, their future is the *Couleur de rose*, and the cares and trials of life, which are their parents portion, can never be theirs, for they would set about things so differently, so they say, and well it is that lives begin with the star of Hope shining its brightest, though better still that life should end cheered by the richer gift of contentment.

Martha's great friend was Sal M'Rae, a tall thin girl with pale face and abundance of fair hair; she was "at the dress-making" preparatory to being a lady's maid, and had ambitions far beyond the scope of the little country village. She tossed her head at all the village lads, and when Martha shewed a liking for Tom, the blacksmith's apprentice, with his curly hair and black eyes and brawny arm, Sal scoffed at his black face and leather apron, and if Martha spoke highly of the draper's lad, with his white cuffs and collar and scarlet tie and grand airs, Sal shewed her the unromantic part of such a courtship, which would mean long years of waiting, or a small room and smaller means to live on.

The April evening had darkened, with a cold east wind blowing off the sea, Johnnie was silently smoking his pipe, his feet resting in their carpet slippers on the parlour fender. Jeannie, deep in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sat over the kitchen fire.

"Am going out for a minute, Jeannie, Mister John should be wanting nothing more the night," said Martha, throwing her cloak around her. She had arranged to meet Sal at the corner at eight o'clock and get their fortunes read by Allie. The two girls knocked at Allie's door, and without waiting for an answer, opened it and went in.

On her stoolie, gazing into the fire, sat Allie resting her head on her hands, her favourite position, her cat blinked approvingly at the late comers, pussy seemed to know their visit meant grist to the mill. "Oich meudails, and what will ye be wanting at this hour o' the night?" said Allie, raising her head. "What wid ye think but our fortunes, Allie," answered Sal, holding out a thin, long hand. "It's no muckle I'll be seeing in that han', put the cross on't and we'll be seeing better," said Allie, pulling down the long tapered fingers. Sal took a threepenny piece out of her pocket and crossed her hand with it and left the small coin on the palm, quickly Allie snapped it up and put it into the bent fingers of her own left hand, which served her as a purse.

"I'll be seeing—I'll be seeing," said the fortune teller, "a long road for you to travel, meudail, and there 'ill be trees on the sides of it, and that 'ill be the meaning that we can't see clearly what 'ill be happening to you, but at the end of the road there is a Big Hoose, and there 'ill be lots o' the gentry there, and I'll be thinking you'll not be as happy there as you might be here, but you'll be that self willed; yes, and I'll be seeing a beautiful lady, and her eyes are full

o' tears, and you'll be combing her hair, and that means vexations for you, for they'll be putting notions in your head; and am seeing a big, big company, ... it's all dark now and I'll no be seeing nothing more in yer han'," said Allie, abruptly dropping the hand and peering into the fire.

"Oh! Allie, and you were just coming to the bit that would be interesting," said Sal, disappointed, and feeling in her pocket produced another threepenny piece and crossed her hand again, "Ye can be seeing if ye'll look the now," she said, holding out her hand to the seer with the magic coin lying on it.

"Indeed, yes, it'll be light again am thinking," said Allie, unabashed, picking up the silver. "The company is breaking up and there is a tall, fine lad that'll be having his eye on you, and maybe something'll come of it if you'll no be too proud." "Allie, it's all nonsense isn't it?" said Sal, softening a bit and looking into her empty hand. "It'll no be nonsense for you am telling ye," said Allie, and turning to Martha said:—"Gie me your han', you've none o' the pride o' that lassie and should be content wi' a lad o' the place, be crossing your han'," she added, "Or I'll no be seeing nothing."

The small coin flickered only a moment on Martha's red, plump palm ere it was hid beside the others under Allie's fingers.

"Oich it's you that's in luck, my lassie," said Allie, tracing the lines, imaginary and real, in the working hand of Bonnie Johnnie's housekeeper, "Your press is well filled, and the road you'll have to walk is easy, and it's no alone you'll be going, am thinking."

Martha giggled, and her dark, round eyes shone with excitement at such revelations.

"And if they be trying to put you off it this time," continued Allie, "You'll need to be taking your own way." The village witch heard all the gossip about the apprentice lads, and knew Sal's ambition for herself and her friend, and old Allie, from much soothsaying, could divine things that *might* come true by the long habit of guessing future possibilities by noting present events. "And your fortune's nearer you than what you'll be thinking, and there's none what will be wishing you more good luck than Alison Sulan."

Martha had produced her second threepenny piece, sixpence being the understood price of Allie's lore.

"Hoots, lassie," said Allie, "I'll no be wanting the two," but never-the-less she sent the little coin to join its companions in her quaint purse, "What more luck will ye be wanting than marriage, and it's marriage I'll be seeing in your han'." Allie's predictions ended like all fairy stories in marriage.

"Be going lassies, it's time you were in yer beds, it'll be a wet night the night am thinking; look at my cat, she'll be licking herself, poor Tom," and Allie stretched out her deformed hand, and with the clenched knuckles, which safely held her threepenny pieces, rubbed down Tom's glossy coat, as if by this means she told him of *her* good fortune

(To be continued.)

MOIDART,
OR AMONG THE CLANRANALDS.

FIGHTING IN THE PYRENEES.

(Continued from page 154).

[Being the letters of Captain John Macdonald, son of Archibald Macdonald of Rhu, Moidart. Edited by the late Father Charles Macdonald.]

"THE 92nd," writes John, in a letter addressed to his brother, suffered terribly, being nearly cut to pieces. But I am glad to inform you that the wounded officers are doing well. Allan, Kinechreggan, was not touched. Captain Ranald and his brother were wounded, but not dangerously. Col. Cameron is fast recovering. Capt. Cameron of the Royals was killed at St. Sebastian; he was from near Fort-William, and a very good fellow."

Remarking on the improvement of the Spanish soldiers, he says:—"The Spaniards behaved well on the 31st. They drove the French back repeatedly without any assistance, although we were ready within about two hundred yards; but Lord Wellington would not allow us to advance, as he wanted to give the Spaniards the honour of driving the foe back into their own country, which they did in very fine style. You may expect a great deal from the Spaniards now, as this has given them what they wanted so much, confidence in their own powers. They charged with the bayonet repeatedly. . . Both parties are now entrenching themselves. We do not expect much more fighting this campaign, but we expect another which we hope will be in France, as we have just heard of Austria's joining the allies on the Continent. We have got a fine young grenadier from Lorn out here the other day; I have got him to my company. He tells me that Eneas Gregorson died some time ago in this country." The officer referred to as coming from Lorn was Lieut. MacDougall.

In a letter to his father, 26th Nov.:—"We drove the French on the 10th from their entrenched position with the greatest ease; indeed so much so that the rear brigades of each Division, even at the principal point of attack, were never engaged, the enemy as usual rather abandoning the few tents they had, with

all their heavy artillery, than wait for the arrival of half the troops that were brought against them. Consequently the losses fell on a few particular regiments that led the principal columns. The precipitancy of their retreat, and the very intersected state of the country from roads, rivers, and redoubts rendered the taking of many prisoners impossible. However, our column took about a thousand. Our brigade was one of the unlucky ones that had nothing to do on this day. Whether he thinks we had enough of fighting at Pampeluna, or that Fusiliers are scarce, I do not know, but his Lordship has certainly taken great care of us for the last three months. On the 11th we had some little skirmishing. The weather becoming very wet, and being unable to move our artillery, we were glad to get under cover. We had advanced within a mile and a half of Bayonne.

During these operations in the Pyrenees, the cold was intense, and it rained every day. The poor Spaniards, who have nothing but the clothes they stand in, suffered much; and it was not uncommon to see two or three dead in the morning of the guard or piquet which they furnished. The English and Portuguese who are well clad, continue very healthy.

The country about here is beautiful, abounding in wood, and having a number of rivers intersecting it. It is well cultivated and appears to have been very populous, but very few of the inhabitants have returned as yet, having all retired into the interior on the day of the attack, so that we have only the walls of the houses left. In the towns the accommodation is better, as a great number of the inhabitants had remained, and others are coming back every day. But the most part of our Division are quartered in farm houses, and the people cannot bring themselves to live in detached houses with us as yet. The language they speak is peculiar to the bordering provinces of the Pyrenees, and does not resemble French in the least. They all seem to curse Bonaparte and his government, with heart and soul. We have all been delighted with the great news from Germany which we receive from the French army a long time before you in England. They now say that Bonaparte is busy organising an army of 800,000 men, which, however, is not to be feared, as he can never raise a quarter of that number."

There is a sort of comfort in every misfortune, as will be seen from the following incident, although, as a rule, the comfort is of the cold kind.

"The company bat. horse and my riding pony galloped off from the encampment when in front of the enemy about a week ago, and I have not heard of them since. I am in hopes I shall find them yet, otherwise I shall lose about £50. *It has been so far lucky, as the campaign is so near over that I shall not have the trouble of feeding them all winter.*"

If the campaign was nearly closed there was much fighting yet to be done before the desired end came. Soult proved himself to be a most energetic and resolute commander, and, after strengthening his position at Bayonne, attacked the British on the 10th, 11th and 13th December in a series of engagements which, for fierceness and courage, resembled those fought in the passes three or four months previously. But these attacks were successfully resisted, although at a heavy sacrifice of life. Among the gallant Highlanders who fell on this occasion was John's friend, Allan Macdonald, Kinechreggan, of the 92nd.

"He received a musket-ball through the heart, while gallantly leading on his company to the charge, and never spoke afterwards. He was buried next morning on the ground where he fell. His loss is much deplored by Col. Cameron and all the officers of his regiment. His poor father must suffer much from such an accumulation of misfortunes. Perhaps the knowledge of his son's uniform good and gallant conduct may tend to alleviate the grief at his loss." (Letter 13th Jany., 1814.)

Captain Allan was a son of Mr. Angus MacDonald, of the old Dalelea family, Moidart. He was born at Kinechreggan, or Inverailort, by which name the place is better known to-day, where his father had a large farm. The family, many years afterwards, went to America, and some of them are to be found in California, where they have prospered. A nephew named Allan, son of the Captain's younger brother Colin, held a commission as Captain in one of the Federal regiments, and saw much service during the Civil War. He was greviously wounded, and his health was otherwise much affected by the hardships endured during the campaigns of that unhappy period. He died in 1869. The Daleleas, the Kinlochmoidarts, and the Glenaladales, were the chief families belonging to Moidart who went out in the '45. They were, all of them, a gallant, fighting race, and gave many brave officers to the British army. Another friend in the 92nd, of whom frequent mention is made in John's letters, viz., Captain Ranald, was severely wounded on the same occasion as that on which Captain Allan was killed; and the writer, for a time, was much concerned about him. Continuing his letter dated Ustaritz, Jany. 13th.:—

"You would have observed by the Gazette how severely our countrymen suffered throughout the whole of the operations. Their conduct is the universal theme of admiration in the whole army. *(To be continued.)*

WILLIAM CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 10 Vol. XII.] *JULY, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL GALBRAITH, Honorary Secretary of the London Argyllshire Association, was born in Glenbreckerie, Mull of Kintyre, and received his education in Campbeltown. After leaving school he was for four years in the Estate Office of His Grace The Duke of Argyll at Campbeltown, but that town offers few inducements to the young and ambitious, so he turned his thoughts elsewhere, and was fortunate in receiving an appointment in the service of the British India Steam Navigation Coy., that great Indian Corporation founded by those distinguished Kintyre men, the late Sir William Mackinnon, Bart., and James M. Hall, Esq., of Killean. He served some seven years in the Glasgow office of the firm, and for the last ten years has been in the London office. His courtesy and consideration have made his name liked and respected among the hundreds of captains, officers, and engineers with whom his business brings him in contact. Excellent, however, as his business reputation may be, his countrymen know him best in connection with Scottish affairs in London. For the last four years he has acted as honorary secretary of the London Argyllshire Association, which organization, it may be mentioned, has during his term of office, more than doubled its membership and income, and has, largely through his initiative, successfully inaugurated its Education Scheme. He is also a Member of Council of the Gaelic Society of London, and was on the Executive of the Highland Societies which gave the banquet to the late General Sir Hector Macdonald, and presented him with the sword of honour, after Omdurman, and he is now a member of the London Committee in connection with the Memorial to the dead hero. Although now resigned from membership, Mr. Galbraith served for some five years as a volunteer in that famous corps "The London Scottish," and one of his treasured possessions is a rifle presented to him at the annual dinner of the Company in 1902. The weapon bears an inscription to the effect that it was presented by his Highland friends in "F" Coy. for doing what was expected of him in the promotion class that year. The "expected" meant that he had passed first of all the battalion with a special certificate. This fact is worth mentioning as an indication of the high respect in which he is held by his fellow-Highlanders in London, for whether in the "London Scottish" the "London Argyllshire," or the "Gaelic Society," they have learned to know that their Kintyrean friend is a firm believer in the old saying that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Mr. Galbraith has a leaning towards literature, and has contributed articles on many subjects to various papers. He has published verses of considerable literary merit in the pages of the "Celtic Monthly," as well as to "The Pall Mall Gazette," Glasgow Herald," the Argyllshire County Newspapers, etc. The words of several of his songs have been set to music, and have been sung at public gatherings in London and elsewhere.

He has no sympathy with any narrow parochial feeling in connection with Scottish matters, and his intimate knowledge of Celtic feeling and temperament has enabled him to appeal to the hearts of his fellow countrymen with singular success. In London Highland circles Mr. Galbraith occupies a prominent place, and in such popular centres as the Argyllshire Association and the Gaelic Society, his qualities of heart and hand have endeared him to all. It is interesting to mention that recently we had occasion to spend a short holiday in Mr. Galbraith's native parish of Southend, and were struck with the number of people we met there who asked us if we were acquainted with the subject of our sketch. It was evident Mr. Galbraith occupies a warm corner in the hearts of the inhabitants of that part of Ceann-Tir, in the shadow of historic Dunaverty.

CLOC-NA-RON.

BY MISS L. E. FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD.

CLOC-NA-RON is a little-known fishing village standing on the slope of a hill above one of the many inlets of the Atlantic which work the shores of Co. Galway into ribbons of land and water. Its strangely corrupted modern name is barely mentioned in the Guide Books and this its old poetical seaborne name, an outcome of the Gael's never failing instinct towards natural history in place-names is only known to the older people—The "Rock of the Seals."

Even yet they may be seen swimming in the clear buoyant waters of the Atlantic in Gurteen Bay. Of a sudden a moist sleek head rises up close to the rocks and two bright eyes gaze terrified at the intruder, and with a snort of terror, a splash and a dive, the gentle monster escapes from his favourite and frequented rock, outraged at the appearance of the inquisitive human.

Cloc-na-ron is far out of the way of the ordinary traveller. Delightful and primitive beyond words, here may be studied some of the little changed types of Irish peasantry, still living the hardy life of their forbears in cabins surrounded by cabbage patches and tiny walled enclosures of grass, which the constant rain rarely allows to be made into hay worth the name. In the village the houses are unusually good, but all around among the rocks, heather, bramble and bracken on the hillsides and by the bogs are scattered rough stone cabins, with mud floors, without chimneys, with barely any furniture and a wet pool at the door.

Here are all the well known features of the worst type of dwellings called Irish; outside mile upon mile rolls the purple heather, the beautiful Dabiocea of the naturalist, stronger and brighter than any heather ever seen in England or Scotland, relieved in every ditch by masses of delicate ferns, whilst healthy sturdy cattle graze all around, and at every cabin door stand happy rosy children and oft-times a pretty girl. Every writer from Dean Hole to Madame de Bovet has a word of praise for the "finest peasantry in the world."

It is on a Fair day at Cloc-na-ron that they may be studied in all their picturesqueness. The long road from Toombeola has been marked with moving specks since daybreak, following on up the narrow street above the little harbour, every moment a fresh figure passes. Old men who have ridden thirty miles from "Joyce's country" on their wild shaggy dun ponies, sometimes one seated pillion-wise behind the other, overtake a man clad all in the coarse white whinsey of the district. His long sleeved waistcoat called "bawneen" is of a pattern supposed by some to be of a very ancient date, whilst the child with him is dressed in a short-waisted long skirted frock of the same material, gathered very full all round the waist. As the child has short hair and a "stalking" cap one is left in doubt whether it is boy or girl. The village schoolmaster answered, "A boy aged eight: it is an easy dress to make and does for anyone." It must be the direct descendant of the "Falluinn" or tunic, once the universal dress of all classes in Celtic countries, with modifications according to rank, and which worn fully pleated with a belt and mantle, has led some persons to imagine that the Irish once wore the "Feile-mor" or great kilt of the Highlander. Quite lately, one who is against mediævalism in costume, is reported to have described the Elizabethan-Hibernian dress as a cloak *with nothing under it.* That is not quite true, the "Falluinn" or "leine" in some shape or other was always there, and this white skirted gossoon wears the last survival of the dress of kings, to whom tubular clothing was unknown. But he must yield in point of colour to his sister, a magnificent young woman, with bundle poised on her dark head, for she wears the universal garment of red Galway flannel trimmed with zig-zags of black velvet, a second jupe of pale blue looped up out of the mud, and apron of striped linsey, an orange kerchief, knotted loose about the neck above her blue shirt and dark green shawl. There are many women dressed like her with varying shades of red petticoats, and brown, blue, or even tartan shawls. Each and every one drives some animal before them, wild little cows charging the crowd, brown sheep and ugly expostulating pigs, so tall and thin they look like wild ones.

On reaching the summit of the hill the late comers rest a while, or join those earlier arrived than themselves who are discussing the merits of cows and sheep, driving bargains or investing part of their profits in the good grey homespun of the country, rolls of which are carried about by the makers themselves from one purchaser to another. Well in the centre of the road stands a very notable figure, a woman past her youth, with the smoothest of dark hair tidily gathered together with a carved wooden comb, the very proto type of which rests in the National Collection in Dublin, marked as having been found in some moss or "crannog." Her long ample skirt is of the dark madder-brown that speaks of vegetable dye, and above it she wears a really fine shawl of the kind our grandmothers called Paisley. She remained for a long time in animated conversation with a very respectable, stolid and unpicturesquely dressed young man.

Just beyond them on the low wall overlooking the bay, sat a quiet figure full of pathos in its utter stillness, looking far out over the sea, "thinking long" as is the practice of the Celt. Early in the day she had with her a fine horned sheep, later we noticed it had gone and its place taken by two black lambs, which when her husband, brother, or son were ready, would be driven home the long miles to their mountain cot, to be fed on the hill grass, and yield a small profit again next year.

There she sat all the morning patiently waiting, unknowing the charming foreground she made. The twelve Bens of Beneola standing out as back ground, the blue of the bay and the brown of seaward turned yellow by the sun lighting the middle distance, and the crow-stepped gable of a white-washed house framing the picture.

Of some such scene as this did Miss Dorothy Mempes write condemning Ireland for want of colour in the few brief paragraphs she allowed the country in her "World Pictures." Yet here was colour and enough to spare. The luminous pureness of the atmosphere is inconceivable to those taught that it always rains in Ireland. If it rains it makes the glints of beautiful weather brighter and more precious, and there must be some compensation to the quiet patient people working out a struggle for life, under such trying natural circumstances. There are those in Ireland now who think that too much is being made of, too much attention is being paid to, these westland Irish, but those in sympathy with them know only too well how they deserve it, and how patient they are in their home life. More and more is being done publicly and privately to foster industry and to help the cottars to help themselves. Meanwhile every day more people write and sing of the far west land and advise each other to visit it. There lies a danger to the peasants. It is a choice between easier circumstances, with a loss of their primitive character, or a life of privation and a close communication with the 'other world,' and to the Militant Empire Maker, the former is the right end at which to arrive.

Therefore, while the time is yet, let those of like Celtic race as the wild Irish count themselves fortunate if they may sail some western sea with Maildun in search of wonder, may listen by some lonely lough to the chanting of the Lays of Fionn. These things exist still even for those who have not the knowledge of Dr. Douglas Hyde or the poetic mind of Mr. Yeats.

On a Sunday at Cloc-na-ron, when the men row across from Inish-bofin and the outer islands to Mass, perhaps one Green might be of the number and might be persuaded to come and tell the tale of Fionn and the magic deer, and sing of the "Red Man's Wife" or "An Droignean Donn"—the brown thorn tree. These are the two best liked of the old Gaelic songs, but well as they are known to those interested in such matters, on the other hand the learned professors in Dublin will tell you without hesitation, that nothing is known in the west of Gaelic, except what is *bad* Gaelic, and that there is nothing worth preserving.

However, on a beautiful soft western day, seated on white sandhills by the bluest sea, listening to the quaint old man's crooning, a linguistic controversy in Dublin seemed far away. Looking down as though deeply thinking, Green half spoke, half sang the lay of Fionn and the deer, want of knowledge of the language making it impossible to follow, but now and again he would break off the thread of the story to explain that a word was in old or "middle" Irish, spoken hundreds of years ago, when the tales passed from oral into MSS. literature. Then, courteously divining that a long recital in an unknown tongue might become wearisome, he stopped and said, "It would be a song perhaps the lady would be liking," and began a strange wild song, his voice always going up at the end of the line, to unpractised ears with but little harmony—yet it suited the scene; as the songs of Italy suit her deep balmy nights, so did this wild lay suit the rocks and the heather, the seagulls and the waves in Connemara.

"Bean an Fhir ruaidh" is a great favourite, and as Dr. Douglas Hyde says, "I do not know why people took so much pleasure in this song, unless it is the air that is on it." He gives two versions and the one he puts down as being usual in County Galway, resembles much the translation made for me from Green's song. The maker of the song is bewailing his hard fate that the Colleen who was promised to him has married the red man "An Fear ruadh" instead. He sings of her perfections, of the misery he has been through on her account, of the hope he had of seeing her as his wife, and finishes up as follows:

Tá crann ann san ngairdin
Air a bfásann duilleabhar a's bláth buidhe,
An uair leagaim mo làm air
Is làidir nac mbriseann mo croide;
S' é solas go bás
A' s é d' fágail o flaitheas anuas
Aon póigin amain,
A's e d' fágail o Bhean an Fhir Ruaidh.

and then quickening the time and emphasizing the words, the singer is supposed to show how to the end of the world the woman will still be the wife of the Red Man.

Act go dtig la an tsaogail
'Nna reubfar cnuic agus cuain,
Tiucfaidh smuilt ar an ngrein
'S beid na neullta com dubh leis an ngual

Beid an fairge tirm
A's tiocfaid na brónta 's na truaig
'S beid an tailliur ag sgreadac
An la' sin faoi Bean an Fir Ruaidh.*

In the translation no mention is made of the singer being a tailor—the word occurring in the last line but one—nor did Green introduce him.

Translation.

There grows a tree in the garden,
With blossoms that tremble and shake,
I lay a hand on its bark,
And I feel that my heart must break.
On one wish alone
My soul through the long months ran,
One little kiss
From the wife of the red-haired man.
But the Day of Doom shall come,
And hills and harbours be rent;
A mist shall fall on the sun
From the dark clouds heavily sent.
The sea shall be deep
And earth under mourning and ban;
Then loud shall he cry
For the wife of the red-haired man.

A volume of essays† has lately appeared in which is drawn, far more ably than I could do, the picture of just such an ancient Seannachie as Green, Kelly by name. To the fact that they are a rapidly dying race we cannot shut our eyes, or deny that, given changed times one can hardly dare hope to preserve these last links with a storied past, these last storehouses of hidden knowledge. On the other hand, it is something for which to be thankful that a revived interest has led many to labour in this unknown field to secure a little at least of its riches to future generations. Yes, men like Green and Kelly, to use the quaint Highland phrase are "wearing away fast."

The present scheme to end once for all dual ownership is an outcome of a newly arisen desire to find another solution to Ireland's trouble than that of emigration, so long tried, and so weakening to the best national life. With the stream of emigrants many of Ireland's best and strongest have passed over seas, taking with them language and tradition, which might have been turned to good use at home, and like his brother Celt of Scotland, the love of these bare rocks of Eire still drags at the Irishman's heart. Listen to the echo of a dead voice from Samon—

"From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas, [land,
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are High-
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

I remember a fine deep-eyed man in Achill saying when I questioned him as to his liking for England (whither he went harvesting every year) "There is nothing so fine as *this*, it is not good for a man not to be seeing it every day."

So Fergus and Deirdré spoke to each other in days as distant as time—as all may read in the "best book that has come out of Ireland"—"Cuchullin of Muirthemne."

Cloc-na-ron stands for a last link with the past, and the hermit who, twelve centuries ago went to a wild island at the mouth of the bay to send up endless prayers for the salvation of his dear country, may return and find her at last raising her head and looking forward to a future

Be that as it may, these wild regions have a beauty all their own to conquer the world. Here the tired dweller in cities may go out into the wilderness to gain spiritual strength, an insight into nature amid a solitude that is perfect, lying between the heather and the sea, by some old cross on a lonely island, where the cattle crop short the sweet clean turf, and a redshank calls sharply to its mate. Only

"Sometimes a woman comes across the grass,
Barefooted with pit-patterings hardly heard,"

and kneels at the cross and then passes away into the evening light again.

*From "Love Songs of Connacht."

†"To-day and To-morrow in Ireland."—S. Gwynn.

IN MEMORY OF THE BARD OF LEDAIG.

Dost thou hear, as thou sleepest, O gentle bard,
The song of thy songs—thy sea,
As it surges and falls, and surges and calls
Across the mountains to me?
Far out of the days that are fled in a dream,
Comes a voice like the seas on the wind,
And it calls me to thee and the joys and the hopes
That were thine, and I left behind.

Like the heart of a lover the wild sea beats
And breaks on thy Ledaig beach,
Like a heart to my heart it calls, and my heart
Is fain thy far sea to reach.
Oh, my heart would reach to thy sea and to thee,
But alas! it must reach out in vain,
For the dreams that I dreamed are not and are dead
And like thee will return not again.

Sweet singer of Ledaig with silvern hair,
And voice like thy mystic sea,
When it whispers in star-lit beauty
The secrets it whispered to thee.
Thy memory will linger effulgent,
Like sunshine on sea-shore at eve,
When crimson and gold are the clouds that embrace
The sun as it ripens to leave.

As the fair sun ripens and falls in the wave,
As sweet fruit ripens and falls,
Thy soul ripened and dropped in the lap of Him
Who called thee and calls.
He called thee and calls as thine own sea calls,
And oh! if mine ear heard like thine,
I would hear, and would sing of the songs like thine
And sweet as thine own and divine.

DAN FHRAOICH.

THE following Gaelic Ballad is variously named: Dan Fhraoich, Laoidh Fhraoich, and Bàs Fhraoich. It has been preserved in The Dean of Lismore's Book (1530), in Gillies' Collection (1796), in MacNicol's Collection (1755); and is also in Campbell's West Highland Tales, Leabhar na Féinne, Reliquae Celticae, Ultonian Ballads, etc. It seems to have been widely diffused throughout Gaeldom. The versions recorded differ from one another more or less, and the following is an attempt to combine the best readings into a connected whole. The selection of the readings was mainly determined by rhyme, assonance, and the sense; but many of the passages are still doubtful. The recorded variants of this and most other ballads of the same class, give no indication of whether they were sung or merely recited. Evidences that some of them were sung are not awanting. J. F. Campbell heard some of them sung in Mull and other places as late as 1871. The music of two, written by Mrs. MacTavish, Islay, is given in The West Highland Tales; and an air for Dan Fhraoich, differing entirely from the one given below, written by the same lady, is in The Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. Alex. Campbell, who edited Albyn's Anthology, published the music of one early in the last century. Bunting gives two Irish and one Scottish ballad tunes in his collection of music gathered at the beginning of last century, mostly in the north of Ireland. The Scottish one was contributed by Sir John Sinclair, and is also to be found along with one or two others in Knockie's Collection. Lachlan MacBean gives a few in his "Songs of the Gael."

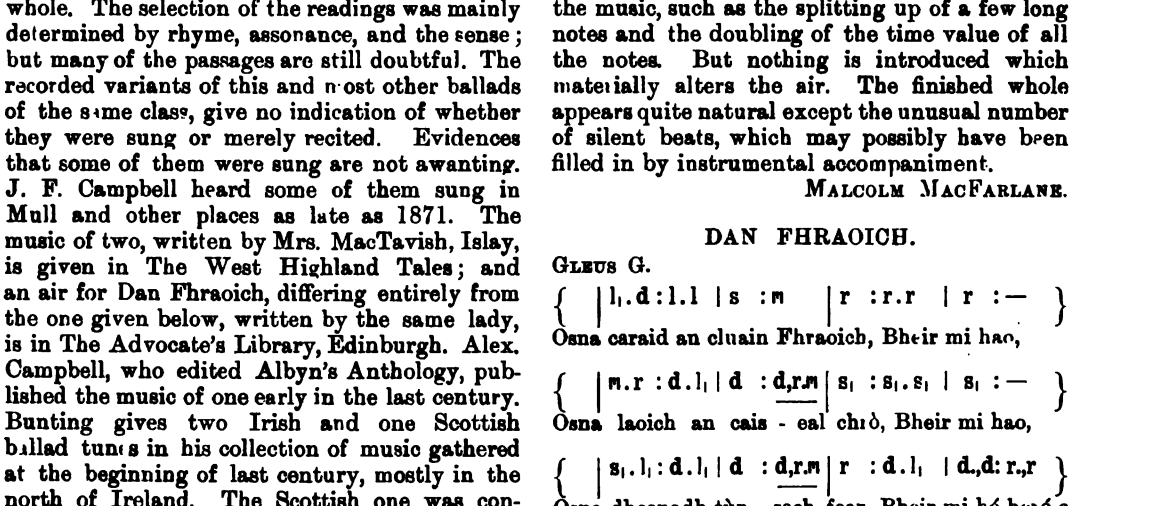
There is further testimony that some of these ballads were sung to melodies, at p. 217, vol. IV. of The West Highland Tales, where Alexander Carmichael writes as follows: "I have the pleasure of knowing a much respected, enthusiastic Highlander, and a clergyman, who has many Fingalian airs; he is himself an accomplished musician, and a fond admirer of the airs and poems of Ossian." He further writes: "Although I have frequently heard the poems of Ossian half-recited, half-sung, I never heard them before set to music. I can, however, assure those who have not had this privilege of hearing them, that the Ossianic airs are wild, melodious, and altogether most beautiful; they are typical of the poems." But the principal recorder of the music of the Ancient Ballads was the Rev. Mr. MacDonald of Kilmore, who gives several under the heading "Argyleshire Airs," in his collection made late in the 18th century.

The following music is taken from Mac-Donald's Collection. On first attempting to adapt the words to the music, it was thought impossible to reconcile the one with the other. The lines end on accented syllables, while a number of the musical phrases end on unaccented notes. The only feasible solution of the difficulty was to assume a chorus. The plan followed after that assumption, was to put the phrases ending in accented syllables to the lines of the verse and to allocate the remainder to the chorus. There being no recorded chorus, it was necessary to make one. This was done in imitation of the ballad choruses which have been recorded. Slight liberties have been taken with the music, such as the splitting up of a few long notes and the doubling of the time value of all the notes. But nothing is introduced which materially alters the air. The finished whole appears quite natural except the unusual number of silent beats, which may possibly have been filled in by instrumental accompaniment.

MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

DAN FHRAOICH.

GLEUS G.



An so sear an càrn fo 'm bheil
Fraoch mac Fhithich an fhuilt mhaoith;
Fear a rinn buidheachas do bhaoibh:
Is air a shloinnteadh Càrn Fhraoich.

Gul aon mhnà o 'n chruachan tuir:
'S truagh am fath mu 'n guil a' bhean;
'S e dh' fhàg a h-osna gu trom, trom,
Fraoch mac Fhithich nan colg sean.

Gur i 'n ainnir a ni an gul,
Tighinn d' a fhios gu Cluain Fhraoich,
Fionnabhar an fhuilt chais, àill,
Inghean Maibh mu 'm biodh na laoich.

Inghean Orla is grinne folt
Is Fraoch an nochd taobh ri taobh :
Ge h-iomadh fear a dhearg i
Nior ghràdhaich i fear ach Fraoch.

Faigheas Maibh a muigh fuidh :
Càirdeas Fhraoich a b' fheàrr an gliath,
A' chùis mu 'n do chreuchteadh a chorp :
Fear gun lochd a dheanamh riamh.

Chuir i e an gàbhadh bàis—
Taobh ri mnaibh 's na tuig an olc—
Mòr a phuthar a thuit le béist
Innsidh mi gun cheilg a nois.

Caorann gu'n robh air Loch Mai—
Chì sinn an tràigh mu dheas—
Ré gach ràidhe 's gach mìos
Bhiodh a bharrach llonte le meas.

Bha buaidh air a' chaorann sin :
Bu mhilse na mil a bhlàth ;
Gu'n cumadh an caorann dearg
Fear gun bhiadh gu ceann naoi tràth.

Bliadhna air shaoghal gach fir dhiubh
Chuireadh e sin ; bu sgeul dearbh ;
Gu'm b' fhòirghinn air luchd cneidh
Brìgh a' mheasa, is e dearg.

Bha aimsith 'na dheaghaidh—
Ge bu luibh e chobharadh na sluaigh—
Beist nimh bha tàmh 'na bhun
Bhacadh gach duine dol g' a bhuain.

Bhean easlainte throm, throm
Inghean Athaich nan còrn fial ;
Chuireadh leatha fios air Fraoch ;
'S dh' fhiosraich an laoch ciod e a miann.

Thubhairt i nach biodh i slàn
Mur faigheadh i làn a boise maoith
De chaoraibh an lochain fhuair,
'S gun duine g' a bhuain ach Fraoch.

"Cnuasachd riamh cha d' rinn mi" ;
Thuirt mac Fhithich nan gruaidh tlàth,
"Gar an d' rinn mi e," arsa Fraoch,
"Theid mi bhuain nan caor do Mhaibh.

Ghluais Fraoch air cheumaibh àidh
'S chaidh e a shnàmh air an loch ;
Dh' fhairich e bhéist 'na suram suain,
'S a craos fosgailt suas ris an dos.

Fraoch mac Fhithich nan arm geur
Thàinig o'n bheist gun fhios dith,
'S ultach aige de 'n chaor dhearg,
Do 'n bhall an robh Maibh 'na tigh.

"Ge maith uile na thug thu leat,"
Thuirt Maibh bu gheal cruth,
"Cha'n fhòir mis, a laoich luain,
Ach slat a bhuain as a bhun."

Ghluais Fraoch gun gheilt crìdh'
A shnàmh a rìs air an linne bhuig ;

Cha 'n fhaod duine air mheud àidh
Tighinn as o'n bhàs am bi a chuid.

Rug e 'n sin air bhàrr na craoibh
Is splon e 'n caorann as a fhreumh ;
'S a' toirt a chasan as gu tìr,
Mhothaich dha a rìs a' bhèist.

Rug a bhéist air air an tràigh ;
Ghlac i a làmh 'na craos ;
Ghlac esan ise air ghiall :
Is truagh gun a sgian aig Fraoch !

Chasgair a bhéist a chneas bàn ;
Theasgaich i a làmh air leòdh ;
Thàinig Fionnabhar ùr nan geal glac
Is thug i grad dha sgian d' a fhòir.

Gu 'n do thuit iad bonn ri bonn
Air tràigh nan clachan lom mu dheas,
Fraoch mac Fhithich is a' bhéist :
'S truagh, a Dhé, mar thug an treas !

Ge comhrag sud ni còmhrag ghearr ;
Thug e leis a ceann 'na laimh ;
Nuair chunnaic an inghean e
Thuit i 'na neul air an tràigh.

Dh' éirich an inghean as a pràmh,
Is ghabh i a lamh 'na laimh bhoig ;
"Ged tha so 'na cuid-nan-eun,
'S mòr an t-euchd a rinn i bhos."

" 'S truagh nach ann an còmhraig ri laoch
A thuit Fraoch a bhronnadh òr ;
Ach tuiteam an so leis a' bhéist
'S truagh, a Dhé, nach maireann fòs ! "

"Ionmhuinn tighearna, ionmhuinn tuath ;
Ionmhuinn gruaidh nior dheirge 'n ròs ;
Ach 's ionmhuinne beul nior ob a dhàimh,
D' am biodh na mnai a' toirbheart phòg."

"Bu duibhe na fitheach a ghruag ;
Bu deirge a ghruaidh na fuil-laoigh ;
Bu mhìne na cobhar sruth,
Bu ghile na 'n cuithe cruth Fhraoich."

Bu deirge na corcar do bheul ;
Bu ghile do dheud na cailc ;
Bu chaise na 'n caisean t' fholt ;
Bu ghuirme do rosg na 'n eighr-leac.

"Bu leithne na còmhladh a sgiath ;
B' iomad triath a bhiodh r' a dhruim ;
Bu chomh-fhad a làmh is a lann ;
Bu leithne a chalp na clàr luing."

"B' àirde a shleagh na crann siùil ;
Bu bhinne na teud-chiùil a ghuth ;
Snàmhaiche a b' fhèarr na Fraoch
Cha do shìn taobh ri sruth."

"Bu mhaith spionnadh a dha làimh ;
'S bu mhaith càil a dha chois ;
Chaidh aigne thar gach rìgh ;
Roimh churaidh riamh cha d' iarr fois.'

B' e sud an t-uabhar mnà
Is mò chunnacas air mo dhà rosg ;
Fraoch a chur a bhuain na craoibh
An déis an caorann a bhi bhos.

Thog iad an sin gu cluain Fhraoich
Corp an laoich an caiseal-chrò ;
O 'n bhàs ud a fhuair am fear,
Is mairg is maireann 'na dhéigh beò.

Air a' chluain thugteadh an t-ainm ;
Loch Mai ràiteadh ris an loch,
Am biodh a bhéist anns gach uair,
'S a craos suas ris an dos.

Càrn làmh ris an càrn so ri m' thaobh :
Làmh ris b' àbhaist bhi son'
Fear nior iompaich an treas fear
'S bu dhàsaidh neart an trod.

Colg, sword ; *gliath*, warfare ; *nois, nis*, now ; *teasgaich*, lop off ; *air leodh*, mangled ; *treas*, a fight ; *eighr-leac*, ice.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 169).

THAT he studied the Ossianic poems closely is quite clear, and that he professed to recognise the genuine from the spurious is apparent from his remarks to the Rev. Dr. Gallie on reading the MSS. in Clanranald's book. At one passage he remarked regarding the bard who dictated to the amanuensis, "D— the scoundrel, it is himself that now speaks, and *not* Ossian."

Another most extraordinary thing is how so many of his contemporaries were deceived—if the poems were a forgery—amongst whom were *very able* Gaelic scholars, clergymen of the *highest* character and respectability, nearly all Gaelic-speaking men, who knew the people around them thoroughly, and *frequently* heard them *mention* and *recite* poems attributed to Ossian, etc. A list of these I shall now submit. That these eminent divines, and Gaelic-speaking scholars, connived at a forgery, or were *so ignorant* as not to perceive it, is a *gross libel*, which no respectable Scotchman should entertain for one moment.

List of Gaelic-speaking clergymen, noblemen, and gentlemen who believed in the authenticity of the Ossianic poems :—

Rev. Dr. Andrew Gallie, Kincardine, Ross-shire,
Rev. James MacLagan, Amulree, after of Blair Atholl,
Rev. Dr. John Smith, author of "Sean Dana,"
Rev. Mr. M'Diarmid, Weem, Perthshire.
Rev. Mr. Anderson, Kingussie.
Rev. John Macpherson, Sleat, Skye,
Rev. Donald M'Queen, Kilmuir, Skye,
Rev. Donald M'Leod, Glenelg,
Rev. Mr. Sage, Kildonan, Sutherland,
Rev. Alex. Pope, Reay, Sutherland,
Rev. Malcolm Macdonald, Tarbert, Cantyre,
Rev. Mr. Stewart, Craignish,
Rev. Dr. Stewart, Luss, Gaelic scholar.
Rev. Professor Adam Ferguson, of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh,
Rev. Dr. Graham, Aberfoyle, author of "Essay on Ossian."
Rev. Alex. Macfarlane, scholar, Arrochar, Dumbartonshire,
Bishop M'Donell,
Rev. Lewis Grant, Duthel, Inverness-shire,
Rev. Angus MacNeil, Howmore, S. Uist,
Rev. Neil MacLeod, Ross of Mull,
Rev. Alex. M'Aulay, chaplain 88th Regt., Edin.
Rev. Edmund MacQueen, Barra,
Rev. James MacQueen, missionary, N. Uist,
Rev. Alex. Nicolson, Thurso,
Rev. Dr. Alex. Carlyle, Musselburgh.
Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair (non-Gaelic), Edinburgh,
Rev. John Farquharson, Strathglass, collector,
Rev. Dr. Kemp, friend of Dr. Gallie,
Rev. Augustine MacDonald, Moidart,
Rev. Mr. M'Vean, Glenorchy,
Rev. Mr. MacDonald, Anstruther,
Rev. Mr. Irvine, Rannoch, Perthshire,
Rev. Mr. M'Leod, Harris,
Rev. Mr. M'Farlane, London,
Rev. Donald Macnicol, Lismore,
Rev. Peter MacDonald, chaplain to Lord MacDonald,
Rev. Dr. Cameron, Edinburgh,
Bishop Chisholm,
Rev. Peter MacDonell, chaplain to Glengarry,
Rev. Mr. MacGillivray,
Rev. Dr. Macintyre, Glenorchy,*
Rev. James Nicolson, Skye,
Rev. Charles Smith, Native of Mull,
Rev. Dr. Fraser, Inverary,
Rev. John M'Arthur, Mull,
Rev. Alex. Fraser,
Rev. James Calder,
Rev. Mr. M'Laurin, Carval,
Rev. Messrs. Stewart, translators of the Bible, and many others.†

Laymen—

Sir John Sinclair, non-Gaelic,
Lachlan MacPherson, of Strathmashie,
Sir George M'Kenzie, of Coull,
General Mackay, of Bighouse,
Archibald Fletcher, Glenforsa, reciter,
Captain John MacDonald, Breakish, reciter,
Sir James MacDonald, of Sleat, Skye,
Clan Ranald,
Lachlan MacVurich, bard and reciter,

---

*To whom James Macpherson offered to show his originals, if he would call at his house at Pictuay Heath.

†The Rev. Dr. Thomas Ross, Lochbroom, and Rev. Dr. Stewart, Dingwall, both able scholars, were the editors of the Highland Society's edition of 1807.

Lieutenant Duncan MacNicol, 88th Regiment,
Hugh MacDonald, Kelpheder, S. Uist,
Captain Morrison, Skinnidin, Skye, reciter,
Mr. Ewan Macpherson, Badenoch, collector of MS.
Hugh MacDonald, Barra,
Major Alex. MacDonald, Vallay, N. Uist,
Roderick M'Neil, younger, of St. Kilda,
Captain Ewan MacDonald. Griminish, N. Uist,
Mr. MacLeod, Berneray, N. Uist,
Alexander and Malcolm Macpherson, Portree, Skye,
Donald Kennedy, collector of poems,
Mrs. Grant, Laggan, authoress.
Mr. Hugh Campbell, author of "Poems of Ossian."
Captain Ronald M'Donald, Keppoch,
Norman MacLeod of MacLeod, Skye,
Sir John Macpherson,
Mr. Campbell, brother to Dunstaffnage,
Mr. Nicolson, Scorrybreck, Skye,
Mr. R. MacFarlane, scholar and translator,
Mr. John MacKenzie, Temple, London,*
Mr. M'Leod, Talisker, Skye,
Mr. Donald Martin, Skye,
Mr. Alex. M'Nab, blacksmith, Dalmally,
Mr. Neil MacKinnon, reciter,
Mr. Archibald Menzies, Edin., J.P.,
Professor Hugh M'Leod, of Church History, Glasgow,
Mr. Henry MacKenzie,
Dr. Donald Smith, Surgeon to the Breadalbane Fencibles, one of the best Celtic scholars of his time.
Major MacLachlan, Kilbride,
Neil MacVurich,
Sir Duncan Campbell, Glenorchy,
Donald Campbell of Airds, Argyleshire,
Eneas M'Intosh of M'Intosh,
James Grant, Rothiemurchus,
Alex. Grant, Dalrachny,
Mrs. Fraser, Culbokie, Gaelic scholar,
Lord Kames, author of "Sketches of the History of Man," and works on Morality and Religion, etc.
Lord Bannatyne, both non-Gaelic, but warm enthusiasts.
Alexander MacMillan, Deputy Keeper of H.M. Signet.
Mr. Alex. Fraser, Governor to Francis Stewart, Esq.
Sir James Murray M'Gregor,
MacLean of Coll,
Lieut.-Col. Archibald M'Nab, of the 88th Regt.
Kenneth Macpherson, merchant, Stornoway, and many others.

*Mr. MacKenzie, who was one of James Macpherson's executors, afterwards found a copy of "Temora" among a heap of rubbish, in an old trunk.

Objections—

As I consider that being able to read the Gaelic and understand it is an absolutely necessary qualification to any one, before condemning the Ossianic Poems published by James Macpherson, it is unnecessary to waste much time over the opinions of most of his adversaries, as they could not be expert critics.

One great objection is that tradition could never hold these things together, and no doubt there may be some truth in this, so far as "*line for line*" renderings are concerned throughout, but when we consider that the bards were the custodians of the poetry, history, and traditions of the people, and the high estimation in which they were held, and the "prodigious" powers of memory which they, and many of the people displayed, it will not appear so very extraordinary. They were originally members of the Druidical priesthood, and no class of society among the ancients has been more celebrated. Their compositions commemorating the worth and exploits of heroes were a sort of national annals for preserving the memory of past transactions, and of stimulating the youth to an imitation of the virtuous deeds of their ancestors. The Druidic learning comprised *60,000* verses which students of the first class were obliged to commit to memory, and they spent ten to twenty years at their education before they were honoured with the degree of "Ollamh."

As an instance of the esteem in which the bards were held, it is recorded that red haired Cairbre (Cairbar) the murderer of Cormac, the young King of Ireland, who had imprisoned the bards for fear of the influence they would exert on the minds of the people, in causing them to revolt against his unrighteous usurpation of the throne of Cormac, was addressed as follows by his brother Cathmor—

" A Chaibre fuasgail-sa na bàird,
Is iadsan clann an àm 'chaidh sios,
Clunnear an guth-sa air àrd,
'Nuair dh' aomas gu làr ar siol,
Siol righrean Tighmora nan crann."
" Cairbar give their freedom to the bards,
They are the children (sons) of bygone times,
Their voices shall be heard on high,
When our race has fallen to the ground,
The kingly race of Temora of woods."

In Fingal alone, and it is a specimen of what the others are, there are forty-one allusions to the bards—five of them are to Ossian by himself, in the first person, as the ego who composed these poems; four of them are to him, by others, as the greatest, the sweetest of all bards: the remaining thirty-two are to Ullin, Carril and others—to the bards in general, their office and doings—but none of them in the first person.*

*The authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, by Peter MacNaughton. *(To be continued).*

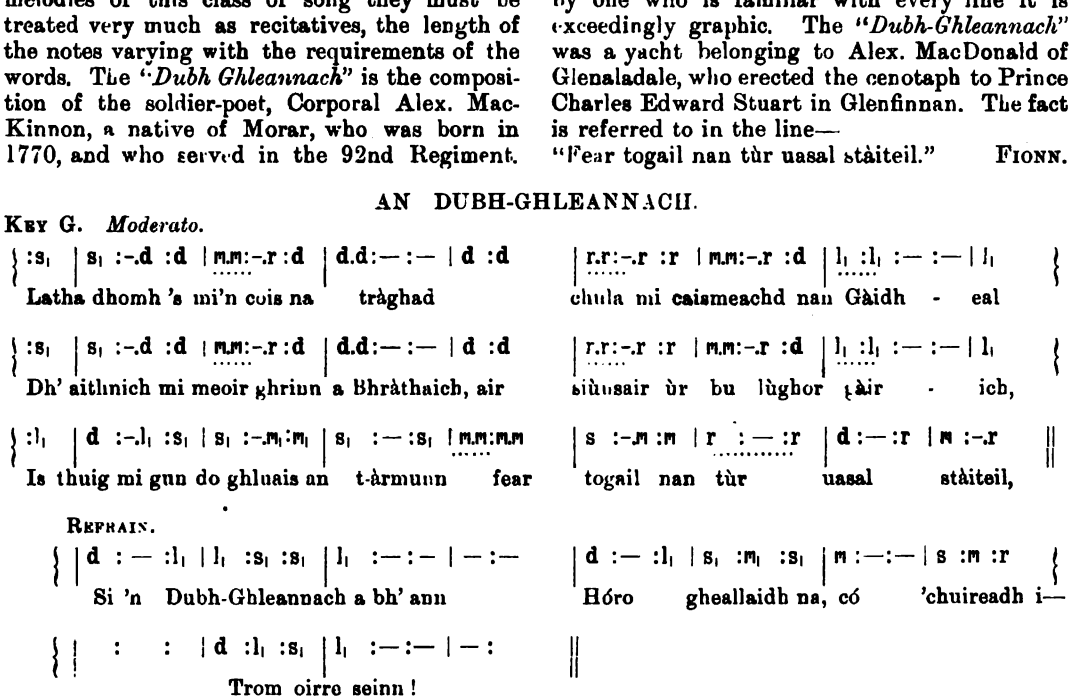
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following is one of the songs specified in connection with competition for the best rendering of an "*Oran Mor*," to take place at the forthcoming "Mod" to be held at Greenock. Owing to the ruggedness of the melodies of this class of song they must be treated very much as recitatives, the length of the notes varying with the requirements of the words. The "*Dubh Ghleannach*" is the composition of the soldier-poet, Corporal Alex. MacKinnon, a native of Morar, who was born in 1770, and who served in the 92nd Regiment. He died in 1814 at Fort William, and was buried in "The Craigs" burying-ground, near to the resting-place of James Munro, the Gaelic grammarian and song-writer. The song now submitted is highly dramatic, and when sung by one who is familiar with every line it is exceedingly graphic. The "*Dubh-Ghleannach*" was a yacht belonging to Alex. MacDonald of Glenaladale, who erected the cenotaph to Prince Charles Edward Stuart in Glenfinnan. The fact is referred to in the line—

"Fear togail nan tùr uasal stàiteil." FIONN.

AN DUBH-GHLEANNACH.

KEY G. *Moderato.*



Bu mhiann leam sùnnt nam port eallanta
Bu chonnabhallach ùrlar is gearraidhean,
Dionach, lùghor, dlù, neo-mhearachdach—
Tionndadh nan siùbhlaichean caithreamach,
Dhùisgeadh lùth an smuis 'sna carraidean,
Dùthchas nan lann dùbh-ghorm tana dhuibh
Si 'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Dhìrich mi 'n bruthach le h-éibhneas
Dh' éisdeachd ri fàilte Righ Seumas,
Chunna' mi 'n Druimneach dhubh, ghleusda
Cuir fa-sgaoil a h-aodaich bréid-ghil,
Air machair mhin, sgiambaich, réidhleach,
Mur steud cruitheach, 's i' cuir réise
Si 'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Chunna' mi 'n Druimneach dhubh, dhealbhach,
Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan garbh-chrioch,
Mur steud rioghail air bharr-fairge ;
Togail bho thir le sioda balla-bhreac
Suaicheantas rioghail na h-Alba ;
'Ghluaiseadh na miltean gu fearra-ghleus
Si 'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Chaidh righ nan soirbheas gu dhùbhlan;
Aig miad na strannaraich 's na h-ùpraid ;
Dh' fhosgail na builg air an cùlaobh,
'S mun gann a fhuair iad an dùnadh,
Bha Maighdean nan Mòr-bheann cùirteil
An acarsaid fo shròin na dùthcha.
Si 'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

THE CLAN MACLEAN presented to Lieutenant Charles Lachlan Maclean, R.N. (second son of the chief of the clan), on the occasion of his marriage with the Hon. P. Sybil Robertson, only daughter of Lord Robertson of Forteviot, a silver tea tray bearing designs of Duart Castle, the Maclean Cross, Iona, &c. The marriage, which was one of the outstanding events of the London season, was largely attended, and the presents were numerous and costly.

A Culloden medal was sold in London recently. It was a gold medal with an ornamental border and a loop. It was given only to officers who commanded regiments present at the battle, and was worn round the neck with a broad crimson ribbon with green edges. The Apollo is the Duke of Cumberland, the dragon the rebellion overthrown at the battle of Culloden. This exceedingly scarce medal realised £238.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1904.

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THE STEWART SOCIETY.—A branch of this Society, which, though only four years in existence, has a membership of over 500, has now been formed in London, and an influential council appointed to attend to its interests. To inaugurate the event a dinner was held on Wednesday night, 15th ult., in Prince's Restaurant, when the president of the society, the Earl of Galloway, presided over a representative gathering of Stewarts from all parts. The usual loyal toasts were proposed. Lord Galloway, in the course of his remarks, observed that the "Health of the King" needed no words of recommendation from him, as His Majesty was one of themselves, a Stewart by descent from their ancient Royal line. The toast of "The Imperial Forces" was replied to by General Shaw-Stewart and Captain Newburgh Stewart, R.N.; while the toast of "The Stewart Society and the new London Council" was proposed by Mr. J. K. Stewart, Edinburgh, and replied to by Sir Mark Stewart, M.P. The speakers referred to the unique manner in which the names of those present epitomised old Scots history, those of Lord Galloway and Mr. Stewart-Menteith recalling the day when their ancestors, Alexander the High-Steward of Scotland and his brother, Walter Stewart, Earl of Menteith, defeated the Danes at Largs in 1263, and the High-Steward was rewarded with the Barony of Garlies, still in the possession of his descendant, the Earl of Galloway. King Robert III. was represented in the person of General Shaw-Stewart, the ducal house of Albany by Colonel Stewart of Ardvoirlich, Prince Alexander, the Wolfe of Badenoch, by Mr. Poyntz Stewart, and the Stewart Lords of Lorn by Ardsheal, Achnacone, and Fasnacloich Stewarts.

HONOURS TO HIGHLANDERS.—We are pleased to notice that several well-known Gaels figure in the "Honours" list just published. Mr. Arthur Bignold, M.P., the popular member for the Wick Burghs, receives a knighthood; Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, of Duart, C.B., chief of the clan, is promoted to a knight commandership, an honour well deserved; and Captain David Munro, late Inspector of Constabulary for Scotland, also receives a K.C.B.

THE HIGHLAND COSTUME.—Next month we will present our readers with an exquisitely coloured plate showing choice specimens of Highland weapons and ornaments, and other details of the national dress, as supplied by the well-known firm of Messrs. R. W. Forsyth, Ltd., Highland costumiers, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

THE GAELIC MÒD takes place in the Town Hall, Greenock, on 21st and 22nd September, and promises to be one of the most successful gatherings ever held under the auspices of An Comunn Gaidhealach. The Syllabus and Prize List has just been issued, and contains particulars of a large number of competitions, viz., Poetry, four competitions; Prose, nine; Recitation, three; Reading, two; Conversation, two; Musical Composition, three; Music, seventeen. Truly a large and varied programme. All compositions must be lodged with the Secretary, Mr. John Mackintosh, 17 Queensgate, Inverness, not later than 13th August, from whom copies of the syllabus can be had.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES AND GAELIC TEACHING.—A deputation representing the Gaelic Societies of London and Glasgow, and Highland Associations in London and other parts of the kingdom, interviewed the Lord Advocate recently regarding the position which Gaelic would occupy in connection with the new Educational Bill for Scotland. It was felt here that the bill being purely executive, no special provision could be made in it for Gaelic or any other language, but the interview could not fail to have a beneficial result, as it would convince the Government officials and the Educational Department, that Highlanders were jealously observant of their attitude towards Gaelic teaching in the Highlands. Highland sentiment on the subject was very ably voiced by various speakers, and the Lord Advocate, in replying, expressed his warm sympathy with the views advocated by the deputation, and promised to see that in preparing the new code every encouragement would be given to the teaching of Gaelic. This is satisfactory, so far as it goes, but as we said before, comparatively little use has hitherto been made by Highland School Boards and teachers of the provisions intended for their special benefit in the old code, and unless they waken up to a sense of their duty the Educational Department may well be forgiven for concluding that no genuine demand exists in the Highlands for Gaelic teaching.

LONDON ARGYLLSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Dinner of this Society takes place in the Criterion Restaurant, London, on Wednesday, 6th July. Samuel Greenlees, Esq., President of the Association, will occupy the chair, and a large representation of Argyll men have already intimated their intention to be present. Those of our readers who would like to attend should communicate at once with the Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. C. Galbraith, 9 Throgmorton Avenue, London.

DONALD CAMERON, XIX. CHIEF OF LOCHIEL

"The Gentle Lochiel."

(From the portrait in the possession of Mrs. Cameron Campbell of Monzie.)

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

VI.—The Camerons.

DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.—XXIV. CHIEF OF CLAN CAMERON.

IT is now generally admitted that the Clan Cameron got their surname from the facial peculiarity of one of their progenitors. "*Cam*" wry, and "*sròin*" a nose; "*Cam-shroin*" wry-nose, just as the Campbells owe their name to "*cam-beul*" wry-mouth.

There is a curious tradition associated with the clan which deals with the origin of the name and bears out the usual derivation. It is as follows:—

The first man who was called by the name of Cameron, was much renowned for his feats in arms, and his prodigious strength; a monument of which is still remaining near Achnacarry, the seat of Lochiel; namely, a large stone, of upwards of 500lb. weight, which he could hoist from the ground with a straight arm, and toss it with as much ease, as a man does a cricket-bat; a plough-share he could bend round his leg like a garter; and the strongest ropes were no more in his hands than twine-thread. In short, he seems to have been a second Samson; with this difference only, that our Cameron seems not to have been so easily inveigled by the women as the Jew was, nor did his strength lie in his hair.

This man of might was so conscious of his strength and prowess, that he thought no man upon earth was a match for him, and accordingly entered the lists with the most famous champions of that age, nor was he afraid to challenge the most renowned of them. In one of their combats, it seems, his antagonist handled him very roughly, and with a violent blow of his fist set his nose awry; for the encounter was accidental, and consequently both were unarmed; for had they fought with swords, he might have hewed it quite off, but this blunt blow only set it on one side; yet so, as that it could never be recovered to its right position. From this accident he was always afterwards called Cameron, or, the Knight of the Wry Nose, as that word imports in the Highland language.

Our hero was now arrived at the 35th year of his age, and had given many signal proofs of his valour, so that his name became terrible all over the country. But having little or no paternal estate, he began to think it highly necessary for him to join himself to some great and powerful family, the better to enable him to distinguish himself more eminently, than it was possible for him to do as a single man, without friends or relations, or at least such as were of little or no account. He had spent his life in the shire of Dumbarton; but as he had no family or inheritance to encumber him, he resolved to try his fortune in the world, and to go in search of a wife. He set out accordingly, and happened to light on that part of the country where Lochiel's estate now lies. Here he informed himself of the character and circumstances of the chief who resided there, and

ACH-NA-CARRY.

WALTER DONALD CAMERON—YOUNGER OF LOCHIEL.

understood that he was a man of a large estate, had a great number of friends and dependents, and withal had a fair and excellent young lady to his daughter. This was a foundation sufficient for our wry-nose knight to build his hopes and future expectations upon. He soon made himself known to the gentleman, whose name was MacTavish, Baron of Straborgig ; [? MacMartin, Baron of Letterfinlay] to whom having given an account of himself and his business (for his fame was there before) he was kindly welcomed, and treated with all the civilities imaginable. In short, a bargain was soon struck for the daughter, who was as well pleased as the father with the offer of a husband so much to her liking ; for strength of body, vigorous and sinewy limbs, and undaunted courage were, in those days, the best qualifications to recommend a man to the affections of a lady.

The oldest motto of the clan is "Unite," and below the motto is the crest, a sheaf of arrows tied with a band *gules*. The other crest is an embowed arm grasping a sword ; with the motto "*Pro Rege et Patria*"—for king and country, usually rendered in Gaelic, "*Mo Dhia 's mo Dhùthaich.*"

SIR EWAN CAMERON.

There is a story told of this chief of the Clan Cameron, that on one occasion when leaving Inverness he was overtaken by a witch who tried hard to pass him. Now Ewan was understood to possess power to overcome steel, lead, and witchcraft. Walking by his side the witch exclaimed "*Ceum ann Eoghain*" — step out Ewen, to which Ewen answered "*Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach, 's an ceum barrachd aig Eoghan*"—step for step to thee, old woman, and the odd step to Ewen. Sir Ewen kept one step ahead of the witch till they reached Ballachulish ferry, where he hailed the boat and got in. The ferryman would not allow the witch to come in, on which she took leave of Sir Ewen, saying "*Dùrachd mo chridhe dhuit, a ghaoil Eoghain !*"—my heart's desire to thee, dear Ewen ! Sir Ewen knew what was what, and replied, "*Dùrachd do chridhe do 'n chloich ghlais ud thall*"—thy heart's desire to that gray stone yonder. At that moment the gray stone split in two ! That split stone is still pointed out on the spot where it happened.

One of the most distinguished chieftains of the clan was Donald, known as "The Gentle Lochiel," who took such a part in the Jacobite Episode of '45.

A curious incident which occurred to Lochiel on the march through the North of England is recorded. The English populace were in utter terror of the Highland soldiers, whom they were led to believe were inhuman beyond conception; they were told that they were cannibals, and were particularly fond of feeding on young infants. Great surprise was experienced when it was found that, instead of these wild charges being true, the Highlanders actually paid for everything they required, and expressed great gratitude for any refreshments given to them or favours shown to them. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, on entering the lodgings which had

TOM EAS AN T-SLINNEIN, GLEN NEVIS.

been marked off for him, his hostess, a woman of years, fell at his feet, supplicating him, with hands joined, and with a flood of tears, to take away her life, but to spare her two children. He demanded of her if she was mad, and to explain herself. She replied that everyone said that the Highlanders ate children, and made them their ordinary food. Cameron having assured her that they would do no harm to her little ones, or to anybody, whoever they may be, she fixed her eyes for a moment upon him with an air of surprise, and at once opened quickly a closet, calling out with a loud voice, "Come out, my children, the gentleman will not eat you." The children came out immediately from the closet, where she had concealed them, and fell at his knees.

The present chief of the Clan is Donald Cameron XXIV. of Lochiel, who was born in April, 1835. He married in 1875 Lady Margaret Elizabeth, second daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, with issue, Donald Walter, born 1876, Evan Charles, born 1878, and Allan George, born 1880.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROSS-SHIRE MINISTERS.

SIR,—As a reader of the "Celtic Monthly" for some years back, allow me to express my delight in reading the able and interesting articles "Recollections of Ross-shire," which appeared in your last two issues. I do not know the writer personally, but I have often heard his worthy father preach, both in Alness and Rosskeen pulpits. Indeed I listened to his father's sermons immediately after his induction to Alness Church.

The writer has referred to a name that will always strike a warm chord in the breasts of north countrymen in general, and Rosskeen men in particular, viz., the late Dr. Carment.

Well do I remember the delight with which Ardross natives welcomed him when he preached there, on most of the occasions when he visited his native parish, and many a bright and struggling Ross-shire student owed and owes—to a large extent—his success in life to the kindness and help received from him.

In 1840 I was baptised by his venerable and revered father (I do not mean to convey that that sacramental duty was in itself an eventful epoch, as I could not help it), and I was on more than one occasion examined by him in the old Ardross school, and I shall never forget the impression made upon me by his stern countenance and manly physique, not surpassed by any man in Ross-shire. He always wore knee breeches. We, boys, then looked upon him with a kind of dreaded awe, forgetting that behind the stern face a kind and warm heart beat.

I was particularly tickled by the references made to "catechisings," and but for the fact that relatives of those to whom I would refer are still in Rosskeen, I am prevented from giving you amusing, if not instructive instances that came within my own observation. I shall refer, however, to one, knowing that no relatives of the principal figure in the scene are now in the district. Mr. Fraser, Rosskeen, being at the mains of Ardross, as one of his catechising centres, called upon a blacksmith who just stepped in from the smithy "a' blackened owre wi' coom and smoke," and asked him whether he preferred being questioned in Gaelic or English—the latter a privilege granted only to strangers imported into the parish. He replied in Gaelic, saying "Is anns a' Ghaidhlig fhein is feàrr iad," (It is in Gaelic that they are best), but when asked an easy question or two, the blacksmith was eloquently and profoundly dumb. Only one consolation was left to Mr. Fraser in this dark scene, that the blacksmith was not a Rosskeen man.

I have heard of another instance in which the questioner came to trouble, by one well versed in the Bible, viz., Farquhar Urquhart, *alias* Farchar a' Ghunna. He was asked in Gaelic—"Who was the first martyr for Christianity?" The minister listened for an answer, but Farquhar hesitated and did not answer at once. At last the minister asked, "Was it not Stephen?" but Farquhar shook his head, and asked, "What was the cause of the 'Lamentation in Rama'—Rachael weeping for her children: were not those children the first martyrs? The minister asked no more questions.

I fully agree with Mr. Munro when he so eloquently and graphically describes the Ross-shire scenery. I viewed from Strathglass, from Knocknavie, Knockcorro-holly and other vantage points, the landscape referred to, and every visit I make to the north confirms me more and more that the scenery from Muir of Ord to Bonar-Bridge is surpassed by no other part in the British Isles, for either natural beauty or fertility. The late Rev. Dr. Aird of Creich must have been struck by the scenery of that district, when, on one occasion at Rosskeen Sacraments, he used the following words in denouncing the prevailing habits of the time—"O, na'n robh an caol sin shios na stanna uisge beatha, Cnoc Fairish na siùcar air son "*toddy*," agus Coill Thigh-an-fhomhair na "*thombaca*," nach ann againn a bhitheadh Fhaitheanas 'san aite so." (If the firth down below was a vat of whisky, and Tyrish Hill sugar for making toddy, and Novar-wood tobacco, what heaven we should have here!")

Salford. D. MUNRO.

THE CELTIC ASSOCIATION, with the assistance of a strong Welsh committee, intend holding their Second Pan-Celtic Congress at Caernarvon on the 30th August and following days. It is hoped there will be a great gathering of the representatives of the five nations, and no efforts will be spared to make the Congress as interesting and instructive as the first Congress in Dublin in 1901, where so many professors, archæologists, musicians, and others came forward to show how interesting and how varied Celtic studies may be. A subscription of 10s. will admit to all meetings, etc., during the week, and special boarding arrangements will be made. The National Eistedffod will be held at Rhyl the following week. We have no doubt that the Gaels of Scotland will be adequately represented on this, as on former occasions, and it is to be hoped that as many as possible will appear in the Highland costume.

MISS IONA ROBERTSON.

THE talented young artiste whose photograph heads this notice hails from the island of Mull. She has already a well established reputation in London as a singer, and her rendering of Gaelic songs in particular has delighted her Highland countryfolk in the Queen's Hall and elsewhere. As a Scottish singer too, she is in great request at concerts out of London, Brighton, Bournemouth, Eastbourne, and other fashionable watering places receiving her enthusiastically. Miss Robertson has had a careful training in singing and voice culture from Mr. Edward Iles, and her singing of English, French, and German songs have equally delighted the critical and musical world of London who have attended her successful concerts in the Beckstein Hall.

Great, however, as her reputation as a singer, it is as actress and reciter that Miss Robertson has earned, and justly earned fame, and our young countrywoman stands in the very foremost rank of dramatic reciters in London.

Miss Robertson has also the gift of imagination and the ability to use it, and she has written several short stories of merit and promise. For a time she was on the staff of one of the London ladies' papers, but pressure of other work compelled her to give up journalism.

The Duke of Argyll has been Miss Robertson's patron throughout her artistic career in London; indeed it was he who first advised her to go in for Scottish and Gaelic songs, and London Highlanders particularly have reason to be grateful that she took His Grace's advice.

MISS IONA ROBERTSON.

In addition to her gifts as writer, singer, and reciter, Miss Robertson possesses a charming personality, and consequently many friends, all of whom look forward with confidence to a great career for this brilliant and talented young lady.

SUMMER IN THE NORTH.

Oh, for the Highland hills! once more
To tread the heath, the bracken green,
To feel the salt wind, strong and keen,
Blow upward from the lonely shore.
To watch the sails that skim before
Its freshening force, to mark between
Blue sea, blue sky, the glistening sheen
Of snow—white wings that sweep or soar.
Soft echoes float from moors and glens,
And sweet faint perfumes come and go,
Wafted from flowery nooks and glens
That foot of man may never know.
High overhead, wide-pinioned, slow,
The lordly eagle cleaves his way,
Fronting, bold-eyed, the western day,
That soon shall crown the mighty bens
With crimson fire, when dying day
Flames grandly as from jewelled lens.
Oh, rapture rare! oh, bliss supreme! [dream.
Amid such scenes to dwell, and dream hope's endless

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

SEADUNE—A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

BY LUCY H. SOUTAR.

(Continued from page 179.)

VI.

THE CAPTAIN.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heav'ns own bowers.—L.H.

THE middle house in the village of Seadune, marked by a milestone which silently told it was three miles distant from the Castle eastward and nine miles from the county town westward, was tenanted by a Captain M'Alpine. The villagers called him "The Captain," and he might just as well have been without his parents' name so little was he known by it.

The house would have been noticeable even without the mile stone; it stood detached from the others in its own garden and was built of red sandstone; its woodwork was painted green and it had two storm windows in its slated roof; here alone the Captain had lived for the past ten years, and eight years before that with an ailing wife. He was a native of the little village and this house had formerly been his father's—the village doctor; rumour said Bain M'Alpine had been a self-willed lad, and "'listed" against his parents' will, breaking the heart of his mother and blighting his father's ambitions, but that was long ago, and the Captain had outlived his follies and served his country in her Indian wars and returned to his native village a wiser if a sadder man, with medals on his breast and a bullet in his thigh. He was equally proud of both mementos of the wars, though the latter still troubled him and caused him to limp; this limp was accentuated before a storm or during wet weather, and then the Captain used a walking stick. In fact this walking stick did the purpose of a barometer to the inhabitants of the place. The doctor hurrying through his morning visits before starting in his gig to see patients further afield, hailed the Captain with:

"Well, Captain, I suppose it is rain to-day; I see you with your stick!"

"Yes, Doctor, sure enough of that!" would answer the Captain, putting his hand up to his cap in military salute.

The doctor ordered the hood on his gig, and the village mothers gave their children their cloaks to carry over their arms to the school, and no further reason was given than that the Captain was using his stick to-day. The children grew up with the idea that in some way or another the Captain's stick was responsible for many a wet day, and even their elders became accustomed to associate rain and this wonderful stick.

The Captain required no serving-maid; those astir in the early morning might see him busy over his housework, in blue linen jacket and trousers, sweeping and scrubbing, dusting and rubbing; his rooms would not shame the best housewife in the village for cleanliness and tidiness. The neighbours had ceased to speak about his fortnightly washings, which in summer he did in the back garden and in winter in the scullery. It was the same when his wife was alive: he lit the fires, did the cooking and the household work. Some of the busy mothers half despised his wife, and still envied her of her easy life. The Captain was quite indifferent to public criticism and nursed his fretful wife with tender forbearance, and when death took her, truly missed her exacting attentions and complainings, and visibly grew older and thinner.

His garden was his pride: nowhere in the county were finer hollyhocks to be seen, fuschias grew in massive hedges along the sea wall, scarlet geraniums sprang up like small shrubs, long ribbon borders of annuals were dazzling in their brilliancy of colour. Many a busy man loitered in the Captain's garden and smoked a pipe on the garden seat embowered in honeysuckle and wild roses, listening to the tales of Indian warfare.

Sunday was the day of days for the Captain; he was the church beadle, no humble position in the church of Seadune. Clad in long black coat, grey trousers and vest of black satin dotted over with a blue flower, and a tall silk hat, the Captain looked an important personage as he walked up the middle of the village street. Punctually twenty minutes before the mid-day hour of service he locked his door, and the villagers knew it was time to don their church-going bonnets; for soon the ding-dong of the bell would call them to the one-day-a-week morning service in the old church. The Captain was a tall man and somewhat spare of figure; but on Sundays he seemed to possess more "*embonpoint*" than when in work-a-day garments. I remarked upon this to a neighbour, and she said it was his waist-coat; but how his waistcoat could make him stouter I must leave it to others to guess; however, much stouter he always was in his Sunday garments, and his step slower and more stately. His bronzed face was clean shaven, save for a grizzled military moustache, and he wore a milder expression than his wont as he walked before the minister carrying the big Bible up the pulpit stairs, and crushing himself into a corner of the roomy pulpit, let the minister pass in, and then slowly descended to his seat at the foot of the pulpit. I felt that whatever his earlier life had been, now he had chosen to be a door-keeper in the

House of God, and looked worthy of the post.

It was he who "cried the marriages," announced from the pulpit stairs the day the doctor would vaccinate, and gathered the coppers from the congregation in a long-handled wooden ladle, and woe betide the child who dropped the penny on the floor instead of into the ladle. The Captain audibly reprimanded it, and the following Sunday the little culprit turned and turned the penny in the chubby hand and nervously tried to aim better, and was rewarded with a nod of approbation, and sent home happier with the Captain's smile than with any maxim that might have dropped from the lips of the preacher.

The Captain and Bonnie Johnnie had always been firm friends, and many a summer evening the two cronies sat on the garden seat smoking their pipes, the Captain going over his hair-breadth escapes, while Johnnie listened with a school-boy's interest. Johnnie was the Captain's senior by a few years of prior birth, and his junior by many many years of inexperience. His travels were bounded by a twelve mile's radius, the greatest risk he ever ran to life or limb was the collapse of a scaffolding at a two-storied building with which the master mason fell, and rose slightly bruised and very much astonished. The strangers he met were his own countrymen, and it was a travelling menagerie that from time to time afforded him the opportunity of seeing safely caged, if somewhat mangy, wild animals.

Years could not age Johnnie, and to him the Captain seemed an old man. When summer evenings shortened into autumn and the rose leaves and fragrant honeysuckle died away, the Captain sought the armchair at Johnnie's parlour fireside, and the little white-knobbed bell summoned Martha from the kitchen with the kettle and two toddy glasses. Martha had gained much confidence in herself since first the little bell called her into her master's presence. "Please, Mister John, would you be changing your feet: I have your slippers at the fireside for you?" she would say, and submissively Johnnie drew off his out-door boots and handed them to Martha, who swept up the fireside and made a cheerful blaze, placing the little kettle on the hob, and the glasses, sugar and whiskey within reach of the two friends, and left them to their crack.

"She's a fine lassie that, Johnnie man; am sure I've often cried worse, and if I were a young unmarried man myself I wouldn't let her have the chance of leaving me."

It was on these occasions the Captain spoke of his wife. "The finest woman in the regiment, and as good on the march as any man. Ah! she was the making of me, poor thing! it was the quiet life that killed her, she never was meant for the humdrum life of a pensioned soldier!" Adelaid Connyer's true history was buried with her, and the curious ones of Seadune were left to wonder who the Captain's wife could have been when she wore on week days silk gowns and white starched petticoats!

"Leave me!" said Johnnie, in amazement, "It's not speaking of leaving me she'll be?"

"Tut, tut! man, you don't expect a fine lassie like that, so handy too, not to get a husband—you blin' Johnnie!"

And all that night Johnnie had strange dreams; in a toddy glass equipped with tiny legs, sat Martha, and fleeter than the wind this peculiar carriage fled from his grasp, every time he put out his hand to catch it; he awoke from this nightmare when a new and stupendous resolution entered his mind.

VII.

JEANNIE REID.

"'Tis said that some have died for love."—*Excursion.*

THERE was another house in Seadune village conspicuous by being enclosed in a garden; a low, roughly built stone wall separated it from the street, but there was nothing very beautiful in this garden; in fact it generally produced potatoes and cabbages in their season, and groundsel in all seasons.

On this special October afternoon, a few decaying cabbage leaves and blackened potato shaws were strewn over the brown soil, here and there a few cabbage runts stood, some with their hard white crowns divested of all green leaves, and the village children knew that Grannie Baird found most of the big baby boys in Jeannie Reid's garden, and looked at the decapitated cabbage stalks with an air of mysterious awe, so that though it was not a beautiful garden it was a wonderful one! A small wooden gate, which once had had a coat of blue paint, opened from the street into the narrow garden path, bordered on either side by boxwood, which grew to the height of two feet, a veritable hedge, unpruned and nearly branching over the narrow pathway; after rain the hedge wet one's skirts up to the waist band and in dry weather covered them with cobwebs; but then this centre walk was not much used, it was only people of importance who came to order a bonnet from the little milliner that ever thought of approaching the long, low gabled house by the garden path. The most frequented approach was by a short cut, and a well worn "cut" it was, trodden hard by the many little feet of Jeannie's nephews and nieces and made use of by most of Jeannie's customers; this short cut was up a lane by the side of the baker's shop and past the doors of the other several occupiers of the low gabled house.

There was a crispness in the air this October afternoon, the rowans were coloured into the brightest of scarlet, and the beech trees lining the edge of the pine forest had caught all the shades that sunlight can give from brown to the yellowest of gold, even people's cheeks looked rosier with the autumn sunlight; but none were rosier than Martha's. The distant chime of the castle clock was faintly heard: the hour was three—'twas Martha's hour "to do the messages." The house was tidied up after the early dinner, and the five o'clock tea table was laid, and the kettle filled with fresh water from the village pump stood in readiness to be put on the fire on Martha's return. Martha had from babyhood known the short cut to Jeannie's room, but this afternoon she opened the little gate and covered her blue serge skirt with cobwebs.

"You're a grand leddy the day, Martha," called Mrs. Cameron after her.

Mrs. Cameron saw and knew everything that took place at that end of the village, for she was always standing in her doorway, a big stout woman in short petticoats, an apron fastened in a loose print jacket at the waist or rather where the waist should be; she wore a frilled mutch, and its goffered edge accentuated the roundness and high colour of her good natured flabby face.

"More of a leddy than you maybe think, Mrs. Cameron," answered Martha, somewhat glibly.

"Leave to your betters what's their due, am thinking it'll no be Hughie Mackay you'll be taking wi' these grand airs" was shouted after her; but Martha had reached Jeannie's door and only laughed back at the village gossip, who stood with her bare arms folded, shaking her head and wondering what had come over Martha.

No one waited for an answer to their knock at Jeannie's door. Jeannie was bed-ridden: her one room was her bedroom, her dwelling room, and her workroom, and the box bed in which she had lived nigh on twenty years was papered white and shelved all round; boxes of ribbons, gaudy flowers, wire and stiff netting and all the sundries necessary to hat and bonnet making were placed there within reach of the little milliner.

What a tiny little body she was and what a wonderful pink and white complexion. She had a fragile look, but she never ailed and her gray eyes were bright, and she was ever eager to hear news from the outer world, the world she had renounced living in when her Willie jilted her. Her toil-worn, child-harassed sister had long ago given over trying to persuade her to get up and live like other folk. The village doctor found nothing ailed her, but wisely told her friends to let her have her way, as she did more work in her bed than half-a-dozen Mrs. Camerons did out of it, and so the little village milliner lived and worked in her box bed, her brown hair tidily braided and parted over her smooth forehead, her scarlet bed-jacket and scarlet quilt always fresh and in order. In summer the breezes swept in at door and window, and when the colder days came a cheery fire of peat leaped and flamed on the hearth, and the village girls vied with one another to run her messages and do her turn for a bit of finery or a re-trimmed hat.

"It's me that's gled to see you and what will you be wanting the day?" was Jeannie's greeting; for she knew Martha never paid an afternoon visit unless she had a special errand.

"I've been thinking of buying a new bonnet for myself," said Martha.

"You're just right in that you'll be needing it for the Sacrament Sabbath," said the business-like Jeannie, who knew the fresh headpieces were required generally bi-annually, at the spring and autumn communions.

Martha had not thought of this excuse; she had her own private reason for getting a new bonnet just at this present time, and answered evasively—

"I'll be thinking you'll have more than one bonnet to make for the Sacrament," and Martha glanced at a column of blue bonnet boxes that were piled up at the foot of the milliner's bed. Their hidden treasures were soon taken out of the coverings, and one by one Martha tried them on and peered at herself in Jeannie's little square glass which stood on the top of a chest of drawers. Martha smiled to herself when a wonderful arrangement of black straw, ribbons, and red roses adorned her head and turned to Jeannie to inspect her choice.

"What will you be thinking o' that one, Jeannie?"

"Beware o' the lads when you'll be wearing that." Jeannie never had a kindly word to say in favour of lads. "It's fine bonnets I'll be making; but pity me the day if the lasses break their hearts in the wearing o' them!"

"Don't be feared, Jeannie; it must needs be that some o' us get a lad," said Martha, duly admiring her bonnet before she wrapped it up in the 'People's Journal,' "but I'll need to be hurrying home or Mister John will find the door shut on him; you'll be wishing me luck all the same, Jeannie, in my new bonnet?" and Martha turned back from the door to throw a peat on the fire and stir up its embers into a cheerful flame.

"Yes, I'll be wishing you luck, lassie, but its no me that'll be thinking there's luck in the lads."

"Good night to you, and we'll be agreeing to

differ there," said Martha, laughing, and carried her new bonnet down the garden walk. Mrs. Cameron still standing in her doorway watched her till she entered Bonnie Johnnie's house, and then sauntered leisurely across the road and took the short cut to Jeannie's room to see if she could learn why Martha was "aping the leddy."

(To be continued.)

THE MACKINNON CREST.

PROBABLY few of your readers to whom the name of MacKinnon is familiar, are aware of the circumstances under which that illustrious family came to possess the "Boar's head" for their crest. The following is the incident which led to its adoption.

In a remote corner of the Isle of Skye there is an estate called "Strathaird," where deer are to be found in great numbers, and which was, at the time of which I write, in the possession of a certain Donald MacKinnon. One day a party of six men including MacKinnon, the proprietor and chief of the clan, after the day's sport was over, directed their steps to a cave called "Uamha mhor Harsticorri" where they roasted some venison for dinner. While they were partaking of this meal, some object darkened the entrance to the cave, and on looking up they saw, to their dismay, a huge boar, whose den probably they had taken possession of, standing in the mouth of the cave, and ready to attack them. MacKinnon alone, though, like his companions, quite unarmed—for all the arms had been left outside—maintained his seat, while his companions retreated to the farther end of the cave. Just as the boar was in the act of charging him, he thrust the shin bone which he held in his hand, down the animal's throat, choking it on the spot. This hero, for such this daring act showed him to be, lies buried in the small churchyard of Kilchrist, on the lonely road leading from Torrin to Broadford. His resting place is marked by a flat stone, on which is rudely carved by the hand of some rural sculptor, the image of a boer. Hence the reason why the Clan MacKinnon came to adopt the boar's head for their crest.

Broadford, Isle of Skye. NORMAN MACKINNON.

HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL—A deputation from the Glasgow Committee visited Dingwall recently, and selected a site on Mitchell Hill, from which the monument will be seen for many miles distant.

EILAN-DONAN.

THE castle walls,
But without the halls,
Where the chiefs of Mackenzie were born,
Stand lonely there,
In ruins bare,
In the light of the early morn.

No warder calls
On those castle walls,
No sound of joy or grief,
No clansmen shout
In wassail rout,
No child, no wife, no chief.

Where are the men
Of this green glen?
I ask of the idle wind,
Ah! gone like the snow
Of a year ago,
And left but this wreck behind.

So I stood in the calm
Of the summer dawn,
On that rock of the western sea,
While ghosts of the past
Came fleeting fast,
And crowded over me.

CURLIANA DINGWALL.

LONGING.

I long for ye, dark woods and glens dream-haunted,
Ye stormy western seas, dark rocks and caves;
The rocky isles where hermit saints have chanted
Their hymns and prayers across the restless waves.

I long for ye; my spirit aches with longing,
And lonely sorrow saps my strength of soul;
Whilst ever in mine ears sweet sounds are thronging,
I hear the wild birds call, the waters roll.

Dear mountain-land, thine airs have powers of healing,
And by the listening ear faint songs are heard,
Though exiled far, thy children hear them stealing
Through the still hours, more sweet than song of bird.

Land of the bards! Thy voices call me ever,
Whisper "Come home, the heather-smell is sweet;
Fair are the mountains, straths, the moors, the river,
Here thou shalt find sweet rest for tired feet."

THE ANDERSONS.

SIR,—I would be obliged to any of your readers who can give me any information about the Clan Anderson, more particularly the Aberdeenshire Branches. I understand the Andersons, Williamsons, and Robsons are septs of the Clan Gunn, who are of Norse origin. Caithness was the original County of this hardy clan. They are described as "not very numerous but very martial and resolute." The Gunn tartan is a dark one. What is the origin of the name Anderson, and have any works been written bearing on this family?

Aberdeen. "STAND SURE."

MOIDART,
OR AMONG THE CLANRANALDS.

FIGHTING IN THE PYRENEES.

(Continued from page 180).

[Being the letters of Captain John Macdonald, son of Archibald Macdonald of Rhu, Moidart. Edited by the late Father Charles Macdonald.]

TOWARDS the middle of January, 1814, Wellington began a series of manœuvres which compelled Soult to fall back behind Bayonne. Before retreating, however, Soult left a strong garrison for the defence of that town. The place was then invested by one of Wellington's divisional generals. The Duke, with the rest of the army, having crossed to the right bank of the Adour, came up with Soult at Orthez and attacked him on the 27th February. John's brigade forming part of Hill's division was in the thickest of the fight. In a letter written five days afterwards at Grenade, he tells his father:—

"Our brigade commenced the action which was murderous for some time as we were left unsupported, and fighting against a great superiority of men, and two brigades of artillery. Our three little regiments which never exceeded a thousand men, kept their ground with the greatest obstinacy, and even drove the enemy for a considerable distance before any other troops had arrived to their assistance. It astonishes everyone how few men we have lost. For my own part I wonder how any one of us escaped; but it almost always happens that it is in retiring that a regiment gets cut up. Macdougall and I have escaped with a few bruises from splinters of shells.

Soult, from all accounts, was very much astonished about twelve o'clock to find the whole of our army had arrived, as we had only two divisions, viz., the 3rd and our own, across the river Garve the evening before. The remainder had to march all night to come up the morning of the battle. . . We took eleven pieces of artillery and immense magazines of provisions. Two deserters who have arrived this moment say that they have disarmed all the Italians, and the remainder of the Germans. They have broken all the bridges, which has prevented a more speedy advance.

The day before yesterday General Hill had a severe action with two French divisions, the Highland Brigade again distinguishing itself. The whole French army are now in full retreat for Toulouse."

Another great battle was fought on the 10th March, in front of the city, this last victory bringing to a fitting close the extraordinary series of triumphs won by the British and their allies, under the great Duke, during the last four years. "On the 10th, the attack commenced at eight o'clock in the morning. Our division and the 6th marched within half cannon shot with as much coolness as if we were marching on parade, although forty pieces of artillery kept playing shot, shell, and grape at us. When arrived at our alloted place, we formed line, and advanced against some very strong redoubts which the French evacuated in the most cowardly manner. The sight was the finest I ever saw, and every part of the army that saw it were delighted. We completely succeeded in our part and must have taken a great number of prisoners if the cavalry, who had moved on the right bank of the river Ers, had been able to cross, but finding all the bridges destroyed they were obliged to make a great detour, and were consequently late in coming up. The part of the position that the Spaniards were to have taken, was so very strong that the 6th division were obliged to make a second desperate attack, exposed to a cross fire from the town and the redoubts. They succeeded, but at the cost of a great number of brave men, and I am sorry the loss fell particularly on our countrymen who, on this occasion, even surpassed their former good conduct. Our two divisions were about the only ones engaged, except the Spaniards, who did not behave very well; but we must forgive them as they are but young soldiers.

Our brigade did not suffer very much, owing to our being the rear one of our division, but we had two or three opportunities of showing our coolness, in forming squares against cavalry, etc

Marshalt Soult is expected in town this evening to arrange matters, and we are to go into cantonments till the terms are settled." (Letter of 15th April, 1814.)

When these terms were finally arranged, the British regiments were quickly recalled, and landed on their native shores. The Fusiliers had been absent for six years. Within a few weeks Captain John received permission to visit his Highland home on the western coast of Inverness-shire. We leave it to the imagination of the reader to picture the warm and enthusiastic reception which awaited him on his arrival—no one being so happy on that occasion as his good old father, Fear Rhu, to whom John was so deeply attached.

[This is the conclusion of the Rev. Mr. Macdonald's MS., but through the courtesy of the Editor of the "Celtic Monthly" I have been put in communication with Senator Macdonald of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, who is a nephew of Captain John, and consequently a grandson of Archibald of Rhu. The Senator's contribution to me is very interesting, and through the kindness of Mr. Mackay, your readers will get it in next month's issue.—H. MacLeod.]

CAPTAIN COLIN MACRAE,

42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch).

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 11. Vol. XII.] *AUGUST, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

MacRae
of
Conchra

CAPTAIN COLIN WILLIAM MACRAE,

42nd ROYAL HIGHLANDERS (Black Watch).

FOR considerably over a century the MacRaes of Conchra have hardly ever been without a representative in the British army, and at the present time the military traditions of the family are well maintained by the subject of our present sketch, Captain Colin William MacRae of the famous Forty-Second regiment, better known in Highland annals as the "Black Watch"; and by his elder brother, Major John MacRae-Gilstrap of Ballimore, who served with distinction in the same regiment in the Soudanese war of 1884-5, and is now attached to the third battalion of the Royal Highlanders.

Their ancestor, John MacRae, of Conchra, Ross-shire, took part in the Rising of 1715, and was killed at the Battle of Sheriffmuir, Nov., 1715. In Ross-shire traditions he is well known as one of the "four Johns of Scotland," who displayed great gallantry in the battle in which they were killed.

Captain MacRae's father, Mr. Duncan MacRae, saw a great deal of active service in India, and was through the Afghan Campaign of 1842, and the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8, besides a number of smaller wars, and on retiring from the Indian army held the rank of Inspector-General of Hospitals. He died at Kames Castle, Bute, on the 14th December, 1898, and was buried in the ancient graveyard at Clachan Duich, Kintail, where so many generations of the Conchras are interred.

Captain Colin MacRae, who is stationed at present with his regiment at Edinburgh, served through the late South African war, and took part, with the Black Watch, in many hard fought engagements. It was he who led the detachment of the Forty-Second into Pretoria, when Lord Roberts made his eventful entry into the capital of the Transvaal. We remember receiving a most interesting letter from a reader there who witnessed the entry of the companies of the Argyll and Sutherland men and the Black Watch into the city. He said: "Covered with the black ash of the veldt, after marching six hundred miles, the men looked strong, tall, and weather-beaten. I felt proud of my countrymen. The two companies were officered by true Highlanders, who could speak Gaelic fluently, both Captain Colin MacRae of the Black Watch, and Lieut. M'Arthur being Argyll men. I have been twenty-five years out here, and still love the Highlands, so you may imagine what a conversation in Gaelic with a countryman meant to me."

The Black Watch, which for a time formed part of the Highland Brigade under the late gallant General Hector Macdonald, shared the privations of this very harassing war, but Captain MacRae fortunately did not figure on the heavy casualty list of the regiment.

It may interest our musical readers to learn that the subject of these notes is an accomplished performer on the bagpipe, and takes a deep interest in the work of the recently formed Piobaireachd Association, which is doing splendid service in popularising the "Ceol Mòr," or great music of the Highlands. He possesses the ancient "Feadan Dubh," or Black Chanter of Kintail, which was once an heirloom of the "High Chiefs" of Kintail, and was given by the last Earl of Seaforth to the late Col. Sir John Macra of Ardintoul, from whom it passed to his nephew, Captain Macra Chisholm, of Glassburn, who in 1895 gave it to Captain Colin.

The portrait which we give was taken in South Africa, and shows Captain MacRae in the active service dress of the Royal Highlanders.

THE ISLAND OF BARRA: PAST AND PRESENT.

BY D. F. DE L' HOSTE RANKING, LL.D.

(Continued from page 177.)

BARRA, though the name is now confined to the principal island, is in fact the name of a group of islands, eight of which are inhabited. The most southern point is Barra Head, or more properly *Berneraidh an Easpuig*, Berneray of the Bishop; all the southern isles of Barra were originally called the Bishop's Isles. Next to this lies Mingulaidh or Miuley, which is from all accounts one of the most wonderful and magnificent of the islands off the coast of Scotland. It is most precipitous, Biolacreag, the highest point, going sheer down nearly 800 feet to the sea; *Biolacreag* was the ancient slogan of the MacNeills of Barra. These cliffs are honeycomed with marvellous sea caves and passages, the majority of which do not seem to have been at all thoroughly visited or described, probably on account of the difficulty of access, not only to the caves, but to the island itself; the post only goes there once a month, and then only if the weather be favourable. The only man who seems to know much about these caves is Mr. Alexander Carmichael; he claims to be the first and last man who traversed the longest, largest, and gloomiest of these. This may perhaps be the cave referred to as "The Long Gallery" in Mr. Neil Munro's fascinating novel "Children of the Tempest"; his description of it, whether from report or from personal observation I do not know, is most awe-inspiring; but he speaks of it as having no outlet, which does not correspond with Mr. Carmichael's account. Barra Head and Mingulaiy are both celebrated for their seabirds, and, in the time of the MacNeills the inhabitants of Mingulaiy used to pay their rent to MacNeill in *Fachaich*, or the fat young gulls. The crofts were divided into *peighinn*, or pennylands, *leth-pheighinn*, *feoirlaig*, and *clitig*, and paid accordingly from a quarter of a barrel to two barrels of the young birds. MacNeill used to come over to Mingulaiy a fortnight before Lammas, and remain for a fortnight after. The people were not allowed to go to the rocks till he came; after he left they had the full range of them. North of Mingulaiy lie Dabbaiy and Sandraiy; then comes Vatersay, separated by a narrow strait from Barra proper. Entering the bay at what is now called Castle-bay, but which was formerly called Baile Mhicneill, it gives the impression of being quite land locked; Vatersay seems to close it to the south and west, though there is really a narrow strait leading out to the Atlantic, while a range of small islands closes the mouth seawards.

Anyone who knows the old folk-tale "Mac na Bantraich Bharraich" will at first sight of the landing place be struck by the way in which the chief features of the island have been in the story transferred to Spain: there by the pier stands the changehouse to which the hero of the tale betakes himself on his arrival in Spain, and there on the rock above it is the church where he meets the king and queen. Castlebay has a capital hotel, where any visitor may be sure of being most comfortable, and lodgings may be had in one or two houses in the village. The "season" at Castlebay is of course the herring season in May and June, when there are sometimes four or five hundred boats engaged in the fishing lying in the bay. This is the money-making time for the inhabitants; and, in a good season, the money then earned is enough to render those engaged in the fishing practically independent of other sources of revenue for the rest of the year. The Barra herring are celebrated above all others on the continent, their reputation standing before even that of the herring from Loch Fyne. All along the Baltic shore in North Germany and Russia there is a great demand for the salted herring from Barra for lenten fare, and in consequence these herring will fetch four pounds a cran where the other brands fetch one. There is but one road in the island, and that runs round it along the shore. Turning westward from the landing places it leads over the narrow neck of land through the hamlet of Kentnagaval to two small lochs which lie under a hill to the south of the road. The larger of the two, Lochan Mor, or Loch Sinclair, has in it a little way from the shore an old ruined keep, once a stronghold of the Sinclairs. There are some good brown trout in this loch, running about a pound and a half each, but they are very shy and the loch itself is weedy. Within a few yards, is Loch nam Biorlinn, a small, very weedy loch, practically unfishable from the banks, but containing some very heavy brown trout. Just beyond these lochs lies the Atlantic coast line, and a more lovely coast it would be difficult to find in the British Islands. One is almost afraid to say how beautiful the shore is, for fear enterprising land agents and jerry builders should begin to boom the island as a health resort. The rocky promontories enclose bays of the most dazzling white sand, pure shell sand which sparkles in the sun; while the sea which washes these shores is of the most wonderful blue and green colour, broken only by the white foam as the Atlantic swells surge over the hidden rooks. Bending northward the road passes by the *Machair*, the great sandy plain on the seaward side where in years gone by the *Odha* was held annually; the yearly festival when all the inhabitants of the district

met to see the champions compete in feats of strength and skill. It must be seventy or eighty years since the last *Odha* was held on the Machair in Barra; I could not find any one who could speak from personal knowledge of these meetings, though many had heard their fathers speak of them. It may be that when there arises a true national movement among the western Celts these meetings may be revived; may the day soon come! Out to the west, beyond the Machair lies the promontory where stand the ruins of St. Brandan's cell, and the cemetery; while close by are the Brugh nam Braithrean, and the Clachan Lochluin. Soon the road turns inland again, and crosses the northern part of the island towards North Bay, passing the Mill Loch, full of brown trout, and in which after a spate sea trout and salmon may be got. The salmon get into this loch from the sea on the east coast, by way of *Loch na nighean ruaidhe* which lies half a mile or so away over the moor. From North Bay a road goes away to the left which brings one to the *Traigh Mhor* —the great strand. Here a great bay, nearly a mile across cuts deep into the island on the east side, so deep that only a strip of shore a few yards wide separates the bay from the Atlantic Ocean; beyond the bay the peninsula widens out again to form the district of Eoligarry. The Traigh Mhor itself is one mass of shells of all kinds; at the fringe of high water mark they lie piled up in heaps a foot high; cockle, clam, oyster, razor, scallop, trochers, mussel, and numberless other kinds. The bay itself is one solid mass of cockles, some of an enormous size; if you scoop up a handful of the sand it is simply a mass of shell-fish. The gathering of these is a source of income to the women during the winter; they are packed in bags and shipped away to the towns on the mainland. The centre of the island is hilly, the highest points being Heaval, and Hellavel; it is curious to notice how the Norse occupation has left its traces in many place names in the Long Island, especially I think in the names of hills and islands. Down on the east side of the Island, between North Bay and Castle Bay lies Brevaig, where Campbell of Isla got some of his best folk-tales: but those who told them are gone; and year by year it is growing more and more difficult to get any *sgeulachdan!* I do not say that the old beliefs are dying out, but they are being more carefully concealed; and those who have the old tales are chary of acknowledging it to a stranger; they fear ridicule. The "superior person" has caused an irreparable loss by the way in which he has sneered at and laughed at the old superstition. Grossly ignorant *himself* on these matters, and unwilling to recognise that there may be a knowledge not recognised by the Education code; and hidden powers of Nature which even a Government Inspector cannot examine and classify, they have destroyed much that would have been an invaluable key to the history of the people. I met in Castlebay one person, I believe a most excellent, energetic, and praiseworthy woman in every way, who boasted to me that she had quite destroyed all belief in omens and magic throughout Barra! and who seemed to think that she deserved considerable credit for the achievement! I really believe that the good woman imagined that unaided she had uprooted the fixed beliefs of ages; and that because people had ceased to talk about these matters to her they had ceased to believe in them. I could not convince her that she had done nothing to benefit the people, and much to injure the study of folk-lore, and more to injure the people themselves by destroying their belief in anything which they cannot test by their physical and material senses.

Barra is one of the districts scheduled by the Congested Districts Board of Scotland as "congested," that is to say the Board is satisfied that "the industrial resources of the locality are insufficient to provide for the needs of its population, and that the valuation (exclusive of the rental obtained from shootings and from holdings rated at over £30 per annum, and exclusive also of the population on these holdings) does not exceed £1 per head of the population."

It must be remembered that the old tribal or communal system of land cultivation, known as the "run-rig" system has ceased to exist in Barra. In an appendix to the report of the Napier commission in 1884, Mr. Carmichael gives a long and most interesting description of that system as it still existed at that date in the island of Heisgeir off the coast of North Uist; with all its elaborate system of land division at *Samhuin* (Hallowtide), its regulations for the protection of the respective rights of the community and the individual; and the popular election of officers to see those regulations carried out. This system, so specially applicable to the Highlands, has been in almost every part superseded by a system of individual holdings with common pasture. Mr. Carmichael mentions that at the date when he made his report the sea fishings on the banks off Barra were still allotted annually among the boats on St. Bride's Day when a service was held at the church for blessing the boats; he also gives the last verse of the hymn sung on this occasion, which verse is, he says, peculiar to the Barra people, and is an addition to the "Shieling Hymn" common till lately to all the Long Island. The old Celtic hymnology is particularly rich; every occupation had its special hymn, *the Herding Rune, the*

Milking Rune, the Herding Blessing, the Blessing of the Bed, and numberless others. Mr. Carmichael has conferred an inestimable benefit on students and on all interested in Celtic matters, by collecting these fast disappearing hymns in his magnificent work "Carmina Gaidelica."

Barra still keeps the old Faith, and it is a beautiful and instructive sight to attend Mass at the church in *Baile Mhicneil* and see the crowd of reverend worshippers, the women with the plaid arranged over the head and shoulders in the old Highland fashion, all absorbed in the Latin office, and listening with close attention to the sermon given in Gaelic, and not unaccompanied with personal admonition and rebuke. It is a matter of regret that the hymns sung seem to be mostly in English, and of a modern type: surely it would be easy, and far better, to translate these into Gaelic, so that all might join in them; or, better still, to sing only the old Gaelic hymns. It would be thought that in an island like Barra, far from towns and swept by the Atlantic breezes, the average of life should be long, but this is far from being the case. The *average* of life in Barra is, so I was informed, the lowest in Scotland, being only about *thirty-one years.* It is true that instances of great longevity are found, but they are the exception. The great cause of mortality seems to be a wasting debility arising from or accompanied by a very violent form of dyspepsia. Whatever may be the main cause of this there can be no doubt that two of the chief contributing causes are improper food of small nourishing power, and want of air and light in the dwellings. It is useless to shut the eyes to the fact that when white bread and tea take the place of good oatmeal and milk as the *staple* food of a community, especially of a Highland community, physical degeneration rapidly follows. What oatmeal is eaten now mostly takes the form of imperfectly cooked bannock, half raw inside; could anything be more likely to induce dyspepsia? The teapot stands brewing by the fire all day, and the concentrated infusion is drunk at all hours: I believe that tea drinking in unlimited quantities is killing more people in the Long Island now than were killed by all the whiskey ever made between Butt of Lewis and Barra Head. Here is an instance of the pitch which this dyspepsia has reached. Mrs. M'Laren, wife of the landlord of the very comfortable hotel at Castlebay, told me that a winter or two ago her husband and herself, taking pity on the children going to school on the cold, wet winter mornings, and knowing that they were insufficiently fed, made some good strong broth and sent it up to the schoolhouse. They were asked to desist, because *the stomachs of the children could not retain the good broth,* it simply made them sick! As regards light and air, one glance at some of the dwellings tells everything. Picturesque? Yes; as a Kaffir hut is picturesque; but dark and airless as any Kaffir hut could be; and this in a climate laden with moisture, and with a minimum of sunlight during the year. What wonder that such conditions, coupled with insufficient nutriment should sap the lives of the people? Yet what encouragement is there, or rather has there been, for the people to build better houses? Restore to the people their interest in the land and the houses will follow. Much has been done by the Congested Districts Board, and where they are at work new houses are being built. But the Board is hampered because they cannot get the most suitable land. Much of the land they can obtain is absolutely unsuited for cultivation, and is remote from the dwellings and sometimes inaccessible. The country cries aloud for a scheme of *compulsory* purchase as the only possible cure for evils of this nature, not only in Barra, but throughout the crofting districts.

THE MORRISONS OF LEWIS.

A TALE AND A SONG.

IN the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century, the Island of Lewis was much distracted by feuds between the rival clans of Macleod and Morrison. About this time, a natural son of Rorie MacLeod, "commander of the island," who died about 1595, held sway, and directed his policy towards extirpating all possible rivals. Among these was Allan Morrison, head of the family of that name, and son of the last hereditary judge, or Britheamh, of the island. A tragic tale associated with the conflict which took place between Neil and Allan, is told in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries for 1878, which is as follows. A part of a song is also there given. More of it is recorded at p. 49 of the 5th volume of "An Gaidheal," from which source the song is taken. The music is No. 65 of Patrick MacDonald's Collection of Vocal Highland Airs. The words have never been previously written along with the music as far as known. The story of the death of the last Britheamh of Lewis, and a number of incidents which succeeded that occurrence, including the tale here told, is given in Gaelic in the volume of "An Gaidheal" above mentioned.

"Neil Macleod, called in the legend *Odhar, i.e* dun, the bastard uncle of Torquil Dubh Chief of Lewis, attacked the Morrisons on the Habost moor, but was defeated. Neil sent to Harris for assistance, and came again to Habost; but

the Morrisons had taken shelter in Dun Eystein: The Macleods arrived at night and marched to Dun Eystein, when one of the Morrisons, unaware of the presence of an enemy, came out of the hut. An Uig man shot an arrow—*Baobh an Dòrlaich*, literally, the Fury of the Quiver, the last arrow of the eighteen that should be used—at him, and he was struck by the arrow, which passed through his body. The wounded Morrison cried for help; the rest came out, and Allan, the eldest, and by far the bravest, of them sprang across the ravine which separated Dun Eystein from the adjacent cliff, and loudly demanded that the assassin should be given up to him. The Macleods denied all knowledge of the deed; but Allan reproached them with cowardice, and said, "If you have come to fight you ought, according to the laws of war from the creation of the world, to have waited till there was light enough to see each other." He then asked Neil for his *Léigh, i.e.*, Doctor, to attend the wounded man. Neil, after some hesitation, consented; Allan took the *Leigh* under his arm and leaped back across the ravine with him into the dun. The wounded man died, however. The Morrisons fled from Dun Eystein to the mainland, whither Neil pursued; but the Morrisons had seen Neil crossing the Minch, and, slipping out from among the islands, tried to get back to Lewis. The Macleods ascended a hill, espied the brieve's birlin, and gave chase. There were only Allan Morrison and his two brothers in the boat; so Allan Mor, who was very strong, set his two brothers to row against himself, and composed and sung this *iorram* or boat song, with which the Ness fishermen still lighten their toil.

IOMAIR FEIN, A CHOINNICH CHRIDHE.

GLEUS G.

|	m	:	s	|	l	:	l	|	l	:	s.f	m	:	l,
Iom	-	air		féin,		a			Choinnich				chridhe;		
|	m	:	s	|	l	:	l	|	l	:	s.f	m	:	d l,
Iom	-	air		i		gu			làid	-	ir		righinn;		
|	r	:	m.s	|	l	:	s	|	l	:	m.r	r d	:	l, s,
'N		àill	leibh	o	l	's	na		hùg		oirnn		hò	-	ro,
|	f	:	m.f	|	m r	:	l,	|	l	:	l	|	l	:	s
'N		àill	leibh	o	l	's	na		hùg		oirnn		éile.		

Gaol nam ban òg is gràdh nan nighean;
Tha eagal mòr air mo chridhe
Gur i birlinn Néill tha tighinn,
No sgoth chaol Mhic Thormaid idhir;
Dh' iomrainn féin fear mu dhithis,
'S na 'm b'éiginn domh fear mu thriùir;
'S truagh nach robh mi féin 's Niall odhar
An lagan beag os cionn Dhùin Othail,
Biodag a'm laimh is esan fodham,
Dhearbhainn féin gu 'n robh i domhain,
'S gu 'm biodh fuil a chléibh m'a ghobhal;
'S gu 'n dianteadh feòil 's gu 'n dianteadh sitheann;
'S gu 'm bitheadh biadh fo ghob an fhithich.
Cha d' rinn mi fhathast beud no puthar
Mur do leag mi fiadh fo bhruthach,
No biast mhaol an caolas cumhang,
No dubh sgarbh an còis na tuinne;
Chi mi rudha 's lagan beag eile
Anns an deach mo chàirdean a mhilleadh.
Is truagh nach robh mi 'n Rònа romham;
Cha d' thàinig mi riamh an cuan so roimhe
Gun taod oirre, gun taod-cluaise,
Cuipeall ann am bòrd an fhuaraidh,
Is fiùran dìreach sheasadh suas innt',
'S cranna fada rachadh mu 'n cuairt air.

Neil overtook the Morrisons a short time after they had passed Dun Othail (pro. Dun O-ail), where they fought desperately. Neil attacked them on one side, and the Harris men, in a second boat, on the other. Allan engaged Neil's party and killed nearly all his men, when Neil exclaimed, "My men, something must be done, or the monster *(biast)* will not leave a head on the shoulders of any one of us." They fastened a sword to the end of an oar, therewith to stab Allan, who, when he saw it coming, made such a desperate blow as to cut the oar in two, but striking into the gunnel of the boat his sword stuck fast, and before he could extricate it the Macleods closed round him, and both himself and his two brothers were killed. They were buried in a small hollow a little above Dun Othail.

In the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries it is said that the chorus "Nailibh i 's na-ho-ro" is repeated after every line. But these words are not in accord with the music given by Macdonald. A chorus, with the requisite number of syllables has been substituted and given to the two last musical phrases. It is thought also likely that, in singing, every new verse began with the last line of the preceding verse—a common practice in songs of this class.—C.M.P.

LEAVES FROM THE SCRAP BOOK OF A SCOTTISH EXILE, BY FRANK ADAM, F.R.G.S., F.S.A. SCOT.—This handsomely got up and most interesting volume has just reached us, and we give it a very hearty welcome. Mr. Frank Adam requires no introduction to Highlanders, for his little work, "What is my Tartan," has had a large circulation in all parts of the globe, and is still the standard reference book on clan septs. The contents of the "Leaves" are familiar to us, for we remember one summer evening at Kirn perusing the original Scrap Book with much enjoyment on the occasion of Mr. Adam's last visit to the old country. The volume now before us extends to nearly 300 pages, and is divided into sections dealing with such topics as the Bagpipes, Highland Dances, The Kilt, Old Customs, Poetry, Scots in Exile, etc. The selections have been made with discrimination, and afford pleasant reading to the Scot either at home or in exile. The volume is really a valuable addition to our literature, and we have pleasure in recommending it to our readers. It is published at 3/6.

SEADUNE—A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

BY LUCY H. SOUTAR.

(Continued from page 199.)

VIII.

MRS. MACKAY.

"So he that gets a guid wife, a guid wife,
Gets gear eneuch, gets gear eneuch!"

"NANE o' your havers, woman: that's some o' Mrs. Cameron's clashings," said Donald Mackay, as he put down his porridge spoon and drew his chair close to the fire.

"There's some truth in the clashings, am thinking," answered his wife, busily clearing away the supper dishes. "Jeannie Reid was saying that Martha got a new bonnet from her yesterday, and there are two weeks yet afore the Sacrament Sabbath."

If it had been her mother, I might have thocht there was something in't," said doubting Donald, taking long puffs from his clay pipe, and unfolding the weekly journal.

Donald Mackay was one of Bonnie Johnnie's workmen; it was Saturday night and he had returned from a week's job at a shooting lodge, ten miles distant. His wife had not much time to give to village talk; but a birth, a marriage, and a death were events rare enough not to be passed over without comment from the least curious of the Seadune inhabitants.

"We'll be hearing in the Church to-morrow if they'll be cried; but to be so quaet about it was na' my way o' thinking, when we were courting, Donald—eh! lad?"

Donald looked up from his paper. Beneath the rough exterior there beat a warm heart, and at times the undemonstrative workman shewed some of affection's tokens, which are generally laid aside when the courting days are done. He caught his wife's skirt as she passed and drew her on to his knee.

"Aye, but Maggie lass, ye had a fine lad to boast o'."

"Think shame o' yersel, man, a father o' five bairns! Am thinking it's you that's havering the now," and Maggie freed herself from a welcome, if rare embrace.

Saturday night is a busy night in the workman's home. Mrs. Mackay's five little steps of humanity had all to be tubbed, and once safely to bed, the mother went out to do the shopping. Donald's wages allowed them beef on Sunday, and this was a special errand no one could do but the mother, it was her one evening out in the week. Mrs. Mackay's outings since her second child was born might easily be counted, and her wedding gown and bonnet served her as best still. A baby in arms and a baby crawling made home leaving a thing of necessity rather than pleasure; to the Church on Sunday was nigh an impossibility. The bonnet and gown had seen hardest wear on the christening Sundays and on the vaccination days at the doctor's.

The christening Sundays were not altogether happy days, Donald had not got accustomed to face with pleasure or even indifference and was far from accepting with equanimity the lengthy facings from the minister on his duties as a father, when each little creature was admitted into the Church visible, and it always was with a feeling of relief that Mrs. Mackay rolled up her sturdy infant, gowned in cumbersome white robes, in a Paisley shawl, and returned with her neighbour from the Church to the special tea prepared to celebrate the christening day.

The vaccination day was quite a different matter; certainly there was the extra hurry in the morning, for the doctor kept early hours, breakfast had to be got over and the elder children made ready for school, then baby dressed in fresh garments and the mother in her best Sunday gown all ready before nine o'clock in the morning! The mothers and babies gathered in the doctor's surgery, and there the little ones were partially stripped of their tiny garments; it was a proud moment when the kindly doctor commented on the sturdy appearance of the babies, and with pardonable pride, the mother responded—"Am gled, Sir, you'll be thinking him no that bad."

Sometimes the babies were unnecessarily bared, but their chubby, healthy little bodies were the pride of their mothers. The doctor jingled his bunch of keys from time to time as he prepared the lymph or scratched the arm with the lance, and there was a crowing and laughing among the little urchins as if the performance was a piece of great fun. There seldom were sickly babies among the little strangers that made their advent in Seadune. During my stay of several years I only saw one tiny black coffin carried under the father's arm to the village churchyard, the father and his friends in their black Sunday clothes and tall hats with crape bands, garments long kept but little worn, walked slowly up the village street with the tiny burden, and the mother of a few weeks wept and sighed saying—"It was as much a loss to me as if it had been one o' the boys or lassies"; and when others forget that "*it*" had ever been, there remained a far-away look in the mother's eyes and her hands felt empty for want of the little treasure that might have been, and long, long years after that mother spoke of "my baby" when her other boys and girls were young men and women.

On this Sunday morning Mrs. Mackay put forth all efforts to be ready to accompany her gude-

man to the Church, as she was sure the Captain would "cry a marriage." A kindly neighbour offered to keep an eye on the two little ones, and brought the wooden cradle with baby in it ben to her own fireside. Jamie, Maggie and Willie were old enough to go to Church, eat a peppermint, and sleep through the sermon. Mrs. Mackay never waited to be warned by the Captain passing the window that it was time to put on her bonnet; but she and Donald and the bairns followed the beadle up the long street, and waited in the churchyard reading the inscriptions on the tombstones, till the first toll of the bell told them the minister was coming up the avenue from the manse and it was time to take their seats in the east gallery.

The minister with bowed head and holding up his gown followed the Captain with slow steps from the vestry to the pulpit, then bending devoutly over the Book, engaged in silent prayer The Captain remained on the third step of the pulpit stair, and in a loud voice, as if he were addressing a regiment of soldiers, announced :—

"There is a purpose of marriage between John Shaw, bachelor, of the parish of Seadune, and Martha Gordon, spinster, of the same parish, of which proclamation is hereby made for the first time!"

Johnnie sat in the corner of his pew with his usual placid smile, and heard his banns of marriage read out apparently as unmoved as he had sat through the reading of all the village banns for the past fifty years. Martha held down her head and blushed rosier than the roses in her new bonnet; one or two spinsters about the same age as Johnnie craned their necks out of their shawls to look at the bride, but hastily retreated into the folds again and pulled their veils over their faces; Miss Amelia smiled and nodded her approval, the schoolmaster gave a loud cough and bounded to his feet in amazement, but he was an excitable man though he had been married a long time and had many children! The doctor cracked his fingers and thumb with a loud snap, which plainly said "he could not do better!" but above all sounds of astonishment was the echo of a whisper throughout every corner of the building, "Didn't I tell ye, Donald!"

IX.

MARY MOIR AND HER COUSIN.

"Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,
Upon the last sweet slumber of her child:
Until at last her soul was satisfied."—*Wordsworth.*

"OICH! Mister John, and not to have a notion of it, and to hear us first in the Church on the Sabbath too! and it not to have a notion of it, not a notion of it; but I'll be acquaint with the saying, 'Silence is golden,' Mister John? 'Twas truly startling in this case, but just come ben, I'll be thinking I'll be knowing what you'll be wanting the day?"

The speaker was the garrulous little tailor of Seadune, known to all as "Sandie Notion"; he had another name, but it was quite overlooked unless in the Parish Register; rarely a sentence escaped the voluble tailor without the word 'notion' being pressed in to complete or confuse the meaning.

Bonnie Johnnie stood in the doorway of Sandie's shop, a queer, barn-like erection, joined on to the back of his cottage; it consisted of two rooms, the work-room and the shop proper; in the latter were piled up huge webs of homespun, sending forth a peaty odour, they having come straight from the loom of the Highland weaver, more carefully stored away webs were in brown paper wrappings, mill woven cloths of finer texture and from which Sandie's customers chose their Sunday suits, which were also worn at weddings and funerals.

Johnnie entered the dingy shop with its heavy atmosphere, and the wiry little tailor, who looked as if he were made of yellow parchment, sprang on to the table, which served as a counter, and brought down the cloths in the brown paper. As the assortment was limited it did not take long to make a selection suitable for Johnnie's wedding garments.

'Oich! you're a cute boy, Mister John, but am sure but I wish you well, had I but had a notion of it I would have had more bales in for your selection, though quality requires no quantity for a matter of choice," and Sandie with his red-rimmed eyes peered into Johnnie's face. Constant sitting in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and stitching or cutting or pressing with the heavy goose had not tended to improve Sandie's appearance. When the Doctor remonstrated with him about smoking, Sandie's reply was—"Oich! Doctor, am sure, yoursel' would na' be keeping the poor boys from the smoking, and what can I be doing, but take a pipe wi' them mysel'; they have na' a notion it'ill be so injurious as you and me'ill be knowing, being students of the human frame"; and Sandie continued to sit with his feet tucked under him on the table or on the floor among his apprentices, in gray shirt and trousers, his sand-coloured hair hung over his face and his bleer eyes peered through tin-rimmed spectacles, smoking and stitching six days out of the seven, chatting with anyone who cared to listen. The little tailor was thought to be a philosopher in his own way, and nothing could silence his tongue but the presence of his cousin, who was his housekeeper. Before her Sandie was mute as an oyster and seemed to creep into his shell of

parchment, and his oral philosophy melt away in the greater wisdom of silence; he became the shrivelled up piece of humanity a stranger might judge him to be, not the Sandie of Seadune who had his notions on everyone and everything.

Mary Moir was one of the mysteries of the village. Some twenty years ago she appeared in Sandie's two-roomed cottage with her infant of three months; no one knew aught of her former life, and few knew more of her after a residence of twenty years among them, than they did the first day they saw her; on this subject alone Sandie Notion was obstinately silent. The curious tried in all ways to extract from Sandie some information regarding his cousin, but, he to his credit, was ever on his guard with his answer concerning her:—"Oich! she's a good woman, I would na' want her for onything, tho' she might ha' done better by hersel' than staying here, but you can have no notion how self-sacrificing she is just for a poor creatur like mysel'.

The two-roomed cottage was one of the humblest in the village; its low walls were roofed in with large gray slates almost two feet square, and so soft that the lichen and groundsel found root in them and covered their grayness with patches of brown and yellow; the low doorway led into a passage where hung Sandie's and Mary's garments, the door always stood open, the kitchen was a dark, dull room, with low rafters, brown with peat smoke, a string of onions, a ham, and a netted bag with a child's ball and whip hung from the rafters; the latter always attracted the eye by its incongruity with its surroundings, the former two had a magnetic attraction for the head, and I never went out of Mary Moir's kitchen with my hat straight. The floor was uneven and covered with flagstones, the peat fire burnt on the hearth, and in the chimney hung a crook for a pot or kettle, the furnishings were bare as the room, two wooden chairs were pushed under the scrubbed deal table, an armchair of wood with a high back was the seat of honour, and the few visitors who crossed the threshold sat in it; the box bed with blue chinz curtains was the only restful spot in the room. As out of place as the child's toys seemed the two rows of books on the shelves of the dresser, where housewives usually vie with one another in displaying their gaudy crockery; two tiny windows opposite to one another lit this apartment and the cross light dazzled one's eyes in the darksome room.

Here Mary Moir lived, no one knew how she occupied her time, but the villagers discovered that once a week she received a bulky parcel of papers, and once a week she sent away a similar parcel. The youthful village stationer sold her sermon paper and ink and pens quite an unusual amount; but he scoffed at the idea of her writing sermons, her face was the longest sermon he ever wished to think of, he told his chums, little thinking he funned so near the truth!

Mary was a big woman, without any softening lines, gaunt and bony, with a sallow skin and dark hair; her black eyes might have had a milder look had it not been for the bushy black eyebrows, which gave her a fierce expression. Mothers' used her name as a bogie to frighten their naughty children, and little thought that beneath the wincey gown beat a poor, bleeding heart that longed to cuddle a curly head to her breast and weep out her hidden sorrow.

Mary never stood in her doorway, and rarely spoke to her neighbours; her southern tongue had not lost its accent, and her speech was that of an educated woman; the minister and his wife and the doctor were the only visitors she made welcome, and greeted them with a modest dignity as her equals. She seemed truly fond of Mrs. Macleod, who knew the story of her "thorn in the flesh." That was told more than fifteen years ago, when the inhabitants of Seadune were startled out of their usual equanimity by an outbreak of diptheria in their little village. Charlie Moir was almost five years old, his black curls seldom had a covering, and he pattered along barefooted like the other village bairns, his quaint speech was a blending of his mother's and the Highland tongue, and he grew up a fearless little nickham. One summer evening he came in fevered and fretful, the terrible disease was upon him; bravely the little fellow fought for life, and the mother watched and nursed. "Am tallied, tallied mother," had been the weary cry all day; at last the sick child slumbered, a restless, disturbed sleep. Mary Moir threw herself on her knees at the bedside and prayed:—"When sorrow was upon me, I besought Thee to send death, but Thou gavest me life and a living shame. I bore the taunts of my friends and forsook my home for a life of poverty, in my misery I learnt to love the blameless cause of my disgrace, and now God spare him to me and have mercy!"

In the doorway stood the minister's wife. In her earnest pleading the poor, wifeless mother had been deaf to all sounds. Mrs. Macleod went forward and touched her on the shoulder. "God works in a mysterious way, He will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Friend to the friendless, rise, Mary, God knows what is best."

The grief-stricken woman turned her haggard face, and through her tears cried, "Is it best then that my nameless child should die?" Rising from her knees she took the boy in her arms, and the weary head sank against her breast as the baby lips sighed "Now mother," and the pure spirit returned to God his Father. This

sorrow was as sacred as it was secret, and while Sandy Notion preached his worldly-wise philosophy to his customers, Mary Moir's life was a sermon and her unnamed writings formed an outlet to the overburdened heart of a blighted life.

A CELTIC HYMN OF PRAISE.

FAILTE dhut, a Tighearna![*] in the glory of thy works,
The waking of the pearly dawn, the slumbering of the nights ;
The ferny glades where spotted fawn, wide-eyed and timid, lurks,
The forest depths whose varying shades of flickering tint delights.
The music of the rustling leaves, the scent of flowers, the sights
Of wild cascades in tumbling burns, 'mid tangled thorn and brake ;
O ! Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! in each hill, and glen, and lake.

Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for our own fair Highland homes,
Where dreaming Celtic hearts have kept alight the torch of faith :
Though poor in earth's estate, thy gift, is their's where'er they roam,
To keep the Chiefs' fair banner bright, their souls from sceptic scaith ;
Or, new made faiths, as like to thine as some unreal wraith,
Uprising from the moorland mists, in dim, uncertain dawn,
O ! Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for our hearts from these withdrawn.

Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for the tender nights of June,
The colouring of each wave, and flood, thy mountains, and thy woods ;
For every mystery of sound, all Nature sings in tune,
From the sigh of wandering breezes, to the chirp of feathered broods.
For the harmony of lovliness, so fleeting in its moods,
That the master hand hath painted, and no mortal's may evoke,
The wonder of God's Majesty in every finished stroke.

Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for the love of beauty born
Within our Celtic hearts, that make us heirs to all the earth :
To pluck the rose of mystery, and lesser passions scorn,
That wings the soul to sorrows' depths, or maddens in its mirth ;
The secret of high joys, and griefs, immortal in their birth,
Is ours, in every flying cloud, or one enchanted hour,
When the wings of strange ethereal hopes, brush past our secret bower.

Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for every wondrous grace,
Thy very gift to tread the world, from May to winter's snow :
To watch the sleeping lochs, the sea, each season's beauty trace,
To scent the heather, and the pine. To see, to feel, to know—
With mystic thought that only comes when human hearts o'erflow,
In ecstacy of wildest pain, or joy no power can name,
O ! Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for the Celtic blood we claim.

Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! and, our Celtic prayer is this—
When Columa' sainted I[*] comes back to knowledge of the light,
May every mountain peak reflect its rays of heavenly bliss :
Each lonely birchwood glen, and strath, no more be plunged in night.
Ochon ! they robbed us fairly, who crushed our faith so bright,
To make of Celtic joy, and praise, a thing of hideous gloom,
O ! Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for the day that ends such doom.

Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for the hymn the sailors sing,
When their boats are spread on friendless seas, to that bright star above :
The one ye gave to mortals, for despairing hands to cling,
The star that guides the storm-tossed soul to thine eternal love ;
And, through the lash of storm, and hate, the ships to harbour bring.
O ! Failte dhut, a Tighearna ! for the hymns that shall be said,
Where'er the Celtic tongue abides—till the seas give up their dead.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

[*] *Hail, to thee, O Lord.*

[*] *Far am beil guth mannaich
Bi geum ba,
Ach mu 'n tig an t-saoghal gu crich
Bithidh I mar a bha.
—Ancient Gaelic Prophecy of St. Columba.*

FOR THE "LUSS HIGHLAND GATHERING,"

JULY 22ND, 1904.

ROUSE, rouse ye, my gallants, respond to the call !
'Tis the Chief of the Lennox who summons ye all !
Come where the Badge waves, our own Highland willow,
Remember'd by clansmen far over the billow !
A word to you, brothers, a word from my heart !
Assembled, albeit, to meet but to part !
In love look to the hearts that never turn cold,
In life choose the blossoms that never grow old !

F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1904.

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DEGENERATE HIGHLANDERS.

SIR,—In the last Annual Report of the Gaelic Society of London a list is given of the Schools in the Highlands where a capitation grant was obtained for pupils in Standard IV. for passes in Gaelic.

The fifty-four schools are located in the Highland Counties as follows:—Schools. Argyllshire, 14; Arran, 1; Caithness, 1; Inverness-shire, 16; Ross and Cromarty, 18; Sutherland, 4—54. Good so far, but where are all the others? Are there no Highlanders in Dumbartonshire, in Stirlingshire, in Perthshire, or in Aberdeenshire? Are there no Highland children in Braemar, or in Atholl, in Breadalbin or in Balquhidder, in Strathearn or Menteith, or in the Lennox? Are the lands of the MacGregors, of the Macfarlanes, of the Buchanans, of the Maclarens, of the Robertsons, of the Fergusons, of the Menzies', of the Farquharsons, and of various other clans all occupied by mere Englishmen?

Highlanders receive the credit of being loyal and patriotic, but their loyalty and patriotism in regard to their very birthright, their own language, appears to be altogether unworthy. So much has this come to be the attitude of Highlanders that many people declare Highlanders to be only worthy of contempt, because by the dishonour with which they so generally treat their own language they shew themselves a degenerate race, anxious only to be transformed into Englishmen as soon as possible, considering their own language of no value unless it can be sold for so many pence.

Are Highlanders really so degenerate, so sordid, so unpatriotic, so unworthy of their country and of their name? Surely not!

London. IAN.

SCOTCH NAMES OF INDIANS.

HOW IT COMES SO MANY ABORIGINES BEAR NAMES BROUGHT FROM SCOTIA.

THE prevalence of Scotch names with the Creek and Cherokee Indians has at various times been the source of some comment, says the *Kansas City Journal*. Although other nations, and, in fact, nearly every nation is represented by the names borne by these people, the Scotch names are far more numerous and have suffered less change than those acquired from any other nation. The names of some of these Scotch Indians are closely allied with the history of these two nations for the last 100 years, and for several generations such names as MacIntosh, MacKellopp, MacCombs, Adir, MacQueen, and MacGillivray are registered on nearly all the treaties and official papers of moment in either nation. Men bearing these names to-day are among the foremost of the progressive Indians.

The *News* of Okmulgee gives this account of the origin of these Scotch names:

"As was stated, the origin of these Scotch names dates back over 100 years. At that time the Creek and Cherokee Indians, more especially, bent their efforts toward building up a nation of physically perfect men. The women were encouraged to mate only with the strong, robust men of the tribe, and if a weak man withstood the taunts and gibes of his fellows and remained there was little chance of his securing a wife. In that way the life of these people was almost Spartan.

"While this sentiment was at its height and the tribes were living in Georgia, some time before the Revolution, a regiment of Scotch Highlanders were quartered in the vicinity of one of the principal villages of the nations. The Indian maidens looked with favour on the burly men of the north of Scotland and a number of marriages was the result. When the regiment was ordered back to England or to some other quarter of the globe, there were some of these Scotchmen who stayed behind, and their names have thus been fixed in the annals of the Creek nation. It is through the Creeks that the Cherokees acquired their Scotch names. Descendants of these Highlanders have been enrolled in the armies of the United States since that time, and President Roosevelt had several of them in his Rough Riders."

THE GAELIC MOD takes place in Greenock on the 21st and 22nd September, and promises to be the most successful gathering ever held under the auspices of the Highland Association. Full particulars of competitions and prizes will be found in our advertising pages. Competitors are specially requested to note that all compositions should be sent to the secretary not later than 13th August, 1904, after which no papers will be accepted.

A HIGHLAND SILVER WEDDING.—Mr. and Mrs. John Chisholm (of the "Highland House," Argyle Street, Glasgow), celebrated their Silver Wedding on 4th August. They entertained 120 ladies and gentlemen to dinner at the Central Station Hotel, where a most enjoyable evening was spent, with song and sentiment. The happy couple were the recipients of a handsome illuminated address from their employees, and several valuable presents from friends.

BAS DHIARMAID O DUIMHNE.

DIARMAD O DUIMHNE, according to ancient tradition, was one of the Fians —Finn's sister's son, in fact. He is persistently regarded, in Gaelic tradition, as the progenitor of the Campbell race. In the old stories and lays, he is given certain superhuman attributes. He was invulnerable except on the sole of the foot; and he had a beauty spot on his brow which caused all women who chanced to look upon it, to love him. With those threads the old story tellers and bards wove a romance which was at one time known throughout the whole of Gaeldom. This is the jist of it:—"A king of Lochlin sent a messenger to Finn, who, by means of enchantment, was to cause Finn to visit his realm. The messenger was successful. When the king of Lochlin got Finn in his power, he used him badly. After having tormented him to his heart's content, he asked him whether he would choose to be beheaded there and then or go through a certain valley frequented by evil spirits and wild beasts. Finn chose the latter course. He went away without any arms except his sword, which he had broken in defending himself in his encounter with the Lochliners. After experiencing and overcoming the dangers of the valley, he found at the further end a wild dog which it was necessary to subdue. He was at his wit's end what to do, when he remembered that his fostermother had given him a belt, having certain virtues, which he was to use when he found himself in a sore strait. He took it out of his pocket and shook it at the dog, whereupon the dog at once became tame and followed him. He then travelled on until he came to a smith's house. He prevailed on the smith to mend his broken sword. The smith had in his company a fair maiden whom he had taken by force from somewhere. He had her in hiding in the valley; but she had him under enchantment so that he had no power over her for a year and a day. When she saw Finn she fell in love with him, and induced him to kill the smith. This he did. He then managed to steal one of the ships of the Lochliners and sail home with his lover, Graine, to Ireland. When he arrived at home a feast was made and Finn and Graine were married. During the progress of the feast, Graine happened to look upon Diarmid's beauty spot, and instantly she fell in love with him. She availed herself of the first opportunity to have speech with him and, by means of enchantment, to prevail upon him to be her husband and go away with her. But Diarmid refused, saying: "I will not go with you in the day or in the night, on foot or on horseback, without or within a house, in light or in darkness, in company or alone." Graine contrived, after study, to overcome Diarmid's vow. She left her bed at daybreak, sought and found an ass, rode it to the door of Diarmid's house, and addressed him thus: "It is neither day nor night, light nor darkness; I am neither on horseback nor on foot, and I am neither within nor without a house." Diarmid was constrained to comply with her desire. They travelled together through woods, valleys and deserts, and abode among rocks, in caves and dens, trying to evade Finn and his men. The adventures they came through in their travels are duly set forth in the tales and ballads, but are too long to rehearse here. One day Finn and his men were out hunting, and they came to a certain shore. Finn saw a wooden shaving coming to his heel. He lifted it and examined it. It was a ninefold roll. He measured the length of it, and came to the conclusion that it could only be Diarmid who had made it. The locality of Diarmid's hiding was thus revealed. He made up his mind how to have his revenge on Diarmid for going away with his wife. He instituted a great hunt after a particularly venomous old boar which frequented Ben Gulban, near where Diarmid was in hiding. The baying of the dogs and the noise of the hunt stirred up Diarmid so greatly that he wanted to join in the sport. Graine, unavailingly, tried to persuade him against going. Diarmid went off to the hunt. Finn took note of his advent. They roused the old boar, which sallied forth and made off down the glen with the dogs and the men after it. Finn allotted to Diarmid the honour of attacking the boar, which he did effectively. He killed it, much to Finn's chagrin. Finn considered awhile in silence, and then asked Diarmid to measure the boar. This Diarmid did with his feet, going from snout to tail. He found it sixteen feet and a span. Finn disputed his measurement, and asked Diarmid to measure it again, this time from the tail to the snout. Diarmid complied, he being under a vow to refuse no request made by the Fians. In measuring against the bristles he was wounded by one of them in his only vulnerable spot—the sole of the foot. This was the end of Diarmid.

The Lay which follows relates the story from the incident of the shaving of wood to Diarmid's death, and includes a lament by Graine and an elegy by the Bards of the Fians. It is pieced together from a number of variants collected at different periods in the Highlands and Islands. The most nearly complete of these versions is in Kennedy's first collection, now in the Advocates' Library. Different and sometimes better readings, as also additional verses, are got in the other versions. The earliest recorded variant is in the Dean of Lismore's Book, 1512.

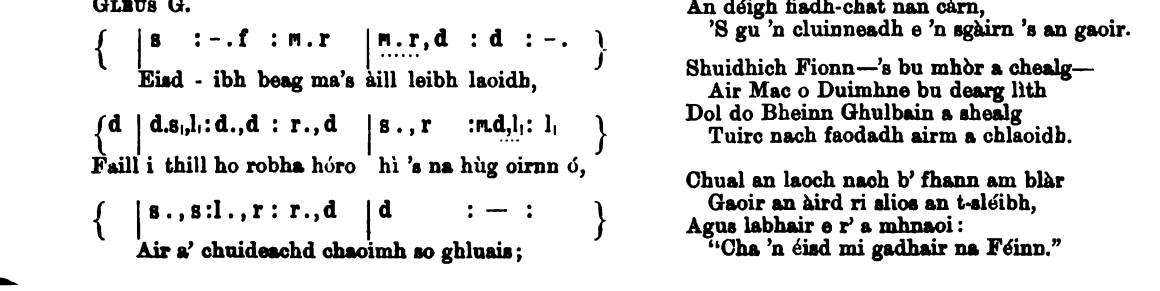
Most of the others were got towards the end of the 18th century by MacNicol, Hill, Kennedy, and Dr. Irvine, and published in Leabhar na Féinne. One version is given in the Maclagan MSS. and another in the Macfarlane collection, published recently in Reliquiae Celticae.

Dr. Smith has a poem, Diarmid, in his Seann Dana, and this is what he says in a footnote:—"This poem is generally interlarded with so much of the *ursgeuls* or 'later tales' as to render the most common editions of it absurd and extravagant. But the dross of the 15th century is easily separated from the precious ore of former ages." Notwithstanding these words, it is perfectly evident that Dr. Smith's poem, Diarmid, is based on that which follows. He makes use of a few of the lines of the ballad without alteration. Passages of his poem are very poetical and beautiful; but he mars the effect of the whole by his imitation of the abrupt transitions from one theme to another, which characterises Macpherson's Ossianic poems. Dr. Smith's poem was never seen or heard of apart from Dr. Smith's book. The ballad was known, recited and recorded in many places. Yet there are people who believe that Dr. Smith's poem is genuine old Gaelic poetry. They forget that "E'en ministers ha'e been kenned a rousing whid at times to vend." The Lay of Diarmid—the genuine lay—seems to me to have suggested in some degree, the Macphersonic style. Either that, or the ballad came under Macphersonic influence before it was recorded; but this is unlikely.

The music is from the Rev. Patrick MacDonald's Collection of Highland Airs. Like some of the other Ballad Airs recorded by him, this one must have been sung with a chorus in the style of the ordinary work songs. There is no mention anywhere, as far as known to the writer, of a chorus for this song; but the music demands one. The following was invented after much experiment. Although it seems quite simple to make a chorus, it took a considerable time to bring forth one in keeping with the music. It would just take one hour's time to sing the ballad. MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

BAS DHIARMAID O DUIMHNE.

GLEUS G.



(Oisean a' labhairt.)

Eisdibh beag ma 's àill leibh laoidh
Air a' chuideachd chaoimh so ghluais,
Air Beinn Ghulbain 's Flath na Féinn
Is mac o Duimhn' nan sgeul truagh.

C' uim nach éisdeamaid ri d' laoidh,
Oisein ionmhuinn 's binne glòir
Na eòin nan cladach a' caoidhrean,
No eòin a' choill ri teachd an lò?

Latha bha mo Rìgh fialaidh
Le Fhianntaibh nach b' fhiamhach sgàth
A' sealg feadh ghleanntan dìomhair,
Theirinn sinn slos gus an tràigh.

Sin chunnaic mo Thriath geal ùr,
Bu mhòr iùl measg fheara Fàil,
Sliseag 'na cuairteig fhìn-ghil,
'S i naoi fillte teachd gu shàil.

Rug e oirre 'na bhois fhìor-ghlain,
'S dh' amhairc gu bior-shuileach geur;
Thomhais e i le chois mhaisich,
'S b' e fad cuig troighe 's réis.

An sin do labhair gu fiadhaich:
"'S e Diarmad rinn so gun bhréig,
'S cha 'n aon neach de chathan Chormaig
No de cholgarraich na Féinn."

Dh' éitich mo Rìgh-sa gun bhréig
Nach gabhadh e béidh no deoch
Gus am faicteadh gnùis an fhéinnidh,
Ma bha' n Eirinn nan long phort.

'S Gleann-sìth an gleann so r' ar taobh,
Far am biodh faoidh fhiadh is lon—
Gleann an tric an robh an Fhiann
An oir 's an iar an déigh nan con.

An gleann so fo Bheinn Ghulbain ghuirm,
Is àillidh tulaichean fo 'n ghréin,
Nior b' ainneamh a shruthain gu dearg
An déigh shealgadh Fhìnn na Féinn.

Chuir sinn ar gadhair fo 'n t-sliabh,
'S fo 'n choilltich ro dhìomhair chaoin,
An déigh fiadh-chat nan càrn,
'S gu 'n cluinneadh e 'n sgàirn 's an gaoir.

Shuidhich Fionn—'s bu mhòr a chealg—
Air Mac o Duimhne bu dearg lìth
Dol do Bheinn Ghulbain a shealg
Tuirc nach faodadh airm a chlaoidh.

Chual an laoch nach b' fhann am blàr
Gaoir an àird ri slios an t-sléibh,
Agus labhair e r' a mhnaoi:
"Cha 'n éisd mi gadhair na Féinn."

(*Graine*)
"A Dhiarmaid, éisd-sa na gadhair,
'S nach eil ann ach faghaid bréige ;
'S deacair t' earbsainn ri Mac Cumhail ;
Leis is cumha bhi gun chéile."

(*Diarmad*)
"Ciod e ! cha 'n éisd mi na gadhair,
'S taghlaidh mi gach faghaid sléibh ;
Bu nàr na 'n leiginn mo shealg dhìom
Air son an-rùin Rìgh na Féinn."

"Cha d' fhàs mi riamh a'm chrìonaich chrithinn;
'S a' chreag is ionann mo rùn-sa ;
Có a shealladh air Gràine le toigh
Na 'm fàsadh Diarmad 'na mheall ùnaich ? "

"B' e mo mhiann a bhi 'n cois na seilge
An tòir air torc a' chraois uamhuinn ;
x x x x x
'S tric a leag mi 'n lon 'na luathas."

Oisean)
Shuas air aodann Beinn Ghulbain
Dh' fhalbh Mac o Duimhne le ceum àrd ;
Bu dubhach 's bu chràiteach Gràine
x x x x x

Shil a deòir mar fhras na maidne ;
Mar cheò ghlas bha dà shùil ;
(*Graine*)"Cha 'n fhaic mi tuillidh Diarmad ;
Tha m' anam gu dian 'na dhéigh."

"Mhic Cumhail bi bàigheil ri m' leannan ;
Cha bheannachd dhuit m' aighear a chlaoidh;
x x x x x
x x x x x

(*Oisean*)
Thàinig Diarmad gus a' ghleann
Gu Féinn ainmeil Innse Fàil ;
Is b' ait an sealladh le Fionn
A thighinn 'nan cionn 's 'nan làimh.

B' i Beinn Ghulbain leab' an tuirc,
A bha tric fo chosaibh fhiadh ;
x x x x x
x x x x x

Shuidhich Fionn—'s bu dearg a leac—
Mu Bheinn Ghulbain ghlais an t-sealg ;
(*Fionn*)"Fair, a Dhiarmaid, air an torc"—
(*Oisean*)'S mòr an lochd a rinn a' chealg.

'G éisdeachd ri con-ghaoir nam Fiann,
'N ear 's an iar a' teachd 'na ceann,
Dhùisg an an-bheist as a suain
'S dh' imich i uainn air a' ghleann.

Leig iad rithe na deagh ghadhair—
Gadhair Fhinn is fheara na seilge—
Thug iad a' mhuc a bhàn le leadradh,
'S na sàir-choin gheala 'ga teumadh.

Chuir iad ri faicsinn nan laoch
Seann torc nimhe nam fraoch borb ;
Bu tréine ghàinne na 'm fiodh ;
'S bu ghéire fhriodh na gath-bolg.

Seann torc dìomhair a tha
Làn de fhuil alluidh :
(*Fionn*)"A Dhiarmaid Mhic
Lean-sa féin an an-bh
fhéil,

(*Oisean*)
Lean an laoch bu talmhaidh làmh,
An an-bhéist a b' àirde friodh ;
Charaich e chuige 's na dhàil
Mar fhuaim tuinne 'n àirde lith.

An t-sleagh o 'n bhois bharr-ghil bhàin
Chuir esan 'na dhàil g'a lot ;
Do bhris e 'n crann air 'na thrì
'S gun aon mhìr dheth bhi 'san torc.

Tharruing e 'n t-sean lann a truaill,
Leis am buidhnteadh buaidh 's gach blàr ;
Thorchrar le O Duimhn a' bhéist
'S thàinig e féin uaithe slàn.

Do luidh sprochd air Flath nam Fiann
Is shuidh e siar air a' chnoc ;
Leis-san cha bu turus àigh
Diarmad a theachd slàn o'n torc.

Air bhi dha tamull 'na thosd,
Labhair e—'s gu 'm b' olc ri ràdh—
(*Fionn*)"A Dhiarmaid, tomhais an torc ;
Cia lìon troigh o shoc g 'a shàil ? "

(*Oisean*)
Riamh cha d' éitich aon ni do 'n Fhéinn
A chuir iad r' a ré 'na dhàil ;
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dhruim,
'S thàinig e féin uaithe slàn.

(*Diarmad*)
"Sè troighe deug de fhìor thomhas
A tha 'n druim na muice fiadhaich."
(*Fionn*)"Cha 'n e sin idir a tomhas ;
Tomhais a rìs i, a Dhiarmaid."

"A Dhiarmaid, tomhais a rithis
'Na aghaidh, gu min, an torc ;
'S is leat-sa do rogha athchuinge 'ga chionn,
'Ille nan arm rinn-gheur goirt."

(*Oisean*)
Thomhais e, 's bu mhòr a sgàth,
Mac O Duimhne, dhoibh an torc ;
'S ghuin am friodh nimheil garbh
Bonn an laoich bhu gharg 'san trod.

Do thuit e 'n sin air an t-sliabh,
Mac O Duimhne, ciabh nan clearc ;
Aon laoch fuileachdach nam Fiann,
Air an tulaich siar o'n teach,

Bha fhuil a' ruith o chorp caoin
Mar shruth caol o fhuaran àrd ;
Bu truagh bhi faicsinn a leòin
Gun chionta no gò fo chràdh.

Ged bu deirge ghruaidh na 'n t-subh
Bhiodh air uilinn chnuic 'san fheur,
Dh' fhàs iad gu dubh-neulach uain
Mar neul fuar air neart na grèin.

(*Diarmad*)
"Aon deoch a nis a d' chuaich, Fhinn,
Fhir nam briathran binn subhach ;
O 'n dhoirt mi mòran de m' fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam."

(*Fionn*)
"Dé, cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch
A choisgeas do ghoimh no t' ìota,
'S nach d' rinn thu riamh do m' leas
Nach d' rinn thu fa-dheòigh do m' mhì-leas.

(*Diarmad*)
"Dé, cha d' rinn mi t' aimhleas riamh
Thall no bhos, an ear no 'n iar,
Ach falbh le Gràine am bruid
Nuair a bhris i orm mo bhriathar."

"Aon deoch, etc."

(*Fionn*)"Dé, cha tabhair, etc."

(*Diarmad*)
"Am bu chuimhne leat latha Shuibhne—
Cha 'n eil fàth a bhi 'ga chuimhneach—
Do mharbhas trì is ochd ceud duit
Le misg chothann 's le m' gheur chuinnsear?"

"Aon deoch, etc."

(*Fionn*)"Dé, cha tabhair, etc."

(*Diarmad*)
"Am Brugh-chaorainn bha thu 'n laimh;
O, Fhinn bu mhaith dhuit mi féineach
Nuair a bha 'n Deud-gheal 'gad ghuin,
'S tu an éiginn 'san teugbhoil."

"Aon deoch, etc."

(*Fionn*)"Dé, cha tabhair, etc."

(*Diarmad*)
"Là eile bu mhaith dhuit mise,
An tigh Teamhra 's tu 'm mòr iomagain,
Bu mhi an cosgarrach 'sa bhail,
'S mi 'gad chosnadh as gach iorguill.

"Aon deoch, etc."

(*Fionn*)"Dé, cha tabhair, etc."

(*Diarmad*)
"Tri mic Innse-tìr-fo-thuinn,
Mharbh mi iad uile d 'an aindeoin;
'S dh' ionnail mi 'nam fuil thu steach,
Ged chlaoidh thu mi le ainiochd."

"Aon deoch, etc."

(*Fionn*)"Dé, cha tabhair, etc."

"Na 'm bu chuimhne leat là Chonaill,
Bha Cairbre romhad 's a mhuinntir,
Thu féin is an Fhiann a 'd dheaghaidh—
O! 's truagh m' aghaidh gu Beinn Ghulbain."

"Na 'm biodh fios aig mnai na h-òighe
Mise sheòladh anns an lùib so,
Bu tùrsach am fir 'nan adhart—
O! 's truagh m' aghaidh gu Beinn Ghulbain."

"Gur mise Diarmad an Iubhair,
Chonnachd is Bhuidh is Bheura;
'S mi dalt Aonghais a' Bhrogha,
Neach air an robh rogha deilbhe."

"'S mi dalt Aonghais a' Bhrogha;
Bheirinn toghaidh do gach urchair;
Thug bàrr air gach fear lé faghaid—
O! 's truagh m' aghaidh gu Beinn Ghulbain."

"'S mi seabhag shùil-ghorm Eas-ruaidh;
Leam a bheirteadh buaidh 's gach blàr;
O! 's truagh mo thorchairt le muic
Mu thulaichean a' chnuic so tà."

(*Fionn*)
"A Dhiarmad, 's truagh leam do chor;
'S truagh leam Gràine bhi 'gad chaoidh;
'S truagh an gnìomh a rinn an torc;
'Gam chaoidh-sa cha bhi Gràine àilld."

(*Diarmad*)
"Ged 's ann gu bàs a théid mi 'n nochd
x x x x x
'S aithne dhi cleas nan lùb";
A 'd iùl-sa cha téid 'ga toil."

"Tha gaol domh daingeann mar chrios;
Tha misneach mar Ghulban àrd;
Ge mòr a h-osna, cha leig fios,
Ged thuit mi le slig no nàmh."

(*Oisean*)
"Có so tighinn mar cheò,
'S a deòir a' sruthadh gun chàird!
Có ach Gràine 's binne glòir—
Ainnir cha bheò do d' ghràdh.

Thuit Gràine gun chabhair a h-àigh
Air gnùis àillde Dhiarmaid duinn;
Stad a chreuchd bha dòirteadh fhuil:
Truagh a' bhuil an là sin duinn.

Do thiodhlaic sinne fa-dheòigh
Le cumha, le bròn, 's le snidh,
Aon mhacamh fuilteach nam Fiann
Air an tulaich siar fo lic.

Nuair chunnaic Gràine uilc (?)
Gu 'n do chuireadh e fo 'n làr,
Chaill i h-aithne is a gnè
'S thuit i an neul air a' bhlàr.

Nuair dh' aithrich i as a pràmh
Sheinn i le cràdh is le bròn
Cliù Dhiarmaid bu ghile snuadh,
Sìos gu duainidh air an lòn.

(*Graine*)
"Tha leabaidh déis anns a' charraig;
Bha Fionn 'ga farraid ré bliadhna;
Tha sruth os a ceann de shàile,
'S cha fhliuchadh mo ghràdh-sa Diarmad."

"'S i sin an leab an robh leadan,
A thogadh teugbhoil air fiadhach;
Am fear nach do smaointich eagal
Roimh cheilear nan con 'san t-sliabh ud."

(*Oisean*)
Ochòin! b' i sin uair a' cheusaidh;
Gur goirt 's gur geur dhomhs' a h-iarguin—
(*Graine*)"Do ghormshùil a bhi gun léirsinn
Fhir a b' éibhinn beul is briathran.

"Gur tu mac peathar an Ard-righ
Bha gu bàghach, àghmhor, fialaidh;
O, 's truagh a chuir e gu bàs thu
Gun chion-fàth, a ghràidh, a Dhiarmaid."

"Bu tu aon laoch feara Fàil
A dh' fhaotainn buaidh-làir an còmhraig;
Thug bàrr orra uile 's gach cluiche,
'S a thug an subhachas 's an sòlas."

"Bu ghile do chneas na 'n canach,
No ùr-shneachd an gleanntaibh caola;

Thug do chruth bàrr air an t-sluagh,
Fhir bu deirge gruaidh na 'n caorann "

"Bu ghuirne do shùil na 'n dearcag
Air uilinn nan leacann àrd ;
Bu chiùine iomairt do rosg
No 'n séimh osnach air feur fàir."

"Bu ghile do dheud na 'n gagan
A bhiodh air crathadh feadh an là ;
'S bu bhinne fuaim do bheòil
Na ceòl eòin choillteach, 's gach clàr."

"Mar dhrillsean na gréine t' fhalt
Amlubach, casarlach, àrbhuidh ;
Tha do chneas cho mìn 's an cobhar,
Fhir a b' fhoghainnteach 's gach àite."

" 'S dubhach mi gun iolach shòlais,
Ach tùrs is bròn a' slor éigheach ;
A' chruit chiùil is binne mire
Cha dùisg mo chridhe gu èibhneas."

"Thuit m' aigne 'san aigeal stuadhach,
Gun chlos, gun suaimhneas a' gairich,
A slor chuimhneachadh do nòsan—
Och,mo threaghaid bhròin,'s mi gun àbhachd."

"Cha chluinn mi tuillidh do chòmhradh
A b' éibhniche na ceòl fidhill,
No 'n smeòrach 'sna gleanntaibh fàsach :
'S dubh dh' fhàg thu gu bràth mo chridhe."

"Cha 'n fhaic mi na 's mò do ghnùis
No dealradh do shùl ghuirm shoitheimh ;
Ochoìn ! 's mi fo thuilteach gàbhaidh,
Cha 'n éirich gu bràth ort solus."

"Is dorcha do bhuthainn fo 'n fhòid,
Is cumhann reòt do leabaidh lom ;
'S cha dealraich a' mhaduinn gu bràth
A dhùisgeas mo ghràdh an sonn."

"Ach folaichte choidhche 'san ùir,
Mhiannaicheadh gach sùil do chiabhag ;
Beannachd leat féin is le d' àille,
A nis is gu bràth, a Dhiarmaid."

(*Oisean*)
Dh' ullaich gach filidh a chlàrsach
A sheinn moladh do 'n làn laoch chiùin,
Gu du-bhrònach 's gu ro thioma
Ceòl, 's bu snidheach fann gach sùil.

(*Na filidhean*)
"Gu ma h-àghmhor thusa, Dhiarmaid,
Fhir a b' fhearr briathar is àgh
De na tha am Fianntachd Eireann :
'S an-éibhinn an diugh ar gàir."

"Bha do neart mar thuilteach uisge
A' dol slos a chlaoidh do nàmh
An cabhaig mar iolair nan speur,
No steud-éisg a' ruith air sàil."

"A thriath Bheura, b' aille leadan
Na aon fhleasgach tha 'san Fhéinn,
Gu ma sàmhach a robh t' òr-chul
Fo chudtrom an lòin gach ré."

"Na 's mò cha 'n fhaicear thu air chuan
Air an éireadh stuadhan àrd ;
No 'n doire ri sealg an fhéidh,
No 'm blàr cheud a' sgathadh chnàmh."

"Cha mhò chluinntear nual do bheòil
A bu bhinne na glòir nan eun,
An tigh Teamhra gu là bhràth,
Fhir bu ro mhaith gràdh is gnè."

"Gur dubhach an diugh gach rosg ;
Bu gheal do bhos, bu ghil do chneas ;
Bu treun tàbhachdach thu, laoich,
Bu phailt mais is aoibh is clearc."

"Mìle mallachd air an là
A thug Gràine gràdh do d' ghnùis ;
B' e sin a chuir Fionn o chéill
'S a chuir thu a'd thréin 'san ùir."

"Ge b' iomad laoch bu mhòr neart
Mu d' thimcheall, fhir nan clearcan àill,
'S tu làmh a b' fhearr iomairt is èigh—
Ochoin ! de na bha 'sa ghleann."

"Ach mhealladh do chumadh gach bean,
A mhic O Duimhne bu mhear buaidh;
'S do shuiridhe cha do thog sùil
Gus an deach ùir air do ghruaidh."

"Cha do ghlac claidheamh 'na dhòrn,
No 'm brat-sròil is feàrr 'san Fhéinn,
Aon neach a bheireadh tu uainn
A dh' aindeoin sluagh Righ na Féinn."

"Cha mhò ghlac e sgiath no lann
Neach d' an robh ceann teachd a 'd ghaoith,
Mhic O Duimhne ud tha marbh,
Nuair a bha thu 'n arm nan laoch."

"Ach o'n dh' fhalbh thu le Gràine
Feadh gach àit' mar fhuath no éillt,
Ghabh gach duine dhinn ort fuath,
Gu h-àraid Fionn—is truagh an sgeul."

(*Oisean*)
Dh' adhlaic iad air aon tulaich,
Air slth-dhùn na muice fiadhaich,
Gràine ni Chormaig a' churaich,
Dà gheal chuilean is Diarmad.

"A Ghulbain, cluinnear do chaoidh ;
'S beag m' ùigh dhol gu d' ianach ;
Codail, a thuire, 'nad chomhann-theach,
Tha do chòmhnuidh seasgair, dìonach."

Laidh smal air an Fhéinn ;
M' athair féin bha dheth diombach ;
Chlàrsach, na tog fonn a 'bhròin :
Tha deòir a cheana taomadh.

Cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi gun chlì
Is dubhach, tiamhaidh gun sòlas,
'S a liuthad curaidh treun, calma
Thuit dhinn air gach àm an còmhraig.

Thuit iad uile ach mis' a'm aonar,
Mar chrann mosgain, maol, gun duilleach ;
Gach darag, maothan is ògan,
Ged bu lionmhor mòr, ri 'n tuireadh.

Ged tha mi 'n diugh gun treun no còmhdach,
Bu mhòr mo chòmhnadh 's mo lùth ;
Gun easbhuidh daoine no nì,
Dh' fhàg sin saoghal mu seach dhuinn.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE GAEL.

(Being Extracts from a MS. Volume dated 1760).

BY THE EDITOR.

In our last issue we referred to the deputation representing the London Gaelic Society and other Celtic associations, which recently interviewed the Secretary for Scotland regarding the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools. That the Gaelic language is rapidly dying out and promises within a few generations to be only a memory, are facts that Highlanders themselves realise, and amply justify the urgency of the case which the various speakers so eloquently placed before the framer of the new Education Act for Scotland.

An interesting side-light on the decline of Gaelic speaking in the Highlands and Islands is afforded by an old manuscript volume which has just come into our hands. A note is pencilled inside to the effect that this interesting volume on the state of the Highlands is from the library of Sir Patrick Walker, and appears to have belonged to his ancestor the Rev. John Walker, minister of Kilchoman, Islay.

The introductory note explains the nature of the contents—"The Report of Doctors Hyndman, Dick, etc., appointed by the General Assembly 1760, to visit the Highlands and Islands, and the places where Itinerants and Cathechists are employed." The writer describes their journey to Amulree, near Crieff, and their subsequent travels all over the Highlands and Islands, giving particulars of the religious condition of sixty parishes, statistics of the places of worship, number of inhabitants and religious persuasion, clergymen and priests, and a mass of other information that is of the greatest value in view of the present altered conditions of these districts.

What, however, proved of special interest to us was the author's frequent references to the position of Gaelic in each district, several of his remarks on this subject being valuable in view of the alarm which the decadence of the language has of late created in Celtic circles in the south. It is evident from this MS. that Gaelic was not only the universal language of the people, but English in many places was only spoken by a very few. How different things are to day most people know, the position being practically reversed, Gaelic being hardly ever spoken in many districts in the Highlands. He says "The parish of South Knapdale is 15 miles long and 9 broad, contains 1000 chatechisable persons, *not above twenty of whom can understand a sermon in English;* while the united parishes of Kilmonchonell and Killberry, contains 2000 chatechisable persons, few of whom understand English." Our friend "Fionn" will be interested to learn that Luing and Seil were bi-lingual, "most of the people in this parish (Armadie) understand a sermon in English." Kilmallie, with 3300 chatechisable persons, the "far greater number of whom do not understand a sermon in English," offers a slight contrast to Ardnamurchan, for the report states "There is a good number of people in this part of the parish of Ardnamurchan who understand a sermon in English. The reason of which is, there having had a company of miners from the low countrys, so long settled amongst them." At Aros in the Island of Mull "Here one Evan M'Tavish, who is a catechist in Morvern, came to us. He was examined in Earse by Mr. Macfarlane. as he could speak only broken English. Mr. Macfarlane reported that he was but indifferently qualified."! Perhaps this Mr. Macfarlane would be either Robert or Peter Macfarlane who published Gaelic Vocabularies some years later. Of 900 catechisable persons in the parish of Torasay in Mull, "700 of the inhabitants do not understand a sermon in English. There is no parish church, no manse, no parochial school, but there is 50 shillings a year allowed for a glebe."! The School Board was badly wanted in the parish of Torasay evidently. ! In the parish of Kilmore and Kilninian "only a fourth part of the inhabitants can receive instruction in English; in the Island of Coll, not above 40 or 50 of the people can understand a sermon in English"; of 2000 catechisable persons in Harris, Bernera. etc., "there are few who understand a sermon in English"; in Lochbroom, of 200 persons, "but few except the gentlemen, understand English." All references to the language are in similar terms, in Kinlochewe and Polewe, Lochcarron, Braemar, Applecross, and other districts visited Gaelic was the language of the people, and a knowledge of English was pretty largely confined to those who came in contact with Lowlanders, or where, perhaps, a bi-lingual teacher imported a knowledge of English. Large districts, however, seemed to be entirely devoid of schools, and yet, in spite of these difficulties of procuring an elementary education, Mr. Maclean of Pennycross compiled, at the beginning of last century, a list of over one hundred officers in the army and navy, natives of the Island of Mull, while Skye, Sutherland, and other districts are known to have contributed equally large numbers to the commissioned ranks.

State of Religion.

So much for the question of Gaelic as gleaned from this interesting MS. volume. The question of "creed" seems also to have entered largely into the scope of the enquiry carried on by these visitors. The number of Catholics in each parish was evidently a matter of concern to them, references to this subject being found in the notes on each parish. When we remember that this enquiry took place only 14 years after the last Jacobite Rising was so ruthlessly suppressed by Cumberland and his brutal soldiery, and when we might expect that the vexed subject of religion would still cause bitterness in those districts where each faith was largely represented, it comes as a pleasant surprise to find ample testimony in this report to the kindly and amicable relations which seemed to exist between the Protestants and Catholics in all parts of the Highlands and Islands. In districts where the number of Catholics was small, the writer states that they often attend the protestant church, while parents send their children to the protestant schools "with cheerfulness." He makes no references to protestants attending the Church of Rome. It is evident that there was no religious bitterness then such as one finds to day among the various sects of the same church which we find in the Highlands.

The author at the end of the volume furnishes certain statistics which are of peculiar interest, as showing the population and relative number of persons of each faith in the 60 parishes dealt with, priests, places wanting churches and schools, etc.

The totals for the 60 parishes are as follows:—

Inhabitants 102,043 persons, of whom 11,120 are described as Papists, with 15 priests; 40 new churches and 40 schools were recommended to be built. 21 Islands were visited, the population of which was 35,124. It is interesting to compare these figures with the present population; they would show a surprising diminution. A list, with the salaries paid to all the schoolmasters employed in the Highlands and Islands by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in 1764-5, is also given, and contains much curious information.

A perusal of this old manuscript has afforded us much genuine pleasure, as it furnishes the sort of information regarding the social and religious life of our ancestors which we do not find in books purporting to treat of the Highlands. There have been plenty of travellers to the land of the Gael who have published books, but few of them treat of the real life of the people, or anything beyond what they superficially saw around them.

MOIDART, OR AMONG THE CLANRANALDS.

(Continued from page 200).

[THE following is Senator Macdonald's communication, which I feel sure will prove of interest to your readers. In a subsequent letter from one of his sons, Mr. Æneas A. Macdonald, a Barrister in Charlottetown, P. E. Island, he mentions the curious but yet intelligible fact that in the island of 100,000 of a population there are some thousands of Macdonalds and some hundreds of Macleods, and more than one-third is of Highland-Scotch descent. Sheep and deer now browse over their homesteads in the Moidarts and Morars of the West. It is, however, a compensation that our kinsmen abroad rise to positions of distinction like Mr. MacDonald.

Glasgow. HUGH MACLEOD.

MACDONALDS OF RHU (EIGG) IN CANADA.

I HAVE been an interested reader of your recent articles in the *Celtic Monthly* on "Moidart, or Among the Clanranalds," as they relate to incidents in the lives of my near relatives, and some of the incidents therein mentioned were often spoken of by my mother, who was a daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Rhu, and a sister of Captain John of the 23rd Regiment, of whom I have a good portrait in uniform, and several of whose letters I also possess.

The *Celtic's* articles refer to my uncle Alexander as "Locheil," which is probably a printer's error, as he should be called "Lochshiel." It also states that Archibald of Rhu died in 1820; this I believe also to be a mistake, as my information is that he died in 1829, the year in which I was born.*

I may be able to give you some information about the Clanranalds of Dalilea and Rhu which you can perhaps add to your article.

The family of my grandfather, Archibald Macdonald of Rhu, consisted of four sons and five daughters. The sons were Alexander (Lochshiel), Captain John of the 23rd Regiment, Gregor, and Dr. Coll who came to Prince Edward Island in 1821 and practised his profession here for several years, returning to Scotland about 1828. None of these brothers ever married (except John), nor did their sisters Jane and Joanna, whom your article mentions. The other three sisters were Ann, Catherine, and Mary. Ann, wife of Colonel Donald Macdonell of Scotus, an officer in the H.E.I.C S., was the mother of Eneas R., advocate, Edinburgh, who married a Miss Sidgreaves and resided at Morar, Inverness-shire, where he died a few years ago. He visited us in this island over twenty years ago. One of Colonel Donald's daughters was the wife of Captain Gibson Stott, who resided in Edinburgh, and another daughter, Miss Catherine Macdonell, also lives in Edinburgh now.* The other two daughters of Archibald of Rhu, Catherine and Mary, were both married and died in this island. The former, Catherine, was my mother, and she married in 1825 my father, Hugh Macdonald, who went home on a visit to Scotland in that year. The other sister, Mary, was married to Angus Macdonald, a brother of my father, in this Province, and their only son died a few months ago without issue. One of his sisters married Ranald Macdonald of Garahelia, in this island, leaving a large family.

My father and my uncle, Angus, were sons of Andrew Macdonald who purchased a large property here and came out in 1806. He came from Arisaig, where he did business as a merchant. I have among old papers an invoice dated in 1792 for a cargo of oatmeal consisting of 320 bolls, shipped him from Dumfries, costing £368 1s. 10d., besides freight at 8d. per boll. This will show the price of oatmeal at that time. I believe that my grand-father Andrew, and his brothers were known in Scotland as Mac Anois 'ic Clan Ian, and that they were said to be descended from the oldest branch of the Clanranald, the MacIans of Ardnamurchan. Andrew's family residence in Scotland was at Island Shona. His brother Hugh (or Ewen) Macdonald of Galmisdale and Eigg was the father of Captain Ranald of Aorinn or Irin. Another brother was John (called Ian Mhor) who came to this

*Senator Macdonald *is right as to the* name, but as regards the date of *Old Rhu's death* I am not quite sure.—H.M.

*Miss Catherine died since the first article appeared in the "Celtic," and it is more than probable that all her MSS. are now with her sister, Mrs. Captain Stott.

island about 1773 and was a Major in the Militia, he married a sister of Captain John Macdonald, 8th of Glenaladale.

Captain Ranald of Aorinn had several brothers; one named Donald who was also in the army, he died in France before the date of Ranald's death. Another brother Angus (called Cambuslaing) also in the Army, settled at Fort George or St. Andrew's in Upper Canada. Another brother of Captain Ranald went to Jamaica, became a planter there, and returning to Scotland he soon ran through his fortune, so that he was forced to go again to Jamaica, where he died. In letters in my possession he is referred to as "Jamaica." A sister of these brothers was married to Allan Macdonald, Rhu, and I think another was a Mrs. Fraser. The father Hugh or Ewen of Galmisdale saw active service in the Army, for he was wounded under Wolfe at the seige of Quebec.

As I have said, Andrew Macdonald Mac Anois 'ic Ian emigrated to Prince Edward Island in 1806 and settled at Panmure, where he died in 1833, aged 88 years. His son Hugh married in 1826 Rhu's daughter Catherine, with issue, three sons and one daughter; the eldest son Andrew Archibald, the writer of this letter, was a member of the Provincial Legislature for some fifteen years, and held several offices of importance before he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of this Province in 1884, after which he was called to the Senate of Canada, and still holds this life appointment. His brothers, Archibald, John, and Augustine Colin have also taken prominent positions in the Provincial and Dominion Legislatures.

About a year ago an old soldier died here in his hundredth year, his name was Robert Broughton; he had been my uncle, Captain John's orderly in the 23rd Regiment, and was with him at the time of his marriage and at his death in Gibralter.

My aunt Jane of Dalilea wrote me some time ago that she had Captain John's letters bound up and that she would send them to me the first opportunity. These letters were afterwards (about 1876) handed over to my brother Archibald, when he visited Morar and Arisaig, with instructions to deliver them to me, but as he was hurriedly called away to London by the illness of his child, and had to leave there for America without returning to the Highlands, I have never received the letters my aunt intended me to have.* She and I frequently corresponded, and you will understand why I am so much interested in these letters and in your articles.

A. A. MACDONALD.

*Archibald left them with Æneas R., and it is no doubt the same that were afterwards handed to Miss Catherine. It is surmised that Æneas' family emigrated from Scotland. His father, Col. Donald, referred to, seems to have been a great worthy in his day. His *cuach* is still spoken of in Moidart for its size, while the "*cromag*" of tobacco which he gave to a poor person extended from his waist to the ground, and as he was a tall man it may readily be understood what a Godsend the old soldier would be to a tobaccoless Macdonald!

*Highland Society's Report.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 188).

AND as to the powers of the people in general, and their retentive memories both for poetry and prose, the following instances may be mentioned. Malcolm Macpherson, Portree, Skye, a son of Dougald Macpherson, tenant at a village in Troternish, declared on oath before two J.P.'s that his brother Alexander, who died in *17∧0*, recited Gaelic poems for *four* days and nights for James Macpherson. The Rev. Dr. Stewart of Luss gave his testimony to the committee of the Highland Society that when a very young man in his ardent love of Gaelic antiquities and poetry, he had procured in the Isle of Skye an old Highlander to recite to him, for three successive days, and during *several hours* each day, to repeat, without hesitation, with the *utmost* rapidity, and as appeared to Dr. Stewart, with *perfect* correctness *many thousand* lines of ancient poetry, and would have continued his repetitions much longer if the Doctor's leisure and inclination had allowed him to listen.*

Captain John MacDonald of Breakish, Skye, at the age of 78, on 12th March, *1805*, declared that when a boy of 12 or 15 he could repeat over two hundred poems which he learned from an old man of 80 who used to sing and recite them to his father when he went to bed in winter and spring, and often in the mornings also when he awoke Robert Burns during his Border tour in *1787*, on visiting Jedburgh was taken to see a certain "Esther," who could repeat Pope's "Homer" from beginning to end; and there have been numerous instances to show that immense powers of memory can be attained by practice. The late "Mairi nighean Iain Bhàin," Mary Macpherson or MacDonald, the Skye poetess, could repeat *30,000* lines of poetry from memory. I knew her well personally, and can endorse the statement, and many old Highlanders could repeat the Psalms of David and large portions of Scripture from memory. As

to the human memory being incapable of retaining such long compositions as Ossian's poems—a parallel case might be cited in the "*Kalewala*" of Finland, an epic poem of which Dr. E. Lonnrost collected and published in *1849* no fewer than *22,000* verses, which had been preserved by memory alone from the *remotest antiquity*.

The "Iliad" and "Odyssy" of Homer collected from oral tradition are similar instances. Now if the Finns could produce such a poem equal in length and beauty to the "Iliad," and preserve it by tradition *alone*, from mythical times, it is unreasonable to allege that the Caledonians could not produce, and preserve, such poems as those of Ossian. Dr. Samuel Johnson declared that there was not a Gaelic MS. in the world *100* years old! In the Advocates Library alone there are upwards of *60* Gaelic MSS. varying from three to five hundred years old, not to speak of the 'Book of Deer,' which is of still higher antiquity.* That settles the great Lexicographer. Pinkerton, an author of some literary works, was another objector. He denounced them in language much more vulgar than that used by Dr. Johnson. He described the whole Celtic race as lying beneath the level of barbarism, and *incapable* of producing either poetry or prose! "The Celts," he said, "are of all savages the most deficient in understanding. Wisdom and ingenuity may be traced among the Samoieds, Laplanders, Negroes, etc., but among the Celts none of native growth. . . To say that a writer is a Celt, is to say he is a stranger to truth, modesty, and morality"!

This gentleman got his quietus from Sir Walter Scott, who says:—"Mr. Pinkerton read a sort of recantation in a list of Scottish poets prefixed to a selection of poems from the Maitland MSS. Vol. I, *1786*, in which he acknowledges *as his own* composition, the pieces of *spurious* antiquity included in his 'Select Ballads,' with a coolness which, when his subsequent invectives against others, who had taken similar liberties is considered, infers as much audacity, as the studied and laboured defence of obscenity with which he *disgraced* the same pages."† And in the Edinburgh Review of July, 1803, he is convicted of such falsification and fabrication of authorities, "as according to his own judgement, ought to brand him with infamy."

Malcolm Laing, author of a "History of Scotland," was by far the most persevering and painstaking adversary that James Macpherson had. He examined every line, and word, of the translations, and scores of other works, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, with the purpose of proving that the translations had been stolen from a great many different sources, and to be nothing but a patchwork of plagiarisms. It is said that he paid *some attention to Gaelic*, but he could not have known much about it not being a Gaelic speaking person from his infancy. None of the passages of plagiarism which he quotes can be substantiated—not one of them agrees entirely with either Macpherson's translation, or the original Gaelic, and all his other trivial and imaginative objections have been answered over and over again by competent authorities.* There were numerous other opponents including David Hume, the historian and iconoclast, and a few black sheep like William Shaw of Arran, formerly a Presbyterian, then an Episcopalian clergyman, but their opinions are hardly worth noticing. The most serious objectors, and unbelievers, are the modern Celtic scholars, and philologists, but they have *no case* as there was no settled orthography, and if there had been it was altered to suit modern Gaelic readers. Macpherson makes special mention of his having altered the orthography in some places, and we *don't know* to what extent the various reciters and transcribers altered it, and until we *do know*, we shall not be convinced that the poems were composed in modern Gaelic.

For thousands of years the language was a colloquial one without grammars and dictionaries, and any language carried down in that way, must have been insensibly altering, especially when races got mixed up with other races through conquest. Though the Greek language remained stationery for *3,000* years that does not clear the point. The question is this. Is the so called Albano-Gaelic a dialect of the Irish, or the Irish a dialect of the Scotch? This takes us far beyond documentary evidence. The Dalriadic immigration into Scotland is no proof whatever that Ireland re-peopled Scotland; they simply mixed with the inhabitants already there. Ireland must first have been peopled from Wales and the West Highlands, or south west of Scotland, so it is just as likely as not that Scotland is the *mother land* of the Gael, and not Ireland, so far as we can trace back the Scottish Highlanders have been Scotch, that is to say, living in the Highlands of Scotland. If the Dalriads had found Argyllshire, Mull, Iona, and the Western Isles *unpeopled*, then of course the case would have been different. I would like to ask what language did the inhabitants of Argyll speak in 500 B.C. Why, most likely Gaelic. Where did they get it from, and how long had

*The 11th and 12th centuries.
†Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.

*Patrick M'Gregor, M.A., in his "Genuine Remains of Ossian" has answered all Laing's objections.

it been in the country? Unless these questions can be answered satisfactorily, its no use forcing the antics of the "Tuatha de Danann" and the "Tain bo chuailgne" spoil, down our throats, even though they are the oldest written Irish MSS. The Ossianic poems were handed down by oral tradition for many centuries, *before* there was any attempt to preserve them in writing, or part of them. Then the various reciters, lived and died, fresh reciters and transcribers took them up, so that in any case there may have been some little difference between Scotch and Irish Gaelic for more than *2,000* years. "The Book of Deer" and the "Book of the Dean of Lismore" don't help us much as both are in a sort of phontetic Gaelic. The "Albanach Duan" shows only that Gaelic was spoken at the Scotch court in the 11th century, and had been compiled from previous compositions, so that really we have *no* Gaelic Scotch MSS. at all of the 3rd century. The destruction of the Scottish records by Edward I. and the frequent ravages produced at Iona, are quite enough to account for the absence of documentary evidence. But even supposing that we could produce a Scotch Gaelic MS. of the 4th century, and that it was written in the Irish character, still that would not make James Macpherson the author of the Ossianic poems. It would only show that the two dialects were nearer each other in the 4th century, but that since then some changes came over the Scotch dialect, or that the Irish receded from the original. Strangers coming in and intermarrying with the natives would alter the accent somewhat, and accent would in time alter the spelling of many words. The main thing is, *the poems are there*, and Macpherson *could not* produce them, or anything like them, neither is there a man living at the present day who can produce anything like them. Our best modern Gaelic poets within the last *200* years could not even conceive such poems, as they deal with times and manners long since gone by. How then could a young man from Badenoch, without experience of the world, or even extensive reading, at his age, conceive and plan the whole thing, and compose such beautiful language to describe the scenes depicted therein, is beyond a sane man's comprehension? The syntax according to Dr. Clerk is "*certainly* ancient," and that is the main point.

(To be continued.)

THE HILLS OF HOME.

The westered sun doth proudly wear,
A robe of red and gold;
Above the battlemented hills
The night-clouds soft are rolled.

Each castled peak and crag in turn
Catches the living fire,
But waning, as they slowly burn,
The sun-flames flicker higher.

And lo! into the placid sky
A pale wan moon doth creep,
The mystery of night descends;
And yet I cannot sleep.

Beneath, the troubled hurried Rhine
Roars ceaseless to the sea;
The waters ever toss and fret—
As mem'ry tortures me.

I see no longer vine-clad hills,
I cannot see the foam . . .
But fancy paints the heather bright,
Far on the hills of home.

COINNEACH DUBH.

THE LAND OF BENS AND HEROES.

Translated from the Gaelic of NEIL MACLEOD, the Skye Bard.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Then fill your cuachs unto the brim,
With the sparkling dews that cheer us,
For the bonnie land of heathery hills,
The land of bens and heroes.

There's many a lad that's far awa',
Across the stormy ocean,
Who'd drain a toast to the land we love,
With his warmest heart's devotion.

There's many a heart 'mang the Highland hills,
Now mouldering cold and dreary,
That for kindly friends in the days of yore,
Blinked welcome blythe and cheerie.

But though exiled 'neath foreign skies,
There's aye no land so near us,
As the bonnie land of heathery hills—
The land of bens and heroes.

While ocean's breakers lash the shore,
The lads that fought for Charlie,
On land and see will bear the gree,
O'er ilka foeman fairly.

And when the steel is flashing far,
The world shall hear the story,
That Scotia's glaives are still as keen,
Undimm'd her fame and glory.

Then drain your cuachs to our kilted lads,
(With a Highland heart's devotion)
Who never faced on field the rear,
Or dimm'd the fame of Scotia.

And with Highland vim, fill to the brim,
And drain to the land so near us,
The bonnie land of heathery hills—
The land of bens and heroes.

Ohio, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

Rev. NEIL STRACHAN,
Assistant and Successor,
St. Columba,
1859-1860.

Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD,
Minister of St. Columba
1835-1862.
Moderator, General Assembly 1836

Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD,
Inverness,
Minister of St. Columba,
1861-1868.
Moderator, General Assembly, 1900.

Dr. ROBERT BLAIR,
Edinburgh,
Minister of St. Columba,
1868-1882

Dr. JOHN MACLEAN,
Present Incumbent.

Rev. LACHLAN MACLACHLAN
Minister of St. Columba,
1882-1887.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 12 Vol. XII.] *SEPTEMBER, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

ST. COLUMBA CHURCH, GLASGOW, AND ITS MINISTERS.

THIS month the handsome new church in the west end of St. Vincent Street will be opened for public worship. The congregation has a record of upwards of a century and a half of valuable work among the Highlanders of Glasgow. The first church was in Ingram Street, and was opened for public worship in 1767. Dr. Norman MacLeod, affectionately known as *"Caraid nan Gaidheal,"* became pastor of Ingram Street Chapel as successor to Mr. MacLaren, who died in 1835. A year or two afterwards the Ingram Street Chapel and grounds were sold to the British Linen Company Bank for £12,000, and a site for a new church, to be called St. Columba, purchased in Hope Street. One can hardly realise that the site in Hope Street could be objected to on account of its being "too far west," nevertheless such was the case. The church was opened for public worship in 1839. Dr. MacLeod's jubilee was celebrated in June, 1858, and his health at that time being unsatisfactory, a colleague and successor was appointed. *"Caraid nan Gaidheal"* passed away in November, 1862, and was interred in Campsie Churchyard.

It is interesting to note that all the ministers of St. Columba Church belonged to Argyllshire. Mr. Strachan belonged to Kintyre, Dr. Norman MacLeod, Inverness, is a native of Morven. Dr. Blair, Edinburgh, was born in Cowal and brought up in Islay. Mr. MacLachlan was a native of Ardgour, while Dr. Maclean, the present incumbent, is a native of Tiree. Mr. MacLachlan died minister of Kilmore, near Oban, in 1891.

To make room for the extension of the Central Station, the Hope Street site and church were acquired by the Caledonian Railway Company for a little over £44,000. The new site in St. Vincent Street with the handsome and richly ornamented edifice erected thereon, cost over £30,000. The new church will accommodate over a thousand sitters. The style of architecture is Early Gothic, composed of nave and aisles, with two double transepts; there are galleries in the transepts, and a gallery at the end of the nave. The nave is 112 feet long, and 40 feet broad; the aisles are used only as passages, so that the congregation have an unobstructed view of the pulpit. The chancel is 24 feet deep by 26 feet wide and contains the Communion table, Minister's chair, and Elders' seat. The pulpit is placed on the one side of the nave and outside the chancel. On the other side of the nave is a highly ornate Baptismal Font—the gift of the children of the congregation. The organ, which is not yet in position, will be divided and placed in arched chambers at each side of the chancel. The exterior is finished in rock-faced mason-work with polished dressings, with a handsome spire rising to a height of 200 feet, with pinnacle and belfry stage for bell, with a niche and canopy in which is placed a statue of the patron saint, St. Columba. The heating and ventilating are of the most up-to-date description, and the artificial lighting is by electricity.

There is excellent accommodation for carrying on the various agencies in connection with the congregation, consisting of a hall to accommodate 350, and one for 120; also session house, vestry, ladies' room, kitchen and a church-officer's house. As already stated the present incumbent is Rev. John Maclean, D.D., who has distinguished himself as a Hebrew scholar—and whose Gaelic attainments have been clearly evinced by the new translation of the Gaelic Scriptures, of which he was editor.

The marble statue of Dr. Macleod, which used to stand in the lobby of the old church in Hope Street, has been placed in a niche in the vestibule, while over the doorway are the words which he applied to the former building, *"Tigh mo chridhe, tigh mo ghràidh."*

FIONN.

IAIN LOM'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE MACDONALDS OF KEPPOCH.

SHORTLY after the restoration of Charles II., probably about the year 1663, an event occurred in Lochaber of tragic interest, known to history as "The Keppoch Murder."

Donald *Glas*, the eleventh chief of the MacDonalds of Keppoch, who had fought on the side of King Charles at Inverlochy, died a few years after that celebrated victory, leaving two sons, Alexander and Ranald. At the time of their father's decease the two boys were at school in France, whither they had been sent to receive such education as would befit them for the position they were to fill as heads of a great and powerful clan. Immediately upon the death of Keppoch, seven cousins of the absent heirs assumed the management of the estates, and appropriated the revenues to their own use, exercising at the same time all the privileges of chieftainship over the clan, and enjoying with full zest the pleasures of their newly acquired power and increased wealth. The arrival of the young chiefs from France put an end to their short-lived aggrandisement, and it was with feelings of bitter jealousy rankling in their hearts that they welcomed the two brothers to Keppoch. Taking council together, they determined to rid themselves of their young kinsmen at the first opportunity that presented itself. The evil day was not far off, as shortly after the return of the two Keppoch chieftains to their ancestral home, they invited their seven cousins to dine with them. At first all went well, but after dinner, when the wine began to flow freely, the catastrophe took place. Young Ranald of Keppoch, by way of a joke, presented one of his cousins with a French cap which he had brought with him from the Continent. Spurning the proffered gift, which he threw angrily from him, he drew his dirk and stabbed Ranald to the heart. In an instant all was confusion, chairs and tables were overturned, and Alexander, enraged at his brother's death, sprang at the murderer, and, young as he was, would probably have slain him had he not been overpowered by the others. Mortally wounded he fell to the ground, and breathed his last over the body of his dead brother.

HIGH BRIDGE, SCENE OF FIRST SKIRMISH IN RISING OF 1745.

Some presentiment of evil seems to have entered into the mind of the sister of the two lads, for at the conclusion of the repast she left the house in search of her old friend and kinsman, "Iain Lom." Taking him into her confidence, she told him her suspicions, and asked his council in the event of a quarrel taking place. Comforted by the sympathy and advice of the venerable bard, she returned home to find her brothers foully slain, and the wretches who had done the deed escaped.

When the news of the outrage reached "Iain Lom," he vowed a terrible oath of vengeance against the assassins, and swore never to rest

TOR CASTLE, RIVER LOCHY.

MONUMENT TO IAIN LOM.

until he had brought them to justice. Strange as it may appear, the clansmen of Keppoch seem to have had no great desire to punish the murderers of their chiefs. This was probably due to the fact of their long absence from the property, and doubtless the usurpers had taken every opportunity of ingratiating themselves with the people they had hoped to rule.

"Iain Lom," finding he could not arouse them from their apathy, applied to MacDonald of Glengarry, who, being allied by ties of blood to the murdered lads, he doubted not would assist him in his efforts to avenge their death. Glengarry, however, could not be persuaded to interfere with the affairs of another branch of the clan, notwithstanding the passionate entreaties of the bard. Indignant at his reception by Glengarry, "Iain Lom" turned to another chieftain of Clan Donald, Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and composed some very fine verses in his praise which are still extant. The meeting with Sir James MacDonald of Sleat, the son of the chief, is thus described by a well-known writer on Highland affairs:—

"Where are you come from?" asked Sir James.

"From Laodicea," replied the bard.

"Are they cold or hot, now, in that place?" asked Sir James.

"Abel is cold," cried the bard, "and his blood is in vain crying for vengeance. Cain is hot and red-handed, and the hundreds around are lukewarm as the black goat's milk."

The bard's importunities were at last crowned with success; MacDonald of Sleat promised he would send sufficient men into Lochaber to assist "Iain Lom" in fulfilling his vow. A message was at once sent to Archibald MacDonald of Uist to proceed to Keppoch with fifty well armed men, and place them at the disposal of the bard. Upon the arrival of this force "Iain Lom" proceeded to the house of the murderers at Inverlair, which he found strongly fortified and barricaded, and it was some time before an entrance could be effected. Resistance, however, was useless, and notwithstanding a gallant defence, the seven brothers were surrounded on all sides, and met their fate beside their own hearthstone.

The day of reckoning had arrived, the blood of the murdered lads no longer cried out for vengeance, but the wrath of "Iain Lom" was not yet appeased. The dirk with which Ranald of Keppoch had been stabbed had been carefully preserved by Iain, and he now found a use for it. Drawing it from its sheath, he cut off the heads of the seven brothers, and making a rope of heather, tied them to it by the hair. Slinging the ghastly burden over his shoulder, he departed from the scene of slaughter, and after washing the heads in a well close to the side of Loch Oich, he presented them to Glengarry, and finally sent them to Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat as evidence that justice had been done. The well may still be seen, and is known locally by the Gaelic name of "*Tobar nan Ceann*" (the Well of Heads). A gruesome monument has been erected by the side of the well, representing seven human heads rudely carved in stone, with

GAIRLOCHY, FROM THE ACH-NA-CARRY ROAD.

a long inscription in four languages. Some years ago the reputed grave of the murderers was opened, and the seven headless skeletons discovered, proving beyond doubt the truth of the story.

The "Bard of Keppoch" composed a mournful lament to commemorate the tragedy, entitled "*Mort-na-Ceapach*," and the sister of the murdered boys, who was also a gifted poetess, wrote some pathetic verses, known in Gaelic as "*Marbhrann ni'n Mhic Raonuill.*" Of more interest to English readers will be the beautiful poem by Mrs. Ogilvy, which will be found in her book on "Highland Minstrelsy," of which the following is an extract :—

CAIRNS AT ACHLUACHARACH.

FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH OF CHIEF OF KEPPOCH.

" All is completed,
The wicked defeated,
Conquered and slain ;
Gory heads seven,
From traitor heads riven,
We bring o'er the main.

The murderers are quiet now,
Calm is each lifeless brow
Tranquilly sleeping ;
Over the graves at night
Hovers no more the sprite,
Watching and weeping.

All is fulfilled now,
Murmurs are still now
Once more the bard sings,
Once more the heart rings,
Once more I'll look on thee,
Child of the Seunachie,
Marsali, Marsali ! '

THE GAEL AND HIS MOUNTAINS.

THERE is no feature in the character of the Scottish Gael more pronounced than his love of country. His mountains are dearer to him than all the beauties of sunnier climes. Rugged and wild they may be, but they possess in his eyes attractions which he would not exchange for anything else under the sun. Fergus MacIvor told Waverley, when they were contemplating a beautiful Highland waterfall, that he would have preferred a jet d' eau at Versailles. But he was not telling the truth. If he had confessed his real mind he would have spoken as Alan Breck did: "I like France fine, when I'm there, man, yet I kind of weary for Scots divots and the Scots peat reek." All the beauties of Versailles and all the attractions of Paris could not wean the true Highlander from his own homeland. A stranger might express surprise that, after the Jacobite Risings, chiefs like MacPherson of Cluny and Robertson of Struan should have hidden for years among their own mountains, in constant peril, when they might have found security in France. But in one knowing the Gaelic nature their preference would excite no wonder. "There is no smoke in the lark's house," runs an old Highland saying, and the Highlander has always liked best to live with the lark.

How many lovers of the Highlands have found in their recollections of the mountains a refreshment amid uncongenial surroundings.

"In lonely room, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet."

One wet afternoon I was walking through the

dingy streets of a dingy quarter of London. The sky was dull and leaden overhead, and the rain drizzled down, spotting the pools. The red-brick streets looked mean and dismal, and the atmosphere was gloomy and depressing. I crossed a square with a little patch of city grass and a solitary tree, surrounded by a shabby railing, in the centre. A few crumpled leaves, soiled with smut and smoke, lay on the pavement. Suddenly I heard a voice from an open window in the square, singing:

"By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond."

Instantly the atmosphere lightened and the gloom disappeared. The words of the song transported me in imagination to a far distant scene. Like the girl in Wordsworth's poem, when she heard the thrush in Wood Street, I saw

"A mountain ascending, a vision of trees."

The beautiful shores of Loch Lomond lay before the mind's eye. Ben Lomond towering like a giant; the clear streams rushing down the rocky steeps; the foliage clustering to the water's edge; the road winding in and out with the curves of the loch; all the scenery glorified by the spirit of romance. The mind recalled the historic figures whose memories consecrate Loch Lomond; King Robert Bruce, sitting by the lochside reading to his companions the Romance of Ferambrace, while his men were being ferried, two and two, in a crazy boat, across the water; King James the Sixth, dining off Macfarlane's geese on the island of Inch Tavoe, and complaining of their toughness; the youthful Walter Scott, with his head full of romantic dreams, visiting and exploring the old fort at Inversnaid, built to restrain Rob Roy.

Nor is it only the Gael who loves the Highland mountains. Byron, writing to Scott in 1822, admitted that, while he had no desire to see England, his heart warmed to the Tartan. He told Scott that he had his novels by heart and never moved without them. He confessed that youthful memories of Invercauld and Braemar, where he was sent to drink goat's milk when a boy, still lingered in his mind. Dwelling in the Palazzo Lanfranchi, he had not forgotten the Highland cottages where he had been happy in his childhood. On the banks of the Arno or amid the pine forests of Ravenna he did not forget the heather on Deeside. Glamoured by the romance of the Highlands in his youth, it was inevitable that he should retain the spell to the last.

"Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid,
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade."

Another lover of the Highlands was Robert Louis Stevenson. There are few more pathetic figures in literature than that of Stevenson, confined by delicate lungs to Samoa, and ever dreaming of his native shores. "Let me hear," he wrote, "in some far land, a kindred voice sing out 'Oh, why left I my hame?' and it seems to me at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the good and wise, can repay me for my absence from my country." His thoughts were for ever dwelling on the dark mountains, and rainy islands, and grey castled metropolis of Scotland. "There are no stars," he said, "so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps." In the remote Pacific he was haunted by a hungry longing to revisit the scenes of his youthful happiness; to see the Highland huts, and peat smoke, and the brown, swirling rivers, and to feel "the romance of the past, and that indescribable bite of the whole thing at a man's heart, which is—or rather lies at the bottom of—a story." It is related that James Mor MacGregor, as he lay dying in the Rue de Cordier in Paris, solaced himself by playing on the bagpipes "some melancholy tunes" of his native land. Stevenson died too suddenly for any deathbed scenes, but, in anticipation of his death, he wrote some verses almost unmatched for pathos.

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! And to hear again the call—
Hear about the graves of the Martyrs the pee-wits crying—
And hear no more at all!"

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

There's flame in the leaves of the wood,
There's yellow and golden and brown,
There's tawny and dusky and orange;
There's wind in the streets of the town.

There's wind in the streets of the town,
There's ice in the breath of the breeze;
There's age in the year and droop in the flower,
There's little to charm us or please.

There's little to charm us or please,
There's no mellow joy in the sun;
There's no lingering now in the twilight,
There's sorrow when daylight is done.

There's sorrow when daylight is done,
But there's joy in the cheerful song,
There's laughter around the leaping fire,
There's friendship to speed us along!

COINNEACH DUBH.

BRAEMAR SURNAMES AND LEGENDS ASSOCIATED WITH THEM.

FOREMOST amongst these names is '*Griogairich-na-smuide*' — M'Gregors of the Smoke—so called from the circumstance that a fugitive M'Gregor, whose history will be briefly related, built a little shieling in a wood, the smoke proceeding from which was the first visible for a long stretch of road before reaching Castleton. This circumstance gave rise to the phrase '*na-smuide*.'

The history of the M'Gregors' *entrée* to Braemar was related to me as follows:—

Sir Alexander M'Gregor, chief of his clan, had a feud with Sir John Colquhoun, which one time issued in a great battle. One M'Murrich, *i.e.* M'Pherson, was standard-bearer to Sir A. M'Gregor, and, by the way, had a secret grudge at his chief on account of neglect shown him on some public occasion. There was a school at Dumbarton attended by the sons of many great men; and Sir Alexander was very anxious that these young men should be kept from the scéne of battle, lest, taking part in the fray, there should be any fresh cause for bloodshed. So he set M'Murrich to watch at the school, to prevent any one for a time having egress. M'Murrich kept watch, but it was a black one; for when the young men appeared, he cut them down, and threw their bodies behind a gate or wall, I forget which. Sir A. M'Gregor and his people were the victors; and his great anxiety after the battle was to know how M'Murrich had managed, and if all the young men were safe. At the earliest opportunity he questioned M'Murrich, who answered that he could pledge his word that not one of them had seen the battle, as his sword had done for every one that attempted to pass the gate. "Waes me," said Sir Alexander; "I was a prood man that I had gained the battle, but it's the blackest day for my puir clan that ever the sun shone on." And so it was: the country was raised against the M'Gregors; the whole clan was outlawed, and had to flee, followed by fire and sword. Thus M'Murrich had his revenge.

A son of Sir Alexander's escaped by the way of Athole, a poor fugitive, and took refuge in the hills and woods between Crathie and Kindroket. From skulking in the wood he got the length of building a shieling, the smoke of which being visible from the road, gave rise to the cognomination, M'Gregor of the Smoke.

There was another race of M'Gregors in Braemar, the

GILLEAN-RUADH, OR RED LOONS,

who were a terrible pest to the people. About Culblean and Easter Morven were their haunts for a time; the "Vat Cave" is still pointed out as an occasional retreat of the famous Rob Roy M'Gregor, their leader. An extensive forest at Culblean is said to have been burned by them, and the inhabitants harried without mercy. At length one of them, getting a little more civilised, settled down, and from him sprang the second race of M'Gregors, still found in Braemar.

There are also two races of

M'DONALDS IN BRAEMAR,

each with its own distinctive legend. One of them states that a little boy of the name of M'Donald was carried away by a wolf—wolves being at that time very plentiful. After carrying him off, the wolf did not destroy him, but treated him instead as one of her own cubs. So he grew up a veritable wild man of the woods, and not unfrequently joined the wolves in their predatory expeditions.

With such companionship and designs, he often visited the house of his mother, and was hounded off by the dogs. By some means it was discovered who he was; and his relations, having traced him out to his lair, succeeded in communicating the circumstances of his birth and abduction. They prevailed on him also to leave his sylvan life, and settle down in a somewhat tamer manner.

He never would return to his mother, however, being apparently unable to get over the fact that she had hounded him off with dogs; and he often reproached her, it is said, in some Gaelic rhyme, which is a little too coarse for translation or insertion here. He married at length, and from him proceeded the race known as the "*Sliochd a' mhadaidh alluidh*," *i.e.* the Race of the Wolf.

"The first thing that drew my attention to this story," said the old man who related the legend, "was being at the marriage of a relation of mine to one of the 'Wolf M'Donalds.' I mind weel, though I was but a laddie, o' hearing my uncle say to the bridegroom, "Weel, but ye hae gotten a bonnie wifie, though she be come o' the race o' the wolf." That raised my boyish curiosity, and I didna rest till I had a' the story of the wolf, just as you've gotten't the day."

The other race are called the

"GIUTHAIS," OR FIR M'DONALDS.

The legend respecting them is, that a man of the name of M'Donald having killed another of the name of Grant, had to flee from his own country, Strathspey. The chief of the Grants and several men followed in pursuit. It was continued for a considerable time with no success; so the chief and his men, wearied out, lay down on the heather and fell asleep. M'Donald, who had seen them, crept up to the chief stealthily, and laid his sword across his throat. Then he retired to a height at some distance, and cried loud enough to be heard.

All started to their feet, and were amazed to see the fugitive at a little distance. The chief, charmed at the forbearance of his foe, called on him to approach, shook hands with him, and so the pursuit ended. M'Donald did not, however, return to Strathspey, but settled down in Braemar; and from having skulked so long among the woods, he was called *Seumas a' Ghiuthais*, James of the Fir, and his descendants the *Giuthas*, or Fir M'Donalds.

There are also two races of M'Intoshes: the *Tir Igny* and the *Mariech*. The legend of the *Tir Igny* M'Intoshes accounts also for the name of Cumming being found in Braemar. I give it briefly; but before doing so, let me notice the origin of the name M'Intosh itself:—

Many hundreds of years ago, when strife and discord were the rule of the day in the Highlands,

THE CLAN CHATTAN

split themselves into various families, or septs, each assuming a distinctive patronymic, and acknowledging a separate head, or chieftain,—the result of which was a continued series of struggles for the supremacy.

In order, if possible, to remove the cause of this continual strife, the Scottish Government enacted that one special chief, or captain, should be appointed by warrant of the king to the supreme headship of the confederacy, and that all branches of the clan should acknowledge him as their chief, and be bound to obey and be led by him in the day of battle.

This dignity was conferred upon Shaw M'Duff, brother of Duncan third Earl of Fife. Shaw had married Eva, only daughter and heiress of Donald Dale, who had previously been considered as the hereditary chief. Shaw having thus obtained the leadership of the Clan Chattan, assumed the name of *Toiseach*, or First Man.

About the fourteenth century the *Tir Igny* M'Intoshes held an estate of that name near Blair-Athole.

THE CUMMINGS,

who ruled with a rod of iron, were lords superior. One of them is said to have killed sixteen lairds in one days, who lived on the stream of the *Tarf*, in order to get possession of their lands. But he was himself killed that same day by a fall from his horse as he rode through Glen Tilt. Cruelty was not the only ugly trait of the Cumming character; another one is perpetuated by the Gaelic couplet:

'While in the wood there is a tree,
A Cumming will deceitful be.'

The "Big Cumming," son of the laird who was killed, on going, according to the usual custom, the round of his retainers at Christmas for the annual gift, got on one occasion from M'Intosh of *Tir Igny* the unusually large one of a bull and several cows. This only excited the cupidity of Cumming; and with a body of his retainers he returned that night, and put all the M'Intoshes to death, in order to add the lands of *Tir Igny* to his estate of Blair.

The nurse, however, escaped with the youngest child, and made her way to its mother's relations. On growing up to manhood, young *Tir Igny* and a party of his relations attacked the Cummings unexpectedly, who, being defeated, fled with their leader up Glen Tilt. Many of them fell during the pursuit; and at last the Big Cumming escaped alone by the way of Loch Lochin, while young *Tir Igny* followed hard, determined to revenge the death of his family. As they were on different sides of the loch, Cumming sat down on a stone to rest for a moment; and as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, an arrow from the bow of *Tir Igny* pierced his temples, and he fell dead. A cairn is said still to mark the spot. Some of the vanquished Cummings found their way into Braemar, and from them are descended the Cummings still found there.

Tir Igny again settled in his father's lands; but he had not enjoyed them long ere he fell again into the hands of the Cummings, and was killed. His friends then fled to Braemar, and having settled there, are still known as the *Tir Igny* M'Intoshes.

The other race of the M'Intoshes

CLAIM DESCENT FROM SHAW,

laird of Glen Markie, Invermarkie, and Glen Feshie, who having during a feud killed a M'Pherson of some note, the whole clan turned out to revenge it. Shaw with his people fled by the way of Rothiemurchus and Abernethy. At the head of the river Nethy they made a stand, but were defeated. Shaw escaped alone, and entered Braemar by the way of the Larig Ru, and assumed the name of M'Intosh to avoid detection. The descendants of Shaw are still known as the *Mariech* M'Intoshes. They were a poetical race, as they became afterwards the bards of the Farquharsons of Inverey.

A fitting sequel to these legends will be found in one still more quaint, respecting the destruction of the

OLD CASTLE OF KINDROCKET.

At a period somewhat indefinite, the 'Galar Mor,' or Great Disease, ravaged Scotland. Braemar, despite all the purity and strength of its mountain air, was not exempted; on the contrary, it seemed to rage there with intense virulence. Not only were its terrible effects felt, but the destroyer assumed a visible appearance, and hovered in the air like a blue 'haesp' ever and anon lowering itself on some particular spot, bringing with it certain destruction. They adopted a very summary mode of dealing with

it, on the principle, I suppose, that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. No sooner was it known that the 'Galar Mor' had broken out in any house, than it was battered down, and all the inmates, infected or otherwise, buried in the ruins.

Unfortunately it broke out in the castle; and as there was no respect of persons with the disease, so there could be none made in their mode of dealing with it. The doom of the castle was therefore sealed. A company of artillery was ordered from Blair Castle; they came up through Athole. Roads had to be cut in some places for their cannon (the cuttings, it is even said, are still visible in Glen Fernat, and at the Coldrach; etc., but I have not seen them). They went on to Corrimulzie, and turned down Cornammuc, a hollow in the side of Morrone, and were placed in position for operation on a small ridge on Tomintoul, called *Scravechty*, which fully commands the castle and plain.

When the work of destruction began, a lady stood at the castle door combing her hair. 'Aye,' said my informant, "it was a gowden kame" (golden comb). The first round brought a part of the walls down about her. Not one within escaped; and thus the castle of Ceann Drochaide was levelled to the ground.

Several extravagant stories are also extant about the old ruins. For example: many ages after the

DESTRUCTION OF THE CASTLE,

when the soldiers were stationed at Braemar, one of them was prevailed upon for a sum of money to explore the vaults. There was one hole open like a flue; its mouth is still to be seen, into which when a stone was thrown, it could be heard descending a flight of steps for a very long way. Down this hole he was lowered by a rope to the first steps, whence he proceeded, torch in hand, on his adventure.

In a short time the signal was given, and pale and trembling he was brought to the upper surface. On recovering a little, he declared that nothing would ever induce him to go back, he had seen such dreadful things. For instance, he had come upon one room or vault, in which was a ghastly company sitting round it in life-like position, dressed in a strange costume, but silent, motionless, and dead.

Here is another story, in which there is also a

TOUCH OF THE SUPERNATURAL:

About the end of the eighteenth century, the Watsons, a family who had the inn at Castleton, began to clear out the ruins, and found numbers of old coins, broken vessels, iron doors, smashed gratings, etc., with immense quantities of deers' horns, and bones of other animals. But a little old man with a red cap appeared, and bade them desist, if they valued their own welfare.

The amount of truth in this story I was able to ascertain correctly, as an old man, William Gruer, still lives in the village who was at the clearing out of the ruins. He has no recollection of the "iron doors" or "gratings," etc., but he found a rusty old sword, very large, with two edges; and a large silver brooch, such as are used in fastening the plaids. There was also an enormous quantity of deers' horns of great size; while everything they came upon seemed to have undergone the action of fire. Some eighty-two cart-loads of rubbish were at the time taken from the ruins, but no little old man with a red cap interfered; only the carting was stopped by the laird of Invercauld's orders.

Subterranean passages are supposed really to exist. One stair there was, also leading down to a considerable depth; and as boys, he said, they used to amuse themselves by throwing down stones, to hear the noise they made in rattling over the steps.

About twenty years ago or more, an old woman had a cottage close to the ruins, built over one of these subterranean passages, and through some crevice about her fireplace the wind used to come rushing with great force, and on windy nights especially it would make her fire burn brightly; and the young people gathered round used to remark jocularly, that "Malcolm was blowing his bellows."

THE PIOBAIREACHD SOCIETY holds its competitions at Oban on Tuesday, 13th inst., commencing at 10 a.m. Intending competitors must lodge their names and addresses on or before Thursday, 8th September, with Mr. Alex. Shairp, Secretary of the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban. Mr. James MacKillop, Polmont Park, the Hon. Secretary of the Association, is entering into the practical work of the Society with that enthusiasm which he displays in connection with all matters relating to pipe music. There is a splendid field for this Society in reviving and popularising the ancient classical music of the Highlands—the Piobaireachd, which, according to tradition, in the old days, and when performed by such great musicians as the MacCrimmons, Mackays, or MacArthurs, conveyed ideas which seem to be unknown to the present generation of pipers.

THE GAELIC MÒD takes place in the Town Hall, Greenock, on the 21st and 22nd September, and we trust that as many as possible of our readers will endeavour to be present. It cannot be said that Highlanders generally have supported the work of the Highland Association with that enthusiasm which it deserved, and indeed that it has managed to survive for so many years, and achieved so much, is largely due to the strenuous labours of a few of its prominent officials, whose names will readily occur to readers. Our countrymen can do something to further the objects in view by attending the Mòd this month at Greenock, and by becoming members of the Association.

AGUS O, THEID I.

THE MS. of the following Boat Song is said to have been found among the papers of the late Rev. Dr. John MacLeod of Morven. The Rev. Dr. is credited with the composition of a Boat Song, in English, entitled "Ho ro, Clansmen!" which appeared along with its music in "The Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs," 1884. The music of the latter seems to be a variant of "Agus hó, Mhorag!" the air of the well known Jacobite song by Alexander MacDonald. The Gaelic Boat Song is here conjoined to the music of "Ho ro Clansmen," in the belief that the late Rev. Dr. intended the one for the other. Whether that is the case or not, the combination makes a spirited song and a capital one for use in schools. We recommend it to the notice of conductors of junior Gaelic choirs.

C. M. P.

GLEUS A.

d.d	: r	m	: d	
Agus	o	théid	i;	
m	: m., r	d . l_1	: l_1, d.-	
Hó	ró mo	ghillean	gramail,	FINE.
s_1.s_1	: r	m	: d	‖
Agus	O,	théid	i.	
s_1	: -. d	d	: t_1	
Suidh	- ibh	oirre,		
r	: -. d	d	: t_1	
fhear	- a	ghaolach;		
l_1	: -. s_1	s_1	: d	
Suas	a	bhirlinn		D.C.
m	: -. r	r, d.-	:	‖
chaol	'na	deannaibh.		

Càireamaid ar guala rithe;
Ar làmhan féin bheir fuasgladh dhuinne.

Bithibh briosgarra 'san linne;
'San tuinne leigibh èirigh leatha.

Còmhla, fheara, iomramaid e,
Fuaim an aona-mhaide rithe.

Sud am fèath 's is so an t-iomram:
Sud nuair shiubhladh i le farum.

Théid i mar an t-eun air iteig;
Théid i mar am miol-chu ruithteach.

Chlisg i mar na gathan gréine
Tha 'n sud 'na déigh a' mireag rithe.

Hùg so, fheara! chì mi shuas ud
Fadadh-cruaidh: tha fuaradh-frois' air.

Suas i, suas i! rudha 'n fhuaraidh
'S càiridh sinn a cuallach oirre.

'S ann an sin a thig i beò
'S a sheinneas i dhuinn crònan laghach.

Leumaidh i thar bhàrr nan stuadh
Mar eilid ruadh thar luachair mhonaidh.

Sgobadh dhi, is biomaid dìleas:
Daoin' air tìr is iad 'gar feitheamh.

Biodh e ac r' a ràdh r' a chéil
"A' bhirlinn thréin, gur math do ghabhail!"

Théid i ged tha 'n sruth 'na chaoiribh
A' sìor thaomadh nuas m' a claigeann.

Théid i ged a chìt' a' lasadh
Builgein-fhala air ar basan.

Théid i, théid i! fheara, éighibh,
Théid i, théid i dheòin no dh' aindeoin!

TRANSLATION,

BY JOHN WHYTE.

On she goes bravely!
Ho rowers, hale and hearty,
On she goes bravely!

To your oars, my boatmen strong,
And speed along the shapely galley.
On she goes bravely! etc.

Our shoulders bend we to the task,
Nor helpers ask to fight the battle.

In the furrow urge her well,
Then o'er the swell she'll ride full gallant.

Strike her paces, jolly crew,
In unison so true and steady.

In the calm she'll own your rowing,
Gaily going o'er the water.

Like a bird she smoothly glides—
As greyhound strides across the common.

Dancing like the sunbeams gay
That in her wake are playing merry.

O'er her bows, mark, boatmen, mark
The signals dark of showery weather.

Once the windward point you've passed,
Her lofty mast and sails we'll give her.

Like thing of life she'll bound along,
And croon her song to keep us cheery.

O'er the wave she'll spring full blithe,
Like roebuck lithe o'er hill and valley.

To it, then, with heart and hand;
Our friends on land are longing for us.

Win from them the proud remark—
"Well done the barque and those that man her!"

How she stems the surging tide,
And casts aside the seething current!

Though our hands are blistered sore,
We'll send her o'er the foaming billows.

Onward! onward! raise the shout;
We'll beat and flout both wind and torrent.

On she goes bravely!
Ho rowers, hale and hearty,
On she goes bravely!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

CONTENTS.

IMPORTANT.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution 4s. post free), for the new volume is now due. Volume XIII. commences with the next issue. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

"HISTORY OF THE CLAN EWEN."—This interesting volume, the publication of which has been delayed through the death of the author, Mr. R. S. T. MacEwen, is now ready, and will be issued to subscribers immediately. It contains an historical account of the various branches of the Clan in Argyll, Perth, Dumbarton, Stirling, and other parts, in addition to which the author has collected a large mass of valuable information from various sources, relating to this scattered race. The volume is neatly bound in art cloth, with Celtic design from the "Book of Durrow" on front cover, gilt top, uncut edges, price 5/-, as only a very small edition has been printed, the work is soon likely to be out of print and valuable. By way of frontispiece, a pattern of the MacEwen tartan, woven in real silk, and mounted on a plate, is given. Copies can be had only from the publisher, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE LAMONT HARP.—This ancient harp, which recently changed hands at a sale in Edinburgh, has been bought by a London gentleman. It is to be exhibited shortly in London at an exhibition of musical instruments.

CLAN MACNAB ASSOCIATION.—The members of this association had their first gathering at Killin on Saturday, when forty of the clan met, and after lunching at Killin Hotel as the guests of the first president, Mr. John Macnab, of Glenmavis and Kinglassie, proceeded to Inchbuie, the ancient burial place of the chiefs of the clan. The president was unable to be present on account of a slight illness, and his place was taken by Commander Macnab, R.N.R., who had travelled from Liverpool for the occasion. Telegrams were received from members at home and abroad expressing regret for being absent. The arrangements for the gathering were made by the secretary, Mr. E. Rolland M'Nab, S.S.C., and the menu card was from the pen of Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid, R.S.A.

AN APPRECIATION.—We are indebted to Dr. A. MacNeill, Mayor of Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada, for a copy of *The Pioneer*, published in that town, in which he draws our attention to the following complimentary notice of the *Celtic Monthly*. We should like to thank the reader who furnished the editor with the copy under review.

"Thanks to a friend we have had the pleasure of reading the *Celtic Monthly* for July, one of the most attractive magazines that the past few weeks has brought us. This purely Scottish magazine is edited by John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, Scotland, and is filled from cover to cover with such matter as is calculated to go right to the heart of a Scotchman. Tales and traditions of the clans; poems, new and old, in English and Gaelic; the latest and best in Scottish literature, interspersed with newsy, witty, pithy articles make up a twenty-page magazine that no Scotchman would undertake to do without if he knew about it. A letter to the editor enclosing a dollar bill will bring it for a year."

Wednesday, 19th July, was "Scotland's Day" in Summerside, P.E.I., when natives, of Scottish descent, came from all parts of the Dominion and neighbouring republic to spend a holiday on their own "tight little island." The Caledonian Society had a parade, with the regimental pipers leading the way, the Boys' Highland Brigade also taking part. Athletic sports were held, at which the brawny men of Celtic name made almost a complete sweep of the prizes. Altogether, the Gaels of Summerside seem to have had an exciting holiday experience.

TEACHING OF GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.—Major E. D. C. Cameron, R.G.A., in a letter just received, strongly supports the suggestion made by Sheriff Grant of Rothiemurchus, at the recent dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, that sympathy with the Gaelic movement should be made a test question at all Highland Educational elections in future. If Highlanders decided to support with their votes only those who were in favour of the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, we would soon hear less of the decline of Gaelic in the straths. The Highland people have the most complete remedy in their own hands, and should only return as members those who have declared themselves favourable to the cause of the native language. A sympathetic Board would make it their duty to see that in the appointment of teachers, the Gaelic-speaking candidate, all other conditions being equal, got the preference.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

VII.—The Macdonells of Antrim.

THE founder of this noble family was Sorley Buy Macdonell, or yellow-haired Somerled, the sixth son of Alexander of Dunyveg and the Glens. He was born in Ireland in the first decade of the 16th century. Both the exact place and date of his birth are uncertain, while his early history is also obscure. In 1550, he seems to have come into collision with the English authorities in Ulster, with the result that he was taken prisoner and committed to prison in Dublin Castle, where however, he only remained a few months. In 1552 Sorley Buy summoning his forces invaded Carrickfergus, and defeated the English, with great slaughter. Thereafter he turned his attention to the Macquillins, the original possessors of the Route, a stretch of territory between the Boyse and the Ban. The war between them continued for two years, ending in the expulsion of the Macquillins. The Macdonells found themselves now in a difficult position, harassed as they were by the native tribes on the one hand, and by the English on the other. On the death of Coll Macdonell in 1558, the captaincy of the Route was offered to and accepted by Sorley. His old enemies the Macquillins made extensive preparations for another attempt to repossess themselves of their lost heritage, and with the aid of a number of the broken tribes of Ulster and a body of English troops, they invaded the Route. In the face of so formidable a force Sorley was obliged to retreat, but only for a time. For in 1559 he hastened across the channel to Argyle and levied a large force among his kinsmen of Kintyre and Islay. With their assistance he successfully opposed the Macquillins and finally defeated them with great slaughter at *Sliabh an Aura*, between Glenduin and the Braes of Glenshesk and Glenbush. Sorley was now undisputed master of the Route.

After this victory Queen Elizabeth was most anxious to be reconciled to the redoubtable chieftain and elaborate negotiations were entered upon to conciliate Sorley Buy. On the rising of the famous Shane O'Neill, Sorley was urged to oppose him, but neither he nor his brother James could be got to strike a blow in the English cause until the Queen secured both in their possessions in Ulster. Shane O'Neill having laid down his arms, offered the Queen his services against the Macdonells of Antrim, and made immediate preparations for a campaign against Sorley. He met Sorley and his forces on the west side of the Bann, near Coleraine. The Macdonells were unable to reduce the

RUINS OF DUNLUCE CASTLE, ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE EARLS OF ANTRIM.

fortified position taken up by O'Neil. In the engagement which lasted twenty-four hours Sorley was slightly wounded. O'Neil determined to invade the glens with a large force. Sorley sought reinforcements from his brother in Kintyre. When these arrived the two brothers resolved to fall back on Ballycastle, pending the arrival of Alastair Og Macdonald with further reinforcements from Argyll. They gave battle on 1st May, 1565, but had to yield to Shane O'Neill's superior numbers, Sorley being taken prisoner. Shane O'Neill after this victory imagined himself strong enough to fight for his own hand. After two years' hard fighting, Shane found himself reduced to such straits that he readily yielded to Sorley's suggestion to negotiate for an alliance with the Macdonells, which was ultimately carried through with great pomp. Thereafter an attempt was made to expel the Macdonells and plant the Antrim glens with "English gentlemen." After a recruiting tour in Scotland Sorley once more was up in arms in defence of their ancestral estates. Marching through the Route, which was in possession of the English, he drove them before him like chaff before the wind, and recovered the castle of Dunluce. After a stubborn fight the garrison were obliged to surrender. The authorities in Dublin were now convinced that the sooner they came to terms with Sorley the better, and the latter readily entered into negotiations with them. Sorley emerges from these somewhat protracted negotiations as Lord, both of the Glens and of the Route. The remaining years of this warrior's life were spent at his favourite seat of Dunanannie, where he died in 1590.

GLENARM CASTLE, SEAT OF THE EARLS OF ANTRIM.

FUNERAL OF SORLEY BUY MACDONELL, IN BUN-NA-MARGIE CHURCHYARD.

SEADUNE—A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

BY LUCY H. SOUTAR.

(Continued from page 209.)

X.

WIDOW GORDON.

"To see the peat reek o'er the cottage curling,
And the hairst folk winning in,
To see the glens in autumn's colours tender,
And the black ben's misty wreath,
The birk and the breckens dying splendour,
And the roaring linn beneath.—*MacBride.*

ON the braeside a little more than two miles from Seadune is a hamlet which bears the Gaelic name of Kilmor; primitive thatched cottages are scattered among the patches of green and purple, like large boulders in the rockery of an old-fashioned garden. At night from the sea-coast the twinkling lights in these cottage windows might be taken for stars in the firmament, so high above the village do they seem, and still it is only a "little hill" compared with the mountains that rise up in its rear, their distant blueness often lost in the gray of the fast fleeting clouds. Here lives a crofter population, the green patches is the land under cultivation, and the purple the heather, the natural product of the peaty soil. Nature seemed to be wantonly lazy in Kilmor, some of the oats still shook their golden heads in the breeze, and the bearded barley stood in stooks, the potato shaws had not drooped nor withered with their ripening tubers, and the yellow mustard seed and blue corn flower lingered to paint bright patches on the hillside; but the crispness in the air reminded one that summer was past and the harvest was ready for the gathering in. Facing the south-west was a long, low, irregularly built cottage, which seemed to bend round the curve of the hill. Lady Seadune called it her show cottage, and brought many of her aristocratic guests to see it, its inmate, her spinning wheel, and the basket of newly spun clews o' 'oo'.

This October afternoon the sun shone full on its white walls, half hid by the gloire-de-dijon rose and long trails of bright scarlet tropelium whose flowers were purpling into seed, the thatched roof made sure against high winds by ropes of straw, was trim in its newness, and in the doorway stood Widow Gordon shading her face with her hand as she gazed at two girls binding the corn. Widow Gordon was Martha's grannie, and here Martha was spending the few remaining weeks of her maidenhood. She had plied her needle busily all morning, and for her "health's sake" Grannie had sent her into the fields to help Elspeth with the binding of the sheaves. One required to see Grannie Gordon more than once to form a fair estimate of the character of the active old woman; she told her age with pride to anyone who complimented her on her activity. "Eicht and eichty should the Lord spare me till the planting o' the taties!"

There are two stages in a life when one cares to boast of age; childhood with its enchanted visions of being grown up, and the old age which has retained some of the vigour of youth. The latter was Widow Gordon's case, still age had bowed her frame and the bony wrinkled arms looked long for the short body. A child described her appearance graphically when she said Grannie's face is all "crumpled"; it bore that appearance much more so than if one said it was wrinkled; though health's glow had not forsaken her cheeks, and the blackness of her eyebrows gave a more youthful appearance to her than one would expect from her years, the keen dark eyes had lost none of their bird-like sharpness, and glasses Grannie only wore when reading her Bible. Her hair which was thick and still mixed with black was smoothly brushed beneath a cap adorned with purple flowers, her gown was grey, and at home she wore a large white apron and a tartan shoulder shawl.

Grannie both by example and precept had brought up her children and grand-children to understand this world was not for those who did not work. Six o'clock in summer and eight in the dark winter mornings saw her astir. "No one bides here who eats the bread of idleness" she often said, and Elspeth, Martha's oldest sister, was a duplicate in many respects of the Grannie who brought her up.

"Yer tea's waiting on ye, lassies!" she cried, in a shrill voice, and waved a bony arm, the sleeve of the dress being pulled up to give greater freedom at work. The two girls looked up and waved a recognition, setting up the bound sheaf of oats they turned up the narrow footpath to the cottage. This little model doll house was in several respects unique in the district; clean cottages there are in Kilmor, but Widow Gordon's was always spotless. A bright coal fire burnt in the shining grate, which possessed an oven, a novelty in itself on the braeside where peat fires usually burn on the hearthstone. Grannie had been a cook before her marriage, and Norman liked a tasty bite when his long day's work in the hill was over, and this Grannie never failed to have ready for him during the few years he was spared to her. Norman was a gamekeeper, and met his death by the cowardly shot of a poacher. Lord Seadune pensioned his widow and her croft and cottage were allotted to her during her lifetime. Such free holdings are not uncommon among the inhabitants of Seadune, where more or less all are employed on the estate.

A clean white cloth was spread on the kitchen table, and a meal of scones and oatcakes, eggs and butter and honey was temptingly spread out, and on a hob in front of the fire was a brown teapot. The floor of the room was covered with deerskin rugs, just here and there the flagstones could be seen. Grannie's box-bed with white curtains and white coverlet was without a speck, even its walls were papered white; the room was small but well ventilated and opened into a bedroom occupied by the sisters, and which had been Elspeth's since she was old enough to have a room of her own.

By a room one can generally gather an impression of the occupier; this one was not like what one would expect a crofter lassie to own. Along one side of the wall was a shelf filled with books, old and much used and bearing the imprint of use at school, Latin, Algebra, Mythology, a much thumbed Bible, dictionaries, histories in brown paper covers, a few of the poets, a literature by Smith, and some miscellaneous writings by standard authors; the bedstead was draped in white, and the wooden furniture was well scrubbed, a large knitted rug of many colours partially covered the wooden floor, and the small wash-hand stand held blue earthenware. There were three pictures on the walls, which bespoke culture and refined taste; over the mantelpiece was a print of Verdi's "Last Supper" in a simple black frame, and on the wall opposite, edged with a strip of oak wood, were two prints of Landseer's: "The Monarch of the Glen," and "The Dual." On the broad ledge of the small window was a pot of musk, and the window slid half open and commanded a view of the hill side, a fringe of trees in their autumn glory of gorgeous colours, the long village street of Seadune, a strip of golden sand and the wide blue ocean with a few brown-sailed boats, and far beyond the amber hued horizon, fading into the mists of the evening sky.

It was "ben the hoose" visitors were shown when they came to see Widow Gordon, into the "best room," Grannie's pride; its floor was carpeted and it had stuffed bottom chairs, but what Grannie esteemed as grand her visitors overlooked, and saw more beauty in the corner cupboard and old spinning wheel and rare bits of china. There was the teapot in which Prince Charlie's tea had been brewed, and the cup out of which he drank, and some Indian curios brought home by young Norman, the father of the girls. He, like the Captain, had 'listed in the same regiment, and found a grave in the arid Indian plains on the same battlefield where the Captain got his bullet wound; it was at that time his wife and three little girls came home to Seadune.

"It's well it's no me, Grannie, that has your harvest to bring in," said Martha, as she threw herself into Grannie's big-lugged chair, hot and tired with the unaccustomed labour.

"Am thinking you're a puir bit thing for ony man's wife, but what can one expect, brought up in the town, housed as close thegither as sheep!"

They'll be bigger towns Grannie than Seadune, am thinking, and may be I'll be seeing them soon; John was telling me of Inverness."

"You'll be thinking yoursel' a fine leddy when you're Mistress John, but am forewarning you my girl, married life is no so aisy as the young'll be thinking, when you have a mistress you'll be doing the work and think no more o' it, but when you're mairred it's the thinking that 's heavier than the work, and thinking is no a licht thing to get rid o'."

"You'll no be for frightening me now, Grannie," said Martha, laughing, "am sure you were younger nor me when you married."

"Aye, lassie, but things were different in these days, and the lassies had different upbringings. I was wed when I was twenty, and that was thought old, and it would be more than a nine days' wonder to hear tell o' a man o' sexty and a lass o' two and twenty, but am wishing you well, *m' eudail*, she's a good man the man you'll be getting and I'll no say that much o' all the young lads in the place." Grannie did not often praise, and one would think she had a warmer corner in her heart for the plump, laughing Martha, than for the pale-faced, earnest lassie she had brought up.

"Be sitting in to your teas, now, or the night'll be down before Elspeth sees to the beasties." Elspeth took up the brown teapot from the hob and Grannie reverently "put a Gaelic grace on the meat."

(To be concluded.)

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 220).

I SHALL now proceed to "show up" the tactics of the opposition. They want *line for line* originals for all that Macpherson translated, and not only that, but expect that these poems should *still* be preserved among the people. They seem to forget that the Highland Society allowed about *40* years to elapse before completing their collection, and at a time when a *complete revolution* had come over the circumstances of the Highlands. I doubt if all Macpherson collected could have been repeated 10 years after. The removal of an old man by

death, here and there, especially under the *changed* condition of the Highlands,* would have left great gaps in any fresh undertaking such as Macpherson undertook, and if anything had been left it would have been denounced by the modern churches.† It is no figure of speech to say that immense changes came over the Highlands since between 1745 and the end of the 18th century. What do the anti-Ossianites say to the famous Duoay MS., the collections of the Rev. John Farquharson of Strathglass, Dr. John Smith of Campbeltown, Duncan Kennedy, the brothers MacCallum, etc., and the testimony of all those who gave poems to Macpherson and who *saw* others in his possession? However, I must let the opposition speak for themselves. They usually begin in the following magnificent style, such as that adopted by the writer of the article on "Ossian" in "Chambers's Encyclopædia."‡

"Ossian, the great heroic poet of the Gael. In form the name is diminutive—Oisean, Oisin, the little os or deer. In Gaelic story Ossian was the son of Fionn Mac-Cumhail, a celebrated hero, who flourished in the 3rd century, A.D. Fionn gathered about him a band of warriors like himself, who were collectively termed the Feinn. The principal figures were Fionn, magnanimous and wise; Ossinn, Oscur, grandson, chivalrous and daring; Diarmid, a nephew, handsome and brave; Gall, a rival, the one-eyed; and Conan, the *villain* of the band. Their jealousies, dissensions, and final overthrow constitute the literature of the Feinn." "The story goes that Ossinn was carried away by his *Fairy hind-mother* to 'Eilean na h-oige,' the Isle of the ever young, from whence he returned betimes, and now old, blind, and alone—Ossian of the Feinn—he told the story to St. Patrick."§ Then he goes on to say that "there were two early cycles. The first from unknown antiquity, until the settlement of the Gael in Ireland. The legends of this period preserve traditions of the old Divinities of the race, notably 'Tuatha-de-Dannan.' The second cycle embraces, Cuchullin, Conall, Cormack, Fergus, and the sons of Uisneach, about the commencement of the Christian era. The great literary product of this period is the 'Tain-bo-Cuailgne,' or cattle spoil, 'the Iliad of the Gael.' These traditions have come from the misty past in tale and ballad." "In ballads preserved in the Book of Leinster (circa *1150* A.D.), Ossinn is represented as old and blind, surviving father and son, and a 15th century MSS. recounts the *boyish* exploits of Fionn, &c. As we come down the volume of tradition gets fuller, while the cycles *tend* to *become confused!*"

Then he gives an account of the book of the Dun Cow, "Lebor na Huidre, and Fionn's mother, etc., and that the legends of the Feinn are the common property of the Gael, whether in Ireland, Scotland, or the Isle of Man." "They are located in Scottish topography time out of mind and within the last *400* years quite as rich a harvest of ballad and tale has been recorded in Scotland as in Ireland." "It is no doubt '*absurd*' to represent Fionn, whom Macpherson after Barbour (1375) calls Fingal as a mighty Caledonian monarch, at one time successfully fighting the Roman legions in the 3rd century, at another assisting Cuchullin, who lived in the beginning of the 1st century, to expel from Ireland the Norseman who made their appearance for the *first* time in the 8th century!"*

"Rarely does he make a definite statement of facts, but when he does he *blunders hopelessly* when he arms the old Gaels *with bows and arrows.*"

Macpherson is the most vague and abstract of writers: "Gaelic poets are *wearisome* in detail," etc. "In the opening of Book III. Cathloda, the author enquires regarding the origin of, and issue of things, but he is indebted for his answer to rather Bishop Berkeley, than to the son of Fionn."

"Macpherson was *not* a *Gaelic* scholar, and the fact is *considered conclusive proof* of his *inability* to compose the *Gaelic* text of Ossinn."

"The archaic orthography of the 7th Book of Temora was adduced by Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie as proof of the antiquity of the writing. But in his frequent use of the tenues (c.p.t.) instead of the mediae (g.d.b.), Macpherson merely *followed* Alexander Macdonald, who published his own poems 12 years previously." By the same *gifted* man he was led into the blunder of making *grian*, the sun, a masculine noun, contrary to invariable Gaelic usage, which has the sun, as well as the moon, of the feminine

* See Patrick MacGregor's "Genuine remains of Ossian," page 49.

†See the evidence of the Rev. Alex. Pope of Reay, regarding the hostility of the churches.—*Highland Society's Report.*

‡The "Encyclopædia Britannica" writes on somewhat similar lines.

§There is no certainty that "Padruig nan Salm," Patrick of the Psalms, to whom Ossian is said to have related some stories regarding the olden time, was St. Patrick, who established Christianity in Ireland. It was to one of the early Christian missionaries, whom the persecution of Dioclesian had driven beyond the pale of the Roman Empire, that he told his stories, but it within the region of possibility that if Fingal killed in *283* A.D., his son might have lived into 4th century.

* Irish tradition relates that centuries prior to the Christian era, Scandinavian rovers ruled the Western Isles.

gender."* "The truth seems to be that these so-called translations, were *essentially* the *compositions* of James Macpherson, and that the Gaelic texts *were prepared, with* or *without* aid from *his friends*, but *how* and *when* we *do not* know! The only man who could explain things died, and made no sign."

The intelligent reader will no doubt observe how skilfully legend and fable are here combined to poison the minds of the ignorant and unwary against the Ossianic poems. When the writer of the article in question remarks: "It must be allowed that this *truncated* Ossinn does *not* shew to advantage *in his native garb*," it leads a Gaelic-speaking man to conclude that he could neither read nor understand the language, or if he had an acquaintance with it, his soul must have been a blank so far as poetry is concerned. How is it that other great men, and poets too, could admire these poems. Robert Burns was passionately fond of them. Writing from the east coast, after returning from his Highland tour, he exclaims: "Warm as I am from the country of Ossian, where I have seen his very grave, what care I for fishing town or fertile carse." Napoleon Bonaparte was equally fond of them, and carried his admiration so far as to make the military tactics of Fingal—the leading hero of the poems — the model of his own generalship.† Goethe also admired them, and in his "Werther" gives the "Songs of Selma," and Schiller speaks of the "great nature of Ossian," besides many others. Now if these great minds could see beauty in them, what are we to think of the miserable creatures who condemn them as being destitute of all poetic merit—mere "bombast," "fustian," "turgid," "all through the invention is poor," "youthful immaturity,"‡ etc., etc.

(To be continued.)

*Alexander Macdonald was the best Gaelic scholar of his time. He and Macpherson never met.

†The copy he used to put under his pillow, when in camp, is still preserved in the archives of France.

‡So termed by Dr. Stern of Berlin.

THE REAL (OR REAY) MACKAY.

SIR.—As to how this standard expression first arose has never been satisfactorily explained in print, and it would be interesting if any of the clan could favour us with an account of the actual circumstances in which the expression arose. In a recent conversation I had with Josh Macrae, the Rannach Bard, he asserted it was a mere equivalent Sassenach corruption of the "Reay Mackay" first into the "rale" and then in the "real" Mackay.

Glen Devon. KENNETH MATHESON IX.

CRAIG ELACHIE.

["THERE are two rocks of the same name, one at each extremity of the country called Strath Spey, about thirty miles distant from each other. Each of these rocks is called *Craig Elachie*, "Rock of Alarm." Upon the approach of an enemy, the signal was given from the one to the other for all fit to bear arms to appear at an appointed place of rendezvous. Hence the Grants' motto, 'Stand fast, Craig Elachie! '"—*Beauties of Scotland—Inverness-shire.*]

HOW imposing must have been the flashing of the fiery cross in those troublous times down the broad valley of the Spey! and how well is the idea of unanimity communicated by the circumstance of both the boundary crags bearing the same name, as if all who dwelt within their limits had but one heart and soul!

The upper Craig Elachie, the more lofty of the two, commands a magnificent range of hill and valley, standing near Aviemore, at the head of the noble strath through which runs the river Spey. On this stream rises the lower Craig Elachie, at a point where the waters take a sudden bend and are curbed by a stately suspension bridge. The castellated style of this structure harmonises well with the sheer and rugged precipice that springs up behind its round, hollow towers. It was built very shortly before the remarkable floods of 1829, and was among the few bridges that withstood the destructive force of the swollen Spey.

The Clan Grant were not of the Jacobite faction in 1745; on the contrary, their chief was one of the warmest supporters of the cause of Hanover. Their sufferings began with the Disarming Act, a measure whose operation was not confined to the rebellious tribes. Although as effectual as its originators could wish in destroying the turbulent quarrels among the Highlanders, and reducing them to the state of harmless peasants, it produced the strongest feelings of shame and indignation in the free, proud spirit of the Gael. The loss of their weapons, and the prohibition of their national dress, were considered grievous affronts, to which, as their strength was too much broken to resist, the clans submitted with a sullen despair.

But the hand which dealt the death-blow to their old habits and affections was that of their own chiefs. After the final ruin of the Stewarts, the Highland proprietors experienced the usual influence of a state of ease and security. Being obliged to give up their former love of independence, a love of money crept in as its substitute; if they could no longer remain powerful rulers of a warlike people, they might become wealthy subjects of a peaceful state. They began to copy the southern and more lucrative mode of

farming; they ejected the small farmers, who had from time immemorial cultivated the land in small glebes, or occupied the fields with herds of cattle, and threw the whole extent of their possessions into large grazing sheep farms, under the management of agents from the south.

This plan brought the proprietor a great increase of income, but it was the ruin of the poor tenants, who were turned out to starve. With tastes and habits widely differing from the Lowlanders, the Gael, thus cruelly thrust from his native glens, became too frequently an idle and spiritless vagabond.

Those were fortunate who, by entering the army, found some outlet for the ardent energy of their youth. They made excellent soldiers; and every battlefield where British valour has shone, is bright with a memory of their deeds.

But thousands were left destitute and helpless. Emigration, that last resource of an impoverished population, was all that remained to them. They were unfitted by nature and education for the factory; but the vast forests of America offered a home and liberty as free as the wild animals themselves enjoyed. The beloved glens of their childhood could afford them neither of these blessings. Partly by public assistance, partly by their own exertions, the Highlanders went forth to an unknown world in the far West, and there they built themselves dwellings, and, like the patriarchs of old, "called the lands after their own names."

The following poem originated in a desire to shew the unflagging energy, as well as regretful remembrance, with which the Gael commenced his new career amid the savage solitudes of his Transatlantic home.

Blue are the hills above the Spey,
The rocks are red that line his way,
Green is the strath his waters lave,
And fresh the turf upon the grave,
Where sleep my sire and sisters three,
Where none are left to mourn for me:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

The roofs that sheltered me and mine
Hold strangers of a Sassenach line;
Our hamlet thresholds ne'er can shew
The friendly forms of long ago;
The rooks upon the old yew-tree
Would e'en have stranger notes to me:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

The cattle feeding on the hills,
We tended once o'er moors and rills,
Like us have gone; the silly sheep
Now fleck the brown sides of the steep,
And southern eyes their watchers be,
And Gaël and Sassenach ne'er agree:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Where are the elders of our glen,
Wise arbiters for mean men?
Where are the sportsmen keen of eye,
Who tracked the roe against the sky—
The quick of hand, of spirit free?
Passed, like a harper's melody:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Where are the maidens of our vale,
Those fair, frank daughters of the Gael?
Changed are they all, and changed the wife
Who dared for love the Indian's life;
The little child she bore to me
Sunk in the vast Atlantic sea:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Bare are the moors of broad Strathspey,
Shaggy the western forests grey;
Wild is the corri's autumn roar,
Wilder the floods of this far shore;
Dark are the crags of rushing Dee,
Darker the shades of Tenassee;
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Great rock, by which the Grant hath sworn,
Since first amid the mountains born;
Great rock, whose sterile granite heart
Knows not, like us, misfortune's smart;
The river sporting at thy knee,
On thy stern brow no change can see:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Stand fast on thine own Scottish ground,
By Scottish mountains flanked around,
Though we uprooted, cast away
From the warm bosom of Strathspey
Flung pining by its Western sea,
The exile's hopeless lot must dree:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Yet strong as thou the Grant shall rise,
Cleft from his clansmen's sympathies;
In these grim wastes new homes we'll rear,
New scenes shall wear old names so dear;
And while our axes fell the tree,
Resound old Scotia's minstrelsy:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Here can no treacherous chief betray,
For sordid gain, our new Strathspey;
No fearful king, no statesman pale,
Wrench the strong claymore from the Gael.
With armèd wrist and kilted knee,
No prairie Indian half so free:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

HERRING FISHERY.

THIS branch of our national commerce, the source of great wealth, gives employment to many thousands, and affords a cheap and excellent food to millions.

The name of this prolific and useful fish is derived from the German Heer, an army, a term descriptive of the prodigious numbers in which they appear; in Gaelic it is called Sgadan.

The shoal which proceeds from Iceland, occupies an extent of surface equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland. It reaches the shores of

these kingdoms about the middle of June, and dividing, one division proceeds southwards by the east coast, as far as Great Yarmouth, while the other passes by the Hebrides and west coast of Scotland, to Ireland and Wales. They are in full roe until the end of June, and are in good condition until the beginning of winter, when they begin to deposit their spawn and disappear from the southern seas, retiring, it is supposed, to their native haunts in the polar ocean.

The Dutch have obtained the credit of being the first to engage in the herring fishing, and they have for centuries enjoyed the best part of it; but there is good reason to believe that the inhabitants of Britain had devoted their attention to it at an earlier period. From Anderson's "History of Commerce," it appears that traders from the Netherlands resorted to Scotland in 836. for the purchase of salted fish; and in the "Annals of Batavia," it is recorded that the Scots were accustomed to sell their herrings there in the ninth century, a traffic which led to a commercial alliance, which long subsisted, between the two countries. The Dutch, who date their regular fishing from 1163, nevertheless, appear to have acquired a sort of monopoly of the herring fishery, while it became much neglected by the Scots. To revive this trade, King James III., considering it "expedient for

"A FRIENDLY CRACK" ABOUT THE COUNTRY NEWS.

the common good of the realm, and great increase of riches," enacted, in 1471, that certain lords, spiritual and temporal, and burghs, should make or procure "ships, busses, and other pink boats, with nets, etc., for fishing." This was confirmed by James IV., when the burghs were ordered to provide ships and boats of not less than twenty tons, with nets and all other necessaries, according to the substance of each burgh. Subsequently the attempt was made to establish towns in the Highlands for the promotion of fishing, which, after many years' perseverance by the "Undertakers," or barons and gentlemen, empowered for the purpose, in the island of Lewis, was ultimately frustrated by the opposition of the Highlanders.

It has been remarked by the author of "Caledonia," that no encouragement has induced the Celtic race, in Ireland, Wales, or Scotland, to enter with spirit into the fisheries, for which their coasts are so favourable; the herring is, however, so desultory in its habits, that the Highlanders may be unjustly blamed, for sometimes a loch, or tract of coast, will be entirely deserted for years; neither does it appear that in other portions of the empire have even bounties and privileges produced greater enterprise. The herring fishery has been regulated by many Acts of the Legislature; but the first bounty on the exportation of herrings was granted by the Scottish Parliament in 1705.

The Highland Society of Scotland, with

characteristic patriotism, charged itself with the duty of framing a bill for the revival of this important branch of employment, which was passed in 1808, and by the encouragement given by subsequent regulations, and the services of the Board for Fisheries, etc,, it has since been prosecuted with spirit.

The art of curing herrings is supposed to have been discovered by William Beukelings, a Dutchman, who died in 1397; but there is reason to believe he was only an improver on the art, for from 1306 to 1360, the herring fair and fishery of Yarmouth formed a great branch of its trade; and, in 1313, a ship of Lynn, a neighbouring town, was captured, which had been fishing for herrings on the Norwegian coast.

The herrings on the west coast are not so plentiful, but are much superior to those of the east; and, as the season commences, the Highlanders pass round in great numbers, when the town of Wick, in Caithness, the most noted place of resort, presents a highly animated appearance. When multitudes of boats from both north and south are collected, the scene is singular and pleasing. In the northern latitudes, a dim twilight continues during the mid-summer nights, and the boats are often within hail of each other. The stillness is broken by the occasional mirth of the crews, or the plaintive Iorrams, or boat songs of the West Highlanders, whose thoughts are of their distant home and the relatives and friends they have there left.

When the boats arrive with their cargoes, which are reckoned by crans, or barrelfuls, the fish to be cured have the entrails taken out by a particular nip, leaving the melt and roe; but they are not opened, as several of the most esteemed Encyclopedias describe; they are then put into a strong brine, where they are allowed to remain from twelve to sixteen hours, and when taken out are well drained, and packed closely on their backs, in a circular form, the cooper finishing the process by putting in the heads of the barrels very tightly. This is called the White pickle. Red herrings must be kept in the salt water twenty-four hours, they are then strung by the head on wooden spits, and placed, to the number of many thousands, in chimneys, where brushwood, or turf, is kindled on the floor, and managed so as to give a great deal of smoke without flame, from which is derived their peculiar flavour and colour. They are generally dry in about twenty-four hours, when they are put into barrels for keeping. These barrels will hold from 500 to 800 fish.

The sketch was taken on the side of Loch nan Uagh, in Arisaig, and the male figure is that of a man not more experienced as a fisher than notorious as a smuggler; and it is said that in barrels, such as represented, he has at times contrived to convey without detection, a keg of good poit du', or whiskey, concealed among the fish. A curious circumstance had occurred at the time the artist made his drawing. The fishermen having one night caught a young whale, the old one making its appearance, attacked the boats furiously, and continued in the loch for some days, so that without harpoons or other weapon they could not venture on an attack. The group represents an idle peasantry, in their usual costume, having at the time no avocation to withdraw them from 'a friendly crack' about the country news.

It is a matter of just complaint that the Dutch should be allowed to fish so near the coasts, and drive a lucrative trade on our very shores; it indicates a laxity in the enforcement of the international laws, which regulate the mutual rights of different countries.

THE CUCKOO.—DO 'N CHUTHAG.

Translated from the Gaelic of Dr. John Maclachlan of Rahoy, Parish of Morven, Argyleshire, Scotland. "Coisir-Chiuil" page 21. "An T-Oranaiche" page 139.

All hail! blue songster of the glens,
Whose plaintive wild notes welling
Bring solace to my bosom when
My heart with grief is swelling.
Oh! sweet thy voice on Beltane morn,
From branch and bower calling;
Or when at gloamin's witching hour
The tears of night are falling.

Oh! where's thy home when winter's storms
Across our hills are sweeping?
Art thou where tropic bowers the air
With fragrance rare is steeping?
But whereso'er thou bide, sweet bird,
No grief or gloom will tarry,
For well thy haunts, the forests green,
Proclaim thy heart is cheerie.

And though thou fly our wint'ry skies
For strands with summer burning,
The Highland hills, when spring the flowers,
Will see thee back returning;
But when with my own native glen
The ties of life I sever,
My heart on Morven's bonnie braes
Will aye be still'd for ever.

Ohio, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

PAN-CELTIC CONGRESS AT CAERNARVON.—The Highland Mòd will probably be represented by Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Elderslie, and Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness, the latter having been invited to take part in the musical functions. In his hands our Gaelic melodies will have every justice done them.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

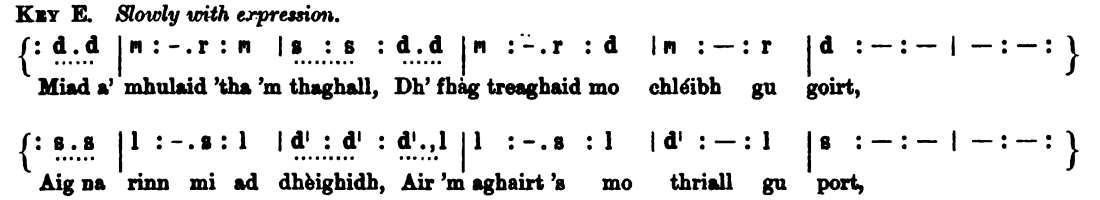
"ORAIN MOR MHIC-LEOID" was composed by Roderick Morrison, the famous blind harper, who was born in Lewis in 1646. He was sent to Inverness to be educated, and there he took smallpox, and through the virulence of the disease lost his eyesight, hence his designation of "An Clàrsair dall." In 1664 he was appointed harper to John Breac Macleod XVI. of Dunvegan, and was granted rent free a farm at Totamore, Glenelg. In this capacity he remained till he was removed by John Breac's successor. The song now submitted is said to have been composed on his being evicted from his farm by the new chief, and while on his way home to Lewis. The song takes the form of a duet between the bard and "Mac-Talla" (echo). The bard died at a good old age and was buried in the old churchyard of Uy, near Stornoway.

The melody is one which lends itself to considerable expression, when sung by one familiar with the words and capable of entering into the spirit of the song. The complete song will be found in MacKenzie's 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.'

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

ORAIN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

KEY E. *Slowly with expression.*



Tha MacTalla fo ghruaim
  Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheòil,
'S ionad taghaich nan cliar,
  Gu aighear, gun mhiadh gun phòit;
Gun mhire 's gun mhùirn
  Gun iomracha dlùth nan còrn;
Gun chuirm gur phailteas ri daimh
  Gun mhacnas gun mhànran beòil.

Chaidh a' chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
  Gu'n do thionndaidh gu fuachd am blàths
Nàile chunna mi uair
  Dùn flathail nan cuach a thràigh
Far 'm biodh taghaich nan duan,
  Ioma' mathas gun chruas, gun chàs,
Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuainn
  'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fàs.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-Tall' as an Dùn,
  'N am sgarachdainn duinn r' ar triath;
'S ann a thachair e rium
  Air seachran bheann 'san t-aliabh.
Labhair esan air thùs :—
  "Math mo bharail gur tu ma's flor,
Chunna mise fo mhùirn,
  Roimh'n uiridh an Dùn nan cliar."

CLARSAIR.

A Mhic-Talla nan tur
  'Se mo bharail gur tusa bha
Ann an teaghlach an fhìon',
  'S tu 'g aithris air gnìomh mo làmh.

MAC TALLA.

'S math mo bharail gur mi
  S cha b' urasd' dhomh bhi mo thàmh;
'G éisdeachd faruim gach ceòil,
  Ann am fochar Mhic Leòid an àigh.

'S mi Mac-Talla bha uair
  'G éisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh:
Far 'm bu mhùirneach am beus,
  'N am cromadh do'n ghréin 'san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmeil na seòid,
  'S iad gu h-òranach ceòlmhor cluich;
Ged nach faicte mo ghnuis
  Chluinnt' aca 's an Dùn mo ghuth.

'N am éirigh gu moch
  Anns an teaghlach gun sproc gun ghruaim
Chluinnte gleadhraich nan dos,
  'S an céile na' cois o'n t-suain,
'Nuair a ghabhadh i làn.
  'Si gu'n cuireadh os n-àird na fhuair,
Le meoir fhileanta, bhinn,
  'S iad gu ruith-leumach dionach luath.