

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

WE are in a west coast village or township, cut off from all communication with the outer world, without Steamers, Railways, or even Roads. We grow our own corn, and produce our beef, our mutton, our butter, our cheese, and our wool. We do our own carding, our spinning, and our weaving. We marry and are taken in marriage by, and among, our own kith and kin. In short, we are almost entirely independent of the more civilized and more favoured south. The few articles we do not produce—tobacco and tea,—our local merchant, the only one in a district about forty square miles in extent, carries on his back, once a month or so, from the Capital of the Highlands. We occasionally indulge in a little whisky at Christmas and the New Year, at our weddings and our balls. We make it too, and we make it well. The Salmon Fishery Acts are, as yet, not strictly enforced, and we can occasionally shoot—sometimes even in our gardens—and carry home, without fear of serious molestation, the monarch of the forest. We are not overworked. We live plainly but well, on fresh fish, potatoes and herring, porridge and milk, beef and mutton, eggs, butter, and cheese. Modern pickles and spices are as unknown as they are unnecessary. True, our houses are built not according to the most modern principles of architecture. They are, in most cases, built of undressed stone and moss (*coinneach*), thatched with turf or divots, generally covered over with straw or ferns held on by a covering of old herring nets, straw, and rope, or *siaman*.

The houses are usually divided into three apartments—one door in the byre end leading to the whole. Immediately we enter we find ourselves among the cattle. A stone wall, or sometimes a partition of clay and straw separates the byre from the kitchen. Another partition, usually of a more elegant description, separates the latter from the *Culaist* or sleeping apartment. In the centre of the kitchen a pavement of three or four feet in diameter is laid, slightly raised towards the middle, on which is placed the peat fire. The smoke, by a kind of instinct peculiar to peat smoke, finds its way to a hole in the roof called the *falas*, and makes its escape. The fire in the centre of the room was almost a necessity of the good old *Ceilidh* days. When the people congregated in the evening, the circle could be extended to the full capacity of the room, and occasionally it became necessary to have a circle within a circle. A few extra peats on the fire would, at any time, by the additional heat produced, cause an extension of the circle, and at the same time send its warming influences to the utmost recesses of the apartment. The circle became extended by merely pushing back the seats, and this arrangement became absolutely necessary in the houses which were most celebrated as the great *Ceilidh* centres of the district.

The *Ceilidh* rendezvous is the house in which all the Folk-lore of the country, all the old *sgeulachdan* or stories, the ancient poetry known

to the bards or *Seanachaidhean*, and old riddles and proverbs are recited from night to night by old and young. All who took an interest in such questions congregated in the evening in these centres of song and story. They were also great centres of local industry. Net-making was the staple occupation, at which the younger members of the circle had to take a spell in turn. Five or six nets were attached in different corners of the apartment to a chair, a bedstead or post set up for the purpose, and an equal number of young gossippers nimbly plied their fingers at the rate of a pound of yarn a day. Thus, a large number of nets were turned out during the winter months, the proceeds of which, when the nets were not made for the members of the household, went to pay for tobacco and other luxuries for the older and most necessitous members of the circle.

With these preliminary remarks we shall now introduce the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* to the most famous *Ceilidh* house in the district, and ask them to follow us from month to month while we introduce the principal members of the celebrated circle. We shall make each re-appear in these pages to repeat their old stories, recite old poems, never published elsewhere, propound riddles, and in this way we shall be able to lay before our readers a vast amount of the legends, clan feuds, and traditional family history, connected with the Highlands, a large amount of unpublished poetry, *duans*, riddles, proverbs, and Highland customs. It will be necessary to give a great part in the original Gaelic, especially the poetry; but translations of the legends, riddles, and proverbs, will be given when convenient.

The house is such as we have above described. The good-man is bordering upon five-score. He is a bard of no mean order, often delighting his circle of admiring friends with his own compositions, as well as with those of Ossian and other ancient bards. He holds a responsible office in the church, is ground-officer for the laird as well as family bard. He possesses the only Gaelic New Testament in the district. He lives in the old house with three sons whose ages range from 75 to 68, all full of Highland song and story, especially the youngest two—John and Donald. When in the district, drovers from Lochaber, Badenoch, and all parts of the Highlands find their way to this noted *Ceilidh* house. Bards, itinerants of all sorts, travelling tinkers, pipers, fiddlers, and mendicants, who loved to hear or tell a good story, recite an old poem or compose a modern one—all come and are well received among the regular visitors in the famous establishment. As we proceed, each of the strangers and local celebrities will recite their own tales, not only those of their own districts but also those picked up in their wanderings throughout the various parts of the country.

It was a condition never deviated from, that every one in the house took some part in the evening's performance, with a story, a poem, a riddle, or a proverb. This rule was not only wholesome, but one which became almost a necessity to keep the company select, and the house from becoming overcrowded. A large oak chair was placed in a particular spot—"where the sun rose"—the occupant of which had to commence the evening's entertainment when the company assembled, the con-

sequence being that this seat, although one of the best in the house, was usually the last occupied; and in some cases, when the house was not overcrowded, it was never taken up at all. In the latter case the one who sat next to it on the left, had to commence the evening's proceedings.

It was no uncommon thing to see one of the company obliged to coin something for the occasion when otherwise unprepared. On one occasion the bard's grandson happened to find himself in the oak chair, and was called upon to start the night's entertainment. Being in his own house he was not quite prepared for the unanimous and imperative demand made upon him to carry out the usual rule, or leave the room. After some hesitation, and a little private humming in an undertone, he commenced, however, a rythmical description of his grandfather's house, which is so faithful that, we think, we cannot do better than give it here, although chronologically it should be given further on. The picture was complete, and brought down the plaudits of the house upon the "young bard" as he was henceforth designated.

#### TIGH MO SHEANAIR.

An cuala sibh riamh mu'n tigh aig I——r  
'S ann air tha'n deanamh tha ciallach ceart  
'S iomadh bliadhna o'n chaidh a dheanamh  
Ach 's mor as fhiach e ged tha e sean  
Se duine ciallach chuir ceanna-criche air  
'S gur mor am pianadh a fhuair a phears  
Le clachan mora ga'n cuir an ordugh,  
'S *Sament* da choinutich ga'n cumail ceart.

Tha dorus mor air ma choinneamh 'n-otraich  
'Us cloidhean oir air ga chumail glaist  
Tha uinneag chinn air ma choinneamh 'n teintean  
'Us *screen* side oirre 'dh-fhodar glas;  
Tha'n ceann a bhan deth o bheul an fhalais  
A deanamh baithach air son a chruidh  
S gur cubhraidh am faladh a thig gu laidir  
O leid, na batha 'sa ghamhuinn duibh.

Tha catha 's culaist ga dheanamh dubailt  
'S gur mor an urnais tha anns an tigh  
Tha seidhir-ghairdean da dharach laidir  
'Us siaman ban air ga chumail ceart,  
Tha lota lair ann, da ghrèbhail cathair  
'S cha chaith 's cha chnamh e gu brath n' am feasd  
Tha carpad mor air da luath na moine  
'S *upstairs* ceo ann le cion na *vent*.

Tha sparan suite o thaobh gu taobh ann  
'Us ceangail luibte gan cumail ceart  
Tha tuthain chaltuinn o cheann gu ceann deth  
'Us maide slabhraidh 's gur mor a neart,  
Tha lathais laidir o bheul an fhail air,  
Gu ruig am falas sgur mor am fad,  
Tha ropan siamain 'us pailteas lion air  
'S mar eil e dionach cha 'n eil mi ceart.

On one occasion, on a dark and stormy winter's night, the lightning flashing through the heavens, the thunder clap loud and long, the wind blowing furiously, and heavy dark ominous clouds gathering in the north-west, the circle had already gathered, and almost every seat was occupied. It was the evening of the day of one of the local cattle markets. Three men came in, two of them well-known drovers or cattle buyers who had visited the house on previous occasions, the other a gentleman



who had, some time previously, arrived and taken up his quarters in the district. No one knew who he was, where he came from, or what his name was. There were all sorts of rumours floating amongst the inhabitants regarding him; that he had committed some crime, and escaped from justice; that he was a gentleman of high estate, who had fallen in love with a lowly maiden and run away to spite his family for objecting to the alliance; and various other surmises. He was discovered to be a gentleman and a scholar, and particularly frank and free in his conversation with the people about everything except his own history and antecedents, and was a walking encyclopædia of all kinds of legendary lore connected with the southern parts of the country. His appearance caused quite a flutter among the assembled rustics. He was, however, heartily welcomed by the old bard and members of the circle, and was offered a seat a little to the left of the oak arm chair. It was soon found that he was a perfect master of Gaelic as well as English. It was also found on further acquaintance, during many subsequent visits, that he never told a story or legend without a preliminary introduction of his own, told in such a manner as to add immensely to the interest of the tale.

“*Coinnichidh na daoine ri cheile ach cha choinnich na cruic*”—(Men will meet each other, but hills will never meet), said *Ruairidh Mor a Chnuic*, who, on this occasion, found himself in the Oak Chair. “Very true,” said the next man to the left. “*Cuiridh an teanga snaim nach t-fhuasgail an fhiacaill*”—(The tongue will tie a knot which the tooth cannot loosen). “Let some one give us a story.” “*Cha robh sgialach nach robh briagach*”—(He who is a good story-teller is also a good retailer of lies), says Callum a Ghlinne, or Malcolm of the Glen, an excellent story-teller when he liked. “I’ll give you a riddle though, and perhaps we may get a *sgeulachd* from the stranger, the gentleman, on my left,” “*An rud nach eil ’s nach robh, ’s nach bi’ sin do laimh ’us chi thu e*”—(What is not, never was, and never will be, stretch forth your hand and you’ll see it). This was soon answered by the younger members—“*Bar na meur uileadh an aon fhad*”—(The points of the fingers the same length). It now comes the turn of the romantic stranger, who shall in these pages be known as “Norman of the Yacht.” He was in no way put out, consented; and immediately began the Legend, of which, and his introductory remarks, the following is a translation:—

#### THE SPELL OF CADEOLL.

In olden days the east coast of Scotland was studded with fortresses, which, like a crescent chain of sentinels, watched carefully for the protection of their owners and their dependents. The ruins remain and raise their hoary heads over valley and stream, river bank and sea shore, along which nobles, and knights, and followers “boden in effeyre-weir” went gallantly to their fates; and where in the Highlands many a weary drove followed from the foray, in which they had been driven far from Lowland pastures or distant glens, with whose inhabitants a feud existed. Could the bearded warriors, who once thronged these halls awake, they would witness many a wonderful change since the half-forgotten days when they lived and loved, revelled, and fought, conquered, or sustained defeat. Where the bearer of the Crann-tara or fiery cross once rushed

along on his hasty errand, the lightning of heaven now flashes by telegraphic wires to the farthest corners of the land. Through the craggie passes, and along the level plains, marked centuries ago with scarce a bridle path, the mighty steam horse now thunders over its iron road ; and where seaward once swam the skin *curach*, or the crazy fleets of diminutive war galleys, and tiny merchant vessels with their fantastic prows and sterns, and carved mast-heads, the huge hull of the steam propelled ship now breasts the waves that dash against the rugged headlands, or floats like a miniature volcano, with its attendant clouds of smoke obscuring the horizon.

The Parish of Fearn in Easter Ross contains several antiquities of very distant date. One of these shattered relics, Castle Cadboll, deserves notice on account of a singular tradition regarding it, once implicitly credited by the people—namely, that although inhabited for ages no person ever died within its walls. Its magical quality did not, however, prevent its dwellers from the suffering of disease, or the still more grievous evils attending on debility and old age. Hence many of the denizens of the castle became weary of life, particularly the Lady May, who lived there centuries ago, and who being long ailing, and longing for death, requested to be carried out of the building to die.

Her importunity at length prevailed ; and according to the tradition, no sooner did she leave it than she expired.

Castle Cadboll is situated on the sea shore, looking over the broad ocean towards Norway. From that country, in the early ages of Scottish history, came many a powerful Jarl, or daring Vikingr, to the coasts, which, in comparison with their own land, seemed fertile and wealthy. There is a tradition of a Highland clan having sprung from one of those adventurers, who with his brother agreed that whoever should first touch the land would possess it by right.

The foremost was the ultimate ancestor of the tribe ; his boat was almost on shore, when the other, by a vigorous stroke, shot a-head of him ; but ere he could disembark, the disappointed competitor, with an exclamation of rage, cut off his left hand with his hatchet, and flinging the bloody trophy on the rocks, became, by thus “first touching Scottish ground,” the owner of the country and founder of the clan. The perfect accuracy of this story cannot now be vouched for ; but it is an undeniable fact that the clan MacLeod have successfully traced their origin to a Norwegian source ; and there is a probability that the claim is correct from the manifestly Norwegian names borne by the founders of the Clan *Tormod* and *Torquil*, hence the *Siol Tormod*—the race of Tormod—the MacLeods of Harris ; and the *Siol Torquil*, the race of *Torquil*—MacLeods of Lewis—of whom came the MacLeods of Assynt, one of whom betrayed Montrose in 1650, and from whom the estates passed away in the end of the seventeenth century to the Mackenzies.

The MacLeods of Cadboll are cadets of the house of Assynt. But to what branch the Lady May of the legend belonged it is difficult to decide, so many changes having occurred among Highland proprietors.

The cliffs of this part of Ross-shire are wild and precipitous, sinking with a sheer descent of two hundred feet to the ocean. The scenery is

more rugged than beautiful—little verdure and less foliage. Trees are stunted by the bitter eastern blast, and the soil is poor. Alders are, however, plentiful, and from them the parish has derived its name of Fearn. There is a number of caves in the cliffs along the shore towards Tarbet, where the promontory is bold, and crowned with a lighthouse, whose flickering rays are now the only substitute for the wonderful gem which was said of yore to sparkle on the brow of one of these eastern cliffs,—a bountiful provision of nature for the succour of the wave-tossed mariner.

During the reign of one of the early Stuart kings, *which* is of little moment, Roderick MacLeod ruled with a high and lordly hand within the feudal stronghold of Cadboll. He was a stout and stern knight, whose life had been spent amidst the turmoil of national warfare and clan strife.

Many a battle had he fought, and many a wound received since first he buckled on his father's sword for deadly combat. Amid the conflicting interests which actuated each neighbouring clan—disagreement on any one of which rendered an immediate appeal to arms, the readiest mode of solving the difficulty—it is not to be wondered at that Cadboll, as a matter of prudence, endeavoured to attach to himself, by every means in his power, those who were most likely to be serviceable and true. MacLeod had married late in life, and his wife dying soon after, while on a visit to her mother, left behind her an only daughter, who was dear as the apple of his eye to the old warrior, but, at the same time, he had no idea of any one connected with him having any freedom of will or exercise of opinion—save what he allowed—nor did he believe women's hearts were less elastic than his own, which he could bend to any needful expedient. About the period our story commences the Lady May was nearly eighteen years of age, a beautiful and gentle girl, whose hand was sought by many a young chief of the neighbouring clans; but all unsuccessfully, for the truth was she already loved, and was beloved, in secret, by young Hugh Munro from the side of Ben Wyvis.

The favoured of the daughter was not the choice of her father, simply because he was desirous to secure the aid of the Macraes, a tribe occupying Glenshiel, remarkable for great size and courage, and known in history as "the wild Macraes." The chief—Macrae of Inverinate, readily fell in with the views of MacLeod, and as the time fixed for his marriage with the lovely Lady May drew nigh, gratified triumph over his rival Munro, and hate intense as a being of such fierce passions could feel, glowed like a gleaming light in his fierce grey eyes.

"Once more," he said, "I will to the mountains to find him before the bridal. There shall be no chance of a leman crossing my married life, and none to divide the love Inverinate shall possess entire. By my father's soul, but the boy shall rue the hour he dared to cross my designs. Yes, rue it, for I swear to bring him bound to witness my marriage, and then hang him like a skulking wild cat on Inverinate green."

It was nightfall as he spoke thus. Little he knew that at the same moment Hugh Munro was sitting beneath the dark shadows of the alder trees, {which grew under the window of the little chamber where May



MacLeod was weeping bitterly over the sad fate from which she could see no way of escape. As she sat thus the soft cry of the cushat fell upon her ears. Intently she listened for a few moments, and when it was repeated stepped to the window and opened it cautiously, leaning forth upon the sill. Again the sound stole from among the foliage, and May peered down into the gloom, but nothing met her gaze save the shadows of the waving branches upon the tower wall.

"It is his signal," she whispered to herself as the sound was repeated once more. "Ah me! I fear he will get himself into danger on account of these visits, and yet I cannot—I cannot bid him stay away."

She muffled herself in a dark plaid, moved towards the door, opened it cautiously, and listening with dread, timidly ventured down to meet her lover.

"I must and will beg him to-night to stay away in future" continued she, as she tripped cautiously down the narrow winding stair—"and yet to stay away? Ah me, it is to leave me to my misery; but it must be done, unkind as it may be, otherwise he will assuredly be captured and slain, for I fear Macrae suspects our meetings are not confined to the day and my father's presence."

After stealing through many dark passages, corridors, and staircases, in out-of-the-way nooks, she emerged into the open air, through a neglected postern shadowed by a large alder, opposite the spot from which the sound proceeded.

Again she gazed into the shadow, and there leaning against a tree growing on the edge of the crag she saw a tall slender figure. Well she knew the outlines of that form, and fondly her heart throbbed at the sound of the voice which now addressed her.

"Dearest," said the young Munro in a low tone, "I thought thou wouldst never come. I have been standing here like a statue against the trunk of this tree for the last half-hour watching for one blink of light from thy casement. But it seems thou preferrest darkness. Ah May, dear May, cease to indulge in gloomy forebodings."

"Would that I could, Hugh," she answered sadly. "What thoughts but gloomy ones can fill my mind when I am ever thinking of the danger you incur by coming here so often, and thinking too of the woeful fate to which we are both destined."

"Think no more of it" said her lover in a cheerful tone. "We have hope yet."

"Alas, there is no hope. Even this day my father hath fixed the time for—to me—this dreaded wedding? And thou Hugh, let this be our last meeting—*Mar tha mi!* our last in the world. Wert thou caught by Inverinate, he so hates thee, he would have thy life by the foulest means."

"Fear not for that dearest. And this bridal! Listen May, before that happen the eagle will swoop down and bear thee away to his free mountains, amid their sunny glens and bosky woods, to love thee darling as no other mortal, and certainly none of the Clan-'ic-Rathmhearlaich has heart to do."

"Ah me!" sighed May, "would that it could be so. I cannot leave my father until all other hope is gone, and yet I fear if I do not we are fated to be parted. Even this may be the last time we may meet. I warn thee, Hugh, I am well watched, and I beg you will be careful. Hush! was that a footfall in the grove below the crag?" and she pointed to a clump of trees at some distance under where they were standing, and on the path by which he would return.

"By my troth it may be so," said he. "Better, dear May, retire to your chamber and I shall remain here till you bid me good night from your window."

Again they listened, and again the rustling met their ears distinctly. It ceased, and the maiden bidding her mountain lover a fond good night, ascended to her chamber, while he disdaining to be frightened away by sound, moved to his former position below the alder tree. Seating himself at its root, with his eyes fixed on the window, in a voice low but distinct, he sang to one of the sweet sad lays of long ago, a ditty to his mistress, of which the following paraphrase will convey an idea:—

"Oh darling May, my promised bride,  
List to my love—come fly with me,  
Where down the dark Ben Wyvis side  
The torrent dashes wild and free,  
O'er sunny glen and forest brake!;  
O'er meadow green and mountain grand;  
O'er rocky gorge and gleaming lake—  
Come,—reign, the lady of the land.

Come cheer my lonely mountain home,  
Where gleams the lake, where rills dance bright;  
Where flowers bloom fair—come dearest come  
And light my dark and starless night.  
One witching gleam from thy bright eye  
Can change to halls of joy my home!  
One song, one softly uttered sigh,  
Can cheer my lone heart—dearest come."

The moment the song ceased the fair form of May MacLeod appeared at the casement overhead, she waved a fond farewell to her mountain minstrel and closed the window; but the light deprived of her fair face had no charm for him—he gazed once more at the pane through which it beamed like a solitary star, amid the masses of foliage, and was turning away when he found a heavy hand laid on his shoulder.

"Stay," exclaimed the intruder in a deep stern voice, whose tone the young chief knew but too well. "Thou hast a small reckoning to discharge ere thou go, my good boy. I am Macrae."

"And I," answered the other, "am Hugh Munro, what seek'st thou from me?"

"That thou shalt soon know, thou skulking hill cat," answered Macrae throwing his unbuckled sword belt and scabbard on the ground and advancing with extended weapon.

"Indeed! then beware of the wild cat's spring," Munro promptly replied, giving a sudden bound which placed him inside the guard of his antagonist, whose waist he instantly encircled within his sinewy arms with the design of hurling him over the crag on which they stood. The



struggle was momentary. Munro, struck to the heart with Macrae's dagger, fell with May's loved name on his lips, while Macrae, staggering over the height in the act of falling, so wounded himself by his own weapon as to render his future life one of helpless manhood and bitter mental regret.

MacLeod was soon after slain in one of the many quarrels of the time, while his daughter May, the sorrowing heiress of the broad lands of Cadboll, lived on for fifty years one long unrelieved day of suffering.

Fifty years! Alas for the mourner—spring succeeded winter, and summer spring, but no change of season lightened May MacLeod's burden! Fifty years! year by year passing away only brought changes to those who lived under her gentle sway, and among the dependents of her home; youth passed into age, young men and maidens filled the places of the valued attendants of her girlhood; but the Lady—solitary—still a mourner, in her feudal tower grew old and bent, thin and wan, and still in her heart the love of her youth bloomed fresh for her betrothed.

And then disease laid hold of her limbs—paralyzed—unable to move, she would fain have died, but the spell of Cadboll was on her—death could not enter within its walls.

Sickness and pain, care and grief, disappointment, trust betrayed, treachery and all the ills which life is heir to, all might and did enter there. Death alone was barred without.

Sadly her maidens listened to her heart breaking appeals, to the spirit of Munro, her unwed husband, the murdered bridegroom of her young life, to come to her aid from the land of shadows and of silence. They knew her story of the fifty years of long ago, and they pitied and grieved with her, wondering at the constancy of her woman's heart.

Still more sadly did they listen to her appeals to be carried out from the castle to the edge of the precipice where the power of the spell ceased, there to look for, meet and welcome death; but they knew not the story of the spell, and they deemed her mad with grief.

Terrified at last by her appeals to the dead, with whom she seemed to hold continual conversation, and who seemed to be present in the chamber with them, though unseen, and partly, at length, worn out with her unceasing importunities, and partly to gratify the whim, as they considered it, of the sufferer, tremblingly they agreed to obey her requests and to carry her forth to the edge of the cliff. A frightened band, they bore the Lady May, lying on her couch, smiling with hope and blessing them for thus consenting. Over the threshold, over the drawbridge, her eyes fixed on the heavens, brightened as they proceeded. Hope flushed with hectic glow upon her pale suffering face, grateful thanks broke from her lips. Hastening their steps they passed through the gate, wound along the hill side, and as the broad expanse of ocean with the fresh wind curling it into wavelets burst upon the sight, a flash of rapture beamed on her countenance; a cry of joy rushed from her pallid lips—their feeble burden grew heavier. A murmur of welcoming delight was uttered to some glorious presence, unseen by the maidens, and all became hushed eternally. The Lady May

lay on her couch a stiffening corpse. The spell of Cadboll had been broken at last. A MacLeod inhabited it no more, and decay and ruin seized on the hoary pile of which now scarcely a vestige remains to tell of the former extent and feudal strength of Castle Cadboll.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE OLD CLAYMORE.

This is the claymore that my ancestors wielded,  
 This is the old blade that oft smote the proud foe ;  
 Beneath its bright gleam all of home hath been shielded,  
 And oft were our title-deeds signed with its blow.  
 Its hilt hath been circled by valorous fingers ;  
 Oft, oft hath it flashed like a mountaineer's ire,  
 Around it a halo of beauty still lingers  
 That lights up the tale which can ever inspire.

The Highland Claymore ! The old Highland Claymore,  
 Gleams still like the fire of a warrior's eye,  
 Tho' hands of the dauntless will grasp it no more—  
 Disturb it not now, let it peacefully lie.

It twinkled its love for the bold chieftain leading,  
 It shone like a star on the moon-lighted heath ;  
 As lightning in anger triumphantly speeding  
 Its keen edge hath swept on the pinions of death :  
 Wild-breathing revenge o'er the corse of a kinsman,  
 Dark-vowing their ancient renown to maintain ;  
 Its sheen hath been dimmed by the lips of brave clansmen,  
 Unwiped till the foe was exultingly slain.

The Highland Claymore ! The old Highland Claymore, &c.

It baffled the Norseman and vanquished the Roman,  
 'Twas drawn for the Bruce and the old Scottish throne,  
 It victory bore over tyrannous foemen,  
 For Freedom had long made the weapon her own.  
 It swung for the braw Chevalier and Prince Charlie,  
 'Twas stained at Drummoissie with Sassenach gore :  
 It sleeps now in peace, a dark history's ferlie,  
 Oh ! ne'er may be wakened the Highland Claymore.

The Highland Claymore ! The old Highland Claymore, &c.

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

[CONTINUED.]

—o—

ON the conclusion of the "Spell of Cadboll" Norman received the hearty and unanimous congratulations of the circle. The frail old bard, pulling himself together, got up, went across the room, and shook him heartily with both hands. This special honour was a most unusual one. It was clear that *Alastair* was just in the mood when a little persuasion would suffice to get him to recite one of his own compositions. This he was generally very chary of doing, but Norman getting the hint from one of his immediate neighbours to ask the bard a special favour on this occasion at once begged the honour of hearing one of the bard's compositions from his own lips. The venerable old man bent himself forward, began to work the fingers of both hands and beat time on his leg as on a chanter, humming a quiet *cronan*. This was his usual practice when composing or reciting poetry, and it was at once seen that he would consent. "I will give you," says he, "a *Marbh-rann*, or Elegy which no one ever heard, and which I have recently composed to the late 'Baillie Hector' of Dingwall, a son of my late esteemed friend 'Letterewe,' on condition that you, Sir, will give us another story when I am done. Norman at once agreed, and the bard commenced as follows:—

## M A R B H R A N N.

DO BHAILIDH EACHAINN, INBHIR-FEOTHARAN, MAC FEAR LEITIR-IUGH.

—o—

AIR FONN—"S mi 'm shuidhe 'm 'onar."

O 's truagh an sgeula tha 'n diugh ri fheutainn,  
Thug gal air ceudan a measg an t-sluaigh,  
Mu Eachainn gleusta 'bha fearail, feumail,  
Gun da ghlac an t-eug thu a threun-laoich chruaidh :  
'S mor bron do Chinnidh, mar eoin na tuinne  
Tha 'n cronan duilich 's an ullaidh uath  
'S bho nach duisg an gair thu, 's nach cluinn thu 'n gailich,  
Se chlaoidh do chairdean do bhas cho luath.

Tha do chairdean cianal, tha bron da' lionadh,  
Tha 'n inntinn pianail bho n' ghlac thu 'm bas,  
'S iad a ghnath fuidh thiorachd 's nach faigh iad sgial ort,  
Ach thu bhi iosal an ciste chlar  
Bu tu ceann na riaghailt 'us lamh na fialachd,  
A sheoid gun fhiaradh, gun ghiamh gun sgath,  
'Sa nis bho 'n thrìall thu, 's sinn lan dha d' iargan,  
'S nach eil 's na crìochan fear a lionas d' ait.

Bha d' aite miaghail 's gach cas an iarrr' thu,  
A reir mo sgiala bu teirc do luach :  
Bha thu pairteach, briathrach, ri ard 's ri iosal,  
Gun chàs gun dioghaltas air an tuath.



Bha foghlum Iarl' agad 's ciall fear riaghlaidh  
 Bu mhor an diobhail nach da liath do ghruag,  
 'S ann a bharc an t-aog ort mas d' thainig aois ort,  
 A ghnuis bha faoilteach air chaochladh snuaidh.

Bha do shnuadh cho aillidh 's nach fhaodainn s' aireamh,  
 Mar ròs a gharaidh ri maduinn dhriuchd,  
 Bu chuachach, faineach, do ghruag an caradh—  
 Mar theudan clarsaich an' inneal ciuil  
 Do ghruaidh dhearg dhathte, do shuil mar dhearcag,  
 Fuidh ghnuis na maise bu tapaidh sùrd  
 Rasg aotram, geanach, bho 'n b'fhaoilteach sealladh  
 Beul muirneach tairis, 's deud thana dhluth.

O ! 's dluth bha buaidhean a stri mu'n cuairt duit,  
 Cha b'eol dhomb suairceas nach robh 'do chrè  
 Bha thu ciallach, narach, 's tu briathrach, pairteach,  
 'S tu rianail, daimheil, ri d' chairdean fheinig:  
 Bu tu firean, fallain, bha rioghail, geanach,  
 'Sa leoghanu tapaidh bu ghlaire beus ;  
 Bhiodh min 'us gaig' air, bhiodh sith 'us fearg air,  
 Nuair chit' air falbh e bhiodh colg na cheum.

Se do cheum bu bhrisge 's bu shubailt iosgaid,  
 Bha moran ghibhtean ri d' leasraidh fuaight.  
 Bu tu glas nan Gaidheal, bho mhuir gu braighe  
 Gu crìoch Chinntaile 's na tha bho thuath.  
 O ! 's lionmhor oigfhear tha 'n diugh gu bronach  
 A fasgadh dhorn, 'us ruith-dheoir le ghruaidh,  
 'Bhiodh dana, sgaiteach, gun sgath gun ghealtachd,  
 Na 'm bu namhaid pears' bheireadh Eachainn bh' uainn.

Bha thu mor an onair, bu mhor do mholadh,  
 Bu mhor do shonas, 's tu gun dolaidh gibht'  
 Bu mhor a b'fhiach thu, bu mhor do riaghailt,  
 Bu mhor do mhiagh ann an ciall 's an tuigs',  
 Bu mhor do churam, bu mhor do chuissean,  
 Bu mhor do chliu ann an cuirt 'sa meas,  
 Bu mhor do stata, 's bu mhor do nadur,  
 'S cha mhor nach d'fhag thu na Gaidheil brist'.

O ! 's prìseil, laidir, a ghibhte 'dh-fhag sinn—  
 'S mios'da Ghaeltachd bàs an t-seoid,  
 Tha Mhachair tursach bho n' chaidh an uir ort,  
 'S tu dh-fhuasgladh cuis do gach cuirt mu bhord,  
 Bha 'Ghalldachd deurach ri cainnt ma d' dheighian,  
 Gu ruig Dun-eidin nan steud 's nan cleoc,  
 'S cha ghabhainn gealtachd, air son a chantuinn,  
 Gur call do Bhreatuinn nach eil thu beo.

'S tu chraobh a b'aillidh bha 'n tus a gharaidh  
 'S i ùr a fas ann fuidh bhlath 's fuidh dhos,  
 O ! 's truagh a dh-fhag thu ma thuath na Gaidheil  
 Mar uain gun mhathair ni'n sgath ri frois,  
 'S tu b'urr' an teanadh bho chunnart gabhaidh,  
 'S an curaidh laidir, chuireadh spairn na tost,  
 Tha 'n tuath gu craiteach, 's na h-uaislean casai,  
 'S bho 'n chaidh am fad ort 's truagh gair nam bochd.

"*Ma ta 's math sibh fhein Alastair Bhuidhe ; 's grinn comhnard a bhardachd a th'air a mharbhrainn, ach cha 'n eil i dad nas fhearr na thoill brod a Ghaidheil agus am fìor dhuin' uasal dha'n d'rinn sibh i,*" arsa Ruairidh Mor. (Well done yourself, *Alastair Buidhe*, the composition of the Elegy is beautifully elegant and even, but not any better than the memory of the best of Highlanders and the truest of gentlemen, to whom you composed it, deserved, said Big Rory). This was the general verdict of the circle.

Norman was now called upon to fulfil his part of the arrangement, which he promptly did by giving the Legend, of which the following is a translation :—

#### THE RAID OF CILLIECHRIOST.

THE ancient Chapel of Cilliechriost, in the Parish of Urray, in Ross, was the scene of one of the bloodiest acts of ferocity and revenge that history has recorded. The original building has long since disappeared, but the lonely and beautifully situated burying-ground is still in use. The tragedy originated in the many quarrels which arose between the two chiefs of the North Highlands—Mackenzie of Kintail and Macdonald of Glengarry. As usual, the dispute was regarding land, but it were not easy to arrive at the degree of blame to which each party was entitled, enough that there was bad blood between these two paladdins of the north. Of course, the quarrel was not allowed to go to sleep for lack of action on the part of their friends and clansmen. The Macdonalds having made several raids on the Mackenzie country, the Mackenzies retaliated by the spoiling of Morar with a large and overwhelming force. The Macdonalds, taking advantage of Kenneth Mackenzie's visit to Mull with the view to influence Maclean to induce the former to peace, once more committed great devastation in the Mackenzie country, under the leadership of Glengarry's son Angus. From Kintail and Lochalsh the clan of the Mackenzies gathered fast, but too late to prevent Macdonald from escaping to sea with his boats loaded with the foray. A portion of the Mackenzies ran to Eilean-donan, while another portion sped to the narrow strait of the Kyle between Skye and the mainland, through which the Macdonalds, on their return, of necessity, must pass. At Eilean-donan Lady Mackenzie furnished them with two boats, one ten-oared and one four-oared, also with arrows and ammunition. Though without their chief, the Mackenzies sallied forth, and rowing towards Kyleakin, lay in wait for the approach of the Macdonalds. The first of the Glengarry boats they allowed to pass unchallenged, but the second, which was the thirty-two-oared galley of the chief was furiously attacked. The unprepared Macdonalds rushing to the side of the heavily loaded boat, swamped the craft, and were all thrown into the sea, where they were despatched in large numbers, and those who escaped to the land were destroyed "by the Kintail men, who killed them like *sealchagan*."\* The body of young Glengarry was secured and buried in the very door-way of the Kirk of Kintail, that the Mackenzies might trample over it whenever they went to church. Time passed on, Donald *Gruamach*, the old

\* Snails.

chief, died ere he could mature matters for adequate retaliation of the Kyle tragedy and the loss of his son Angus. The chief of the clan was an infant in whom the feelings of revenge could not be worked out by action ; but there was one, his cousin, who was the Captain or Leader in whom the bitterest thoughts exercised their fullest sway. It seems now impossible that such acts could have occurred, and it gives one a startling idea of the state of the country then, when such a terrible instance of private vengeance could have been carried out so recent as the beginning of the seventeenth century, without any notice being taken of it, even, in those days of general blood and rapine. Notwithstanding the hideousness of sacrilege and murder, which, certainly, in magnitude of atrocity, was scarcely ever equalled, there are many living, even in the immediate neighbourhood, who are ignorant of the cause of the act. Macranuil of Lundi, captain of the clan, whose personal prowess was only equalled by his intense ferocity, made many incursions into the Mackenzie country, sweeping away their cattle, and otherwise doing them serious injury ; but these were but preludes to that sanguinary act on which his soul gloated, and by which he hoped effectually to avenge the loss of influence and property of which his clan were deprived by the Mackenzies, and more particularly wash out the records of death of his chief and clansmen at Kyleakin. In order to form his plans more effectually he wandered for some time as a mendicant among the Mackenzies in order the more successfully to fix on the best means and spot for his revenge. A solitary life offered up to expiate the manes of his relatives was not sufficient in his estimation, but the life's blood of such a number of his bitterest foemen, and an act at which the country should stand aghast was absolutely necessary. Returning home he gathered together a number of the most desperate of his clan, and by a forced march across the hills arrived at the Church of Cillechriost on a Sunday forenoon, when it was filled by a crowd of worshippers of the clan Mackenzie. Without a moments delay, without a single pang of remorse, and while the song of praise ascended to heaven from fathers, mothers, and children, he surrounded the church with his band, and with lighted torches set fire to the roof. The building was thatched, and while a gentle breeze from the east fanned the fire, the song of praise, mingled with the crackling of the flames, until the imprisoned congregation, becoming conscious of their situation, rushed to the doors and windows, where they were met by a double row of bristling swords. Now, indeed, arose the wild wail of despair, the shrieks of women, the infuriated cries of men, and the helpless screaming of children, these mingled with the roaring of the flames appalled even the Macdonalds, but not so Allan Dubh. "Thrust them back into the flames" cried he, "for he that suffers ought to escape alive from Cilliechriost shall be branded as a traitor to his clan"; and they were thrust back or mercilessly hewn down within the narrow porch, until the dead bodies piled on each other opposed an unsurmountable barrier to the living. Anxious for the preservation of their young children, the scorching mothers threw them from the windows in the vain hope that the feelings of parents awakened in the breasts of the Macdonalds would induce them to spare them, but not so. At the command of Allan of Lundi they were received on the points of the broadswords



of men in whose breasts mercy had no place. It was a wild and fearful sight only witnessed by a wild and fearful race. During the tragedy they listened with delight to the piper of the band, who marching round the burning pile, played to drown the screams of the victims, an extempore pibroch, which has ever since been distinguished as the war tune of Glengarry under the title of "Cilliechriost." The flaming roof fell upon the burning victims, soon the screams ceased to be heard, a column of smoke and flame leapt into the air, the pibroch ceased, the last smothered groan of existence ascended into the still sky of that Sabbath morning, whispering as it died away that the agonies of the congregation were over.

East, west, north, and south looked Allan Dubh Macranuil. Not a living soul met his eye. The fire he kindled had destroyed, like the spirit of desolation. Not a sound met his ear, and his own tiger soul sunk within him in dismay. The Parish of Cillechriost seemed swept of every living thing. The fearful silence that prevailed, in a quarter lately so thickly peopled, struck his followers with dread; for they had given in one hour the inhabitants of a whole parish, one terrible grave. The desert which they had created filled them with dismay, heightened into terror by the howls of the masterless sheep dogs, and they turned to fly. Worn out with the suddenness of their long march from Glengarry, and with their late fiendish exertions, on their return they sat down to rest on the green face of Glenconvinth, which route they took in order to reach Lundi through the centre of Glenmorriston by Urquhart. Before they fled from Cillechriost Allan divided his party into two, one passing by Inverness and the other as already mentioned; but the Macdonalds were not allowed to escape, for the flames had roused the Mackenzies as effectually as if the fiery cross had been sent through their territories. A youthful leader, a cadet of the family of Seaforth, in an incredibly short time, found himself surrounded by a determined band of Mackenzies eager for the fray; these were also divided into two bodies, one commanded by Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle, proceeded by Inverness, to follow the pursuit along the southern side of Loch Ness; another headed by Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, struck across the country from Beauly, to follow the party of the Macdonalds who fled along the northern side of Loch Ness under their leader Allan Dubh Macranuil. The party that fled by Inverness were surprised by Redcastle in a public-house at Torbreck, three miles to the west of the town where they stopped to refresh themselves. The house was set on fire, and they all—thirty-seven in number—suffered the death which, in the earlier part of the day, they had so wantonly inflicted. The Mackenzies, under Coul, after a few hours' hard running, came up with the Macdonalds as they sought a brief repose on the hills towards the burn of Aultsigh. There the Macdonalds maintained an unequal conflict, but as guilt only brings faint hearts to its unfortunate votaries they turned and again fled precipitately to the burn. Many, however, missed the ford, and the channel being rough and rocky several fell under the swords of the victorious Mackenzies. The remainder, with all the speed they could make, held on for miles lighted by a splendid and cloudless moon, and when the rays of the morning burst upon them, Allan Dubh Macranuil

and his party were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen Urquhart with the Mackenzies close in the rear. Allan casting an eye behind him and observing the superior numbers and determination of his pursuers, called to his band to disperse in order to confuse his pursuers and so divert the chase from himself. This being done, he again set forward at the height of his speed, and after a long run, drew breath to reconnoitre, when, to his dismay, he found that the avenging Mackenzies were still upon his track in one unbroken mass. Again he divided his men and bent his flight towards the shore of Loch Ness, but still he saw the foe with redoubled vigour, bearing down upon him. Becoming fearfully alive to his position, he cried to his few remaining companions again to disperse, until they left him, one by one, and he was alone. Allan, who as a mark of superiority and as Captain of the Glengarry Macdonalds, always wore a red jacket, was easily distinguished from the rest of his clansmen, and the Mackenzies being anxious for his capture, thus easily singled him out as the object of their joint and undiverted pursuit. Perceiving the sword of vengeance ready to descend on his head he took a resolution as desperate in its conception as unequalled in its accomplishment. Taking a short course towards the fearful ravine of Aultsigh he divested himself of his plaid and buckler, and turning to the leader of the Mackenzies, who had nearly come up with him, beckoned him to follow, then with a few yards of a run he sprang over the yawning chasm, never before contemplated without a shudder. The agitation of his mind at the moment completely overshadowed the danger of the attempt, and being of an athletic frame he succeeded in clearing the desperate leap. The young and reckless Mackenzie, full of ardour and determined at all hazards to capture the murderer followed ; but, being a stranger to the real width of the chasm, perhaps of less nerve than his adversary, and certainly not stimulated by the same feelings, he only touched the opposite brink with his toes, and slipping downwards he clung by a slender shoot of hazel which grew over the tremendous abyss. Allan Dubh looking round on his pursuer and observing the agitation of the hazel bush, immediately guessed the cause, and returning with the ferocity of a demon who had succeeded in getting his victim into his fangs, hoarsely whispered, "I have given your race this day much, I shall give them this also, surely now the debt is paid," when cutting the hazel twig with his sword, the intrepid youth was dashed from crag to crag until he reached the stream below, a bloody and misshapen mass. Macranuil again commenced his flight, but one of the Mackenzies, who by this time had come up, sent a musket shot after him, by which he was wounded, and obliged to slacken his pace. None of his pursuers, however, on coming up to Aultsigh, dared or dreamt of taking a leap which had been so fatal to their youthful leader, and were therefore under the necessity of taking a circuitous route to gain the other side. This circumstance enabled Macranuil to increase the distance between him and his pursuers, but the loss of blood, occasioned by his wound, so weakened him that very soon he found his determined enemies were fast gaining on him. Like an infuriated wolf he hesitated whether to await the undivided attack of the Mackenzies or plunge into Loch Ness and attempt to swim across its waters. The shouts of his approaching enemies soon decided him, and he sprung into



its deep and dark wave. Refreshed by its invigorating coolness he soon swam beyond the reach of their muskets ; but in his weak and wounded state it is more than probable he would have sunk ere he had crossed half the breadth had not the firing and the shouts of his enemies proved the means of saving his life. Fraser of Foyers seeing a numerous band of armed men standing on the opposite bank of Loch Ness, and observing a single swimmer struggling in the water, ordered his boat to be launched, and pulling hard to the individual, discovered him to be his friend Allan Dubh, with whose family Fraser was on terms of friendship. Macranuil, thus rescued remained at the house of Foyers until he was cured of his wound, but the influence and the Clan of the Macdonalds henceforth declined, while that of the Mackenzies surely and steadily increased.

The heavy ridge between the vale of Urquhart and Aultsigh where Allan Dubh Macranuil so often divided his men, is to this day called *Monadh-a-leumanaich* or "the Moor of the Leaper."

(To be Continued.)

## CAN THIS BE THE LAND ?

—o—

"How are the mighty fallen !"

Can this be the land where of old heroes flourished ?  
 Can this be the land of the sons of the blast ?  
 Gloom-wrapt as a monarch whose greatness hath perished,  
 Its beauty of loneliness speaks of the past :—  
 Tell me ye green valleys, dark glens, and blue mountains,  
 Where now are the mighty that round ye did dwell ?  
 Ye wild-sweeping torrents, and woe-sounding fountains,  
 Say, is it their spirits that wail in your swell ?

Oft, oft have ye leaped when your children of battle,  
 With war-bearing footsteps rushed down your dark crests ;  
 Oft, oft have ye thundered with far-rolling rattle,  
 The echces of slogans that burst from their breasts :—  
 Wild music of cataracts peals in their gladness,—  
 Hoarse tempests still shriek to the clouds lightning-fired,—  
 Dark shadows of glory departed, in sadness  
 Still linger o'er ruins where dwelt the inspired.

The voice of the silence for ever is breaking  
 Around the lone heaths of the glory-sung braves ;  
 Dim ghosts haunt in sorrow, a land all forsaken,  
 And pour their mist tears o'er the heather-swept graves :—  
 Can this be the land of the thunder-toned numbers  
 That snowy bards sung in the fire of their bloom ?  
 Deserted and blasted, in death's silent slumbers,  
 It glooms o'er my soul like the wreck of a tomb.

WM. ALLAN.



## THE HIGHLAND CELIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

[CONTINUED.]

—o—

DURING the relation of the first part of the legend—that which described the atrocious conduct of *Allan Dubh* and his associates, the members gave evident signs of disapprobation. Norman was constantly interrupted with such exclamations as “*Ubh ubh*,” “*Oh na traillean*,” “*Na bruidean*,” “*Na murtairean*,” and various others of the same complimentary nature (“Oh the servile wretches,” “The brutes,” “The murderers”), but as the story proceeded, and the tide turned in favour of the revenging Mackenzies, although their own means of retaliation were almost equally inhuman, the tone of the circle gradually changed; and when Norman finished there was a general chorus of satisfaction at the final result, the only expression of regret being the death of the young and brave leader of the Mackenzies, and the escape of *Allan Dubh Mac Ranuil* from the clutches of his pursuers.

“A capital story and well told” says *Ian a Bhuidhe* (John Buidhe). “I heard it before somewhere, but my version of it was not near so full as yours, and it differed in various particulars. According to mine there was a chief of Glengarry in the early part of the 17th century whose name was Angus Macdonnel, and who held a small property called Strome, in the centre of the lands belonging to the Mackenzies, in the neighbourhood of Lochalsh. The Mackenzies were most anxious to get rid of their neighbour, and finding it impossible to dispossess him of Strome by lawful means, they, during the night, seized, and, in cold blood, murdered the Master of Glengarry, who was at the time indisposed and unable to escape.

“A few survivors of the Master’s adherents returned to Glengarry and informed the old Chief of the death of his eldest son and heir, through the perfidy of the Mackenzies. Angus became frantic with rage and regret, and sat silent and moody, exhibiting only ‘the unconquerable will, the study of revenge, immortal hate!’ On the following day he sent a messenger to Ardachy to the *Gille Maol Dubh*, informing him that he had to perform a sacred duty to his Chief and kindred, and that for its effectual and complete discharge one possessing the four following qualifications was indispensably necessary—namely, ‘*Misneachd, scoltachd, treubhantas, agus maisealachd*’ (courage, cunning, bravery, and beauty). The *Gille Maol Dubh* said he knew the very man, and sent to his chief, Ronald Macranuil, whom he guaranteed to possess all the necessary qualifications. Glengarry was much pleased with Ronald’s appearance and fierce disposition, and having informed him of his son’s violent and untimely death said, ‘I want you to revenge it, and your reward shall depend on the extent of your service. Go then, gather your followers, and heedless of place or time destroy all who bear the hateful name of Mackenzie.’

"*Macranuil* selected the flower of the clan, marched during the night and arrived at the Chapel of Cilliechriost on the Sabbath morning, where they massacred the unsuspecting inmates as described in your version of the legend far more graphically than in mine, but they are on all fours, regarding the facts and incidents except that in mine, the Mackenzies overtook and routed the Macdonalds at *Lon na fola* or the 'Bog of Blood,' near Mealfuarvonie, and that it was at *Ault a Ghiuthais*, across a chasm four hundred feet high, with a fearful and foaming cataract beneath, that Lundi made his celebrated leap, and not in *Ault-Sigh* as in yours. I am, however, disposed to think your version is the most correct of the two."

We shall now give the following poem composed by Andrew Fraser of Inverness, and inscribed to Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch, during his minority, to whom we are indebted for the manuscript. It corroborates Norman's version of the Raid of Cilliechroist in almost every particular, and has considerable merit of its own as an original composition:—

### THE RAID OF MACRANUIL—BURNING OF CILLIECHRIOST.

*Most respectfully inscribed to the Heir of Gairloch, &c., &c.*

Gathered are Glengarrie's pride  
On Lochlundie's mossy side,  
The Crantara they obey,  
They are met they know not why,  
But they bind the broadsword on;  
And the studded buckler shone  
As the evening's sunny rays  
Burnt in summer's orient blaze  
Through the silent sombre wood  
That lines the margin of the flood.  
Mark, O mark that eagle crest,  
Towering lordly o'er the rest,  
Like the tall and monarch pine  
Which waves its head in dark Glenlyne,  
When the stormy cloud is cast  
Above that region of the blast.  
Mark that forehead's fitful glow,  
Mark that grey and shaggy brow,  
Mark, O mark that dreadful eye  
Which glistens but on misery.  
Now rolling in revengeful mood  
O'er the thoughts of coming blood,  
Then casting to the glorious sky  
A glance of hopeless agony.

Warrior of the savage breast,  
Fell Macranuil 'twas thy crest,  
'Twas the banner of thy race  
Which the wondering eye might trace,  
As it wound by wood and brake,  
Rolling stream and stilly lake,  
As it fluttered for a while  
On the brow of dark Torgoil,  
Or descended the rough side  
Of the Moristone's wild tide.

Silent is Macranuil's tread  
And his followers' stealthy speed,

As they cross the lovely glen  
Where Urquhart's waters, flow between  
Hillocks where the zephyrs dwell,  
In the blue and fragrant bell:  
Groves where echo answers ever  
The low murmurs of the river;  
And the mountain top is seen  
Snow-speck'd in the distant scene.

Mhicranuil! why that softened pace?  
Thou seek'st not now the wary chase?  
Why do'st thou and thy warriors keen  
So fold your plaids that nought is seen  
Of arms or armour, even the lance  
Whereon your pendant used to glance  
Its blazoned "Lamh dhearg" mid the rays  
Of solar light, or battle blaze,  
Has disappeared, and each wild look  
Scowls at the music of the brook,  
As if sweet nature seemed to scan  
The inmost heart of guilty man?  
Oh! can you in a scene so loved  
By all that's holy stand unmoved?  
Can vengeance in that heart be found  
Which vibrates on this blessed ground?  
Can that lone deep cathedral bell  
Cast all around its sacred spell?

And yet on ruthless murder bent,  
Its voice to thee in vain be sent?  
Mhicranuil? raise thy haggard eye,  
And say beneath the glowing sky  
Is there a spot where man may rest  
More beautiful, more truly blest  
Than where the Beaully pours its stream  
Through nature's all-romantic Dream,\*  
Down to that ridge which bounds the south  
Of Nephia's salmon-spangled mouth?

\* The Dream is a scene on the River Beaully, whose picturesque properties realizes this term in its utmost limits.

The voice of praise was heard to peal  
 From Cillechriost's low holy aisle,  
 And on the Sabbath's stilly air  
 Arose the hopeful soul of pray'r :  
 When on the pastor's thoughtful face  
 Played something like a radiant grace ;  
 Still was each thought to heaven sent,  
 Still was each knee in prayer bent ;  
 Still did each heart in wonder rise  
 To something far beyond the skies,  
 When burst, as an electric cloud  
 Had wrapt them in a flaming shroud,  
 The roof above, the sides around,  
 The altar—nay the very ground  
 Seemed burning, mingled with the air  
 In one wild universal flare !

Hark, heaven ! through the lurid air  
 Sprung the wild scream of mad despair,  
 Those that so late did breath but love,  
 Whose kindred hearts were interwove,  
 Now tore away strong nature's ties  
 Amidst her stronger agonies ;  
 Affection, frantic, burst the band  
 That linked them often hand to hand,  
 And rushed along the maddening tide  
 Which rolled in flames from side to side.  
 Eager the crowded porch to gain  
 In hopes of safety. Ah ! how vain ?  
 The demon ministers of death.  
 From stern Glengarrig's land of heath  
 Stood bristled round the burning fane  
 Like hells last hopeless, hideous chain,  
 That even the infant might not die  
 Beneath a brighter, cooler sky,  
 Whilst in their savageness of joy  
 The war-pipe screams their victory.

#### PIOBREACHD CILLECHRIOST.

Ho ! Clanchonich ? mark the blaze  
 Reddening all your kindred skies,  
 Hear ye not your children's cries  
 Welcoming Macranuil ?  
 Hear ye not the eagle scream  
 O'er the curling, crackling flame  
 Which flies to heaven with the name  
 Of glorious Clandonuil ?

Ho ! horo ? the war-note swell,  
 Burst aloud Clanchonich's wail !  
 Hark ! it is their wild farewell  
 To Allan-du-Macranuil !  
 Never yet did victor smile  
 On a nobler funeral pile,  
 Than rushes from this holy aisle  
 In memory of Clandonuil !

Never shall pale sorrow's tear  
 Blanch the cheek that slumbers here,  
 They have pressed a warmer bier  
 For Allan-du-Macranuil !  
 Never shall a footstep roam  
 From their dreary voiceless home  
 They have slept in one red tomb  
 For grateful Clandonuil !

The house of prayer in embers lay,  
 The crowded meeting wore away ;  
 The quieted herdsboy saw them go  
 With downcast look, serene and slow ;  
 But never by the wonted path  
 That wound so smoothly through the heath  
 And led to many a cottage door  
 By meadow-stream, and flow'ry moor,  
 Came back a human voice to say  
 How that meeting sped away.

The Conon lends the ready ford,  
 The Conon glitters back the sword,  
 The Conon casts the echo wide,  
 " Arise Clanchonich ! to the raid ;  
 Pursue the monsters to their lair,  
 Pursue them hell, and earth, and air ;  
 Pursue them till the page of time  
 Forgets their name, forgets their crime."

The sun had sunk in the fay sea,  
 But the moon rose bright and merrily,  
 And by the sparkling midnight beam  
 That fell upon the gladdened stream ;  
 The wild deer might be seen to look  
 On his dark shadow in the brook,  
 Whilst the more timorous hind lay by  
 Enamoured of the lovely sky.  
 Bright heaven ! 'twas a glorious scene,  
 The sparry rock, the vale between,  
 The light arch'd cataract afar  
 Swift springing like a falling star  
 From point to point till lost to view,  
 It fades in deep ethereal blue.  
 So lone the hour, so fair the night,  
 The scene, the green and woody height,  
 Which rises o'er Glenconvent's vale  
 Like beauty in a fairy tale. [stray,  
 Here where the heavenward soul might  
 The red remorseless spoiler lay,  
 Where holy praise was wont to rise  
 Like incense to the opening skies :  
 In broken and unhallowed dreams  
 He laughs amid the roar of flames.  
 Ha ! see he starts, afar is heard  
 The war-cry wild of " Tullach Ard."  
 Away Mhicranuil ! with thy band,  
 Away, Clanchonich is at hand,  
 Scale rock and ravine, hill, and dale, [vale,  
 Plunge through the depths of Urquhart's  
 And spread thy followers one by one,  
 'Tis meet that thou should'st be alone.

It boots not for the jerkin red,  
 Fit emblem of the man of blood,  
 Is singled still, and still pursued  
 Through open moor and tangled wood.  
 High bounding as the hunted stag  
 He scales the wild and broken crag,  
 And with one desperate look behind  
 Again his steps are on the wind.  
 Why does he pause ? means he to yield ?  
 He casts aside his ponderous shield,  
 His plaid is flung upon the heath,  
 More firm he grasps the blade of death,  
 And springing wildly through the air  
 The dark gulf of Altsigh is clear !



Unhesitating, bold, and young,  
Across the gulf Mackenzie sprung ;  
But ah ! too short one fatal step,  
He clears, but barely clears the leap,  
When slipping on the further side  
He hung suspended o'er the tide ;  
A tender twig sustained his weight,

Above the wild and horrid height.  
One fearful moment whilst he strove  
To grasp the stronger boughs above.  
But all too late, Macranuil turns  
With fiendish joy his bosom burns,  
"Go, I have given you much," he said,  
"The twig is cut—the debt is paid."

F.

"Notwithstanding the hideousness of this double crime of sacrilege and murder, which certainly in magnitude of atrocity was rarely, if ever, equalled in this quarter ; it is strange that many will be found at no great distance from the scene of horror referred to in the poem who are not only ignorant of the cause of the fearful catastrophe, but even of the perpetrators of it. It is, therefore, the intention of the author to accompany the printed copy\* with a copious note.

"INVERNESS, 4th Dec. 1839."

"Ah," says *Domhnall a Bhuidhe*, another of the bard's sons, "these men of Glengarry were a fine race. For real courage and bravery few in the Highlands could excel them. I remember once hearing a story of young 'Glen,' in which, perhaps, is exhibited the finest example of daring ever recorded in the annals of our country. Once upon a time Old Glengarry was very unpopular with all the northern chiefs in consequence of his many raids and spoliations among the surrounding tribes ; but although he was now advanced in years and unable to lead his clan in person none of the neighbouring chiefs could muster courage to beard him in his den single-handed. There was never much love lost between him and the chief of the Mackenzies, and about this time some special offence was given to the latter by the Macdonnells, which the chief of *Eilean-donnan* swore would have to be revenged ; and the insult must be wiped out at whatever cost. His clan was at the time very much subdivided, and he felt himself quite unable to cope with Glengarry in arms. Mackenzie, however, far excelled his enemy in ready invention, and possessed a degree of subtlety which usually more than made up for his enemy's superior physical power.

"'Kintail' managed to impress his neighbouring chiefs with the belief that Glengarry purposed, and was making arrangements to take them all by surprise and annihilate them by one fell swoop, and that in these circumstances it was imperative for their mutual safety to make arrangements forthwith by which the danger would be obviated and the hateful author of such a diabolical scheme extinguished root and branch. By this means he managed to produce the most bitter prejudice against Glengarry and his clan ; but all of them being convinced of the folly and futility of meeting the 'Black Raven,' as he was called, man to man and clan to clan, Mackenzie invited them to meet him at a great council in *Eilean-donnan* Castle the following week to discuss the best means of protecting their mutual interests, and to enter into a solemn league, and swear on the 'raven's cross' to exterminate the hated Glengarry and his race, and to raze, burn, and plunder everything belonging to them.

"Old Glengarry, whom the ravages of war had already reduced to one son out of several, and he, only a youth of immature years, heard of the confederacy formed against him with great and serious concern. He

\* This is the only printed copy that ever saw the light, and if the "copious note" was ever written we were unable to procure it.

well knew the impossibility of holding out against the combined influence and power of the Western Chiefs. His whole affections were concentrated on his only surviving son, and, on realizing the common danger, he bedewed him with tears, and strongly urged upon him the dire necessity of fleeing from the land of his fathers to some foreign land until the danger had passed away. He, at the same time, called his clan together, absolved them from their allegiance, and implored them also to save themselves by flight; and to their honour be it said, one and all spurned the idea of leaving their chief, in his old age, alone to his fate, exclaiming—‘that death itself was preferable to shame and dishonour.’ To the surprise of all, however, the son, dressed in his best garb, and armed to the teeth, after taking a formal and affectionate farewell of his father, took to the hills amidst the contemptuous sneers of his brave retainers. But he was no sooner out of sight than he directed his course to Lochduich, determined to attend the great council at Eilean-donnan Castle, at which his father’s fate was to be sealed. He arrived in the district on the appointed day and carefully habilitating himself in a fine Mackenzie tartan plaid with which he had provided himself, he made for the stronghold and passed the outer gate with the usual salutation—‘Who is welcome here?’ and passed by unheeded, the guard replying in the most unsuspecting manner—‘Any, any but a Macdonnell.’ On being admitted to the great hall he carefully scanned the brilliant assembly. The Mackenzie plaid put the company completely off their guard; for in those days no one would ever dream of wearing the tartan of any but that of his own leader. The chiefs had already, as they entered the great hall, drawn their dirks and stuck them in the tables before them as an earnest of their unswerving resolution to rid the world of their hated enemy. The brave and intrepid stranger coolly walked up to the head of the table where the Chief of Kintail presided over the great council, threw off his disguise, seized Mackenzie by the throat, drew out his glittering dagger, held it against his enemy’s heart, and exclaimed with a voice and a determination which struck terror into every breast—‘Mackenzie, if you or any of your assembled guests make the slightest movement, as I live, by the great Creator of the universe I will instantly pierce you to the heart.’ Mackenzie well knew by the appearance of the youth, and the commanding tone of his voice, that the threat would be instantly executed if any movement was made, and tremulously exclaimed—‘My friends, for the love of God stir not lest I perish at the hands of my inveterate foe at my own table.’ The appeal was hardly necessary, for all were terror-stricken and confused, sitting with open mouths, gazing vacantly, at each other. ‘Now,’ said the young hero, ‘lift up your hands to heaven and swear by the *Long am Bradan, agus an Lamh Dhearg* (the ship, the salmon, and the bloody hand) that you will never again molest my father or any of his clan.’ ‘I do now swear as you request’ answered the confused chief. ‘Swear now,’ continued the dauntless youth, ‘you, and all ye round this table, that I will depart from here and be permitted to go home unmolested by you or any of your retainers.’ All with uplifted hands repeated the oath. Young Glengarry released his hold on Mackenzie’s throat, sheathed his dirk and prepared to take his departure, but was, extraordinary to relate, prevailed upon to remain at the feast and spend the night with the sworn

enemies of his race and kindred, and the following morning they parted the best of friends. And thus, by the daring of a stripling, was Glengarry saved the fearful doom that awaited him. The youth ultimately became famous as one of the most courageous warriors of his race. He fought many a single combat with powerful combatants, and invariably came off victorious. He invaded and laid waste Glenmoriston, Urquhart, and Caithness. His life had been one scene of varied havoc, victory, ruin, and bloodshed. He entered into a fierce encounter with one of the Munros of Fowlis, but ultimately met the same fate at the hands of the 'grim tyrant' as the greatest coward in the land, and his body lies buried in the churchyard of *Tuiteam-tarbhach*."

ALASTAIR OG.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—The following are the newly elected office-bearers for 1876 :—Chief—Professor Blackie ; Chieftains—Mr Charles Mackay, builder ; Mr Alexander Fraser, accountant ; and Bailie Noble, Inverness ; Honorary Secretary—Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor ; Secretary—Mr William Mackenzie, *Free Press* Office, Inverness ; Treasurer—Mr Evan Mackenzie, solicitor, Inverness ; Council—Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine* ; Councillor Huntly Fraser ; Mr James H. Mackenzie, bookseller ; Mr James Fraser, C.E. ; and Mr Lachlan Macbean ; Librarian—Mr Lachlan Macbean ; Bard—Mrs Mary Mackellar ; and Piper—Pipe-Major MacLennan, Inverness. The following members have been elected since the beginning of the year :—Mr A. R. Munro, 57 Camphill, Birmingham ; Councillor D. Macpherson, Inverness ; Mr W. A. Mackay, bird-stuffer, do. ; Mr Jonathan Nicolson, Birmingham ; Major William Grant, factor for the Earl of Seafield, honorary ; Mr Donald Macleod, painter, Church Street, Inverness ; Mr Hugh Shaw, tinsmith, Castle Street, Inverness ; Rev. Lachlan MacLachlan, Gaelic Church, Inverness ; Mr Archibald Macmillan, Kaituna, Havelock, Marlborough, New Zealand ; Mr William Douglas, Aberdeen Town and County Bank, Inverness ; Mr Donald Macdonald, farmer, Culcraggie, Alness ; Mr Andrew Mackenzie, ironmonger, Alness ; Mr Hugh Mackenzie, postmaster, Alness ; Mr William Mackenzie, factor, Ardross ; Mr W. Mackenzie, solicitor, Dingwall ; Captain Alex. Matheson, Dornie, Lochalsh ; Mr Christopher Murdoch, gamekeeper, Kyleakin, Skye ; Mr Norman M'Raild, Caledonian Canal, Laggan, Fort-Augustus ; Mr James Hunter, Bobbin Works, Glengarry ; Mr Fergusson, schoolmaster, Guisachan ; Mr Maclean, schoolmaster, Abriachan ; Mr D. Dott, Caledonian Bank, Inverness ; and Dr Farquhar Matheson, Soho Square, London. Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, on the 17th February, resigned his connection with the Society's Publishing Committee, as convener of which he edited, last year, vols. III. and IV. of the Society's "Transactions."

DICTIONARY OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—We are glad to learn that a Dictionary of the Welsh language is in preparation, compiled from original sources by D. Silvan Evans, B.D., Professor of Welsh at University College, Aberystwyth, Wales, and late Editor of the "*Archæologia Cambrensis*." Professor Evans is a Celtic scholar of high repute, and his work will, we are assured, prove a great acquisition to the student of Philological Science.



## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

—o—

“*Oh! nach be 'n ceatharnach am fleasgach, bu mhor am beud cuir as da gun chothrom na Feinne*” (Ah! what a valiant youth, it would be a pity to extinguish him without according him Fingalian fair play), shouted several voices at once. “Did you ever hear the story about Glengarry and his old castle, when he was buried alive with Macranuil under the foundation?” asked *Alastair Mac Eachain Duibh*. “I heard it, when, last year in Strathglass, and you shall hear it.” At this stage “Norman” exhibited signs of his intention to go away for the night, when several members of the circle, backed up by the old bard, requested the favour of one more story ere he departed. Norman would rather hear *Alastair's* story of Glengarry, and would wait for it. “No, no,” exclaimed *Alastair*, “you can have my story any time; let us have one more from Norman before he leaves, and I will give mine afterwards, for he may never come back to see us again.” “That I will,” says Norman, “as often as I can, for I have just found out a source of enjoyment and amusement which I did not at all expect to meet with in this remote corner of the country. However, to please you, I'll give you a story about Castle Urquhart; and afterwards recite a poem of my own composition on the Castle, and on the elopement of Barbara, daughter of Grant of Grant, with Colin Mackenzie, “High-Chief of Kintail.”

Glen Urquhart, where Castle Urquhart is situated, is one of the most beautiful of our Highland valleys, distant from Inverness some fourteen miles, and expands first from the waters of Loch Ness into a semicircular plain, divided into fields by hedgerows, and having its hillsides beautifully diversified by woods and cultivated grounds. The valley then runs upwards some ten miles to Corriemonie, through a tract of haughland beautifully cultivated, and leading to a rocky pass or gorge half-way upwards or thereabouts, which, on turning an inland valley, as it were, is attained, almost circular, and containing Loch Meiglie, a beautiful small sheet of water, the edges of which are studded with houses, green lawns, and cultivated grounds. Over a heathy ridge, beyond these two or three miles, we reach the flat of Corriemonie, adorned by some very large ash and beech trees, where the land is highly cultivated, at an elevation of eight or nine hundred feet above, and twenty-five miles distant from, the sea. At the base of Mealfourvonie, a small circular lake of a few acres in extent exists, which was once thought to be unfathomable, and to have a subterranean communication with Loch Ness. From it flows the Aultsigh

Burn; a streamlet which, tumbling down a rocky channel, at the base of one of the grandest frontlets of rock in the Highlands, nearly fifteen hundred feet high, empties itself into Loch Ness within three miles of Glenmoriston. Besides the magnificent and rocky scenery to be seen in the course of this burn, it displays, at its mouth, an unusually beautiful waterfall, and another about two miles further up, shaded with foliage of the richest colour. A tributary of the Coiltie, called the Dhivach, amid beautiful and dense groves of birch, displays a waterfall, as high and picturesque as that of Foyers; and near the source of the Enneric river, which flows from Corriemonie into the still waters of Loch Meigle, another small, though highly picturesque cascade, called the Fall of Moral, is to be seen. Near it, is a cave large enough to receive sixteen or twenty persons. Several of the principal gentlemen of the district concealed themselves here from the Hanoverian troops during the troubles of the '45.

On the southern promontory of Urquhart Bay are the ruins of the Castle, rising over the dark waters of the Loch, which, off this point, is 125 fathoms in depth. The castle has the appearance of having been a strong and extensive building. The mouldings of the corbel table which remain are as sharp as on the day they were first carved, and indicate a date about the beginning of the 14th century. The antiquary will notice a peculiar arrangement in the windows for pouring molten lead on the heads of the assailants. It overhangs the lake, and is built on a detached rock separated from the adjoining hill, at the base of which it lies, by a moat of about twenty-five feet deep and sixteen feet broad. The rock is crowned by the remains of a high wall or curtain, surrounding the building, the principal part of which, a strong square keep of three storeys, is still standing, surmounted by four square hanging turrets. This outward wall encloses a spacious yard, and is in some places terraced. In the angles were platforms for the convenience of the defending soldiery. The entrance was by a spacious gateway between two guard rooms, projected beyond the general line of the walls, and was guarded by more than one massive portal and a huge portcullis to make security doubly sure. These entrance towers were much in the style of architecture peculiar to the Castles of Edward I. of England, and in front of them lay the drawbridge across the outer moat. The whole works were extensive and strong, and the masonry was better finished than is common in the generality of Scottish strongholds.

The first siege Urquhart Castle is known to have sustained was in the year 1303, when it was taken by the officers of Edward I. who were sent forward by him, to subdue the country, from Kildrummie near Nairn, beyond which he did not advance in person, and of all the strongholds in the north, it was that which longest resisted his arms.

Alexander de Bois, the brave governor and his garrison, were put to the sword. Sir Robert Lauder of Quarrelwood in Morayshire, governor of the Castle in A.D. 1334, maintained it against the Baliol faction. His daughter, marrying the Earl of Strathglass, the offspring of their union, Sir Robert Chisholm of that Ilk, became Laird of Quarrelwood in right of his grandfather. After this period it is known to have been a Royal fort or garrison; but it is very likely it was so also at the commencement



of the 14th century, and existed, as such, in the reigns of the Alexanders and other Scottish sovereigns, and formed one of a chain of fortresses erected for national defence, and for insuring internal peace. In 1359 the barony and the Castle of Urquhart were disposed by David II. to William, Earl of Sutherland, and his son John. In 1509 it fell into the hands of the chief of the Clan Grant, and in that family's possession it has continued to this day.

How it came into the possession of John Grant the 10th Laird, surnamed the "Bard," is not known ; but it was not won by the broadsword, from Huntly, the Lieutenant-General of the king. It has been the boast of the chiefs of the Clan Grant that no dark deeds of rapine and blood have been transmitted to posterity by any of their race. Their history is unique among Highland clans, in that, down to the period of the disarming after Culloden, the broadswords of the Grants were as spotless as a lady's bodkin. True it is, there were some dark deeds enacted between the Grants of Carron and Ballindalloch ; and at the battles of Cromdale and Culloden, the Grants of Glenmoriston were present, but far otherwise was the boast of the Grants of Strathspey—a gifted ancestry seemed to transmit hereditary virtues, and each successive scion of the house seemed to emulate the peaceful habits of his predecessor. That this amiable life did not conceal craven hearts is abundantly evident from the history of our country. There is a continual record of gallant deeds and noble bearing in their records down to the present time, and there are few families whose names, like the Napiers and the Grants, are more conspicuous in our military annals. But their rise into a powerful clan was due to the more peaceful gifts, of "fortunate alliances," and "Royal bounties."

It is much to be regretted that so little has been transmitted to posterity of the history of this splendid ruin of Castle Urquhart.

The probability is that it is connected with many a dark event over which the turbulence of the intervening period and the obscurity of its situation have cast a shade of oblivion.

The most prominent part of the present mass, the fine square tower of the north-eastern extremity of the building is supposed to have been the keep, and is still pretty entire. From this point, the view is superb. It commands Loch Ness from one end to the other, and is an object on which the traveller fixes an admiring gaze as the steamer paddles her merry way along the mountain-shadowed water. On a calm day the dashing echo of the Fall of Foyers bursts fitfully across the Loch, and when the meridian sun lights up the green earth after a midsummer shower, a glimpse of the distant cataract may be occasionally caught, slipping like a gloriously spangled avalanche to the dark depths below. "My story," said Norman, "in which the castle was the principal scene of action is quite characteristic of the times referred to. A gentleman of rank who had been out with the Prince and had been wounded at Culloden, found himself on the evening of that disastrous day, on the banks of the river Farigaig, opposite Urquhart Castle. He had been helped so far by two faithful retainers, one of whom, a fox-hunter, was a native of the vale of Urquhart. This man, perceiving the gentleman was unable to proceed further, and seeing a boat moored to the shore, proposed that they



should cross to the old Castle, in a vault of which, known only to a few of the country people, they might remain secure from all pursuit. The hint was readily complied with, and, in less than a couple of hours, they found themselves entombed in the ruins of Urquhart Castle, where sleep shortly overpowered them, and, the sun was high in the heavens next day ere any of them awoke. The gentleman's wound having been partially dressed, the fox-hunter's comrade yawningly observed 'that a bit of something to eat would be a Godsend.' 'By my troth it would,' said the fox-hunter, 'and if my little Mary knew aught of poor *Eoghainn Brocair's* (Ewan the fox-hunter) plight, she would endeavour to relieve him though Sassenach bullets were flying about her ears.' 'By heaven! our lurking-place is discovered!' whispered the gentleman, 'do you not observe a shadow hovering about the entrance.' 'Tis the shadow of a friend' replied the *Brocair*; and in an instant a long-bodied, short-legged Highland terrier sprang into the vault. '*Craicean, a dhuine bhoichd*,' said the overjoyed fox-hunter, hugging the faithful animal to his bosom, 'this is the kindest visit you ever paid me.' As soon as the shades of evening had darkened their retreat, *Eoghainn* untied his garter, and binding it round the dog's neck, caressed him, and pointing up the Glen, bade him go and bring the *Brocair* some food. The poor terrier looked wistfully in his face, and with a shake of his tail, quietly took his departure. In about four hours '*Craicean*' reappeared and endeavoured by every imaginable sign to make *Eoghainn* follow him outside. With this the *Brocair* complied, but in a few seconds he re-entered accompanied by another person. *Eoghainn* having covered the only entrance to the cave with their plaids, struck a light and introduced, to his astonished friends, his betrothed young Mary Maclauchlan. The poor girl had understood by the garter which bound the terrier's neck, and which she herself had woven, that her *Eoghainn* was in the neighbourhood, and hastened to his relief with all the ready provision she could procure; and not least, in the estimation of at least two of the fugitives, the feeling maiden had brought them a sip of unblemished whisky. In this manner they had been supplied with aliment for some time, when one night their fair visitor failed to come as usual. This, though it created no immediate alarm, somewhat astonished them; but when the second night came and neither Mary nor her shaggy companion arrived, *Eoghainn's* uneasiness, on Mary's account, overcame every other feeling, and, in spite of all remonstrance, he ventured forth, in order to ascertain the cause of her delay. The night was dark and squally, and *Eoghainn* was proceeding up his native glen like one who felt that the very sound of his tread might betray him to death. With a beating heart he had walked upwards of two miles, when his ears were saluted with the distant report of a musket. Springing aside he concealed himself in a thicket which overhung the river. Here he remained but a very short time when he was joined by the *Craicean* dragging after him a cord, several yards in length. This circumstance brought the cold sweat from the brow of the *Brocair*. He knew that their enemies were in pursuit of them, that the cord had been affixed to the dogs neck in order that he might lead to their place of concealment; and alas! *Eoghainn* feared much that his betrothed was at the mercy of his pursuers. What was to be done? The moment was big with fate, but he was determined

to meet it like a man. Cutting the cord and whispering to the terrier, "*cùl mo chois*" (back of my heel) he again ventured to the road and moved warily onward. On arriving at an old wicker-wrought barn, he saw a light streaming from it, when creeping towards it, he observed a party of the enemy surrounding poor Mary Maclauchlan, who was, at the moment, undergoing a close examination by their officer. 'Come girl,' said he, 'though that blind rascal has let your dog escape, who would certainly have introduced us to the rebels, *you* will surely consult your own safety by guiding me to the spot; nay, I know you will, here is my purse in token of my future friendship, and in order to conceal your share in the transaction you and I shall walk together to a place where you may point me out the lurking place of these fellows, and leave the rest to me; and do you,' continued he, turning to his party, 'remain all ready until you hear a whistle, when instantly make for the spot.' The *Brocair* crouched, as many a time he did, but never before did his heart beat at such a rate. As the officer and his passive guide took the road to the old Castle, *Eoghainn* followed close in their wake, and, when they had proceeded about a mile from the barn, they came upon the old hill road when Mary made a dead halt, as if quite at a loss how to act. 'Proceed, girl,' thundered the officer, 'I care not one farthing for my own life, and if you do not instantly conduct me to the spot where the bloody rebels are concealed, this weapon,' drawing his sword 'shall, within two minutes, penetrate your cunning heart.' The poor girl trembled and staggered as the officer pointed his sword to her bosom, when the voice of *Eoghainn* fell on his ear like the knell of death, 'Turn your weapon this way, brave sir,' said the *Brocair*, 'Turn it this way,' and in a moment the officer and his shivered sword lay at his feet. 'Oh, for heaven's sake,' screamed the fainting girl, 'meddle not with his life.' 'No, no, Mary; I shall not dirty my hands in his blood. I have only given him the weight of my oak sapling, so that he may sleep soundly till we are safe from the fangs of his bloodhounds.' That very night the fugitives left Urquhart Castle and got safe to the forests of Badenoch, where they skulked about with Lochiel and his few followers until the gentleman escaped to France, when *Eoghainn Brocair* and his companion ventured once more, as they themselves expressed it, 'to the communion of Christians.' The offspring of the *Brocair* and Mary Maclauchlan are still in Lochaber."

ALASTAIR OG.

(To be Continued.)

---



## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

—o—

"WELL done the *Brocair* and his warm-hearted Mary." "Not a bad sapling either, and well plied." "What a fine story." "What fine Legends? and what a lot you know sir!" addressing Norman, was the general chorus of the circle. "Your poem now if you please sir, on the elopement of Barbara Grant from Urquhart Castle with young Colin Mackenzie of Kintail?"

"I may as well tell you," says Norman, "who these Grants and Mackenzies were, that you may the better understand my bit poem, and take a livelier interest in it, as I proceed with its recitation.

"John Grant, the elder son of John of Freuchie, and tenth laird, obtained four charters under the great seal, all dated 3d December 1509, of various lands, among which were Urquhart and Glenmorriston. His eldest son James, called (from his daring character) *Seumas nan Creach*, was much employed during the reign of James V. in settling insurrections in the North. His lands in Urquhart were, in 1513, laid waste by the adherents of the Lord of the Isles, and again, by Clanranald in 1544, when he took possession of the castle.

"His elder son John, called *Ian Baold* or the *Gentle*, was a strenuous promoter of the Reformation, and a member of the Parliament which, in 1650, abolished Popery. By his first wife, Margaret Stewart, daughter of the Duke of Athol, he had two daughters and two sons, Duncan and Patrick. The latter was ancestor of the Grants of Rothiemurchus; John died in 1585.

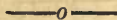
"Colin Mackenzie, 11th chief, son of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, fought on the side of Queen Mary at the Battle of Langside, for which he obtained remission in August 1569. He, and Donald Gormeson Macdonald of Skye, were forced, in presence of the Regent Moray and the Privy Council at Perth to settle their clan feuds. On this occasion Moray acted as mediator. Colin was a Privy Councillor of James VI. He died 14th January 1594.

"His first wife was Barbara, daughter of Grant of Grant, referred to in the poem. His second wife was Mary, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie of Davoch Maluak. From Barbara Grant came this family name, so common in the families of the descendants of Colin Mackenzie. Colin was the father of Kenneth, created Lord Mackenzie of Kintail by patent, in November 1609. From Colin sprang Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Tarbat, ancestor of the Earls of Cromarty, Colin ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kennock and Pitlundie, and Alexander ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kilcoy. From Alexander, by his second marriage, came the Mackenzies of Gairloch, Applecross, Coul, Delvin, Assynt, and others."

Norman proceeded with his poem, delighting, and calling forth the approval of his audience at the end of every stanza. The following is an English and faithful version :—



## CASTLE URQUHART.



A sunny smile is gilding every leaf ;  
 A summer's sun is glowing all the sky :  
 The wild bees droning hum, so sweetly brief,  
 Floats softly on the light breeze stealing by.  
 Round Urquhart's towers the clinging ivy creeps,  
 Veiling the walls fast crumbling to decay ;  
 Yet o'er them, while the trembling aspen weeps,  
 The rose and hawthorn blossom bright and gay ;  
 And sith that none may mock the mighty dead,  
 Flora, her mantle o'er the corpse has spread.

Old Urquhart's towers look calmly proudly down,  
 Upon a scene all lovely passing fair ;  
 Not even the tempest's shadow deep'ning frown  
 Can break the charm of radiant beauty there.  
 The shaded silence of the dark green groves,  
 The emerald bank so fragrant, gowan-decked ;  
 The joyous swelling notes of feathered loves,  
 The lake's soft rippling music all unchecked ;  
 The gorgeous wild flowers o'er the pathways flung,  
 By potent spell of Nature's sweet May Queen,  
 The careless branch-formed arches flowing hung  
 With woodbine gay and myrtle glossy green :  
 The deep still shades of cushat haunted woods  
 Sombring the brightness of the clear blue sky !  
 And screening oft Loch Ness—save when its floods,  
 Like bright eyed beauty's glances, coy and shy,  
 Peep forth in glistening flash thro' openings green  
 In brilliant blue and radiant silver sheen.

Would that those towers, those crumbling walls, could tell  
 The stirring tales of pomp and bye-gone years—  
 Of war and feud, in glen or heath clad fell,  
 Of love and beauty, tyranny and tears ;  
 What knight the laurel wreath of vict'ry wore ?  
 What victim of a ruthless, savage might,  
 Died terribly a hundred deaths, his manhood's sun,  
 His brightest hopes, all crushed in endless night ?  
 Time was, when floated—proudly borne—on high  
 A king's broad banner from the flagstaff tower  
 When beauty's song and beauty's tender sigh,  
 The night breeze stole entranced from beauty's bower.  
 Time was when lady fair and lord and knight,  
 The ruby wine from mantling goblets quaffed ;  
 In festal hall, and woke the ear of night  
 With song and dance, till e'en the moodiest laughed.  
 Time was, when wild Mealfourvonie afar  
 Flung broad and wide, its summons to the war ;  
 And dark Loch Ness, a mirrored burning beam,  
 Threw back the flashes of the battle gleam.  
 All ! all is o'er and gone, like evening's sigh,  
 Or flashing stars that only gleam to die.

The banner waves on Urquhart's towers ;  
The bagpipe peals through Urquhart's bowers ;  
Not for the war, no martial sound  
Of gathering foemen spreads around,  
Nor to the chase, that day the lord  
Sat joyous at the festive board.  
That day a Southern baron's heir  
Had sought as bride his daughter fair ;  
Waiting, there stood in Urquhart's hall  
Server and page and seneschal.  
The Gothic hall with trophies graced,  
Of chase and battle interlaced,  
Echoed with sounds of lordly cheer :  
While joyous notes fell on the ear.  
The feast was spread in Urquhart hall,  
And beauty graced the mazy ball ;  
With sparkling eyes and snood bound hair,  
And swan like bosoms, pearly fair.  
On wings of joy the happy hours  
Flew quickly past in Urquhart's towers ;  
Till toil and care-worn hearts gleamed high  
Like sun-bursts in an April sky.

Night's shadowy hours had passed away,  
The fleet roe deer had brushed away  
The dewdrop from its chalice fair.  
The lark was carolling in air—  
The blue mist rising from the lake  
Was curling over tree and brake ;  
When Urquhart's guest sought Urquhart's lord  
Before once more he graced the board ;  
And all impatient of delay  
Begged he would name the happy day ;  
When as his own by holy band,  
His own should be his daughter's hand.  
'Twas fixed—Alas ! that ought should dim  
Joy's sparkling cup filled to the brim !  
Pity ! that morning's blushing rose  
Should dread the storms of evening's close,  
Or summer rain clouds burst and fall,  
Or music's tones up sadness call ;  
Or dreams that float athwart the brain,  
Like those vague wanderings of pain,  
That oft the anxious bosom press ;  
When all around seems happiness,  
Who hath not oft when hope deferred,  
Hath rapt the doubting heart in sorrow,  
Felt all his troubled fancies stirred  
Some presage of despair to borrow ?  
With grim uncertainty oppressed,  
Thus felt and looked the wooer guest.

The dewdrop hung on flower and brake,  
The hills were mirrored in the lake,  
The songsters of the day were dumb,  
The wandering bee had ceased to hum ;  
And silent, beautiful, and blessed,  
All nature was absorbed in rest.

In peace below and peace above,  
While every zephyr breathed of love,  
In gentle sighs as if to shed  
Its inspiration o'er her head  
And cast o'er her angelic face  
That loveliness, that matchless grace,  
That innocence, which renders youth  
The symbol of celestial truth;  
Who from the window of a tower  
Gazed sadly through the twilight hour,  
Sighing with anxious dread, "to-morrow,  
One word may bring an age of sorrow,  
One accent of my faltering voice  
Will cast my fate against my choice.  
Ah me ! how swells this heart of mine,  
How dim the shadowy glass of time ?"  
With moistened eyes and fear—full heart,  
The maiden hastening to depart  
Threw o'er the water's rolling maze  
A lingering dreamy listless gaze,  
And there where bends the forest green  
With silvery lake and sky between,  
A single warrior met her view  
In belted plaid and bonnet blue.  
His brow one eagle's feather bore,  
His right hand held his good claymore.  
"Ah me !" the lovely maiden sighed,  
"One more to greet the heartless bride,  
One more to see me cast away.  
A heart as chill and dead as clay,  
A heart that must through life in vain  
Chafe with the shackles of my chain."

Again the sun's rays sank to rest  
Behind the curtains of the west ;  
And night on twilight's wings of grey,  
O'er hill and loch assumed her sway.  
The banquet hall with dazzling light  
Blazed with the sconce and torches bright.  
The festive board was nobly crowned,  
The wine cup passing quickly round.  
To valiant men and ladies fair  
Flashing with jewels rich and rare :  
While music's soul in whispering sighs  
Breathed round her softest melodies.  
Each ruffled brow was smoothed in peace,  
Nor suffered dance nor lay to cease,  
The minstrels woke their loudest strains,  
The dancers sped their swiftest trains.  
Loud swelled the sounds of joy on high  
And gladness filled the lover's eye,  
When quick the gate-horn's piercing blast  
Aside the softer music cast.

The folding doors flew open to the wall  
And quick the stranger strode into the hall,  
In youth's first strength and gallant bearing high,  
In look the very flower of chivalry.



His blue eye bright, his cheek like opening flower,  
 Ruddy as ever decked, e'en May's sweet bower,  
 His form as light and lithe as mountain deer,  
 In graceful motion modestly drew near ;  
 Blushing, with crested bonnet in his hand,  
 Yet through his blushes seeming to command,  
 " My lord," said he, " a stranger craves to share  
 Thy hospitable roof and eke thy fare  
 For but one night, for with the morning ray  
 I must be onward on my distant way."  
 " We part not thus ; I bid thee welcome—come,  
 Welcome again. Pray make my home thy home,  
 From maid to wife the morn my daughter makes  
 She shall beseech thy stay for all our sakes ;  
 And though unknown by lineage and by birth  
 I'll ask them not, come join our day of mirth."

With eye like summer's lightning ray,  
 He glanced o'er all the joyous scene,  
 Guiding his steps—love winged his way  
 Where sat the maiden. Beauty's queen,  
 The thoughts within his bosom raised  
 Words are so weak they cannot tell,  
 Nor all his rapture as he gazed  
 On her beloved so long, so well,  
 She felt the captive of his power ;  
 And like the bird in evil hour  
 Which tries in vain to further flee ;  
 And cowering folds its drooping wing  
 So met the maiden timorously,  
 Him who would hope deliverance bring.  
 Upon her ear his gentle voice  
 Fell like the whisper of the breeze,  
 That used to bid her heart rejoice  
 As round her home it fanned the trees,  
 Like timid fawn her startled look,  
 Deep to the chieftain's bosom spoke.  
 Bowing he clasped her trembling hand  
 Nestling in his her hand remained,  
 Resigned, but pleading love's command,  
 Her eyes looked all his will constrained.  
 Then with a courteous knightly air  
 He led her through the assembled fair,  
 And soothed with words whose sweetness stole  
 All deeply to the maiden's soul,  
 And almost hushed those fears to rest  
 Which late alarmed her virgin breast.

High rose the revels in the castle towers :  
 And flew on joyous wing the glad some hours ;  
 Seated aloft the bards with harp and voice  
 Gave song or tale as suited Urquhart's choice ;  
 Now softly singing love's complete control,  
 Now rousing strains to stir the martial soul ;  
 Now wondrous tales of kelpies, elves, and gnomes,  
 Of knights and fairies and their fairy homes ;  
 Of wild night cruises on the western tide,  
 Of mad pursuit of Shona's spectral bride.

Each had his part assigned to add a zest,  
 Or aid the splendour of the sumptuous feast,  
 When rose the bardic chief and straight advanced,  
 While round the hushed assembly quick he glanced,  
 And bowing to the maid he swept the chords  
 As if he felt how weighty were his words.

## S O N G.

Knowest thou the land where the sun loves to rest  
 Ere he journeys afar, o'er the Western main,  
 Where the storm spirits ride on the waves hissing crest  
 And the raving winds shout forth their mocking refrain.

Like an emerald set in the midst of the waves  
 Are the green vales of Lewis the birth-place of worth,  
 Of the lovely, the loving, the true and the brave,  
 'Tis the eagle king's eyrie far, far, in the north.

Why floats the broad banner of bold *Cabar-Feigh*,  
 Past Loch Alsh and Loch Carron, Gairloch and Tormore,  
 Past castle and cottage, past headland and bay,  
 Past forest and wild wood by rock and by shore ?

Lonely the eagle king roams from his clansmen,  
 Kindly he comes to our sweet lovely vale,  
 Then welcome Mhic Coinnich with warm hearts and hands then,  
 Thou'rt welcome Mhic Coinnich, young chief of Kintail.

The smiles that mantled o'er her lips  
 Were like the sun's first ray that tips  
 With burnished gold the mountain brow,  
 Flushing her cheek with love's bright glow ;  
 And his was not the heart that lies ;  
 For in the flash of his proud eyes  
 His truth and love as clearly shown  
 As in the mirror of her own.  
 Mysterious love who can control  
 Thy mighty power within the soul  
 Of such as own thy power in all  
 Its purity and feel its thrall.

Now springs the morn in living light  
 O'er nature's charms in beauty bright,  
 Bidding each spangled floweret rise  
 And wave abroad its verdant dyes.  
 Silvering alike the sparkling tides,  
 Or bratling burns on mountain sides  
 Quaffing the dew that fell by night  
 Upon the lily's bosom white,  
 Chasing the night o'er hill and lake  
 With joyous shouts, awake, awake.

And Urquhart's guest and Urquhart's lord  
 Again surround the festive board,  
 In all the pomp and state of birth,  
 In joy and happiness and mirth ;  
 Waiting the coming of the bride,  
 The bridegroom's hope, her father's pride.

But where was she ? Her couch unpressed,  
 Woke gloomy fears and thoughts distressed.  
 They searched in tower, and sought in hall,  
 By mountain tarn, and waterfall,  
 In brake, on hill, in gloomy wood,  
 And o'er the strand of Ness' dark flood ;  
 But fruitless sought. Then where was he,  
 Chief of the Minch's stormy sea ?  
 Soon as the moon from darkness round  
 Broke on the silence all profound,  
 Long ere a gleam of morning light  
 Had tipped Mealfourvie's cloud height,  
 Chieftain and bride had fled together,  
 O'er hills, through moors and blooming heather,  
 O'er sunny braes to green Glenshiel,  
 Where clansmen bold and true and leal,  
 With joyous shouts the maiden hail,  
 "*Ceud mille failt, 'bhan-tighearn Chinntail.*"

---

## Correspondence.

---

### THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

ARGYLL LODGE, KENSINGTON, *March 29, 1876.*

SIR,—I have read the article [in the *Celtic Magazine*] on the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools with much interest.

I agree very much in the view it takes. There can be no doubt whatever that the joint use and teaching of two languages has in itself a highly educating influence. The habit of translating from one language to the other tends to bring out the intelligence of the child, and to increase his powers, both of thought and of expression.

But the extent to which this system can, or ought to be, insisted upon, must depend very much on the general familiarity of the children with Gaelic in their own homes, and this varies in every parish.

Where the homes are not really and generally Gaelic it cannot be insisted on ; and every year the number of such parishes is decreasing.—Your obedient servant,

ARGYLL.



dream than a reality. Our brave heroine was again quite overcome. The reaction was too much for her nerves. In being led to the cabin she would have fallen prostrate on the deck had she not been supported. And who can wonder, in view of her fatigues and privations, her hairbreadth escapes and mental anxieties. But she survived it all. Sails are now hoisted to the favouring breeze, anchor weighed, and our now rejoicing pilgrims bade a lasting farewell to the ever memorable shores of Carolina. In care of the courteous commander they, in due time, reached their island home in the Scottish Highlands, and there lived to a good old age in peace and contentment. They had the pleasure of seeing the tender object of their solicitude grow up to womanhood, and afterwards enjoying the blessings of married life. And the veteran officer himself found no greater pleasure in whiling away the hours of his repose than in rehearsing to an entranced auditory, among the stirring scenes of the American Revolution, the marvellous story of his own fate; the principal events of which are here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched from a current tradition among his admiring countrymen in the two hemispheres.

JOHN DARROCH, M.A.

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

By ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

Norman was nearly exhausted and out of breath when he finished his poem. It was well received, and several of the verses were heartily applauded. The old bard congratulated him in more enthusiastic terms than ever; for, he was glad to find among the circle one who had just given such unmistakeable proof that he was no mean bard himself. He even promised to give another of his own poems if Norman would wait and hear *Alastair Eachain Duibh's* story of Glengarry's burial in the foundation of Glengarry Castle. All were delighted to hear another of the old bard's own compositions, and *Alastair Eachain* would prefer to hear it before telling his story, which, as he previously told them, was related to him in Strathglass, by an exciseman, a capital story teller, by the name of Grassie. The bard, however, insisted upon hearing about old Glen's mishap first, and *Alastair* proceeded with the Glengarry Legend:—

Many ages back, when a powerful but capricious chief of Glengarry was erecting the venerable and stern mansion, whose ruins still daunt the stranger's eye, he very injudiciously chose his companion and favourite from the humblest class of his retainers; and this, like the generality of favourites, once corrupted by a superior's improper familiarity, soon forgot prudence and propriety. One day, when the castle's infant walls had just upreared their massy front over their foundation, and

while their warlike founder, in company with another chief was superintending and admiring the progress of the building, up came the favourite with the greatest air of confidence, and without even saluting, as was then customary, his lord and chief, the dread possessor of unlimited feudal power, accosted him thus, in the presence of a recently conciliated rival—"Alas! poor chief, know ye what the M'Bhethains say? They call you miser, and enquire, how comes it that you could not spare a little silver and gold to be placed in thy castle's foundation, as is customary with other chiefs? Your present companion, they say," alluding to the chief already noticed, "has as much silver in the foundation of his castle as would buy yours." At this the stranger sneered with fiendish pleasure, seeing him whose friendship fear, not love, prompted him to court, but whom he fervently hated at heart, so much insulted by his own vassal. The chief himself, was too severely stung—his rage was too gigantic to stoop to instantaneous revenge: besides, it was derogatory for a chief to inflict personal chastisement on a vassal, and impracticable to do so in presence of another chief; but his brow was clouded, and his face was darkened as he spoke—until recollecting himself he smothered up his rage, and endeavouring to assume an appearance of cheerfulness exclaimed—"You are right Ranouil, I have quite omitted to do what you remind me of, I therefore thank you for the hint, and believe me I allow you more merit, from a conviction that I am not directly or indirectly beholden to those you mention for the suggestion, as it is not their own custom to do the like: however, it should be done, and, with your assistance, we will correct the omission to-night." The vassal retired chuckling, at what he considered the effect of his influence. It is impossible to discover the cause which had prompted him to talk so insultingly to his lord and master: some attribute it to the disappointment of dishonest expectations, supposing that he intended to abstract any jewellery which might be deposited as a memento in the foundation: while others imagine that his chief must have previously offended him, and that the insult was intended; but more probably his main object was to ingratiate himself with the stranger.

M'Ranouil lived in a small solitary cottage, a considerable distance from the residence of his chief, and, late on the night in question, he was startled in his slumber, by a loud knocking at his door: he arose trembling, with a secret dread of something unknown, and shuddered involuntarily as he opened his door to discover the cause of this disturbance. He opened it, and lo! there stood his chief, alone, with a naked dagger in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other, frowning like a spirit of vengeance. The frightened vassal at this terrific sight quickly sunk on his bended knee to implore his chieftain's grace and mercy, his heart bursting with remorse and sorrow, but the ear of vengeance would not listen to the importunities of remorse, nor to the supplicating sighs of fear. "Come," said the stern and angry chief, "arise, shake off that ague's fit and follow me, for I require your service!" To disobey the chief was a crime unknown and unheard of in those days, and his peremptory command and determined appearance showed the vassal that remonstrance or question was vain and futile; so with a tremulous hand he arrayed himself in his best apparel, and with a bursting and a yearning heart—

He bade his wife and children dear,  
A long, a last adieu,

and mournfully prepared to follow his chief. They sallied forth in silence and in gloom, the doomed man (for he knew his fate was sealed), marched sullenly behind. Neither seemed inclined to disturb the drowsy stillness which reigned around them; and as they marched along, the owl's screech voice assailed the vassal's ear, proclaiming the ominous words, "man prepare to die," and ever and anon, when the glare of the chief's dim lantern gleamed upon him, it showed the unhappy victim the diabolical smile which grinned on his chief's countenance at the proximity of such a feast of vengeance. At length they reached the castle, in the deep silence of midnight! where the chief, pointing to a gloomy excavation which he had caused that night to be made in its foundation, desired his vassal to enter, which he, without the least hesitation, did, mourning as he went, and wringing his hands in utter grief. As soon as he entered he saw the muscular chief with great difficulty roll a ponderous stone over the mouth of his dim and dreary sepulchre, and heard him chanting to himself, as in mockery, the M'Ranouil's dirge; but these cheerless sounds soon grew faint and ultimately died away.

The chief now quitted the castle, intending to drown all thoughts of its forlorn captive, amidst the riot and luxurious turbulence which a chieftain's life afforded, but he found himself mistaken. The foul deed he had that night performed made a deep and indelible impression on his mind, and go where he would he wandered like a forlorn outcast, changed, dejected, and thoughtful.

Wherever he roamed his weeping captive came trembling to his mind. If awake, it was of him, and him only that he thought, and if asleep he dreamed only of him, and often, in the deep stillness of night, a sullen voice whispered in his ear—"the heavy punishment you have inflicted on your clansman is too severe for the venal crime he committed, therefore you cannot expect to fight victoriously under such a load of guilt."

It happened that at this time the chief was about to enter into a struggle with an aggressing and powerful neighbour, and on the result of this combat depended his own and his clansmen's lives. Their antagonists were far superior in point of number, and were warriors renowned for their wonderful exploits—for fearlessness, daring, and courage; but they were a ruthless and relentless enemy, and whatever they vanquished they utterly destroyed. They seemed to fight not for any chivalrous honour, but rather from the devilish pleasure they had in reducing to ashes that which other men took months and years to build. In short, these spoilers took great umbrage at the chief of Glengarry, which meant certain destruction, unless he could defeat them in arms, and so he, in desperation, determined as his only chance of safety to hazard a battle. Yes! he would have a struggle, a fierce and furious struggle, ere he sank beneath the iron hand of a despotic rival: and if he did fall, he, like the dying lion, would wound the earth in his throes. He would not bleed like the bleating lamb, nor would he imitate the timid hind, and seek safety by flight! No! he had fangs like the wolf, and with these he would tear the flesh from the bones of his oppressor.



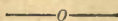
On the tenth day after the captivity of his late favourite, he had his clan marshalled and under arms, awaiting the approach of the foe whom he had challenged to meet him there, to settle their dispute by open combat. His warriors were all burning for distinction in the field, but none more ardently than himself, and as he glanced proudly along their line he smiled on hearing them curse the lazy foe, who lagged so tardily on their way to meet him. This was in the vicinity of the rising castle, and as he wished to enter the fight as guiltless as possible, it struck him that he had better relieve himself, if possible, from the guilt of his prisoner's undeserved misery, and to effect this purpose, he stole unperceived to the vault, and with the assistance of a common plank, used as a lever, he soon raised up the huge stone, and having placed a sufficient counterpoise to preserve the entrance, he entered, but scarcely had he done so when snap went the lever, and down came the stone with a tremendous force. In an instant he perceived the fearful calamity which had befallen him. He knew that all was now over, for it was impossible to remove the stone, from the interior of the vault; and, in terrible despair, he sat, or threw himself down, writhing with extreme mental agony. To make his misery greater he heard (or thought he heard) his trusty clansmen expressing their amazement at his unexpected and cowardly desertion, and heard (or thought he heard) the sentinels, whom he himself had placed, proclaim with extended lungs—"The foe! they come! they come!" and then he heard the din of war on the heath, and the shock of battle sound, "like a crash of echoing thunder," and then the shout triumphant of his foes—and oh! he would have given his very soul's redemption for power to arise from that murky dungeon and stalk to the midst of the combat like an angel of death—

And perish if it must be so,  
At bay destroying many a foe.

When the sounds of strife and every hope had died away, the shout triumphant, and the dying yells, he thought on the lone sharer of his captivity, whom he could discover was still alive, and he wondered that the soul, ever eager as an iron bound prisoner to escape, should be enticed by such misery to linger—for his part he would rather flutter like the butterfly through its sweet though short career, than live, like the toad, a thousand years prisoner to a marble block. As he mused thus in painful silence his deliverers arrived. They were his victorious foes—and those of his own clan who had survived the field of battle—the little remnant who had but now given his little band like chaff to the four warring winds of the earth. They came in quest of riches, which they supposed had been deposited in the vault. The stone was rolled away, and one by one they dropped into the vault, but each as he entered, fell a victim to the fury of its angry and exasperated inmate, who shortly afterwards with the aid of his old favourite vassal, quitted its gloomy precincts, leaving his enemy and his laurels there to wither and to die.

The old bard, whose voice was still sweet, although tremulous in consequence of old age, sang the following Gaelic song in praise of the "Mountain Dew":—

## ORAN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.



Oh ! b' aithne dhomh suirtheach neo-iormallach greann-mhor,  
 Mireanach, mireagach, diulanta,  
 A leumadh, a ruitheadh, a chluitheadh, sa dhannsadh,  
 Cinneadal, inneadal, curamach ;  
 'N am suidhe mu bhord gun tig moran na chuideachda,  
 A ghabhail nan oran gu solasach, sugairteach,  
 Bhiodh bodaich 'us cailchean a dearbhadh sa dusbaireachd,  
 'Us gheibheadh tu ursgeulan ùr aca.

Cha'n eil posadh na banais, cuis-gheana, na ghaire,  
 Chithear cho ceart mar bi druthag ann,  
 Aig toiseach na diathad se dh-iarrair an trath sin,  
 'S fhearrda na stamagan srubag dheth.  
 'S leis dunadh gach bargain, us dearbhadh gach fineachais,  
 Ciad phog bean na bains' 's i toir taing dha na Mhinisteir,  
 Chuireadh e dhanns' iad, 's beag an annstramaid shireadh iad,  
 Cha'n fhaca mi gille cho surdail ris.

Nuair theid *Macintoisich* na chomhdach 's na airmeachd,  
 Caite m bheil gaisgeach a mhaoitheadh air,  
 Chuireadh e samhlach na baird 's a chleir-sheanachain,  
 Chuireadh e chadal 's na cuiltean iad.  
 Cha robh duine 'sa rioghachd a shineadh air carraid ris,  
 Nach bualadh e cheann a dh-aon mheall ris na talaintean,  
 'S fhagail gun sgoinn, deanamh greim ris na ballachan,  
 Mar gum biodh amadan 's luireach air.

'Fear us luaithe an astar 's as brais ann an nadur,  
 Bheireadh e chasan sa lùs naith,  
 'Fear as bronaich' a dhise, gun mhisneachd, gun mharan,  
 Chuireadh e 'mhìre air an urlar e.  
 'Fear as mo ann an starn bheireadh strabh air gun tuiteadh e,  
 Chuireadh e'n t-anlar gu oran 's gu cruitearachd,  
 Ni e'm bacach nach gluaisheadh cho luath ris na h-uiscean,  
 'S ni e na trustairean fiughantach.

A fear a bhi's na chrupan air cul an tigh-òsd',  
 'S nach teid a steach leis a sgùgaireachd,  
 Ge'd bhiodh airgiod na thasgaidh, bi' glas air na phocaid,  
 Rud a thoir aisde cha duraig e.  
 Ach nuair thig am fear coir leis 'm bu deoin bhi sa chuideachda,  
 Bheir e air sgeoid e gu seomar mam buidealan,  
 Nuair dh'olas e dha thig a nadur gu rud-eigin,  
 'S their, e cuir thugainn mar shuigheas sinn.

Tha moran an deigh air an Eirinn 'san Alba,  
 Ge da tha cuid aca diombach air,  
 Tha daoin' agus mnathan. tha mathasach, geamnaidh,  
 Ghabhas deth glaine gu'n urrachdainn.  
 'S fhearrda fear tìrs e, gu cuir smuid agus airsneal deth,  
 'S ainnidh bean-shiubhla nach dùraigeadh blasad air,  
 Mar faigh a bhean-ghluin' e thig tuchan 'us casadaich,  
 Falbhas i dhachaidh 's bi stùr oirre.

Sud dar thuirt Ceat n'Ic a-Phearsoin "chan e sin fasan nan Gaidheal,  
 Dar a thig leasachdainn ùr orra,  
 Bith' 'm botal sa ghlaine sa 'n t-aran 's an cais',  
 Dha tharruing ma seach as a chulaiste.  
 Their a bhean choir ris a choisir a thuigeadh i,  
 Gabhaidh na *mornin* cha mhor dheth na trioblaid e,  
 Tha botal na dha an so lan 'us tha pigidh ann,  
 Faighibh an t-slige 's na caomhnaibh e."

## ON THE CELTIC ORIGIN OF THE SCOTCH WORD *LAW*, AS APPLIED TO HILLS; AND ON THE NATION OF THE PICTS.

By THOMAS STRATTON, M.D. Edin.; *Author of The Celtic Origin of  
 Greek and Latin, and of the Affinity between the Hebrew and the Celtic.*

—o—

I WISH to offer a few remarks on the word *law* which forms part of the names of various hills in Scotland. They are mentioned in the order in which they occur, beginning at the north:—

*Inverness-shire*.—Wardlaw was the former name of the parish of Kirkhill near Inverness. (It shows very bad taste changing an old name for a new one).

*Angus or Forfar*.—Dundee Law, Catlaw, Bathlaw.

*Forfar and Perthshire*.—Sidlaw.

*Fife*.—Largo Law.

*Mid-Lothian*.—Drylaw is three miles west from Edinburgh.

*East-Lothian*.—North Berwick Law.

*Peebles*.—Broadlaw.

*Berwick*.—Greenlaw.

*Roxburgh*.—Ruberslaw, Cocklaw.

These are all that occur to me at present. They are on the east side of Scotland. What is the derivation of *law*? Is it from the Gaelic *sliabh* (pronounced sleav), a hill (a sloping hill).

Putting the definite article *an* before *sliabh*, it is necessary to insert euphonic *t*; this makes *s* to be silent. Thus *an t-sliabh* (the hill), is pronounced *an-t-leav*. Suppose a person speaking in Gaelic of the *sliabh* of Dundee, and another afterwards omitting the article, he might use *leav* only. By a slurring way of pronouncing, this easily becomes *law*. If the reader is not satisfied with this view, there is another possibility open to us.

Gaelic has a way of sometimes prefixing *s* to Gaelic words; also (which is the same thing) of prefixing *s* followed by a vowel. Another way of stating this is to say that Gaelic sometimes has a way of omitting initial *s*. Some time ago I drew up a list of sixty-five *pairs* of words of this kind. Perhaps the list might be made longer:—



# THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XI.

SEPTEMBER 1876.

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

By ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

MALCOLM, whose vocation accustomed him more to the effective use of the flail than to the recitation of poetry, did fair justice to the piece, and by the time he had arrived at the point where Fingal and Manus engaged in single combat he had grown quite enthusiastic over his self-imposed task, and gave clear enough indication, by voice and manner, that he entered fully into the spirit of the poem; reciting which he exerted himself so much that he was quite out of breath when he finished.

"That's all I remember of it," says Callum, but it is by no means all I knew of it at one time. When quite a youth I learnt it from Roderick Fraser, who lived at the time at Inverkerry. You remember him well *Alastair?*"

"Indeed that I do, and a fine old fellow he was. I never knew any one who possessed such a large amount of old Ossianic poetry and other Highl and songsand stories. He repeated the poem to myself at greater length on more than one occasion. Poor Roderick! he has, like all my other early friends and contemporaries, gone to his reckoning these twenty years and more; *agus dh' fhag iad mi nise mar dh'fhagadh Ossian, leam fhein a cumha na Feinne* (and they have now left me as Ossian had been left, alone lamenting the Fingallians). Roderick was 105 years of age when he died, and to the very last he used to relate with evident signs of, what was for a man in his circumstances, pardonable pride, that in his youth he was for many years in the service of 'Old Badachro,' a scion of the Gairloch family; that it was from him he learnt the Ossianic poems he knew, as well as all his other Highland lore; that the grandfather of this 'Old Badachro' fought '*Latha na luinge*' at Raasay in the year 1611—the last battle fought between the Mackenzies and the Macleods of Raasay for the possession of the lands of Gairloch, and in which *Mac Gille Challum Oig*, laird of Raasay, and Murdo Mackenzie, a younger son of the laird of Gairloch were slain. By the by, Kenneth," addressing Kenneth Fraser, *Leac-na-Saighid* who is an excellent story teller, and who we are happy to say is still hale and hearty, "you could tell us all about '*Latha na luinge*,' and the many other

battles and skirmishes so incessantly fought in the past between the Macleods and the Mackenzies."

"Yes, I could," answered Kenneth, "but if I am to tell you all about those clan legends and battle stories it would be better that I should begin at the beginning and inform you—First, how the Macbeaths were driven out of Gairloch by *Ian Mac Ian Uidhir*, Carr of Kintail, and *Domhnall Mor Mac 'ic Raonail 'ic Rath* from Inverinate; and how after them the Macleods were driven out by *Eachain Ruadh*, the second son of Mackenzie of Brahan and Kintail. This is a long story or rather stories, and it would take me more than a whole evening to relate them from the beginning to the end. I therefore prefer to begin them on some future evening, when I shall give you the story of '*Latha nan luinge*' in its proper order."

This was agreed to, and the bard called on *Uilleam Beag* to give a story, a proverb, or a riddle. William, who was never absent from the *Ceilidh* house without serious cause, was an indifferent story-teller, but was never at a loss for a proverb or a riddle. "*Ge beag an t-ubh thig eun as*" (Small though the egg be a bird will come out of it) said William. "*Tha thusa mar 'b, abhaist,*" answered the bard, "*cha mho t'eun no t'ubh*" (You're as usual; your bird is not larger than your egg). "*Gach eun gu 'nead 'sa shrabh na ghob*" (Every bird to his own nest with his own straw in his bill) retorted William. "You're quite right my friend," answered *Ruairidh Mor*. "*Is minic a bheothaich sradaig bheag teine mor*" (A small spark often kindled a large fire). "*Cearl ga leor a Ruairidh*" *ars' Uilleam* "*'S fearr iomall a phailteis no meadhan na gainne*" (Right enough Rory, it is better to be on the borders of plenty than in the middle of poverty). "*Coma leibh dha*" *ars' am bard*, "*chan fhiach e bhi fuireach ris, 's mairg a dh' iarradh rud air a chat 's e fein a miabhail*" (Never mind him, he is not worth the waiting for, who would beg from the cat when she is mew-ing with hunger). "Come on, Rory, give us something yourself." "Well I'll give the boys half-a-lozen riddles and they can give us the answers to-morrow night:—1st, *Ceithir air chrith, ceithir nan ruith, dithis a coimhead an aghaidh 'n athair, 's fear eile ag eigheachd*. 2d, *A dol a null fuaidh thalamh, air darach a bha mi, air muin each nach d'rugadh riamh, as srian a leathar a mhathar ann*. 3d, *Chummaic fear gun suilean ubhlan air a chraobh, cha d'thug e ubhlan di, 's cha d'fhag e ubhlan oirr*. 4th, *Togaidh 'n leanabh beag na dhorn e 's cha thog da dhuine dheug le rop e*. 5th, *Chaidh mi na choille 's fhuair mi e, 's far an d'fhuair mi e chaill mi e, na'm faighinn e dh'fhagaim e, 's mo nach d'fhuair mi e thug mi dhachaidh e*. 6th, *Rugadh e mu'n d'rugadh athair, 's bha e air tiodhlaic-eadh a sheannhair*. We give the following translations:—1st, Four shaking, four running, two looking up to the sky, and another bawling. 2d, I was crossing underground upon oak, riding a horse which was never born, but which had a bridle of his mother's hide. 3d, A man without eyes saw apples on a tree, he took no apples off, nor left he apples on. 4th, A little child will lift it in his hand, but twelve men cannot lift it with a rope. 5th, I went to the wood and found it, and where I found it I lost it, if I had found it I would have left it, but as I did not find it I brought it home with me. 6th, He was born before his father, and was at his grandmother's funeral.

Several of the youngsters offered to solve most of them there and then, but it was decided to have the answers when next they met.

Shortly before this *Fear a Gharbha*, an extensive drover from the neighbourhood of the Grampians, dropped in among the worthies, almost unobserved. He regularly attended the local cattle markets and was indeed the principal buyer of cattle in the district, but for a few years back, through some cause or another, he did not put in an appearance, and the people were hard pressed to provide the wherewithal for paying their small yearly rental; for they had no resources other than their small Highland cattle and the local fishing to depend upon. The fishing had been bad for some years, and the absence of *Fear a Gharbha* and his drover friends for such a time had brought matters to an unenviable position among the small tenants of the district. It is unnecessary, in these circumstances, to say that the long lost friend was heartily welcomed by the circle. He was offered food, and other "refreshments" which, by the laws of hospitality in the bard's house, had become a standing institution. These were indeed distilled on the premises; for in those days the "gauger" formed no part of the official arrangements of the district. After partaking of the good things at the goodwife's disposal, the *drobhair* detailed the causes of his long absence from the place—bad prices at the southern markets, family bereavements which necessitated his presence at home, and other causes. *Fear a Gharbha* had always been a great attraction in the circle, and could tell any number of stories connected with the districts of Lochaber and Badenoch. *Ian Tailleir*, who had been delighted with the *drobhair's* legends during previous visits, begged, now that our friend had provided for the inner man and was comfortable for the night, that he would give them a good Badenoch or Lochaber story. He readily consented to relate one about "the Cummings (a most deceitful, cunning, and wild set of people in Badenoch), and the Shaws."

The Cummings, he said, were always a turbulent and haughty race, who for many generations inhabited the wilds of Strathspey and Badenoch. One of them upon a time claimed the throne of Scotland; and the deceitful wretch, who after having entered into a mutual bond with Robert the Bruce (the great deliverer of Scotland from English oppression and tyranny, and who, for ever, established the independence of his country) for the deliverance of their common country, betrayed him to Edward. Bruce, however, managed to get away from the English court, and meeting the deceitful Cumming in the Church of the Grey Friars in Dumfries, on the 10th of February 1305, a warm altercation took place, in the course of which Bruce charged the *Comyn*, as he was called, with treachery to himself and his country. The *Comyn* returned an insulting answer, when Bruce instantly stabbed him with his dagger on the steps of the high altar. The Cummings and the Shaws were always at feud with each other, the latter, being the weaker, at least in point of numbers, always getting the worst of it; and on one occasion their chief was murdered by their inveterate enemies and oppressors, the Cummings. A general slaughter took place at this particular period; but Shaw's only child, a boy of only a few months old escaped, he having fallen into the hands of a devoted female dependent of the family, who to secure him from danger and to avoid the general carnage, made off across hills and mountains, through moors



and forests, to the residence of the laird of Strathardale in the Highlands of Perthshire, whom she knew as an old and trusted friend of her late chief. She arrived after much fatigue and many hardships at the "Baron's" residence; informed him of the cruel fate of her late master, and the flower of his clan; how she escaped with her precious charge, and entreated Strathardale for the love he bore the late Rothiemurchus, and the long and intimate friendship which had existed between them to take charge of his youthful son and save him from the savage clutches of the Cummings. Matters were soon arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and the faithful woman went away home quite satisfied that the youth would be well attended to and brought up among Strathardale's own children, as befitted the rightful and youthful heir of Rothiemurchus.

She returned to her own country in due time and found all her old acquaintances and friends slaughtered or trampled upon, and scourged by the bloodthirsty and cruel Cummings; all the ancient possessions of the Shaws ruled by, and, apparently in the everlasting possession of, the inveterate enemies of her kith and kin. Years and days passed away, and those days and years added growth and vigour to the young heir, who, until he attained the years of discretion, was carefully kept in the dark as to the real and true nature of his birthright. When at last it was revealed to him, his whole soul seemed to have been roused, and he determined to spend his whole time and all the energies of his body and mind to prepare and carry out a scheme for the recovery of his ancient patrimony; and contest his claim with the proud and haughty house of Cumming, and avenge the cruel murder of his father and kinsmen.

In due time young Shaw decided upon paying a visit to his native district to ascertain the real state of matters, and if possible to wrench from his enemies the heritage which they so long and so unjustly possessed. On arriving at Rothiemurchus, after a most perilous journey and escorted by a strong body of followers, he lost no time in calling upon his benefactor, Janet Shaw, whose history, antecedents, and devoted conduct to himself in his early days he had learnt from his Perthshire protector. He was directed to her lonely cottage, the door of which he found strongly bolted from the inside. He at once announced himself and begged to be admitted, but his voice was quite strange to Janet's ear. No amount of entreaty or persuasion would induce her to unbolt the door until she had satisfactory proof that she was not being deceived; for poor Janet had good reason to have little faith in her surroundings. She could not bring herself to believe that her old *protege* could be so foolhardy as to appear in the district among the sworn enemies of his race. Shaw, however, continued to insist upon his individuality, and at last Janet told him to exhale his breath through the keyhole and she would thus soon satisfy herself as to his identity. Doubting this singular and delicate mode of recognition on the part of Janet, Shaw requested one of his attendants to supply his place in the first experiment. This done Janet at once firmly and sternly resented the attempt made to deceive her by one, who she said, must be an enemy trying to secure an entrance to her place of abode with no good intention, and told him "*Bi falbh, bi falbh a chealgair ch'a'n eil gaoth t'ainealach ach fuairaidh an aite anail*

*mhlis, bhlada leanaban mo ghaoil*" (Be off, be off, deceitful wretch, the odour of your breath is but cold in comparison with the sweet and savoury breath of my own beloved child). Shaw could no longer trifle with the feelings of one whom he discovered had still continued to take such an interest in him, and he felt vexed that he had acted in what might be construed by Janet, such a heartless manner. He asked her to give him another chance to meet her in her own way, explained the hoax to her, breathed through the keyhole himself, satisfied the devoted Janet that he was really "her own beloved child," when with an exclamation of joy she unbolted and threw open the door, warmly saluted and received him in her arms, and bedewed him with tears of affection. For the moment his manhood failed him, and the two wept—it is difficult to decide whether most in consequence of the vivid recollections brought up of misfortune and misery in the past, or from a spontaneous outburst of joy in meeting one another in such peculiar circumstances, after such a long, and as Janet believed, permanent separation.

Young Shaw, however, soon recovered himself, and after mutual congratulations and various references and enquiries as to the past lives and adventures of each other, he learnt from Janet that all the male Cummings were away on a foraging expedition in the south, and that they were expected to arrive with the *Creach* on the following day. This was considered a most favourable and opportune circumstance, and one which must be taken advantage of without hesitation or delay. Shaw at once decided to intercept them on their way home and extinguish them root and branch or perish in the attempt. He and his trusted followers passed a sleepless night in Janet's cottage. To satisfy their hunger she insisted upon having her only cow slaughtered at once. This was done, and it was soon roasted before a blazing fire of peat and moss fir. No effort was spared on Janet's part to make them as comfortable as possible, no doubt naturally feeling that if her favourite was successful in his desperate enterprise she would be well provided for during the remainder of her days.

The rest of the night was spent by Shaw and his plucky companions sorting their arms and arranging their dispositions for the following morning. Before the break of day they started and took up a secluded position on the Callort Hill, at the eastern extremity of Rothiemurchus, situated between two roads leading from Strathspey. They exultingly felt that they had the Cummings in the immediate grasp of their inveterate vengeance, and sure of their ability to complete their utter destruction and annihilation. Old Janet, who accompanied Shaw and his friends, recommended this as the best and most convenient spot from which to attack the enemy, as they were sure to return by that route, and she was determined to take a part in the fortunes of war herself; for, she said, if the day went against them it was certain death for her, whether she followed them and shared their danger, or stopped at home in her lonely cottage. She agreed to ascend a neighbouring hill which commanded a good view of the two roads by one of which the Cummings must return. Janet was soon on the top, and after a period of watchful suspense she descried the enemy slowly advancing straight upon the very spot where Shaw and his followers lay in ambush. She immediately gave the alarm by a pre-arranged signal, the watchword being—*Tha na gobhair auns a Challort*



(The goats are in the Callort). Shaw and his companions immediately prepared for the mortal combat in which he was to secure the patrimony of his race or die in the attempt. Like a horde of hungry wolves falling on their innocent and defenceless prey, Shaw and his companions fell on the first batch of their astonished and unprepared victims and felled them to the ground like mown grass. They were travelling in detached companies, each party driving a separate lot of cattle lifted from the Southron, and as each party came up, ignorant of the fate of the preceding one, they were soon despatched by the infuriated and successful Shaw, and not a Cumming was allowed to escape. They were all buried on the spot which is to this day called *Lag nan Cuimeanach*, or the Hollow of the Cummings. "The green grassy mounds which, after the lapse of centuries, overtop the heather at this scene of blood-thirsty vengeance, mark the resting place and commemorate the overthrow of one of the most savage races that ever existed in the Highlands of Scotland."

After this desperate and successful encounter with the Cummings no serious difficulties presented themselves against Shaw taking possession of the estate and property of his predecessors. His kinsmen and friends, who so long writhed under the oppressive yoke of the hated enemy, now rallied round their young and rightful chief with alacrity and unmistakable signs of delight. It was not long, however, before matters took another and an ugly turn. Shaw's mother survived the general massacre and ruin of the clan when the Cummings took possession, and matters had so far prospered with her, still residing in the district, that during the minority and absence of her son she again entered the matrimonial state with a "Southron," whose name was Dallas. Young Shaw had so far condoned this step on his mother's part, considering the straitened circumstances in which she was left, that he not only forgave her, but invited herself and her husband to reside with him in his mansion of Doune. Matters continued pleasantly and smoothly for a considerable time, but, as usual in such cases, after a time some disagreeable and discordant elements began to manifest themselves, and the youth was too proud and haughty in spirit to conceal his increasing ill-will and animosity towards his stepfather. On a certain occasion, among a large company of their friends, this disagreeable feeling found vent, when unpleasant remarks were given expression to on both sides. Shaw looked daggers, but held his hand until on his way home, at a lonely and secluded spot, he suddenly drew forth his dagger, and with little or no preliminary ceremonial dispatched his stepfather by stabbing him in the heart. The place is known to this day as *Lag an Dalaisich*. Not satisfied with this brutal and murderous deed, he severed the head from the body, and carrying the bloody trophy to his mother, stuck on the point of his dagger, on arriving at home, he threw it at her, tauntingly exclaiming, "There it is for you, take it, the head of your blackguard and detested husband."

The state of the poor woman's feelings at the sight of such a horrid spectacle, brought about by the hand of her own offspring, cannot be described. She cursed him loudly for the unnatural part he had acted. The keenest resentment was aroused in her breast, and she determined to use every means in her power to have him punished for his cruel and detestable conduct. She urged upon every one whom she could in-



fluence, and who had any influence in the district, to stir up and rouse the vigilance of the law, feeble as it then was in such an out-of-the-way place. She unceasingly impressed upon every one the detestable nature and enormity of the crime her son had been guilty of, and the great injustice he had inflicted upon herself. The result was that young Shaw was soon proclaimed an outlaw, and his whole property, rights, and possessions reverted to the Crown. He soon after died broken-hearted, despised by friends and foes alike; and his heritage has continued since to be the property of the "Lairds of Grant," who, for a mere nominal sum, bought the forfeiture from the Crown.

"Well, well," said the bard as soon as *Fear a Gharbha* had finished his story, "we had more reasons than one to miss you from our circle for the last few years. In addition to our difficulty to dispose of our cattle at fair prices we have lost many a good story, such as you used to recite with such effect to us. I have strung together a few verses to yourself, whisky, and your south country drover friends, which I shall attempt to recite before we part." And the bard recited as follows:—

Luinneag—Horo bi stop againn,  
An urra ris drobhairean,  
B' iad fhein na daoine coire,  
Bheireadh oirnn gum bi'dh sinu faoilteach.

Thoir soiridh gu 'n am Baideanach,  
Gur fhada leam an tamh a th'orr',  
Tha 'n ceannach air mo sharachadh,  
'S tha 'm mal air dol an daoirid.  
Horo, &c.

'S iomadh curaidh calma dhiubh,  
Ni bunaig dha na h-Albannaich,  
'S ann diubh tha Fear a Gharbha,  
'S cha 'n eil seachas air a chaochla.  
Horo, &c.

Dh-innsinn cuid deth shuaicheantas,  
Bhiodh long 'us leomhan uailbhreach air,  
Lamh-dhearg 'us bradan stuadh-bhuinneach,  
'S an lann bu chruaidhe faobhar.  
Horo, &c.

Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath,  
Tha buaidh air nach coir a chleth,  
Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath,  
Bu mhath la teth 'us fuar e,  
Bu math la reota 'us gallionn e,  
Gu cuir air chul na greannaige,  
Gu traoghadh an lus analaich,  
'S gu t-fhagail, falain, fuasgail.  
Horo, &c.

Oh! 's iomadh fear a dh'oladh e,  
 Na ceannaichean 's na h-ostairean,  
 Luchd fhearainn shaoir 'us drobhairean,  
 'S cha toireadh seoltair fuath dha.

Horo, &c.

Am fear a bhios na thuraban,  
 A cuimhneachdainn a chunnartan,  
 B, fhearrd e lan a ghuraich dheth,  
 Gu cuir a mhulaid uaithe.

Horo, &c.

B, fhearrda 'fear bhiodh euslan e,  
 Gu fhagail sunntach speirideach,  
 'S bu leigheas dha'n fhear dheididh e,  
 'S ni e feum a dh, fhear na cuairtich.

Horo, &c.

Tha cuid a their le anabharra,  
 Nach math a chaithe-aimsir e,  
 Na'm faigheadh iad gun airgiod e,  
 Cha 'n fhalbhadh iad as aonais.

Horo, &c.

Bi' stop againn, 's bi' botal ann,  
 Olaidh sinn gu socrach e,  
 'Fear aig am bi na topachan,  
 'S ann da bhi's brod na prise.

Horo bi' stop againn,  
 An urra ris na drobhairean,  
 B' iad fhein na daoine coire,  
 Bheireadh oirn gu 'm bi'dh sinn faoilteach.

(To be Continued.)

---

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

---

"WILD IRISHMAN."—(1st), The "Prophecies" enquired after by "R. M'L." and "P. M'K." in the March number are the same which appeared in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness." A new and (very much) enlarged edition is in preparation, which, after passing through the pages of the *Celtic Magazine*, will be published in small book form by Mr Noble, bookseller, Inverness. (2d), At present we have no intention of giving an English translation of the Gaelic poem "Muirthralach," which appeared in our last, of the Gaelic paper on "Iona," or of the other Gaelic papers and poems. We are of opinion that, generally, it is impossible to do justice to Gaelic poetry in a translation. (3d), The "Title Page" and "Table of Contents" will be issued with No. 12 of the *Celtic Magazine*, which is to conclude volume I. (4th), Macpherson's Ossian, edited by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, and advertised on our back page at 3s, is the Gaelic edition.—(Ed. C.M.).