THE

Celtic Monthly:

A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

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DEDICATED

TO

DR. KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, EDINBURGH,

A PATRIOTIC SON OF SKYE,

in recognition of his valuable services in the field of Celtic Literature and Music, and in acknowledgment of his many learned contributions to the pages of this magazine.

JOHN MACKAY,

Editor.

LORD TULLIBARDINE.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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LORD TULLIBARDINE.

THE most important event of the year to Highlanders, the Gaelic Mòd, which was held at Greenock on the 21st and 22nd September, proved the most successful gathering which has been held by An Comunn Gaidhealach since its inauguration at Oban thirteen years ago. The competitions attracted many interested visitors, while the immense audience of 3000 persons who attended the evening concert was emphatic evidence that Gaelic song and music still affords a charm, not only to those of Highland birth or descent, but to all capable of appreciating the finest lyrical melody in the world.

The central figure at these gatherings was Lord Tullibardine, heir to the ancient Dukedom of Atholl, and one of the most popular of Highland soldiers. It was natural that he should be there, for the members of the Atholl family have for many years identified themselves with the Gaelic movement, an example which might well be copied by many of the nobility and gentry of the Highlands. With all their democratic proclivities, there is no doubt that the Gael are still deeply attached to the old chieftain and landed families, and the leading part which Lord Tullibardine has taken in the revival of Celtic feeling and language, in addition to the splendid reputation which he has earned on the field of battle, have secured for him the warmest regard of his countrymen. He has occupied the presidential chair at the two last Mòds, and undoubtedly his presence and influence contributed in no small degree to their success.

Although still a young man, his Lordship has had an eventful career. On the battlefields of the Soudan and South Africa he has well maintained the martial reputation of his family. A short reference to these incidents may prove interesting to our readers:—

John George Stewart-Murray, Lord Tullibardine, M.V.O., D.S.O., J.P. and D.L. for Perthshire, was born 15th December, 1871, and was educated at Eton College. He was a lieutenant in the 3rd Batt. Royal Highlanders, 1890-2, and afterwards in the Royal Horse Guards; served in the Soudan Campaign of 1898 under Sir Herbert Kitchener, with the rank of Bimbashi, as Staff-Officer to Lieut.-Col. Broadwood, commanding the cavalry of the Egyptian Army, and was present at the cavalry reconnaisance of 4th April, and at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum (mentioned in despatches), and received the Distinguished Service Order, British Medal, and Khedive's Medal with two clasps. He also took part in the South African War in 1899-02, attached to the Royal Dragoons, and served as Staff-Officer to Brigadier-General Burn Murdoch.

The raising of that gallant regiment, the Scottish Horse, by the Duke of Atholl and the Marquis of Tullibardine, and their splendid services to King and country, at a period of great national anxiety, will not be readily forgotten by the Scottish people. His Lordship was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the two regiments. Previously, he was present at the battle of Colenso and the subsequent operations; and also took part in the Relief of Ladysmith, the actions at Vaal Krantz and Pieter's Hill, and the operations on the Tugela Heights.

On the conclusion of the war, the military authorities were evidently so much impressed with the excellent class of soldiers who had been attracted to this regiment, and the equally famous Lovat Scouts, that Lord Tullibardine was commissioned to raise a new regiment of Scottish Horse in the central Highlands, including Perthshire, part of western Argyllshire and the adjacent islands, for home service, and a finer body of men than those which he has embodied is not to be found in the kingdom. Should their services ever be required to repel a hostile invasion, we have every confidence that they will prove worthy successors to the gallant Scots who fought so well on the South African veldt.

On the 20th July, 1899, his Lordship married Katharine Marjory, fourth daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay of Banff, Baronet.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

HIS LIFE AND EXPLOITS.

ROBERT MACGREGOR CAMPBELL* was a younger son of Donald Macgregor of Glengyle, in Perthshire, by a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, sister of the individual who commanded at Glencoe. He was born some time between 1657 and 1660, and married Mary Macgregor, daughter of Gregor Macgregor of Comermore. As cattle was at that period the principal marketable produce of the hills, the younger sons of gentlemen had few other means of procuring an independent subsistence than by engaging in this sort of traffic. At an early period Rob Roy was one of the most respectable and successful drovers in his district. Before the year 1707 he had purchased off the family of Montrose the lands of Craigroystane, on the banks of Loch Lomond, and had relieved some heavy debts on his nephew's estate of Glengyle. While in this prosperous state, he continued respected for his honourable dealings both in the Lowlands and Highlands.

CATTLE DROVING.

Previous to the Union no cattle had been permitted to pass the English border. As a boon or encouragement, however, to conciliate the people to that measure, a free intercourse was allowed. The Marquis of Montrose, created Duke the same year, and one of the most zealous partisans of the Union, was the first to take advantage of this privilege, and immediately entered into partnership with Rob Roy, who was to purchase the cattle and drive them to England for sale; the Duke and he advancing an equal sum (10,000 merks each, a sum which would have purchased 500 head of cattle in those days, when the price of the best ox or cow was seldom twenty shillings), all transactions beyond this amount to be on credit. The purchases having been completed, Macgregor drove them to England; but so many people had entered into a similar speculation that the market was completely overstocked, and the cattle sold for much less than prime cost. Macgregor returned home, and went to the Duke to settle the account of their partnership, and to pay the money advanced with the deduction of the loss. The Duke, who had taken Macgregor's bond for the money, it is said, would consent to no deduction, but insisted on principal and interest.

"In that case, my Lord," said Macgregor, "if these be your principles, I shall not make it my principle to pay the interest, nor my interest to pay the principal; so, if your Grace do not stand your share of the loss, you shall have no money from me." On this they separated. No settlement of accounts followed, the one insisting on retaining the money unless the other would consent to bear his share of the loss. Nothing decisive was done till the

REBELLION OF 1715,

when Rob Roy "was out," his nephew, Glengyle, commanding a numerous body of the Macgregors, but under the control of his uncle's superior judgment and experience. On this occasion the Duke of Montrose's share of the cattle speculation was expended, The next year his Grace took legal means to recover his money, and got possession of the lands of Craigroystane on account of his bond. This rendered Macgregor desperate. Determined that his Grace should not enjoy his lands with impunity, he collected a band of about twenty followers, declared open war against him, and gave up his old course of regular droving, declaring that the estate of Montrose should, in future, supply him with cattle, and that he would make the Duke rue the day on which he had quarrelled with him. He kept his word; and for nearly thirty years, that is, till the day of his death, levied regular contributions on the Duke and his tenants, not by nightly depredations and robberies, but in broad day, and in a systematic manner; at an appointed time making a complete sweep of all the cattle of a district; always passing over those not belonging to the Duke's estate, as well as the estates of his friends and adherents; and having previously given notice where he was to be by a certain day with his cattle, he was met there by people from all parts of the country, to whom he sold them publicly. These meetings, or trysts, as they were called, were held in different parts of the country; sometimes the cattle were driven south, but oftener to the north and west, where the influence of his friend, the Duke of Argyll, protected him.

ROB COLLECTS THE RENT.

When the cattle were in this manner driven away the tenants paid no rent, so that the Duke was the ultimate sufferer. But he was made to suffer in every way. The rents of the lower or cultivated farms were partly paid in grain and meal, which was generally lodged in a store-house

* After the name of Macgregor was suppressed by Act of Parliament in 1622, individuals of the clan assumed the names of the chiefs or landlords on whose estates they lived, or adopted the names of such men of rank and power as could afford them protection. Thus, Rob Roy took the name of his friend and protector, the Duke of Argyll, while his son James, put himself under the protection of the family of Drummond. This cruel and degrading Act was repealed in 1775. Now the clan Macgregor may assume and sign their own names to bonds and deeds (formerly no document signed by a Macgregor was legal), but numbers do not avail themselves of this indulgence. Many Macgregors have not assumed their original name.

or granary, called a *girnal*, near the Loch of Monteith. When Macgregor required a supply of meal he sent notice to a number of the Duke's tenants to meet him at the girnal, on a certain day, with their horses, to carry home his meal. They met accordingly, when he ordered the horses to be loaded, and, giving a regular receipt to his Grace's storekeeper for the quantity taken, he marched away, always entertaining the people very handsomely, and careful never to take the meal till it had been lodged in the Duke's store-house, in payment of rent.

A BAG OF GOLD FOR ROB ROY'S HEAD.

When the money rents were paid Macgregor frequently attended. On one occasion, when Mr. Graham of Killearn (the factor) had collected the tenants to receive their rents, all Rob Roy's men happened to be absent except Alexander Stewart, "the Bailie." With this single attendant he descended to Chapellairoch, where the factor and the tenants were assembled. He reached the house after it was dark, and, looking in at a window, saw Killearn, surrounded by a number of the tenants, with a bag full of money, which he had received, and was in the act of depositing in a press or cupboard; at the same time saying, that he would cheerfully give all in the bag for Rob Roy's head. This notification was not lost on the outside visitor, who instantly gave orders, in a loud voice, to place two men at each window, two at each corner, and four at each of two doors, thus appearing to have twenty men. Immediately the door opened, and he walked in with his attendant close behind, each armed with a sword in his right and a pistol in his left hand, and with dirks and pistols slung in their belts. The company started up, but he requested them to sit down as his business was only with Killearn, whom he ordered to hand down the bag and put it on the table. When this was done he desired the money to be counted and proper receipts to be drawn out, certifying that he had received the money from the Duke of Montrose's agent, as the Duke's property, the tenants having paid their rents, so that no after demand could be made against them on account of this transaction; and finding that some of the people had not obtained receipts, he desired the factor to grant them immediately, "to show his Grace," said he, "that it is from him I take the money, and not from these honest men who have paid him." After the whole was concluded he ordered supper, saying, that as he had got the purse it was proper he should pay the bill; and after they had drunk heartily together for several hours he called his bailie to produce his dirk and lay it naked on the table. Killearn was then sworn that he would not move from that spot for an hour after the departure of Macgregor, who thus cautioned him: "If you break your oath you know what to expect in the next world and in this," pointing to his dirk. He then walked away, and was beyond pursuit before the hour expired.

At another collection of rents by the same gentleman, Macgregor made his appearance, and carried him away with his servants to a small island in Loch Katrine; and having kept him there for several days, entertaining him in the best manner, as a Duke's representative ought to be, he dismissed him, with the usual receipts and compliments to his Grace. In this manner did this extraordinary man live, in open violation and

DEFIANCE OF THE LAWS,

and died peaceably in his bed when nearly eighty years of age. His funeral was attended by all the country round, high and low, the Duke of Montrose and his immediate friends only excepted. How such things could happen at so late a period must appear incredible; and this, too, within thirty miles of the garrison of Stirling and Dumbarton, and the populous city of Glasgow; and, indeed, with a small garrison stationed at Inversnaid, in the heart of the country, and on the estate which had belonged to Macgregor, for the express purpose of checking his depredations. The truth is, the thing could not have happened had it not been for the peculiarity of the man's character; for, with all his lawless spoilations and unremitting acts of vengeance and robbery against the Montrose family, he had not an enemy in the country beyond the sphere of their influence. He never hurt or meddled with the property of a poor man, and, as I have stated, was always careful that his great enemy should be the principle, if not the only sufferer. Had it been otherwise, it was quite impossible that, notwithstanding all his enterprise, address, intrepidity, and vigilance, he could have escaped in a populous country, with a warlike people well qualified to execute any daring exploit, such as the seizure of this man, had they been his enemies and willing to undertake it. Instead of which, he lived socially among them, that is, as socially as an outlaw, always under a certain degree of alarm, could do—giving the education of gentlemen to his sons,* frequenting the most populous towns, and

* One of his sons was very young at his father's death, and did not receive so good an education as his brothers. Another son, James Drummond Macgregor, was implicated with his brother Robert in carrying off by force a rich widow, whom he afterwards married. For this crime they were tried and condemned. Robert was executed in 1753. His execution is thus noticed in the *Caledonian Mercury* of 7th February, 1752: "Yesterday Robert Macgregor Campbell, alias Rob Roy Ogg, was executed in the Grass Market, for the forcibly

whether in Edinburgh, Perth, or Glasgow, equally safe; at the same time that he displayed great and masterly address in avoiding, or calling for, public notice.

HOW ROB OUTWITTED THE SOLDIERS.

These instances of his address struck terror into the minds of the troops, whom he often defeated and out-generalled. One of these instances occurred in Breadalbane, in the case of an officer and forty chosen men sent out after him. The party crossed through Glenfalloch to Tyndrum, and Macgregor, who had correct information of all their movements, was with a party in the immediate neighbourhood. He put himself in the disguise of a beggar, with a bag of meal hung on his back (in those days alms were always bestowed in produce), went to the inn at Tyndrum where the party were quartered, walked into the kitchen with great seeming indifference, and sat down among the soldiers. They soon found the beggar a lively, sarcastic fellow, and began to attempt some practical jokes upon him. He pretended to be very angry, and threatened to inform Rob Roy, who would quickly show them they were not to give, with impunity, such usage to a poor and harmless person. He was immediately asked what he knew of Rob Roy, and if he could tell where he was. On his answering that he knew him well, and where he was, the sergeant informed the officer, who immediately sent for him.

After some conversation, the beggar consented to accompany them to Crianlarich, a few miles distant, where he said Rob Roy and his men were, and that he believed their arms were lodged in one house, while they were sitting in another. He added, that

ROB ROY WAS FRIENDLY

and sometimes joked with him, and put him at the head of his table; "and when it is dark," said he, "I will go forward, you will follow in half-an-hour, and, when near the house, rush on, place your men at the back of the house, ready to seize on the arms of the Highlanders, while you shall go round to the front with the sergeant and two men, walk in, and call out that the whole are your prisoners; and don't be surprised although you see me at the head of the company." As they marched on they had to pass a rapid stream at Dalrie, a spot celebrated on account of the defeat of Robert Bruce, by Macdougal of Lorn, in the year 1306. Here the soldiers asked their merry friend the beggar to carry them through on his back. This he did, sometimes taking two at a time till he took the whole over, demanding a penny from each for his trouble. When it was dark they pushed on (the beggar having gone before), the officer following the directions of his guide, and darting into the house with the sergeant and three soldiers. They had hardly time to look to the end of the table, where they saw the beggar standing, when the door was shut behind them and they were instantly pinioned, two men standing on each side, holding pistols to their ears, and declaring that they were dead men if they uttered a word. The beggar then went out and called in two more men, who were instantly secured, and in the same manner with the whole party. Having been disarmed, they were placed under a strong guard till morning, when he gave them a plentiful breakfast and released them on parole (the Bailie attending with his dirk, over which the officer gave his parole), to return immediately to their garrison, without attempting anything more at this time. This promise Rob Roy made secure by keeping their arms and ammunition as lawful prize of war.

Some time after this, the same officer was again sent in pursuit of this noted character, probably to retrieve his former mishap. In this expedition he was more fortunate, for he took

TWO OF THE FREEBOOTERS PRISONERS

in the higher parts of Breadalbane, near the scene of the former exploit, but the conclusion was nearly similar. He lost no time in proceeding in the direction of Perth, for the purpose of putting his prisoners in jail; but Rob Roy was equally alert in pursuit. His men marched in a parallel line with the soldiers, who kept along the bottom of the valley on the south side of Loch Tay, while the others kept close up the side of the hill, anxiously looking for an opportunity to dash down and rescue their comrades if they saw any remissness or want of attention on the part of the soldiers. Nothing of this kind offered, and the party had passed Tay Bridge, near which they halted and slept. Macgregor now saw that something must be done soon or never, as they would speedily gain the Low country and be out of his reach. In the course of the night he procured a number of goat skins

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carrying away of the deceased Mrs. Jean Keay, heiress of Edenbelly; he was genteely dressed, and read on a volume of Gother's Works from the prison to the place of execution." James escaped from prison and fled to France, where he lived in great poverty; but, being a man of considerable talent and address, he was offered a sum of money for communicating intelligence—in short, to be employed as a spy for the French Government. An idea of his education and of his principles may be formed from some letters published in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1818, and from his rejection of an employment which he considered dishonourable in itself, and detrimental to the good of his country, although banished from it, and having little prospect of being ever permitted to return. He died in France in great poverty, being chiefly supported by some benevolent countrymen.

and cords, with which he dressed himself and his party in the wildest manner possible, and, pushing forward before daylight, took post near the road side, in a thick wood below Grantully Castle. When the soldiers came in line with the party in ambush, the Highlanders, with one leap, darted down upon them, uttering such yells and shouts, as, along with their frightful appearance, so confounded the soldiers, that they were overpowered and disarmed without a man being hurt on either side. Rob Roy kept the arms and ammunition, released the soldiers, and marched away in triumph with his rescued men.

THE TERROR OF HIS NAME

was much increased by exploits like these, which, perhaps, lost nothing by the telling, as the soldiers would not probably be inclined to diminish the dangers and fatigues of a duty in which they were so often defeated. But it is necessary to repeat the stories of this man and his actions, which were always daring and well contrived, often successful, but never directed against the poor, nor prompted by revenge, except against the Duke of Montrose, and without an instance of bloodshed committed by any of his party, except in their own defence.* In his war against the Montrose family he was supported and abetted by the Duke of Argyll, from whom he always received shelter when hard pressed, or, to use a hunting term, when he was in danger of being earthed by the troops.† These two powerful families were still rivals, although Montrose had left the Tories and joined Argyll and the Whig interest. It is said that Montrose reproached Argyll in the House of Peers with protecting the robber, Rob Roy, when the latter, with his usual eloquence and address, parried off the accusation (which he could not deny) by jocularly answering, that, if he protected a robber, the other supported and fed him.

* It is said that the last rencontre Macgregor had was a duel with Mr. Stewart of Ardsheil. They fought with the broadsword, Macgregor being then far advanced in years, and very corpulent, gave up the contest, after receiving a cut in the chin.

† A cave under Craigroystane, and close to Loch Lomond, is pointed out as one of his hiding places. If, contrary to the general opinion of the people, he ever lived in caves, it is probable that he would not make choice of such an one as that at Craigroystane, whence an escape would be impossible if an enemy discovered the hiding place, and guarded the entrance. Rob Roy was not a man likely to trust himself in such a place on any emergency or danger from an enemy.

A GIFTED MUSICAL FAMILY.—Four brothers of the Macleod clan, natives of Elphin, Sutherland, took part in the recent Mòd musical competitions, and took prizes in every event except one, which was confined. They carried off the gold medal, challenge shield and professional prize,

A SCOTCH WASHING.

THE important domestic operation of washing is generally performed by the Highland females, in the clear, purling streams of their native glens, the water from its softness being excellent for the purpose of cleansing.

Blankets and the heavier linen are always taken to this natural lavatory, but smaller articles are occasionally 'bettled,' that is, they are laid upon a stone in the river and beaten with a wooden mallet; but treading with the bare feet, as here represented, is the usual process of purification.

This method is generally termed Posdadh nam Plaideachan, or "tramping the blankets," as these are the stuffs most frequently washed in this manner.

Companies of young women are sometimes engaged in this work at the same time, and on the margin of the river at Inverness, which is reckoned the capital of the Highlands, fifty or sixty girls might have been seen not very many years ago busily employed in this necessary part of their domestic duties, which they call "posting," and it presents an animated scene, from its singularity, particularly striking to a stranger.

The beautiful banks of the stream are a favourite promenade of the citizens, and the younger portion of the male community are no doubt fond of sauntering by the river, but no offensive curiosity is displayed. Were any persons, by unbecoming levity of behaviour or expression, to draw on them the resentment of these Celtic Naiads, an uncerimonious drenching in the Ness would be the least penalty they might expect to pay for their indiscretion.

This simple practice, once equally common in more southern towns, is giving place to genteeler modes of executing a work indispensable in Highland housekeeping.

Allan Ramsay celebrates Habbie's How, a romantic spot in the vicinity of Edinburgh, as a favourite resort of the rural laundresses of that city, and very prettily describes it, in his interesting composition, "The Gentle Shepherd,' as

"A flowery howm atween twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash an' spread their clai's,
A trottin' burnie wimplin through the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shinin' smooth an' round;
Between twa birks out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's an' mak's a singin' din;
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses in easy whirls the bordering grass:
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean an' clear,
First please your eye, next gratify your ear."

Sir Walter Scott, also, in the ninth chapter of "Waverley" describes the appearance of the Baron of Bradwardine's maids when at this work:—

"The garden, which seemed to be kept with great accuracy, abounded in fruit-trees, and exhibited a profusion of flowers and evergreens, cut into grotesque forms. It was laid out in terraces, which descended rank by rank from the western wall to a large brook, which had a tranquil and smooth appearance, where it served as a boundary to the garden; but, near the extremity, leapt in tumult over a strong dam, or wear-head, the cause of its temporary tranquillity, and there forming a cascade, was overlooked by an octangular summer-house, with a gilded bear on the top by way of vane. After this feat, the brook, assuming its natural rapid and fierce character, escaped from the eye down a deep and wooded dell, from the copse of which arose a massive, but ruinous tower, the former habitation of the Barons of Bradwardine. The margin of the brook, opposite to the garden, displayed a narrow meadow, or haugh as it was called, which formed a small washing-green; the bank, which retired behind it, was covered by ancient trees.

The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina; yet wanted not the 'due donzelette garrule' of that enchanted paradise; for upon the green aforesaid, two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing machine.

GIRLS WASHING,—A SCENE IN GLENCOE.

These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and, with a shrill exclamation of "Eh, sirs!" uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off, like deer, in different directions."

The girls generally select a retired and romantic spot, where, in some cases, they are secluded by rocks, with trees, overhanging foliage and other beauties of the sylvan scene; and here, when the large pot or cauldron is used to assist the labour, they light their fire.

Sometimes two girls trample together in the same tub, when with one arm encircling each other's waist, they go round, while their motions are accompanied with a simple and melodious song, the arms being frequently changed as they move in a contrary direction. Judging from the hilarity which prevails, the burnside wash-

ing seems to be a favourite "ploy" with these damsels.

The Highlanders, like all primitive people, when at work, always accompanied their labours with appropriate songs, which modulated their operations and lightened their toil. The Oran Luathadh is the melody chanted by the women engaged in washing, and is more particularly referable to the ancient practice of cleansing and fulling their woollen cloths.

The process of "Luatha," the "waulking" of the low country, is likewise performed by the feet; but the parties, eight, ten, or more, sit on the ground opposite to each other, having the wet material laid between, on a long hurdle or piece of grooved woodwork. The cloth is then rubbed and tossed about with great vigour and dexterity until it becomes properly thickened, the swell of voices and rapidity of execution rising to a climax as the work proceeds; and the story is told of an English gentleman, who having come unexpectedly on a number of women in the heat of their work, made a speedy retreat, believing he had discovered a company of lunatics! This singular operation forms the subject of one of the prints in "Pennant's Tour in Scotland," 1772.

The wash-house, or laundry, in the house of a Highland gentleman, is called Tigh Nigheachain.

The picture was made from sketches stolen from three mountain belles, natives of the lonely vale of Glenco, interesting as the birthplace of Ossian, the prince of Celtic bards, and long the possession of a branch of the great Clan Donald, most of whom were treacherously slain in a winter midnight, by order of King William III., the intention being to cut off the whole. These nymphs bear the euphonious appellations, Isabell ruadh, Caorag ruadh, Morag dhubh, and Cairistin dall, but they are, of course, all MacDonalds.

THE DREAM.

Still, still the vision haunts me; evermore
By sounding sea, in crowded market-place,
A vision of some perfect joy, a dream
Of hopes fulfilled, of sweet and wond'rous grace.

Is this the dream that seers and poets know,
That lifts them high above the toiling crowd?
Which bids them search for aye the great Beyond,
This dream-voice calling ever clear and loud?

Like the green fire that stirs the sap in Spring,
It stirs the inmost currents of my blood;
A glory, strange, mysterious, through the dark
Of dreary days, of winter's wildest mood.

Surely the dream to mortal men is given,
As promise of immortal joys afar,
To bid them rise above the woes of earth,
To some fair Hope beyond the farthest star.

M. T. M.

AUNTIE JEAN'S STORY.

BY I. K. RITCHIE.

Author of "In Love and Honour," "When Faith Failed," etc., etc.

THE knell of doom!

Jean Lochart felt it was that as surely as if some gleam of second-sight, the oft chronicled attribute of Highland forebears, had suddenly descended upon her. Ah! how terribly, how cruelly swift had been the transition from joy to sorrow—from highest hopes to keenest despair.

She stood breathlessly expectant in the dimly lighted hall of Castle Sheen, where so many blithesome hours had been spent in days gone by, days of happy childhood when ideal playground and hiding-place seemed ever found flanked by those richly trophy-laden walls; where, later, Ronald Blair had proudly led her in the dance to celebrate the giving of the ring that Fate whispered would never lead to marriage now.

Of what sound was this the echo that mingled in her brain with memories of the inspiring music of the bagpipes to which they had kept time? What but the stealthy tread of one in trouble, the forerunner of disgrace and ruin, if a rescuing hand were not immediately stretched out. And the voices that reached her hearing even through the thick, well-deafened walls were high-toned and angry, little promising any happy result. Ronald, her betrothed, the light of her life, was sueing for help, protection, in vain; and precious moments were flying—flying. Had he not whispered to her that an hour, moments, it might be, would make all the difference between escape and discovery? She could bear suspense no longer and wait there taking no part in his battle, although he had said it was better so. In spite of his hastily whispered confession was not Ronald as dear to her as if already Mother Church had made them one?

She sped towards the room from whence the voices came, a sad contrast to the gay being whose mirth that confession had killed half-an-hour ago; her maiden blush banished by an ashen pallor, her deep blue eyes dilated, terror-stricken. Tremulous with tense anxiety, in that brief time years seemed added to her eighteen summers. The tint of her evening frock that had well suited her rose-kissed loveliness added now a yet ghastlier hue to the pallid cheek and brow that pain and fear had swept. Her knock at the library door bringing no response—the voices high in altercation probably drowned it—she opened it and softly entered.

. . . . . .

"Auntie Jean, let me teach you 'bridge.'"

"Thank you, dearie, but I would not be encroaching on your time for that."

"Oh, my time! Do you know what that is worth? Just nothing at all, at present, Auntie Jean!"

It was a very lovely young maiden who made that assertion and the tone of the soft, musical voice betrayed its owner was in no happy mood. Out of temper merely, it might be, crossed in some desire that for the moment was the one craving of her heart. But the hearer was apparently non-critical on that head, and if she quickly guessed anything was amiss she was deaf and blind as far as betraying that knowledge went—mayhap until the right moment was betrayed, as generally happened—to reveal it. Therein lay her charm to all whilom devotees of despair and discontent. They could confide much to her keeping that was a closed book to all others, and none yet had ever discovered it was not worth their while to lay their burden at her feet.

Miss Jean Lochart, the prematurely silver-haired, sweet faced little woman whom Fate had thus made comforter to all and sundry was "Auntie" to many who could plead no tie of kindred blood. It suited her so well, everyone agreed, that term of gentle endearment, that few could resist the temptation to ask to be permitted its use.

"I will be having no love for the cards, my dearie," she spoke now to the admirer who was one of these, neither "kith nor kin." The distinctly Highland turn of the sentence gave it a quaint and delightful novelty in the hearing of Margot Ferrier.

"Oh, but that is too awfully strict of you, Auntie Jean!" she cried, with youthful fervour, and just when I wanted to tell you how these same innocent bits of cardboard have sent—"someone" into a nice wax with me!"

So it was imminent already, that confidence that would fully declare the little lowland beauty a captive to the gentle charm that sooner or later attracted the truest hearts to Jean of the silver hair.

"'Someone'—you will be speaking of a person much beloved, perhaps, Margot?"

The little white hands busy with the knitting needles that gleamed brightly in the light of the glowing peat fire rested now perforce, for Margot had caught them within her own, impulsively.

"Auntie Jean, you perfect wonder! How do you know? I have never told you what this means." And then she released hands and needles precipitately to display the golden circlet, pearl studded, that a moment before had *not* gleamed, as it did now, on the third finger of her own shapely left hand.

"Eyes will be speaking plainer than rings to some, dearie."

"Oh!" exclaimed Margot, with a little gasp, as if conscience reminded her that *her* eyes must have revealed an unhappy tale within the last twenty-four hours.

"I am going to tell you sometime about it, if you will listen, although you don't like my poor little friends," she said, and there was a touch of defiance in the challenge and the act of producing the offending cards again, while she repeated her entreaty to be permitted to initiate her companion of the gloaming into the mysteries of the popular game.

"No," answered Miss Jean, decisively for her, "let me be hearing instead what makes "someone" angry with you about the—the cards."

Margot hesitated and made a little move. She was accustomed to have her own way and was bent on exercising it now. But that subtle power of influence the other possessed so fully quickly triumphed, and Margot pocketed the cards and folded her hands with a pretty show of resigned obedience.

"Well, Auntie Jean, I have a great mind never to speak to 'someone' again," she confided impetuously, then "that is why I hid away my engagement ring yesterday before I arrived. I had not told you that he had given me it—oh, nor, of course, that there was a 'someone' at all."

Miss Lochart's smile was a thing to conjure by and Margot, like the majority, found it irresistible now, accompanying the suggestion, "A wee bit like sailing under false colours, eh dearie?"

"That is if 'someone' continues to be anyone to me," she defended herself, soft-voicedly, "and that I am in decided doubt of, Auntie Jean."

"I'm thinking I would be having a better understanding of 'someone' if you were telling me his name, dearie."

"Sir Allan Blair Moffat," breathed Margot in a tone that left no doubt in her hearer's mind that despite all protest, he had a large share of the wilful lowland beauty's heart.

"And we'd chum together famously, if he wouldn't be such a martinet on one point—the throw of the dice—oh, its like a red rag in the eyes of a bull to him—and I—I love it. You lose or win as luck wills it, and the clink of the coin! Why, its music in the ear of a good player. I cornered him the other night, and tried to make him understand; but we only quarrelled hotly over it, for of course I wasn't going to allow there could be any harm in it, and next morning I came off here delighted to remember your standing invitation to come any time and make your acquaintance. You would have done the same at my age, wouldn't you,

dear Auntie Jean, although now you've only thought for good deeds and kindness."

The knitting had fallen from the little white hands and Miss Lochart's eyes in the light of the glowing fire shewed strangely startled. There were no tears in their wistful depths, yet Margot, as suddenly she recognised their great sadness, was conscience-stricken.

"Oh! what have I done?" she cried; "offended —nay worse, vexed you by my selfish chatter. Auntie Jean, I would not have had it happen for the world—for the loss of fifty lovers."

"And I, dearie, would have it in my power to help you for one," was the quick rejoinder, "for one—your heart adores, believes in, in spite of yourself. There is a story of your lover's family that I must tell you and then you will understand."

"Not if it is painful to you, dear Auntie Jean, I must try and fight my own battles."

"Dearie, I would be saving you from such pain as I shall be having here to my life's end," and a thin wrinkled hand was pressed to the speaker's heart, as if she would perforce still the wild beating there.

"It will be years and years ago, the time I was first knowing anything of the horrors of gambling," she began. "I was beloved, Margot, and looking forward to my wedding day. We had been brought up together, Ronald Blair and I. He was my father's ward, the orphan of an old Indian comrade. I was an only child and motherless. We had teachers and tutors and then Ronald went away for his training for the army. It was always a soldier he would be, like his father and mine, and there was money enough for that, although he was not rich. His commission brought him back very near to Castle Sheen, he had an early prospect of Indian service and then we would be marrying and going out together. Before that the terrible shock came—it almost killed me, Margot, it was so unlike my own dear lover. He came stealthily home without leave—he had been playing high and far exceeded any money to his credit. Then in the wild hope of undoing the mischief had forged my father's name and lost more and more. Ronald, hitherto the soul of honour, the darling of my heart, had done this. I could not be believing it even when I heard it from his own lips, and I stood between him and the wrath of the stern man he had wronged. I made peace between them at last, and Ronald went away saved from public disgrace. But my father's faith in him was shaken, and I could only hope and pray for better days. Margot, I will be coming near to the end of my story—we never married—the seeds of that terrible vice were never rooted out. My darling whose home life had been so sweet and noble before he went forth to the world, was tempted and fell again and again. My father died broken-hearted after Ronald had to resign his commission to escape greater trouble following a gaming scandal in which his name was mixed. And then the greatest blow of all came—he passed away from me by his own hand, penniless and deep in debt. I paid them—my sad, sad offering of pity and love."

From Margot's impulsive young heart the signs of deep emotion sprang readily; tears were fast moistening the dainty lace trimmed scrap of cambric pressed to her eyes. But Jean of the silver hair only shewed what the narrative had cost her by the lowered voice softened to a whispered "You will be knowing now, dearie, what the cards mean to me—what they have been to thousands whose dear ones have been lured to ruin by their terrible spell."

"Can Allan know?" queried Margot, breathlessly. "Auntie Jean, I wonder if that was what he meant when he said there was a reason he could never bear anyone he—he cared for—to play. He wanted to tell me more, but I was angry and would not listen—his name is Blair, too."

"Yes, that would be it, dearie. His branch of the family had to add Moffat to their surname when they came into property a few years ago."

Usually Margot was not long silent; her merry heart was quick to express its bright and brilliant ideas, but now tumultuous thoughts chased one another yet remained unspoken because they seemed so sadly inadequate to convey her sympathy in that little love story that had ended so pitifully.

At last she remembered again her own tragedy and what the story had done for herself.

"Dear Auntie Jean, I am so grateful," she said, simply, "And this is what I am going to do to prove it. How Allan will love you for it!"

As she spoke, she took the packet of cards and dropped them into the glowing flames. And now there were tears in the soft eyes that watched her; but they were tears of joy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1904.

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IMPORTANT.

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

TO TORONTO READERS. — A subscription of one dollar, posted at Toronto, Canada, on 21st Sept., has reached us, but the sender has omitted to enclose his name and address, and as we have many readers in Toronto, it is impossible to identify the sender. Would he please communicate with us? Readers when sending their annual subscriptions should be careful to fill in their names and addresses on the subscribers' form.

CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The autumn meeting of Council of this Society was held in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, at which the president, Mr. Atholl Macgregor, Ardchoille, Perth, occupied the chair. There was a fair attendance of the members of Council, both ladies and gentlemen. A sum of over £50 was awarded as bursaries to young men and women belonging to the clan, and arrangements were made for holding a social gathering of the clan in Glasgow in January of next year.

THE REAL OR REAY MACKAY.

SIR,—Although the writer has no connection with this clan, he takes the greatest interest in clan matters, origins of Scottish names, and everything appertaining to our fine Highland Regiments. For the benefit of Kenneth Matheson IX. I herewith copy out a note I extracted from the Glasgow Weekly Herald of the 2nd January this year. It is as follows:—"No doubt many of my readers have been perplexed as to the origin and meaning of the term 'The Real Mackay.' Several explanations have been offered, but the following notes from a lecture recently delivered by Professor Byres at Belfast places the matter in a fresh light. The subject of his lecture was 'Ulster Sayings and Proverbs.' The expression 'The Real Mackay' originated in the Highlands, in the country north of Sutherland, where the real home of the great Clan Mackay is found. There 'The Real Mackay' is one who is able to claim that both his parents and grandparents on both sides were Mackays, and so his clan connection is beyond doubt or dispute. The Mackay Clan was so famous for its integrity, uprightness and honesty that its name passed into a proverb in the rest of Scotland, and so to all Scotsmen 'The Real Mackay' applied to any person or thing, means that it is genuine and honest, without any shoddy. In various parts of Ulster the term 'The Real Mackay' is used in this sense as indicating that the person or thing so designated is of the very best quality, but in North Antrim the term undoubtedly took its origin in another way. Seven brothers of the Mackay (MacCay) Clan came from Ayrshire and settled at Mosside and Ballintoy, and in the graveyard of the celebrated and ancient Franciscan Friary of Bun-na-Margie, near Ballycastle, in North Antrim, so intimately associated with the family of MacDonnell, Earls of Antrim, which in his most interesting account of this ecclesiastical antiquity Mr. Francis Joseph Biggar thinks was probably founded in the fourteenth century, there is a stone with heraldic bearings. The arms of the Mackay Clan are boldly cut on the west side of this gravestone, while on the east side is the inscription—Here Lyeth ye Body of Daniel Mackay, Who died April ye 2nd, 1732. Aged 30 years." One of the sons or grandsons of the seven brothers entered the service of a Spanish king and became a distinguished general, and owing to the services he rendered he was rewarded by getting the title 'Real,' which is the Spanish corruption of 'Regalis,' and indicates a high position in the Casa Real or Royal Household. This distinguished general came back with this title, which the country folk pronounced 'rale,' and he and his descendants were distinguished from the other Mackays in this particular way. It is simply a title of honour pronounced in a peculiar fashion, and with a meaning attached to it different from its original signification. In May this year Mr. A. Mackay, Westerdale Manse, Halkirk, gave an account of the Aberach-Mackay banner before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which is now exhibited in the National Museum. I can give an extract of same if desired. A perusal of this year's directory relating to Aberdeen reveals the fact that the names Cay, Kay, Mackie, Mackay, are somewhat numerous —in fact they could make a branch clan society if some one would only lead the way.

It may interest clansmen to know that the Gordon Highlanders were known as the Strata *Reale* Highlanders in 1812, the reason being a detachment were on duty at Strata Reale, Valetta, Malta (see Henley & Farmer's Slang Dictionary published recently.)

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

BY J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

IT is many years ago since I first took up residence in London. I can still remember, however, the inexhaustible interest with which I made the acquaintance of its streets and localities. The great city was especially associated in my youthful imagination with the characters of Dickens. The constant perusal of that writer's novels had familiarised me with the names and places which Dickens described. My walks were made interesting by searching for spots immortalised by the novelist. For Pickwick's sake I journeyed to Goswell Road, alas! how changed since the *Pickwick Papers* were written. For old Tony Weller's sake I searched for the Belle Savage and found it gone. Kingsgate Street was associated with Mrs Gamp. Great Coram Street reminded me of Mrs. Tibbs's Boarding House. Gray's Inn recalled Perker. Furnival's Inn recalled Tom Pinch. Lincoln's Inn recalled the inmates of Bleak House. Like Teniers and the Dutch painters, who threw a halo over the vulgar life of Holland, Dickens has glorified the dingy streets and squares of London with a rich romantic light.

Of the many characters of the novelist I took a special interest in Lord George Gordon. Gordon is one of the very few real personages who figure in the works of Dickens. He was the leader of the "No Popery" Protestants, who perpetrated the riots of 1780. Dickens has told the story of the riots in *Barnaby Rudge*, and, in doing so, has drawn a vivid portrait of the Protestant leader. Gordon was a strange and unconventional character, and just the sort of personage to appeal to the fancy of the novelist. Dickens brings out all his peculiarities, and, while adhering to fact, makes of him a personage as distinctive as Quilp the dwarf or Uriah Heep. "Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed," says Dickens, "with his long, straight hair dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse's feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days, and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct, all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and fully provoked the smiles and whispered jests which greeted his departure from the Maypole Inn. Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him, or cried in jest or earnest as it might be, "Hurrah, Geordie! No Popery!" At which he would gravely pull off his hat and bow."

Lord George Gordon was the third son of Cosmo, Duke of Gordon. It was a curious freak of fortune that made one of the great Highland house of Gordon the leader of the Protestants in 1780. The Gordon family had been noted in Scottish history for their zeal for Roman Catholicism.

Lord George's great-grandfather and grandfather, the first and second Dukes of Gordon, were Jacobites and Roman Catholics. His father, Cosmo, third Duke, was the first to become a Protestant. Lord George Gordon, the Highland noble, as a Protestant demagogue, was almost as much out of his natural element as was Philip Egalité, a prince of the royal house of France, in the ranks of the French Revolutionists. It was as if an osprey from a ruined castle on a Highland loch were to sport among the swans in St. James's Park. Gordon inherited the wild Celtic spirit and *perfervidum ingenium* of his race. But, while his ancestors devoted themselves to the service of the Stuarts and of the Roman Church among the mountains of Aberdeenshire, Lord George Gordon expended his energies on exciting the London mob.

Gordon was born in Upper Grosvenor Street, London, in 1751, and, entering the navy, rose to be lieutenant, but resigned his commission, because Lord Sandwich would not promise him a ship. Soon after coming of age he contested Inverness-shire against General Fraser of Lovat, and became so popular, by talking Gaelic and giving balls, that Fraser became alarmed, and bought for him the seat of Ludgershall in Wiltshire. In 1774 he took his seat in Parliament, but did not make any special mark in the House of Commons except as a tedious speaker. It was not until 1780 that he became a prominent figure. In 1778 an Act was passed to remove certain disabilities imposed upon Roman Catholics in the reign of William of Orange. An outburst of bigotry followed the passing of the Act, and the Protestant Association was formed to secure its repeal. In December, 1779,

Gordon became president, and soon attracted attention by his eccentricities. Dickens describes in *Barnaby Rudge* his quaint attire, his Methodistical garb and aspect, his hair hanging long and lank on his shoulders, all perfectly true to life. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall says there was something in his cast of countenance and mode of expression that indicated cunning or a perverted understanding or both. He had already attracted attention in the House of Commons by his strange conduct. "Lord George Gordon," wrote Lord Carlisle to George Selwyn in May, 1779, "made a speech, for which he ought to be shut up, upon the state of Scotland. He wept several times in his speech, produced an old print of the Marquis of Huntly, offered to make Lord North a present of it, and called upon twenty members by their names."

Although Gordon was eccentric, his manners were gentle and he had the deportment of a man of quality. He was not rich. Wraxall says his whole income consisted of an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, paid to him by his brother, the Duke of Gordon. Leader of the London mob as he was, he had many of the characteristics of the Highland nobleman. He spoke Gaelic and loved the bagpipes. It was part of his curious behaviour that he wore waistcoat and trousers of the Gordon tartan in London, as described by Dickens in the thirty-seventh chapter of *Barnaby Rudge*. It was said by some that he was a man of low life, and Walpole described him as "very debauched," while Hannah More stated that he was a man of "loose morals." Allowance, however, must be made for contemporary prejudice, and one cannot help feeling that this accusation does not square with what we know of his character. Foolish he may have been; vicious he was not.

(To be concluded.)

SEANN SGEUL MU CHOLAGAINN.

LE CREAGELLACHIE.

Roimh-ràdh goirid.

THA 'n sean sgeul so fìor. Fhuaradh i bho aon de shliochd Mhic Chaluim Cholagainn. Bha bùth aig ogha Mhic Lùcais, anns an Oban, ri m' chuimhne féin. Tha fios againn gu'm b' ann anns a' bhliadhna 1747 a chaidh còir breitheanas a liubhairt, agus binn a thoirt a mach, a ghabhail thairis leis an Rìoghachd o làmhan nan Ceann-Cinneadh. Mar sin tha e uile-choltach gu'm b'e so an uair mu dheireadh a chaidh an sean deuchainn a chleachdadh, air am bheil cunntas 's an sgeul. Thachair e uaireiginn eadar 1720 agus 1740. Tha Tòm-a-Chrochaidh air an taobh thall do Loch Faochann, e'n Oban. B'e so, a réir coltais, an uair mu dheireadh a fhuair an ciontach dìol a dhrochbheirt air an Tòm sin. Taobh a mach do ainm Mhic Dhùghail Dhunolla, agus Mhic Lùcais, cha'n 'eil na h-ainmean ceart air an abhairt.

SEANN SGEUL MU CHOLAGAINN.

A CHEUD SEALLADH.

Na bruthaichean mu'n cuairt air Colagainn, eadar an t-Oban-Latharnach agus Loch Faochann. Bailtean beaga fearainn, le'n tighean-tubha, ri taobh nan allt, agus air aodann nan leathad, fo dhealradh maduinn geal Samhraidh. Ann an Tigh a' Chreagain tha Iain, 'na shuidhe air furm, a' deanamh cas ùr do'n toiriosgain a tha làimhris. Anna, a bhean, an déigh a mhin a chur air a' bhrochan, le gasan sguabaich 'na làimh, a dol a sguabadh an ùrlair-chreadha. Donnacha Dhòmhnuill a' tighinn a stigh le sùrd :—

Donn.—Tha muinntir an tighe so ris a' mhochéirigh : 'de'n saod a th' oirbh an diugh ?

Iain.—'S coltach gu'n do chuir a' ghrian tuille na sinn 'air bonn ; ach thig air d' adhart gus an toir thu dhuinn do naigheachd !

Anna.—*A' toirt suidheagan da*—Ciamar 'tha Mairearad 's na h-igheanan, tha greis o 'n a bha iad a bhos ?

Donn.—*A' gabhail an aite shuidhe*—Tha iad gu sunndach. Bha Mairearad a' bruidhinn air tighinn a nall an duigh fhéin, 's ma thig i gheibh sibh sgeul a chéile 'n ealachd.

'S e 'thug a nall mise gu'n do bhuail a' cheart smuain mi a tha mi 'faicinn 'tha 'an inntinn Iain, 's e sin, gu'm bheil e 'n t-àm amharc a's déigh na mòna. Tha 'n aimsir briagh ; am pòr againn 's an talamh, agus an obair gu léir gu math air adhart.

Iain.—'Se sin dìreach a bha tighinn fo'm inntinn fhéin. Ma leanas air an t-sìd so faodaidh a' mhòine 'bhi ach beag deas air son a cur 's a' chruaich mu'n tig trainge an fhogharaidh oirnn.

Donn.—Ma 's e sin do bheachd cha chuirear tuille dàil 's a' ghnothuch. *(A' toirt an aire nach 'eil corc Iain ro gheur, tha Donnacha a' sìneadh sgian sheoc dha.)* 'S fheàrr dhomh taghal air càch de mhuinntir a' bhaile, agus a ràdh riu tighinn a roinn nam bacan cho luath 's a bhios e comasach dhoibh tighinn.

Iain.—Bidh e cho math gun mhoille 'dheanamh ann am fios 'thoirt doibh ; cha chuir e as do rathad thu co-dhiù. Faodar deadh thoiseach tòiseachaidh a dheanamh an diugh fhéin an déigh na bacan a roinn. *(A' sìneadh na sgeine air ais da).* 'S gasd' an sgian a th' agad 'an sin. C'àid' an d' fhuair thu i—mur mì-mhodhail dhomh fharaid ?

Donn.—Matà fhuair bho'n mharsanda-phac, 's bha té no dhà 'thuille aige, às am faodadh tusa 'bhi air do roghainn fhaighinn. Tha i sin cho math nach toirinn seachad i air a dà luach.

Iain.—Bheirinn tuarasdal seachdain air son té d' a leth-bhreac a bhi agam, ach 's cinnteach gu'm bheil an Ceannaiche air an dùthaich fhàgail roimh 'n àm so?

Donn.—Tha fhios gu'm bheil! Cha 'n 'eil ach trì seachdainean, no mìos o'n a bha e mu'n cuairt; 's bidh greis mu'n till e. Ach stad ort! Bha Sanndan agams' ag ràdh gu'm fac' e té cho math rithe so aig balachain Nèill an Luib: Dh' fhaoidte gu 'n dealaicheadh iad rithe na'm feuchadh tu iad. Dheanadh i 'm barachd feum ad làmhan fhéin.

Iain.—'S ì 'dheanadh, na'm biodh an t-airgiod ann ri sheachnadh.—*(Ag amharc ris a' chlàraidh, far am bheil long bheag an crochadh, air a beairteachadh cho dealbhach ri long a shnàmh riamh air sàile)*—Cha'n 'eil fhios nach deanadh iad suaip rium—'s e sin, mur till am fear-paca.

Donn.—Cha 'n 'eil mise 'm barail gu 'n till a ghreis so. Ach farraid de na mnathan; 's iadsan 'is bitheanta 'bhios ag aotromachadh a luchd. Cha'n iongnadh e 'bhi 'nan comain! Cha luaithe chithear e a' tighinn gu baile na tha na h-uile bean 's a' bhaile 'trusadh, mar sheilleanan mu'n sgeap, mu'n cuairt d' a phac. 'S ann a tha na h-annasan Gallda 'g an cur gòrach air son faoineis de ribeanan sloda, 's eile, 's a' toirt orra na h-uaislean atharrais. Ach tha e'n t-àm dhomhsa falbh ma tha sinn ri teannadh ris a' mhòine 'n diugh. Madainn mhath leibh an tràths'.

(Tha e 'dol a mach.)

AN DARA SEALLADH.

AITE-MOINE CHOLAGAINN.

Bacan na bliadhna-'n-uiridh làn de uisge dubh-dhonn. Clann, thall 's a bhos, a' trusadh fraoch-mòintich, badain roit, agus canach cléiteagach, a tha 'n am brat-ùrlair eadar na bacan. Iain, Donnacha, Niall, agus fir eile 'n an cròithlein a' cur croinn, an déigh dhoibh an t-àite-mòine 'roinn 'na chuibhrionnan co-ionann, a réir àireamh an teaghlaichean. So thairis, tha na fir a' tòiseachadh ri sgaoileadh. Tha Niall a mhàin a' seasamh le coltas neo-thoilichte air.

Donn.—Ciod a dh' fhairich thu, 'Nèill? Nach eil an roinn a thuit ort a' taitinn riut? Tha leam gu 'm bheil sinn uile gun aobhar talaich!

Niall.—Tha na bacan air an roinn gu taghta math:—ach bhiodh e cho math leam roinn fhaighinn a bhiodh na b' fhàigse do 'n tigh: tha 'm bac so air an taobh 'is fhaide uaith.

Donn.—A Nèill, mur 'eil thu toilichte le'd chuibhrionn cuireadhmaid croinn a rìs ma's math le càch e!

Iad uile, a' tilleadh.—'S e'n aon chuid leinne ciod am mìr a gheibh sinn; Tilgibh an crann is seasaidh sinn ri 'r cuibhrionn!

(Tha iad ás ùr a' cur croinn. Tha'n roinn a bh' aige roimh a' tuiteam air Niall. Tha e fathast neo-thoilichte, neo-shocrach.)

Iain.—Mur'eil thu riaraichte ni misesuaip leat;
Cha dean e mùthadh air an t-saoghal leamsa
'De 'chuid a gheibh mi:—Feuch, an toilich sin thu?

Niall.—Tapadh leat, Iain; bha thu laghach riamh!
'S fheàrr leam do bhac-sa;—gabhaidh mi do thairgse;
Tha e na 's goireasaiche dlùth do 'n tigh.

Donn.—So matà fheara, rachamaid an greim
Gun tuille moille, mu'n téid an latha thairis,—
Ma tha a' chùis so air a comh-dhunadh?
(Tha iad a' sgaoileadh, gach aon thun a bhac fhéin, agus a' tòiseachadh ris na sgrathan a rùsgadh. Tha Iain a' cur a thoiriosgain a stigh 's a' mhòine le neart a tha 'toirt criothnachadh oirre, agus tha beum mòr a' tuiteam le spairt anns a' bhac. Tha 'n t-uisge dorcha ruadh a' gluasad 's a' guracail, an àite sioladh. Uidh air n-uidh, tha aogas bàn ag éirigh, àgus coslas duine a' snàmh air uachdar an uisge. Tha Iain a' toirt aon sùil air, agus a' falbh a null far am bheil Donnacha a' cur nam both dheth gu sgairteil. Tha Donnacha 'g amharc air le spleamas.)

Donn.—Ciod so! Ciod so! Tha thu cho bàn ri bréid!
'S air chrith bho cheann gu bonn cho luath ri duilleig;
'De 'bhreisleach th' air tigh 'n ort?

Iain.—*(A' sméideadh ris e' bhi 'na thosd.)* Cuisd gus an inn's mi—
Tha rudéiginn 's a' bhac:—Thig leam 's gu 'm faic thu.
(Tha iad 'nan dithis a' tighinn agus a' seasamh air oir bac Iain.)

Donn.—(A' toirt ceum *air ais, le oillt 'na ghnùis*)—'Se 'n sealladh cianail so! Ciamar a chaidh e ann?

Iain.—Cha 'n ann gun dragh a théid a' cheisd sin fhuasgladh!

Donn.—Deanamaid glaodh ri càch mu'm bean sinn da.
Bitheamaid 'nar fianuisean do aon a chéile,
Nach do chuir *sinne* làmh 'am beath' an duine.
Tha iad a' gairm nam fear eile. Tha iad a' trusadh mu'n bhac agus ag amharc sìos le uamharr air an aogas)

Iad uile.—An Ceannaiche! 'S e 'n Ceannaiche a th' ann!

Iain.—Thugaibh 'ur barail ciod is còir a dheanamh?

Donn.—'S i ar ceud dleasnas fios 'thoirt do Mhac Dhùghaill.

Iain.—Taghladh an teachdair air a' Mhinisteir,
Is cuireadh e 'an so e, leis a' Chléireach;
Bheir iad dhuinn ùghdarras an corp a ghiùlan,
Mu'n tig an oidhche, 'null do Chille-Bhride.
(Tha aon de na fir a' falbh, air muin eich, leis an teachdaireachd. Tha càch a' feitheamh làimh

ris a' chorp.) Tha 'n sealladh a' caochladh.

AN TREASA SEALLADH.

TIGH A' CHREAGAIN.

A' ghreideal air. Anna trang a' fuineadh aran-coirce. Mairearad, bean Dhonnachaidh, 'na seasamh aig ceann a' bhùird, a' toinneadh suath leis a' chuigeal.

Anna.—M'fhacals,' a Mhairearad, cha toir mi guth air!

Thuirt thu gu'm faca tu le d' shùilean fhéin iad?

Mair.—Chunna, le m' shùilean fhéin! Cha b' iad a mhàin

An sgioball cailico; na ribeinean;

'S an t-aodach min; ach prìneachan,

Cnapain, is dubhain airson aodach rìomhach

Mar a bhios aig na h-uaislean anns a' chaisteal.

Anna.—Ciod e do bheachd,—ciamar a fhuair an leithidsan

Sealbh air na goireasagan Gallda sin?

Mair.—'S aithne do'n t-saoghal nach 'eil sgillinn aca:—

Creid thusa mise gu'm bi tuille uime

Ri ùin'—air neo tha mise air mo mhealladh!

Anna.—Tha e 'na thrioblaid leamsa muinntir òga

Fhaicinn cho leagta air no faoineisean

An leth a muigh; cha toir iad cliù, no ceannsachd;

Cha chuir iad seud na h-irioslachd'nam broilleach,

Is, ciod is fhiach àilleachd 'an cruth no dealbh,

No maise mnà, gun bhanalas, is maitheas?

Mair.—Tha fios gu'm bheil thu ceart. Cha b' ionann oilean

A fhuair thu fhéin is mise ann ar n-òige:

Ach tha an saoghal so gu mòr air caochladh

Tha muinntir òga 'tarruing thun na Galldachd,

'S a' foghlum dòighean agus cainnt nan Gall.

Anna.—Is car a' dol 'nan cinn mu thìr an sinnsear!

Mar gu'n dean àirneis, aodach mìn, is Beurla,

Uaislean de ghoiseinean 's de ghogaidean!

Mur nach 'eil uaisle-nàduir anns na Gàidhil

'An clò, 's 'an dròg aid, a' fuireach 'an tigheantubha!

'S i uaisle cridhe blàth an uaisle fhìor!

(Ag amharc a mach air an uinneig.) Ach, mise 'n diugh! so agad Donnacha 's Iain!

(An dithis fhear a' tighinn a stigh.) Ciod a thug dhachaidh sibh cho tràth 's an fheasgar?

Iain.—*(A' suathadh an fhallais bhar a bhathais)*—Thug ni a tha 'toirt tàmailt air an àite.

Mair.—Ciod a th' air aimhreidh? Innsibh dhuinn gu luath!

Donn.—Fhuaradh an Ceannaiche, bàite, ann am bac.

Mair.—Dh' fhaodadh e 'bhi air tuiteam ann, e fhéin!

Anna.—*Le sùil iomaguin air Iain.* Is ciamar a tha sin 'n a thàmailt dhuibhse?

Donn.—A chionn gu'm bheil droch athailt air a cheann

Nach d' fhuair e riamh 's a' bhac:—

Na mnathan (le chéile). Mo chreach! Mo chreach! An duine ceanalt' esan!

Och! cò a ghabhadh beath' an duine chòir?

Donn.—Am fear a shanntaich làmh a chur 'n a stòr.

Anna.—Ach ciamar a bhiodh sin 'na thàmailt *dhuibhse?*

Donn.—'S ann am bac Iain so a fhuaradh e.

Iain.—Agus cha 'n 'eil a h-aon a dh' aidicheas

Gur fios da nithean saoghalta m'a dhéighinn.

Mair.—*(A' toirt sealladh geur air Anna, le gogadh d'a ceann.)* Nach d' thuirt mi riut gu'n tigeadh dragh is iorghuill

'An luib nan rudan ud?

Anna.—*(Ag amharc air Iain a rithis le iomaguin).* Ach 's fios do'n t-saoghal.

Nach comasach dhoibh cionnt 'chur às do leth-sa!

Donn.—Tha sinn gu léir fo amharus an lagh

Ach gus an téid a' chùis a réiteachadh.

Iain.—'S a chionn nach gabh an gnìomh a lorgachadh

Tha sinn ri coinneachadh ro mheadhon-latha

Am màireach ann an eaglais Chille-Brìde:

Tha sinn ri dol roimh 'n deuchainn choitchionta.

A réir seann chleachdainn, an an cùis de'n ghnè so:

Comharraichidh Ni Maith, e féin an ciontach.

(Ri leantuinn).

SHE AND I.

All down the wandering summer lanes we went.
The fields, the oaks, the very hedgerows too,
Were glowing with a love-wrought beauty rare.
Familiar sights and common pathside herbs
Unheeded in the past a thousand times
Now yielded wondrous eye-entrancing charm.
The shy forget-me-not gleamed in the grass,
Breathing its sad sweet message far and near,
A drop of Heaven tangled in Earth's green:
The laughing buttercup, so bold, so free,
The dainty milkmaid of the country flowers;
The tender dreaming daisy shrinking far,
With blush-tipped blossom, from the noisy world.
The speedwells, modest too, and blue as sky,
Soft in the grass that hid a myriad gems.
Lo, see'st thou there (where spans the agèd bridge
The lazy flow of broad and shallow brook—
So diff'rent from our rushing, tossing burns—)
Patient and meek the graceful willows stand
Gazing adroop into the glassy pools.
Fragrant and sweet the stretching aislèd glades,
Where breathes a sacred peace, and greenness reigns,
Calming the mind and soothing sun-tired eyes.

COINNEACH DUBH.

The next Mòd is to be held at Dingwall, when it is hoped that the Countess of Cromarty, who has been elected president of the Association, will occupy the chair. In future the Highland Association is to be known only by its Gaelic designation, "An Comunn Gaidhealach."

THE HARP OF THE GAEL.

GAELIC MOD PRIZE POEM.

BY REV. DUGALD MACECHERN, B.D.

(Translated by Author.)

HARP of my own dear country,
Trembling against my bosom,
Sweeter to me are thy strains
Than all of the wide world's music,
Shapely thy curving neck
Like the wild swan afloat on the ocean,
Gleaming thy sun-bright strings,
Like the golden hair of my dear one.
What ah! what can express
Like the harp's wild tender trembling,
Love that lies in the heart
Like a precious jewel hidden?
Sweet to me is the viol
When move in the dance the maidens,
Dear to me are the pipes
When my sword is red in the battle,
But 'tis the harp should be tunèd
With slender and swift-moving finger,
When in her song my dear one,
Sweet-throated, her love confesseth.
Tell me thy secret, my harp,
Who taught thee to tremble in music?
Was it the ocean crooning
To th' yellow sands and the sea-wrack?
Say, were thy tutors the lark
And the tuneful thrush of the wild-grove,
Blast of the giant bens
And whisper of wind-kissed forest,
Chant of the waterfall where
The stream leaps down from the mountains,
These, and in glens of our love
The songs of the sweet-throated maidens,
Say, were thy tutors these?
Who taught thee to tremble in music—
Music of kings in the times
When the Sun in his youth was shining,
Music of more than heroes
In the days of Fingal and Ossian.

Coll of the waves! Eilean Chola,
Musical were thy children,
Thine was the last of the line
Of the old-time harpers of Albyn,
Sad was thy heart, oh Murdoch! *
When last thou tunedst the harp-strings,
Sad was thy heart, and the ship
Like a seagull out on the ocean,
Passing thy spray-swept island,
Bearing the Prince of thy bosom,
Bearing Prince Charlie an exile
Out on the sorrowful ocean,
Saying good-bye to Albyn
And to the crown of his fathers—
The golden crown of his fathers
Lost on the field of battle,
And to the land of the heroes
Who unto death were faithful.
Passed thy prince from thy view
Till the sail seemed merged in the ocean,
Passed—and together that hour
Thy harp and thy heart were broken.

Never again did thy song
Rise in the halls of the chieftains,
Never in Coll of the waves
In the eyrie of Tighearn Chola.
Even as the rose will shut
When her lover the Sun is departed,
So didst thou close thy heart,
The music, the glory departed.
Music with thee was laid
In thy grave in Mull of the mountains.
How could the strings be tuned
When lost were the rights of our fathers.
Banned was the tartan plaid
And they cursed the tongue of the mountains;
Who, who could tune thy strings
And the land of the Gael dishonoured?

Harp of the kings, let us sing
In the ears of the wise of the nation,
Standing on steps of the throne
Of the Scot-descended Edward,
Close to the Destiny Stone,
The stone of the Scots and of Aidan—
Sing how a nation alone
May stand forever unshaken.
Red and strong is the blood
Where the wind is scented with heather,
Races of heroes are bred
On the purple breasts of mountains,
Often the heroes of hills
Have hurled back doom from a nation—
Have we forgotten Omdurman
And Hector in crisis of battle?
Sing how the blood of the cities,
Swiftly degenerate, faileth,
Sing of proud kingdoms that fell
Their children forsaking the mountains.

Harp of the Scots, thou art kin
To the harp that is slumbering in Tara,
Shall we not therefore sing
Together our songs, O Erin?
Branches we are of the stem
Whose roots reach the ages forgotten,
Proudly the harp of the Gael
In the banner of Erin is floating,
Proudly in veins of the king
The blood of the Gael is flowing—
Blood of the Scots of Dalriad,
Blood of O'Neil and of Canmore.
Here in the hands of our love
Is balm for the wounds of thy bosom,
Thy deep, red wounds—and thy grief
Shall vanish like visions with morning.
Cease from your terrible tears,
O dark-haired daughters of sorrow,
Golden and beautiful breaks
The morn on the hilltops of Erin!

Harp of the world-scattered Gaels,
Sing how the Gaels are in number
Even as the stars; how in strength
They are sinew and muscle of empires.
Brothers they are, of our blood,
Though spread to the four winds of heaven,

*Murdoch, the harper to MacLean of Coll, was the last professional harper in Scotland.

Brothers, if exiles, still,
Though their white-sailed ships return not.
What if the straths are forlorn,
The *Blood* of the race is not passing,
What if the language should fail,
The *Race* of the Gael is not dying!
See how the Gaels are in number
As sands on the marge of the wild wave,
Conquering with hands of toil
The cities and lands of the stranger;
Under the sun of the Indies
And in the lands over ocean,
Wielding the axe of the settler
Far in the depths of the forest,
Digging the yellow gold,
Low in the depths of the canyon,
Struggling on far fields of battle
Struggling—and falling with glory!

Tell me, my harp beloved,
Shall the hope that I cherish fail me—
Shall I behold the Gaels
To the glens of their love returning,
Men at work on the crofts
As I saw in the times unforgotten,
The mother in musical Gaelic
To the babe at her bosom crooning.
Friendly at feast of the Old-Year,
Chieftain and clansmen together,
Cheeks of the youth aglow
At the Shinty on New-Year's morning—
Every old custom so dear
To our beautiful glens returning,
Bagpipes on fields of battle
Chanting their war-notes defiant,
And, in the halls of peace
The harp with its wild sweet trembling,
Why should I thus drop tears
On the ruins of old homes broken—
Spanning the bens, behold!
The rainbow, the rainbow is shining!

Listen, my harp, my beloved!
When cometh the time of my changing,
When my hand, white as the snow,
To dust in the grave shall crumble,
Do not let any man's hand
Strike from thee chords of sorrow—
Shall I not rise again
To the wind my boat's sail spreading,
For the beautiful Island of Youth
In the gold of the Sea of the Sunset.
There I shall practice thy music,
There in the Hall of the Noble—
Beloved! when I am dead,
For me let no wail of sorrow
Rise from thy sun-bright strings,
But a song—a song victorious.

SIR,—I should like to obtain information regarding the ancestors and descendants of the late Alexander M'Kay, farmer, Seapark, Kinloss, who died in 1808, and Janet Grant or M'Kay, his wife, who died in 1844, both supposed to have been buried at Kinloss Abbey. Should any reader be able to assist me, I shall be glad to hear from them per the editor of the *Celtic Monthly*. A. G. MACKIE.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 236).

REGARDING the cycles from unknown antiquity until the settlement of the Gael in Ireland—the Cuchullin era, and the Ossianic era—*how* are we to know that *Irish history* and legends of so early a date *are more reliable* than Scottish history? "Prior to the year 483 A.D. the Irish, strictly speaking, have *no chronological* history."* Cuchullin, according to the poetry and tales of the Highlands, has *always been* made the companion of Ossian, and a friend of Fingal. Macpherson was therefore right in taking him as he found him.

Cuchullin's name is, alike in poetry and tradition, associated with Dunsgàthaig or Dunscàthaich, in the isle of Skye, though the Irish historians claim him as an Irishman. "It is remarkable," says Skene, "that the ancient legends of Cuchullin and the sons of Uisneach, connect them with those remarkable structures termed vitrified forts. Dunscathaich, Dun-Mhic-Uisneachain, and Dundheardail, are all vitrified forts, and the latter is a common name for them. There is probably a mythic meaning under this,"† etc.

The name Cuchullin is, by the natives of Skye, connected with the Cullin mountains, which seems to me fully as good evidence—as that of the Irish historians—in favour of his being

A SKYE MAN.

The word is pronounced "*Chuil'ean*,"‡ or "the hills of Cuchullin," which is much more likely than Dr. Clark's "holly wood." I have gazed on these mountains continually for the first 20 years of my life, and would never think, from their serrated appearance, of comparing them with the appearance of holly leaves. "'Sgùrr nan Gillean" is like a sugar loaf, and the others are not like anything else in particular, unless to the teeth of a great saw.

How Macpherson was indebted to Bishop Berkeley for his answer to Ossian's enquiry as to the origin and issue of things (*Cathloda*, Book III) is not made apparent: we want proof of the assertion.

I quite agree with the critic's opinion that, in consequence of Macpherson *not* being a Gaelic

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* Skene's introduction to the Dean of Lismore's Book, p. 65.

† Skene's introduction to the Dean of Lismore's Book, p. 81.

‡ The transition from Cuchullin, or Cuthullin to Cuilean is easy.

scholar, the fact is *conclusive proof* of his inability to compose the Gaelic text of Ossian.

"The frequent use of the tenues (e. p. t.) instead of the mediæ (g. d. b.) in the 7th book of Temora is no proof that Macpherson followed Alexander MacDonald, or anybody else, because the use of these hard consonants instead of the soft is the test which Zeuss has applied to determine the age of Celtic writings. But what a slender foundation to build on!

Regarding the sex of the sun, if Alex. MacDonald,

OUR GREATEST GAELIC POET,

and author of the first Gaelic Dictionary, or Vocabulary, and, we may presume; the *best Gaelic scholar* of his time, did not know, how could the author of Ossian's poems, who lived many centuries before him, be expected to pay attention to these minutiæ.* Ossian would say "You can tell from the sense what is meant." Was it the fault of the poets, or of the scholars, that there is no *neuter* in Gaelic? Why is "fearann"—land—masculine, and "feannag" —a lazy-bed—feminine!

The most serious error that this fireside writer commits is in saying that Macpherson "blunders hopelessly when he arms the old

GAELS WITH BOWS AND ARROWS."

Why, bows and arrows are about the most ancient weapons used by man. They were used in pre-historic times, if one can judge from the number of flint arrow-heads that have been found in many parts of the country. But to be more poetical: "On yonder lea-field the ploughman turns over the grassy sward. At the furrow's end, as he breathes his horse for a minute, and looks at his work, his eye is caught by some object sticking in the up-turned mold. He picks it up. It is a *barbed arrow-head*, neatly chipped out of yellow flint. How came it there? It is *no* elf-arrow, shot by the fairies. It was once, when tied to a reed with a *sinew* or a *strip* of skin, an *arrow* in the *quiver* of an *ancient British savage*. When that lea-land was a forest, the rude hunter roaming there, shot at a deer, but missed his game and lost his arrow."†

"There are spots where the flint arrow-heads have been found in such numbers as to show that the barbarian tribes had met there in battle.‡ The ancient race who employed such weapons must have existed before the use of iron, or any other metal, was known."

THE FIR-BHOLG

—Bolgi or Belgae—"men of the quiver," or arrow bag-men, used bows and arrows,* so did the Romans, which would have given Fingal and his Fenians abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with these weapons, and their advantage in warfare, even if they had not been known to them before.† It would be far more "wearisome in detail" than Gaelic poetry to follow him in his description of the leader of the Feinn being at one time a god, at another a hero, a king, and a giant! The question is, did James Macpherson, or did he not, compose the Gaelic of the poems of Ossian? He says himself that as Macpherson was *not* a Gaelic scholar, "it is considered *conclusive proof* of his inability to compose the Gaelic text of Ossian." In that I entirely agree with him.

Another present day hostile critic, and an able one too, is the learned

DR. MACBAIN OF INVERNESS.

In a paper contributed by him to the *Celtic Magazine*, dated Feby., 1887, he opens also in grandiloquent style, and dogmatises with considerable force as follows: "Fingal is the general hero of the Ossianic poems of *Macpherson*—who is Fingal? Literature and tradition only know Fionn, Finn or Fyn; Fingal is an *invention* of Macpherson's. Perhaps it is curtailed from Finn MacCumhail (Whitley Stokes) Feredach. Fingal is given as a king of the Picts in the 4th century. There was a Fingal, Abbot of Lismore, in the 8th century; Fionnghal was a valiant general of the Irish in the 10th century, as Keating says, and Fingal was a king of Man and the Isles in the 11th century." "*Curiously*, a literary reference to Fionn as Fingal exists in Barbour's Bruce" (1375).

"He said, methink's Mactheoke's son,
Right as Garo Macmorn was won,
To have fra *Fyngal* his menzie
Right so from us all his he's he."

If there was a Fingal a king of the Picts in the 4th century; one in the 8th century; an Irish one in the 10th century; and one, a king of Man and the Isles, in the 11th century; and one in the 14th century, why in the name of common sense ask the question, who is Fingal, and how could it have been an *invention* of Macpherson's?

MACPHERSON'S FINGAL

was king of Scotland in the 3rd century, met Caracalla, the Roman Emperor, in 211 A.D. and defeated him. His grandson, Oscar, encountered Caros—that is Carausius—say in 290, and Fingal saw the death of Oscar after that, consequently we infer that Fingal was at least *100* years old at the battle of Gabhra, Macpherson's

* These trivial objections are of little consequence in the matter.

† MacKenzie's History of Scotland.

‡ Ibid.

* Dr. Clark's Ossian.

†In Agricalu's early encounters with the Caledonians, the latter fired arrows from behind their stockades. —M'Kenzie's History of Scotland.

Lena." There is nothing extraordinary in that, even if the narrative were true—but we can't say for certain what happened in the 3rd century. Our enquiry is, did Macpherson *invent* the whole Ossianic poems out of his own head.

Our iconoclast seems quite at home in Irish history, fable and romance, but before we accept all these things we must be supplied with full translations of all Irish history and tradition, and the Legends which have developed out of them, and we shall then be able to judge how much truth may be in them. It is of little use quoting from books and MSS. that no one can read, or is ever likely to see. That is not the way to convince people that Ossian never lived or sang, and that the whole thing is a "myth." It seems that in this confused history, or history and fable mixed up together, there is a dynasty of kings in Ireland descended from the same family as Fingal.

(To be continued.)

SEADUNE—A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

BY LUCY H. SOUTAR.

(Continued from page 234.)

XI.

ELSPETH AND THE DOMINIE.

"O! Lassie, the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear,
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear."

HAD Elspeth been born with a silver spoon in her mouth she would have been a "Varsity Girl," but circumstances were kinder to her than she sometimes thought; at the village school she had acquired a far better education than many a young lady gets at a finishing boarding school. The village dominie had been praised in south country papers as a most capable teacher of Greek and Latin, and a great statesman who once visited the parish school of Seadune was so astonished at the fluent translation of Cæsar by girl and boy pupils of fourteen and fifteen years of age that he exclaimed: "Aut Cæsar aut nullus (either Cæsar or nobody) even among the heather moors!"

Mr. Munro had sprung from a crofter household, and for many of his scholars the same means were being adopted of securing to them a University education as his parents had adopted for him: the pinching and denying of themselves to make a scholar of their son.

James Munro had proved himself worthy of the sacrifice, and the old boys and girls of Seadune, many of them now far from their Scottish heath, look back with warm, kindly feelings to their school days with "Irate Jeames." Elspeth was one of his favourite girl pupils. The barrack life had told on her sensitive temperament. She was six years old when she came home, pale, thin and dark haired, sharp as a needle, with no rustic shyness, precoce beyond her years, and a veritable wonder child to the homely mothers of chubby, rosy children whose games and food were their only interest.

It was the doctor's suggestion that Elspeth should live on the hill side. Her anxious little face, grave beyond her years, attracted his attention, and new milk and plenty fresh air was the doctor's prescription, and thus it was that at grannie's she found a home, and when eight years old trudged daily with the other cottar children to the school at Seadune, and soon became a show pupil! When visitors came Elspeth was called up to repeat long poems, say over the counties of Scotland, and run up long sums on the black-board. There were no bursaries in those days; but the Lady of Seadune brought books and work boxes, dolls and balls, and gave these away as prizes to those who had won the master's good opinion. No good marks were given; but to be "top or taillie" of the class marked out the clever pupils from the dunces. Fresh pinnies and clean collars were donned by the children on the prize-giving day, when the Big House ladies and gentlemen and the grand folk of the place sat in smiling wonder at the parrot-like smartness with which the clever boys and girls construed Greek and Latin, solved crooked problems in Algebra, rattled over long lists of historical events with their dates, repeated the Shorter Catechisim like well charged guns, and were never confounded by a Bible question. "Irate Jeames" drilled them well. When his spare, active figure was seen bounding up the village street the children fled like rabbits into their warren—the large school-room with its map covered walls, its pulpit and long rows of wooden desks and backless forms, its scrubbed floor and open space where the classes stood and where punishments were inflicted. The children threw themselves on to the forms at the desks, girls on one side of the long room, boys on the other; but all near enough to talk, under the desks were held many a happy "housie" by the girls, and the boys made tunnels and railroads. When the housewife or engineer was at work their friends sat very closely together and the master never guessed at this diversion from Virgil and Horace.

"It was awful," the children said, the days the "big ones" didn't know their translations; then the long leather tawse, with its three fingers, was in great requisition, and not only did the guilty ones suffer, but all had to bear the smarting punishment as

"Irate Jeames" gave vent to his overstrained feelings and lashed right and left down the forms. The quick children knew to escape this treatment by popping, with great alacrity, below the desks; the more phlegmatic sat still, perhaps their feelings were less acute, for when their fleeter companions came to the surface again they merely remarked: "It's no that bad if you keep your han's oot o' the way."

What interesting games of X's and O's took place during these dark afternoons, when only a couple of candles, perched on the pulpit, shed their flickering light over a small space of the school-room, and, sharp as the master was, he could not have his eyes everywhere. One sum lasted a long time when there was no light to see to take down another; games, the children found, could, for more reasons than one, be best played in the dark.

Such was Elspeth's University, and here it was that Ian M'Beth and she found that they loved one another and had interests in common. She had helped him with many of his sums, but he had left her far behind in Greek and Latin and was a divinity student at the University of Glasgow.

It is too far from Seadune to take a peep into Ian's single room, four storeys high, in the foggy atmosphere of the western city. His sunshine was in his heart, and he was proving himself a worthy pupil of the village dominie, a true son to the ambition of his crofter parents on the braeside, and a worthy lover of the girl who was doing the humble duties in her grandmother's cottage, biding her time till she would as worthily fulfil the duties of a minister's wife.

XII.

MARTHA AND JOHN SHAW.

"Love, on tip-toe near him,
Kind at last and come to cheer him."

L. H.

There was an unusual stir in the village of Seadune this October morning. The wives gossiped at their doors. Some topic of general interest made them all friendly, and they emphasised their talk with sundry nods of the head and gesticulations. The skirl of the bagpipes issued from cottage and garden, and lively tunes were being practised by the village musicians; mothers were busy ironing the white shirt, a sure preparatory sign of some approaching festival or funeral when required on a week-day, and the black coat and best gown were brought out of the kist and hung up before the fire to take out the creases: surely Seadune was preparing for some important event!

Bonnie Johnnie's marriage day had come round and verbal invitations had been issued to almost all the villagers to join the wedding party in the village inn, at six o'clock, for the supper and dance.

The wedding ceremony was taking place in the manse. Mrs. M'Leod, a true Highlander in her hospitality and a mother to her husband's flock, delighted in nothing better than in entertaining the parishoners in the manse. Her long, low-roofed drawing room, with chintz covered chairs, had been arranged to suit the marriage ceremony. In the western bow window was placed a small table, covered with a wealth of white chrysanthemum blooms, a space being left in the centre of the table for the Bible. The chairs and couches were arranged against the walls, and all around autumn flowers peeped from among autumn leaves. Mr. M'Leod's choice prints of the life of Christ looked down from the walls, reminding one that the visible presence of the Christ once graced a marriage feast in an Eastern village.

The quarter hour had chimed from the Castle clock, and four was the hour fixed for the ceremony. Groups of the villagers stood near the manse gate to catch a view of the wedding guests as they went down the avenue. A rumble of wheels, followed by the approach of a spring cart jolting round the corner of the manse garden, drew all eyes in that direction. It was Mr. M'Beth driving old grannie to her granddaughter's wedding. Comfortably seated on a sack filled with hay, the old lady looked around her with keen interest at the unaccustomed sights.

"It's many's the day sin' I took a journey like this," she kept repeating, "me, at my age, is best in my ain hame, but a marriage mak's a' the difference."

Widow Gordon had on her black silk gown and a gray shawl, and from under a victorian bonnet, with its purple strings and lace veil thrown back, peered bright, black eyes, whose light age could not quench. Elspeth sat beside her, becomingly clad in gray, with her grandmother's favourite colour of purple ribbon trimming a white straw hat. Nothing about Elspeth ever jarred, her gowns, whether when working in the field or going to the Church, seemed to be part of herself, her voice was seldom heard, but when heard was listened to, its clear tone and Celtic accent arrested the most inattentive listener. "Grannie," she was saying, "bow to your friends."

Through the manse gates they trundled, and the villagers gave a cheer for Martha's grannie, who bowed and smiled her acknowledgments. Along the village street two men were seen approaching, the bridegroom, garbed in Sandie Notion's best tailoring of his finest web—a suit not unworthy of a town tailor. Not even the near approach of this momentous change

in Bonnie Johnnie's life seemed to disturb the placid expression of his fresh, full face and calm blue eyes; he was talking with his companion, the captain, who had donned his Sunday best for the occasion, and looked quite portly in his satin waistcoat.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the village urchins, and the captain showered upon them handfuls of conversation lozenges; he was Johnnie's support—or, in other words, Johnnie's "best man"—and saluted with great importance the groups standing at the manse gate: the villagers were proud of their beadle.

"She 's coming hersel! she 's coming!" called one in the crowd when the carriage with the bride was seen along the village street.

Blushing Martha bought a brown silk gown for her marriage dress, and a neat little straw bonnet with yellow roses, which was Sal's present, made a stylish finish to her wedding costume. Sal was there as her bridesmaid, as unlike a native of Seadune as an exotic plant would seem growing in our buttercup and daisy strewn meadows. "Whelkie" Allie's prediction had so far been fulfilled for her also: she was maid to one of the Ladies Seadune, whose home was in a "Big House" in the South. Sal's neat figure looked well in a blue dress, and her fair hair was coiled "just like a lady's." "She has their airs too," criticised the Seadune mothers; but they always shook their heads at Sal's grand airs. Sal was quite reconciled to Martha's choice, though she did not allow the first intimation of her engagement pass without comment, and rather laughed at Martha being an old man's darling. At Martha's side sat her mother, her good-natured, fat face beamed with pride, it was a grand event for her to be seen by the villagers in a carriage, not to speak of her satisfaction and importance at being looked upon as the mother-in-law of the master mason; she had quite forgotten—or buried—the thoughts that once stirred her breast in the satisfied ambition of knowing her daughter would be as well off as any lady.

Blessed mothers, who forget themselves in love and self-sacrifice for their children!

Her black silk gown was a present from Johnnie; her Indian shawl was one of the few remaining relics of her married days, and Jeannie Reid's millinery was not to be despised in the shape of the bonnet which shaded her motherly face. Down the avenue they disappeared, and Miss Amelia, in her grey lustre and her summer bonnet with pink roses, followed, accompanied by Jeannie in her Sunday gown. They smiled their greeting to their friends at the gate, and as the clock chimed four the village dominie, in hot haste, hopped and jumped down the avenue, and the last of the guests for the ceremony entered the manse.

Mr. M'Leod, in his Geneva gown, stood at the table in the bay window. The setting sun flooded the room with the ruddy grandeur of an autumn sunset. Martha stood at Johnnie's side, and the Captain, Mrs. Gordon and Sal close behind them. The simple Scotch service was soon over, and Martha, with the binding circle of gold on her third finger, turned with her husband Johnnie to receive the hand shakes and well wishes of the assembled friends. Mrs. M'Leod had cake and wine served, and a few speeches were made, and then the company set out for the Inn and for the festivities of the evening.

Johnnie and Martha, arm in arm, headed the procession; Grannie took her seat in the spring cart with Elspeth and Mr. M'Beth; the Dominie chatted and hopped in the company of Mrs. M'Leod and Mrs. Gordon, and quiet Miss Amelia and Jeannie put in a word now and again as they stepped along with the Minister.

Birdie Gray was at her gate and waved her greeting, bright and smiling, ever waiting in anticipation of her own wedding day.

Many of the evening guests had already arrived at the inn, and the long table in the coffee room groaned with good things. The wedding cake was in the centre, and such speech-making and compliments as were never remembered in Seadune, followed the feast; but the tuning up of the bagpipes made the younger folks restless, and soon all adjourned to the room prepared for the dance. Johnnie and Martha, and the Captain and Elspeth led off the first quadrille, and then order was lost in merriment, and Tom the blacksmith shewed no resentment as he whirled round the bride's youngest sister in the schottische, and the draper's assistant seemed satisfied in the possession of another village maid. Hughie Mackay was too much engrossed in blowing the pipes to bewail a lost fancy, and it was not till the Captain reminded Johnnie that the carriage was at the door and his bride and he had a ten miles drive before them, that one noticed the flight of time.

Cloaked and hooded, Martha and Johnnie drove away amid rice showers and good wishes, and Johnnie left behind him the days of his "boyhood" and took upon himself new responsibilities at an age when most men's first love romance is a dream of the past, and their's a life lived in philosophic content or in vain regrets.

(Concluded.)

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Our readers should make every effort to be present at the Annual Scottish Concert of this Society, in the Queen's Hall, Langham Pl., W., on Thursday, 27th October.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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GEORGE MACDONALD,

Vice-President, Greenock Highland Society.

AT the recent Highland Mòd in Greenock, one of the gentlemen who took a prominent part at the meetings, and appeared on the platform along with the Marquis of Tullibardine at the great concert on Friday evening, was one of the vice-presidents of the Greenock Highland Society, Mr. George Macdonald, whose portrait we have the pleasure of giving in this issue. Mr. Macdonald has what he calls the misfortune not to have been born in the Highlands. He comes, however, of genuinely Highland people, his father and all his relations on the paternal side belonging to Thurso, in the county of Caithness, the home of the Sinclairs, the Mackays, the Gunns, and the Macdonalds. His father was Mr. Daniel (or Donald, as he was called in the Highlands) Macdonald, who for many years carried on business as an engraver, printer, and lithographer in Glasgow. The subject of our sketch was early destined for the law, and in order to qualify him for that profession he attended the Humanity, Logic, Moral Philosophy, and Law classes in the University of Glasgow. As a student he highly distinguished himself for knowledge in Scots law and commercial law, being first prizeman in the latter class. Over 30 years ago he commenced practice in Greenock in partnership with Mr. William M'Clure, then one of the senior and a highly respected member of the Faculty, under the firm of M'Clure & Macdonald. That firm was dissolved in 1879, and Mr. Macdonald has been for the last 24 years senior partner of the firm of J. C. Smith, Macdonald & Crawford, solicitors, Greenock. Mr. Macdonald was for many years largely engaged in shipping cases, and acquired a name for himself as an excellent maritime lawyer and an authority on shipping law. He also built up a good chamber practice, and at present carries on, along with his partner, Mr. J. W. Crawford, a large trust and conveyancing business. He is one of the most respected and trusted lawyers in the town of Greenock, which contains over 50 practising lawyers. The subject of our sketch has not confined himself to his profession, but takes a great interest in all the benevolent and philanthropic work of the town. He held office as a director of the Infirmary for 13 years, having been chairman of the Board in question of that time. He is an honorary president of the Young Men's Christian Association, and takes an active interest in the young men of the town. He is vice-chairman of the Greenock Christian Social Union, and one of the founders of a society which is doing much good in the town of Greenock. He is also a director of the Greenock Model Lodging-House Association, and clerk to Sir Gabriel Wood's Mariners' Asylum.

In politics he is a strong Conservative, having been a member of the local Board, and for some time a member of the Western Division in Glasgow and of the Central Council in Edinburgh. Strange to say, he was a United Presbyterian, and is now a United Free Churchman, and the explanation he gives to his friends of the seeming anomaly is that he is a Conservative by conviction and a Dissenter by accident, and that he never allows politics to interfere with his religion, the latter being, he considers, an entirely personal matter. He takes a great interest in geographical research, and was one of the first subscribers to, and founders of, the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, Edinburgh, and holds the Diploma of Fellowship of that society.

It is needless to say that the subject of our sketch is a most enthusiastic Highlander. Although well acquainted with the Continent, he spends the most part of his holidays in some part of the Highlands, and has a great love for the scenery of his native land. He is an original and life member of the Clan Donald Society, and is always ready to do what he can to further the interest of his clansmen or of the Highland people. Mr. Macdonald married a daughter of the late Provost Lyle, Greenock, and has three of a family. His good lady is, like himself, deeply interested in the Highlands and the Highland people.

LITTLE MARY OF LOCHOW.

IT is a tale of true love that I am going to tell this time. You know what that means. A man and a maid, with trystings in the gloaming, and a breaking heart at every good-bye. If that was the whole of it, the tale would have an easy telling. But in this adventure of hearts there were three and not two who tried to strike the holy bargain—and when a third creeps in there is sure to be hatred and curses and a clenching of fists, with weeping for the maid before the end. It is hard for the Highland heart to love lightly, and when the other fellow comes between, the fire of hate leaps up in a moment, and the blows are struck before ever the one knows what he is doing or the other knows what he has done. Which shows, I am thinking, that a comely maid is held in great esteem among the hills and by the side of the sea lochs. For the measure of our love for a lass is the selfsame as our hate for the man who tries to steal her love from us.

It was in the Campbell country that it all happened, a good handful of days before the red-haired Lord of Argyle with his jury of Campbells sent James of the Glen to the hanging for the murder of Glenure. That would be a diverting theme to argue over, and it will come to the tip of my pen before long to tell you who killed the Red Fox—but not now. Oh no! this is a love tale. Like all our love tales, it may be splashed here and there with blood and dool; for though Argyle had by this time taken philabeg and dirk from us, it will not be a thing to wonder at, I am sure, when I tell you that in Argyle's own countryside there never was any scarcity of steel or tartan all through the time of proscribing. What was sin in Appin and Lochiel was aye God's own truth in Inneraora. But to my tale.

The three of them were Campbells, which made the matter worse and worse. Little Mary Campbell of Lochow, Nial Campbell of Barbreck, and Colin Campbell of Innismore—each of whom was own cousin by, I cannot mind how many removes, to Argyle himself. That is small matter of import, however, for when it comes to cousinship among the clans you may marry us and move us and mix us as you please, yet are we cousins still with no confusion of sentiment or forgetting of our proper lineage.

Little Mary was the sweetest of all the gentlewomen who were staying at the castle of Argyle. She had a head of hair that made envy loup in the heart of all the women—so thick and glossy and long was it, that the waiting-maids used to say it swept the floor of her retiring room like a shower of russet leaves in Autumn when she let it down. It was the real red hair of the Campbells—and when it was coiled on the top of her head it made an aureole of golden glory round the winsomest face that at that time was to be seen at the Court of Inneraora. Her cheeks minded one of a blush rose. Her neck was as white as the swan's. Her eyes had in them the depths of the blue sea with its lights and shadows and all its mystery. And when she smiled, a pretty pair of dimples appeared from Heaven only knows where, and gave the bonny blushing face that witching power which made men quarrel to the death for very passion in their love of her. She was little and quick witted and mischievous. When she took the floor to tread a minuet she danced with the nimbleness and grace of a fairy queen. And when she laughed—it minded one most irresistibly of the ripple of waves along the sand on a fair sunlit day of Spring. This was Little Mary of Lochow.

I need not now be telling you that all the lads about Argyle's castle and countryside dreamed of her at night and quarrelled about her by day. But there was one among them whom Argyle himself had set his heart on favouring. Nial Campbell of Barbreck was to marry Little Mary, and none else. So said Mac Cailein Mor, and Cailein's word was law.

Nial Campbell was a good fighter, but the very poorest of poor hands at making love. The sight of his boney face with the cruel deep-set eyes and the shock of red hair above, had made many a man say his prayers on a sudden when it came to a wrangle and a fight He wooed as he fought, with a hard face and a silent tongue. So used was he to mastery, that he despised the coaxing ways of those who try to win women with the gentleness of love. So Nial Campbell, the favoured friend and cousin of Argyle claimed Little Mary for his own, as a big lad at play will go up to a group of little lads around a ewe lamb, and say, "Hey! that's mine."

Little Mary's eyes flashed whenever he came near her. And before the assembled company in the great ballroom at the castle one night she turned her back on young Barbreck, and gave her hand to Colin Campbell of Innismore. Then the fat was in the fire, as the saying goes. For Colin was poor and proud and handsome to look at, with a heart on fire with love for Little Mary—and Nial was bien and just as proud, with the great Argyle at his back, and that jealousy of passion in his heart which is ever bred in men with plain faces and gawky manners. Forby all that, Colin was a dark Campbell with black curling hair and coal-black eyes— and among Argyle's people the red Campbells have ever been more favoured than the black.

That night, when the Assembly was over,

they had words—and next morning they fought with small swords on the sands, and would have continued to fight till one of them had paid the price, had not Argyle himself come upon them suddenly, and made them swear to forego all future brawls. A promise is easy to give, and just as easy to break when a woman comes into the reckoning. So from that day and for many a day, Nial and Colin lived with murder in their hearts, though their bows in public to one another were the politest, and Argyle flattered himself that he had made peace between them. But one morning when Mac Cailein Mor was walking early in his garden of clipt box hedges, after a night spent pouring over his books and scholar's studies—poor sport enough for any man who can hold a sword, and the weakness of all the Argyles as fighting men—he heard voices in the alley over the hedge. I will not say that he listened, but I will say that he was a Campbell and an Argyle. So that same afternoon in the bowling green he went up to Nial Campbell of Barbreck.

"Well, Barbreck, and how goes the love affair?"

"Slowly, but I trust well, sir."

"Ah! are ye not a little heavy-handed with sprite cupid's bow and arrow? A little more whisperings of love in the morning among the box alleys, and a little less of the sullen dog, friend Nial, and ye would not lose as much ground as some are gaining."

Argyle passed on with a laugh, and the laugh struck Barbreck on the heart. What is a laugh? One here or there is nothing. But a laugh has killed good men before now. And Nial Campbell left the bowling green of Argyle that day with an ugly look on his face.

I need not be reminding you of all that came and went between the three of them from that day—for my tale has to do with the end of the affair only. Enough if I say, that in the gloaming of a spring forenight when the blackbirds were singing in the woods of Inneraora, Nial Campbell of Barbreck saw Innismore and Little Mary walking together. Colin's arm was round the lady's waist, and every now and then she would turn up her bonny face and smile at him, as he poured out his love-talk with a true lover's self-forgetfulness. At the end of the glade Innismore took her in his arms and kissed her. There was an oath from Barbreck, and a shot rang through the silence of the woods. The red Campbell had fired at them in the dark from behind a tree. The lady screamed, but no harm was done, for Barbreck's hand trembled so much with passion that the shot lodged in a tree trunk three yards above the lover's heads.

The affair never got abroad; and Innismore, like a wise man, kept the door of his lips. But in two days' time Little Mary of Lochow had disappeared from Argyle's castle. There was a great to-do for a while, but just when Argyle was setting about a search for her, a messenger came from Lochow to say that she was safe at home in her father's house. But two things struck Argyle as strange. First, whenever Barbreck met Innismore he had a sneering smile on his face as he bowed to his rival, and second, Innismore never made a move to go to Lochow. Instead, Colin took to wandering round the castle aimlessly, and was never out of the high street and back courts of Inneraora. He went about whistling to himself continually, and the tune he whistled was a little pawkie love ballad which he had asked his sweetheart to sing to him many a time when they were alone. The chorus of the song ran in these words:—

"A glowering old red head I never could bear,
But I dote on the lad with the curly black hair."

He was wandering back and forward one still sunny afternoon below a back part of the castle where there was a row of little barred windows high above the ground. The ground fell away from the castle wall in a grassy bank that was covered with plane trees. At the foot of this little wood was a fosse or moat. Again and again did Innismore parade this walk whistling his silly ballad to himself, and ever casting his eye upwards at the windows as if he expected to see something there, and sideways down through the trees to the fosse as if there might be somebody there to hear his fine whistling. But he saw nothing. The whistling went on merrily all the same and he had walked back and forwards for a good half hour, when, at the forty-third turning in his walk he heard the clink of mettle on the stones at his back. He wheeled round quickly and stopped whistling. Then he stooped and picked something up. It was a gold ring with a bit of paper tied to it. The paper was tied to the ring with a strand of red hair. His heart louped within him when he recognised the ring he had given to Little Mary of Lochow. Then he opened the paper hastily and read these words:—

"Colin, dear, I have heard your whistling. I am kept here by one we both ken to our cost. I am to be carried away to some far place the morrow's night if I yield not myself up to him by then. Be below this window at twelve to-night, and I'll come down to you. Make no preparations for fear of being suspect. But be there at twelve, and whistle your ballad three times. At the third time I'll come down. The bars of the window are wide, and I am your own Little Mary."

There was no more whistling that day, and Colin Campbell of Innismore tried hard to pick a quarrel with Barbreck. But the big red

Campbell took all his insults with a smile, and kept carefully out of Colin's way. In the evening there was a great assembly in the castle ballroom to do honour to young Argyle, whose birthday happened to fall that day. Colin did not dance: nor did Barbreck. The one was restless and ill at ease, and the other kept watching him wherever he went. Innismore saw Barbreck watching him, and at last, mad with annoyance, he left the ballroom and slipped out into the gardens.

It was a clear, still, windless night, and the music of the players came floating out on the air through the open windows of the castle. It wanted half an hour till twelve yet, so Colin wandered down the avenue under the trees. His light shoes made silent going and there was no one about, for all the world of Inneraora was up and about the castle to see the dancing and to drink young Argyle's health in the banqueting hall.

"A fine night indeed, for our ploy," said he to himself, as he wandered along beneath the trees.

He was at his place below the window in the wall at the back of the castle long before the appointed time. He could see a light in the window quite plainly, and he would have dearly loved to whistle a bar of "*An gille dubh, ciar dubh*," but he durst not make any sound before the time, so he leaned against a tree and waited. It was dreich work. He could hear the revels of some drunk fellow shouting in his cups far away in the courtyard of the castle. Now and then he heard the pipe music within. But down here among the trees at the back wall of the great keep there was no one to be seen or heard. So he waited for the great clock to chime the hour of midnight, with his heart beating double quick. At last the clock struck. He looked up at the window—the light went out. When the sound of the last chime had died away Innismore began to whistle softly, keeping his eye all the while on the little window above him.

He saw a rope thrown out, and the foot of it dangled high above him, about ten feet from the ground. Where did Little Mary get that rope? But it was no time for questions.

"A glowering old red head I never could bear,
But I dote on the lad with the curly black hair."

Once he whistled it, twice he whistled it, three times he whistled it, and before he was done he saw Little Mary's head and shoulders appearing through the window high up.

Innismore did not know what he was doing, but in his anxiety he continued to whistle the pawky song and to crane his neck at the same time to see how it fared with his sweetheart. The rope was very thin, and the distance from the window to the ground was very great. She was now out of the window altogether, and was swinging on the rope.

Innismore still whistling, held out his arms below her to catch her if she fell. Could anyone have seen him in his droll attitude whistling softly with his head thrown back and his arms outstretched, there would have been laughing in the dark that night. Then he stopped whistling.

"Mary, little love, go cannily. I'm here, and will catch you if you fall. Take care, little one."

She looked down, and the rope swung frightfully.

"Colin, dear, I am coming. Oh! Colin, I can see you."

"Yes, yes—but have a care, *mo chridhe*."

Just then she turned her head and gave a little cry of despair. For some reason or other she began to come down the rope most recklessly. It was too much for the slender cord, and the rope broke. With another cry the little lady fell a full fifteen feet, rope and all, into the arms of her lover, who was standing waiting to catch her. The strong arms were round her in a moment, and her head lay against his breast—a little short-cropped red head, like the head of a boy—and the rope switched across his face.

"My God, Mary—it is your own hair!"

Then a pistol shot broke the quiet of the place, and a bullet whizzed past them.

"Yes—yes—but he is there—I saw him—Barbreck. Oh, Colin, quick!"

"God curse him!"

And turning from his sweetheart, Innismore faced round and was just in time to see Barbreck throw his pistol at his head. The heavy pistol cut Colin's head open, but he was not conscious of any hurt. Like a wild cat he gathered himself together and made a spring at Barbreck. The suddenness of the spring bore the big red Campbell to the ground; and there they lay locked in one another's grip, face to face, the breath of the one mingling with the breath of the other as they struggled. Never a word was spoken: their hard breathing was the only sound that could be heard in that quiet spot at the foot of the castle walls. Then a sudden lurch and the two men went rolling down the slope among the trees in the dark to the fosse, locked in one another's embrace. Would they drown in the stagnant water together?

Then a sudden crack—hollow and harsh and horrid—and one of them had smashed his skull against a tree. The black rolling mass was still.

The lady gave a cry.

"All right—it's Barbreck—curse him!" called out Innismore from the gloom.

And in another moment Little Mary was kneeling beside the two men in the woody hollow.

"I am going to kill him," hissed Innismore, between his teeth.

"Colin! would you murder him like that?"

"I would do anything at this moment. I hate him like hell."

"Ah, don't? Is it not enough that you have got me? Colin, don't do it!"

That checked him, and he stood up.

"But what's to be done? We are not safe if he wakes up. No, no—I'll have to kill him."

"Colin—see here! Tie him to the tree with the rope. Tie him up and leave him."

"What! with my little sweetheart's hair?"

"Yes, quick. See here—this way!"

And already the little woman with a strength of desperation began to lift the big body of the man she loathed.

Innismore laughed.

"You are right, Mary. My sorrow, how he will curse when he comes to himself! There—that will do. How tight your little rope can draw! The sight of it will sicken him with rage when the daylight comes."

"Then come away. Colin—quick. We must get away to some place of safety. Will you take me to Lochow?" said she, with a sly laugh.

"No, sweetheart. It is Innismore this time, and for ever."

And with that Colin Campbell lifted the bit lady in his great arms and ran lightly with her through the wood. TORQUIL MACLEOD.

LORD BYRON AND HIS HIGHLAND ASSOCIATIONS.

BY J. A. LOVAT FRASER.

IT is difficult for people in these days to realise the enthusiasm, excited by the works of Lord Byron, when they first appeared. Readers of poetry are never numerous at ordinary times, but everybody read and raved over the poems of Byron. His beautiful verse was the mode and was universally read. The poet was the mirror before which the dandies dressed. He was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to all classes of youth. Mr. Septimus Hicks in *Sketches by Boz* was but a type of a thousand young men, whose mental pabulum was the verse of Byron. Disraeli may be taken as a typical example of the admirer of the poet. His early travels on the Mediterranean shores were Byronism translated into action. Byron wore Eastern costume; so did Disraeli. Byron hung gold chains round his neck; so did Disraeli. Byron made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Petrarch at Arqua; so did Disraeli. Byron visited the prison of Tasso at Ferrara; so did Disraeli. *Contarini Fleming* is but a Disraelian *Childe Harold*. In *Vivian Grey* Disraeli puts into the mouth of one of his personages rapturous praises of the poet. In *Venetia* he depicts the poet in the character of Cadurcis. Looking back on the past we can see that this enthusiasm for Byron was exaggerated. Dazzled by his brilliance, men exalted him above his true level; but of his essential greatness there can be no manner of doubt. Byron must always remain among the great figures of the nineteenth century.

It is one of the boasts of Scotland that she can claim a share in Byron's fame. In *Don Juan* he describes himself as "half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one." His father was John Byron of a noble English family. His mother was Catherine Gordon of Gight, a descendant of one of the greatest of the Highland clans. John Byron, "Mad Jack Byron," as he was called, was a profligate spendthrift, and married the heiress of Gight with the intention of using her wealth to redeem his broken fortunes. Catherine Gordon had estates and funds worth twenty-three thousand pounds, and they were not long in disappearing. Within a few months twenty thousand pounds were gone, and Mrs. Byron had but three thousand left, on which she had to subsist. A ballad, written at the time of her marriage, prophesied her fate:

"O whare are ye gaen, bonny Miss Gordon?
O whare are ye gaen, sae bonny and braw?
Ye've married, ye've married wi Johnny Byron,
To squander the lands o' Gight awa'."

Although Miss Gordon is described in the ballad as bonny, the description is not correct. She was short and dumpy, with a large waist, a florid complexion, and homely features. She spoke with a broad Scottish accent, and was badly educated. Her spelling was deplorable. But for her silks and jewellery, she might have been taken for the wife of a small Aberdeen tradesman. But, whatever her personal qualities, she was particularly proud of her ancestry. The poet, writing to Murray in 1820, told him that his mother "was as haughty as Lucifer with her descent from the Stuarts and her right line from *the old Gordons, not the Seyton Gordons*,* as she disdainfully termed the ducal branch." She was always reminding her son how superior the Gordons of Gight were to the Byrons.

John Byron and Catherine Gordon were married in 1785. Their son, George Gordon Byron, was born in January, 1788, in Holles Street, London. At his baptism the Duke of Gordon and Colonel Duff of Fetteresso acted as sponsors. In 1790 John Byron and his wife took up residence in a house in Queen Street,

* The heiress of Gordon married a Seton in the fifteenth century, and from her the Dukes of Gordon were descended.

Aberdeen. Their life was unhappy, and they ultimately quarrelled and separated. In the following year Mad Jack Byron died at Valenciennes in France. Mrs. Byron was left to bring up her little boy as best she could on her narrow income. She was a woman of passionate and undisciplined temper, and the childhood of the future poet was an unhappy one. Now she would beat him, and even mock at his lameness. Now she would press him passionately to her breast. Her unwise conduct completely alienated the affections of her child, and the boy learned to hate and despise her.

Mrs. Byron lived in Aberdeen for eight years, and during that period resided successively in Queen Street, Virginia Street and Broad Street. Her narrow means compelled her to live in a humble and economical way. The future poet's first teacher was his nurse, Mary Gray, a pious woman, who taught him to repeat the first and twenty-third psalms, and other passages of Scripture, before he could read. Other teachers followed, until 1794, when Byron entered the Aberdeen Grammar School. He was not fond of his lessons, but, like Sir Walter Scott, he read books which were quite out of the ken of the average boy. His lameness prevented his walking, and he used to wander about the countryside on a pony. He has told how he feared to cross "Balgounie's brig's black wall," because of the prophecy:

> "Brig o' Balgounie, wight is thy wa',
> Wi' a wife's ae son on a mare's ae foal,
> Down shalt thou fa'."

One cannot help contrasting the childhood of Byron with that of Scott. Both were lame; both were sensitive; both had the poetic temperament; but how different were the early surroundings of Scott from those of Byron. If one compares the beautiful account of Scott's childish days given by Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera*, with the description at the beginning of *Moore's Life of Byron*, how striking is the contrast. Scott, surrounded by love and tenderness; living amidst scenery and influences calculated to foster in every way his peculiar genius; nurtured on the ballads and legends of the Border. Byron, alternately beaten and caressed by a shallow woman, who was soured by hardship and disappointment; living in shabby lodgings in Aberdeen streets; lonely and unhappy.

Byron, like Scott, owed perhaps his happiest days to an illness. Just as Scott was sent to Sandyknowe for his health's sake, Byron was sent, after an attack of scarlet fever in the summer of 1796, to a farm house in the neighbourhood of Ballater. Here he received impressions that never left him. He was near Deeside, and he lived below the towering height of Lachin-y-gair. Here he learned to love the mountains. "From this period," he says, "I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."

In 1798 Byron succeeded to the peerage of his family, and left Aberdeen to reside at Newstead Abbey; but he always retained tender recollections of his early home. There were times when he affected dislike of Scotland. When Lord Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review* attacked his poetry, his wrath vented itself on everything Scottish. There is a story that, when he was once twitted with the Scottish accent, that was faintly perceptible at times in his voice, he replied, "Good God, I hope not. I'm sure I haven't. I would rather the whole d——d country was sunk in the sea—I the Scotch accent!" But these exhibitions were the result of affectation. He loved Scotland and its mountains. A year or two before his death he wrote some beautiful lines at Genoa:

> "He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue,
> Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
> Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
> And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
> Long have I roamed through lands that are not mine,
> Adored the Alp and loved the Appenine,
> Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
> Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep;
> But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
> *Their* nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
> The infant rapture still survived the boy,
> And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
> Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
> And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

Byron tells how, in his early voyage into Greece, not only the shape of the mountains, but the kilts of the Albanese "carried him back to Morven." He was always ready to talk of Aberdeen. In 1819 Mr. John Scott, a native of Aberdeen, who wrote *A Visit to Paris, 1814*, and other books, visited Byron at Venice. In talking of the haunts of his childhood, Byron particularly mentioned the Wallace-nook—a spot where stands a rude statue of Wallace—well known to Aberdonians. When his life was drawing to a close, he wrote some lines which showed how he retained to the last his love of the land of his boyhood:

> "As Auld Lang Syne brings Scotland, one and all,
> Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
> The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's black wall,
> All my boy's feelings, all my gentler dreams
> Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
> Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems
> My childhood in this childishness of mine:
> I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne'."

THE LAST EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

BY THE HON. MRS. CHARLTON.

NO figure stands out with a clearer, or more mournful interest, during the memorable period of the famous rising of 1715, than that of James, last, and third Earl of Derwentwater.

His courage, in the face of overwhelming adversity; his heroic endeavour to reinstate a Prince connected with him by ties of blood and early association; and, lastly, his steadfast refusal to purchase his life by denying his faith, entitle him to one of the highest places in the annals of that stirring and eventful period.

He was born in Arlington Street, London, on the 28th of June, 1689. His father was Francis, 2nd Earl, who married Mary Tudor, natural daughter of Charles 2nd by Mary Davies, an actress. Of the other children of this marriage, Mary married a brother of the 7th Lord Petre, Frank died young, and Charles married Lady Charlotte Mary Livingston, Countess of Newburgh, in her own right.

The marriage of Lord Derwentwater's parents does not seem to have been a happy one—ending in a separation; after which Lady Derwentwater resided at the Court of St. Germain. Her son became the early friend and playmate of that prince for whom he was to lose both life and fortune.

In 1765 he succeeded to the Earldom, being third in succession. About this time he met the lady of his choice, whom he subsequently married.

In 1710 Lord Derwentwater returned to England, after an absence of many years. He was then in his twenty-first year, full of ardour and affection towards the north country, where to this day his name and generous deeds live in the hearts of the Hexhamshire people. Returning by the Low Countries, accompanied by his brothers and his chaplain, Mr. Henry Howard, he arrived in Northumberland in February, where he was met and welcomed by a large gathering of his tenants and friends, all unwitting of the sad destiny awaiting their noble young lord, as they fêted him right well in Dilston Hall that cold February night.

For two years he seems to have lived quietly and peacefully in his beautiful old castle; an ideal master and friend. As history tells us, "He gave bread to all the poor, irrespective of creed; he visited his people, and redressed their wrongs. The widow and orphan rejoiced in his bounty."

A ruined and roofless tower is all that now remains of the castle, which stood on a ridge, overlooking the valley of the Tyne. It must have been a large and important stronghold, as the grass grown foundations still show.

The tower was the old border keep of that ancient family, the Lords of Tyndale. Around it (three sides of a square) was built by Francis 2nd Earl, as well as fine stretching broad walks and flower gardens towards the deer park. The old fireplaces and one staircase still remain; identified in the plans at Greenwich as "the nurses' room." The chapel, a small grey structure, bearing the Radcliffe arms, is still entire, as it was spared when the castle was dismantled, and ruthlessly demolished by order of the Hanoverians in 1768.

In person Lord Derwentwater was tall and fair, with a strange touch of melancholy in the eyes, seeming to foreshadow his untimely end. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for the House of Derwentwater than its alliance with the Stewarts, who seem to have introduced into it a vein of their own proverbial ill luck, as from that event dated the downfall of this ancient catholic family.

Lord Derwentwater married Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Sir John Mill of Canford, Dorsetshire, a lady, brought up like himself at S. Germain-en-laye, and sharing to the full his high patriotic aspirations. In a letter to Lady Swinburne, announcing the birth of his son. we learn that his union with this lady was one of perfect happiness.

Besides being of a fine open character, Lord Derwentwater was remarkable for a far clearer insight into the signs of the times than the narrow minded English gentry by whom he was surrounded. He was the only one of the English Jacobites who sided with the Scots in their endeavour to confine the war to Scotland, seeing as they did, the utter futility of invading England, a country utterly unprepared to receive them. Whilst in Scotland, the Jacobite leaders knew every weak point in the enemy's armour, and had they consented to the measure urged by the Earl of Wintoun, to march into the west of Scotland, reduce Dumfries and Glasgow, and thereafter form a junction with the western clans under General Gordon, opening communications with Lord Mar, and threaten the rear of Argyle's army, then known to be in a very weak condition, the results of the rising of 1715 would have been very different. This plan was supported strongly by Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, that fine and experienced old soldier, who opposed the second best measure of marching by Cumberland and Westmoreland, into Lancashire, where the Jacobite interests were very strong, pointing out the great risk they ran in leaving General Carpenter in their rear; contending that if they succeeded in beating him they would soon be able to fight any other

troops. If on the contrary, General Carpenter succeeded in beating them, they had advanced far enough, and would be better able in the event of a reverse to shift for themselves in Scotland than in England.*

Nothing could mark more strongly the fatuity of the English Jacobites than their determination that the campaign should be carried on in England, which they insisted upon, and thus may be truly said to have ruined the cause which they had combined to support. Lord Derwentwater alone standing out as a brilliant example in his opposition to their insensate scheme.

Again we find this admirable young nobleman in his support of the Highlander's refusal to march into England, when the English officers trying to force them, surrounded them threatening with pistols. Old Mackintosh, Borlum, indignantly forbade his men to be treated in such a manner.

The Highlanders' dread of the English brutality was well verified later on, when the prisoners taken by the Hanoverians at Preston were sent out in large numbers to Jamaica, and *sold as slaves.*

We cannot but feel the deepest pity for this young Earl, now at the threshold of life, in the happiest of circumstances, surrounded by all that made life look its fairest. He seems to have had from the commencement a foreboding that the rising would end in disaster, as a letter written by him in the August of 1715 shows; and, where he expresses a desire for "peace, and quiet," of which he says "I have had so little." In the stern north country his martyrdom to loyalty and religion have earned for him undying fame. It would have been impossible for the ties of friendship and blood to have remained unanswered, in the head of this generous young noble when the call to arms sounded in his ears, and his powerful influence be withheld at his prince's need; although, the cause of his wife and innocent children being involved in such a hazardous struggle must have weighed heavily in the scale to deter his generous sacrifice.

It is recorded of Derwentwater that he made no effort to raise his tenantry in the cause, riding out to form the army with only a few body servants, giving as proof that, while he risked his own life he would not ask others under him to join against their will; although it is sad to think that his tenantry would not have followed of their own accord to defend such a generous lord.

At the defence of Ribble Bridge we find Lord Derwentwater displaying the most wonderful courage and unselfishness. In raising the barricades within the walls, to encourage the men to work with even greater zeal, we find him stripped to the waist, and helping with word and example to hurry forward the defences. He, also, it was, who undertook the secret expedition into Manchester to report as to the loyalty of that town, and to rouse the Catholic gentry to form companies in the cause. From his endeavours about 1200 Catholic gentry, and their dependants joined the army.

At Preston again we find Lord Derwentwater strongly opposed to the ideas of surrender, preferring to lose his life rather than trust to the gentle mercies of the Hanoverians, but General Foster and the rest of his generals had seemingly lost all heart, and determined on surrender, hoping by this means to obtain better terms for themselves, and the men under their command. A useless fallacy, as later events proved. Both Derwentwater and Brigadier Mackintosh rode out as hostages. On entering the general's tent Lord Derwentwater said with a weary sigh, "he had rather trust to King George's clemency, than return to an army where there was neither wisdom, agreement, nor obedience." Soon after the Hanoverian army marched into Preston, where many were taken prisoner.

Whilst in captivity Lord Derwentwater wrote to his cousin, Swinburne of Capheaton, desiring to have his family papers hidden. Some time after the chest with the Derwentwater arms was accidently discovered by a mason, and the contents sent by the deputy lieutenant of the county to London, as they contained many important documents.

Of the insults and privations the Jacobite prisoners endured on their way to London one writer justly remarks that "It did less dishonour to the sufferers than to the mean minds who planned such an ignoble triumph culminating in the disgraceful rabble on Barnel Common."

In the tower, Derwentwater occupied a room adjoining the council chamber on the second story of the bell tower. His wife had already arrived with her two children, and commenced the first of her numerous petitions to save her husband's life. She continued her supplications with the utmost courage and perseverance, until the relentless temper of the king forced her to abandon all hope.

On the opening of Parliament, Mr. Lechmere in a violent speech impeached Lord Derwentwater and the rest of the Peers of high treason. They requested to be remanded till the 19th to prepare their defence, and that night were permitted to dine together at the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, where they were loudly cheered by a Jacobite crowd.

At his trial, by the advice of his friends, Lord Derwentwater pleaded "guilty," urging as his excuse his youth and inexperience, and assuring

*Annals of the reign of George I.

his judges that he engaged in the undertaking without premeditation. Words which he afterwards bitterly repented, as he assures the world in his last sad letter in the following words—". . . After this I am to ask pardon of those whom I might have scandalised by pleading guilty at my trial. Such as were permitted to come to me, told me, that having been undeniably in arms, pleading guilty was but the consequence of having submitted to mercy. "But I am sensible that in this I have made bold with my loyalty, having never any other but James the Third for my rightful and lawful Sovereign." This long and interesting letter, which I will not quote in full, terminates with these beautiful words—"I die a Roman Catholic: I am in perfect charity with all the world; I thank God for it, even with those of the present government, who are most instrumental in my death. I freely forgive such as ungenerously reported false things of me; and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of Infinite Mercy, into Whose hand I commend my soul."

At his execution, he told the executioner that he would find two broad pieces in his pocket, and that he would receive something additional from the gentleman who held his hat and wig. After repeating the words "Lord Jesus receive my soul," the earl calmly laid his head upon the block.

Thus died James, third Earl of Derwentwater, in the flower of his age; the most engaging "Preux Chevalier" of his time, on the side of the English Jacobites.

He was buried by his grief stricken widow in the chancel of Dilston chapel. The funeral cortege travelled by night from London, resting at wayside Catholic chapels on the way. The night of his death, tradition has it, that the spouts of Dilston ran blood, and to this day the "aurora borealis" is known in the Tyne valley as "Lord Derwentwater's lights," as that dread night, the whole of Northumberland and Cumberland were lit up by lurid flashes of light, which the people attributed to the wrath of heaven for the martyrdom of their young lord. It is also said that on stormy nights the wailing of his unhappy wife can be heard amid the ruined walls.

But one indisputable fact remains—the veneration with which the memory of his kindly deeds is held to this day in the hearts of the warm hearted north country people. Lady Derwentwater found a refuge for herself and her son at the Court of St. Germain. She died at the early age of thirty, and is buried at Louvain. Her son followed her to the grave at the early age of nineteen. Thus ended the once powerful House of Derwentwater, one of the most notable in the north of England.

A more glorious termination to a gallant life could not be imagined than that of the gallant young martyr to his faith, and his king—James, third Earl of Derwentwater.

HOW BEINN-NA-CAILLICH, SKYE, GOT ITS NAME.

Most people who take an interest in the present day popular pictorial post cards, especially those with the views of the Isle of Skye, are doubtless familiar with the name of Beinn-na-Caillich, one of the most prominent peaks in the Cuchullin Hills, but probably few strangers are aware of the circumstances which led to its being called Beinn-na-Caillich. The following may serve to enlighten the reader on that subject.

At the time when Skye, according to tradition, was inhabited by the Feinne, there lived in a remote corner of the Island an old woman of somewhat evil reputation, not less on account of her grotesque appearance, which encouraged the belief that she was a witch, than because she was a woman of immense stature and proportions, even in an age of giants. One day Fingal and his companion in arms "Oscar," intent on avenging some real or fancied injury, were pursuing the old woman with a view to put her to death. The place where she dwelt was in the neighbourhood of a crescent-shaped range consisting of eight hills, of which Beinn-na-Caillich is the outer, towards the East. This old woman being, as already indicated, a very powerful and active woman, climbed up to the top of the hills and finding herself hotly pursued by her enemies leapt from hilltop to hilltop in her terror. In a valley between two of these hills there is a stone of gigantic proportions called "Oscar's" stone, which has been broken in three parts as by a blow of some sharp instrument. This stone is supposed to have been broken by a blow from "Oscar's" sword as he vainly strove to arrest the flight of his quarry, and hence the boulder came to be called "Oscar's stone." The old woman was ultimately overtaken by her enemies and slain, just as she leapt on to the eighth hill, and the hill is called Beinn-na-Caillich to this day.

Torrin, Skye. NORMAN MACKINNON.

HIGHLAND SOCIAL GATHERINGS.— The season of festivity is now in full swing, and every Celtic society in the city is busy making preparations for its great annual re-union. On the 3rd November the INVERNESS-SHIRE GATHERING takes place in the Queen's Rooms, Mr. Fraser-Tytler of Aldourie in the chair. On the following evening, the CLAN MACLEAN hold their annual re-union in the Waterloo Rooms, the chair being worthily occupied by the popular chief of the clan, Col. Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., C.B., who will, as usual, be supported by many chieftains and prominent clansmen. The great event of December will be the SKYE GATHERING, which takes place in St. Andrew's Halls, on 2nd ult., presided over by that distinguished clansman, Rear Admiral Angus Macleod, C.V.O., who will revive the memory of the martial traditions of *Eilean a' Cheo.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

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IMPORTANT.

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

COMPLIMENTARY.—That Gaelic scholars and all interested in Highland matters recognise that in the *Celtic Monthly* they possess "an organ devoted to fostering and encouraging an interest in Celtic, and especially in Gaelic, literature and learning" is evident from the many flattering letters which we are constantly receiving from our countrymen in all parts of the globe. The *Monthly* has now been in existence for twelve years, and during that period it has rendered valuable assistance in promoting Celtic objects, and in keeping the Gael in distant lands in closer touch and sympathy with all movements affecting their native Highlands. In less than a year, the *Celtic* will have been in existence longer than any previous Highland magazine.

The following note from Mr. H. A. M'Lean, Killean, New South Wales, is very encouraging—"I might assure you that the *Celtic* is a most welcome visitor here; I read it with the greatest of interest. I would like also to congratulate you on its continued excellence."

By the same post we were favoured with an interesting letter from Mr. William Macleod, secretary of the Gaelic Society of Dunedin, New Zealand, in which he says "the *Celtic Monthly* continues to be most interesting, and must require an immense amount of time and energy to keep up its uniformly high standard."

THE MACVURICHS.

SIR,—In reply to the enquiry of "C. M'P." in the March number, Muriach *or Murdoch* is stated in the Genealogy of the Macphersons (Church and Social Life in the Highlands," p. 486, by the late Alex. Macpherson) to have been the parson of Kingussie who, on the death of his brother Diarmed in 1153 without issue, became head of his family and captain of the Clan Chattan. On this account the Macphersons are called in Gaelic "the Clan Mhurich" (pronounced Vurich) and MacVurich in this particular case can only mean "son of Murdoch." A family called MacVurich were hereditary seanachies to the MacDonalds of Clanranald ("What is my Tartan," p. 106, by Mr. F. Adam). This family seems to have been in no way related to the MacVurichs of Clan Chattan, but it appears to be unnecessary to suppose that the origin of the name was different from that above indicated. Possibly other families, totally distinct from the two above mentioned, may have borne the name of MacVurich, it being of course a fallacy to suppose that all persons bearing the same patronymic must be related to each other. Even the name of Macpherson, the alternative name of Murdoch's descendants, forms no exception to this perhaps not universally recognised fact.

H. D. M'WILLIAM.

GREETING.

TO

JOHN MACKAY, ESQ., OF "STRATHNAVER RESTORED."

Strong the hand and keen the brand
That knit Mackays of yore,
Now sheathed the brand, no gladder hand
Keeps ope a wider door.

O Editor, dost know a thing,
Perchance at home held light,
Makes exiles' hearts with gladness ring—
A glint of heather bright.

If draw thou wouldst all Gaels to thee,
Just let the rope of heather be.

New York,
October 10th, 1904. MACDHAI.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The opening meeting of this Society was held in the Rooms, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on 20th October, Mr. Thomas Mackay, Largs, president, in the chair. A grant of £5 was made to a young clanswoman to enable her to prosecute her studies at a Normal Training College, and £2 were voted for temporary relief to an Edinburgh applicant. Mr. David N. Mackay, Glasgow, Educational Secretary, reported that the clan bursary of £20 for two years was now held by a young clansman who was attending the higher grade school at Dornoch. Mr. L. M. Mackay, Accountant of the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh, was nominated president for the coming year, and Provost A. Y. Mackay, Dr. George Mackay, and Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C., as vice-presidents. It was decided to hold the Annual Social Gathering in Edinburgh early next year; the Glasgow Gathering will probably be held in December.

Tales and Traditions of the Clans.

BY FIONN.

No. VIII. THE MACMILLANS.

MACMILLAN'S CROSS,
IN KILMORY CHURCHYARD,
NORTH KNAPDALE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

THERE seems to be considerable difficulty in tracing the origin and following the footsteps of this clan. Despite the statement of Buchanan of Auchmar that they are descended from Methlan, a brother of the Chief of the Buchanans, who flourished in the time of Alexander II., it is pretty generally believed that the Millans are of ecclesiastical origin. In the Highlands an individual member of the clan is referred to by Gaelic-speaking people as *Muc Mhaoilein* or *Mac-Gillemhaoil*, "*maol*" being the Gaelic for bald or tonsured. In the MacLaggan MS. (1786) *Mac-na Maoile*—son of the baldness, does duty for MacMillan, and the Rev. James MacLaggan was a native of that district of Perthshire, in which we find a colony of the Mac Millans at an early date.

The Perthshire MacMillans are generally supposed to have come from North Moray, and settled about Loch Tay, from whence they were driven in the fourteenth century. Some of them went to Knapdale, Argyll, where their chief was known as *Mac Mhaoilein a' Chnaip*—MacMillan of Knap. A boulder off Knaphead was said to have written upon it what constituted MacMillan's right to Knapdale. According to tradition the legend ran—

"Fhad 'sa ruitheas sruth is gaoth,
Bidh còir Mhic Mhaoilein air a' Chnap."

which may be freely rendered—

"While streams do run and winds blow cold
MacMillan's right to Knap shall hold."

According to another tradition the legend was

"Còir Mhic Mhaoilein air a' Chnap,
Fhad 'sa bhuaileas tonn ri creag."

which may be rendered—

"MacMillan's right to Knap shall be
While 'gainst this rock shall dash the sea."

According to the writer of the account of North Knapdale in the old statistical account this peculiar charter was only obliterated about the beginning of last century.

The late Rev. Dr. Hugh MacMillan, who held the office of Chief of the Clan Society for seven years, printed for private circulation the seven interesting addresses he delivered at the annual meetings of the clan. In an introduction to the volume he gives a brief sketch of the origin and history of the clan. Referring to the Knapdale MacMillans he says:—"The branch which settled in Knapdale very soon attained to considerable power and influence. They owned the largest half of the southern part of the district, and their chief was called Macmillan of Knap, and was a person of great importance in the west of Scotland. There are several relics surviving in the district of the former power of the clan. At the entrance of Loch Sween, one of the most picturesque salt lochs of Knapdale, there is a rocky promontory on which stands a ruined castle of great extent and strength. It is said to have been built about the beginning of the eleventh century by Sweno, Prince of Denmark, and was later the residence of Alexander, Lord of the Isles, who was besieged there by Bruce, to whom Alexander was compelled to surrender it. At a later date it came into possession of the MacNeills, and ultimately into the hands of Macmillan Mor of Knap, who restored and enlarged it, and added the picturesque ivy-covered tower, which goes by the name of Macmillan's Tower. From 1480 to 1644 Castle Sween was occupied by the Earls of Argyll, and it was in their possession when it was burned by Sir Alexander Macdonald, who ravaged the whole district.

In the near neighbourhood there is an ancient hamlet called Kilmory Knap, where there is one of the finest stone crosses in Scotland, said to be

inferior only to St. Martin's Cross in Iona. It is about twelve feet high, and is composed of solid chlorite slate. On one side there are two figures beside the Saviour on the Cross. On the right of the cross is the Virgin Mary with a halo around her. Her head is slightly averted, as if turning away her face in sorrow from the dreadful sight before her, and her hand is placed upon her heart, which this sword of grief, according to the prophecy, has pierced. On the other side of the cross is John, the beloved disciple, with his right hand uplifted in horror, and the other hand holding to his heart a copy of his Gospel. The scene is evidently drawn from the passage in Scripture in which the dying Saviour commends His mother to John, and bids him cherish her henceforth as her son. This representation of the crucifixion would seem to give countenance to the theory of some authors that Millan is Maol Iain, the tonsured St. John. The Celtic tonsure was known, as I have said, as St. John's tonsure, and hence St. John appears very appropriately upon a Macmillan cross. The figures are very much weathered and defaced by grey lichens, and it is difficult to make them out distinctly. Below the crucifixion there is a long two-handed sword finely carved. On the other side of the cross there is an elaborate pattern of interlaced work at the top, filling all the rounded disk. Below, on the shaft, is carved a representation of a Highland chief hunting the deer, which is remarkable as the earliest specimen of the Highland dress in existence. Beneath the huntsman there is an inscription in ancient Saxon characters, which can be easily deciphered as "Haec est crux Alexandri Macmillani." The sculpture on the cross is exceedingly rich and elaborate, and must have been a magnificent specimen of Celtic art in its palmiest days. There are few surviving crosses so splendid as this one, and its hoary appearance, covered from head to foot with grey lichens, standing erect on its graduated pedestal, seen from afar, gives a peculiar dignity to the primitive spot."

Although the MacMillans were at an early period in Knapdale, they probably obtained the greater part of their possessions there by marriage with the heiress of the chief of the MacNeills, in the sixteenth century. Tradition asserts that these Knapdale MacMillans came originally from Lochtayside, and that they formerly possessed Lawers, on the north side of Lochtay, from which they were driven by Chalmers of Lawers in the reign of David II. On the extinction of the chief (Knap) the next branch, MacMillan of Dunmore, near Tarbert. Lochfyne, assumed the title of MacMillan of Millan, but that family is now also extinct. A branch also settled in Lochaber, around Loch Arkaig, and were among the most loyal followers of Lochiel.

Perhaps the branch best known in history is that which passed into the district of Galloway. A representative of this branch distinguished himself as a preacher and leader of the Cameronians who were also called MacMillanites. His Bible is still preserved among the descendants of the Covenanters.

The badge of the clan is holly, while the motto is "*Miseris succurrere disco*"—we learn to succour the distressed.

The tartan of the clan bears a strong resemblance to that of Buchanan, but within recent years a much more chaste and attractive tartan has been designed and manufactured by Bailie Donald M'Millan, J.P., Partick, who represents the Lochaber branch of the clan. That pleasing tartan which has been registered as "Breacanseilgmhicillemhaoil," has already attained great popularity and has almost completely supplanted the old clan tartan.

TO A SPRAY OF WHITE HEATHER.

WHENCE comest thou,
Sweet exile in a stranger land?
Thou art too fair, too pure, too white,
To thole existence on a muddied strand:
And yet, I dare not bid thee go,
For into mine, thy life with all its memories flow.

Upon what peak
Did thy sweet bells entrance the dawn,
In mine own native land? by misty burn,
Where fresh, wet ferns conceal the fawn:
Or, mountain tarn, high lost amid the hills, [trills.
Where thy fair flower inclined, to list the lark's high

White heather of my name,
I'll wear thee as an amulet upon my breast;
Lest, 'mid an alien and a colder race,
My heart should find at last its final rest:
And I forget the storm-beat crags, the pure white mountain snow,
The scenes of chivalry, the deeds that made my dreams in unison to flow.

O! mystic heather spray,
I hear through thee, a rush of hurrying feet, a wail
Of that lost *Piobaireachd* that the wanderers seek:
As, pressing blindly forth upon thy wake, they fail
To catch the lilting tune that lures them on, and ever on,
O'er hill, and glen, by flowered or thorny path, till life's wild quest be done.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

AUTHOR OF "CRUACHAN BEANN."—Mr. H. S. Macdonald, Ontario, Canada, writes—"Will you kindly thank *Fionn* for me for the correct note which he gave in the February *Celtic* regarding the author of the popular Gaelic song 'Cruachan Beann.' It may interest your readers to learn that I was present when the author—my grandfather on my mother's side—composed this spirited song."

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

BY J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

(Continued from page 19.)

IT is not difficult to see that a man like Gordon, placed at the head of a London "No Popery" mob, presented a combination containing alarming potentialities. It was not long before the potentialities were translated into alarming action. On 29th May, 1780, a large and excited meeting of the Association was held in Coachmaker's Hall, near Foster Lane, Cheapside. The object of the meeting was to discuss the best way of laying before the House of Commons an enormous petition for the repeal of the Act of 1778. Lord George Gordon said he would present it to the House only on condition that he was accompanied by a procession of twenty thousand men. On Friday, 2nd June, the friends of Protestantism met in vast numbers in St George's Fields, Southwark, each wearing a blue cockade in his hat, and some of them carrying blue banners, inscribed with the words, "No Popery." This assemblage was the beginning of the riots so graphically described by Dickens in chapter xlviii. of *Barnaby Rudge*. To relate the proceedings of the "No Popery" mob is unnecessary. Dickens has adhered closely to historical accuracy in writing about them, and the story may be read in the novel. The storming of the House of Commons, the extraordinary conduct of Gordon, the burning of the houses and chapels of the Roman Catholics, the destruction of Lord Mansfield's house and of Newgate Prison, the attempt to take the Bank of England, are all related in more or less detail by the novelist. As a result of the riots Gordon was committed to the Tower, and tried for high treason. During the judicial proceedings, he exhibited traces of serious mental disorder. All the time of his trial, it is said, he had a quarto Bible before him, and was very angry because he was not permitted to read four chapters in Zechariah! In the end he was acquitted of the charge of high treason, and so strong were the forces of fanaticism that, in spite of all that had happened, public thanksgivings for his acquittal were returned in several of the churches.

The career of Gordon, after his release, was marked by an increasing eccentricity. The insanity, which in his earlier life had lain dormant, came more and more to the surface. In 1786 he inserted a libel on Queen Marie Antoinette in the *Public Advertiser*, and about the same time published a paper, containing some severe remarks upon British justice. For these strictures and for the libel on Marie Antoinette, he was convicted in June, 1787. He fled to Amsterdam, but the magistrates sent him back. On returning to England he retired to Birmingham, where he professed the Jewish religion, dwelling quietly in the house of a Jew and wearing a long beard. He showed the sincerity of his conversion by submitting to the painful initiatory rite, required by the Jewish religion.

On 28th January, 1788, Gordon was brought up for judgment. He was sentenced to be imprisoned for five years in Newgate for the two libels, and then to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and find two securities for his good behaviour in two thousand five hundred pounds apiece. His life in Newgate was fairly comfortable. His methods of employing himself were in keeping with his extraordinary character. He wrote letters, including fruitless appeals to the French National Assembly to apply for his relief; he amused himself with music, especially the bagpipes; he gave a ball once a fortnight; he had six or eight persons to dinner daily, including the society of Newgate and occasionally distinguished outsiders, who all dined on terms of strict equality; he strictly conformed all the time with the requirements of the Jewish religion. On the expiration of the five years he was unable to obtain the securities required, and had to stay in prison. Ultimately he caught the goal distemper and died on 1st November, 1793, aged forty-two, after singing the *Ca Ira*. It is said that his last hours were embittered by the knowledge that the Jews would deny him sepulture in their cemeteries. He was interred in the burial ground attached to a chapel of ease on the east side of the Hampstead Road, beside the grave of George Morland. "No memorial," says Jesse, "points out the spot where he lies."

Dickens seems to have had a curious kindness for Gordon, in spite of all his faults. "There are wise men in the highways of the world," he says in the novel, "who may learn something, even from this poor crazy lord who died in Newgate." When *Barnaby Rudge* was published, Forster objected to the portraiture of Gordon as much too favourable. Dickens vindicated himself in a letter to Forster. "Say what you please of Gordon, he must have been at heart a kind man, and a lover of the despised and rejected, after his own fashion. He lived upon a small income, and always within it; was known to relieve the necessities of many people; exposed in his place the corrupt attempt of a minister to buy him out of Parliament; and did great charities in Newgate. He always spoke on the people's side, and tried against his muddled brains to expose the profligacy of both parties. He never got anything by his madness, and never sought it. The wildest and most raging attacks of the time, allow him these merits; and not to let him have 'em in their full extent, remembering in what a (politically) wicked time he lived, would lie upon my conscience heavily." *(Concluded.)*

THE DEMON HUNT.

A LEGEND OF THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

"WHEN mists are gathering o'er the Ben,
When storm wrack sweeps athwart the sky,
The loiterer late on moor or glen
May see the phantom chase go by,
But who the quarry may espy,
The white boar rushing to its den,
In chasm deep his bones shall lie,
No more shall he be seen of men.

"To-morrow morn the clansmen meet,
To hunt the red deer on the brae,
And death shall follow, sure and fleet,
Though more he'll claim than antlered prey.
The castle ere the close of day
Shall hear the tramp of heavy feet,
And whispers low, of dire dismay,
Young Ian's new-made bride shall greet."

Thus spake blind Alan by the hearth,
The shuddering listeners closer drew,
Hushed was the song, the boisterous mirth,
Each brow was damp with horror's dew.
For well the awe-struck clansmen knew
Those eyes that darkened were from birth,
The shadowy Unknown piercing through,
Read secrets none might know on earth.

The morning dawned, a gallant band
Passed from the castle's portal grim,
Young Ian turned and waved his hand
To one that watched 'mid shadows dim,
A lovely lady, tall and slim,
The fairest bride on Scottish land,
Breathed prayers and wishes sweet for him
She loved as none might understand.

The chase had sped—with feast in view
Homeward each hunter set his face,
With faithful hound and henchman true
Their chieftain lingered for a space.
Lingered till gloaming's tender grace
The distance filled with shadows blue,
Each glen a weird and awful place,
That still more weird and awful grew.

But hark! whence came that eerie sound
Rending the peaceful evening air!
Uprose black Coinneach, faithful hound,
With starting eyes and bristling hair;
Then swift, as roused from secret lair
A fierce wild boar rushed o'er the ground,
As mad with terror and despair
It refuge sought but had not found.

Then to his feet young Ian sprung,
"Forward!" he cried, "new prey we'll gain."
The noble hound gave eager tongue,
But Murdoch dropped as one that's slain.
And when locked sense relaxed its strain
He heard, his soul with anguish wrung,
One awful shriek of mortal pain,
Then silence reigned the hills among.

With tortured heart, all dazed he crawled
Where, deep, a chasm barred the track,
Far down below the torrent brawled,
Above, the rocks hung grim and black.
No trace of him he loved, alack!
Could Murdoch find; in vain he called
His master's name, 'twas hurled back
With fiendish mockery that appalled.

. . . . .

Alone within her bridal bower
Hot tears of pain sweet Rona wept,
As fell the darkling evening hour
A nameless dread upon her crept,
A terror 'neath whose spell she swept
Her tears aside—with gentle power
Across the threshold calmly stept
Among the clansmen in the tower.

There paused she, white as ghostly wraith,
By horror rooted to the ground,
All blood-stained, torn as 'scaped from death,
She saw black Coinneach, Ian's hound,
With piteous eyes that gazed around
Dumbly, to tell of woe and skaith,
Till in the lady's face he found
The answer of unswerving faith.

"Oh, loyal friend! take me to greet
The one beloved I fain would see,
For me no faltering, no retreat,
Though strange our trysting-place must be."
Then sped she forth, and at her knee
Black Coinneach bounded, silent, fleet,
Ah! sure no earthly hound was he
That summoned her, her lord to meet,

The clansmen ran—with fear and dread
In hearts that knew not fear of yore,
They followed where their lady led,
Up the great Ben that towered before,
Anon they heard the torrent's roar,
That woke wild echoes overhead,
A mighty dirge that evermore
Must ring above the unburied dead.

The storm-mist gathered, link by link
It wrapped them in its clammy chain,
They reached the chasm's giddy brink
And knew their errand was in vain.
Powerless to aid, they saw her strain
Black Coinneach to her breast and sink
Into the yawning gulf, to gain
A death that made the bravest shrink.

But from the mist-wreaths passing through
Came Murdoch, haggard, sore distraught,
With wailing call and faint halloo!
His much-loved master still he sought,
And as his tale he told they caught
The baying of that demon crew
Upon the white boar's track, but naught
They saw—the storm-wrack denser grew.

. . . . . .

Still stands the grey, dismantled tower,
It's ancient glories perished dreams,
The owl nests in sweet Rona's bower,
Above the Ben the eagle screams,
Still down the chasm madly streams
The torrent with resistless power,
Their past traditions' fitful gleams
Illumines for an idle hour.

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 18).

"IRELAND had been *colonized* in the *south* by the Belgal (Fir-bolgs) and in the *north* by the *Gaels from* Caledonia. These two colonies fought against each other, and the Gaels were forced to ask aid and a king from Alba. Conor, the son of Trenmor, was sent over to help and to be king. Fingal married Roscrana a daughter of Cormac the second Irish king, and was mother of Ossian."

On the death of Artho Cormac his son was a minor, and the famous champion Cuchullin from the Isle of Mist, or Skye, was chosen Regent. Soon, however, a great Norse invasion under Swaran (Swero of Norway, 1201?) took place, and Cuchullin asked the aid of Fingal," etc. There seems some shuffling here. What evidence is there that this *Swero* of Norway in 1201 was the *same* individual as Swaran? none whatever. He has been brought in to confuse and impair the issue. Then after a long dissertation comes the following pregnant sentence—"Unfortunately from the state of Scottish history, we *can't deny* that a king of the name of Fingal might not have ruled in western Scotland in the third century." Just so. "The lists of kings given by our chroniclers of course recognise no such king, but these lists are *little more* authentic than Macpherson's own fancy. We know in a general way the history of Ireland from the *beginning* of our era till *500* A.D. St. Patrick's time." Dr. Clark and Skene say "*no*," that the Irish had no authentic history so early as the third century, it is not more to be relied on than Scottish history. But where is our Scottish history? Much of it has vanished, like Macpherson's MSS. Edward I. of England destroyed everything he could lay hands on. The settlement at Iona was burnt down or despoiled no less than seven times, and Cromwell took away hogsheads of records along with him, besides the insane ravages of the reformation. No wonder should the history of Scotland be scanty! The marvel is that so much had been preserved, much of it no doubt brought down by oral tradition, before being reduced to writing.

Before dogmatising on the periods of the three cycles we would require to know a great deal more than we do. We are asked to swallow *all* that the Irish historians and others have written from *1900* B.C. to the Cuchullin era, without question, and to reject Macpherson's Ossian simply because it does not agree with Irish writings! therefore "Macpherson's history is all manufacture." His double Cormacs, and Cairbres, are attempts to correct errors of the *1762* edition." "In the edition of *1763* Macpherson makes out two Oscars, another besides the one that killed Dermid." We have already seen that there were *four or five* Fingals, it is therefore nothing extraordinary that there should be double Cormacs and Oscars. All these names were probably more or less common in ancient times.

Our critic further asserts that "it is *perfect proof* of manufacture on the part of James Macpherson, having placed Cuchullin and Fingal *together*, despite the fact that the *ballads* and *tales*, except the most debased of them—never confuse the epochs of Cuchullin and Fionn, and that Macpherson's personal and place names were borrowed from Talund in *1760*," and the *highly fanciful* Malvina, "fair brow," Oigh-na-mor-ul, "girl with the big eyes" Gaol nan daoine, "loved of men," Sul-Malla, "mild eye," Comala, "fair eye-brow," Agandecca, "face of snow, Classamor, "great deeds," Lom derg, "red hand," etc., etc., are "evident forgeries." A little further on, however, he says that the "*authorship* of the ballads is *unknown*," that "most of them, such as 'Manus,' 'Ossian's prayer,' 'Diarmat," 'Gabhra" and 'Essrog' are Irish, as well as Scotch." Here we are asked to give greater credence to ballads and *tales* that *no one knows* anything about, or *who* composed them, in preference to Macpherson's Ossian, much of which, at any rate, was undoubtedly collected from oral recitation, and from MSS. What is supposed to have been borrowed from Talund should have been quoted in Talund's own words, and not given us second hand. For the same reason we *want translations* of *all* the Irish writings, that are so freely quoted by the opposition.

Again he says, "Macpherson's verse construction is wrong," that "early Godelic and also Celtic poetry was thus constructed." Every line must have a fixed number of syllables, the last word must be a rhyme word, corresponding to the next line, or in the third line. These rhymes bound the verses into couplets, or quatrains. Alliteration as well as rhyme played an important part, but *accent* or *stress* as in modern Gaelic, had *no place at all*." "There are signs, however, that *some* of the ballads *originally* were composed *without* regard to accent, but merely with the old fixed number of syllables, in each line." "Rhymed quatrains of *eight syllable* lines are the *characteristic* of our Gaelic heroic poetry." "Let us see how Macpherson does. His line varies in length, but the average is *eight syllables*, the verse is properly blank, though quatrains are numerous. Truly might the grammarians say Ossian was irregular. It is nothing but poetic prose," etc.

The answer to all this is that Ossian was a

genius, and there were neither grammarians nor dictionaries for many centuries after his time. The language was originally a colloquial one and rules were made only in modern times, and we get no nearer the mark by reasoning from ballad and tale literature.

Macpherson considered the heroic ballads as Irish, and *non-Ossianic*, and by the Highland Society as "*corrupt copies*," Macpherson's being the true ones. These points can never be settled satisfactorily to all parties. "The Gaelic patch work they gave for 'Fingal,' and that only in part, picked as it was from all sorts of ballads, on all or any subjects, does not agree *in a single line* with Macpherson's Gaelic, and is wide enough of his English." This is the last kick, but if Macpherson wrote the Gaelic "long after" his English, one would think that he would at least have made the two languages correspond with each other in every detail.

(To be continued.)

THE LADS IN TARTAN.

THE song of which the following is a translation was composed by John M'Gillivray, a son of Andrew M'Gillivray and Catherine M'Donald. He was born in Moidart about the year 1792, and was for some time piper to Macdonald of Glenaladale. He emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1818, and settled at Highfield near Malignant Brook in the County of Antigonish, where he taught school for several years.

One day while in the village in company with his sons, he purchased some tartan cloth much against their wishes. This sentiment on their part so incensed the piper that on reaching home he composed the song in question. The Gaelic original is to be found in Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair's collection of songs, entitled, "The Gaelic Bards from 1775 to 1825," page 171.

AIR: *Ged tha mi gun chro gun aighean.*

Here's, far o'er the stormy ocean,
Greetings with my heart's devotion,
To the martial lads of Scotia,
Garb'd in plaid and bonnet blue.

To the lads whose fame endear us
To the land of bens and heroes,
And whose deeds still onward cheer us
To be manly, brave and true.

The braw lads whom foemen never
Saw in storm of battle waver,
Scotia's kilted sons who gave her
Naught but lustre, rank and fame.

The Roman legions, famed in story,
Ne'er lost on field of battle glory
Till their steel in conflict gory
With the Highland claymore came.

When the Danes and Norsemen allied
From their icy regions sallied,
Prompt the plaided clansmen rallied
And returned them o'er the main.

The Saxon lads, both stout and steady,
Found them aye for battle ready,
And from the glaive their flight was speedy
Upon many a glorious plain.

The eye has never glanced on braver,
And no foe on field has ever
Seen the plaided clansmen waver
When they faced the leaden rain.

For 'tis in battle's sorest crisis
That the Highland spirit rises,
And the dread of death despises,
When the pibroch sounds the charge.

Backward step on field or foray!
Lip shall never tell the story
Of Auld Scotia's pride and glory,
When the waves of battle surge.

Although lang syne their fathers fairly
Drew the sword for Bonnie Charlie,
And for the Stuart fought full sairly,
Upon many a glorious field.

Yet ne'er for leal and stern devotion
To Britain, on the land or ocean,
Will the plaided sons of Scotia
To a race that's mortal yield.

There ne'er a field saw proudly waving
Her glorious flag, no quarters craving,
But saw the kilted clansmen braving
The gray steel and leaden rain.

And proudly she recalls the honor
That the lads in tartan won her,
When Gallia poured her legions on her,
On Waterloo's immortal plain.

There's not a land but heard the story
Of their deeds on field and foray,
And proudly at their fame and glory
Ilka Scottish bosom swells.

So here's unto our kilted heroes,
Whose brave deeds and fame endear us
To the land that's aye so near us,
Scotia's bonnie Highland hills.

Ohio, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

PROSCRIPTION OF THE CLAN GREGOR.

SIR,—The name and clan of Macgregor was officially proscribed by an Act of the Scottish Parliament, dated 3rd April, 1603, and revived by a special Act of the British Parliament on 29th November, 1774, and not according to the dates (1622 and 1775 respectively), given by the writer in your last issue. *Vide* "History of the Clan Gregor," vols. I. and II., by Miss Murray MacGregor of Macgregor.

J. MACGREGOR, *Lieut.-Colonel.*

SEANN SGEUL MU CHOLAGAINN.

LE CREAGELLACHIE.

(Continued from page 14.)

AN CEATHREAMH SEALLADH.

EAGLAIS CHILLE-BRIDE.

AIR an làimh dheas tha MacDhùghaill Dhunolla, 'n a shuidhe air caithir. Dlùth dha tha caisil-chrò air am bheil corp a' Cheannaiche, an t-aodann a mhàin neo-chomhdaichte. Am Ministeir 's an Cléireach 'nan seasamh, aon aig gach ceann do 'n chaisil-chrò. Donnacha, Iain, Niall, agus na fir eile, 'nan seasamh air an làimh chlì, gach fear le 'bhoneid 'na làimh.

An Cléireach.—(*Ris na fir*) Am bheil 'an so a làthair ceann gach teaghlach
De mhuinntir Cholagainn ?

Na Fir.—Tha sinn uile 'n so !

Cléir.—Thigeadh gach aon an uair a théid a ghairm,
Cuireadh e a làmh chlì air uchd a' chuirp,
Is leis an deas làmh togta suas gu Nèamh
Abradh e—Tha mi 'gabhail Dia mar fhianuis
Gu 'm bheil mi saor de fhuil an duine so,
'S nach 'eil a chuid gu h-eucorach 'am shealbh.

Am Ministeir.—Gu'n deanadh Dia, d' an aithn' ar cridheachan,—
Am Breitheamh Uile-léirsinneach is ceart—
An duine neò-chiontach a theasraiginn,
'S an duine 'rinn an gnìomh a nochdadh dhuinn !

Uile.—Amen !

(Tha 'n Cléireach a' gairm air an ainm, Donnacha MacCalum; Domhnull Mac-an-t-Saoir: Lachunn MacNèill ; aon an déigh aon, agus tha iad a' dol roimh 'n deuchainn gu glan, saor. Tha Iain MacLucais an sin a' freagairt na gairm. Air dha tighinn air adhart, agus a làmh a thogail tha 'n corp a' tilgeadh cneadh.

Cléireach.—Tha'n corp air cneadh a thilgeadh ! Neo-mhearachdach,
Tha breitheanas an Tighearn a' toirt am follais
A' chiontaich, is a gnìomh 'ga chàramh dhachaidh,—
Cha ruig leas duine tuille tighinn air adhart !
(Tha iongantas mòr air a thaisbeanadh air gach gnìis).

Mac Dhùghaill (Le déine). Ciod ? Iain Tigh a' Chreagain ? An duine còir sin !

Ri Iain —'De 'm biadh a dh' ith thu 'n diugh air do thràth-maidne ?

Iain.—Matà, le 'r cead, dh' ith bonnach coirce 's ubh leis.

Mac Dhùgh.—'S bha 'n t-ubh gun salann, cuiridh mise geall ?

Iain.—Matà, le'r cead, cha robh an salann againn.

Mac Dhùgh.—Marbhaisg air a'bhean mhosach a thug dhuit
An t-ubh gun salann ! Falbh is abair rithe
Ubh eile 'bhruich, 's na caomhain salann air ;—
Greas ort 's dean cabhag, gheibh thu cothram eile,
Chì sinn an tilg an corp a chneadh a rithis.

Tha Iain a' dol a mach.

Mac Dhùgh.—(Os iosal, ris a' Mhinisteir).
Tha fios is cinnt againn, gun fheuchainn idir,
Nach ann aig dorus Iain Tigh a' Chreagain
'Tha 'n cionnt a' luidhe : Rinn mi sud mar leth-sgeul
Gu fhaighinn ás an amul ; Gheibh sinn dheth e !
Tha cuideiginn a' bualadh aig dorus na h-eaglais.
Am Ministeir a' dol g' a fhosgladh. Tha e 'tarruing an doruis ás a dhéigh, agus a' fuireach a mach càraid mhionaidean. Air tilleadh dha, tha e 'bruidhinn ri MacDhùghaill 'an guth ìosal; Mac Dhùghaill le 'làmh, 's le 'cheann a' leigeadh ris gu'm bheil e 'g aontachadh leis. Tha Mac Dhùghaill a' seasamh suas.

MacDhùgh.—'S coltach gu'n d' fhuaras brath air cuid de'n bhathar
A bhuineadh roimh so do'n Cheannaiche :—
Cha d' fhuair sibh dad de'n bhathar anns a' bhac ?

Na Fir.—Cha d' fhuair, le' r cead.

Mac Dhùgh.—No airgiod,—ruadh no geal ?

Guthanna nam Fear.—Cha d' fhuair aon sgillinn —Uibhir 's feòirling deth !

Mac Dhùgh.—Mar sin, tha e cho soilleir ris an latha
Gu'm bheil an t-airgiod 's am bathar comhladh :
Am bheil gin agaibhse aig am bheil ni dhiùbh ?

Donn.—(A' leigeadh ris na sgeine.) Tha 'n sgian so agams,' fhuair mi air a luach i,
Trì-sgillinn Sasunnach, — tuarsdal shèa lathan.
(Tha fear thall 's a bhos a' seòladh rud no rud-eiginn a cheannaich e. Tha Niall, a mhàin 'na thosd.)

Mac Dhùgh.—Nach 'eil diog agadsa ri ràdh, a Nèill ?

Niall.—Cha 'n 'eil, le 'r cead :—Le bean, is teaghlach maoth
Cha'n'eil an uibhir sin ri sheachnadh agam
Gu'n cosdainn orm fhéin e ann am faoineis.

Ministeir.—O'n a tha 'chùis mar sin, cha bhi sibh diombach
Ma theid an Cléireach 's mise troimh 'ur tighean.
An déigh an rannsuchadh, mur faighear ni
A chomharraicheas ciont, no 'thogas teagam,
Comh-dhùinidh sinn gur coigreach 'rinn an gnìomh so,
Mur so, tàmailt cha luidh air muinntir Cholaginn.

Fearr thall 's a bhos.—Aontaichidh sinne ris a sin gu toileach.
Tha am Ministeir 's an Cléireach a' dol a mach.

AN COIGEAMH SEALLADH.

TIGH A CHREAGAIN.

Anna, le trom iomaguin 'n a sùil, a' càramh fòidean air an teine. Aran air a' bhòrd, cuach

bheag làn salainn, agus plaosgan uibhe. Mairearad a' tighinn a stigh le cabhaig, an anail 's an uchd.

Mair.—An d' fhalbh Iain?

Anna.—*(Gu muladach)* Dh' fhalbh, o chionn ghreis.

Mair.—'S ionghnadh nach faca mi e?

Anna.—Ghabh e 'm frithrathad.

Mair.—*(Gu mìmeacheal)* Cha'n fhad' ach gus am faic thu e air ais.

Anna.—(A 'tuiteam 'n a suidhe air furm, a' cur a h-aparan ri a sùilean, 's a' briseadh a mach a' caoineadh).

Mair.—Cuisd thusa 'dhùile bhochd, tillidh e' n ealachd!

Anna.—Thilg an corp cneadh aon uair, faodaidh e' dheanamh a rithis!

Mair.—Cha dean e sin! Cuireamaid a' phoit chàil air,
Bidh Iain 's Donnach 'n so mu 'm bi sinn deas.

Anna.—'S mòr m' eagal nach bi Iain an so an nochd!

Mair.—Cha'n eagal da, tha mise 'g innseadh dhuit!

(Tha i 'dol thun an doruis.)

Nach d' thuirt mi riut! Sin agad iad a' tighinn!

Anna.—(A' suathadh nan deur air falbh, agus a' seasamh s' an dorus le a làmh a sgàileadh a sùilean)—
Taing do Ni Math, *tha* iad ann, 'nan dithis!
(Donnacha 's Iain a' tighinn a stigh:—Anna a' cur a làmh, le beadradh, air gualainn Iain,)—
O, Iain, fad' na h-ùine o'n a dh' ghalbh thu
Bha mi 'gad fhaicinn le do lamhan ceangailt',
Is thu air d' iomain leò gu Tom-a'-chrochaidh!
Ciamar a fhuair thu às?

Iain.—Gu ciatach, glan!
Ach tha mi 'n amharus gu'n robh aig Mairearad
Corag 's a' chùis:—Am bheil mi ceart, a Mhairead?

Mair.—Tha fios g'um bheil! An saoileadh sibh, gu dearbh,
Gu'n seasainn-sa a leth-taobh, ann am bhalbhan,
Is Iain, a tha cho neò-chiontach ri leanabh
A thaobh a ghnìomh so, a thug sgainnil oirnn,
Fhaicinn 'an cunnart dìtidh, gun a shaoradh?—
Eadhoin ged' tha mo chridhe air a chréineadh
Air son an teaghlaich bhochd a th' anns a' Choire.

Iain.—Och, 's mis' tha brònach air son Nèill thruaigh!

Anna.—Ach! 'S ann air son a mhnà 'tha mise 'fulang!

(Ri Mair.) Ach ciamar a chaidh agad air a' ghnothach?
Ciamar a fhuair thu cothram?

Mair.—'S ann air mo rathad
A' tighinn an so; bha mi 'an taobh so 'n eaglais,
'Nuair a rug Iain orm a' tighinn 'n a sgrìob:
Dh' innis e dhomh mar thachair, aobhar a chabhaig,
Is thàr e dhachaidh. Thill mise 'Chille-Bhrìde,
A dh' iarraidh guth a dheanamh ris na h-uaislean;
'S e'm Ministeir a thàinig thun an dornis:
Cha d' thug mi ainm seach ainm, ach thuirt mi ris—
Deanaibh na tighean uile 'rannsuchadh,
Gheibh sibh am bathar ann an tigh a' mhortair.

Anna.—*(Ri Mairearad.)* Mo bhanacharaid dhìleas, 's tusa sin!
Is tusa 'lion an tìgh so 'n nochd le sòlas!

Iain.—'S cha dìchuimhnich sin, ann ar sonas féin
Teaghlach a' Chionntaich 'nam bròn 's 'nam péin!

CREAGELLACHIE (Mrs. K. W. GRANT.)

THE ANDERSONS.

SIR,—In reply to the enquiry by "Stand Sure" in the July number, I observe that the indefatigable Mr. William Anderson in "The Scottish Nation" gave the following account of his patronymic:—"Anderson, a surname meaning literally the son of Andrew, but as held by families of Lowland origin, denoting more properly a son of St. Andrew, that is, a native Scotsman, as indicated by the Cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, in their shield. The Mid Lothian Andersons, to one branch of which belongs the family of the author of this work, have for crest a crosslet above the crescent; motto "Gradatim." The crest evidently has reference to the crusades. The Gaelic sept of Anderson are said to be an offshoot of the old potent stem of Clan Anrias, from which spring the Mac Andrews, the MacGilanders, and the Gillanderses (Skene, vol. II., p 228). The chief of the sept is Anderson of Candacraig, Aberdeenshire." Mr. A. W. Mackintosh in his up-to-date work "The Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan" (1903), gives an account of the "Clan Andrish," one of the Clan Chattan septs, the founder of which is said to have been Donald mac Gillandris who came from Moydart with the wife of the 10th chief of Mackintosh, and Mr. Mackintosh remarks that no doubt some of the present families of Mac-Andrew, Gillanders, and M'Andie are descended of this sept, but the Rosses, who are said to have been anciently called Clan Anrias (Andrew), may perhaps be the original source of others." Then Mr. James Logan in "The Clans of the Scottish Highlands," enumerated certain Mac Andras or Andersons amongst the descendants of the chiefs of the Clan Gunn, but who of course had no connection whatever with the families above referred to, and it is impossible to say how many families there are now bearing the name in one or other of its various forms who have not the faintest blood relationship. "Stand Sure" may, however, be able to ascertain whether there is any local record or tradition which will help him in tracing the descent of the Aberdeenshire families.

H. D. M'WILLIAM.

THE LEWIS AND HARRIS ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING takes place in the City Hall, on Thursday evening, 10th November, the Earl of Dunmore in the chair. A large attendance is expected.

ANCIENT GAELIC MEDICAL MANUSCRIPTS.*

BY GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., F.R.C.S E.

PRESIDENT, CALEDONIAN MEDICAL SOCIETY.

KNOWING the interest which many of you have already evinced in the study of Celtic literature, and in the hope that I may render some service to the wider circle of readers of our *Journal*,† I propose to offer you some observations this afternoon on the Gaelic medical MSS. preserved in Edinburgh.

To most people in this country, even medical men, it comes as a surprise to learn that any Gaelic medical works exist. Partly on account of the rarity of the literature, partly on account of its inaccessibility to all save a few who reside near the great central libraries, partly owing to the want of medical knowledge on the part of the would-be translator, and largely owing to the difficulties of deciphering the curious handwriting and forms of contractions employed, their contents have remained practically sealed even to eminent Gaelic scholars.

Through the kindness of Professor Mackinnon, and with the invaluable assistance of Mr. A. O. Anderson, Carnegie Research Scholar in History, I am able to-day to lay before you some facts, which I trust may be of interest, as to the Gaelic medical manuscripts extant in Scotland. I think that, while I say Scotland, really Edinburgh is the repository, the sole repository, of these works ‡

First of all, there is one important manuscript in the keeping of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. It is a Gaelic translation of the "Lilium Medicanum" of Bernard Gordon, Professor of Physic in the University of Montpelier, and was published by him in the year 1305. Reference to it has already been made by Professor Mackinnon in the *Caledonian Medical Journal* (July, 1902, p. 151). It undoubtedly belonged to the Beatons, the famous physicians in Skye, who came of the old Islay stock. By the courtesy of Dr. Anderson and Dr. David Christison, of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, I am able to show two photographs of this work, taken under Mr. A. O. Anderson's supervision. The following photograph illustrates a specimen page (171). It shows by the heading of the page, "An 4 particul," that it is the opening of the fourth part of the book, and exhibits the end of one chapter and beginning of the next.

Secondly, then, in the Edinburgh University Library, among what is known as the "Laing" collection of manuscripts, there is one Gaelic medical manuscript (MS. XXI) from which already the Society has, through Professor Mackinnon, been enlightened as to the genealogy of the Macbeths or Beatons, the great medical family of Islay, Mull, and the Western Highlands. This same manuscript is being further studied by a member of our Society, Dr. W. A. Mackintosh, of Stirling, and I hope that he will this afternoon tell us something more about it. The manuscript was bought by the late Dr. Laing, of the Signet Library, at a sale in Edinburgh in 1835.

Thirdly, I pass to the Advocates' Library, which contains by far the richest collection of these documents. The catalogue of Gaelic manuscripts in the Advocates' Library contains a list of sixty-six manuscripts, and, in addition, a number of more modern manuscripts, vocabularies, transcriptions, etc. The latter manuscripts supply thirty-eight entries. Manuscripts I to IVA in the catalogue belong to the *Faculty of Advocates*, and of these, three (Nos. II, III, and IV) contain medical matter. Manuscripts V to XXXI belong to the *Kilbride Collection*, and of these, eleven (Nos. X, XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XVII, XVIII, XX, XXI, XXIII, XXVII, and half of XXVI) are entirely medical. Manuscripts XXXII to LXV belong to the *Highland and Agricultural Society*, and of these, No. XXXIII and LX are almost exclusively medical, and No. XLI is bound in a piece of medical manuscript. These manuscripts are in several cases very composite, containing several, usually, incomplete, manuscripts bound together. Their history cannot well be traced very far, except where notes of date and place, or owner's name written on the margin, gives some assistance. Probably all that is to be known from external sources is to be found summarised in Professor Mackinnon's article in the *Scotsman* of 12th November, 1889. According to this, MS. No. II was presented to the Faculty of Advocates by the Rev. Donald Macqueen, of Kilmuir, in Skye, who also presented the Gaelic version of Bernard Gordon's work to the Antiquaries' Society in 1784.

The *Highland Society's* collection comprises manuscripts belonging at one time to James Macpherson (of Ossianic fame), Ossianic manuscripts of Duncan Kennedy's collection acquired by purchase, the Glenmasan manuscript (now MS. LIII), obtained by Lord Bannatyne from the Rev. Mr. Mackinnon, of Glendaruel, five

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*Presidential address delivered to the members of the Caledonian Medical Society at the Annual Meeting held in Edinburgh on 22nd July, 1904.

†The *Caledonian Medical Journal*; in the October issue of which Dr. Mackay's most interesting address will be found in extenso.

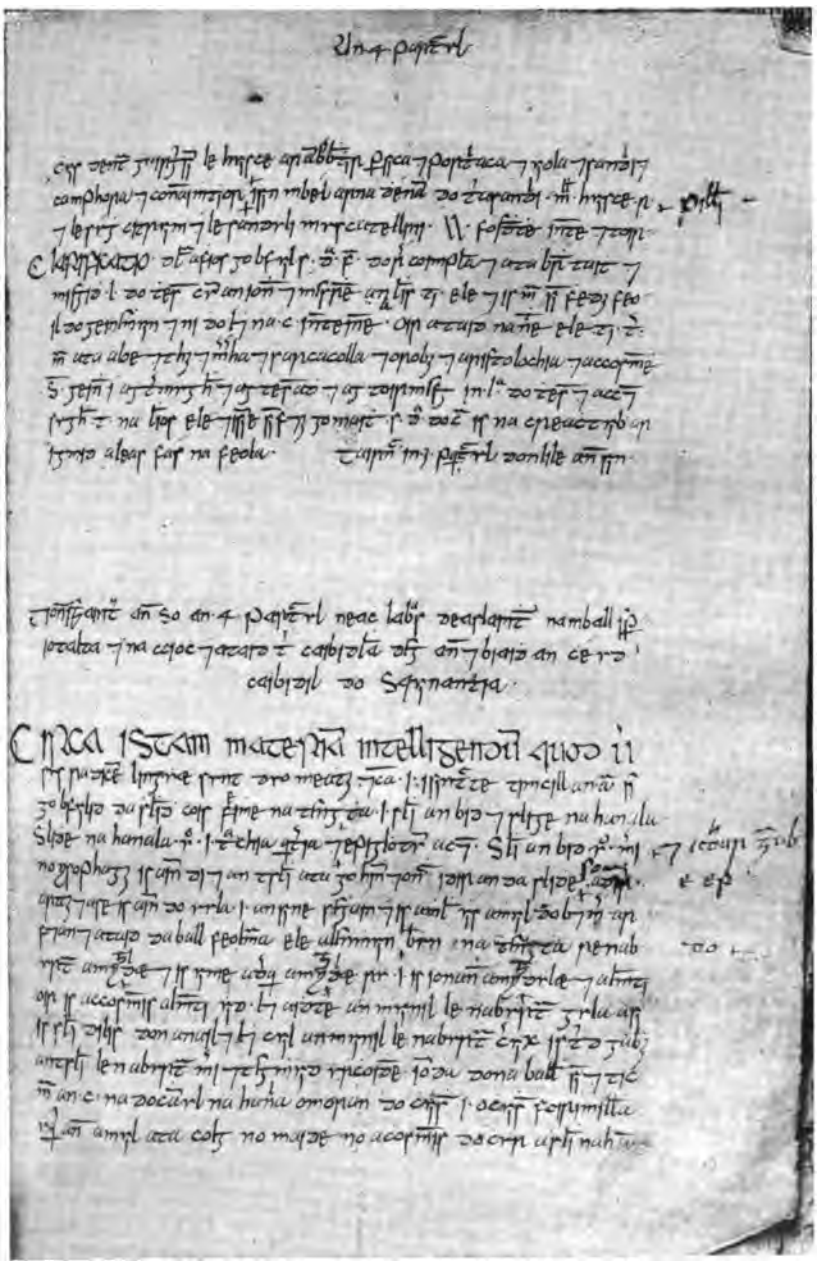
‡Other Gaelic medical works exist in London and in Dublin, but I speak to-day only of MSS. known to exist in Scotland.

manuscripts of the Kilbride collection, the Dean of Lismore's book, etc.

The *Kilbride* collection was found by Skene as an heirloom in the family of Major Maclachlan, of Kilbride. He was induced to deposit them for safety in the Advocates' Library. Others left by Skene after his death are among the additional manuscripts, but they are apparently not medical.

By the generous kindness of Professor Mackinnon, I am able to exhibit three other manuscripts not contained in any of the foregoing collections. To these three, which have passed into his possession, I shall presently refer.

(*To be continued.*)



SPECIMEN PAGE OF THE "LILIUM MEDICANUM."

HUGH FRASER.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 3. VOL. XIII.] *DECEMBER, 1904.* [Price Threepence.

HUGH FRASER,
Ex-President, St. Andrew's Society, San Francisco U.S.A.

THE populous city of San Francisco includes among its inhabitants a large and prosperous colony of Highlanders, whose ardent love for their mother-land is perhaps their most outstanding characteristic. Although loyal citizens of the land of their adoption, these Gaels evidently do not desire that their Scottish identity should be overshadowed by their American associations, and to give tangible form to their patriotic sentiments they have formed in their midst quite a number of flourishing Scottish and Celtic societies, which represent a very large membership, and exercise a considerable influence in the Golden City. Of the many notable Highlanders in San Francisco, whose correspondence we have valued for many years past, there is one whom we are pleased this month to introduce to our readers—Mr. Hugh Fraser, whose name is a household word in local Highland circles, and whose stalwart form, attired in the dress of his native land, is a picturesque feature of all Scottish festivals and out-door gatherings. A short account of his career will doubtless interest many of his countrymen at home and abroad.

Mr. Fraser was born in Inverness in 1833, and has been a resident in San Francisco for no less than forty-seven years. He was a supervisor of the City Government, and for a time acted as mayor, *pro tem.* He has taken a very active part in the work of the various Scottish organizations, two of which (the Thistle Club, and the Clan Fraser, No. 78 of the Order of Scottish Clans), owe their origin to his efforts. In these societies he has had the highest honours conferred upon him, being an Ex-Chief of the Clan Fraser, Caledonian Club, Scottish Thistle Club, and Ex-President of the St. Andrew's Society. As a lecturer on national subjects he enjoys a high reputation, his recent oration to the Scottish Colony on "Robert Burns," having attracted a large and demonstrative audience.

Last year Mr. Fraser celebrated his golden wedding, which auspicious event was made the occasion of an enthusiastic celebration by his large circle of friends. The ceremony was performed in the First United Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, on 20th July. Two hundred Scots, wearing plaids and bonnets, and led by four pipers, escorted the happy couple to the church, which was filled with an audience of over 1,500 persons, who gave them a rousing reception. They were also the recipients of many costly presents. Of the many speeches delivered that day we venture to think there was none finer than that uttered by the aged recipient of these tokens of personal affection from his Scottish friends. We will fittingly conclude this brief sketch by quoting a few sentences from Mr. Fraser's eloquent reply to these congratulations.

"Dear Friends,—Long years ago I entered into a solemn covenant with one who was then, as now, worth her weight in gold. The journey then commenced in life's morning now draws peacefully, gently into the twilight of the evening. That dear companion of my youth and early and strong manhood remains with me, close by my side—God bless her—faithful, tender, forgiving.

This is our golden wedding. We celebrate it in this Golden State which has been our chosen home for forty-five years—in this splendid city by the Golden Gate, whose growth I have watched with increasing pride and in the upbuilding of which I have played a small but earnest part. I have seen California, fifty years ago an unknown land, cut off from the Atlantic States, reached only by the Isthmus or the Horn or the hazardous plains, mature into a rich, happy, splendid commonwealth.

I have spoken of our adopted country, and such it is; for my wife was born in Ireland, I in Scotland, and to-day our hearts go back to our native lands across the sea, and we send our old, yet ardent love, to the friends of our youth."

THE LEGEND OF THE CAILLEACH GHLAS.

A Tale of the Isle of Skye.

BY THE HON. LILIAN NAPIER.

"KEE-wk! kee-wk! kee-wk! screamed the terns as they wheeled and hovered round the rocks on which I was sitting, encouraging their timid and awkward young to imitate them.

What a shore it was for birds, stately black-backs, noisy redshanks, screaming herring-gulls and occasional flocks of the pretty little Kentish plover, Cailleach Ghlas as the Highlanders call them.

A few of the latter settled on a neighbouring rock gazing timidly at me with their large round eyes and calling their mournful note. I sat watching them quietly for a few minutes, then, lulled by the placid ripple of the calm grey loch, I leant back and closed my eyes. When I opened them again, one of the Cailleachs was sitting almost beside me, with a beautiful white tern hovering round her, whistling and screaming. I listened dreamily and presently to my surprise, began to make out words. He settled beside her and said half shyly—

"Little Cailleach, why is it that you are always so sad? our people are gay and happy, but you are always mourning and seeking among the stones as if you had lost something."

The little bird fluttered her wings and sat silent for a moment, then she answered—"And we *have* lost something. No bird has ever heard our story, and I hardly like telling it now, but however, as you are kind and take an interest in us, you shall hear it.

First, you must know that though there are hundreds and thousands of little birds called Cailleach Glhas, I and my six sisters, whom you see on the rock opposite, were the first to give the race the name. These other Cailleachs are nothing to us seven, they are simply like us in outward form.

To begin with, we have not always been birds at all: long ages ago we were human beings, maidens of Skye, and through our own folly, a curse fell upon us, condemning us to become birds and to live till we found—however, you will hear that later. So now you understand, and I will begin my story.—

Many, many hundreds of years ago, there reigned in Skye a young king, Cuchullin of the Fiery Hair. Now King Cuchullin had neither kith nor kin in the world but a very old mother, who felt herself daily failing, and longed to see a fair young queen sharing her son's throne before she died. So she sent men, true, faithful vassals of Skye, to Norway and Ireland and far south to the courts of the Briton kings, to find a wife for Cuchullin.

Many of these men never returned, for alas! those were wild days, but one *did*, from green Ireland, bringing news of a princess fairer than any in lands north or south or east or west, who was willing to be the bride of King Cuchullin. So, after the simple fashion of those days, a galley, well appointed and as comfortable as a boat could be made in those early days of ship-building, was sent to Ireland to bring back the Princess Morag. And we, the seven comliest maidens in Skye, went with it, to attend the lady. A stormy voyage we had of it, and sorely ill were we, which made us the more glad to see the green shores of Ireland, and the boat coming out to land us.

The castle of the Irish king was but a stone's throw from the sea, and attendants were ready to show us up to the great hall where, in those days, all new comers waited till the pleasure of the king or queen was known respecting them. In this hall we sat, wearily enough, till the drapery of the door was lifted and in walked Princess Morag. Eagerly we looked at her, for the fame of her beauty was very great and we longed to prove it with our own eyes.

And prove it we did—only it was far beyond any description I can give of it, inasmuch as it consisted not only in her tall, slender figure, in her beautiful features, her fair skin and long black hair, but in that indescribable charm of strength and perfect beauty of line, the charm that any *perfect* thing carries with it, anything that is flawless and beyond criticism.

And who could describe her eyes, great dark-blue eyes, with that strange look in them that people have who see more than others; Second Sight as they call it now. She came towards us with stately grace, and taking in our weariness at a glance, said kindly, "Ye must be sorely in need of rest, good maidens; go now and sleep, and to-morrow I will send for you," and she turned and walked out of the hall.

"Truly," said Merran my sister, "she is a princess."

Three days did we stay in Ireland, and then took ship again for Skye, and the wind gave a more favourable voyage to Morag than it had given us.

On the shore of Loch Dhubaig, our landing-place, stood Cuchullin and many of his warriors, waiting for the bride. The king himself handed her from the boat, and as she stepped on land she raised her splendid eyes and looked in his face. I was near her, saw a faint blush steal over her cheek, and knew, simple maiden that I was, that Princess Morag was not displeased with her husband. And pleased she well might be, for was not the beauty of Cuchullin the

king, talked of in old Skye many and many a year after he and all his people were but dust and a memory.

Of the great and splendid ceremonies that took place at Cuchullin's wedding can I say little; for it would take a great bard and not a poor ignorant girl to put them into fitting words. I can but speak of what I and my companions saw, namely that all things went well and that every day the beauty of Princess Morag grew brighter, and something of her almost cold splendour left her, as the love of Cuchullin the king warmed her proud heart.

And how she loved him! Many a day have I seen her tall figure at the window watching for his return from the chase, or alas! often from fighting with rebellious clans, and when his horn sounded the hot blood would spring into her fair cheek and the love-light flame in her beautiful eyes. But she worked too, and made us maidens work — spinning, weaving, embroidery, at all was she the best and most skilled, and much of the day did we devote to these things. But at a certain time in the afternoon were all tools and instruments put away and we were free to play together, while Morag went out on the sea in her small boat, in which she permitted none to accompany her. She would pull away with long, steady strokes, that never seemed to tire her, her black hair flying in the breeze and a happy light in her blue eyes.

Men said that in some wonderful way, the sea was life to her, that without the sweet fresh wind that blows over the waves she would pine and die, and certainly seldom a day passed but she went out in her boat. It was said, too, that sometimes she rowed out to where she could see Ireland, for dearly as she loved her king and his home, all knew that warm in the depths of her proud heart, lay her love for the fair green country of her birth.

Many weeks flowed on thus peacefully, when one summer day, as Morag was sitting at her wheel and we maidens carding wool round her, we heard a great trampling of horses' hoofs in the court without and men's voices calling. Merran, my sister, who sat nearest the window, looked out, and I heard her whisper to Marri that the king had returned, and that she could see three galleys anchored in the Camas Du, and armed men coming up from them to the castle. This was strange news, for I knew that Cuchullin had gone away that morning to hunt in the distant forests of Armadale, and was not expected back for two or three days. By this time Morag had caught the meaning of the sounds in the courtyard, and told me to go to the window and see if the king had come into the castle, and if there were any strangers with him. I went and opened the casement, but as I leaned out to look there was the sound of a man's step at the door, and the queen raised her head smiling as Cuchullin strode into the room. But the smile died away when she saw his face—grave, anxious, his clothes stained with the sea water, and spray glittering in his fiery hair. "Morag," he said, "it has come."

Turning, she motioned to us to leave the room, and we went, whispering and marvelling as maidens will, and longing to hear the news. I was the last to go ont, and as I reached the door I looked back, to see the proud, the stately Queen Morag, throw herself into her husband's arms, crying, "Oh Cuchullin, Cuchullin, I knew it!"

That evening there was much gossiping—many exclamations of wonder round the tables in the great hall where the servants of the castle supped, each had a different explanation to give for the sudden return of the king from his hunting.

At last all was explained by the arrival of some men from the galleys in the bay. They said that the king of the Lewis had landed in Skye, and that his warriors were ravaging the rich lands of Sleat and the surrounding country. They said also that Cuchillin and his counsel had long feared and expected this invasion.

A silence fell on the company for a few minutes, then an old man rose and turning to the men of the galley, spoke thus—"Good friends, ye have seen those foes of ours land in fair Skye, and deep in your hearts lies the fear of conquest and death in our island, for, skilled warriors that ye be, ye know better than I that these men of Lewis be many, and their king wise in the arts of war, though far be it from me to say that they are braver than we, or that their monarch be half as fair and noble as our Cuchullin. Notwithstanding, they are more than we— and being the weaker we must have recourse to the skill of our brains more than the strength of our arms. Know then that the time is come for me to reveal a secret which has come down from sire to son in my family since the days of King Cuchullin, whom the Sun kissed.

"And the thing is this: deep in the hearts of the Cuchullin hills, there exists a mighty road of which I alone of living man know the secret, and my father bound me, as his father did to him before, never to reveal it till it could be the means of saving one of Cuchullin's line from danger. Why this thing is I know not—it matters little. Now I say that if one of ye will carry this news to the king, he will take his army in the morning and pass through by this road till he reach Sleat, there he can fall upon the enemy unawares—and the blessing of

sun and sea be on his arms. I have spoken: it is for you to act."

Great was the wonder which the brave speech of old Donald roused, and straightway was the news of it borne to the king. Next day he and many with him started for the mountains, and Donald guided them to the door of the road. Then came Cuchullin back to take leave of his queen. He came up to her bower where I was alone with her, seated behind the window-hanging. I think Morag forgot me and I dared not rise and go, so through a rent in the curtain I beheld the parting of Morag and Cuchullin. She was standing by the door as he entered, and she held out her arms to him like a child. He drew her to him and together they sat on the seat before the hearth, her head on his shoulder. his bright hair against her black locks. For a moment neither spoke, but I could see Morag's eyes fixed on the noble, beautiful face above her, gazing, gazing, as one who may be taking her last look of a thing that is heaven and earth, day and night, light and life to her. "Love," he said, gently (he always called her 'Love'), "it must be: it is for dear Skye, sweet."

"I know it, and I will not grieve you by my fears, my Cuchullin. I will be brave, and keep your castle for you till you return."

"Yes, love of mine, and—one thing more: here is the key of the great road in the hills. I have commanded watchers to stay without, day and night, and when my horn is heard, will my queen come and open for me?"

"Yes, Cuchullin."

"Now, Morag — my Morag, farewell!" he said, and bending down kissed her, a long, long kiss, then went.

Morag sat for a moment where he had left her, her great eyes staring into space, and horror crept over me at the look in them, then she rose and left the room.

Ah! those were sad days for Morag after the departure of the king. Day and night she kept the key with her, hanging on her girdle by day and under her pillow at night.

The day following Cuchullin's leaving for Sleat she worked with us as usual till noon, and then as we rose to fetch her her cloak, she stopped us, saying sadly, "Nay, good maids, I go not on the sea to-day." Much did we wonder, but later quick-witted Merran told me that it was because of the key; she had seen Morag glance at it as she turned away and heard her murmur to herself "Nay, I dare not risk *thee* on the sea: what if harm should come to the boat?"

So Morag went on the water no more, and every day she sat many hours at the door of the mountain road, waiting, listening, gazing with sad eyes far out over the gleaming sea to where the sun sinks to rest behind purple Gluarmeg. Every day too, she grew paler, dark rings showed round her eyes, and her proud light step grew slow and heavy. Then we maidens whispered that Morag was pining for the sea, that she would fall sick if Cuchullin returned not speedily. Thus passed many days, and as the days grew to weeks and nothing was heard from Sleat, my heart grew sore for beautiful Morag, so that I would fain have seen her leave the key to us and go out again in her boat. I had my wish, and none sorrowed more bitterly over it afterwards than I, as you shall hear. One wild stormy day when the waves were dashing over the rocks, and the gulls flying screaming inland, stood Queen Morag at the window, looking out over the sea. A dull red flush was on her cheeks and her eyes were bright with fever. Suddenly a choking cry broke from her, and she reeled back into a seat, clutching it with stiff fingers. We hurried to her, thinking she was ill, but she waved us away and sat awhile, staring before her. Then she rose and called us, her voice hoarse and her mouth twitching.

"Listen to me, girls, and mark that you lose none of my words. See now, I am ill, more ill than I have ever been before, and I know that if I go not on the sea to-day I shall die, and (her voice grew soft) my king will lose his queen. Again, I dare not take this key with me, for if harm come to me and the boat, it will be lost. So I must choose between two things. I choose to leave the key to you. Now (turning to me), Shored, I trust you most, for you are older than your companions, and I think, more careful and wiser. So in your charge I leave this thing, this key which is to me as my own heart, for it is the trust of my king. Will you swear before me now, Shored, to guard it as it were indeed the heart of your queen, and will you bring it to me at sunset at the door of the king's road?" With her great eyes searching my face she said it, and I grew pale and tremblingly answered, "I swear it."

She took the key from her girdle and hung it on mine without a word, then turned and walked out of the room, through the castle and down to the shore, we following. She kept her boat in a little bay with only one small opening through the circling rocks. A safe place enough for a boat with always enough water for it to ride at anchor. We lingered on the rocks, watching the tide surging backwards and forwards through the opening, little Marri sporting with the waves, standing just within their reach and then running back. Suddenly her foot slipped: she fell, and a great surge washed her back with it into deep water. I shrieked with terror and foolishly bent over the edge, holding out my hands to her. Of course I lost my

balance and plunged into the water. But I was tall and it reached only to my shoulder, so clasping Marri in my arms I waded ashore and stood there, dripping and wringing my dress, the others crowding round me. My sister Merran helped me to take off my wet cloak, but as she did so her eyes fell upon my girdle, and with a terrible cry she clutched my arm. "Shored! hast lost the key?" My heart stood still as I felt my girdle. It was true, the key —the key I was to guard as my queen's heart, was gone. With a set face I sprang back into the water which closed over my head, for the tide had come in. Gasping, struggling, I rose to the surface and near the rock caught Merran's hand. "It is no use," I cried bitterly, "the tide has come in and I cannot search the floor of the pool and the wash will sweep the key out to sea when the water ebbs."

We stood huddled together, dazed with misery, till I, recovering some part of my senses, bethought myself of shivering Marri, and we trudged back to the castle, I hardly daring to think of the future, the rest too terrified to think at all. Hardly had Marri and I changed our drenched robes when a messenger spurred into the courtyard announcing that a horn had been heard inside the mountain-door and requesting the key. With horror he heard our tale, and spread it over the castle.

Desperately turning to the rest, I said "Come, we must meet the queen at the door." As we neared it we heard the clash of arms and men calling, once a voice clear above the others, "Morag, open!" And at sunset Morag came, fresh, beautiful, glowing with renewed life and vigour, but oh! the change that swept over her face; oh! the glance that she flashed upon me when she heard. She turned to the door, catching the sounds within, and with her bare hands she beat upon the stone.

There was a cry—the sound of a fall—and the noise died away in the distance. Morag turned to the men of the castle, "Bring stones, batter down the door," she said, between her clenched teeth. "He is wounded, dying—I see him *through the stone!*" And verily I believe she did.

Stones and great beams of wood were brought and many hours did the men work, putting all their strength into it. At last it yielded and a figure stumbled through, sinking at Morag's feet. It was Cuchullin, the king, his fair face marble-white, his red hair steeped in something redder still, and his great blue eyes dark with pain. To my dying day I shall never forget the look in Morag's eyes as she fell on her knees beside him.

He raised himself and caught her hand, 'Love, where was the key?"

"My maidens lost it, Cuchullin," she replied, quietly.

"We were defeated, and all my men were slain; but if the door had been opened when I blew my horn I should have escaped," said Cuchullin sadly. "They pursued me and—I fought—but they—they were—too many." His head fell back, "My own love," he murmured, "Morag, farewell." She bent and kissed him without a word, then rose and faced us. Her face was white, carved stone could not have been more expressionless, but her eyes blazed, flamed.

"As for you," she said, "your punishment will be this—lose the womanhood you have disgraced, go and become birds, wretched fowl of the sea-shore, seeking and chattering for ever among the stones, telling the sea forever that you—you alone killed Cuchullin the king, and lost the heart of Morag, Princess of Ireland—go."

I sank at her feet and when I came to myself I and my companions were—as you see. Now seek we ever the key of Queen Morag, perhaps —some day—we may find it."

. . . . .

And the two birds flew away to the edge of the restless sea, leaving me to muse on the sad story of the fair young king and queen whose very names are only remembered in the legends that still cling round beautiful Skye, fast vanishing, as all else that savours of poetry and romance, before the inroad of tweed-coated and gun-bearing Sassenachs.

THE STREAM.*

That stream hath gushed a thousand years,
And thousands more will run,
Beneath the stormy winter cloud,
Or 'neath the summer sun.

And I have been upon its banks,
A shepherd long ago,
And watched its winding silvery thread
Of wimpling waters flow.

There I have seen the wild flowers bloom,
In summer's happy day,
And I have seen wild winter come
And sweep them all away.

So runs the stream of human life,
In sunshine and in shade,
In sunny glow or winter's snow
We quickly bloom or fade.

Yet on and on all must be gone,
In sunshine or in rain,
On, on they sweep to ocean deep,
Ne'er to return again.

Once I was young amongst these hills,
And on this streamlet's edge,
Now I am old and soon will go,
And end my pilgrimage.

James Beattie.

*A posthumous poem from his MS., contributed by Mr. Colin MacPherson, Carnoustie.

A SUTHERLAND ROSE: A TALE OF STRATHNAVER.

BY JOHN MACKAY, EDITOR, "CELTIC MONTHLY."

" By heaven, it is a lawless land! We boast that we are free;
So is the wild cat; so the hawk; all savage things are free.
The lord is free to bind the soil, the rich to crush the poor;
The poor! God knows he hath no right to tread the trackless moor.
O Albyn! Oh my country! Oh my dear loved Highland home,
The lust of gold hath ruined thee, the lust that ruined Rome!"

"*The Highlander's Lament.*"—BLACKIE.

IT was a warm evening in July. The sun had just set, and glimpses of purple and gold in rich harmony were playing on the summit of Ben Loyal as if worked by the hand of some mighty magician. The atmosphere was perfectly still, except when now and again some little songster carolled a merry note to let people know that he had not yet gone to rest. Away out on the Pentland the sails of a few fishing boats were to be seen, glittering like things of gold in the fading sunlight. It was just such an evening as would tempt one to sit in the open air and admire the beauties of a landscape which can hardly be equalled anywhere. Presently, my friend Sandy came out to enjoy the pleasant evening, and sitting down beside me, we began to converse upon various matters regarding the district. Somehow the conversation took an antiquarian turn, and my friend, having a memory well stored with the old-world traditions and songs of the country, narrated many wonderful stories, in which fairies, witches, and many other uncanny emanations of the spirit world played a not unimportant part. Sandy had great faith in "speerits," and the unbeliever and scoffer met with scant consideration at his hands.

As the shadows of evening deepened and the landscape became gradually wrapped in the mantle of night, our thoughts by some intuitive influence reverted to a subject of more melancholy interest. On such a night it was natural that the mind should wander back into the past, and dwell upon events which are burned into the hearts of every lover of Sutherland. It was this feeling which made us speak of Strathnaver—a name pregnant with the most painful associations. After telling of the terrible hardships which our fathers had to endure, he said,

"The story of the evictions has been told to the world, but amidst all that misery and breaking of old family ties, there were very many stories, simple in themselves, but of vital interest to the persons concerned, which have never been published."

I replied that in such a universal calamity personal experiences could not receive that attention which they would under less general circumstances.

"Yes, that is true; but I have heard of many little stories which have more pathos in them than you would find in many books. Aye, there was breaking of hearts as well as of houses in those terrible times. Many a romance has been lost in the overwhelming distress.

"Living all your life in the district, I daresay you will know many of those personal histories," I replied. "If you can recall any, I should be very much delighted to hear them."

"I was just thinking of a story I heard in my young days which supplies a commentary on the way the fishermen of this coast have been treated by those who pretended to be anxious that they should succeed in their new life. There is not much in the story—at least so much as I know of it, but it is very pathetic nevertheless. It is a little glimpse of ordinary life with a touch of romance, if I could even call it that."

"Well, Sandy, tell me what you know of it, and I shall listen patiently."

After a little hesitation, Sandy narrated to me the following sad romance, which I shall endeavour to tell exactly as it was told to me:—

A STRATHNAVER LOVE STORY.

In olden times, just before the hand of the destroyer fell upon our beautiful strath, perhaps there was no more pretty girl in the countryside than Mary Mackay. She stayed with her widowed mother at a place called Achness, at the foot of Ben Clebrick. Her father had been a soldier in the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, and had been killed in a foreign land. Mary was an only child, and the sole comfort of her mother in her loneliness. They had a good croft—plenty of fertile land and unlimited hill pasture, and an abundance of all that was required in those days to make people comfortable and happy. Naturally of a cheerful disposition, and beloved by all who knew her, Mary's life had been an exceedingly happy one. The manner of life led by our forefathers at that time was well calculated to make them contented. They had few cares, for the land, the streams, and the hill supplied an abundance for their wants, and the evenings were spent in a way which could not otherwise than benefit the people both physically and mentally. Mary Mackay, at the time this narrative opens, was nineteen years of age. If her life had been a happy one before, a brighter gleam of light had entered into it, and made the world seem to her as a place without sin or sorrow. Mary had a romantic nature, for she lived in a land of

romance and story, and when Donald Gunn came "across the moor to see her home," he captured poor Mary's heart. Donald was a "braw wooer," with a good heart and a strong hand, and in every way fitted to attract the fancies of a loving maiden like Mary. The days passed like a dream, full of unbounded joy and love. It was the old, old story! Donald one evening said something which brought the roses to Mary's cheeks; she said something else, which we may surmise, but not too particularly enquire into; and it was soon announced throughout the strath that a wedding was to take place which was to be celebrated in right Highland fashion — when the pipers were to play as they never played before, and the dancing in the big barn was to be a hearty affair; and if the whisky was counted "good," it was nobody's business that it was specially brewed in Sandy Mackenzie's still far up in the glen beyond Clebrick!

These were happy days in Mary's home at Achness. The maiden's heart was overflowing with joy; every day that passed seemed brighter than yesterday. Great preparations were made for the wedding day, and in the good old fashion, the neighbours helped in the preparations as if they intended to share in the great event of the day.

What was it that came in the midst of this general gladness with desolation in its track? What brought the burning tears to Mary's eyes and the pallor to her rosy cheeks? It was the dread messenger of

FIRE AND CALAMITY AND—DEATH!

On that March morning a slip of paper had been left at each door in the township—a notice to leave their home, their land, their—all! No wonder the women were wringing their hands, convulsed with grief, while others sat with a painful look in their eyes as if they could not understand the full import of the summons. Oh, it was a dreadful time—men and women tortured between uncertainty and the fear of an awful calamity, the extent of which they could not comprehend.

Poor Mary! She went about like one in a dream. She could not realise that her happiness was ended; that the sunshine of her love had suddenly been clouded, and that her joy, if ever to be realised, was in the far distant future.

But why need I dwell upon these events? Are they not indelibly engraven in the hearts of every son and daughter of Sutherland? And will the sense of that cruel injustice not remain until it has been, to the uttermost, amply and fully redressed? "Vengeance is Mine," saith the Lord, and it is the belief of the sons and daughters of those persecuted Highlanders that that vengeance will be exercised upon those who perpetrated these cruelties, and perpetuate the great evils which attended them.

I will not excite your feelings with a description of the scenes of that awful time. The emissaries of destruction sped down the strath, and in time

THE FAGGOT BLAZED FROM MUDALE WATER

to the ocean. Everything was consumed in the great whirlpool of fire and ruin. With the others, the house of our heroine shared in the universal calamity. Her mother took ill with anxiety and grief, and was carried out from under the blazing roof, and laid on the roadside. She lost her reason and died in great agony, believing that the flames were consuming her body. Homeless, an orphan, and alone, Mary wandered away she knew not whither. Not quite alone, for Donald her lover, after paying the last rites to the remains of the distracted mother, took her under his protection. She was dazed, unable to act or think for herself. He knew she had some relatives in Strath Halladale, and to them he resolved to take her. It was a long walk to the Strath, but when she arrived she could not remember how she came there. She went like one in a dream, staying at houses without paying any heed to the people, and going with Donald wherever he desired, placing the most implicit trust in him, if "trust" it could be called, for it was the expression of her great affection.

When she came to her senses she found herself in her uncle's house at a place near Trantlebeg, in Strath Halladale, where she was most kindly received. Donald being a young man, whose parents lived in Durness, resolved to settle at Portskerra, so that he would be near his affianced.

The rest of my story is soon told.

DONALD BECAME A FISHERMAN,

exposed daily to all the perils of that rock-bound coast, and carrying on his pursuit in a rickety craft that could hardly be kept afloat by constant baling. Mary after a time gradually recovered from the shock she sustained in witnessing the horrors of the "burnings," but these sad scenes cast a gloom over her life which she could never dispel. Naturally, her exceeding love for Donald, and the great tenderness which he always evinced for her, added a large measure of joy to her life, and as time passed she regained to some extent her cheerfulness. Their lives and hopes were centered in one another, and a pure and complete affection such as theirs could not otherwise than brighten the prospects and sustain the longings of two such loving hearts.

The winter came, cold and stormy, and there was great misery in the homes of the poor people of the north coast. Some helped to eke out a miserable livelihood by collecting and eating shell fish, and by angling for fish from the rocks, in which dangerous pursuit many a brave man

lost his life. How the people lived through that terrible winter no one can tell, many died miserably, of hunger and cold, and all suffered great hardships.

Donald Gunn followed his adopted profession with indifferent success. Those who had placed men at Portskerra to become fishermen gave them neither boats nor proper utensils to prosecute the industry, and the shelter for the frail crafts they used was only that in name and not in reality. One winter day Donald and three companions went out to "reap the harvest of the sea." The weather was fair, though bitterly cold, when they started, but the duty was imperative owing to the destitution in the district. As the evening drew near a sudden gale sprung up, and the fishermen made at once for the land. To make matters worse, the darkness came down, and the people from the shore could see the three fishermen striving might and main to reach the land. As they drew near, the fishermen realised their danger, for right in the entrance to Portskerra harbour there is an ugly rock, over which the sea dashes with great fury. On the boat came, fast to its doom. As it neared the rock, a great wave lifted the boat, and dashed it in pieces against it. For one second the three men were seen struggling in the foaming billows, then they disappeared, and the darkness descended, hiding the scene of the disaster from the eyes of the terror-stricken onlookers. That evening

THE NEWS OF DONALD'S DEATH

was told gently to poor Mary. When she heard it she turned pale like clay, and put her hands on her brow as if to assuage some great pain. She did not weep—her grief was too deep for tears. She sat all night in this position, heeding no one, her friends being afraid to say one word lest they should add to her pain. In the morning she rose and walked down to the sea, no one daring to interfere. On reaching the harbour, she sat a long time looking at the disastrous rock which had blighted her young life. She then rose and walked home without speaking to any one on the way. From that day to the time of her death, she was never known to smile.

Three days later Donald's body was washed ashore at Sandside, but the others were never recovered. Donald was buried at the old graveyard of Kirkton, in Strath Halladale, where others, I believe, who perished in like manner are interred. After the funeral, Mary visited the grave, and when the Spring came, and the flowers began to bud, she planted many on her dead lover's last resting-place and carefully tended them herself. The short time she lived was devoted to acts of kindness. She visited the sick and hungry, and with her kind works and ready aid was the means of doing much good among the poor people of the district. Her whole desire was to do good deeds of this kind, and her fair presence was welcomed in every house. She gradually pined away and died, and was interred, by her own wish, beside the body of her fisherman lover in the old graveyard of Kirkton. I daresay the graves may not now be identified, but the good deeds which she performed during her life will be a lasting and fitting memorial to her memory.

Such was Sandy's story. That it interested me very much I need hardly say, and I trust it will interest many other Sutherlanders who are mindful of the evils which overtook their beautiful country, and who look forward to the day when this injustice shall be remedied, and every strath peopled with a contented peasantry.

A GAELIC SERVICE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A SABBATH stillness reigns over the peaceful scene as I pass through the long village street; the harbour lies calm and glassy under a soft haze of early autumn mist.

Upon the mast of a fishing-skiff a large white seagull has taken up his post, and his unmelodious croaking pursues me insistently for some distance. Round about rise the hills, green with a greenness which, when we see it in pictures, seems to us to be exaggerated.

Beyond the entrance to the harbour stretches the long blue sea-loch, the hills on the farther shore showing dim and dream-like in the misty distance. There is a hint of sadness in the atmosphere of things this quiet morning; a rumour of dying summer, and of the winter to come. But as the day wears on the sun will break out in his autumnal glory, and almost chase away with his warm rays the pale presage of autumn and winter sorrow.

After a time the bells begin to ring for the service; the church, perched on a hill above the village and the harbour, can be seen a long way off. It is a beautiful little church, and the hill on which it stands is so steep that there are two long flights of steps leading from the gate to the doorway.

Very few people seem to be astir; some fishermen, in the blue "pilot suits" which form their Sunday attire, along with their wives and daughters, chiefly, are wending their way to church. The fishing-skiffs, on this the day of rest, lie up on the shore around the harbour. The trawlers, also, are drawn up side by side near the quay.

There are two or three elders in the vestibule when I enter the church, evidently fishermen. There is a calm and simple dignity about these

"toilers of the deep;" their dangerous calling, through its very uncertainty and danger, seems to have given them this natural dignity. Perhaps they have faced death so often on the tossing waves that familiarity with the thought of the ultimate fate of all mankind has steadied and calmed the warring passions of their souls.

The lives of these men are hard; their work is hard, and oftentimes the harvest of the sea is denied to them. This season has been a bad one, the nets scarcely bringing a fish to land. There are few worshippers, but the rough old farmers and fishermen, their wives and daughters, are quietly devout in their manner. A sense of quiet and peace comes upon me as I enter; here, there seems nothing to disturb one's heart; quietness and calm reign around. Soon the beadle enters with the books, followed shortly by the minister. As the latter rises and gives out the psalm, I am struck by the calm goodness of his face; it is the face of one who has known sorrow, has passed through deep waters, but has conquered his pain, and, by means of his past suffering, is all the better able to love, understand, and sympathise with his flock.

We sing sitting and pray standing; to one used to English services the prayers seem very long. The singing is infinitely touching and weird; the men's voices rising in union have a strange, mournful cadence, like the tones of the sea as it sends its organ-notes resounding through the caves and caverns of the western isles. As

OUT-DOOR SERVICE IN THE HIGHLANDS AT THE TIME OF THE DISRUPTION.

I listen a sweet restfulness comes over me, and my eyes fill with tears. To one who loves the ancient tongue of the Highlander, and in whose veins runs the blood of that ancient race, it must ever be touching to hear the few who still speak and love the Gaelic, raising their voices in the Psalms in the old, sweet language of their fore-fathers. The minister, too, speaks the Gaelic in a way which shows how dear the language is to him. The sermon is not long, and soon the little service is at an end.

As for me, I feel that this is indeed worship; here is no ritual, no great organ rolling its glorious sounds through pillared aisles; no priestly vestments, no swinging of censers by white-robed acolytes; no "dim religious light" streaming through costly stained windows. But I, who love all these aids to worship, would give them all for this quiet service in the little church on the green hill-side, with its humble peasant worshippers, and atmosphere of holy peace.

M. T. M.

HANDSOME GIFT BY A KINTYRIAN.—On the occasion of his visit to Campbeltown in September last, Dr. D. MacEachran, Canada, presented to the public library of his native town a valuable collection of volumes relating to Argyllshire, most of which treat of Kintyre. It need hardly be added that the doctor's most useful gift is greatly appreciated by all interested in the literature of the district. We may also add that he has ordered artistic bronze tablets to be prepared, with copy of the inscription and English translation, to be fixed to the ancient Celtic cross at Campbeltown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1904.

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IMPORTANT.

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

LORD BYRON.

SIR,—I have just read in your last issue the interesting article by Mr. Lovat Fraser on "Lord Byron and his Highland Associations," in which the following statement appears about Catherine Gordon, Lord Byron's mother:—

"But whatever her personal qualifications, she was particularly proud of her ancestry. The poet, writing to Murray in 1820, told him that his mother was haughty as Lucifer, with her descent from the Stuarts and her right line from the *old Gordons, not the Sept on Gordons*, as she disdainfully termed the ducal branch."

This statement reminds me that I read some time ago another article on Byron in one of the monthly periodicals (probably *Temple Bar*, though I am not quite sure), according to which Catherine Gordon, Lord Byron's mother, was really not a Gordon at all! This article distinctly stated that Catherine Gordon's grandmother, daughter and heiress of the last Gordon of Gight, married a Davidson, who assumed the name of Gordon. This assumption, of course, would really not make him a Gordon by descent nor any of his posterity. And in that case a Davidson and not a Gordon was really the male progenitor of Byron on his mother's side. I don't of course vouch for the correctness of the article, but I am positive that it said so, as it struck me at the time. I should think the statement might be quite easily tested by Mr. Lovat Fraser himself, if he has got the necessary books about the Gordons of Gight.

J. MACGREGOR, *Lieut.-Colonel.*

THE ANDERSONS.

SIR,—May I supplement the note which you were good enough to insert in last month's number, by drawing the attention of "Stand Sure," to the following curious circumstance. In the *original* edition of "The Clans of the Scottish Highlands," the MacEanruig or Hendersons and others are stated to have been sprung from chiefs of the Clan Gunn, but in the 1899 edition, the MacAndras or Andersons are substituted for the MacEanruig or Hendersons. The writer cannot explain the alteration, but under the circumstances, regards it as open to doubt, whether there are in fact any MacAndrews or Andersons descended from the Clan Gunn.

H. D. MACWILLIAM.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The annual business meeting of this society was held on 17th November, in the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, J.P., vice-president, in the chair. There was a large attendance. Mr. John Mackay, hon. secretary, read the annual report on the year's work, which showed that the past session had proved a most successful one. Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., submitted a statement on the funds of the society, which was equally satisfactory, the total amount being £1,474. The benevolent fund, which was recently started, amounts already to over £200. The following office-bearers were then elected:—Chief, Lord Reay, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., D.L.; chieftain, Rev. James Aberigh-Mackay, D.D.; president, L. M. Mackay, chief accountant, Commercial Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh; vice-presidents, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Dr. George Mackay, and John Mackay, S.S.C., Edinburgh; George Mackay, 11 Blythswood Drive; Alex. Mackay, 55 West Regent Street; and Wm. Mackay, writer, 35 Bath Street, Glasgow; hon. secretary, John Mackay, editor, "Celtic Monthly," 1 Blythswood Drive; hon. treasurer, James R. Mackay, C.A., 219 St. Vincent Street; educational secretary, David N. Mackay, 118 Byars Road; Edinburgh secretary, Charles Mackay, Seton Place, Edinburgh; also a council of 24, representing Glasgow and Edinburgh. It was decided to hold a social gathering in Glasgow on 16th January, 1905, while the annual clan gathering will take place in the Cafè, Princes Street, Edinburgh, in March. Mr. J. L. Mackay, M.A., L.L.D., intimated that £1050 of the funds of the society had been invested in a property bond at 3¾ per centum, an increase of interest on the former investment. Mr. David N. Mackay reported that the clan bursary had been awarded to John Mackay, Embo, Sutherland.

THE CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY hold a Social Gathering in the Charing Cross Halls, on 19th January, 1905, Mr. Atholl MacGregor, president, in the chair. The Annual Business Meeting takes place on the same day.

ANCIENT GAELIC MEDICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

BY GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

PRESIDENT, CALEDONIAN MEDICAL SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 40.)

IN the meantime, let me continue to tell you something more of the manuscripts in the Advocates' Library. By the kind permission of the Faculty of Advocates and their librarian, Mr. Clark, several illustrative photographs have been taken for me by Mr. Drummond Young. From what I have already said you will have observed that of the sixty-six manuscripts in the Advocates' Library (excluding one which has only a medical cover), seventeen are wholly or partly medical. Some are on parchment, some on paper. The medical manuscripts, judging by the handwriting and grammatical forms, belong to the latter part of the sixteenth century and the early part of the seventeenth.

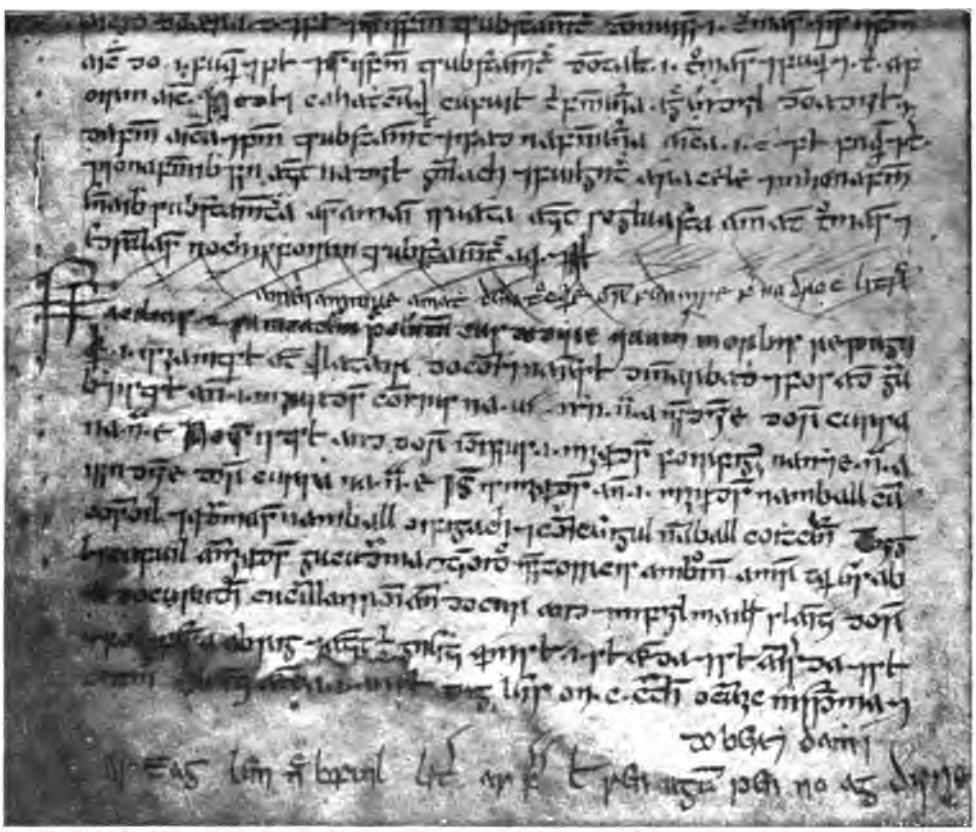


PLATE II. (FROM THE ADVOCATES' MSS. II.) SHOWS A SCRIBAL NOTE INSERTED BETWEEN TWO PARAGRAPHS.

Two sheets bound in MS. XIII may be as old as the fifteenth century.

As to their medical ownership, I can only say here that there is internal evidence to show that, like the "Lilium Medicanum" and the Laing MS. to which I have already referred, MS. II of the Advocates' collection and MS. XXXIII of the same collection, were undoubtedly in the possession of the Bethune or Macbeth families.

The question whether the language is Scottish or Irish Gaelic is probably unanswerable for the earlier manuscripts, and extremely complicated for all. The Kilbride collection was partly gathered in Ireland, partly in the Highlands of Scotland. The contents of the Gaelic medical manuscripts are largely, if not entirely, compiled and translated from the works of the great physicians of antiquity. In all cases the translations have been made from Latin versions, themselves translated from Arabic, or through Arabic from Greek, and the translators have allowed themselves a certain freedom in trans-

lating. As might be expected, the ancient theories of medicine, such as the four elements, the humours, etc., occupy considerable space in some of these documents.

Mr. Anderson points out that in several of the manuscripts the scribes have permitted themselves to relieve the monotony of their task by writing remarks on the margins and in half-filled lines. They grumble occasionally when they are not pleased with the subject. The prayer, "O God, put a good end upon this book's owner," is not meant for irony, any more than is the request at the end that the reader shall pray for the soul of the owner. "O God, bring this book to a good end," is more like a note of weariness, and so perhaps are the pious ejaculations, "O God, help me;" "O Mary, have pity upon me." We meet also with such remarks as "Good is the writing," "Bad is the ink," "It is dark."

In one or two cases a scrap of poetry is written upon the bottom margin, probably from memory. Sometimes there is a note or addition to the text; very occasionally a note from one man to another, such as "A blessing here from Neill to my own companion, Rory O'Siaghail," or, after a different scribe has taken up the work for a space, "That for thee, Angus, and my blessing with it, from Ewing MacPaul."

When the medical MSS. are composite, it may be noted that the contents are less miscellaneous than in other collections. They seem to have been gathered together by some physician for his own use.

The Latin quotations in these MSS. are of great value. They are always explained, often translated, and occasionally glossed in Gaelic, thus helping to define the use of words whose meanings have changed at different periods, and sometimes explaining words now obsolete. Medical expressions were not much used in old Gaelic literature, and many of the words contained in these MSS. are not to be found in any glossary.

The Latin helps also to the extension of Gaelic contractions. And again, the very peculiar spelling of the Latin, evidently following their own pronunciation, might be made to show the country—France or England—under whose educative influence they stood. In many cases it is evident that the scribes knew no Latin. Occasional changes to suit their pronunciation of words show not so much that they wrote from dictation, as that they copied by sound.

Through the diligence and palæographic acumen of Mr. Anderson, I have now secured an analysis of all the medical manuscripts in the Advocates' Library collection. If it is your pleasure, this may, perhaps, appear in our *Journal* at some future time, but I should detain you far too long to-day if I were to attempt to read it to you in full on this occasion. I must content myself by indicating to you their character in a few instances.

Thus, MS. No. II is a composite volume containing various MSS. of different sizes bound together, evidently by someone who was incapable of appreciating the contents. The vellum pages near the beginning, reversed in binding, are confused in arrangement and incomplete. They contain a treatise upon diseases arising from the condition of the blood and from the humours, upon fevers, the formation of bone, herbological and philosophical subjects.

There follows next a tract on the virtues of *aqua vitæ!* Another on the treatment of diseases of the eyes, cataract, etc.; of the teeth, heart diseases, epilepsy, and coma.

Later on we find a panegyric on Hippocrates, beginning with the same words as will be found in Dr. Gillies' paper dealing with a "Gaelic Medical Manuscript of 1563," in the British Museum, and published in the *Caledonian Medical Journal* (April, 1902, p. 45).

There are two other short treatises which appear to correspond closely with the parts of the manuscripts which Dr. Gillies has studied (*loc. cit.*, p. 47), and towards the close of this miscellany there is an article on diseases of the hair.

The whole collection comprised in MS. II is full of references to writers on medicine, especially to Hippocrates and Rhases, but also to Averroes, Isidorus, Platiarius, Galen, Bartholomæus, Theophilus, Jacobus de Forlivio (*cf.* MS. XXVII). In these references the initials alone are often given, or the name in a contracted form. Aristotle is often quoted as "The Philosopher," and Averroes as "The Commentator." In many cases the non originality of the work is shown by the "*et reliqua*" which very frequently occurs at the end of a paragraph.

But the translation is not continuous. The MSS. seem to be compiled from many sources, with some original additions.

The writing is in many different hands, of scribes in most cases, but also occasionally of the leechec themselves. The Latin is sometimes unintelligible, and it is evident that the scribes' training did not always include that language. The spelling is sometimes the worst possible.

An interesting feature is the frequency of the pen-marks at the top of the page or in the margins—"Amen," "Amen dico vobis," "In nomine patris, filii et spiritus sancti," and so on. On another occasion we find—"Amen dico vobis. A trying of the pen and ink."

In the middle of the paper part is an insertion —"I, man of the bad writing, wrote this in the

place of the lord of Ben Eadair (*i.e.*, the Hill of Howth, near Dublin), namely, John Macdonald; far from my own country am I to-day."

A page at the end of the paper part has a short poem, a lament upon parting with "beloved Connall, son of the king of Ireland.".

The reverse of this page is scribbled, but it contains the following statements: — "The number of the pages in this book is five score and six." "The book of Malcolm Betune." "Here is the book of Gillecolaim Macbeth; and may everyone who reads this give his blessing for the soul of this book's owner. Amen."

Now, I should like to draw your attention for a moment to MS. III (see Plate III.) It is a handsome treatise on botany and herbology.

PLATE III. (FROM THE ADVOCATES' MSS. III.) SHOWING THE FIRST PAGE AND THE FINELY ILLUMINATED INITIAL LETTER.

It is, in fact, a *materia medica*, arranged in alphabetical order, and its special interest to us at this moment is that it appears to be almost identical with one of the MSS. which Professor Mackinnon has been good enough to lend me, and which I have here to show you, as well as the Crawford MS., whose headings are translated and published by Whitley Stokes in the *Academy* (16th May, 1896, pp. 405-407*). A very similar pharmacopœia is contained in MS. LX of the Advocates' collection as we shall see presently.

(To be continued).

*I have to thank Professor Mackinnon for this reference.

THE WATERS OF PEACE.

SOME say that God kissed the spot and made it for ever fair above all mountain burns—others, that one of the Fonsheen fell asleep there and in her dreams smiled. Ever afterwards the flowers grew more plenteous and fragrant, the water sang a new song, and even the heather bloomed more royally around that place.

Be that as it may, surely there was nowhere a sweeter nook than this. The gentle flow of a burn—foaming softly in a thousand miniature cataracts or laughing and whispering in the shallows—every floating leaf on its bosom a cloud on its stony bed. And as it danced down towards the all-consuming ocean, many a twisted mile below the moor the hurrying stream paused to lap the edge of a great boulder standing at its brink. So densely was the rock covered with green rank grass, so thick were the interlacing branches of the trees and bushes that crowned its age-weary head, that few knew there was below the surface vegetation an old, old granite boulder, tumbled in immemorial days from the hills a mile above the spot.

In the lee of this boulder a clump of bushes grew thick and sheltering, while a rowan tree close at hand hung its feathery branches low, and the berries blushed crimson in the autumn as they nodded to their reflection in the water-mirror beneath them.

Ferns grew soft and green, peeping out of the crevices in the hoary rock; here and there the purple sentinel-spires of the foxglove towered, and the modest shrinking speedwell shone bluely through the grass. Away to the west, completing the landscape—the hills. To the east the eye met only wide stretches of moorland stretching out drearily until they were lost in the blue distance at the foot of the range of mountains on the horizon itself.

What wonder was it then that the Glen folk had foregathered at this spot as long as the oldest cottager could remember.

It was Patrick M'Gilchrist, who had the "Sight," that gave the nook its name of the Peace Place. Every brown-legged bairn knew well enough that the best place to paddle in through the long mornings of an idle summer was the Waters of Peace. And here are three little tales (which are yet but one), told me by a shepherd who dwelt within a stone's throw of the Peace Place from infancy to manhood.

It was the talk of the glen—wherein all possibilities are transformed into probabilities—that James M'Allister, who would be master of Dun-na-cloich by-and-bye, was courting Maggie Davidson, the minister's daughter. But it seemed to James himself that the one word could never be induced to rise to his stammering lips, and a contrary fate compelled him to speak only of the most commonplace subjects. At the kirk outcoming or even in the still evenings when everything seemed to dream of love, their conversation—however intimate and earnest—always seemed to be of things exactly one thousand miles away from what lay under all his thoughts. Fear oftentimes gripped him so that he could scarcely frame a simple sentence as they paced mansewards in the falling shadows, and there was ever something crying out for utterance. The nervousness of his replies, the trembling of his hand, the restlessness of his whole nature, all spoke eloquently enough, but he dreaded the shattering of his cherished dreams. He trembled lest she might not love him, lest, the word spoken and her answer given, her companionship and the pure intoxication of her presence should be no longer his.

It was in the fragrant freshness of a morning after heavy rain, that Maggie let herself out at the great manse door, and stepped softly down the lane which wandered round the edge of Dun-na-cloich policies, and divided them from the rambling manse garden and the parkland beyond. There had been persistent rain all the previous day and night, and even now there was a smurr falling. The roads were intersected with watery channels, and pools lay here and there among the rough stones on the surface, but as the girl turned her eyes upward and beyond, she saw far-off and trembling in glowing colours a radiant arch spanning the grey and cloudy heavens.

"Rainbow, rain go," she smiled to herself. So that she stepped out briskly enough to Granny M'Taggart's, her cheeks rosy with the wind and rain-bedewed. As she passed along the lane, she came to a great stretch of water, brown and discoloured, that lay across her path. It was too broad to step over, and much too deep to splash through. For a moment she hesitated, absently kilting her skirt preparatory to fording the unwelcome stream, and laughing quietly at her foolish hesitation all the while.

Suddenly there was a scrambling and sound of someone jumping the great dyke—no small obstacle—and young M'Allister stood before her, cap in hand. The glow on his face was not all sun-tan, neither was his smile due to the exhilaration of the wet, swinging wind.

"How will I be getting across?" she asked, in arch simplicity, reddening not a little at his frank gaze.

Then he grew desperate—the hot love surging up to his brain like a fire of coals.

"Can I not carry you over?—if—"

She paused, and already alarmed at his boldness, Hamish felt his courage dwindling. Step-

ping to the dyke he reached above him, groped and found several large loose stones. These he placed in order across the stretch of muddy water, and assisted her stiffly and formally to cross. But as she took his hand to steady herself, he felt a strange trembling.

"Perhaps after all we have crossed the River of Doubt, too," he thought. And she too.

"Will we be going to the Peace place?" he half-whispered, as they walked up the glen past the old widow's cottage, where Maggie's basket had been left.

"Will we be going to the Peace place?" he asked, his great voice trembling like a rowan-leaf in wind. The heart of him was aching.

Maggie said nothing. So they two followed the steep little path down to the great, grey boulder. All around was the grass, rank and thick with beads of rain; diamonds lay upon the foxgloves, the meadow flowers hung heavy heads.

But as they sat there in a silence that held the very mystery of broken words, the sun mounted steadily, a golden light flooded the grey, and here and there a bird fluttered restlessly, then flung out its ecstatic song into the air, eloquent of its joy at the returning sunshine. The rowan branches make a dancing mosaic of their shadows upon the flowing water beneath. The thyme sends forth its subtle fragrance, the little blue and yellow baby flowers in the grass are lifting up their joyful, expectant faces. Away down the glen a wee gangrel lassie sings to herself as she wades daintily across the burn, the sunlight falling sweetly upon her pink cotton frock and the laughing current surging in pretence of anger around her sturdy legs, as they gleam yellow-white in the clear water.

Gradually M'Allister's doubts and misgivings vanish at the soothing of the Peace-place. No longer does he stammer or blurt out commonplaces, but taking her hand gently in a very dream of love, opens his great honest heart to her. And she, bending low, whispers sweet things to the music of the Waters of Peace.

II.

ALL went well for some two years after Hamish and Maggie had become man and wife, then a dim shadow fell upon them both—the gaunt horror of jealousy.

William Johnston had been about Dun-na-cloich too much, thought Hamish, and he fed the leaping flame of jealousy with idle words dropped haphazard by some of the farm-labourers, ever greedy of telling a tale. Then one dark night, vexed at her proud silence, and eating out his heart in anger and despair, he blazed out into sudden fierceness, as unwonted as it was unjustifiable.

Maggie said nothing, but rushed upstairs and lay panting upon the bed, beside herself with anger and bitterness. Her silence was enough for him, and gulping down his grief that now drowned his first anger, Hamish strode down the path and away out upon the open moor, walking at random and chiding himself for his rough tongue.

Down the road Maggie hurried, an hour later, with a bundle in her hand. Her face was pale and her eyes told their own story. Passing through the scattered village, she fortunately met no one save the old *cailleach* Elspeth, and Alec, the baker's toddling bairn, to each of whom a word and a wave of the hand sufficed. As she skirted the edge of the old manse garden and turned into the station road, she quickened her pace instinctively lest she should weaken at the sight of the old familiar windows, in one of which she knew, without looking, was a bunch of meadow flowers she had gathered for her father the day before. By the time she reached the station, she was feeling weak and faint, and her heart beat wildly like some hunted stag's, but she held her purse tight-clenched in her hand. Her only companion during that long, long ride to Edinburgh was an old lowland woman, motherly and loquacious.

"Puir lass," she rattled on, "ye shouldna be gangin' aboot noo."

"But maybe he'll be meetin' ye wi' a machine, eh?"

Maggie's only answer was a hard sob, with a flutter of strange laughter in it.

. . . . . .

Many months passed—a hideous dream to two hearts at least.

Hamish M'Allister looked ten years older. He had lost all interest in the farm. Even the horses noticed and wondered at his abstraction, and the dogs whined questioningly as he passed through the yard with bowed head and feverish stride. Had it not been for Marget who attended to his meals and what little comforts he needed, he would have gone without either until exhaustion, physical and mental, drove him home.

"Home!" he cried, with bitter emphasis, "what is 'home' to a fiend-tortured man!" he often asked the winds.

The minister had told him what he had guessed long ago. Maggie had gone to her married cousin's in Edinburgh. But what of that?

"I have driven her away and she will never come back at all," was the dirge he chanted day after day as he tramped the lone moors, shunned by his erstwhile companions and pitied by all who did not shudder as he passed.

It fell out one summer day that he came

suddenly upon the bend of the burn above the Peace place. The pale afternoon sun glinted upon the Waters of Peace and they mocked him with silvery laughter, mischievous and evil, to his tortured mind. An invisible lark made the air fragrant with song. In a fit of black rage, he cursed the waters, the melodious lark, the myriad flowers that decked what was to him a place of poignant agonizing memories.

His limbs ached, his head was on fire. Hours passed and he still lay prone upon the warm grass, half-conscious only of his surroundings. He was aroused by a rustling at his head, and a rabbit scuttled by, a furry vision with a bobbing white tail. He raised his head and watched the frightened creature jumping from tuft to hillock, from hillock to tuft. Suddenly there was a sharp report and a curl of smoke slowly melted overhead. The poor beast lay convulsively kicking at the very burnside, and Archie, the gamekeeper, strolled into the open with his eager dog flying in front.

Hamish rose to his feet and walked slowly towards the burn—opposite the Peace place—and watched the dead rabbit lying.

Archie nodded to the lonely man, as he took the rabbit from the dog and thrust it into his game-bag. Then he passed on, gun in hand, with his eye alert.

To Hamish came a vague prayer for such an end—a short struggle, maybe a twinge of agony—then misty unconsciousness—and peace. Why should he not? He raised his eyes and realized where he was, shuddering a little at his thought.

What would she say when she heard? Then he realized that there was somebody watching him from the other side of the burn, from that sacred nook he had so rashly cursed. He could not do it there. With an effort he turned away and retraced his steps up the sloping bank. A faint cry, an infant's cry, smote his ear. Hamish was tender-hearted, and a bairn's wailing moved him as nothing else. He turned and looked. With a hoarse shout that was almost a sob, he rushed forward, splashed unheeding knee-deep in the burn, and clasped mother and child in his hungry arms.

Once more they sat in sacred, eloquent silence, listening to the voice of the Waters of Peace. And they knew that Love had conquered—as it must.

III.

It was about the end of January, 1902, when I had been doctor in the district for about a month, that I heard the tale of Hamish and Maggie and the part the Waters of Peace had played in their happy reconciliation.

It was a simple tale, sure enough, almost too hackneyed for your modern critic, but I confess it pleased me greatly and promised myself a visit to the magic spot so soon as a busy medico's winter engagements would permit.

Although Maggie M'Allister had been dead for many years, and Hamish had left the district for the south country, they were still associated with the Waters of Peace, and every year Mr. M'Allister made a pilgrimage to the spot with his son, a tall young student at Glasgow University.

I can well remember one bleak, blustry morning, when winter's grip was tight upon the bare glen, Archie, the gamekeeper, ringing the door bell with urgent emphasis.

"It iss at the Waters of Peace, sir," he said, pulling off his cap with half-frozen fingers.

"What is?" I asked, beckoning him into the hall.

"Come and see for yourself, sir—be quick, at all," was the answer.

Half-an-hour later we had reached the spot, after a toilsome journey over scarcely distinguishable tracks. If Archie had not known every heather twig on the moor—though six inches of snow lay over everything, I could never have found my way even in familiar directions, and bending low in the piercing wind, with the bitter drift in my face, it was with an effort that I kept pace with Archie's swinging stride. At last we stood on the gaunt moorland. Before us lay a virgin stretch of white, close at hand the silent burn, hard in the iron frost-grip. Its music was gone. The forlorn trees seemed to wail and whimper in the uneasy gusts as if they missed the joyous laughter of their friend, the Waters of Peace.

Bare, gaunt, and dreary. Why had I been brought here? Archie touched my shoulder and pointed over the frozen burn, and we plunged over the snowy edge and battled through the thick drift. To cross the burn was comparatively easy, and then we had only to face the upward climb. In five minutes we stood in the famous little nook, so interwoven with the tales of the Glen.

It was tragic to see the desolation of the place in mid-winter; the silence was oppressive; the beauty of tree and flower and bird vanished, only the cruelty of Nature left. I began to feel a presentiment of evil.

"Will you come in, sir," said Archie, hoarsely.

We entered—reverently.

An old man sat on the bench, gazing with tranquil eyes over the desolate waste of ice and snow. He had been dead for many hours.

It iss the White Peace now for Hamish M'Allister," whispered Archie, baring his head.

I nodded in silence.

COINNEACH DUBH.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS.

By Fionn.

No. IX. The Macleods.

THERE are numerous traditions connected with this clan, many of which are too well known to require repetition. I refer particularly to those associated with the "Fairy Flag" of Dunvegan. The crest of the MacLeods is a bull's head supported by two keys or flags—probably fairy flags—and the motto "Hold Fast."

Tradition explains the origin of this crest by the following story. "Malcolm, third chief of the MacLeods, was a man of great courage and physical strength. The story goes that while returning from a stolen interview with the young and beautiful wife of the chief of the Frasers, who held the half of Glenelg, he encountered and killed a wild bull which infested the woods of Glenelg, and was a terror to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Malcolm, when he engaged the animal, was only armed with his dirk, but seizing the animal by the horns, he by sheer strength threw it, and then despatched it with his weapon. From this encounter the bull's head is said to have become the motto of the MacLeods with the motto 'Hold Fast.' In the struggle one of the bull's horns was broken off; this MacLeod carried home as a trophy of his prowess, and it is said to be the same which was converted into the drinking horn now known as Rory Mor's horn. This horn is destitute of ornament except a broad rim of silver, chased and carved, fixed round the edge. It contains an imperial quart comfortably, and it is said that each chief as he came of age had to drink off its full contents in one draught in proof of manhood. Referring to it in one of his songs, Burns says—

" I'll conjure the ghost
Of the great Rory Mor,
And bumper his horn to him
Twenty times o'er."

This horn must not be confused with another most interesting Dunvegan relic—Rory Mor's cup. Sir Walter Scott, who visited the ancient seat of the MacLeods, describes the relic as follows—

"This very curious piece of antiquity is nine inches and three-quarters in inside depth, and ten and a half in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four inches and a half. The cup is divided into two parts by a wrought ledge, beautifully ornamented, about three-fourths of an inch in breadth. Beneath this ledge the shape of the cup is rounded off, and terminates in a flat circle, like that of a tea-cup; four short feet support the whole. Above the projecting ledge the shape of the cup is nearly square, projecting outward at the brim. The cup is made of wood (oak to all appearance), but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set

RORY MOR'S CUP.

with stones; two or three of them still hold pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the four corners of the projecting ledge, or cornice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pebbles or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge, brim, and legs of the cup are of silver."

Dr. Skene in "Celtic Scotland," vol. III., p. 356, gives the Latin inscription as follows—

"Katharina Nigrgneill uxor Johannis Meguigir principis de Fermanac me fieri fecit Anno Domini 1493. Oculi omnium in te sperant Domine et tu das escam illorum in tempore opportuno."

That is—

"Katharine MacRannal, wife of John Macguire, Lord of Fermanagh, caused me to be made in the year of our Lord 1493. The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them food in due season."

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 36).

THERE is another point that may be noticed here. Our critic says that Macpherson misplaces "*traditional* and *real* names." Moy-lena is placed on the sea shore in Ulster, with the palace of Temora, or Thura, that is Temra, or Tara, placed beside it. Now both Moy-lena, and Tara, are far inland, in Meath, and King's County, a long way from Ulster. Moy-lena is the scene of all the battles both in Fingal and Temora."

I have no doubt at all there may be a "Moy-lena" in Meath, and King's County, but it may interest the reader to get a little more insight into the matter as it has been brought forward as an instance of the *mala fides* of James Macpherson.

"It has been urged that Ossian places Moi-lena —the plain of Lena in Ulster, whereas it is in Meath. The objection would be inconclusive, even if we *could not* now discover any such name in Ulster; because it is very possible, that sixteen hundred years ago, there may have been in that province a Lena of which no trace could be found. But the fact is, that as Mr. Skene observes, every Irish antiquary knows there is a plain of Lena in Ulster as well as in Meath," frequently mentioned in the annals. Tigernach has "*Raith mor Muighe Line*," in Ulster. The objection, therefore, only proves the ignorance or disingenuousness of those who urge it."*

We shall now draw upon an Irishman and see what he says. Mr. Hugh Campbell, writing in 1822* remarks that "the principal battles which Fingal fought with the Norwegians, native Irish, etc., appear all to have happened in the neighbourhood of Connor. Between Lough Neagh which analogy proves to have been the lake of roes of Ossian and "ridgy Cromla," and all round the intermediate space, by Connor and Mora, and on to Carmona, it is almost impossible to walk twenty minutes without observing some rude vestiges of the times of Ossian. I have penetrated a large and beautiful cave in the neighbourhood of Connor which is capable of holding a thousand armed men. It is separated into various apartments, and covered over with long flat stones of granite. Innumerable are the "four grey stones"—the graves of the illustrious dead—which one discovers whilst travelling amidst the Ossianic scenery. There are several moats† or forths around Connor. One of these is in as high a state of preservation as the one at Carnwath in Lanarkshire. In the level parts of Ulster, there are more forths than there could have been chieftains. . . . I have traced a chain of these little eminences, and found them at signal distances from each other, a proof I conceive that their origin was in the want of natural signal stations for the early inhabitants of these countries."

"It is clear to me, that the Lena or *Moi Lena* mentioned, and alluded to so frequently by Ossian is the low-lying irregular plain or track of country between Cromla on the east, and Mora on the west. And through this plain runs the Lubar river, which there cannot be a doubt is that river now known by the less poetical name of the "*six mile water*." A branch of this river from which it takes its name is a loud and brawling stream — whence its Gallic name, Leubar—that rises in one of the hills in the chain of Mora, and I think really is the hill called by the bard *Cromall*. The little streamlet *Lavath*, as in the days of Ossian, "rolls behind it in the still vale of Deer," and near its banks the Marquis of Donegal has erected a beautiful villa, called Fisherwick—the Kellswater of the moderns."

In one of the last battles fought by Fingal in Ireland he is poetically painted as animating his gallant sons to protect his favourite grandson Oscar in battle, in the following noble, just, and energetic manner. "Lift up Gaul the shield before him, stretch Dermid Temora's spear! Be thy voice in his ear, O Carril, with the deeds of

*The genuine remains of Ossian, by Patrick M'Gregor, M. A.

*The Poems of Ossian authenticated, illustrated and explained, vol. I, 1822.

†Walker on Irish Bards says these were thrown up by the Danes.

his fathers! Lead him to green Moi-Lena to the dusky field of ghosts, for there I fall forward in battle! in the folds of war. Before dun night descends, come to high Dunmora's top. Look from the grey skirts of mist on Lena of the stream. If there my standard shall float on wind over Lubar's gleaming stream, then has not Fingal failed in the last of his fields." "Here is a beautiful harmony of consistency, tending to bear out my conjectures. Fingal is on the eve of an engagement, on green *Moi-Lena*,* and desires the bard to go to the top of Dun-Mora, *i.e.* hill of Mora, the highest excepting Cromla in that vicinity, when he is desired, before the night fall, to look down on Lena of the streams and see the hero's standard floating on the wind over Lubar's gleaming stream. Dun-mora is about eight miles west of the hill of caves—Cromla—and overlooks Lough Neagh (Lake of Roes), and the heath of Moi-Lena, and from it flows one branch of the river Lubar—six mile water. The descendants of the aborigines, who were under the chieftains of Cromla, have given and left the name *Cromlin* to a district and village of the heath of Lena, where they settled so lately as the reign of Queen Elizabeth." "This Cromlin is distant seven or eight miles from Connor—Temora—or Œmania.

We shall now see what the late Dr. P. Hately Waddell says to it. In "Ossian and the Clyde,"† he has applied to the subject the discoveries of the last hundred years in geology, geography, and antiquities. "It is one thing to criticise "Fingal" or "Temora" in the lamp-light of the study; and another matter entirely to be taken to the valley of the *six-mile-water* in the neighbourhood of the Lough Larne, and to be told that here the battles described in these poems were fought."‡

Dr. Waddell proceeds to trace the action of the narratives, and to compare the allusions and descriptions these narratives contain with the actual features of the district. For the "lake of roes" on Cromla near which Morna (Muirne) the daughter of Cormac fell (Fingal, Book 1st), he points to the mountain tarn Lough Mourne. For the retreat of *the Druid* in the same neighbourhood in which Sulmalla took refuge, and near which the spirit of Gathmor "sunk by the hollow stream that roared between the hills" (Temora, Book VII), he suggests the circle at stony-glen close by the Sulla—(Sulmalla) tober or Sallow-well, whose waters disappear with such violence through an aperture in the ground as to justify Ossian's title of "Noisy" to the little vale at the present day. The mountain itself, the Larne and Belfast range, *full of caves*, with the great Cromlech near Cairngrainey at one end. Slieve-True (Ossian's Tura) in the middle, and the town of Crumlin at the other extremity, he identifies with the caverned Cromla (Cromleach) of the poems. The scene of the battles he considers marked by the *two hundred and thirty-seven funeral barrows* in the two parishes of Killeagh and Muckamare, both in the valley of the *six-mile-water*. In the steep glen of Glynnès descending to Lough Larne Dr. Waddell finds the spot where Cuthullin undertook along with Colmar, to hold the pass to the plain above, against the host of Swaran (Fingal, Book III). Two miles westward, on Slimora (Slieve-Mora) with its two prominences of upper and lower Corneal (Cormuil), he fastens the description, "on Mora stood the king in arms . . . . on Cormul's mossy rock" (Temora, Book III.) Dora the author recognises in Dough formerly Dohar, still yellow in the setting sun, (Temora, Book I) from the same spot as of old. And the battle-plain of *Moi-Lena* he considers still traceable in the name of the parish lands of Ballylinny. He also identified the site of Temora, the royal palace founded by *Connor* in the same neighbourhood, and during railway operations there, *since the publication of his book* his reasoning has been confirmed by a wonderful discovery of golden relics. Macpherson *knew nothing* of this district, and his notes upon the topography of "Fingal" and "Temora" are few and vague, and in one of them he is said to have mistaken the Lubar which flows inland to Lough Neagh, with the stream descending through the glen of Glynnès to the sea."

"Several of the episodes in the poems of Ossian were as *impossible* as the performances of the electric telegraph to the knowledge of Macpherson's day." Like the latter they have only been rendered feasible by the discoveries of more recent times. Dr. Waddell points out in "Colnadona" in "Calthon" and "Colmal" and in "Cathlin of Clutha" narratives of journeys which could *only* have been accomplished by means of a sea passage across Crinan moss in Argyle. Such a passage was undreamt of in Macpherson's time, yet Dr. Waddell shows that it must have existed within the centuries of this era. Names like Cambuslang, "bay of ships," Langside, "the washing place of vessels," at the foot of the Cathkin hills above Glasgow, with Lagg-an-roan, "the seal's pool," in the glen above Lagg, in Arran, prove without the mass of other evidence the author adduces, that the sea flowed much higher upon the land in Celtic times than it does now.

Before parting with the redoubtable Dr. Hately Waddell, who, next to Dr. Hugh Blair of Edinburgh, was far and away the ablest non-

*All these scenes are in Ulster.
†Glasgow, 1875.
‡G. Eyre Todd's Poems of Ossian.

Gaelic critic on the Ossianic poems, I must quote a few more lines which will give a final stamp to his opinions, and well-reasoned conclusions. They are as follows:—

"Why then should these extraordinary productions be looked upon as frauds, if there was nothing in the translator's life to suggest it? Because the style was too lofty, the characters too grand? the events too wonderful? the morals too pure? the history too sublime? the achievements too heroic? the incidents too romantic? the sentiments too tender? the pathos too touching? the pictures of life too splendid? the revelations of humanity too profound? For what? For whom? For when? For types of a race that defied and defeated the Romans? For a poet who spoke with authority in the ear of Kings? For a period of transition between native civilization on the brink of ruin, and foreign civilization itself on the verge of decay? Between the opposite extremes and representatives of two antagonistic worlds? Too lofty, grand, wonderful, and pure? too sublime? too heroic? too romantic? too tender? too touching? too splendid? too profound for an era like this, and for men like these? Yet not too lofty, grand, wonderful, pure, sublime, heroic, tender, romantic, touching, splendid, or profound for a *young student* of divinity, who must not only have *concocted* and composed the whole of it in fragments, and interwoven, dovetailed, and jointed it together by mere words and syllables not hitherto detected for a hundred years, and apparently not known to himself, who must have borrowed his style by assidous labour.

(To be continued.)

THE DESCENT OF BEN NEVIS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND, JAMES YORK SCARLETT,

4th Baron Abinger, 12th December, 1904.

WHITE, white the shroud on proud Ben Nevis' crest,
And white the falling snow, that lies above thy breast;
The wintry blasts unheeded rush, through mountain gorge and glen,
Too sound, apart, thou sleepest now, beyond dark sorrow's ken.

No more for thee the frosted leaf, the waters splash and flow,
No more the quickening pulse response to life's ecstatic glow:
No more to feel the northern bite, so loved, and known so well,
The keen hill breath, that only caught at last, thy passing knell.

Cold blew the winds, and high and shrill, the piobaireachd's breaking wail,
That day they brought thee home to rest, so still, so quiet, so pale;
Where kindly hearts received thee, mourned the frayed and broken cord
Of life, that bound their hearts to thine, their generous, dear loved lord.

If in the past, as in the past of all, some frailties cast
Their shadows o'er thy path, not ours to raise the pall held fast
By God's own hand: we think of thee as brave and kind, to friendship's tie so true,
Thy sunny smile, thy winning ways, and loving heart we rue.

Rest thou dear friend! with all thy first, and happiest memories, rest!
Nor heed the chilling snowdrift piled, so light above thee pressed:
'Tis kind Lochaber's shroud that wraps thee round on heathery moor,
Her burns thy lullabies, her gifts—the prayers and blessings of the poor. ALICE C. MACDONELL.

OBSERVATORY ON BEN NEVIS.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 4. Vol. XIII.] *JANUARY, 1905.* [Price Threepence.

GEORGE MACLACHLAN,

Ex-President, Glasgow Perthshire Charitable Society.

FEW Societies can boast of so distinguished a roll of patrons and presidents as the Glasgow Perthshire Charitable Society, founded in the year 1835. It embraces some of the most celebrated Scotsmen of the time—statesmen, eminent lawyers, and men of letters. The first president and founder was Sir James Campbell of Stracathro, father of the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and Lord Provost of Glasgow in 1840-43. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, his second son, occupied the Presidency of the Society two years in succession, in 1866 and 1867.

The objects of the Society may be described as charitable and educational. Indigent natives of Perthshire resident in Glasgow are given assistance to tide them over difficulties, while, by means of bursaries, the struggling genius of the parish school is "taken by the hand" to the University, so that he may distinguish himself and be an honour to the county of his birth.

In Glasgow, with its teeming population, such associations as the Glasgow Perthshire Society are becoming every year more necessary.

The subject of our sketch, Mr. George Maclachlan, of the firm of Messrs. G. & J. Maclachlan, distillers, wine merchants, and brewers, Glasgow, is a prominent member of the Perthshire Society. A native of Strathallan, Perthshire, Mr. Maclachlan is what is termed a "self-made man." With no advantages of birth or education, he has, by his indomitable energy and perseverance, risen to a prominent position in the commercial and social life of Glasgow.

When elected to the directorate of the Perthshire Society some years ago, one of Mr. Maclachlan's first actions was to present it with a valuable gold badge of office and chain, on the links of which the names of the presidents, past and present, are inscribed.

In 1901 Mr. Maclachlan was elected to the President's chair, and his year of office was a record one, both in the number of new members and in donations to the funds. Mainly due to the President's enthusiasm and tireless industry no less a sum than £2,500 was added to the Society's capital in one year, an amount larger than was accumulated during the first twenty-nine years of the history of the Society, while the number of new members was three hundred and thirty-five. At the close of his term of office Mr. Maclachlan handed to the secretary a cheque for £500. The Society's funds now amount to over £14,000. Mr. Maclachlan is a believer in hospitality and generous actions, and no man has a more unsullied record for deeds of kindness.

At the annual dinner of the Society in 1901, Professor Ramsay, of Glasgow University, referring to Mr. Maclachlan's term of the Presidency, said he was curious to know how Mr. Maclachlan had obtained such results. Had it been by peaceful means? Was it by wheedling and coaxing, and button-holing and persuading men what they well knew already, viz.:—that there was no county like Perthshire? He doubted if such results were obtained by peaceful means. Their President had Celtic blood in his veins and remembered the relations between the Lowlands and the Highlands in olden times. He believed Mr. Maclachlan was a representative of the past and had made, on behalf of the Society, raids and forays upon the sheep-folds of Glasgow, persuading them to pay toll for the benefit of the natives of Perthshire. Mr. Maclachlan had been laying ambuscades for his friends in the city, "sniping" them at every street corner, and probably erecting a series of "blockhouses" between one street and another, so that none could pass without acknowledging the supremacy of Perthshire.

Professor Ramsay's racy reference admirably hits off, metaphorically, the manner in which Mr. Maclachlan created his record.

Apart from business Mr. Maclachlan is a keen sportsman. He is not only Chairman of Hamilton Park Meeting but Steward of several other meetings throughout the country. He is

the possessor of many valuable cups and other trophies, but of none of these is he prouder than of the Perth Challenge Cup which, having been won three times in succession, has become his absolute property—thus establishing a record in racing extending over two centuries. He has also won the Paisley and Lanark silver bells, and, at the Caledonian Hunt Races at Hamilton in 1895, he became possessed of the most gigantic silver trophy connected with horse-racing in Scotland, it weighing no fewer than 2,247 ounces of solid silver.

That a man with Mr. Maclachlan's qualities should succeed is always gratifying, the more so when success does not spoil the man, or, as in many instances, deadens that feeling of human sympathy and kindly regard for those who have been less successful in the race of life.

GEORGE MACKENZIE.

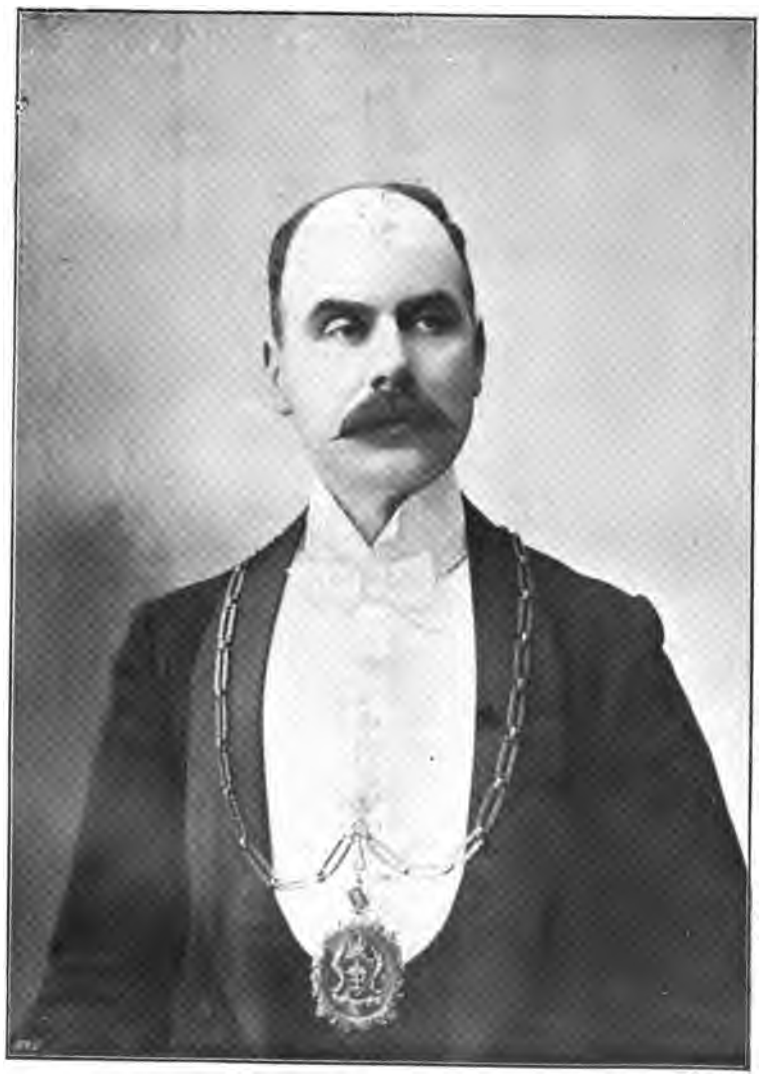
SPINNING WITH THE DISTAFF.

THE art of forming threads from wool, flax, cotton or other material, was practiced in the most early ages. In the sculptures of ancient Egypt are representations of females spinning, who use the spindle and distaff in precisely the same manner as represented in the accompanying illustration; and in the Bible record, frequent allusion is made to this manual occupation, as one of the most excellent of female qualifications. In Exodus xxxv. 26, the Jewish women are extolled for their diligence and skill in spinning; and in that beautiful book, the Proverbs xxxi. 13, a strong recommendation of a good wife is that "she seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." It is the most natural expedient that could have been adopted for the combination of fibres, and the primitive operation continues in practice among the inhabitants of our Celtic countries, and in the rural districts of the continental nations.

The Dealgan, or Spindle, the Whorl of the low country, is a piece of hard wood, round, smooth, and tapering at one end to a small point, the thicker end being downwards, which serves to give it sufficient impetus to spin round. The whorl, or whirling part, is however, often composed of a circular bit of wood, sometimes even of bone or ivory, through which the spindle is thrust, fixing it near the lower end. The Fearsaid differs from the Dealgan in being formed like a slender cone of such weight as to maintain a proper velocity.

The Cuigeal or Distaff, called Kogel by the Welsh, is the staff, around the top of which is wrapped the material to be spun, and it is kept upright at the side by being fixed in the string or belt, fastened around the waist. This part is frequently carved, as the dirk hilts are, with tracery, much similar to the implements used

SPINNING WITH THE DISTAFF.



GEORGE MACLACHLAN.

by the Indian tribes, and they are preserved for generations. It appears that this part of the simple apparatus was often held in the hand, and the spindle was twirled on the ground, on which the women were seated, in the same manner as children spin their tops; but by a simple noose which prevents the thread from unwinding, the fearsaid, or spindle, can be suspended so that the spinner may work while standing or walking, thus gaining a greater length of thread. Having set it in motion by the fingers and thumb, or a smart roll against the thigh, the fibres which have been attached to the small end are twisted into thread of the requisite fineness, and the spinner continues to draw off proportionate supplies until a convenient length is obtained, when she winds it around the thicker part of the spindle, repeating the operation and removing the balls of worsted or thread until the task is completed. When the spindle was worked on the ground and rapidly whirling, the spinner was enabled to make it wind up the thread by bending it with the finger to right angles with the spindle, and when it was thus wound up, the spinning was recommenced without stopping, a process requiring the greatest dexterity.

The great, or one thread wheel, was the first improvement on this tedious occupation. By this the spindle is worked horizontally, the end, to which the thread is attached, projecting beyond its frame. The wheel being driven quickly round, which gives great velocity to the spindle; as it continues to revolve, the spinner goes backwards, supplying the wool, which is not put on a distaff, but held in the hand or affixed to the side; and when a sufficient line of thread is formed, it is either wound up in the manner above described, or allowed to wind itself up as the person slowly walks towards the wheel. Artless and toilsome as these modes of spinning may appear, they require an attention and dexterity which nothing but long and careful practice can produce.

The Saxon, or small wheel, for spinning linen thread, common elsewhere for household use, is so little known in the Highlands, that it is unnecessary to say more respecting it.

By these methods of spinning one thread only is formed, and when two or more are to be united, so many balls are put in a basket and wound into one as in the first operation, or an instrument is used for the purpose, called Cathairleisg, or Catti-suirig.

The picture was made from a sketch taken in Strathglass, Inverness-shire, a romantic glen near the baronial castle of the Chisholms. The costume of these damsels is such as is commonly worn by Highland girls in these days—rather modern, especially the cap. The short upper frock, called in parts of the low country, a wrapper, is the Bedagoun of the Gael, a term derived, it is presumed, with the garment from the Saxon. The want of stockings or shoes is no privation to the Highland fair sex, for in going to church or elsewhere, when it is becoming to wear them, it is done with reluctance, and in returning they may sometimes be seen to sit down by the way and denude themselves of such unpleasant restraint.

The cottage walls are formed partly of turf and stone, a very usual mode of building, and the roof is thatched with straw. The 'Hake' on which the fish are hung, is a usual appendage to the cottager's house, except in the more inland parts, where from the want of conveyance, that excellent food cannot readily be procured.

The horse-shoe is placed over the door to prevent the effects of witchcraft or intrusion of the Sithichean, or fairies, who, although they are called 'the good people,' no Highlander wishes in any way to encounter. This potent preservative is also affixed to the masts of boats and ships to save them from being wrecked by malevolent spirits: but the superstition is not confined to the Gael, it is prevalent among the higher civilized English; and we have seen the talisman at the threshold of more than one house, even in London.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

THAN the land that first falls
On the worn sailor's sight,
Or the sunbeam that endeth
The long arctic night,
Or the shower that refreshes
A summer day's close,
More welcome to me
Art thou, dear Christmas rose.

Though the shadows and storms
Of midwinter abound,
The blossoms steal out
Of the hard frozen ground,
And from thy soft petals
There falls on my ear
A whisper that life giving
Spring draweth near.

On life's gloomy ocean
If mournful I sail,
And rudderless sometimes
I drift in the gale,
Be thou my example
As time onward goes;
Let me smile in the storm
Like thee, sweet Christmas rose.

CURLIANA DINGWALL.

THE CLAN MACKINNON GATHERING takes place in the Waterloo Rooms, on 24th February, the popular chief of the clan, Mackinnon of Mackinnon, in the chair. The Earl of Dundonald and Major-General W. H. Mackinnon, are expected to be present.

A ROMANCE OF THE CLAN FORBES.

CHAPTER I.

ROB FORBES FALLS IN LOVE.

KATE CAMERON of Brux was the bonniest lass in all the valley of Strathdon. She had red lips, and a high brow, and an eye like the blink of the wild eagle, that gazes o'er the gloom of the Highland valleys from the lofty cliffs of Cairntoul. But her heart was buried in dark thought—for she had the high spirit of her mother, and the deep mountaineer feeling of her brothers that were slain; and she vowed a vow, and registered it in heaven, that no man should ever gain her love but he who should avenge her father and brothers, who had died through the treachery of Muat of Abergeldy.

The Lord of Forbes had three sons, brave and bold youths with manly hearts; and they all had been smitten with pretty Kate Cameron, as she sat modestly in her hood beside her mother in the ancient chapel of Kildrummy. But on none of them did the maiden deign to cast an eye, save on tall Bob with the curled hair; but he was the youngest, and lithe of limb, and never could hope to measure a claymore with the great grim Laird of Abergeldy.

But Kate Cameron's glance had shot into his soul, and long he watched her in Kildrummy kirk—and traced her very steps in the haughs of Strathdon—until deep musings took hold of his mind, and high purposes were begotten on his spirit. He watched her by day and he sought her by night, and he lingered for a glance of her passing form, among the pleasant avenues of Brux old castle. But love is sentimental, and its hopes are harassing; and the maiden of Brux seemed more allusive to his pursuit than the roe that he hunted in the woods of Alford.

"What makes you follow me, Rob Forbes?" she said one day, encountering him suddenly in the strath. "If ever you would speak to me out of my mother's ken, you must meet me by night, when the moon is up, by the cairns of my kin, in the dark glen of Drumgoudrum."

"And will you then tryst me on that spot alone," said the eager youth—"and will you whisper with me where I can tell my tale, and breathe near my cheek your own sweet breath? For one word from those honied lips, where none can hear but the cushat of the glen—and one glance of that bonny black e'e, where none can see us but the bright lover's moon, I would meet all the grim and grisly spectres that ever haunted the gloomy dell of Drumgoudrum."

"I *will* meet you, Rob," she said—"I *will* speak to you alone, and that this very night. Be sure you be there, at the upper end of the dell, by the time the moon's shadow passes into light, and you can see the red heather wave o'er my father's grave."

He reached forth his hands to seal the appointment; but the maiden's head towered up in high loftiness, like the eagle crest of Benvorlich, and she was off down the strath before he could speak, like the wild doe that passes through the forest in the gleaming glades of Inverury.

With a beating heart he waited for the night; and scarcely had the silver signal risen behind the hill, when he was seated on Macfadden's cairn, waiting for the living above the dead. Although for lovers to meet by moonlight, and in lonely places, was no more than the ordinary habit of the times, yet to appoint a spot so far from home, and withal so dreary and dread as this, young Forbes felt to be strange and superstitious. The cold wind whistled eerily down the glen, and as it murmured among the cliffs above his head, he thought it sounded like the sullen moan of the dead, who cried for vengeance beneath his feet.

At length the fanciful solemnity of his feelings was relieved by the appearance of a plaided figure coming round the hill above the shaded side of the glen. She stopped at a short distance from him, and looked down on the small hillocks that marked the resting place of the dead, as if the impressive associations of the place had quite overpowered any other feelings. "Are you here, Rob Forbes?" she at length said, taking him at once by the arm, with the familiarity of energetic emotion. "Know you where we are? You are treading on the very spot where my father and my three brave brothers spilled their hearts' blood."

The gleam of her eagle eye in his face, as she said this, penetrated into his heart, and though he tried, he could not speak.

"Rob," she continued—"from this glen, made for ever sacred by death and blood, I warn you never to think of me. I am young it's true, and I know and respect a noble youth; but I have vowed a vow to my father's manes, and to that Kate Cameron will make herself the sacrifice—were it to the most ill-favoured Grumach that ever avenged a father's death, and satisfied a mother's feelings for her three brave sons, that met their death on a sad and solemn spot like this."

"Kate," he said, ardently—"say but that you love me!—say but that I may hope to make you mine, and I will avenge you and your father's house, or spill my own last blood to the manes of the dead."

"Are you mad, Rob Forbes?" she exclaimed; "talk you with the madness of a boy? Shall the bravest men that ever drew sword in the

valley of Strathdon, and the stoutest hearts from Strathtay to Lochaber, quail at the name of Muat of Abergeldy—and *you* would lift the feeble arm of mere youth against him! Go back, go back to the halls of Drimminor, and think from hence of some other maiden; for my troth is pledged alone to a bloody hand, and heavy arm, that shall answer with a sure and a home-stroke the cry of revenge from this glen of the dead."

She turned to retreat up the hill. He followed her with the eagerness of dissappointed love and deep mortification. "Scorn me you may," he said, "and flout me from my suit; but —by this dirk that now gleams in the holy light of the moon, before one month passes round, I will either die by Muat's hand, or bury it in his treacherous heart's blood! Now pledge me to this, Kate Cameron. Pledge my vow, ere you go, on this clear cold steel; for either you shall be mine, and your house be revenged ere another moon shall have waned, or I will be a dim ghost in the cloudy halls of the Fingalians."

"Now, bless thee for thy resolve, my gallant Forbes!" she said; "and I will pledge thee, not only on the steel—that is cold to love—but print the fairy's charm where love should be sealed; for be thou mine in one little month, or be thou a sacrifice to my father's manes, thou hast won the heart of thy own Kate Cameron."

She drew the plaid back from her comely face; she resigned her light form to his eager embrace; and when he printed the warm kiss on her lips, the dissolved charm that had stifled youthful feeling seemed to awaken the green fairies of the moonlight, and the murmur of the winds over the hillocks of the dead appeared to breathe to them as they stood a soft whisper of love and victory.

Chapter II.

A DESPERATE COMBAT.

"Rob Forbes of Drimminor is going to fight the auld Laird of Abergeldy," was the bruit up and down the valley of Strathdon, from old Corgarff to the pass of Alford; and all the clansmen prepared for the day, from Tomantoul to the bughts of Glentanner.

"It's a wild defiance and a luckless weird for Lord Forbes's youngest son, said the experienced; "for the gallant's but a youth, wi' a beardless mou', and a lithe arm, and Muat's auld andstrang, and weel used to the claymore, and he'll sned the callant's head off like the top of a syboe."

These were the sort of discouragements that Forbes got at every hand, when preparing night and day for his approaching trial. But though his frame was young and his arm was light, he had a bold heart to what he had undertaken; and love, that burned brightly in his inner soul, gave him a hope that was worthy the chance of the sacrifice.

At length the great day arrived, and now the merry month of May had brought a shining green on the Highland glens, when the whole clan of the Forbeses mustered in Strathdon, to witness the fate of their brave young champion. The fight was to take place at the head of Glenbucket, and the appointed spot was the identical dell where John of Badenyone had lived and sung in former days; and the bards of the clans were there that day on the ground, to sing of the deeds of the fortunate victor. Six hundred and more warlike Forbeses marched up that morning by the streamlet of Glenbucket, and as many more of the Muats and Macfaddens came down through the pass from the stern wilds of Abergeldy. The whole glen was filled with the array, and the hills resounded with the piobrachs of the Forbeses, or the melodious variations of John of Badenyone.

The heart of Rob Forbes could not repress a daunting throb, as, arriving at the spot, he stepped forth into the arena appointed for the combat, and threw his eyes round the lines and ranks of the expectant multitude. It seemed to him like a day of execution, where he or Abergeldy was to be the sacrifice; and where above twelve hundred eyes were upon his every movement;—or it might be one of a victorious triumph, which was almost too much for his sanguinest hopes, The ceremonies of the preparation were as intensely solemn, as the grim looks of old Muat spoke cool and contemptuous defiance to his youthful adversary.

A conference was held between the assembled chiefs, who had each brought all this array of followers from an apprehension of treachery, which the character of Abergeldy made so justifiable. Here it was agreed that this single combat was to end completely the contention of the day; and both parties swore to stand by, without moving, while the battle lasted, and to retire when one of the champions should fall, without further interference or shedding of blood.

The combatants now stood forth, and all eyes admired the large buirdly figure and noble bearing of the Lord of Forbes's youngest son, who ventured his life with the hardy Muat, and tried to win by battle-axe and sword a girl like Kate Cameron. His father and brothers left his side with many exhortations and advices as to his conduct, for the honour of his clan, while a low murmur of anxiety and encouragement ran through the thick line of the Forbeses. As the youth, stepping up to his adversary, turned his target before his body, and set his foot to the foot of Muat, he read in his dark eye the

black glance of doom or victory; and, with "now for victory or death!" in inward ejaculation, his battle-axe rung against the shield of his foe.

Long they fought with heavy strokes, and many a shout echoing from the hills behind told the varying feelings of the breathless multitude. At length, blood flowing fast, and their heavy targets being nearly broken to pieces, their battle-axes were thrown on the sod behind them, and the light flash of their long claymores told that the combat would take a quick termination. The swordmanship was admirable; and the struggle for life, honour, vengeance, and love, was almost too much for the anxieties of the spectators. Low murmurs now rang through the hosts, as each side appeared to gain the advantage, when, in one instant, while Strathdon seemed to triumph, the sword of Rob Forbes spun from his hand, and tossing like a feather high in the air, fell sprinkled with blood several yards behind him.

The Muats gave a yell that rent the skies, and the Forbeses stood confounded in silent consternation. But the smile on the face of the disarmed youth, as he stood back for an instant preparing for the result, seemed either the glow of undismayed hope, or the bitter expression of reckless despair. One moment, however, ended the uncertainty. In the instant Forbes's long dirk flashed in the sun, and he ran in like a lion to grapple with his adversary. By this time the veteran showed himself spent, and his glance in the face of his youthful foe was like the deadly glare of the infuriated tiger. In the desperate struggle both fell, Abergeldy underneath; for Forbes's strength seemed to increase as it came to the crisis, and the next moment his long dirk was buried to the hilt in Muat's heart. He drew it out slowly as if impressed with the importance of his own act, while the grim carl bit the dust in death; and, as he held it up in the air, streaming with blood, the shout of the Forbeses for their victorious clansman was heard beyond Glenbucket castle, to the very foot of Strathdon.

"To Brux! to Brux!" cried an hundred voices, and a rush was made with the youth in front, down the long valley towards the strath, while the shout of triumph and the scream of bagpipes almost deafened the clansmen who remained at Badenyone. Before they had arrived at the foot of the glen, a cry of joy was heard beyond the castle, on their road, and the widow of Brux, rushing forth to meet him, caught the victorious youth in her arms.

"Thou hast done it at length, my noble Forbes!" cried the lady, surveying with joy his bloody blade, "and my husband that's gone, and my braw sons, are at last avenged. Haste! haste! to the priest, my fortunate Kate. Nay, blush not, for thou hast a gallant husband, that shall restore the honours of our house and clan. There, take my daughter! brave Rob Forbes," —she continued, "and you that are here, bring the priest while the gore is warm; for *this very night*, Kate, thou shalt marry this youth, *before Maut's blood shall dry on his victorious steel.*"

With race and gallop the priest was got, and the same night the feast and the wedding were held at Brux. The lads and lasses who gathered in flocks, danced gaily on the green under the pleasant avenue of the castle, and a happy bridal it was to bonny Kate Cameron, and her young and triumphant bridegroom.

So the Forbeses of that ilk became a numerous line from this time forth; and the songs that celebrated the day of Badenyone, and the loves of the first laird and his pretty wife, are not entirely forgotten in the strath of the clan, even until the present day.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF DREAMS.

O! wood of my dreams, O fair, O dark,
Far in thy depths let me wander alone,
Alone with the spirit of one that I love,
Who is far away from me.

The wild birds shall sing their songs to us,
The trees shall whisper their calm delight,
The wind shall sigh with a thousand breaths,
And I shall meet her there.

The spirit of her who is gone, long since,
I shall meet there again in the wood as of yore,
O! wood of my dreams, O fair, O dark,
Deep peace do I find in thee.

IAIN DALL.

CLAN LINDSAY SOCIETY.

AT this time when so much interest is taken in Celtic matters, and when so many of the Highland clans have revived their ancient associations on lines in harmony with the altered conditions of the present day, it will doubtless interest many readers to learn that the Lindsays have formed a very successful society, which, although not receiving so much publicity as some of the other clans, performs excellent work, and may claim to rank among the most prosperous of all the clan societies. They also publish an annual volume of transactions, ably edited by John Lindsay, M.D., M.A., Glasgow.

On Tuesday, 6th December, the western section of the Society celebrated in hearty style their fourth annual "At Home" in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow. There was an attendance of over one hundred members and friends, who passed a very enjoyable evening Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsay, Grafton Place, acted as host and hostess. The local Honorary Secretary, Mr. Herbert J. G. Lindsay, was during the evening, presented with a purse of sovereigns on the occasion of his marriage. Mr. J. Bowman Lindsay very ably made the presentation on behalf of the Glasgow Committee and friends, and the recipient suitably replied. Amongst the clansfolk and friends present were, Mr. John Lindsay, Town Clerk Depute, Glasgow;

BALCARRES HOUSE, SEAT OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD, AND BIRTH-PLACE OF LADY ANNE LINDSAY, AUTHORESS OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

Professor Glaister, Glasgow; Major Lindsay, Edinburgh; Dr. and Mrs. John Lindsay, Grant Street; Messrs. Allan Lindsay, Bearsden; J. Bowman Lindsay, A. M. Lindsay, M.A., Robert Lindsay, L.D.S., Edinburgh; James Lindsay, Eaton Place, and James Lindsay, architect. Councillor Archibald Campbell, Glasgow, President of the Clan Campbell Society, was also present, and gave a few encouraging remarks regarding Clan Societies and kindred associations, which were both instructive and amusing. Mr. Robert Lindsay, Bearsden, again took the arrangements in hand for the evening's entertainment.

The Office-Bearers of the Society are—President, The Earl of Crawford; Vice-Presidents, The Earl of Lindsay, and Lord Balcarres. Members, Life—85, Annual—169, Associates—22, Total—276.

All persons bearing by birth or marriage the surname of Lindsay (however spelt) either alone or in conjunction with another surname, and all persons who in *bona-fides* by proper authority adopt that surname, and the husbands and children of ladies who bore the surname of Lindsay, are eligible as members. Lindsays desiring to become members should communicate with the Secretary, Mr. R. J. Lindsay, W.S., 65 Frederick Street, Edinburgh. The Subscriptions are—Life member, £5 5s., Annual member, 10s. per annum, Associates, 2s.6d. per annum. The funds are over £600.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE writings of Fiona Macleod are differently viewed by different people. To some they are a source of unqualified delight. To others they make no appeal. To others again, and those not a few, they are quite unreadable. This is just what might have been expected. The books of Fiona Macleod are those of a mystic. Her topics are the sea-magic, the old tales of the islanders, the subtle and spiritual mythology of her ancestral race, the peculiar and excelling beauty of the Celtic genius, the solitary loveliness of Iona and the islands, the old wisdom and strangeness of ancient faiths and customs, the fading dominion of the great enchantment, the things of spiritual beauty, "the enduring spell of those haunted lands where the last dreams of the Gael are gathered, dwelling in sunset beauty," the fragrant old Celtic world, "whose fading voice is more and more lost in the northern seas." The average Sassenach is not a mystic, and does not sympathise with themes like those. To appreciate Fiona Macleod's books one must have a strain of Celtic blood, or at all events must have a temperament akin to that which is especially characteristic of the Celt. "I am not English," writes Fiona Macleod, in her last book, "and have not the English mind or the English temper, and in many things do not share the English ideals." She possesses memories and traditions and ideals unknown to her countrymen of the south. Her books can be read with enjoyment only by those who sympathise with her outlook. "It is of supreme moment," she says of the old Gaelic tales, "what we ourselves bring; what every reader, who would know the enchantment, must bring." Unless the student studies her works in something of her own spirit, he will not and cannot fathom their depths. Her books are for those who love the gloom and shine of the mountains that throw their shadow on the sea, who have heard the waves whisper along the grey shores of the North, who have seen the mists drive across the hillsides, and the brown torrents in spate, and the rain and the black wind filling with storm the straths and corries.

The devotion displayed by Fiona Macleod to the Gael is not the devotion of bigotry or ignorance. She appreciates the art and beauty of other races. "There is a beauty," she writes, "in the Homeric hymns that I do not find in the most beautiful of Celtic chants: none could cull from the gardens of the Gael what in the Greek anthology has been gathered out of time to be everlasting." She admits that Catullus sang more excellently than Bailê Honèymouth, and that Theocritus loved Nature not less than Oisin. But, exquisite as are the immortal productions of Greece and Rome, she loves the genius of her ancestral race. "I do not myself know any beauty that is of art to excel that bequeathed to us by Greece. The marble has outlasted broken dynasties and lost empires. The word is to-day fresh as with dews of dawn. But through the heart I travel into another land. Through the heart I go to lost gardens, to mossed fountains, to groves where is no white beauty of still statue, but only the beauty of an old forgotten day remembered with quickened pulse and desired with I know not what of longing and weariness."

Some years ago it was announced that Fiona Macleod had in preparation a book entitled *A Jacobite Romance*. I have always regretted that this promise has not been fulfilled. No one could deal in a more interesting fashion with the extraordinary and mystic hold that Prince Charles acquired upon the Gaelic imagination. The Gael loves another land, as Fiona Macleod has said, a rainbow land; his most desired country is not the real Scotland, but the vague land of youth, the shadowy Land of Hearts' Desire. He has an unquenchable longing for an Avalon of which he dreams, but whose foam-white coasts he cannot see. He pursues the unknown, the undefinable, the ideal. He dreams wistfully of a deliverer, who shall bring in an age of romance and beauty. The Bonnie Prince Charlie fitted in with those dreams. He was to be the deliverer. The islanders even gave him the name, given in some of the ancient runes to our Saviour, *am buachaill bàn*, the fair-haired herdsman. No political feeling mingled with their enthusiasm. They even spoke of Prince Charles as the king.

> "Thanig mo Righ air tir a Moidart,
> Thanig Tearlach."
> "Thy king is come to the land of Moidart,
> Charles is come."

An experience recorded by Fiona Macleod shows how the tragedy of the Prince fitted in with the spirit of the Gael. "In a Highland cottage," she says, "I heard some time ago a man singing a lament for "Tearlach Og Aluinn," Bonnie Prince Charlie; and when he ceased, tears were on the face of each that was there, and in his own throat, a sob. I asked him later was his heart really so full of the Prionnsa Bàn, but he told me that it was not him he was thinking of, but of all the dead men and women of Scotland who had died for his sake and of Scotland itself, and of the old days that could not come again. I did not ask what old days, for I knew that in his heart he lamented his own dead hopes and dreams, and that the Prince was but the image of his lost youth, and that the world was old and gray, because of his own weariness and his own grief." Let us hope that Fiona Macleod may yet deal with the career of the last Prince of Romance, "Oganach an or-fhuilt bhuidhe," the youth with the golden hair.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

A NEW YEAR GREETING TO OUR READERS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1905.

CONTENTS.

M'IAN'S "COSTUMES OF THE CLANS OF SCOTLAND." —This great work, which was originally published at thirty guineas, has been long out of print, and copies can now only be had at a large price. A new edition has been long desired, and we are pleased to say that a copy of this great work can at last be had at a very moderate cost. The volumes are to appear in parts, each containing three beautifully coloured plates of the clans, with letterpress from the pen of Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn), with whose historical and literary gifts our readers are already familiar. Each part is only to cost 2s.3d. post free. No. I is now ready, and contains beautiful coloured plates, suitable for framing, of the following clans—Macdonald of Glengarry, Campbell of Breadalbane, and MacGillivray. Readers can subscribe for any number of parts they wish by one remittance, or send postal order for each part as it appears. The numbers will be sent carefully packed, so as to avoid the slightest injury to the plates. The work, when completed, can be had in two volumes, handsomely bound, for £3 3s.

HECTOR MACDONALD NATIONAL MEMORIAL.—As our readers contributed liberally towards this fund, and in various ways showed their sympathy with the object in view, we have pleasure this month in presenting them with a double page reproduction of the successful design for the memorial. It was chosen from among a large number of competitive designs, the architect being Mr. James S. Kay, Glasgow. The building is in the form of an ancient baronial keep, or tower, and will be erected on the Green Hill, Dingwall. The committee hope to arrange the opening ceremony on the date when the Comunn Gaidhealach hold their annual Mòd at Dingwall in August.

THE CLAN MACKAY celebrate their annual gathering of Western members and friends in the Prince of Wales' Halls, Sauchiehall Street, on Monday, 16th January. It is to take the form of an "At Home," opening with a concert, followed by a dance. Refreshments can be had at any time during the evening. Tickets only cost 1s. 6d. each, and can be had from the hon. secretary, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. The gathering is open to any friends who wish to attend.

DOVER AND EAST KENT SCOTTISH SOCIETY.—There is a flourishing Scottish Society at Dover, who celebrate St. Andrew's Day in the usual style, with a dinner, patriotic speeches and songs, and a haggis! We were not aware of its existence until the Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon sent us a paper containing three columns of speeches, with the further assurance that the chief of the Mackinnons was present, and was amazed to find so many Scots there, all evidently prospering. The dinner seems to have been a most enjoyable function, the chair being occupied by a distinguished Highlander, Mr. P. W. I. Mackenzie, J.P., president of the Society. Among those present we find the following gentlemen of Highland name :—Major-General H. F. Grant, C.B.; Col. Mackenzie, C.B.; Col. Ross, C.B.; Col. C. M. Davidson, Dr. Mackenzie, E. W. Macdonald, D. Mackinnon, D. Campbell, &c. A number of interesting speeches were delivered, and that in praise of the Clan Mackinnon and its chief and his lady, will doubtless delight many, not only our readers of that clan, but all Highlanders.

GLENGARRY'S PIPER.

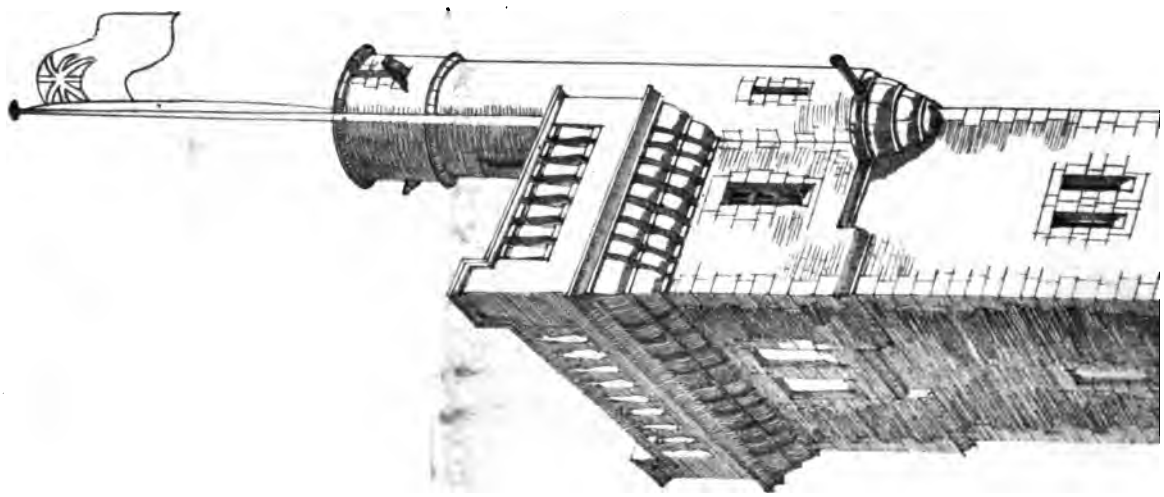
SIR,—Your *Celtic Monthly* is getting more interesting every day. I noticed from a former number that your friend "Fionn" has been in error as to the birthplace of the late Archd. Munro, piper to MacDonell of Glengarry, who composed "Glengarry's Lament." He was born in Oban, and died at Fort-Augustus, Inverness-shire, where I had known him. After Glengarry's death he was employed as piper to my relative, the late Sir John Macrae of Ardintoul, on his yacht. Many a night he played in my father's house at Port-clair, in what is to-day the Port-clair Forest, between Glenmoriston and Fort-Augustus. If I am spared to next Spring, I may see you personally in Glasgow. With best wishes from your sincere friend,

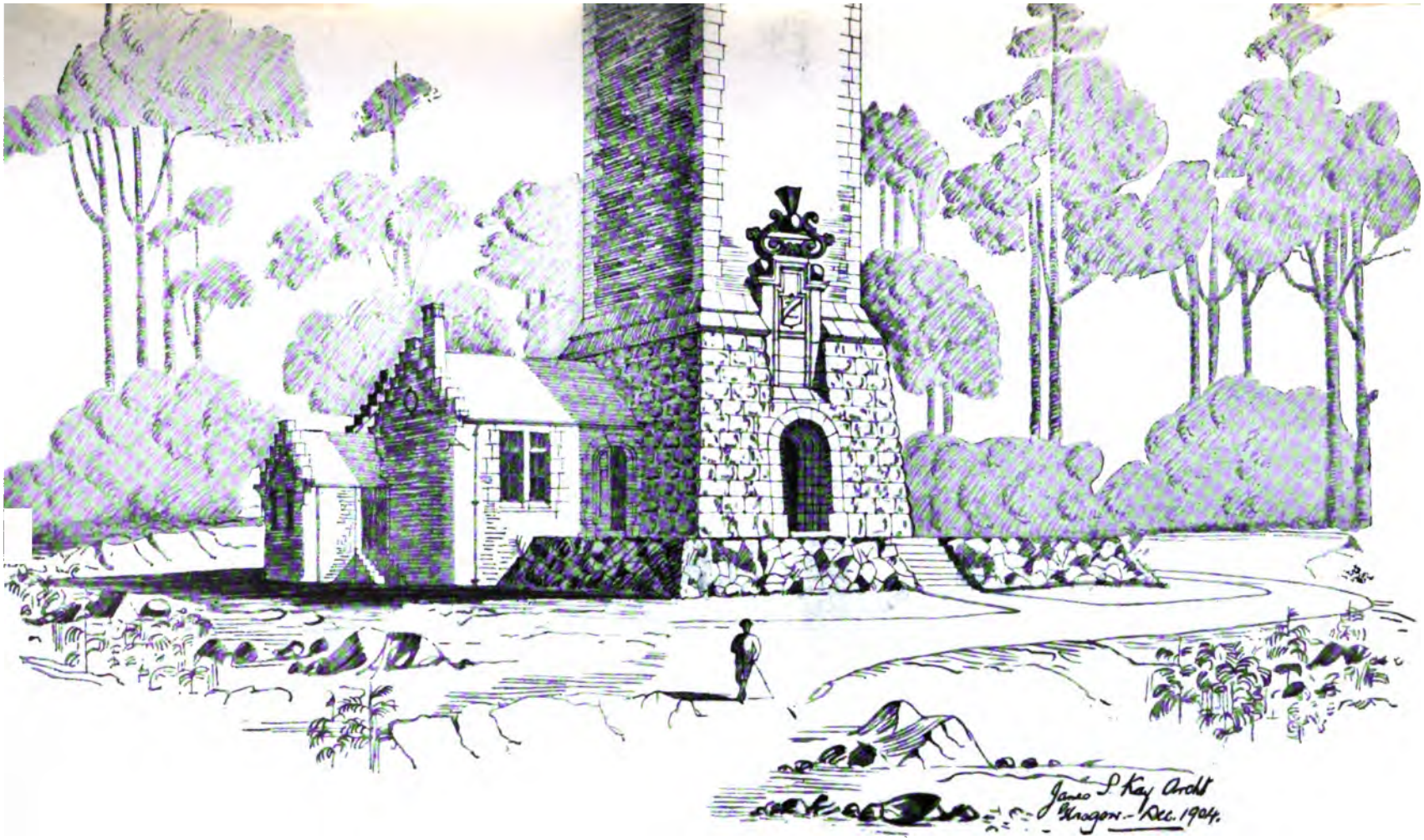
Great River, U.S.A. JOHN MACRAE.

THE FIRST GAELIC SCRIPTURES.

DEAR SIR, — Being a reader of your valuable *Monthly*, I might be permitted to make through its columns one or two queries, which doubtless some reader may be able to answer. I am anxious to learn the date of the publication of the first Scottish Gaelic Bible, and by whom it was translated. I have read somewhere that the Rev. James Stewart, Killin, and his son, the Rev. John Stewart of Luss, were responsible for the work, and I would like to know if this is the case. Perhaps one of the readers of your interesting paper could inform me.

Ardlui, Loch Lomond. J.C.





THE HECTOR MACDONALD NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED ON THE GREEN HILL, DINGWALL, ROSS-SHIRE.

JOHN GRAHAM, OF CLAVERHOUSE
VISCOUNT DUNDEE.
1688.

DEATH OF CLAVERHOUSE.

THE Pass of Killicrankie, which communicates with the Blair of Athol, stretches for the space of a mile or upwards along the termination of the river Garry. The hills rise from the bed of the river in steep gradation, flanking it on the western bank with a precipitous wall. The bold rocks, lining its channel, are mantled over with masses of waving birch, ash, and oak—the light and graceful foliage of which, moving and changing its hues with every breeze, contrasts finely with the bleak crags that start at intervals through its leafy screen, and at length soar into the abrupt and rugged outline of Ben-Vracky. The situation of Fascally-house, at the entrance to the Pass, is singularly romantic.

This Pass, in reference to its military history, has been styled the Scottish "Thermopylæ," and, till the present road was constructed, might have been called with no less propriety the "Via-Mala" of Scotland. But the dangers of the Pass, which contributed not a little to its "sublimity," have disappeared with the progress of art, and those unprecedented facilities of intercourse which have been thrown open by modern enterprise. The circumstances by which it gained so important a station in history, are these:—General Mackay, with the design of intimidating the district of Blair-Athol into measures favourable to the Revolution under King William, directed his whole force upon this point. When the Viscount Dundee, who supported the interest of King James with a body of the Clans, had reached Blair, he was informed that General Mackay had already entered the Pass of Killiecrankie, and was momentarily expected at the head of a numerous force. Dundee, whose intrepidity was proverbial, and his influence over the minds of his Highland followers unlimited, resolved to meet his adversary at the mouth of the Pass. With this determination, he drew up his Highland force, explained in pithy phrase the emergency to which he was reduced, told them a bright day had dawned upon them at last, and that now their Highland broad-swords must open them a path to victory. His well-known voice was answered by shouts of loyalty and devotion to the cause, and the next minute, while the Highland bagpipe screamed its shrill note of defiance, the whole body moved rapidly forward to the Pass.

A brief march brought the generals in sight of each other; the troops hastily formed as they debouched from the rocky defile; a furious volley of musquetry announced their mutual recognition, and the Highlanders, armed with sword and target, and seizing the mementary pause, rushed down upon the "red-coats"—as the soldiers were contemptuously styled—with a confidence and impetuosity that carried everything before them. The troops, who were chiefly composed of raw levies, were paralysed by this sudden appeal to close quarters; and, unable to stem the charge, fell under the blows of the Highland broadsword and Lochaber axe, or fled like fragments scattered from the disjointed mass. Others, with better success, met the unwonted charge with serried bayonets, against which the Highlander dashed with reckless impatience, placed his target in front, entangled his adversary's steel, and then, springing forward into the lines, slew or disarmed an enemy at every stroke. Thus beset by a continued rush of undisciplined troops, the soldiers could make no effective use of their fire-arms. The centre and left wing of Mackay's troops had been completely broken; but the right wing still maintained its ground, and, like a stately column, stood erect amid the ruin of its fellows. This caught the eye of Dundee: hastily rallying his horsemen for this important object, he made a desperate charge upon the stubborn mass; but at the very moment that he had brought them to the assault and raised his arm to strike, a bullet whistled through the thick mass of his attendants, and lodged in his body. A violent "imprecation" escaped his lips, and the next minute the chief lay expiring in the arms of his devoted followers.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 60).

ACCORDING to Laing, from *eighty-eight* different authors, and manufactured *twenty-two* epic poems out of 966 words or phrases—certain of these poems containing three, six, and eight books, and who finally located his heroes and localised his scenes on this haphazard process *so exactly*, that the *very footsteps* of the one and the outlines of the other *may be traced and identified at this hour, scores and hundreds* of miles distant from the *regions and localities where he fancied* them; who did *not know* the rocks, the rivers, or the mountains, the lakes or seas, the islands or the Continents, the regions or the airts, the very points of the compass, to which his own supposed forgeries related! The supposition is impossible, incredible, absurd—impossible alike in fancy or in philosophy, in forgery or in fate. Such a concurrence of falsehood. with fact, beyond the knowledge of *a liar himself*, is inconceivable. *No* necromancer *on earth* could have accomplished it, much less a poor student of divinity."

One of the most violent of modern critics of Ossian is Dr. L. Stern of Berlin, but it is quite easily seen that he has taken his cue from Irish history, legend, and tradition. Moreover, he does not seem to understand the Gaelic language thoroughly, nor its idioms. What Macpherson translated in his literal way as "Thou dweller of battle" is not exactly the meaning of the Gaelic in the original, but "Fingal, who in battle hast thy home." Similarly he exaggerates the importance of trifling mistakes such as "na bardan," instead of "na baird," and because "cha-n éirich Oscar donn a chaoidh," is mentioned in one place, and "cha-n éirich Oscar òg* a chaoidh," in another. A Gaelic speaking man thinks nothing of small irregularities like these, he has heard thousands of them, and they really might have been the fault of transcribers, for all we know. Macpherson's coadjutors should have noticed them since he did not do so himself.

As most of the Gaelic scholars in this country who believe that James MacPherson was the *sole author* of the Ossianic poems which he published, are agreed that Dr. L. Stern, of Berlin, has given the coup de grace to Mac-Pherson's supporters in his essay on "Ossianic Heroic Poetry," it may interest many Highlanders to get some further insight into the evidence adduced by this violent critic a little more in detail. In order to do so, I must begin at the beginning. On the 24th of March, 1898, Mr. A. MacBain, M.A., read a paper before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, by Mr. J. L. Robertson, H.M.I.S., entitled "Ossianic Heroic Poetry," a "*spirited*" and "interesting translation of Dr. Ludwig Chr. Stern's (Berlin) Die Ossianischen Heldenleider"—"an exhaustive and valuable work on the subject." One of the most striking features of this paper is, that the author of it had a capital library of works at his elbow, or, at any rate, within easy reach of him, and with the usual tactics adopted by men engaged in literature, he has, by the free use of elaborate and profuse footnotes, amounting to 102 in all, ample quotations, and considerable verbosity of language, and unwarrantable invective against MacPherson, produced a very bulky summary, including the padding of what he considered a crushing indictment against MacPherson's bona fides; and not only that, but of his countrymen as well, who upheld MacPherson's veracity.

Now, in the first place, it must be admitted that anyone approaching a subject of this nature in a true scientific spirit, in order to carry conviction along with him, he should treat the question in a calm and impartial manner, free from bias and scurrilous abuse, and international jealousy. Not so, however, with our Teutonic scholar and bully. With him it is grammar first, and *abuse* after. He opens with the following broadside. "A hundred and thirty years have gone by since the name Ossian reached us here." It's almost as good as 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and all was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep." It was presumably for ignorant Germans that the essay was written, but that does not excuse the language made use of. After about thirty lines of an introduction, amongst which a doubt of the genuineness of the poems crops up, he begins in a flippant way to talk of the "quaintness of the poetical prose," "its flowing style, so laconic, and yet so consonant with the English language, operated as a charm upon many." Then after quoting a stanza of Fingal, begins—"A sombre melancholy is the too dominant mood of the poems, a gloomy, mournful sky overhangs the desolate though powerfully drawn landscape, and is the prevailing monotony in the representations of Nature which the 'Cloud Poet' unfolds," etc.

This is the poetry that delighted Europe on its first appearance. But wait for the heroic Stern's opinion of it. "All through the *invention* is *poor*, the execution vague, youthful immaturity is perceptible, and the lack of variety and of due attention to details betray the inexperience of the composer." "The figures of speech, daring as they are, sometimes will not stand the test of close examination. An odd and incongruous use of words is very common, and the general diction descends from the *grandiose* level to the *ridiculous*—e.g., a white-bosomed dweller between my arms." It strikes me forcibly that though Dr. Stern may be a linguist, he does not understand the idioms of the Gaelic language. But to proceed. "Echoes of Homer, Milton, the Hebrew Prophets, and other poets, abound." (Probably borrowed from Malcolm Laing.) "The complete puerility of the Ossianic poesy was, according to Voltaire, easy, Virgil difficult." "According to Macpherson, Fingal was king of Morven,* in the county of Argyll, Scotland, though such a kingdom is absolutely unknown to other traditional accounts, especially to those of Ireland, the motherland of the Scottish Gael," thus clearly proving that he had taken his cue entirely from *Irish history*, and tradition, and *legend*. In this the irate Professor is radically wrong, as there is no proof whatever that Ireland is the motherland of the Gael; and if wrong on one point, he is more than probably wrong on many points, and is altogether unworthy of credence. (*To be continued.*)

*The one is brown Oscar, the other young Oscar.

*Mòr-bheann, "of Great Mountains," is what Ossian meant by the territories of Fingal, *not* the district of Morven in Argyllshire.

LOCHAN A CORP.

OHONE, oh rie! ohone, oh rie!
My love is dead and lost to me!
As soon the northern lights on high,
That flare and flicker through the sky,
Shall kindle in this lowly room
A steadfast lamp for winter's gloom—
As soon the snow on moorland dun
Retain its shape beneath the sun—
As soon the vague and hazy wreaths
That curl along the twilight heaths
Shall take my Hector's manly form,
And clasp me with embraces warm,
As he return whose body lies
Under the Lochan's sheeted ice.
Ohone, oh rie! ohone, oh rie!
My love is lost for aye to me!

Ohone, oh rie! ohone, oh rie!
Brother and love are lost to me!
Son of my sire, his spirit fled
While kinsmen gathered round his bed.
With solemn dance, with chantings drear,
We kept the Lyke Wake by his bier;
No clamorous grief might Colin claim
Who left such glory with his name;
His cup was full, his race was run,
Glenfinlas had no worthier son,
No bolder front for battle fray,
No franker cheer for festal day;
No son more pious, husband true,
Than thou, my brother, Colin Dhu!
So fair a life, so calm an end,
Doth Heaven to favourite children send.
With woe resigned each mourner's heart
Beheld thy funeral train depart;
But now Glenfinlas pours her wail
In swollen torrents down the gale;
Now every bosom heaveth sighs,
Now every hearth re-echoes cries.
Ohone, oh rie! ohone, oh rie!
Glenfinlas joins its tears with me!

In pent Strath Ire, when morning dawned
An open grave impatient yawned:
In lone St. Bridget's hallowed cell
All doleful pealed the passing bell;
And long the priest, with book in hand
Awaited Colin's funeral band;
But longer did he strain his sight
Across Loch Lubnaig's bosom white;
For never was the ritual read,
And never grave received the dead.
A wider couch Black Colin found
Than chapel's consecrated mound:
For dirge of monk in far St. Bride,
The winds that lash Ben Ledi's side;
For thymy ridge to mark his rest,
The wild duck on the billow's crest:
So unto death he went in state,
And swept his kindred in his fate.

Along Ben Ledi's rocky side
The drifting snows were scattered wide;
Moorland and Lochan heaped so high,
Nought was discerned but snow and sky.
Well might December's twilight day
To erring track their steps betray;
And well might sorrow's eye confound
The whitened loch and whitened ground,
Till wandering on the hidden ice
They fell, stern winter's sacrifice!
And never yet St. Bridget's fane
Received that long-lost burial train,
And never home their steps returned
Where the bright fires expectant burned,—
Where the fond friends were gathering round,
Hearing their steps in every sound.
Alas for parent, child, and maid!
No tidings broke death's awful shade;
No sad-eyed seer their fate foretold
Who perished in those waters cold;
So long as stars above us sweep,
Lochan a Corp its dead shall keep.

Ohone, oh rie! ohone, oh rie!
None have been left so sad as me!
My brother had a tender wife,
But Hector loved me more than life.
My brother leaves a fair young boy,
But I was Hector's only joy.
My brother's shrift was duly told,
But Hector's sins can none unfold;
Whate'er he held to stain his breast,
The death-swoop found him unconfessed.
My brother's course was nearly run,
But Hector's youth had scarce begun;
Quenched in his death his hearthstone's fire,
No gallant boy shall call him sire,
No duteous girl shall tend his age,—
A stranger hath his heritage.
Last of his line and last of name,
Glenfinlas will forget his fame;

His favourite hound, his plighted wife,
Alone shall mourn that perished life.
Ohone, oh rie! ohone, oh rie!
My love is lost to fame and me!
From lone St. Bride the swelling choir
Rolls solemn anthems through Strath Ire,
Across Loch Lubnaig's waters stern,
And grim Ben Ledi's braes of fern,—
Ben Ledi grim, whose forehead high
With Beltane torches fired the sky,
When yearly in the genial May
A human life was flung away,
And reeked the threshold of the spring
With blood's unhallowed offering;
Ben Ledi grim, whose coverts rude
Perplexed pursuer and pursued,
When, flying from his flaming tomb,
The victim found a speedier doom,
And tumbling headlong to the plain,
Oft with his hasty foes was slain,
While flocked the eagles with their brood,
Rejoicing at the Beltane food!
Hill of the demon! on thy brow
No yearly blaze ascendeth now,—
Such as 'twas said, in vengeance hurled,
With thy red brands should fire the world!
Coldly thou leanest from thy throne,
High among clouds and mists alone,
Stooping thy shadow o'er their sleep
Who lie among those waters deep;
As chiding thus our hopeless woe,—
"No human eye their place shall know,
No hand shall lift the frozen drowned,

To stretch in green and hallowed ground;
Slow parting at the fisher's oar,
The waves shall close their bed once more,
Nor drouth, nor flood, nor blast reveal
The secret which those waves conceal;
While sun and stars sweep overhead,
Lochan a Corp shall hold its dead."

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER-ROLL.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming,
Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
Dougald's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
Alaster and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Ilka Dunywastle's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillavray and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

The laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craw's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gunn and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig:
They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,
For mony a buttock bare's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming.

THERE can be little doubt but this song, denominated *The Chevalier's Muster-Roll*, has been made and sung about the time when the Earl of Mar raised the standard for King James in the North; but it is so far from being a complete list, that many of the principal chiefs are left out, as Athol, Breadalbane, Ogilvie, Keith, Stuart, etc, etc. It therefore appears evident that it has been adopted for some festive meeting, where all the names of those present were introduced, without regard to the others; and I have not the least doubt that every name mentioned in the song applied to some particular person, though it is impossible, at this distance of time, to trace each one with certainty. By Jock and Tam may be meant the Lowlands in general; but I find, more particularly, that there were two Lowland gentlemen with Mar at that time, both exceedingly active in the cause. These were Mr. John Paterson of the secretary's office, and Mr. Thomas Forrester. The former was the man who proclaimed King James at three different places, namely, Braemar, Kirkmichael, and Logierait; and the other carried his standard all that way. Well might the bard begin his muster-roll with their names. Mar himself, in a letter to the Earl of Breadalbane, calls the latter Tam Forrester. It is impossible to make anything of the next four lines, containing seven christian names. It would be easy to get persons answering to them all, but the individual application could only be founded on vague conjecture.

"Borland and his men's coming."

Borlum was one of the chieftains of the M'Intoshes, who raised himself two hundred men, as appears by a letter from Mar to Major-General Gordon. It was he, the brave and intrepid Brigadier M'Intosh, who led his clan into Lothian, and, after many actions of great courage, and many marches and countermarches, was at last induced to join the English forces, and by their pusillanimity was involved in the general ruin of the party at Preston.

"Cameron and M'Lean's coming."

John Cameron of Lochiel and Sir John MacLean were the chiefs of these two clans; but owing to many obstructions from the Argyle Campbells, they were among the latest of joining.

Gordon and M'Gregor's coming."

The Marquis of Huntly, with many noblemen and gentlemen of that powerful name, were among the first to join, and, if all songs be true, among the first to run away, as will afterwards appear. Gregor M'Gregor of Glengyle, and his uncle, Rob Roy M'Gregor, led that wild clan to join Mar in Athol. They had high characters for bravery; but, from their after conduct, it is evident that plunder was their chief motive in the part they acted. They could scarcely be supposed to be very hearty in the cause of a family, who, but a few ages before, had proscribed them as *lawless limmeris and mischief-making truantis*, and caused their name to be obliterated for ever.

"M'Gillavray and a's coming:"

In some copies, "M'Gillavray of Drumglass is coming." He was probably the celebrated Donald M'Gillivray, head of one of the Clan-Chattan, or, as the Highlanders pronounce it, the *Clan-Khattanish;* a young gentleman of great spirit, and had considerable interest in the upper parts of Nairn and Moray shires: supposed to be the same Colonel M'Gillavray who led the M'Intoshes in 1745.

The third verse gives a list of Borderers that joined the cause, of whom we shall hear more fully hereafter.

"The laird of M'Intosh is coming;"

The chief of the name, and captain of the power-

ful Clan-Chattan, consisting of ten clans all combined in one for their mutual defence. M'Rabie is a clan, and even a name, of which I am utterly ignorant. There are patronymics among the Highlanders which no man can understand but themselves.

"———M'Donald's coming."

This is a shabby way of passing over the M'Donalds, who brought four powerful and distinct clans to the army, all about the same time. The following letter shows their quotas.

"*Perth, the 22nd of November, 1715.*

Sir,

Please to give meal or bread to Sir John M'Lean's battalion, consisting of three hundred and fifty men, for four days; to Lochiel's, consisting of four hundred; to Appin's of one hundred and eighty; to Sir Donald M'Donald's, of four hundred and thirty; to Glengary's, of three hundred; to Clanranald's, of four hundred; to Keppoch's, of two hundred and fifty: and this shall be your warrant.

ALEX. GORDON.

To Mr. Colin Simpson,
commissary of provisions."

"M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craw's coming."

The M'Kenzies are a powerful but scattered clan: Lord Seaforth led them and the M'Crawa. The latter is a wild rude clan, who chiefly inhabit the district of Kintail; but, what is quite an anomaly among the clans, they have no chief of the same name, nor ever had one, having always acknowledged Seaforth as their head. To his house they were ever most firmly attached, though they hated the rest of the name, and were jealous of them. The M'Phersons of Badenoch belong to the Clan-Chattan, and were next to the M'Intoshes in power. They sometimes claimed the superiority. Cluny is their chief.

"Donald Gunn and a's coming."

There are a few scattered families of this name, chiefly in Sutherland and Caithness. But this seems to be introduced here merely for its singularity; the list being thus artfully wound up by the drollest sounding name of the whole.

CHARLES I.

AN OLD HARPER'S TALE.

THE tide of time hath swept the land, and the blight of blackened grain
Lies withered, and ungarnered, that encumbered England's plain;
The sowers cast the seeds of death, and reaped with blood-stained sword,
That day they sent the white king's soul to meet their Judge and Lord.

I knew him in his youth, my Lords! and loved his winsome ways,
The scholars' or the artists' taste for quiet and restful days;
I said 'Tis well for England's need, bold Harry* holds the helm,
And not this gentle boy whom adverse winds would soon o'erwhelm.

I trembled, for I loved him so, that day I saw him crowned,
To mark the dreamer's listless gaze unheed the low'ring brows around.
'No power to stand between thy will and God's—O! Sovereign Lord, and King,
'Twas much to place in that frail hand, the power of one man's seal and ring.

Of mind too delicate to bear the glare and dazzle of a throne,
I ne'er had feared for Harry's sake—had *he* to stand alone!
God willed it otherwise, my Lords! the strong was ta'en in death,
To leave the sceptre of his race to pass—with one poor victim's death.

I saw him in his spotless garb, that winter's day he died!
The dreamer's gaze had gone, my Lords! the *gold* was there in furnace tried.
Not Harry in his boldest mood, more fearless could have stood,
Nor sweeter smile have lit that face, the day his Spanish bride he woo'ed.†

Had he but waked to clearer sight, nor tried to quell with cold disdain,
But one short year o'er this, he had not reigned a king in vain!
Yet ah! the cruel destiny that erst pursued his race, he shared:
To nerve the murderer Cromwell's hand, to raise the flashing steel unbared.

I saw him die, my Lords! I wept the blood-stain on our land,
I never wept for him, my Lords! he was too high and grand.
White was his chastened soul, my Lords! white were the robes he wore,
And the white snow fell from God's own hand on the purple pall they bore.
White to his cruel grave he went, so quiet, so calm, so pale,
For kingly race will tell, my Lords! where baser blood would fail.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.
Of Keppoch.

*Henry, the elder brother of Charles I.
†The Spanish Princess whom he wooed under such romantic circumstances, but did not succeed in winning.

WE regret to record the death of Major-General P. J. Campbell, London, of the family of the Campbells of Melfort, Argyllshire, which took place recently. He took a great interest in Celtic matters, and was a life member of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*.

THE WITCHES OF KINTYRE.

IF it be true that the Gaelic language, which was once so universally spoken, has at last taken up its abode in the Highlands of Scotland, as a sanctuary wherein it may expire, it may, with equal credibility, be affirmed, that the ancient traditions, and supernatural legends, which cheered the firesides of our forefathers during the dreary nights and stormy blasts of winter, have also lingered longest, and are still most fondly cherished among the solitary hills and glens of the north. Many of these traditions are serious and pathetic, but by far the greater number are ludicrous and supernatural. Men are more easily moved to smiles than tears; and, in the spirit of this maxim, which we verily believe to be true, we shall tell an old story, still current, and still firmly believed by many "douce and sponsible folk" in the district of Kintyre, in Argyleshire. Once upon a time, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," a weary traveller was benighted among the wilds of Kintyre. He looked long and anxiously on all sides for the shelter of some cottage; and at length espied a light issuing from a bothy, at no great distance. He instantly repaired to the spot, lifted the latch, and entered; but contrary to the laws of hospitality, then so religiously observed in the district, all shelter there was peremptorily denied him. The traveller, however, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, waxed valiant in the Highlands, and insisted upon remaining with his reluctant hostess, who was alone in the house. During the altercation, another female made her appearance, joined her neighbour gossip, and was equally determined that the stranger should be excluded. A third next came in sight, and also voted against the Sassunach. But the traveller was not to be daunted; and, seeing that all remonstrances were in vain, the defeated trio sat down, and composed themselves. They proceeded leisurely to dress, as if for a journey, each pulling out a *mutch*, or cap, which she carefully adjusted, at a small mirror, indented in the wall. When this important operation was concluded, the first cried out "Off for London," and away she darted, as fast as the witches that sailed out after poor Tam O'Shanter. The second followed in like manner; but, as the third was about to attire herself in her precious head-gear, our traveller, who, as we have already hinted, was a man of mettle, snatched the cap out of the hands of the virago, clapt it on his own cranium, and, roaring out "Off for London," soon rose far beyond the inhospitable dwelling and the wilds of Kintyre. "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream." In sober prose, the traveller was wholly unconscious of the duration of his flight, and encountered nothing till he found himself sitting, "cheek by jowl," with his former companions of the cottage, in a spacious wine-cellar of London. Each of the witches (for so on earth call we them) sat jollily on a cask, quaffing the juice of Burgundy, and discoursing about their "cummers" of the glen. Our traveller, nothing loth, set to after the same fashion, and speedily forgot all his hardships and mishaps in copious libations of the generous liquid. At length the ladies, having gratified their hearts' desires, once more mounted their caps, and exclaiming "Off for Kintyre," disappeared in a twinkling. The traveller went to follow their example, but alas! his cap was nowhere to be found. He looked about him in all directions, fumbled in his pockets, searched everywhere, but all to no effect. He fell asleep; morning came, and with it came the master of the wine vaults. What could our poor friend say for himself? Large quantities of wine had been abstracted (for the witches could carry as well as drink); and here, evidently, was one of the felonicus Bacchanals, caught in the very act. He was committed to "durance vile," tried, and condemned. His judge, unfortunately, was no believer in witchcraft (it had not been Sir Matthew Hale), and no hope was held out to the unlucky man from the mountains. At length the fatal day came, cold, drizzling, and foggy; and the lanes and alleys of the city sent out their motley crowds to witness the "throw-off." At this critical juncture, our traveller happened to pull out his handkerchief, when low! the magical cap also appeared. He said nothing; but when that celebrated personage, Jack Ketch, was crawling about him, like a huge spider, intent upon his duty, he modestly requested to die with his own cap on. Assent was instantly given, when the culprit, duly accoutered, roared out "Off for Kintyre;" and away he went, gallows and all, over the uplifted heads of the wondering Cockneys! Whether this last chapter be found in the Newgate Calendar, we know not; all we can say is, that it is firmly believed in Kintyre. It is further added, that the lucky æronaut settled in that district—that he built himself a cottage out of the wood of the gallows (thus deriving his life from what proves the means of death to others), and that he lived long and happily—the usual end of all such wonderful narrations. From a similar legend the Ettrick Shepherd composed his admirable ballad of the Witch of Fife, in the "Queen's Wake" and many other supernatural tales are recorded not only from Highland districts, but from all parts of Scotland, showing how widely such stories find credence; but we give the Highland story exactly as we have heard it related.

A NEW EMIGRATION SONG.

THE following Gaelic verses were composed by the writer while crossing the Atlantic in one of the Allan Liners about eighteen months ago. There were about seven hundred passengers (chiefly Scotch emigrants) on board, all of whom seemed in excellent spirits and full of high hopes. The majority of the sailors were Mull and Islay men. As the piper we had on board—what emigrant ship sailing from a Scotch port is without one?—day after day blew up his pipes and set the lads dancing, pictures of emigrant ships, drawn by eye-witnesses, sailing from the shores of Albyn many years ago to the mournful strains of MacCrimmon's Lament—"cha till mi tuillidh," rose before us, and the contrast was striking. There were no Highlanders on board our ship driven from their native shores; all were going of their free will to see what Fortune had in store for them on the other side of the ocean. Some "Pàruig Dall" had played the "Lost Pìbroch" in their ears, "and they took the road the King of Erin travels, the road to the end of days"; that was all.

ORAN.

AIR FONN—"*Cruachan Beann.*"

Dh' fhàg sinn cladach Alb 'an dé
'Us gach gleann 'us beann, 'us tullach,
Air am bi 'gu bràth air déigh,
'S far am bheil luchd-gaoil a' fuireach.

FONN—Sgoltadh thonn, sgoltadh thonn,
Sgoltadh thonn cuan nan gaillionn;
Sgoltadh thonn, sgoltadh thonn
Leis an long 's feàrr aig Ailean.

Cha 'n 'eil mulad air aon ghnùiò,
Cha 'n 'eil aon sùil a sileadh;
Tha gach neach an geall air òr,
'Us le stòr dol a thilleadh.

'Us an aite port a' bhròin—
Cumha Dhòmhuill Bhàn Mhic Cruimein—
'S ann tha 'm piobaire th' air bord
Cuir na seòid 'dhanns' 'sa mhireadh.

'Us tha 'n long gun bhréid, gun seól;
Ach le innleachdan 's teine,
Strachdadh tonnan garg le 'sróin,
'Us gan cuir na 'n ceò le deireadh.

Air tir chrannach, mhor, an iar,
Tha a sròin air a cumail,
Leis na fir nach stiuireadh cli,
Gillean Ill' agus Mhuile.

Cluinnear aon a seinneadh cliù
Tir nam bàirde gun ghainne,
Air am bheil gach smuain, 'us sui!,
'S air am bheil sinn dlùth a teannadh.

'Us neach eile 'g inns mu'n fhonn,
A tha saor, farsuinn, torrach;
'Us a leithid eigneach lom
Tha an Alb' chreagach, chorrach.

Soraidh leibh a chuideachd chaomh,
Tha Cuebec 'nis am fradharc;
'S mar a sgapar moll le gaoth,
Bith sinn sgaoilte gu goirid.

'Us mur coinnich sinn gu bràrh—
'Us 's e 's dòcha nach coinnich—
Cumaidh gaol ar n' òige blàth
Do thir bhoidheach nam bonnach.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

Fort Qu Appelle,
Assiniboia,
N. W. T., Canada.

ANCIENT GAELIC MEDICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

BY GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

PRESIDENT, CALEDONIAN MEDICAL SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 53.)

MS. XII contains twenty-one large leaves. The ink is somewhat faded, except upon six leaves. The first five folios contain, in the upper part, a calendar; in the lower part, a treatise on anatomy. Folios six and seven deal with natural history. From folio eight to the end is philosophical and physiological, containing a treatise on the senses, etc.

MS. XIII is composite, containing parts of different MSS., amounting in all to thirty-eight leaves. It is well written throughout. The first MS. has several illuminated initials. It is a treatise on medical subjects, abstract and practical, including chapters upon treatment of the sick, the diverse temperaments, heredity, etc.

The second MS. (in XIII) is even more contracted than usual. The photograph (Plate VII) shows some illustrations of these contractions. Its contents purport to be general medicine, and the distinctions between its parts. It treats of medicine, practical and theoretical, but is incomplete. Reference is made to Galen and Isaac, also to Aristotle, Averroes, Senmora.

The third MS. (in XIII) is incomplete at both ends. It is chiefly derived from Hippocrates, and has some paragraphs similar to paragraphs in MS. XIV.

The fourth MS. is a fragment, consisting of but two sheets, cut and folded to bind in with the rest. The bottom of the page is stitched into the back. It is in a somewhat older hand, written with a broad pen, and has ornamental initials. There are comparatively few contractions.

MS. XX contains six large leaves. It begins in mid-sentence.

MS. XXI has eight leaves, and is beautifully written. It may be an older MS. It begins "Et adei G(alen)," and goes on with contractions rather difficult to decipher. On folio six, in the middle margin, is written, "The third part."

MS. XXXIII contains first a calendar on vellum, with notes upon the diet for the various months, etc. The rest is on paper, very worn and ragged. It is written chiefly in a later hand, sloping, scrawly, but legible. It is described by Maclachlan in his *Analysis* (No. XI. pp. 117 *ff.*), where he would date it in 1538. It contains, according to him, an essay on anatomy, taken from Galen, and treating of the brain, etc.

The transcriber of the last essay is Donald

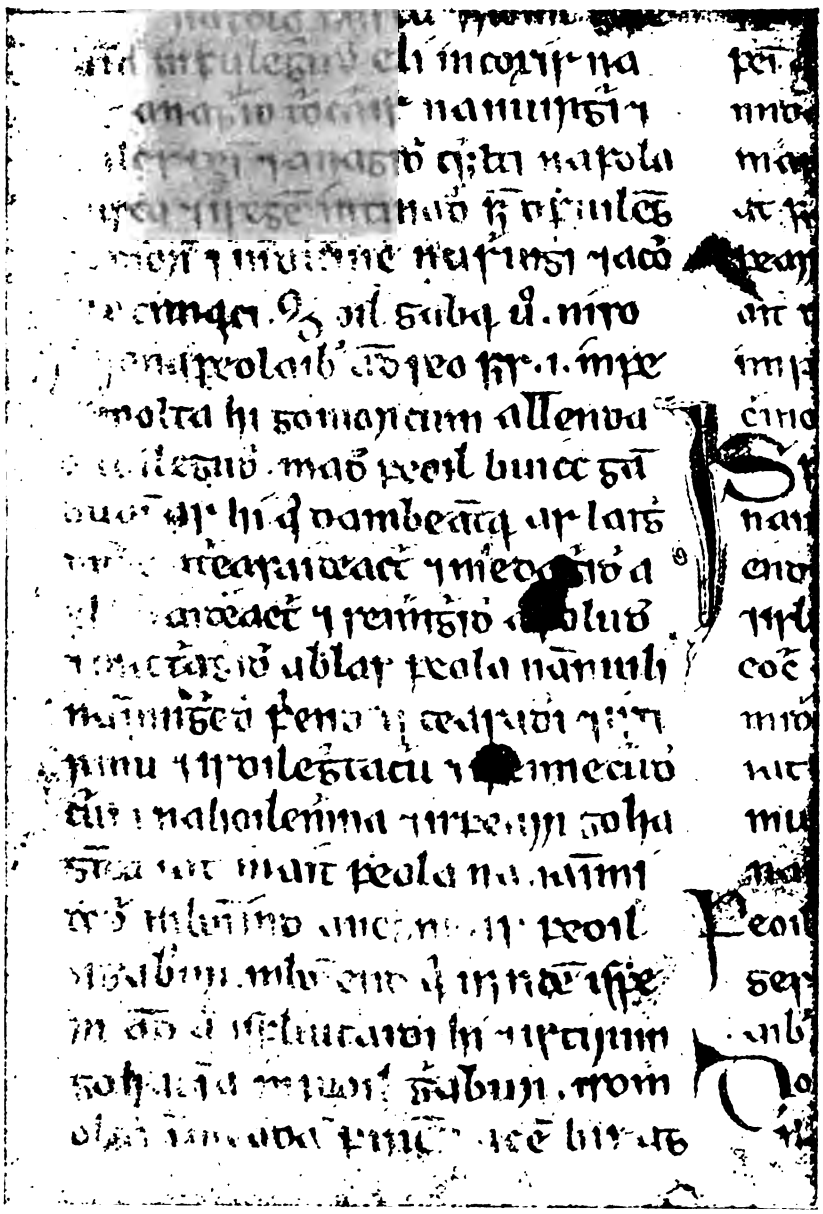


PLATE IV. (FROM THE ADVOCATES' MSS. XIII-4) SHOWS BOLD WRITING, ORNAMENTED INITIALS, AND FEW CONTRACTIONS.

Mac an Olla (son of the physician), at that time in Donegal, Ulster. On the first page stands, in Latin, "John Macbeth is this book's possessor; Culrathine, 22 April, 1700." On the last page is, "The book of Gille-Colum Macbeth."

MS. LX is a thick quarto paper MS. Several pages at the beginning are headed "Liber tertius." The MS. is written partly in Latin, partly in Gaelic. It is a compendious treatise on medicine. The few references are to Galen, from whom probably the most part is taken. There are treatises on medicine, practical and abstract; tables, with a reference to "Gordonius" at one place, a list of diseases in Latin, with glosses in Gaelic. There is also a copy of a letter from the school of Salerno to the king of England. There are many interesting scribal notes, giving dates at different stages of the work, chiefly from March to December, 1612. The place is also given occasionally, for example, "I am in Ardchonnel, in the company of Duncan, son of John, son of Donald, son of Duncan y Conchobair; the age of the Lord at this time, 1612, the 23rd day of August. I am Angus, son of Ferchar, son of Angus. . . ." "In the year of the Lord 1612, the 28th day of November. In Dunnolly am I, in the company of Duncan y Conchobair." This MS. also contains a pharmacopœia of some one hundred and sixty pages, similar in contents to that of MS. III. It refers to Rhases, Platiarius, Mesue, John of Damascus, etc. After this is a treatise on the subjects and divisions of medicine, a fragment taken from "Master Richard" (Maigister Ricairdi).

I only wish, finally, to bring before you the three manuscripts which Professor Mackinnon has so kindly afforded us the opportunity of seeing to-day.

The first consists of thirteen leaves, and is practically a pharmacopœia, giving the names of plants, minerals, and woods in alphabetical order, with their medicinal properties. May I, in submitting it to you for your inspection, ask you to be most careful in the handling of the leaves, and may I, at the same time, point out some features of interest? As is so often the case in these old pieces of parchment, holes are to be found interfering at parts with the continuity of the writing. The scribes sometimes filled up the gap, at others ignored it, and continued their line of caligraphy at the opposite side of the opening. But the frequent occurrence of such apertures in these manuscripts has led to a certain proverb in Gaelic, which Professor Mackinnon has kindly drawn my attention to, namely, "*An toll a mhill an t-seiche*," which, being translated, means "The hole that spoilt the hide," and is applied to a sign of weakness which blemishes an otherwise fine character.

The second manuscript is probably a commentary on the "De Anima" of Aristotle, or one of the mediæval documents based upon it. It consists of eight leaves, and contains some physical and some medical matter. It commences with the words "Quinque sunt potenciæ," but the initial letter is not formed. It has presumably been left blank for the illuminator to fill in at a later date.

The third commences with a quotation in Latin—"Tria sunt subjecta medicinæ, etc.," as says Master Richard—and appears to start from the proposition that the science of medicine has three divisions.

These three manuscripts belonged at one time to Dr. Donald Smith, who died in 1805, and who was the brother of the Rev. John Smith, of Campbeltown. They passed to his nephew, the late Duncan Smith, of the firm of Tennant & Co,, chemical manufacturers in Glasgow, and they were given to Professor Mackinnon by Mrs. Macfadyen, a niece of Mr. Duncan Smith.

Now, I must draw to a conclusion. I fear I have already detained you too long. I trust that I have said enough to prove to you that the old Highland doctors who prepared and owned these MSS. were not quacks nor incantationists, but men abreast of the science of their day. They ought to be kept in remembrance.

Gentlemen, let me add one word about ourselves. The little coterie of Highland fellow-students to whose Celtic enthusiasm we owe our union has expanded into a world-wide association of medical men, whose opportunities for personal acquaintance are rare, and whose years of graduation are separated by nearly a generation as we count the human span. It appears to me that the time has come when we should endeavour to strengthen the bond which unites us, and offer a fresh inducement to new members to join us by co-operating in some definite piece of work which will perpetuate the traditions of our race, and—shall I say?—more completely justify our corporate existence. What this work should be is a matter which we may, and I think should, discuss. The suggestion which I have to offer to-day is not new. It has been floating in our midst, and it has found expression in our *Journal* on several occasions. For my part, I cannot conceive a task more obviously lying to our hand than that of transcribing, translating, or at least rendering intelligible to our contemporaries such Gaelic medical manuscripts as have been preserved to us. This appears to me to be a duty which we owe to the antiquaries whose zeal has led to their preservation. It is a service which we ought to render to our country, and by its accomplishment we should rear a memorial to the men from whom we are proud to trace our professional descent.

(Concluded.)

JOHN FRASER.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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JOHN FRASER.

THE subject of our portrait this month is Mr. John Fraser, of Cawder, near Bishopbriggs. Mr. Fraser was born in Nairn, and is connected with many old Nairnshire and Inverness-shire families. He is the son of James Fraser, who was for many years resident in Canada, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh Grant of Blairnafaide. He lost his father at an early age, and his boyhood was spent in Edinburgh. His mother was an earnest worker in the slums of the Scottish capital, and was a benefactor to many poor Highland families. She was associated for many years with Henry Wight, the Scottish advocate, who bore the sword before King George the Fourth, when he visited Edinburgh, but who afterwards came under religious impressions and became an earnest minister of the gospel. Mr. Fraser can tell many stories of old Edinburgh and of its characters. Among his mother's beneficiaries, whom he used to visit, was one Mrs. Butler, who, when a girl, had seen Prince Charlie riding triumphantly down the Canongate after the battle of Prestonpans.

Mr. Fraser is a man of wide and varied culture, a lover of books and of study. Among his enthusiasms is a love of Italy and especially of Rome. He has always taken a deep interest in Italian affairs. He was wont in his younger days to visit the Italian capital, where his cousin, the Cavaliero Guglielmo Grant, held a high position in the monarchical, as distinguished from the papal, society of Rome, and was the valued friend of Queen Marguerite and her husband, the late King Humbert. Mr. Fraser can tell of men that he has met in Rome, whose faces bore the scars and gashes inflicted by the cruelties of King Ferdinand the Seventh of Naples, who was driven from his throne by the Italian nationalists.

In 1865 Mr. Fraser married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Robb, who was at one time a commission merchant in Virginia Street, Glasgow, and has a family of sons and daughters. He has been fortunate in his wife, who is the idol of her family circle. Mr. Fraser is associated with the concern of Fraser Brothers, merchants and manufacturers, of Glasgow and Inverness, whose name is well known throughout the Highlands. He has never taken any part in public life, and, although invited to do so, has always shrunk from public office. He takes a warm interest in what concerns the Highlands, and has taught his children to do the same. As a boy he was master of the Gaelic language, but long disuse has impaired his command of his ancestral tongue. In religion he is a member of the Church of Scotland, and in politics a Tory of the Disraelian school, combining a love of freedom and progress with an attachment to our ancient institutions. His life has been one of quiet usefulness and unostentatious benevolence. He has done endless good by stealth, and feared that it would become known. He is, to use a familiar phrase, emphatically a Christian gentleman, and to know him is to respect and esteem him. He is one of the most worthy members of the ancient Highland clan, to which he belongs.

TO THE NORTH WIND.

Oh! the wild north wind, so fresh and free,
Breath of the west coast hill and sea,
Wrap me, enfold me, kiss hands and brow,
Health-giving, life-giving breeze on me blow;
Bring me the breath of my "ain countree"!

Oh! wild north wind, so fresh and free,
Wave the dark pines and the rowan tree;
Swift and strong, keen and high, bear me away
Where the heather grows red by the salt sea spray;
Bring the scent of the pines in my "ain countree."

Oh! wild north wind, so fresh and free,
Deep covered with snow though my own glen be,
Wild the dark corries and loud roaring linn,
Warm-hearted the welcome awaiting within;
Ah! fain is the heart for its "ain countree."

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

TRADITIONS OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.

IT is a remarkable fact that, although surrounded by so many powerful and ambitious neighbours, the Stewarts of Appin preserved their estates entire during the long lapse of four centuries. The first laird of Appin was a natural son of Lord Lorn, the last of the name of Stewart who possessed that title and estate. It appears to have been the intention of Lorn to marry the mother of his son, and thereby legitimize their offspring; but this honourable intention was defeated by his sudden death, which was supposed to have been accelerated by those who only beheld in the contemplated union the advancement of a rival, and the ruin of their own prospects. The estates, therefore, went to three daughters, co-heiresses of Lorn, the eldest of whom married the Earl of Argyll, with the lordship and estate of Lorn for her dowry. The second married Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, uncle to the Earl, and received in portion the lands on the north side of Loch-awe, and part of Nether Lorn. The third daughter gave her hand to Campbell of Ottar, but, dying without issue, her portion of the Stewart estates went to the children of her sister, the Countess of Argyll. But to return to the son. On the death of his father, finding himself left with one sole inheritance, the sword, he resolved to take possession of such portion of the estates as his means enabled him. With this determination, and the support of some of his father's retainers, he appealed for additional help to his mother's family, the Maclarens of Balquhidder. This appeal being answered by a strong reinforcement, Stewart met his two brothers-in-law in a pitched battle, and gained a complete victory. Thenceforth he remained in undisturbed possession of the lands, which, during the long series of generations mentioned, and till finally sold in 1765, formed the family possessions of the Stewarts of Appin.

THE STEWARTS OF ARDSHIEL,

a branch of the same family, have performed many conspicuous parts in the history of their country. The following anecdote may, probably, be new to some readers:—Stewart of Ardshiel was among the foremost who espoused the cause of Prince Charles Edward in 1745, and like many of his brother outlaws, had to consult his safety by retiring to a remarkable cave in this neighbourhood. The mouth of the cavern is singularly protected by a waterfall, which descends like a crystal curtain in front of it, but through which no traces of such an excavation are perceptible. After the defeat of the Highland army at Culloden, the vigilence of the conquering party was a constant source of terror and distress to the inhabitants. By some unknown means, one of the Duke's officers stationed at Castle Stalker—the subject of many curious traditions—got notice that a cave existed in this quarter, and started with the resolution to subject the locality to a minute investigation. It happened that a poor idiot boy, a hanger-on about the family, had observed them approaching; but, not being in sufficient time to give the alarm, he ran after the party, expressing by his words and gestures a degree of ridiculous astonishment that was highly diverting to the soldiers. The drum, in particular, was viewed by him as an object of the greatest curiosity; and to gratify this, he kept close to the drummer, whom he affected to regard as a person of the highest consequence. After using much importunity in order to get the drum to carry, he took out all the wealth he possessed, amountiug to sixpence, and offered it to the drummer, provided he would let him hear a sample of the music." For the sake of diversion his request was complied with; but, after the first "tuck" on the parchment, the cunning youth, affecting the greatest terror, pretended to run off, which the drummer observing, in order to increase the speed of the fugitive and the laughter of his comrades, thundered away with all his force. The poor idiot was soon out of sight; but, on looking towards the cave, the soldiers beheld Ardshiel and a few of his companions, who had been roused by the ominous drum, making their escape in different directions among the rocks.

When the lands of Ardshiel were confiscated Campbell of Glenure was appointed steward on the forfeited estate, and under him was James Stewart of Acharn, brother of the unfortunate proprietor. Much dissatisfaction, however, arose among the tenants, who could not regard Campbell but as a government spy and interloper. Piqued at this, and willing to retaliate, the latter set about removing the old tenants, and introducing those of his own party in their stead. To accomplish this impolitic measure, he had recourse to legal ejectments, which greatly exasperated the people, and was finally waylaid and shot by an outlaw, named Donald Breck. The assassin immediately absconded; but suspicion falling upon Stewart as the author or instigator of the deed, the unfortunate gentleman was tried, condemned, and hung in chains, on the spot where Campbell was shot, It was confidently believed, however, that he was sacrificed to the violence of party rage, and was innocent of the crime for which he suffered. —*See* State Trials, art. Stewart of Acharn, vol. xix.

Invernahyle, on the opposite extremity of Lochcreran, will excite attention in the travel-

ler's mind, not more by the beauty of its situation than by its association with the last rebellion.

ALEXANDER STEWART, OF INVERNAHYLE,

played a conspicuous part in the fortunes of that day. He had been out in the "fifteen" as well as in the "forty-five," and been an active participator in all the stirring events that had intervened. His most famous exploit was that of having vanquished Rob Roy in a trial of skill with the broadsword, a short time previous to the death of that celebrated hero, at the Clachan of Balquidder. Happening also to be in Edinburgh when the redoubted Paul Jones made his appearance in the Frith, Stewart, who was then far advanced in years, buckled on his arms, and, on examining the edge of his old and well-tried claymore, thanked Heaven that there was yet another chance of trying its temper before he died. Panic-struck at the aspect which this piratical squadron of three small vessels presented, and well knowing the desperate character of the leader, the magistrates of Leith made little preparations to repulse the aggressor, should he attempt a landing, till Invernahyle proposed to them, that, if broadswords and dirks could be procured, he would engage to find those among his clansmen who would make a right good use of them. The proposal was gladly accepted; but, unfortunately for the glory of the day, a stiff breeze from the west carried Paul Jones clear out of the Forth, and the old claymore was once more consigned to its scabbard.

Such is the account sanctioned by the illustrious author of Waverley; but, in justice to the Stewarts of Ardshiel, we shall here beg leave to present our readers with the *authentic* version of these anecdotes, for which we are indebted to Dr. Leonard Stewart, a gentleman near related to the family, and intimately acquainted with every remarkable incident in its history. From this document it will be seen, that, in the principal adventure recorded, the real hero was *not* Stewart of Invernahyle, but Charles Stewart of Ardshiel; but as the latter died in exile at Sens, in 1757, long before the time of Paul Jones, the last-mentioned anecdote may be fairly placed at the credit of Invernahyle. The first document respecting the two claimants, and which appears to set the question at rest, is a letter dated January 8, 1830—written by the late Mr. Stewart of Glenbuckie, who married a grand-daughter of Ardshiel—and called forth by the perusal of a new edition of Waverley, in which the mistake regarding the recontre with Rob Roy remained unrectified.

At page eighty-three of Vol. VII. mention is made of a duel said to have been fought between Stewart of Invernahyle and the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor. But the fact is, that *none of the family of Invernahyle* were ever so engaged; and the true account of the meeting, which took place at the Clachan of Balquhidder, is as follows:—Charles Stewart of Ardshiel, who commanded the Stewarts and M'Colls of Appin in 1745, was, previously to that period, desperately in love with one of the three daughters of Haldane of Landrick. There being at that time no made road to the Highlands, the shortest and most direct way from Appin to Landrick Castle was by Landgearn, and the Clachan of Balquhidder. Ardshiel paid several visits to Miss Haldane, but was not successful. In his last and almost despairing visit, he fell in on his way with Rob Roy, who happened to be at his brother's, at the Clachan of Balquhidder. During the course of their conversation a quarrel took place; and each being provided with an Andrea Ferrara, they immediately encountered in a kail-yard. Ardshiel was the conqueror; and Rob Roy, on his way up the glen, was not only heard in the greatest fury exclaiming that 'Ardshiel was the first that ever drew blood of him,' but it is said, moreover, that he threw his broadsword into Lochvail, nearly opposite to Stronvaar House, where there is reason to believe it still remains. But Ardshiel not only conquered Rob Roy—he also won the fair lady; for, on the report of the rencontre reaching Landrick Castle, Miss Haldane was so flattered with it, that she favoured his addresses. This account of the matter is well known to several of the inhabitants in the parish of Balquhidder; and there *is no doubt of its being the correct one.*

This encounter is also mentioned by General Stewart of Garth.* "As the laird of Invernahyle was brother to Stewart of Ardshiel, it is probable," says our correspondent, "that, in the many conversations which Sir Walter Scott held with his friend (Stewart of Invernahyle, nephew of aforesaid), adventures were related of the chief which were afterwards set down to the name of the narrator. Ardshiel was throughout the 'forty-five' employed in the most confidential transactions, and the

MOST PERILOUS ENTERPRISES.

He was one of the first who rallied round the 'Tandem triumphans' standard, and was from the beginning in the council of Charles Edward. He was present at the surprise of Edinburgh, the rush upon the artillery at Preston Pans, and was employed to cover the retreat from Penrith. He joined other leading chieftains in advising the abandonment of the Lowlands, after the Battle of Falkirk; and even after the

* Sketches of the Highlanders of Scotland. Notes to Vol. II. Append. p. xx.

disastrous field of Culloden, pledged himself to re-assemble with the remaining Gaelic bands. Soon after this last declaration, however, he was, like his prince, obliged to screen himself from his pursuers, and remained for some months sequestered among the peasantry of the Appin district, until his escape to France. It is probable, that upon this simple web Sir Walter Scott, as above stated, has so beautifully embroidered the tale of the concealment of Baron Bradwardine. Stewart of Ardshiel, who died at Sens, received for many years a *voluntary* rent from his former tenants, who could never be reconciled to the compulsory system adopted of farming the revenue of the forfeited estates."

MACDOUGALL OF LORN'S ESCAPE.

THERE are two islands in Loch Rannoch, on one of which a MacDougall of Lorn was confined by Robertson of Struan, the Chief of the Clan Donachie. This is said to have occurred during the struggle of Robert Bruce for the throne. The opposition of MacDougall to Bruce is well known; but the Clan Donachie had adopted the cause of the royal fugitive. In some battle between these Clans, MacDougall was taken prisoner, and for greater security he was imprisoned on one of the islands of this lake. Two of his followers, anxious for his escape, came from Lorn to Rannoch with a sack of apples for their chief, and wished to be allowed to visit the island. The chief of the Clan Donachie, however, refused this request, and sent the apples to the island with two of his own followers. Having reached the island with their apples, these worthies fastened their boat to a rock, and carried the apples to MacDougall. The chief opened the sack, took out some handfuls of the apples, and threw them on the floor for the two children of Donachie to pick up. They began to scramble for them, and in their eagerness forgot the prisoner. The opportunity was tempting. The door stood open, the distance to the beach was short, the boat ready, and no other at the island by which he could be pursued. Leaving his two enemies to fight at their leisure for the apples, MacDougall sprang out at the door, and before the sons of Donachie recovered from their astonishment at the suddenness of his exit, was in the boat, and had pushed it from the island. He made quickly to the opposite shore, landed at a point which still bears his name, and took to the mountains. Pursuit was vain, and the Lord of Lorn was soon in safety among the sons of his own clan. Tradition has not told us the punishment inflicted by the angry head of the Clan Donachie, on his two apple-loving clansmen; but we may be certain that if they fell into his hands, their heads would be made to answer for their folly.

The other island in this lake is much smaller than that on which MacDougall was imprisoned, and is said to have been erected of wood and stone, in ancient times, by one of the

ROBERTSONS OF STRUAN.

Upon it he imprisoned, for a number of years, his wife, to whom he had conceived some dislike. While she was confined here, the laird went north, and wooed the daughter of another chief. Suspicions as to his first wife being still alive having been excited, he laid his hand on his dirk, and swore that he had no wife living on Scottish ground. As his wife lived in the prison he had built in the middle of the lake, the laird considered she did not live on the land; but whether this savage piece of casuistry availed him or not, tradition, which is rather confused and contradictory on this, as it is on many other points, has not very distinctly handed down.

THE CLAN DONACHIE,

who inhabited this district, are alleged to have sprung from the great sept of the MacDonalds. Their remote ancestor was one Duncan Crosda, or Duncan the cross-grained, a son of MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, in the reign of William the Lion. From him they are called Clan Donachie, or Duncanson; but their name of Robertson they derive from a chief named Robert, who signalized himself in the reign of James I., and apprehended Robert Graham, one of the king's murderers. In memory of this act, they bear, in addition to their original arms, which are three wolves' heads erased gules, a naked man manacled.

THE SURNAME OF SKENE

is said to have been derived from one of this family, who, hunting with the king in Stochel forest in Athol, killed a large fierce wolf with his skene or dagger. This is alluded to in the arms and motto of that name. From the Robertsons are also derived the surname of Collier; among whom, Collier, Earl of Portmore, was the most important.

THE POET CHIEF.

The residence of the chiefs of the clan was at Mount Alexander, or as it is called in Gaelic, Dun-Alister, near the eastern extremity of Loch-Rannoch. This place derives some interest from its connection with the well-known poet, Robertson of Struan, the head of the Clan Donachie, during the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745. This singular character was out in 1715, and his estates were, in consequence, forfeited. These were afterwards restored; but on his joining the Rebellion of 1745 they were again forfeited and annexed to the crown. Notwithstanding this, however, he again returned, and lived upon his property.

THE GAEL'S LOVE OF NATURE.

THE love of Nature is inherent in the Gael; it is part of his birth-right. The sea, the mountains, the forests, speak to him in a language which he can comprehend. He is almost a Pantheist; one would almost say that Nature was his God; but it might more truly be said that the face of Nature wears the frown or the smile of his God for him—is but a symbol of the power which he worships.

All the Gaelic poets show this passion for Nature, more or less, in their works; but for a deep and abiding love of her in all her manifestations, and an almost marvellous power of entering into each and all of her moods, Duncan Ban MacIntyre, "Fair-haired Duncan of the Songs" far outstrips them all. There is little need to mention his "Ben Dorain" and "Coire Cheathaich," known and beloved of all students and lovers of the Gaelic muse. This simple hunter-bard had the root of the matter in him; although he could neither read nor write, his poems were born to live. Robert Buchanan says of him—"His fame endures wherever the Gaelic language is spoken, and his songs are sung all over the civilized world." His life throughout flowed on with the limpid clearness of a mountain stream, sweet and pure as his poetry. Professor Magnus MacLean, in his "Literature of the Highlands," says, "But before ever Sir Walter Scott threw his magic wand over the land of the mountain and the flood and transfigured it for English eyes, the hunter-bard of Glenorchy had already done this service for Highlanders. In "Coire Cheathaich" every flower and bush, and stone and hillock, forms a feature in the landscape, and the "Misty Corrie" stands out as live and real to the soul as Egdon Heath does on Thomas Hardy's pages."

"Oh! 'twas gladsome to go a-hunting,
Out in the dew of the sunny morn;
For the great red stag was never wanting,
Nor the fawn nor the doe with never a horn.
And when rain fell and the night was coming,
From the open heath we could swiftly fly,
And, finding the shelter of some cool grotto,
Couch at ease till the night went by."

It seems rather pathetic that when the "smoothing of the Hand" came to him he should be buried in Greyfriar's Churchyard, Edinburgh, instead of on some green hillside within sight of his beloved Ben Dorain.

Whatever may be the view taken of the subject of the authenticity of MacPherson's "Ossian," there can be no denying the fact that the descriptions of Nature in the poems are transcendently beautiful.

Says Professor MacLean, again, in the book from which I before quoted, in the last paragraph of the chapter entitled "Macpherson and his Ossian," "So lived, so died, so acted and thought, the 'cloud poet,' and after the storm and shine of life he now sleeps with the heroes. Future times shall hear of him. They shall hear of the fame of the Badenoch bard, and of the voices he awakened from the past." The infinite sorrow of the mutability of all things finds beautiful expression in the words of the aged bard. "I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!" George Eyre-Todd, in the preface to one of the editions of "Ossian," writes, "Ossian is not the only bard whose glory appears a marvel in these later days. Out of the dim past, booming like the surge of ocean, still rolls many a billow of primeval song. The Vedic hymns float onward yet down a stream of time whose ripples have been centuries. The world still listens awed to the chants of the prophets of ancient Israel. And still from the storied isles of Greece reverberates the long roll of the tale of Troy divine. Does it seem strange that the echoes of a heroic age should be lingering yet among the fastnesses of the Caledonian hills?"

But Nature is dear to the hearts of all men of poetic genius, no matter what their nationality or environment may be. They live nearer "to Nature's heart" than their more prosaic brethren. And among the writers of poetic prose it is the same. Ruskin's love of Nature was very nearly, if not quite, the strongest part of him. For, if we accept Emerson's definition of Art, Nature and Art are one, indivisible. "In view of these facts, I say that the power of Nature predominates over the human will in all works of even the fine arts, in all that respects their material and external circumstances. Nature paints the best part of the picture, carves the best part of the statue; builds the best part of the house; and speaks the best part of the oration. For all the advantages to which I have adverted are such as the artist did not consciously produce. He relied on their aid, he put himself in the way to receive aid from some of them; but he saw that his planting and watering waited for the sunlight of Nature, or were vain."

Robert Louis Stevenson, too, wrote of Nature's wonder and beauty with the true spirit of the lover. Those delightful lines of his may appeal to many a Highland heart—

"In the Highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens quiet eyes:
Where essential silence chills and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow lamp-bestarred!"

And now—

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill,"

and he sleeps on that far-off isle, where, even yet, when the strange tribesmen who loved him pass his resting-place, they stay on their way to chant a song of love and grief for the white man who spoke to them in the language of love, and forever bound their wayward hearts to him.

Nature (taking the word in its broadest sense), according to Huxley and other scientists, is non-moral; but how many troubled sons and daughters of men could tell of the strength and peace, which, in her sublime or peaceful aspects, she has given to them! Matthew Arnold felt this strongly, and has clearly and beautifully expressed the idea in his poem entitled "Self-Dependence."

How often do the hearts of the exiles yearn for "the dim shieling on the misty island!" This wild land of snow-capped bens, roaring torrents, and sweet green glens, has bound it's children to it's heart with ties so strong that no accident of time and place can sever them.

In the ancient language of the people we hear the voices of the western sea, the loch, the mountain, and the rushing cataract.

"This is the language Nature nursed,
And reared her as a daughter,
The language spoken at the first,
By air and earth and water,
In which we hear the roaring sea,
The wind when it rejoices,
The rushes chant, the river's glee,
The valley's evening voices."

There are no more beautiful place-names to be found in any country than there are to be found in the Highlands of Scotland. The natural poetic faculty of the Gael found its voice in the names which he gave to the mountains, the hills, the rivers, waterfalls, lochs and glens and straths of his native country.

The songs and legends of the Highlands nearly all show this characteristic love of the beauties of Nature; the warring passions, the hates and loves of men and women, find their parallels, in legend and song, in her stormy or her peaceful moods.

I think the Highlander would be able to sympathise with the man in the poem (written by a little-known author who died young), who could not rest in heaven, because there he was debarred from hearing

"The long roar on the long shore
Of the immemorial sea."

Lenzie. MARGARET T. MACGREGOR,

SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL LITERATURE.

THERE are many signs of genuine awakening of interest in our Army. A bibliography of historical works dealing with the Scottish standing army (militia and volunteers included) which may be profitably consulted, is given below, but is unfortunately far from complete.

The writer will feel much obliged if readers will send to "care of the Editor" any omissions or additions to the following list.

Aberdeen. ROBERT LAWRANCE.

1780 Highland Regiments by John Clark, Letters to Rt. Hon. Charles Jenkins, Secretary at War, on the Mutinies in the Highland Regiments. Edinburgh, 1780

1818 Four Tracts, on addresses to the 1st Battalion Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, on proposed transformation into a local militia: Answer to same and a reply to prove it was misunderstood. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1818

1819 Journal of a soldier of the 71st or Glasgow Regiment, Highland Light Infantry, from 1806-1818. sm. 8vo

1822 Stewart (Major-General David).—Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland, with details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments, with large coloured Map of Scotland, showing each clan's territory, 2 vols, 8vo, 1100 pages. 1822. Includes complete Histories of the Black Watch, Seaforth, Argyll, Sutherland, Cameron, Gordon, H.L. Infantry, Montgomerie, Fraser, Campbell, Johnston, Macdonald, and Athole Regiments, etc.

1829 Recollections of Robert Eadie, Private of His Majesty's 79th Regiment of Infantry, giving a concise account of his campaigns in Ireland, etc., fcap, 8vo

1833 Standing orders and regulations for the 42nd Royal Highlanders. 12mo. Malta

1848 Seaforth Highlanders.—Historical Record of the 72nd or Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders, containing an account of the formation of the regiment in 1778, and its subsequent services to 1848, by Richard Cannon, illustrated with coloured plates

1850 74th Regiment (Highlanders).—Including its Formation in 1787, and subsequent services to 1850, 3 coloured plates (Uniforms and Colours), 8vo, cloth. 1850

1851 Historical Record of the Ninety-Second Regiment, originally termed "The Gordon Highlanders," and numbered the Hundredth Regiment. Containing an account of the formation of the Regiment in 1794, and of its subsequent services to 1850. Compiled (in accordance with the Horse Guards Order of January 1, 1836) by Richard

Cannon, Esq., Adjutant General's Office, Horse Guards. Illustrated with three coloured plates and a map. 8vo, 150 pp. London

1852 71st Regiment, Highland Light Infantry.—Containing an Account of the Formation of the Regiment in 1777, and of its subsequent services to 1852, with 3 plates, 2 of which are coloured, depicting Uniforms and Queen's and Regimental Colours, 8vo.

1863 History of the Scottish Regiments in the British Army, illustrated with coloured portraits, uniforms, etc., by Major Arch. K. Murray, 97th Lanarkshire Guards. London: Ward, Locke & Coy. Thick sm. 4to. I note this history was published by request of his brother officers.

Historical Records of the 79th Regiment of Foot or Cameron Highlanders. Crown 8vo, coloured plates. By Capt. R. Jamieson.

1880 Records of the 90th Regiment, Perthshire Light Infantry, with roll of officers from 1795 to 1880, by Alex. M. Delavoye, Capt. 56th Foot (late 90th Light Infantry). Royal 8vo, 260 pp. and roll of officers from 1795. London: Richardson & Coy.

1881 History of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade, with accounts of the City of Edinburgh and Midlothian Rifle Association, the Scottish Twenty Club, etc., by William Stephen. crown 8vo, Edinburgh

1882 History of the Edinburgh or Queen's Regiment Light Infantry Militia, now Third Battalion The Royal Scots, with account of the Origin of the Militia, a sketch of the old Royal Scots, by Major R. C. Dudgeon, 8vo, illustrated. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

1882 The Scots Men-at-Arms and Life Guards in France, from their formation until the final dissolution MCCCCXVIII-MDCCCXXX. By Father William Forbes Leith. 2 vols, 4to.

1883 The Highland Light Infantry Chronicle. A quarterly, double columned, price 3d. Size 4to. Published by John Horn, Ltd., 34 Howard Street, Glasgow. Editorial communications are addressed to "The Barracks, Hamilton."

1883 Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, by Surgeon General Munro, M.D., C.B., 8vo.

1883 Historical Records of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, nowthe2nd Battalion(PrincessLouise's) Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Compiled and edited by Roderick Hamilton Burgoyne, late 93rd Highlanders, medium 8vo, 438 pages, with 7 plates showing portraits, regimental colours, dress, and music of Regimental Pipe Tunes.

The Aberdeenshire Militia and the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders, now 3rd Battalion The Gordon Highlanders, 1798 to 1882, by Colonel Thos. Innes, commanding 3rd Battalion, 4to, 38 pp. Printed at the Aberdeen Journal Office.

1884 72nd Regiment, or Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders (Seaforth Regiment) — Containing Accounts of its Formation in 1778, and subsequent services to 1848, 2 plates (Uniforms and Colours), octavo, cloth.

1885 Mackay (John)—An Old Scots Brigade, being the History of Mackay's Regiment, now incorporated with the Royal Scots, with appendix containing copies of many Original Documents, connected with the history of the Regiment, fcap. 8vo

1885 Historical Record and Regimental Memoir of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, formerly known as the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers. Compiled from various authentic sources by Jas. Clark, late Sergeant Royal Scots Fusiliers. Demy 8vo, 185 pp., 6 coloured plates.

1887 The Volunteer Bazaar Book. This bazaar book was specially got up to raise funds for the three local volunteer corps viz.:—1st Aberdeenshire Artillery Volunteers, 1st Aberdeenshire Engineer Volunteers and the 1st Volunteer Battalion Gordon Highlanders. The contents were articles on the rise and progress of the respective corps. Size 4to, 72 pp. illustrated with local views, etc. Bazaar was held under Royal patronage. Printed in Aberdeen

1887 Historical Records of the 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, compiled and edited by Captain T. A. Mackenzie, Lieut. Ewart and Lieut. Findlay. Portraits, 8vo.

1887 Records of Service and Campaigning in many lands of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, by Surgeon General Munro, M.D., C.B. 2 vols, 8vo.

1891 Majuba Hill Disaster, a story of Highland heroism, told by the officers of 92nd Regiment, edited by James Cromb, 8vo. An edition was also published in 1896.

1891 Historical Records of the 91st, now the 1st Battalion Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, containing account of the formation of the regiment in 1794, and of its subsequent services to 1891. Arranged by G. L. Goff, 8vo, 361 pages, and illustrated with coloured plates.

1891 The 7th Division Medical Staff Corps, Aberdeen. A bazaar book entitled "First Aid" was issued on the 6th and 7th of November of that year, the size of which was 4to, 44 pages. It contained an article on the rise and progress of the Corps, which was incorporated in 1887. The editor was Mr. John B. Recano. The printers were the "Free Press," Aberdeen. A second edition by the same editor was printed by Messrs. Thomson & Duncan. There were lithographic illustrations by that firm, also by Andrew Gibb & Coy. Size 4to, 68 pages. Imprint, sold by Lewis Smith & Son, Aberdeen

1893 History of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, (1729-1893). Black Watch, now 1st Battalion, by Colonel Percy Groves, illustrated with coloured plates by Harry Payne, 4to.

1893 History of the 2nd Dragoons, Royal Scots Greys, by Lieut.-Colonel Percy Groves. Illus.

1893 History of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, 1794-1894, by Colonel Percy Groves, illustrated, 8vo.

(To be concluded.)

FIRST GAELIC SCRIPTURES.

SIR,—In this month's issue of the *Celtic* I see a query relative to the first translation of the Gospel into Gaelic. I have in my possession an old book in which the following paragraph appears, "Gilbert Murray, who lived in the twelfth century, is said to have translated the Psalms and Gospel into the Irish language or Scot's Gaelic." See the description of Caithness by the Rev. Alex. Pope, minister of Reay, in Thomas Pennant's Tour of Scotland in 1769. Thinking the above might be of some interest, I have taken the liberty to copy and forward it to you. I am, etc., WILLIAM M'HARDY.

THE DISCOVERERS.

A POEM : BY W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1905.

THIS poem is dedicated to the memory of all those great souls who, in days gone by, in the bold spirit of discovery ventured out on the then trackless seas of the unknown west, in quest of this New World, which their undaunted zeal and enterprize has won for us, as a boon to the race and a blessing to mankind.

THEY feared no unknown, saw no horizon dark,
Counted no danger; dreamed all seas their road
To possible futures. Struck no craven sail
For sloth or indolent cowardice; steered their keels
O'er crests of heaving ocean, leagues of brine,
While Hope firm kept the tiller, Faith, in dreams,
Saw coasts of gleaming continents looming large
Beyond the ultimate of the sea's far rim.
Thus was it ever. Souls too great for sloth
And impotent ease, goaded by inward pain
Of some divine, great yearning restlessness;
Which would not sit at home on servile shores
And take the good their fathers wrought in days
Long-ancient time-ward,—reap what others sowed;
But, nobler, sought to win a world their own,
Not conquered by others, but a virgin shore,
Where men might build the future; rear new realms
Of human effort; forgetful of the past,
And all its ill and failure; raising anew
The Godlike dreams of genius, knowing only
Immortal possibility of man
To grow to larger vastness, holier dreams,
Made certain in straight laws of human life,
And national vision; lived in lofty lives.
Of manhood strong and noblest womanhood.

So thus it was, and is, and e'er will be!
The ill we do we leave behind us as
The phantom cloak of yesterday's sleep, thrown of
At newer waking to life's splendid dawn.
So dreamed they, eager, in those olden days
Saw visions in the future, round the west
Of Europe's fading sunsets; held a hope
Of some new paradise for poor men's cure
From despotisms of old dynasties,
And cruel iron creeds of warped despairs.
Hungering for light, and truth righteousness,
So launched they, setting sail toward sunset verge,
Of lonely, inhospitable Ocean hurling back
From his grey mane sad wrecks of their desires.

We know their story, read the truth where they
Knew only in man's hope and loftier soul
Which strove and dared and greatly overcame,
Conquering scorn of man and veils of doubt,
Wresting from nature half her secret, cruel,
Wherewith she darkens down in glooms apart
The mystery of this planet, where we sleep
And wake and toil, redeeming high resolves,
Chaining the future to the present act.
We ponder on their daring, their vast hope,
That compassed all a planet in its dream.
We marvel at that stern defiance, where
A single man, in a degenerate age,
Would throw the gauntlet down against a world,
Defying narrow custom, small beliefs,
Strangled in lies; and staking all on one
Swift certainty of reason, based on thought.
Which read from nature, not from childish tones
Of baseless superstitions, and dared all,
Left the kind land behind, and ventured out
On what men deemed a hideous demon waste,
An endless vortex, wherein poor souls caught,
Were swept to vastness, gulfed and swallowed down.

We wonder at this greatness, yet we know,
That thus forever shall human greatness be,
Man's only truth in life to stand alone;
Invincible power the spirit's solitude.

Beneath the sky, that marvel of earth's night,
That vast reproof of all our littleness,
That shining rebuke to our unfaithfulness,
That scorner of our despairs; 'neath its dim tent
Of fold on fold of fleecy infinities;
That soul of man is but a puny thing,
A fork-like snake in its own petty fires,
Which doth not rise to some high eminence
Of human thought and vast forgetfulness
Of all this common ill and common deed,
And loom to somewhat of that stature, great,
That God, did dream us! So those mighty souls,
Watching His stars, read nightly fixed and sure,
A certainty; while every yeasty wave,
A monster mountain, roared to gulf them down.

We are a part of that great dream they dreamed.
We know wherein they failed, as all life fails.
We know the greatness they could never dream,
The certainty behind that sunset veil,
Which lured them on beyond its misty verge;
And we are witness that their hope was sure,
And true and wise and voice of God to men.
We are the witnesses that they were right,
And all the small and common minds were wrong,
The scorners of their faith, the laughers-down
Of their sublime enthusiasms; like as all
Dim ages of this world have heard and seen.

Yea, we are witnesses that they who hoped,
And greatly planned, and greatly dreamed and dared,
Were greater and more godlike, truer souls
And wiser in their day than those who sat
With shaking head and shallow platitude,
Made foolish vulgar prophecy of defeat;
Yea, we are witnesses that one true man
With faith in nature his own heart and brain,
And daring, fearless, caring nought for aught,
Save his own trust in some high godlike vision,
Is greater far than all a world of men,
Who are but shadows of a worn out age,
Which they have long outlived; as rotten trunks
Do mark the place where some huge oak went down.

We are the dream which they did dream; but we
If we are great as they were, likewise know
That man is ever onward, outward bound
To some far port of his own soul's desire,
Knowing the present ever incomplete,
In love's reflection of the heart's high goal.

And now no more this Western world is deemed
A home for liberty and hope's desire.
Men learn in wisdom, as the years glide on,
And life is ever the same in east or west.

And human nature lost in its own toils
Of earthly strivings, loses that gold thread
Of life's sincerity, repeating o'er again
The grim despotic tyrannies of old,
On newer shores to freedom dedicate
By loftier souls who won this world in vain.

So is it ever, human grief and ill,
And human tyranny know no special strand,
All lands alike to tyrants are a spoil,
From ills of race no continent is immune.
Men cannot flee old evils though they cross
Whole oceans of surges beating in between.
We bear with us the despot in our blood :
It is the race that speaks forever in
Our strivings and our weakness : Nero flames
A newer Rome in each new tyranny
Which wakens a western world to deeds of blood.

And we, who have no continents new to find,
No shadowed planet darkening back our dream,
Who know the new world, but the old world new :
The same old evil and the same old gleam
In other guise ; but 'neath the same snakehead,
Lifting ill eyes to choke our visions down
In monster folds of human servitude .—
We, too, as they, are earth's discoverers,
We, likewise, can be fixed in our regard,
We likewise can be brave, sincere and true,
Dreaming far peaks of greatness on ahead,
If we but strive and beat our weakness down ;
Setting our sails, invincible, for those ports
Beyond the common, sheltered shoals of self ;
Cleaving with daring keel those open seas
Of larger life, those heaving floors of hope ;
Marking our course by those fixed stars alone,
For ever steadfast, witnesses of God,
Pointing to continents vast of holier dream.

New Edinburgh,
Ottawa, Canada. W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

CLAN SEPTS AND SURNAMES.

WITH reference to Mr. Frank Adam's query in the *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. VIII, p. 130, and the fact that no one has any suggestions to offer, perhaps the undernoted particulars on family nomenclature will be of service.

†Steele :—A loc. n., Northbd, Salop. Dch., G. Stiel ; a.p.n. Other names not unlike it are Stead, Steed, from Stidd ; a loc. n., Lancas, Or Stydd, Derbysh. Steble, N. Styr-baldr ; S. Stiebl ; D. Stabel, Stibolt ; Dch. Stapel ; D. B. Stable ; G. Stebel, Stiebahl ; a.p.n. war bold or battle prince. Steer, N. Styrr. battle ; D. Stühr, Stæhr ; S. Stuhr; G. Steer, Stehr, Stier ; Fl. Stiers ; Dch. Steer ; A. S. Ster, Sterr, Stir, Stur, Styr ; p.n. Styr, a thane at the court of Ethelred II., mentioned in Royal Letters Patent, also in Hardicanute's reign. One of the most notable men who died a number of years ago was Sir John Steel the sculptor. Born at Aberdeen, in 1804, he commenced the study of Art in Edinburgh, where his parents went to reside. He made a colossal model of Alexander and Bucephalus, in 1833, but was brought into notice by his sitting statue of Sir Walter Scott, in grey Carrara marble, placed within the Scott monuments. He executed many national works of distinction including Queen Victoria, Wellington, Lord Melville, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Justice-General Boyle, Marquis of Dalhousie, James Wilson, Allan Ramsay, Dr. Chambers, Scott, Burns, etc. Gilfillan. A locality in Wigtonshire or servant of St. Fillan. MacCullagh. From the Irish MacCeallach ; a.p.n. Macvicar (see Viccars) which is N. Víharr a viking ! ; D. Wick, Vickers ; Fl. Wyckaerts ; Dch. Wichers, Wiggers ; G. Wickert; p.n. Macgibbon or Gibson. Gibbens, Gibbings. Irish M'Gibben. F. Jibbo, Jibben ; Fl. Giebens, Gibbs ; Dch. Gibbing ; p n. Gibbs. D. Gieb ; F. Gibbs ; Dch. Gips ; p.n. ; a contr. of Gilbert, or A. S. Geb, Geppa, Gibbius ; p.n. ; geben to give. Giberne, Gibbon, see Gibbings N—Fr. Gibon. Giblet. N—Fr. Gibelot, see Gibbs. The arms of Clan M'Gibbon are :—az. a lymphad, oars in action, sails furled, ar. flags, gu. ; on a chief, of the second, two oars in saltier, sa,—Crest, two oars in saltier, sa—Others, a demi-lion, guardant, sa. holding between the paws an escallop, gu. Motto, Per Mare et Terras. M'Namara. Irish, son of the sea. Bannerman. Dch. Bonnerman ; a.p.n., Banner, Dch., A. S. Bana a slayer ; p.n. MacCombichs. There is Combe a loc. n., Glos, Combes, Coombes ; N—Fr. Comes ; a p.n. The Macombichs were Stewarts of Appin, M'Comies were Andersons, M'Vicars were M'Naughtans (see John Christie in article on "Aliases in Breadalbane," Scottish Notes and Queries, 1st Series, Vol. XII., p. 186. This is worth reprinting in our pages as showing aliases used by branches of respective clans. The M'Conachies,* "Slioch Donachadh Abborach," derive their descent and name from Duncan, seventeenth Chief of M'Gregor, by his second lady, a daughter of M'Farlan of that ilk ; by whom he had three sons, whose descendants are known by the same name," the progeny of Lochaber Duncan. They bear the M'Gregor arms, with due difference. It may be observed that the only difference between their crest and that of the M'Farlan is the tartan plaid. M'Conach.‡ Aberdeenshire. Their arms were, ar, an oak tree, eradicated, in bent sinister, dexter chief, an antique crown, gu. ; on a chief, a crown, or between two arrows, in pale of the first ; crest, a demi-savage, wreathed, with a Clan M'Gregor tartan plaid hung over the Sinister shoulder, grasping a sheaf of arrows in the dexter hand, and pointing with sinister to an antique crown, on the dexter side of the wreath, proper ; motto, "By these we shine, and it is fortified." Motto of M'Onachy, "Do and spare not." M'Gibbon, "By sea and land." M'Culloch, "By strength and courage." The following abbreviations may be of service to Mr. Adam :—N. Old Norse, Icelandic S. Swedish, D. Danish, F. Frisian, Dch. Dutch, Fl. Flemish, Fr. French, G. German, A. S. Anglo-Saxon, N.-Fr. Norman-French, D.B. Domesday Book, p.n. personal name, n.n. nickname, loc.n. local name.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

†"Barber's British Family Names."
*"London Journal" 26/8/1848
‡"London Journal" 10/6/1848.

The Nautical Magazine for January is a specially attractive number. Mr. Andrew Deir contributes a very interesting sketch of Mr. David MacBrayne of the "Highland Line," illustrated with portrait and views.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

CONTENTS.

THE CAMPBELTOWN CROSS AND ITS INSCRIPTION.

THE many visitors to Campbeltown, which the handsome and swift turbine steamer carries there daily during the summer months, are usually attracted by the ancient Celtic sculptured cross which is such a conspicuous object in the High Street. There is a Latin inscription on the upper part of the shaft, but it is so indistinct that only a very few can decipher it. There is nothing to inform strangers what the inscription signifies, and the want of a tablet giving a translation of the wording and some particulars of the date and intention of the monument, has been long felt by natives as well as strangers. In August last, when on a brief visit to his native town, Dr. Duncan M'Eachran, Montreal (who at the same time made a valuable donation of Kintyre and Argyll books to the local library, the most complete extant), decided to remedy this defect by placing two tablets on the steps leading up to the memorial, one bearing a copy of the Latin inscription, and the other an English translation. After carefully studying the various renderings of the inscription which have been published during the last century, he decided on that of those gifted Celtic scholars, Dr. Skene, Dr. Joseph Anderson, and Captain White, and an order was placed with a Glasgow firm to supply two tablets in the best style, and in suitable harmony with the venerable relic, which was erected four centuries ago to the memory of two distinguished members of the doctor's own clan. As Dr. M'Eachran had to leave for Canada in September, Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, undertook to see his intentions carried into effect. This has now been done. On Monday, 23rd January, the tablets were securely fixed on the steps of the monument, and in future, visitors will be able to exercise a more intelligent interest in Campbeltown's beautiful cross than was formerly the case. The Town Council greatly appreciate Dr. M'Eachran's kindly interest in the town of his nativity, and recently recorded in their minutes a hearty vote of thanks to him and Mr. John Mackay in connection with the presentation of these useful tablets. The thanks of the donor are due to Provost Mitchell, Ex-Dean of Guild Mackay and Bailie M'Murchy, Campbeltown, for their valuable assistance in connection with the above presentation. The following are the inscriptions on the tablets—

"Inscription on cross.—hec . est . crux . domini . yvari . M . K . Eachyrna . quodam . rectoris . de Kylregan . et . domini . Andree . nati . ajus . rectoris . de . Kilchoman . qui . hanc . crudem . fieri . faciebat."

"Translation of Inscription—This . is . the . cross . of Mr. . Ivar . MacEachern . once . rector . of Kylregan . and . Master Andrew . his . son . rector . of . Kilcoman . who . erected . this . cross.

This . cross . was erected . about . the . year . 1500 . A.D."

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual "At Home" of the western members and friends of the clan was held in the Prince of Wales' Hall, on 16th January, Mr. L. M. Mackay, Edinburgh, president, in the chair. There was a large attendance, including Messrs. Thomas Mackay, Largs, ex-president; Wm. Mackay, Alex. Mackay, and Rev. Hector Mackay, vice-presidents, John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, hon. secy., D. N. Mackay, convener, J. L. Mackay, M.A., LL.B., John Mackay, Golfhill Drive, W. H. Macdonald, etc The chairman delivered a short address, in which he discussed various matters which had recently received the attention of the Society, particularly the Benevolent Fund, which would enable the clan to extend the scope of its charitable work. He also referred to the Annual Social Gathering of the Society, which takes place in the Cafè, Edinburgh, on the 23rd February, and which he had no doubt would attract a large attendance. Thereafter an hour was devoted to music, after which refreshments were served in the adjoining room, and dancing followed till midnight. Pipe-Major James Mackay of the 91st A. & S. Highlanders, piper to the Society, (whose gallantry after the disaster at Magersfontein was illustrated at the time in several of the London magazines) came specially from Ireland for the occasion, and rendered selections on the pipes. Among those present we were pleased to see a clanswoman from Victoria, Australia, Miss M. Selby Mackay, daughter of the Mayor of Warnambool, a native of Sutherland, whose portrait and sketch, by the way, we intend giving in an early issue.

"HOLLAND" is the title of a delightful volume just published by Messrs. Black, London. The letterpress is by Beatrix Jungman (daughter of Mr. George Mackey, Birmingham, the celebrated antiquarian), and the work contains 75 full page illustrations in colour, by Nico Jungman, which are exquisitely reproduced. The volume will doubtless soon be out of print.

SIMON FRASER, LORD LOVAT.

THERE are certain historical characters whose lives seem pre-eminently romantic. The careers of men like Prince Charles Edward and Napoleon, Lord Byron and Disraeli, are more interesting than those of any creation of the imagination. Such names excite the mind by the variety of striking circumstances, which they simultaneously suggest. They inspired what the French call "a legend," even during their lives, and when they died, they left memories invested with the halo of romance. One feels that it is only the novelist who can fitly present their personalities to the world.

Among the figures, whose history has become romance, Simon of Lovat, "the old grey fox of the mountains," may be suitably included. James Russell Lowell, discussing the character of Ulysses, mentions Lord Lovat as a suitable modern type of the Greek hero. Perhaps the comparison is as good as can be found. He had, like Ulysses, an indomitable, yet subtle and pliant, personality; a restless and ambitious soul; a mind, never daunted by obstacles, always fertile in schemes and expedients; a cunning and eloquent tongue, skilful in bringing men over to his views; a character that loved "The throng'd field, where winning comes by strife." He might have been addressed in the words in which Pallas addresses Ulysses on the coast of Ithaca, "subtle would he be, and stealthy, who should go beyond thee in deceit, even were he a god, thou many-witted!"

The life of Lovat was one of struggle and danger and perilous adventure. He was unjustly deprived in his youth of his ancestral inheritance, and only secured, after long and tedious disputes, the estate and peerage of Lovat. He allowed no obstacle to stand in his way in his efforts to secure his rights, and broke the law over and over again. In 1706 Lord Belhaven said in the last session of the Scottish Parliament that he deserved, if practicable, to have been hanged five several times, in five different places, and upon five different accounts, at least. Living in a time when two rival dynasties claimed the allegiance of Great Britain, he intrigued with St. Germains, while professing loyalty to the Georges. He had no inherent prepossessions for either royal house. His own interest was ever his goal. When Prince Charles invaded Scotland in 1745 Lovat remained at home, but sent his son and his clan to assist the insurgents. After the battle of Culloden, he fled to the Western Highlands, where he was ultimately discovered by a detachment from the garrison at Fort William, hiding in a hollow tree. He was taken to London for trial and was executed on Tower Hill in 1747.

Lovat, like the Ulysses of Dante, was

"experienced of the world
And of the vice and virtue of mankind."

Like the Ulysses of Tennyson, he had drunk "life to the lees." He retained his vigour and interest in the world to the last. In her recently published *Memories*, Miss Gordon Cumming gives a letter, written by Lovat when he was seventy-eight years old. "I take the cold bath every day," he wrote, "and since I cannot go abroad, use the exercise of dancing every day with my daughter and others that are here with me, and I can dance as cleverly as I have done these ten years past." Lovat had led a life full of adventure. He was familiar with every grade of society. He had walked in king's palaces; Louis the Fourteenth of France presented him with a valuable sword. George the First stood god-father to his son. He was equally at home in vulgar society and in the life of taverns. He loved to bandy home-spun mother-wit with the Hebés of rustic inns. James Fraser of Castleleathers said that he used to talk with servants, and people of the lowest rank, whom he met on the roads. One of his chief weapons in life was a smooth and flattering tongue. Traditions of his flattery still linger in the Highlands. In his time there was great rivalry between two Highland beauties, Anna Dallas of Cantray in the valley of the river Nairn, and Elizabeth Campbell of Clunes, which is high up on the hills. Lovat used to say that he did not know which was the more dangerous attraction, "the star of the hill-top," or "the light in the valley." While fond of flattering other people, he was equally fond of being flattered himself. It is said that he used to send self-laudatory paragraphs to the *Edinburgh Courant* and the *Mercury*, which were inserted on payment of sums varying from half a-crown to four shillings each. A remarkable anticipation of modern journalistic methods!

Lovat had the ready duplicity of an Italian ecclesiastic of the middle ages. He has been compared to a Talleyrand in the rough. The moral sense seemed to be non-existent in him. "True moral reflections," he once wrote, "are no more but a play of our intellectuals, by which the author caresses his own genius by false ideas that can never be put in practice." Yet he covered his conduct with moral professions. He ascribed his misfortunes to "having loved righteousness and hated iniquity." His last days were most edifying. "I have charity for all mankind," he said, "and I believe every sincere honest man bids fair for heaven, let his profession be what it will." During his trial he showed a remarkable courage. He gave the freest vent to his quips and cranks. When he was asked by the Lord High Steward, if he had anything

to say to Sir Everard Falkener, who had just been examined. "No," he replied, "but that I am his humble servant, and wish him joy of his young wife." Byron did not disdain to appropriate one of his jests. When Lovat was taken from the bar, after sentence of death had been pronounced, he said, "Fare you well, my lords, we shall not all meet again in one place." This remark was transferred by Byron to Israel Bertuccio in *Marino Faliero* "Signors, farewell! we shall not all again meet in one place."

At the end Lovat seems to have cherished the idea that he was dying for his country. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar during his trial, "Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guères." When he stood on the scaffold he repeated the hackneyed Horatian line "Dulce et decorum pro patria mori."

J. A. Lovat-Fraser.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC JACOBITE.

THE Episcopalian clergyman of Stonehaven, at the time of the "Forty-five," an old man of the name of Troup, was so enthusiastic a Jacobite, that when a party of the name of Bannerman came marching through the town to join the chevalier, he, though it was Sunday, took a set of bagpipes and escorted them for some distance, playing "O'er the water to Charlie."

For this act of rebellion he was deprived by Government, and obliged to perform all the functions of his sacred office in the strictest secrecy. It is a fact remembered by tradition, that when he had to baptise a child it was always smuggled into his house in a fish-wife's creel. In his old age he became exceedingly peevish, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to exercise any of his functions. "Gae 'wa wi' ye!" he said to a christening procession which one day came to him; "I wadna be at the fash, though ye were to ca' the bairn Charlie."

The Scottish Episcopal Church long adhered to the cause of the Jacobites, and omitted the prayer for the king and the royal family from their service. It was not until the death of the unfortunate Charles Edward, in January, 1788, that they at length (not without some difficulty) agreed to pray for King George.

"THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE."

The father of the late Earl of Airlie, for several years acted as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Among his retainers were two pipers; and at a levee at Holyrood Palace, the Moderator of the Assembly requested that the pipers should play "The Bonnie House o' Airlie." His Lordship replied that he was not certain whether they would, as one of the pipers was an Ogilvie, and the other a Campbell, but promised to try, and instructed his butler to give the order to the pipers to play the tune. In a little while one of them, the Ogilvie, marched into the room playing with much spirit. Summoning the butler again, the Earl asked why Campbell had not also come in. "I gave him the message, my Lord." "Well, what did he say?" The man hesitated. "What did Campbell say?" again demanded the Earl. "He said—eh!—eh!—" still hesitating—"he said he would see your Lordship—" the rest of the sentence was lost in a cough and the skirl of Ogilvie's pipes!

York. D. Macdougall.

Words of Encouragement from Readers in Distant Lands. — Mr. Æneas A. Macdonald, Barrister, Prince Edward Island, Canada (who by the way, recently married a lady of the ancient family of Macdonalds of Glenaladale), writes:—"I enjoy your magazine very much, and would not be without it on any account." Mr. A. D. Campbell, J.P., Cape Colony, South Africa, says:—"I am glad to notice that the *Celtic Monthly* continues its useful course, preserving the same tone of national and exalted sentiment." Mr. James Sanderson, New Plymouth, New Zealand, also contributes a few words of praise. He writes:—"In forwarding my subscription for another year of the *Celtic Monthly*, I have to say that it is read with great interest, the only fault I have to find is, that it should be about twice its present size; it is read through altogether too soon." Mr. John Fraser, solicitor, Natal, South Africa, makes a useful suggestion which we will favourably consider:—"I hope you will keep a corner in the *Monthly* for simple Gaelic readings. I knew a little Gaelic in my young days and am trying to improve my knowledge of the language. Send me a copy of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," which I see advertised this month. I thoroughly enjoy the *Monthly*, which is largely read by my household."

Hector Macdonald Memorial. — The arrangements for the erection of the imposing building, of which we gave an excellent representation in our last issue, are making good progress, and the contracts for the work will be placed shortly. As the funds at the disposal of the committee were hardly sufficient to cover the extra cost of the caretaker's house which it was proposed to erect beside the monument, the intimation which has just reached Mr. John MacDonald, Treasurer, from the London Committee, that they have decided to add their total of £400 to the Glasgow Fund, is very welcome, and will enable the committee to proceed with the work without delay.

M'Ian's "Costumes of the Clans of the Scottish Highlands."—With this number of the *Monthly* we issue a detailed prospectus of this handsome and cheap work. Part I (price 2s.3d. post free) is now ready, and can be obtained at the *Celtic Monthly* Office. It contains coloured plates of three clans, and a gorgeous plate in correct heraldic colours, showing the armorial bearings of some forty of the leading clans.

THE FIRST GAELIC SCRIPTURES.

IN reply to J.C. the following information, gleaned from many sources, may be of interest to him and our other readers. We are informed by the Venerable Bede in his "Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum" that the Scriptures were in his time, read in Great Britain in five dialects, then vulgarly used, viz., those of the Angles, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins. It is certain, however, that if a version of Scripture in the Goidelic or Gaelic language ever existed, no fragment is now extant, nor has any allusion to its existence ever been made by any other writer. Scotland, or the Gaelic-speaking portion of it, indeed appears to have been left longer than almost any other part of Europe unprovided with a version of the Scriptures, and it was not till the Year of Grace 1767, that even a portion of the precious Book was given to the Gaels in the vernacular. The Irish versions will be mentioned later. That year saw the New Testament issued at the expense of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge. Its title is as follows—Tiomnadh Nuadh ar Tighearna agus ar Slanuigh-Fhir Iosa Criosd, Eidir-Theangaicht' o'n Ghreugais chum Gaidhlig Albannaich, [etc]." It was published in octavo and duodecimo sizes by Messrs. Balfour, Auld & Smellie, Edinburgh (DunEudain). Ten thousand copies were printed and it was then considered as pure Gaelic, i.e., free from the Irish idiom. Its translator was the Rev. James Stewart, of Killin, in Perthshire, who also began a translation of the Old Testament, which was continued by his son, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, the accomplished minister of Luss, information regarding both of which will be given hereafter. Of this work—the New Testament—a standard authority says, "it was alike creditable to the venerable translator, and gratifying to all capable of understanding and appreciating it." At the beginning of the work are rules for reading the Gaelic language, and the contents of the chapters are placed at the commencement of each. It also contains the various Gaelic readings at the bottom of each page. It has now become rare. A further issue of 21,500 copies, revised by the translator, and again revised and altered by his son, John, appeared in 1796.

Encouraged by the evident acceptableness of the edition of the New Testament, the next measure of the above-named Society was to obtain a Scottish Gaelic version of the Old Testament. In this work several ministers co-operated. It was agreed that the translation should be made directly from the Hebrew text, and the work was apportioned. It was issued in four parts, the first appearing in 1783, part two in 1787, part three in 1801, and part four in 1786, and five thousand copies of the whole version were completed at press in 1801, and a still larger number of part one only, which contained the Pentateuch alone. The title of the work is as follows, "Leabhraiche an t-Seann Tiomnaidh, air an tarruing o'n cheud chanain chum Gaelic Albannaich, [etc.]." and the publishers, William and Alastair Smellie, Dun-eidin (Edinburgh). In the work of translation the first and second parts were allotted to the above-mentioned Rev. Dr John Stuart, of Luss, and later, part three fell to his share; although in the first instance it had been partly executed by another hand. The remaining fourth part, the Prophetical books from Isaiah to Malachi inclusive—were translated by the Rev. Dr. Smith, minister of the First-charge, Campbeltown. As was to be expected, there were differences in the excellencies, or beauties and qualities of the translations. Both were indeed excellent, but while that portion passing through the Rev. Dr. Stuart's hands was remarkable for its simplicity, and its close adherence to the original text, as far as the idiom of the Gaelic language would permit, that of the Rev. Dr. Smith was at once free and poetical, resembling in some respects Bishop Lowth's translation of Isaiah. The expense of the work was £2,300. It was printed on fine and common paper, and was for a lengthened period looked upon as the standard of Gaelic orthography. The published price of the fine paper copy was 24s, and of the common, 16s. The fine paper copy is now very rare, and not to be had unless at a considerable advance in price. A copy of the work in a fair state of preservation may be seen in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow. On the fly leaf of volume I., in good, round, readable hand-writing is the following inscription, "To The Right Honble. The Earl of Breadalbane From His Lordship's most obedient and most humble Servant, John Stuart." It thus appears to have been a presentation copy from the chief translator to the then Earl, John, who several years was created Marquis of Breadalbane. He it was, who did so much to beautify the grounds about Taymouth and who raised a fencible regiment for the service of the government in 1793. It was called the Breadalbane Fencibles and was afterwards increased to four battalions, one of which was in 1795 enrolled as the 116th Regiment with the Earl as its first colonel.

In consequence of many complaints concerning the discrepancy in style between the prophetical and the other books in the above edition, the above mentioned Society resolved in their next edition to subject the former to a thorough revision. This plan was carried into effect in 1806, when an impression of twenty thousand copies of the Old together with the New Testament, trans-

lated as already stated, by the Rev. James Stuart of Killin, was printed by C. Stewart, and published by the Society, and sold at their Library. The revision was carried out by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart. minister of Dingwall, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Stuart of Luss. In the same year, The British and Foreign Bible Society issued thirty thousand copies (twenty thousand Old Testament and ten thousand New Testament) of an edition bearing to have been made "from the last corrected edition" of the Scottish Society. It was the first part of the Gaelic Scriptures published in England, and, as already stated, while professing to be in a manner a reprint of the Edinburgh edition of 1807, had some slight deviations from that work. These copies were, however, received with the utmost ioy and gratitude by the Highlanders and demands for more soon became urgent. Before leaving this part of the question let me add, that in 1686 or 1688, two hundred copies of the Irish Gaelic Bible, printed as is subsequently mentioned at the expense of the Hon. Robert Boyle, youngest son of the great Earl of Cork, were sent to Scotland for the use of the Highlanders, and owing to the similarity between the two dialects were found to be generally intelligible. This edition was, however, printed in the Irish character with which the Highlanders were but imperfectly acquainted. For their benefit, therefore, an edition of the Irish Bible was issued in Roman characters in 1690 under the superintendence of the Rev. Robert Kirk, the then minister of Aberfoyle. In a handsome volume issued in 1901 entitled "The Highland Tay," the author, the late Rev. Dr. Macmillan, mentions that a copy of the great Irish Gaelic Bible is still treasured in the manse at Killin. The text is printed in the original Gaelic characters of the old Irish manuscripts, and has on its fly leaf in faded characters, in a quaint hand-writing, the inscription, "The donation of the Honourable, pious, and learned Robert Boyle, a principal member of the Royal Society, bestowed on the Church of Killin, to continue there as a church Bible for the use of the present minister and his successors, ministers of the parish." The minister of the parish at the period of the presentation, was the Rev. Robert Stewart, a presentee of the Breadalbane House, and who continued as minister there till 1728, the year of his death. The Killin Bible was presented soon after the translation was made, and was one of the two hundred copies already mentioned as being bestowed upon the parish churches throughout the Highlands. Very few copies have survived. It was the only version (in the Roman characters) of the Gaelic Scriptures in use in the Gaelic parish churches for the next hundred years. The Killin copy was used by several successive incumbents, who had to translate as they read, into the Scottish Gaelic, and in consequence it gathered round it many sacred associations in those rude days when education was very elementary and few could either read or write their own language fluently. Another small edition of the Irish New Testament, limited to 500 copies, was published in Glasgow in the year 1754. The publisher of this now rather rare work was John Orr, printer and bookseller. He was the father of Francis Orr, the founder of the present well known firm of Messrs. Francis Orr & Sons, Stationers, Glasgow, and grandfather of Sir Andrew, a former Lord Provost of Glasgow. A copy may be seen in the Mitchell Library.

The Stuarts—father and son—who had so much to do in spreading a knowledge of the Gospel in their native Highlands, were famous men in their day and generation. James, the father, Dr. Macmillan tells us, was, while a man of wide culture and superior attainments, one of the most self effacing and modest of men. Born in 1700, of humble parentage, in a rude shepherd's sheiling on the shoulder of Ben Ledi, while his mother was journeying homewards from Glenfinlas, he was brought up to rural labour, and completed his college course with the usual difficulties and privations of a Scottish student. He became minister of Killin in 1737, and there he laboured with zeal and devotion for fifty two-years, dying in 1789 in his 89th year. He had made a special study of botany and was frequently able to make use of his knowledge of natural science in apt illustration in his pulpit ministrations. It was through feeling the great disadvantage of his people being dependent for their knowledge of sacred truth upon the Irish version of the Scriptures, that he was led to undertake the translation of the Bible into his own tongue. One can imagine him shut off from the world outside, pursuing his task with almost no one of kindred tastes to sympathise with him. He lived long enough to see the Old Testament in the Scottish Gaelic in a fair way of becoming the means of grace in every pulpit, manse and home throughout his native Highlands. He married Elizabeth Drummond, who blest him with two sons and a daughter. His son John, who was born in 1743, became minister of Luss in 1777, having been translated from Weem. He had D.D. from the University of Glasgow in 1795, and died in 1821 in his 78th year. Like his father, he was extremely modest, but notwithstanding this he became generally known to men of cultivated minds, while he was highly esteemed by all ranks; and his friendship cultivated on account of his botanical knowledge and researches

He had inherited from his father the love which he had for natural science, and Lightfoot, the author of "Flora Scotica" tells how much and deeply indebted he was to his friend, Mr. Stuart, junr., for his discoveries of so many rare Alpine plants amongst the Breadalbane mountains. To diffuse a knowledge of the Scriptures in the native language amongst his brothers and sisters in the Highlands was, however, his highest ambition, and employed a great portion of his life. For his valuable services in this connection he received £1000 in 1820, and the thanks of the General Assembly were unanimously conveyed to him from the chair, 28th May, 1819, for his "singular zeal, diligence, and fidelity in carrying forward the Gaelic translation of the Scriptures." He was in private life, a pattern of meekness, hospitality and kindness. In 1792 he married Susan, daughter of the Rev. Dr. M'Intyre, Glenorchy, a lady whom he had baptised in infancy, and by whom he had a son and daughter. Besides translating the greater portion of the Scriptures he published a sermon entitled "The Blessedness of giving, greater than that of receiving." He also wrote the account of the parish of Luss for Sinclair's "New Statistical Account of Scotland." ROBT. ADAMS.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 73).

THEN he goes into the Dalriadic* immigration into Scotland, "and thus the *Gaelic*, or Scottish *nation*, was *transplanted* to Caledonia." Does any Highlander believe that all our Gaelic came over from Ireland? What language was spoken in Scotland prior to the Christian era? If all the Gaels came over from Ireland, what about the people who were in the country when they came over? Were they nobodies? So it would appear according to Dr. Stern. As he does not know anything about them, he finds that it suits his theory to remain silent until the Irish that came over *grew* and populated the country! And he holds that the Gaelic of the present day is simply a dialect of the Irish tongue. Still he admits that Cuchullin lived about the beginning of the Christian era, and his seat was at Dunsgaith, in Skye. What language did he talk? MacPherson is just as likely to be right in his Fingal, Ossian, Deirdri, Darthula, etc., etc., as the Irish legends. Dr. Stern believes in the Irish stories and fables, because they are numerous. The mere fact of the same name turning up at different periods, proves nothing, as some names are perpetuated among a people when others are not; but all this and a lot of other irrelevant matter will not alter the fact that Macpherson *did collect* many poems. As an instance of his objections to Macpherson's remark that a certain passage had been set to music, and that few could listen to it without tears, I can give Dr. Stern the lie direct here, as I have seen both men and women in tears over and over again, when a pathetic piece of Highland music was played. This is another glaring instance of Dr. Stern's unwarrantable assumptions, and clearly shows that he does not understand the people he writes about with such audacity, or their sentiments either. Macpherson very properly extols the excellence of the poems of Ossian as compared with the "trashy and nonsensical popular poetry which in Ireland affected the name of Ossian." This was too much for our bellicose friend; for, after praising some Irish scholars he bursts forth, "such was the unparalleled audacity with which he single-handed challenged the whole array of *old Irish scholarship*."

There is one question I would like to ask the Gaelic scholars, who are so ready at turning facts into fiction, viz., if "the Celtic race, which, starting once on a time from its original Indo-Germanic home, penetrated farthest west of all, two branches, besides the Gauls in ancient France, have survived the centuries, viz.—the Cymric in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany (to whom probably the extinct people, the Picts, belonged), distinguished by Professor Rhys from a specialty of their dialect, the 'P Celts' and the Gaels, or Scots, 'the Q Celts,' who took possession of Ireland and the Western Islands," how can it be maintained that Ireland is the motherland of the Scottish Gael? Though the Irish tribe of the long-legged King of Ulster emigrated about or before 500 A D. to Argyll, north of the Firth of Clyde, it does not necessarily follow that the Gaelic nation was transplanted from Ireland to Caledonia." The Norse element is certainly strong in the West Highlands and Islands, but it never completely supplanted the original Celtic element. It is this interminable reference to Irish MSS. and Irish history that has caused the confusion. The Irish religion did not change like the Scotch religion, hence the probable reason that more Irish MSS. were preserved, but to found on these facts all sorts of charges against James Macpherson is manifestly unfair and unjust, as there is a great deal about these peoples that we can never know; hence the irrelevancy of forcing Irish history, fable, and romance, into the discussion.

When "many writers of a destructive type, such as Professor Rhys of Oxford," and of a constructive type, like Dr. Stern, differ on some points, and men like Rev. Dr. MacNeill and

*The "Dalriadic delusion" will be noticed further on.

Dr. MacBain flatly contradict each other, what is the bewildered student to think of them all? "That Fingal lived and Ossian sang," says Dr. MacNeill, "cannot be successfully disputed." "That Fingal lived and Ossian sang *only in the heart and imagination* of the Gaelic race," is the opinion of Dr. MacBain ; and, according to Dr. Stern, the Gaelic Ossian of 1807 is a *myth*, "translated, of course, from the English." The late Professor Blackie believed that "the English, as a whole, is a translation from the Gaelic, and not a translation of the best quality in many respects, and that this may be accepted as one of the *best ascertained* facts in the range of philological investigation." This learned philologist, after going through the whole of the originals, held, in opposition to J. F. Campbell, that "the Gaelic is *unquestionably* the original," and so on, ad infinitum.

But to return to Dr. Stern. He believes in men of immense bias and choleric temper, like David Hume, the *heresiarch*, who dubbed Macpherson a "*heteroclite mortal*," and Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, who was a well known bitter enemy of Scotland and its people, and the Highlanders in particular, and ignores one of his own partisans, who writes:—"The student of Gaelic literature can no more give up his devotion to Ossian and to the bards who were his contemporaries, than the English student can forget his Chaucer and Spencer, and the glorious poetic host of the Elizabethan age." And when he makes such a fuss about Macpherson's use of the phrase "Measg nam mna," instead of "measg nam ban," he forgets that Ossian and his transcribers and successors did not know much about the genitive plural. I am informed by a first-class Gaelic scholar that he has known many Gaelic-speaking people who could read and write the language well, commit several mistakes. The line is "A Mhuirne, a's glaine measg nam mna" (Morna, fairest among women). Colloquially the ancient Highlanders may have used "mna" instead of "mnathan," to women in general, and "ban" to married women. Something may have also been sacrificed for the sake of euphony. In the line quoted, the word mna seems to me to suit it better than "ban" or "nighean." Similarly with "na bardan," instead of "na baird," a colloquial expression, evidently for more than one. The line is—"Chuimhnich na bardan an righ"—the bards remembered the king. I prefer Macpherson's translation in some places to Dr. Clerk's, and can easily see that he was accustomed to translate Latin into English. A literal translation of the Gaelic spoils it, almost in every instance where it is done. I merely mention those facts to show the general trend of Dr. Stern's criticisms. On this question of spelling, etc., he forgets what his partisan, already quoted, affirms, viz., that "the various collections of ballads made between 400 and 70 years ago exhibit different styles of writing, and the *unsettled* modes of orthography prevalent at the time." A great many of his quotations might be explained in a similar manner, but it is really not necessary, as the value of his essay depends entirely upon its weakest parts, and these are the intemperance of his language and pronounced bias from beginning to end. He says that the Macpherson Gaelic originals had only been placed on view in a bookseller's shop for *six weeks*. The statement is not according to fact, as they were open to inspection for a *whole year*, and the fact advertised, and it just shows the animosity that existed against Macpherson, when no one ever went to see them! "But the Gaelic originals," says Dr. Stern, "with their abounding *inherent* inconsistencies, fail utterly to exculpate their English translation." Then, after *alluding* to his publishers, Rev. Thomas Ross, Rev. Mr. MacIvor, Stramashie, and all the clergymen, noblemen, and gentlemen, who brought out the 1807 edition, deliberately doubts every word they say by remarking, "Nobody could point out a single folk-poem that verbally coincided with one of those verbally translated by Macpherson," and concludes, "that in the Highlands and Islands the Ossian of Macpherson was *quite* unknown!" and all the while the common people of these districts preserve with touching fervour the cherished old material of the genuine Ossianic folk-poetry. "A more minute study of the text leaves not the least room for doubt that it was translated *from the English* original, and the Gaelic of 1807, like the earlier attempts in the same line, was *merely designed to blind* the world to the actual truth, that the poems were fabricated by Macpherson's own hand," thus implicating all the above-named gentlemen in the conspiracy. But he is not done yet, "with this forgery of the originals, the *monstrous imposture* was complete, and no palliation of the contemptible deed or extenuation of the mendacious verbosity with which it was perpetrated, are now any longer permissible."

(To be continued).

GLASGOW KINTYRE CLUB. — At the 79th annual meeting of this club held in the Religious Institution Rooms, on 25th January, it was reported that the funds at December 31, 1904, amounted to £5237 8s, a net increase for the year of £158 8s 6d. The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*; directors, Messrs. John L. Ferguson, Donald MacLean, Donald MacMillan, Dugald M. Clark, William Wallace, and Donald Macnair; hon. treasurer, Mr. William Ferguson, C.A., 108 Hope Street; hon. secretary, R. Harvey Pirie, LL.B., 173 St. Vincent Street.

ANGLING.

THIS sport has been denounced as a cruel, unsocial, and foolish amusement, by many eminent writers—Johnson, Byron, and others; but opposed to their opinion we have that of Walton, the prince of anglers, a man of gentle and amiable nature, of Dr. Paley, Sir Humphrey Davy, and a host of the distinguished and good. Certain, however, it is, that sensitive minds revolt at a pastime by which fish, guiltless of committing any injury, as in the case of many land animals, are ensnared and killed whilst harmlessly playing in their native element. The sport may be well defended; but the unfeeling argument that neither the bait nor the fish have the sensation of pain must be reprobated.

No creature is exposed so much to the attacks of man as the inoffensive salmon. If it escapes the draught, stake, and bag nets in the sea and lower stream, it is intercepted in ascending by the impassable cruives, and should it get upwards during the "Saturday slap," when they are opened from twelve o'clock at night until twelve next night, the devoted fish is pursued by the skilful angler with his hook, and the poacher with his deadly tridant. Indeed, so greatly have salmon decreased in the Scottish rivers, as anglers are well aware, that a late Duke of Sutherland once ordered them a year of jubilee throughout

ANGLING.

his extensive northern estates; and if other proprietors do not intimate so judicious an example, this will assuredly in time become one of the rarer breeds of fish.

The salmon is called Bradan by the Highlanders, and a trout is termed Breac, from its spots; and he who angles is the Iasgair, literally, the fisherman.

The salmon, although properly a sea-fish, is never caught afar off, but on the coasts adjacent to the mouths of rivers. They are impelled to forsake this element periodically, to get rid of vermin which attach themselves to the sides under the fins; but ere they leave the streams, other parasites, in the form of worms, fix themselves about the gills. The salmon possess the wonderful instinct of undeviatingly returning to the river in which they were spawned; but some cases have occurred in which, after floods, they have mistaken their native stream, and been found in others, being easily known by experienced fishers.

In making their way to the upper streams far the purpose of depositiug their spawn, they encounter obstacles which it is surprising they surmount. After urging a passage for many miles along the rocky channel of a rapid stream, a perpendicular waterfall may present to the

now greatly enfeebled fish, a formidable impediment to their farther progress. The Keith, a fall on the river Erigh, in Perthshire, is a direct downpour of upwards of thirteen feet, the water rushing through a gap of the width of a few feet only. In seasons of drought, the channel is so ebb, that the salmon cannot attempt the necessary leap, and they may be seen in the pool below, waiting, in shoals two or three deep, the swelling of the waters. When the rain produces a sufficient stream, the salmon then essay the arduous task, and often do they leap before they get fairly ahead, the falling water dashing them back; but according to the height, they seem to calculate the requisite force, and all at last get over the cascade These falls are called easan in the Highlands, and linn in the Low Country, which is the Gaelic for the pool which they form. They occur on almost every stream, and it is amusing to witness a shoal of salmon thus actively engaged. When the spawning season is over, the fish pass down to the sea in a state of such weakness as scarcely to be able to swim, even with the stream.

It is needless to give any particular description of the tackle used in this sport, the least expensive and perhaps the most easily acquired of all others. The rod and line are known to almost every one; the manner of using them is, like all other accomplishments, acquired by practice. An angler must have a knowledge of the flies which are in existence at the different seasons; and those found about particular streams, and the proper mode of busking artificial ones on the hook, requires considerable skill.

No rivers are better adapted for the enjoyment of nature and this exhilarating and health-giving amusement than those of the Highlands. The Gaels, from early infancy, betake themselves to angling, and at an early age become such adepts, that they will sometimes hook and land salmon almost as big as themselves. Boys of ten or twelve years of age have been known, in favourable streams, to kill upwards of a hundred good trout in one day; and Coll, son of Mac-Donald of Inch, a youth equally expert with his gun as with his rod, has taken in the Spean, which flows from Loch Laggan, six fine salmon before breakfast.

As the breed of salmon decreases, so also does the size. The largest we recollect was one caught in the Tay in Perthshire, which weighed forty-five pounds; but in that river, which of all others in Scotland has produced those of greatest weight, there have been taken beautiful fish of sixty and even seventy pounds. Next to the majestic Tay, in this respect, ranks the beautiful Tweed.

Before the expedient of preserving them in ice was adopted, salmon were generally boiled and pickled; the Highlander kippers them, which is performed by cutting them open, salting and drying them over wood or turf fires, and in this state they are to him a convenient provision, as the bacon is to the Englishman.

THE LONDON SCOT.

BY THE REV. ARCHIBALD FLEMING.

As Business Man and Publicist.

(The following article will doubtless interest many, especially our large circle of readers in the Metropolis. We are pleased to notice that several of our annual subscribers are honoured with a place in the author's list of notable London Scots.—Ed.)

MY difficulty in writing this paper will be to avoid providing the readers of *Life and Work* with a mere list of names. For the Scots who have risen to eminence in commerce, in the professions, and in public life in London, are legion.

I must make an almost random selection from this plethoric roll of honour, without attempting to define precedence or relative eminence.

(1) *The Scot in Business.*—Since the publication of my notes in December, I have heard of a recent discussion as to whether London is the best sphere to which an ambitious young Scotsman may resort with a view to reaching commercial affluence and distinction. Strange to say, only Mr. William Whitely, the "Universal Provider" of Westbourne Grove, seems to have responded affirmatively. Lord Provost Sir John Ure Primrose tells us that when London lures the ambitious young Scot, it is only, in the majority of cases, to disappoint his dreams. Sir Thomas Dewar acknowledges that the prizes are great; but he adds the platitudinous but not unnecessary comment that the struggle is tremendous. Dr. Macnamara gives the paradoxical advice—succeed in the provinces first: think of casting your bread on the metropolitan waters after.

The almost interminable list of successful London Scots which any of us could produce is likely to prevent Sir John Primrose's warning from being too seriously regarded. The Scots who utterly fail in London are comparatively few: and to most of the failures the theory of a "screw loose somewhere" supplies the clue. As for the advice given by Dr. Macnamara, to come later in life, it is belied by experience. The middle-aged Scottish immigrant fails, as a rule, to graft himself successfully on the metropolitan stock. It is the Scots who come to London young who prosper. For one thing, they are adaptable to the manners of life and methods of business here; for another, it is the younger men whom business firms are readiest

to take into their concerns and start on the upward journey. "Send your son to London just when he has left school, if he is to come at all," said a Scotsman at the head of a great London firm, the other day; "he can complete his education in the office or the night school; if he is to succeed, he should be trained from the first in the field that he is to reap." This of course means some money. A youth so young as that cannot live decently on the earnings of the first few years; and if his father cannot give him a subsidy for a time, he had better stay at home.

I cannot longer put off the task from which I shrink—that of naming a few typical Scottish winners in the commercial rivalry of London. One thinks first, perhaps, of some whose business success has at the same time linked together the scattered fragments of the Empire—men like Sir Donald Currie, G.C.M.G., of Garth, and Sir Thomas Sutherland, G.C.M.G., LL.D., who control the carrying lines of the world—the Union-Castle and the Peninsular and Oriental; Lord Strathcona, G.C.M.G., that agile veteran who still is welding golden links between the Old Country and the Canadian Dominion, of which he is the "Grand Old Man" without rival; Lord Mountstephen — "Conservative, Presbyterian," as a work of reference succinctly defines him—another of the makers of Canada, and the princely benefactor of the Church of Scotland in his native county of Banff; and the Right Honourable C. T. Ritchie, and Sir J. T. Ritchie, the late Lord Mayor, who, as jute-spinners and merchants, have woven textile ties on a gigantic scale betwixt London, Calcutta, and Dundee. Among our Scottish Merchant Princes we are perhaps entitled to include the Irish Glasgovian, Sir Thomas Lipton, who has also surrounded himself with a host of Scottish lieutenants here —among them, the secretary of his company, Mr. W. S. Carmichael, and Mr. M'Nab, and Mr. M'Ghee. His Scottish employees are so numerous as to constitute the main element in the North London Burns Club. High in the commercial hierarchy also stand two chairmen of the London County Council, Mr. A. M. Torrance, lace merchant and Ayrshire patriot, and Sir John Macdougall, engaged in the manufacture of chemicals. The vast concerns of the Anglo-American Oil Company are controlled by Mr. James Macdonald, a loyal and liberal member of the Church of Scotland in London, and the mainstay of the St. Columba's Choir. The names of Sir Robert Jardine, the Mackinnon brothers, Mr. James Buchanan, Sir Matthew Arthur, Mr. Jasper Young, and Mr. William M'Ewan, donor of the M'Ewan Hall, readily occur to any one recounting the successful Scottish business men of London. Two of the largest advertising agencies in London—and a great advertising agency "turns over" millions of money every year—are presided over by Scotsmen: that of Messrs. Sell and Co. by Mr. William Jeffrey, an ardent supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation; and that of Messrs. T. B. Browne and Co. by Mr. James Wann, a Perth man, a brother of our distinguished missionary, the Rev. A. B. Wann, Principal of the Calcutta Institution.

At the head of those who regulate the finances of the Empire one naturally places Mr. John Gordon Nairne, Cashier of the Bank of England, an elder in St. Columba's, Pont Street, of whose Young Men's Guild he was a mainstay in former days. The Secretary, too, of the Bank of England, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, author of *The Golden Age*, is Scottish; and the name of Sir Ewen Cameron of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank is that of an eminent London Scottish financier. Among railway managers of Scottish extraction, we have Mr. John Inglis of the Great Western; Mr. William Forbes of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway; and Mr. John Young (once Manager of the Glasgow Tramways) of the Metropolitan District. Mr. J. Conacher, the well-known former Manager of the North British, is now engaged in railway consulting, parliamentary and arbitration practice in London. He also is an elder in St. Columba's.

(2) *The Scot as Publicist.*—It is not easy to say under what head we should classify the great publicists, editors, newspaper owners, journalists and publishers of London. They may justly claim the rank of public and of professional men; but that they are business men also, few will dispute. A London Scot who began his southern career as journalist—Mr. J. M. Barrie —has achieved a financial opulence far beyond the dreams of those who try to find in the dignity of professional life some compensation for its comparative penury. But Mr. Barrie's opulence is other than the outcome of journalistic enterprise: and it is probable that not a few young Scottish aspirants of literature have been lured to Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and the Griffin by the two rosy pictures of *When a Man's Single*. Apart from the ably staffed London offices of the great Scottish newspapers, we find Scotsmen, whose characteristic in journalism is "thorough," on most of the leading papers here. The *Morning Post* (largely manned by Scotsmen) and the *Daily Chronicle* have, as editors, two of the most acute, enterprising, and kindly journalists in London, both of them Scots—Mr. J. N. Dunn, under whom and the late Mr. W. E. Henley I used to work on the *Scots* (afterwards the *National*) *Observer*, and Mr. Robert Donald, whose journalistic career has led him

consecutively to Edinburgh, Northampton, Paris, and New York. Occupying a place of his own in journalism is Dr. Robertson Nicoll of the *British Weekly*, the *Bookman*, and much besides, who employs many Scots, is a prominent figure in writing circles in London, and remarkably combines an instinct of literature with one of shrewd business management. In the great publishing houses, Scotsmen are also to the front; among the best known and most popular of them all is Mr. George Lillie Craik, son of a Moderator of the Church of Scotland, brother of Sir Henry Craik, and senior partner of the great firm of Macmillan and Co., publishers.

Besides these one might mention scores of men of almost equal eminence and fame in business and in letters. But this only there is space to add—that these, named and unnamed, have won their way by such qualities as Scotsmen everywhere are expected to manifest: by perseverance, by integrity, by foresight, by the watchword of "thorough." Such have been their stepping-stones; and their reward, if it be ample, is also just.—*From "Life and Work."*

Highland Notes from Readers in Distant Lands.

Mathesons in Caithness.—Mr. David Matheson, Ottawa, Canada (a native of John o' Groats, Caithness), comments upon quite an interesting subject in a recent letter. We shall be glad if any reader can furnish our correspondent with a reply to his queries.—"If I am not asking too much may I enquire if anything has been said in the *Monthly* in explanation of the appearance in Caithness of members of the *Matheson* clan? When and how did they get so far North? The History of the Clan Matheson (a rather meaningless book) which I possess says nothing about the Caithness people of that name. There were quite a number of Mathesons in Caithness, the name being common all along the coast from Sandside, in Reay (my father's birthplace), to Latheron on the East side of the County; but none were of any prominence, or even free holders, so far as I know. Still there must have been some reason for so many of the clan (if they were clansmen at all) migrating so far North and settling among the Scandinavian fishermen of Caithness and Orkney. Perhaps "evictions" had something to do with their northward movement.

There are just three or four things about the Mathesons of which I am clannishly proud: they had a very prudent war cry; they selected an excellent motto; one of their number (Kenneth by name) helped Wolfe to capture Quebec (the conquest of Quebec was, of course, the conquest of Canada); and they had no hesitation in improving the blood of other clans and other races whenever they found them worthy of a "hand and heart."

The Selkirk Emigration from Skye in 1803 — Mr. M. Lamont, Mass., U.S.A., sends some information regarding the Selkirk emigrations which will doubtless interest many of our readers in Canada and elsewhere, descendants of those Highlanders who, early last century left their native land, lured by the attractions of Lord Selkirk's schemes. He says, "Please send me the *Celtic Monthly* for one year. You will, I trust, excuse me for stating that I am much interested in the Scottish Highlanders and their tongue, although there are over 100 years since my grandfather left Old Scotia, he being one of a company of 800 sent out by the Earl of Selkirk from the Isle of Skye in 1803. They sailed in the ship "Polly," and after a perilous voyage from Portree landed at Belfast, Prince Edward Island, where a settlement was formed. There I was reared, and heard many tales of Skye related beside the roaring log fire in the long winter evenings of my boyhood—and all in the language of Paradise!" —January 5th, 1905.

The Clan Gregor Society.—The annual general meeting of this society was held on the 19th ult., Mr. Atholl MacGregor, Ardchoile, president, in the chair. The report by the council to the society was read and approved of. It showed that the clan is in a flourishing condition. During the year £46 and £52 were expended respectively in bursaries and benevolent grants. Directors were appointed for the ensuing session. The usual winter meeting of the Council took place earlier in the forenoon, at which several new members were admitted to the society, and a sum of £50 passed for benevolent grants to certain indigent members of the clan. The social gathering of the Clan took place in the Charing Cross Halls, Sauchiehall Street, at night, when there was a good attendance. An enjoyable evening was spent with songs, addresses, bagpipe music, etc. An entertaining feature of the gathering was the exhibition of relics and curios of the MacGregors of past generations, which are now in the possession of the family of the chief.

Clan MacMillan Society. — The twelfth social gathering of the clan was held on the 19th January, in the Queen's Rooms. Tea having been served, the chair was taken by Mr. George A. MacMillan, D. Litt., London, chief of the clan, who was supported by many leading clansmen, and representatives from the Macdonald, Lindsay, Mackay, Buchanan, Menzies, and other clan Societies. The Chief, after expressing his pleasure at again presiding over such a gathering, told some stories, humorous and pathetic, of Highland life in times past, referring in particular to the simple and noble career of the old country schoolmaster, now extinct, but whose life had left its mark on the history of the country. Turning to the work of the society, the speaker said that during the past year steps had been taken to establish a benevolent fund—a worthy scheme, as must be agreed by all who remembered that the motto of the clan was, "I am learning to help those in distress." Mr. J. P. MacMillan, president, afterwards gave some account of the present position of the society. Since April last 36 ordinary, chartered, and juvenile members had been added to the list, and the balance at the bank was over £200. They had, he thought, every reason to be proud of what had been done. Bailie Donald MacMillan, Partick, welcomed the representatives of the kindred societies.

ROBERT MACKAY.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 6 Vol. XIII.] *MARCH, 1905.* [Price Threepence.

THE LATE ROBERT MACKAY, LONDON.

THE success of the Clan Mackay Society is largely due to the generous and enthusiastic support which the officials have always received from clansmen at a distance. The undertakings of the Society have never suffered from any lack of funds or practical encouragement from those members who, from want of opportunity, could not take an active part in the work of the clan. Indeed, many who have never been able to attend a single meeting can always be depended upon to respond liberally to every appeal which the council have seen fit to address to the members. There are many such generous spirited clansmen on the roll of the Mackay Society. Mr. Robert Mackay, London, whose death took place on 29th December last, in his 91st year, was deeply interested in the work of the clan, and contributed generously to all its schemes.

A short sketch of the life of this patriotic clansman will doubtless interest other readers besides those of his own name. His grandfather, Donald Mackay, was a native of Borrobol, Sutherland, and married Minnie Mackay. They had a son, Robert, who was born and lived at Borrobol till manhood, when he went south, and for a short time occupied an official position in H. M. Customs, but died, leaving a widow with two young children, a boy and a girl. The son, Robert, was educated at Thirsk, Yorkshire, where his early life was spent with his maternal relatives, and in his eighteenth year he was appointed clerk in H. M. Customs in London, attaining a high position in the service before his retirement. He was twice married. By his first wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of William Hughes, shipbuilder, of London, he had a son and a daughter. The former, James H. Mackay, survives, but his daughter predeceased him, as did also his second wife. He was interred at Cheshunt Cemetery, Herts., in which neighbourhood he possessed a small estate, though latterly he had resided in London. His son, Mr. James H. Mackay, who has also been an enthusiastic member of the Society, took an active part a few years ago in one of those delightful tours which a deputation of clansmen make to the ancient territory of the clan in the far north, where he made many friends. He has been invited to occupy the presidency of the clan, but inability to attend the meetings prevented him from accepting the honour.

The late Mr. Robert Mackay's charities during his long life time were numerous, and those in trouble or difficulty rarely applied to him in vain. His kindly sympathy earned for him the affectionate regard of all with whom he came in contact. It need hardly be added that his death is sincerely lamented by the members of the clan.

Mr. Mackay was a typical Scot, and held strong views on political and clerical affairs. In politics a liberal, he was always an advocate of measures for the advancement and education of the people, fully recognizing the fact that for an intelligent appreciation of the duties of citizenship something more than the rudiments of knowledge was absolutely necessary for those in the humblest positions in life.

He desired to see religion freed from State control, and, being open-minded himself, he objected to the tests and declarations which in his early days were imposed on most government officials. He lived to see these removed, and it is difficult now to believe that in his early life it was expected that candidates for official employ in England should be members of the Established Church. He warmly supported the Free Trade policy introduced by Mr. Robert Peel and enlarged by Mr. Gladstone in 1861, having a keen recollection of the poverty and misery that preceded the repeal of the Corn laws. Latterly, he feared that the proposals for fiscal changes, and the introduction of what is termed retaliation, might tend to bring back those troubles and difficulties that the United Kingdom had been free from for half-a-century.

EDITOR.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 96.)

NO wonder should a foreigner write like this when some one, apparently a Highlander, contributed a metrical rendering of "Conlath and Cuthona" to the "Celtic Magazine," II. p. 336, et. seq., remarking that "either the Gaelic thereof is older than the English, or that MacPherson was the most incarnate imposter and the most shameless and deliberate liar who ever handled a pen." The Highlander who could use such language towards James MacPherson is altogether unworthy of the name. Of this poem Dr. Stern remarks, "the diction is very *clumsy*, while in the Gaelic edition of 1807 the *improving hand of Ross* is easily detected"; but he does not show how. Then he goes on to say that MacPherson disowned the sources of his own inspiration: "this faulty and *un-Gaelic* Ossian, this jargon, which deviates so strangely from all real Gaelic, and which is *unintelligible* to a Highlander," is actually named by one grammarian the Ossianic or pure Gaelic, and with a burst of indignation asks: "What, for example, can one make of the expression—'gorm astar nan speur' (Carricthura, I.), as 'thy blue course in heaven'?" The phrase is a beautiful one, and perfectly translated.* He is addressing the sun in figurative language, "sun without blemish," or "Golden-haired son of the sky"; a parallel instance is Alasdair MacMhaighstir Alasdair's "Agus ho Mhorag," where Prince Charles is represented as a young girl with waving locks of yellow hair.† It is quite clear that though Dr. Stern talks of Ossian abounding "in the most vulgar and corrupt forms of colloquial Gaelic, "he does not really understand the *colloquial* language. It is quite a common thing to see learned men, editors of newspapers, and others make use of vulgar expressions, such as "the subject matter," etc., and it is the same in all languages. A few more of his choice expressions are:—"The prevailing feature of those more than 10,000 *lines* is a turgid and meaningless phraseology," "the thoughtless recklessness with which the Gaelic Ossian is rendered with *slavish*

OSSIAN'S CAVE.

*The lines are—

"An d' fhàg thu gorm-astar nan speur,
A mhic gun bheud a's òr-bhuidh ciabh?"
"Hast thou left the blue sweep of the heavens,
Son without blemish, of gold yellow hair."

†The figure recurs frequently in the Vedas.

literalness from the English"; "his place-names are quite fictitious"; "Morbheann (great mountain) is a piece of romantic invention." "The *intention to defraud* was present to MacPherson from the time that influential patrons honoured him"; his "fragments are a *still more scandalous* product than the poems, if that be possible"; "romantic phantasy." "Now, in this very work, *1761*, he forged Gaelic verses, and translates a legend which has absolutely no existence whatever"; "but it is everywhere the same; his whole literary life *reeks of fraud!*" "resorted to falsehood"; "*miserable* crudities"; his imposture is in details even more detestable than that of Th. de la Ville Marque"; "huge piece of fabrication"; "counterfeit Ossian"; "this desperate man," etc., etc., ad nauseam, are some of his choice expressions; but I think I have quoted enough to prove that Dr. L. Stern's contribution to the Ossianic controversy —on account of the bitter animosity which pervades almost every line of it—is utterly unreliable and worthless.

I think I can equal Dr. Stern's remarks as to old Irish Scholarship and his *crushing* indictment, by bringing my Irish friend, Mr. Hugh Campbell, F.S.A., to bear on the subject. After minute and searching explorations* of the battlefield scenery of Fingal in Ireland, he remarks, "Bating the fanciful assertions of the Irish historians, *Keating*, *O'Flaherty*, and *O'Hallaran*. which have long since been proved *fabulous*, *illusive*, *nugatory*, and *absurd*, by the hand of Time, we find that the frequent descents of Fingal upon the coast of Ireland were wholly occasioned by the distress or wants of his kinsmen of the *Caledonian race* of Irish Kings, or more properly speaking, Kings of Ulster," and in his appendix he says, "It is matter of regret that *Irish history* should be so *fabulous*, even at a comparatively *modern* date!" That is just what I have been contending for all along. Our modern critics confuse the issues by mixing up fable with history, and forcing it upon us *nolens volens*. I have selected these three modern critics as representing the whole school of the opposition, and as their writings will have considerable weight with the outside public, it is necessary to "show up" their weak points.

In another article, entitled "Who were the Feinn?" published by Dr. MacBain in January, *1902*, in which he goes over the same ground of Irish history and fable, and wastes a lot of breath in describing the mythological, the Cuchullin, and Ossianic cycles, and other useless matter, he says that the historians and annalists of the Gaelic race in Scotland and Ireland fix Fionn's epoch in the 3rd century. Yes, but are the Irish historians right in fixing Cuchullin's epoch in the 1st century? We want *full translations*,* as already stated, of *all* these writings and histories, easily accessible, so that we may judge for ourselves whether there is any truth in them or not, such as that "they have succeeded in reducing Fionn and his Feinn to sober dimensions, and the fixity of dates necessary to history and chronology." Then after describing the popular sagas and folk lore, embracing *giants* and *monsters* and *supernatural* powers, he says there is a "third aspect in which Fionn and his men appear, viz., the epic, after Homer considerably, the blind old bard of Chios's lonely isle becomes a "Mac," and the golden gods of Olympus become pale ghosts who, meteor-like, ride the winds, or down in the deep earth, worm their way along to us poor mortals! And so Macpherson plays his part—*editor*, *author*, and *translator* (into Gaelic) of Ossian." How does this tally with the opinions of all the people who knew James Macpherson, as well as the writer of the article in Chambers's Encyclopædia, viz, that he did not command a sufficient knowledge of the Gaelic language to produce the Gaelic text, and Dr. Stern who says, "How little Macpherson understood of a Gaelic text is shown more clearly by the use of the ballad, "Garw and Cuchullin," the difficulty of which he certainly makes confession in a letter to Maclagan in *1761*," and Dr. MacBain himself in his "Reliquæ Celticæ," vol. II. p. 530, admits that the Gaelic of Ossian is superior to the English; then which is the original? It's no use calling for historical documents to prove the existence of a King of Scotland called Fionn. I have already disposed of that question, but the following quotation from an Irish ballad detailing the battle of Gabhra, when the power of the Feinn was crushed, shows that there were Fians in Scotland.†

"The bands of the Fians of Alban
And the supreme King of Breatann (Dumbarton)
Belonging to the order of the Feinn of Alban,
Joined us in that battle.
The Fians of Lochlan were overpowered
From the Chief of the leaders of nine men,
They mustered along with us
To share in the struggle."

This shows that there were Feinn not only in Scotland and Ireland, but also in Lochlin or Scandinavia. It may have alluded to *fighting men*. The circumstance is too remote to be relied on with certainty.

The Kinloss Charter in the Moray Chartulary,

* The poems of Ossian, by H. Campbell, 1822.

*Since this paper was written a translation of the "Tain Bo Chuailgne" has been published, full of rubbish and romance.

†"Skene's Celtic Scotland," quoted by Dr. MacBain.

given in the early part of the 13th century, speaks of "Tuber na Fein," which is glossed *feyne* of the grett or Kempis men, callit "ffenis," is ane well. This document is only *100* years later than the oldest Irish MSS. account of Fionn, where they are described as giants. About *1500* A.D., Hector Boece described Fyn MacCaul as of 7 cubits high, and much to the disgust of Keating—"the Livy of the Irish nation"†—made him out a Scotsman, and fixed his date about *450* A.D.!

(To be continued.)

† Dr. L. Stern.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE AS I SAW IT IN 1873.

I'VE wandered northward many a mile,
'Mid scenery stern and grand,
By Dornoch Firth and river Kyle,
Through Ross and Sutherland.

As there I strayed by hills and bens,
Round Cassley and Rosehall,
I sighed to see deserted glens
That once were peopled all.

There I beheld the verdant spots
Along the heath-clad braes,
Where long had been the coothy cots
And homes of other days.

And round these ruined crofts I saw
The wild flowers blooming fair
Upon the grassie mounds, but ah!
No mountaineers were there.

And as I mused upon the past
In meditative woe,
I thought upon what changes vast
With ages come and go.

No more the clansmen own a home
Upon their native soil,
But now through foreign climes they roam,
And prosper by their toil.

The glorious glens of ancient worth,
That nursed of old the brave,
Where dwelt the heroes of the North,
Are gloomy as the grave.

Where now thy generous chief of old?
And where thy mighty men?
Alas! no more thy clansmen bold
Each tranquil strath and glen.

Still there the daisy meekly blooms,
The primrose and bluebells,
But gone the happy Highland homes
In thy depeopled dells.

And there the lovely lasses sing
Their songs of love no more,
Nor with their lovers dance and swing
Across the barn floor.

No bairnies prance around the doors,
Amid their guileless glee,
Nor wander where the burnie pours
Adown the flowery lea.

I there the old hearth-stones beheld
With moss nigh covered o'er,
And weeds and brackens waving wild
Where peat fires blazed of yore.

And there no tender mother rears
Her dear beloved child,
But all a dreary waste appears
Where love and beauty smiled.

In tears I turned mine eyes away
From off that solemn scene,
As brightly beamed the orb of day
O'er mountain lands serene.

While murmuring moaned meandering streams,
And mossie moorland rills,
A sombre sullen sadness seemed
To haunt the hoary hills.

And as I gazed on heaven above,
I in devotion cried,
"O! where is now the kindred love
That chiefs and clans allied?

The Highlands to her sons belong,
For which they fought and died,
They owned them long e'er Ossian sung,
Or Scots with Saxons joined.

Ye who these mountain lands defame,
And manly worth despise,
Who make the Highlands haunts for game,
And o'er men tyrannise.

Remember ye that ruin springs
From mad oppression's sway;
And fearful retribution brings
On those who men betray.

Alas! ye are no kindred race
To Ossian and Fingal,
Ungrateful deeds your names disgrace,
And generous minds appal.

But sure as shines yon radiant sun,
Right yet o'er wrong shall reign,
And all the glens of Caledon
Shall peopled be again.

Carnoustie. COLIN MACPHERSON.

MACDOUGALL'S ESCAPE.

SIR,—I would like to correct the writer of the above article with regard to some matters on which he is misinformed. There is only one island in Loch Rannoch, the other being in Loch Chon, some miles north and east. The lady was enclosed in a dungeon on that islet, the Chief having been advised by his confessor that he dare not marry a second wife while his living first wife was above ground. The learned author of your article does not accurately distinguish between Duncan the Stout and Robertson of Struan. It is said locally that after Bannockburn, Bruce was so grateful for the timeous aid rendered him from the Gillie's hill that he thus addressed the leader of Clann Donnachaidh—"You shall hereafter be named the sons of Robert after myself." SLIOS GARVE.

EVAN MAC-COLL, THE BARD OF LOCH-FYNE.

BY CURLIANA DINGWALL.

'TWAS in 1812. The great epoch of Scottish song—when the lyrics of Burns superseded the old ballad and sensuous ditty*—had already dawned and flourished, and was now slowly passing away with the ebbing life of the Ettrick shepherd. Scott had lately struck a new note in poetry which still vibrates in the public ear; and Duncan Bàn—the greatest of all the Gaelic bards—was drawing his latest breath just as MacColl was breathing his first. Unlike most of his predecessors, he had the advantage of a fair English education; and doubtless, in his earlier years, he read more English poetry than ever he had heard of Gaelic. So it happens that most of his poems are modelled in the rhythm and rhyme of English verse. His first efforts were in English, but he soon found that "fancy lightened on his e'e" best of all when his thoughts were formed in the tongue in which he prattled at his mother's knee.

He never wrote an epic nor a poem of any length. He was what he called himself a "mountain minstrel," that and nothing more. Nor does this at all detract from his fame, for there is a grain of truth in the assertion of Edgar Allan Poe that a "long poem" does not exist, the phrase being a contradiction in terms. If you like, I will not even claim for my bard the gift of originality. Who is original? One of the most sublime images in English poetry, that of Byron's struck eagle†, is said to have been borrowed from an earlier poet. If MacColl lacked originality he possessed the rare gift of picking up the rough pebbles of others and refining them into gems of art.

Three and twenty years rolled on, and Hogg passed away beyond that fairyland of which he dreamed so much and wrote so well, but leaving behind a deep impression on the plastic mind of young MacColl.

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,"

must have been to him a familiar strain when he penned his own address to the skylark—sweet as the song of the bird itself—but written in a measure that does not readily submit to English translation. The "Queen's Wake" must have filled his mind when he wrote those verses in "Do Loch-aic," of which I venture to offer the following translation:—

"Shinè Bhàn one eve in May
Tending goats on Corronshear,
Heard a sound so sweet and fey,
The maiden thought that heaven was near.

She listened, and the more she heard,
The heavenly strain the sweeter grew,
She followed, and the more she strayed,
The farther passed from mortal view.

She reached at last a little hill,
And there an open door appeared,
She fancied all within was full
Of heavenly music, sweet and weird.

Enter in, O! Shiné Bhàn;
Come, O! come within and stay;
Behold the night is dark and lone,
Your father's home is far away.

She entered—if the tale be true,
And her pure heart the Merman won,
She drunk the drink that fairies brew
And ne'er to earth returned again."

In these lines we have a miniature of "Bonny Kilmeny" and "The Pilgrims of the Sun"—a miniature executed as if in a stroke or two with all the skill of a true born artist.

Perhaps the sweetest and tenderest poem MacColl ever wrote is his elegy on the death of his little niece. The story is told in the two words, "Chaochail i" (she died), with which each verse commences, while the poetry of the piece consists of a series of images, drawn chiefly from natural phenomena, and all appropriate to the passing of a pure young life. The poem has been frequently translated, and it is interesting to observe how the translators have dealt with these opening words, "Chaochail i." In the first edition of the bard's poems, published by himself in the thirties, there is a translation by "Mactalla" (who was he?) in which they are rendered into English in the words, "Thy life was—as," etc. The latest translation appears in Magnus Maclean's "Literature of the Highlands," attributed to Dr. Buchanan Methven, where "Chaochail i" becomes "She died—as," etc. The latter is no doubt a correct—I will not say a literal—translation, but it is startling, hard, and harsh. The literal meaning of the expression is to change (there is another word for death), and its common use in connection with the passing away of a human being exhibits the Celtic belief in immortality, or what Henry Drummond calls the change of

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* See "Ballads and Balladists," by John Geddie.

† Of Henry Kirke White in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—

"'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low;
So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather in the fatal dark
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart,
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel,
And the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

environment. I submit an attempt at a new translation, in a measure slightly different from the original:—

THE PASSING OF MARY.

She faded away—as the roseate hues
In the east at the dawning of day,
When the sun in his glory ascends in the sky
And rosy clouds change into grey.

She faded away—as the sunshine at noon
By fleeting clouds chased o'er the plain;
She faded away—as the rainbow at eve
Dissolves on the falling of rain.

She faded away—as the snow on the shore
O'erwhelmed by the full flowing tide,
One moment of spotless existence and then
Ah! where does its beauty abide.

She faded away—as the sound of the harp
Dies away on the breeze of the wold;
She faded away—as a tale just begun
And ended before it is told.

She faded away—as moonlight in cloud,
When the sailor floats onward in fear;
She faded away—as sweet dreams of the night
All vanish when daylight is near.

She faded away—in the beauty of youth
Passed onward through Paradise gates:
Faded away! Ah! Mary, thou'rt gone
To the land where the sun never sets.

Gaelic readers familiar with the poem may complain of the poetic license taken with the last verse. The last image in the original is that of the quenching of a rising sun, and it is in perfect accord with all the previous verses; but it leaves a painful impression of annihilation—a walking in the dark valley of the shadow. 'Tis more pleasing to take farewell of little Mary in the land where the sun never sets. It is said that this poem was plagiarised by our bard, and that it first appeared in German. I have failed to trace it to any such source; but should this meet the eye of any reader familiar with the German poets, he will do good service to the literature of both countries if he will settle the point whether MacColl or the German is the plagiarist. But if he borrowed at all it is more likely to have been from a contemporary Irish poet, Charles Doyne Sillery, who died the year before the publication of MacColl's first edition, and who was the author of some beautiful verses on a similar theme, only one of which I can at present recall:—

"She died in beauty—like a rose
Torn from its parent stem;
She died in beauty—like a pearl
Dropped from some diadem."

Turning to a lighter theme — the love songs (of which MacColl wrote so many) of all these it can be said that they are the breathings of a light heart and a pure spirit. These are translations of two which may be taken as types. The sweet, playful innocence and purity of the second exceeds anything I know in the poetry of the Gael.

YOUNG JEAN.

"The summer is speedily coming,
Already the birds sweetly sing,
And I'll sing the praise of my sweetheart,
My yellow-haired, bonny young Jean.

The primrose, the daisy and lily,
Adorn every hillock so green,
Striving, but vainly, to rival
The beauty of bonny young Jean.

Her tresses of auburn are moonbeams
That soft through the fleecy clouds stream,
And a bosom as fair as the canach*
Has yellow-haired, bonny young Jean.

Her breath is the perfume of roses,
Like roses her lips ruddy sheen,
A voice like the voice of an angel
Has yellow-haired, bonny young Jean.

Though I should be living in darkness
As bright as the sun she would seem,
And she is to me like the Maytime
My yellow-haired, bonny young Jean.

She is courted by gentle and simple,
But her troth she has plighted to Ewen,
She would rather die early than slight me
My yellow-haired, bonny young Jean."

THE MAID THAT STOLE MY HEART.

"Last night I wandered in the glen
'Tween gloamin' and the mirk,
The flocks lay thick in every fold,
The labourer ceased his work,
And I met there a maiden fair,
Approaching her I said,
'Where did you grow my pretty flower?'
The maiden bent her head.

Her eyes like berries sparkled bright,
As streams of gold her hair
Hung o'er her neck of snowy white
The fairest of the fair.
Her cheeks were like rich balmy cream
On which rose leaves are laid,
And sweet as honey were the lips,
The red lips of that maid.

'My lily! happy thus to meet
As in this glen we roam,
Oh! tell me why art thou so shy
And where thy father's home.'
With trembling, timid voice she spoke,
And blushed in beauty rare,
She answered, 'I am living with
My mammy over there.'

'My blessings on that mother who
So fair a maid has born,
And blessings on your natal day,
My love, then, do not scorn,

* The Cotton plant.

And blessings on your little mouth,
What joy 'twould be to kiss it,
Grant me, your faithful slave, just one
You'll never, never miss it.'

She gave me leave to take just one,
When I had stolen three
She cried, 'Oh! laddie, let me go
My mother calls for me.'
'One more, my darling,' was my plea,
Her lips ssid 'No' 'tis true,
But her two eyes as plainly said
You may take one or two.

I promised to be faithful and
I promised to be kind,
And hopes of meeting soon again
I cherished in my mind.
I know not how we e'er shall part
But sure enough the sun
Will yet grow cold e'er I forget
The maid of that green glen."

SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL LITERATURE.

COMPILED BY ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

(Continued from page 86.)

1851 73rd Regiment—Containing Account of its Formation as the Second Battalion 42nd Royal Highlanders in 1780, and of its subsequent services to 1851, by Richard Cannon, Esq., Adjutant-General's Office, Horse Guards. 3 coloured plates (Uniforms and Colours, and Storming of Seringapatam), octavo.

1875 Records and Badges of the British Army, by Henry Manners Chichester, late 85th Regiment, and George Burges-Short, late Major 3rd Battalion The Manchester Regiment ; 1st edition, size, large 8vo, 552 pages, for second edition see 1899. The badges won by the Scottish regiments are described in this volume.

1885 Scottish Regimental Colours (Old), by Andw. Ross, Hon. Sec. Old Scottish Regimental Colours Committee, Bute Pursuivant and Marchmont Herald, illustrated with 28 handsome coloured plates of the Standards of celebrated Scottish Regiments and other illustrations, imp. 4to, cloth.

1890 Reay Fencibles, or the Mackay Highlanders, by John Mackay, Hereford, includes list of officers, services, etc. Glasgow, Clan Mackay Society.

1894 History of the 1st Battalion Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 1774-1894, 91st Foot, by Lieut.-Col. Percy Groves, with 8 illustrations by Mr. Harry Payne, and plate of tartan worn by the regiment ; royal 8vo.

1894 Records of the 3rd (The Buchan) Volunteer Battalion Gordon Highlanders, compiled by Captain and Hon. Major James Ferguson ; size 8vo, pages 20 by 64.

1895 The Story of the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, by Lieut.-Col. Stirling ; 8vo.

1897 History of the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, formerly the 21st Royal British Fusiliers, 1678-1895, by Lieut.-Col. Percy Groves, R.C.A. ; 8 illustrations by Mr. Harry Payne, and plate of tartan worn by regiment ; royal 8vo.

1896 History of the Coldstream Guards, from 1815-1895, by Lieut.-Col. Ross of Bladensburg, C.B., late Coldstream Guards. Illustrated by Lieut. Nevile R. Wilkinson, Coldstream Guards ; xvi by 492.

1897 Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy, by John Horsley Mayo (late assistant military secretary to the India office) ; with numerous coloured plates and illustrations. Vol. 1, lxxxviii by 278 pages, Vol. 2, 279-617 pages, large 8vo.

1897 Sutherland and the Reay Country.—History, Industries, Antiquities, Folklore, Poetry, and Music, Language and Topography, Religious History, Distinguished Men, Regiments, Volunteers, etc., by Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., and John Mackay ; 20 portraits and numerous half-tone illustrations, cloth, gilt. Glasgow, John Mackay, "Celtic Monthly" Office.

1898 The Gallant Gordons, or 'Scotland for Ever,' by Lieut.-Col. Percy Groves, illustrated by Mr. Harry Payne ; crown 8vo, pages 374.

1898 The Gordon Highlanders, being the story of these Bonnie Fighters. Told by James Milne (journalist, a native of Aboyne) ; 8vo, 110 pp., 18 illustrations.

1898 Records of the 5th (Deeside) Volunteer Battalion Gordon Highlanders. Compiled by Major Patrick Leslie Davidson, of the Inchmarlo family. 2nd edition. Aberdeen : printed by Geo. Cornwall & Sons. 76 pages. The nucleus of the pamphlet was originally published in 1892 as a supplement to a bazaar book. It is frankly a compilation. Who will deal with the other volunteer battalions of the Gordons ?

1899 Records and Badges of British Army. This is the 2nd edition, the previous edition having been issued 1895 It is a unique record of every regimental unit and department in the British Army. Size, large 8vo, 942 pages. Both volumes were printed at Aldershot.

1899-1900 Famous Fighting Regiments, by George Hood ; large 8vo, 121 pp. Contain references to The Black Watch, The Scots Greys, The Royal Scots, The Gordon Highlanders.

1899-1901 Papers illustrating the History of the Scots Brigade in the service of the United Netherlands, 1572-1782. Extracted by permission, from the Government archives at the Hague. By James Ferguson, yr. of Kinmundy ; 3 vols., 8vo.

1900 An Historical Account of the Settlement of Scotch Highlanders in America, prior to the Peace of 1783, together with notices of the Highland Regiments, and Biographical Sketches, by John Patterson MacLean, author of History of the Clan MacLean. Illustrated, crown 8vo, 459 pp. Glasgow, John Mackay, "Celtic Monthly" Office.

1901 The Regimental Records of the British Army, a historical resumé, chronologically arranged, of titles, campaigns, honours, uniforms, facings, badges, nicknames, etc., by John S. Farmer.

1901 The Life of a Regiment : the History of the Gordon Highlanders from its formation in 1794 to 1816, by Lieut.-Col. C. Greenhill Gardyne. This is by far and away the best book on the subject. Vol. I., 8vo, 525 pp.

1901 The Gordon's Regimental Gazette. This periodical was issued on behalf of the Volunteer Regiments of the Gordons, but only lasted six months, May to October. Lieuts. Mellis, Watt and

Lippe, and Colour-Sergeant Danson were the editors. Price 2d. monthly, 16 pages, 4to.

1902 The Highland Brigade, its Battles and its Heroes, by James Cromb, edited and brought down to the end of the Boer War, 1902, by David L. Cromb, crown 8vo.

1902 History and Services of the 78th Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs) 1793-1881. Compiled from the manuscripts of the Late Major C. MacKenzie, and official and other sources, by Major H. Davidson, late 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. With coloured and other illustrations by R. Simkin; also maps and plans of battles, 2 vols., demy 4to.

1903 The History of Lumsden's Horse. A complete record of the corps from its formation to its disbandment. Edited by Henry H. S. Pearse, War Correspondent, author of "Four Months Beseiged"—The Story of Ladysmith, etc. With many portraits and other illustrations, and a map. Large 4to, xii by 506 pp.

The Black Watch; The Record of an Historic Regiment; by Archibald Forbes, LL.D., 318 pp. crown 8vo.

No Date. Souvenir of the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade (Royal Scots), profusely illustrated with portraits, etc., with History of the Royal Scots, by Captain W. Moir Bryce, oblong 4to.

1903 The Life of a Regiment, the History of the Gordon Highlanders from 1816 to 1898, including an account of the 75th Regiment from 1787 to 1881, by Lieut.-Col. C. Greenhill Gardyne. This is the 2nd volume, the first having been issued in 1903; profusely illustrated, size 8vo, 416 pages.

1904 Records of the Stirlingshire, Dumbarton, Clackmannan, and Kinross Militia, Highland Borderers Light Infantry, now 3rd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's), compiled by A. H. Middleton, Lieut.-Col. commanding, with portraits and illustrations, crown 4to.

The 2nd Battalion The Royal Scots have a Magazine entitled "The Thistle," and the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders 93rd, issued a periodical bearing the title of "The Thin Red Line."

Leeke (Rev. W.) Supplement to History of Lord Seaton's Regiment at Battle of Waterloo, 3 plans, 8vo, cloth.

Camerons—Historical Record of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, by Captain Rob Jameson, 8vo, cloth, coloured plates and photograph.

Keltie's History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans, and Highland Regiments, new edition, edited by Wm. Melvin, 8 vols., thick 4to, illustrations, plates, tartans, etc.

(To be continued)

THE LAST BATTLE OF GENERAL HUGH MACKAY OF SCOURIE.

THE French being posted near Steinkirk, William of Orange quitted his encampment during the night of 2nd of August, and arrived there early next morning, spent some hours in reconnoitring the ground, and marshalling his troops. He had for his second the Count of Solms (a name of ill omen), and under him the Duke of Wirtemberg and the Elector of Bavaria, with Mackay at the head of the British infantry. Solms was jealous of Wirtemberg, hated the English, and presumed on his relationship and influence with his royal cousin, the king. Wintemberg, being pressed by the enemy, sent to the count for succour, which the latter affecting not to understand, either wholly withheld, or delayed to grant, till it was perceived by the king, who immediately issued the most peremptory commands to the count to withhold no longer the required aid. He obeyed, but, in a tone of insolence said to those around him, "Let us see what sport these English bulldogs will afford us." Both horse and foot had been called for, but he sent only the former, who could not act on account of the ground; and he ordered the foot to halt, which they continued to do, until put in motion by the king himself; by which means precious time was consumed, and the battle was lost.

Others allege that orders were sent to Mackay by mistake, to move to the right instead of the left, and that being killed in this movement, his death proved the loss of the day. According to Bishop Burnet's "History of his Own Times," "Mackay being ordered to a post which he saw could not be maintained, he sent his opinion about it, but the former orders were confirmed: so he went on, saying only, 'The will of the Lord be done.'" And the words with which he gave utterance to his pious ejaculation are the last which he is recorded to have spoken.

In this desperate action, five thousand men on the side of the confederates are said to have been killed or wounded, and of these three thousand Scots and English, in obedience to a rash and criminal order of Count Solms. Among the killed there were, besides the brave Lieut.-General Mackay (for so he is usually denominated), Sir Robert Douglas, Sir John Lanier, the gallant Earl of Angus (in his twenty-third year), Colonel Hodges (grandfather of Colonel Gardiner), Colonel Roberts, and many others of inferior rank.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Mackay being mortally wounded, his servant leaped up on horseback behind, to conduct him to the rear, but before he reached it the vital spark had fled. The servant was of the same name and country with his master, and had attended him through many a bloody campaign. The king, to testify his approbation of his faithful services and tried attachment to his master, gave him a regimental quarter-master's commission, in which situation he acquired such a competency as enabled him to lay the foundation of a respectable family now existing in the Highlands. His Majesty attended Mackay's funeral, and so soon as his remains were laid in

the grave exclaimed, "There he lies, and a braver or better man he has not left behind him."

A MASTER ABOVE KINGS.

Conversing some days afterwards on the subject of the battle, and the characters of the officers who had fallen, he expressed deep regret for the loss of a particular individual, whom he named. A person present ventured to observe, with surprise, that his majesty did not mention his old and faithful servant, Mackay; to which the king replied, "the individual I spoke of served me with his soul; Mackay served a Higher Master, and has his reward."

The foregoing details, meagre though they be, will enable the intelligent reader to form a just estimate of the intellectual and moral qualities of General Mackay; and to these details will be added the testimony of Bishop Burnet, who, during his exile in Holland previously to the Revolution, was intimately acquainted with him, and had good opportunities of knowing the estimation in which his character is universally held. "Mackay," says the bishop, "a general officer who had served long in Holland with great reputation, and who was the piousest man I ever knew in a military way, was sent down to command the army in Scotland. He was one of the best officers of the age."

In the same volume will be found his account of the battle of Steinkirk, from which that inserted in the foregoing sketch is partly taken. The bishop then proceeds—"Mackay was a man of such strict principles that he would not have served in a war that he did not think lawful. He took great care of his soldiers' morals, and forced them to be both sober and just in their quarters. He spent all the time he was master of in secret prayer, and in reading of the scriptures. The king often observed that when Mackay had full leisure for his devotions, he acted with peculiar exaltations of courage. He had one very singular quality: in councils of war he delivered his opinion freely, and maintained it with due zeal; but how positive soever he was in it, if the council of war overruled it, even though he was not convinced by it, yet to all others he justified it, and executed his part with the same zeal as if his own opinion had prevailed."

It was a common saying among the Dutch soldiers, that

GENERAL MACKAY KNEW NO FEAR

but the fear of God. Such popular sayings are commonly founded in truth, and that it was so in the instance before us, the reader, it is hoped, will readily believe. It appears from the uniform tenor of Mackay's life, that he had the fear of God continually before his eyes, and that he not only habitually regulated his own conduct by the precepts of the gospel, but also was at pains to enforce obedience thereto among the officers and soldiers under his command, for whose moral and religious, as well as military conduct, he felt himself to a certain degree responsible. In the sublime scripture doctrine of a particular providence (to use an expression of Professor Dugald Stewart's), he was a firm and practical believer, and embraced every opportunity of inculcating the doctrine on his men. Every bullet, he used familiarly to tell them, had its billet: and if, as our Saviour Himself has told us, without the permission or appointment of our heavenly Father, not even a sparrow falls to the ground, how much less a human being destined for immortality!

From this doctrine he derived never-failing support in the hour of need; being fully persuaded that all the events of the present life, great and small, prosperous and adverse, are under the guidance of unerring wisdom and goodness.

Animated by this conviction, he cut his way, unsupported and alone, through the opposing ranks of the Highlanders at Killiecrankie;

CLAIMED THE POST OF DANGER,

because the post of duty, at Athlone; and plunged into the Shannon, regardless of the perils of fire and sword; rushed into the thickest of the fight, and turned the issue of the battle, at Aughrim; and finally, at Steinkirk, in obedience to the rash and criminal order of his immediate superior, coolly marched on to instant and certain death, with this ejaculation in his mouth, "The will of the Lord be done."

Such was General Mackay. From men, he did not receive those rewards which his services merited; but he knew his record was on high, and that with his last breath he might confidently adopt the triumphal language of the Apostle, and exclaim, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm xxxvii. 37.

ROBERTSON TARTAN.—Mr. James Dunnachie of Glenboig, writes us regarding the confusion which exists among tartan dealers as to the correct sett of the Robertson tartan. We are glad to learn that the difficulty will soon be overcome. He says—"Our dress tartan has been produced in two different tartan patterns, causing confusion; some of the dealers have one half of their stock the one way, and the other half quite different. I have had occasion to see Struan (Chief of Clan Donnachie) about it, and some day soon an authoritative decision will be made, determining the correct pattern."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH. 1905.

CONTENTS.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Eighteenth Annual Social Gathering of the Clan and friends was held in the Café, Princes Street, Edinburgh, on 23rd Feby., Mr. L. M. Mackay, President, in the chair, who was supported by Provost A. Y. Mackay, Dr. George Mackay, Messrs. Donald Mackay and John Mackay, S.S.C., ex-presidents, James R. Mackay, John Mackay, W. Preston St., William Mackay, Glasgow, vice-pres.. Hew Morrison, LL.D., John Mackay, Glasgow, hon. secy., Chas. Gordon Mackay, C.A., assist. secy., (convener), etc. The attendance was very large, the hall being crowded. Addresses were delivered by the President (Mr. L. M. Mackay), Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, and Dr. Hew Morrison. An attractive musical programme was carried through, an interval of twenty minutes for conversation and introductions being taken advantage of by all present. The gathering proved a splendid success, the credit of which is largely due to the energy of the new local secretary, Mr. C. G. Mackay, C.A.

THE CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY held an "At Home" in the Prince of Wales' Halls, on 7th March, which attracted a large gathering of clansfolk and friends. Mr. D. H. Macdonald, Motherwell, occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. A. Graeme MacLaverty, Col. Williamson, W. H. Macdonald, hon. secy., and others. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, the secretary, and Rev. W. J. M'Kain. An hour was devoted to music, after which dancing and *ceilidhing* filled in the rest of the evening. An illuminated address was presented to Mr. Alex. Macdonald, H.M.I.S., late secretary of the society.

CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—The eleventh annual social gathering of the Clan Mackinnon and friends was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Mackinnon of Mackinnon, chief of the clan, presided, and among those present were :—The Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon and Miss Aline Mackinnon, Lieut. Lachlan, R.N., Devonport; Rev. D. Mackinnon, historian of the clan, Tunbridge Wells; Mr. Robert Mackinnon, president; Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, hon. secretary; etc. Apologies were intimated from Lord Dundonald, who is abroad; Major-General W. H. Mackinnon, whose duties at the War Office detained him in London, and others. The Chief gave a short address, in the course of which he stated that the society was in a flourishing condition. The funds on hand now amounted to about £360, Mr. Duncan Mackinnon, London, having again given a donation of fifty guineas. The membership was 166, of whom 37 were life members, and during the year they had added 22, being the largest increase in any one year. That he considered was a very satisfactory statement. A branch of the society had been formed in London, and though only a year in existence it already numbered about 100 members. The chief thanked the audience for the hearty reception they had given to himself and his wife, and remarked that it was a great privilege to him to know that he possessed the esteem and affection of every member of his clan. During the evening the Chief was presented with a handsome illuminated address, to commemorate his first appearance at a clan gathering, after his accession to the chiefship.

"OUR HEARTS ARE TRUE, OUR HEARTS ARE HIGHLAND."

DEAR MR. MACKAY,—I did not realize how strong my strain of Scotch blood was until in the Congressional Library at Washington City I picked up a copy of your *Celtic Monthly*, and all the Scotch in me was aroused. I became so interested that upon my return home I subscribed to the *Monthly* at once. To me anything that is Scotch is near. My great-great-grandfather was of English descent, yet I have not the same feeling for the English. My great-grandfather was a Scotchman named James Hannay. He was born in Glasgow about 1779 or 80, and died in St. Mary's, in 1820, and that, with the knowledge that he was a true, upright man, is all that I positively know of him. Yet, it goes to prove the strength of Scottish blood, that I, his great-grand-daughter, should love all things Scotch as well, for that country comes second only, to my own native land. My husband's great-great-grandfather was at the battle of Moore's Creek, North Carolina, called the second Culloden, under General M'Donald. His name was Thomas Frazier (they did not spell it Fraser, perhaps from sheer thoughtlessness, for those were strenuous times, and thoughts were bent on other things besides the spelling of names). At any rate we belong to the class of Americans who are as proud of our Tory ancestors as of the Revolutionary, because they too had the courage of their convictions. Of Thomas Frazier we know that he was a Highlander, and fought most valiently for "Bonnie Prince Charlie," but we do not know what city, town or hamlet he hailed from in Scotland. Your magazine has given me so much pleasure that I must tell you of it again. Begging your pardon for this long letter.

I am, Yours truly, (Mrs.) B. F. BULLARD.

Savannah, Ga., U.S.A.,
Jany. 22nd, 1905.

TRADITIONS OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.

THE LORDSHIP OF LORN.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been directed to your article in the February number of the *Celtic Monthly*, entitled "Traditions of the Stewarts of Appin." The opening column devotes itself to a recital of what is emphatically not a tradition of the Stewarts of Appin, but a calumnious pervertion of the truth originated and maintained by their quondam enemies to cover the discreditable share they took in robbing a fine boy of his inheritance as Lord of Lorn; a perversion which, by its persistence, wide publicity, and the high position of the parties interested, ultimately became accepted as the actual truth. Under these circumstances, I am constrained to draw your attention to the true facts; and, as most of the evidence is to be found in the History of "The Stewarts of Appin," I shall refer your readers to that work, merely confining myself to the briefest possible statements, and not entering unnecessarily into the very interesting and full history of those stirring times.

It must be remembered that the Stewarts had been

LORDS OF LORN

for three generations from 1386 to 1463. They had acquired the Lordship by marriage with the Macdougal heiresses; and this was confirmed by Royal Charter. Sir John Stewart, third Lord Lorn and Innermeath, was assassinated at Dunstaffnage Castle in 1463 on the actual occasion of his marriage with the mother of Dugald Stewart, 1st of Appin. Dugald himself was 18 years of age at that time; and his mother was a lady of some position; her father, MacLaren of Ardveich in Balquidder, having been one of those gentlemen who signed the Ragman Roll. That marriage was duly completed on Sir John's deathbed before he died, there and then.

The following points may here be noticed:—1. Sir John by his previous marriage had had three daughters, who were married to Campbells of Argyle, Breadalbane, and Ottar. The eldest of these married Breadalbane in, or shortly before, 1448, Dugald having been born in 1445. This furnishes good reasons for Sir John's not contracting a second marriage at that time, if he was a widower, which is more than likely. 2. John Vic Allan Vic Coull or Macdougal, was the landless chief of the Macdougals, and second cousin, once removed, to Sir John, who had in 1451 voluntarily granted him the lands of Dunolly, Kerrerra, Gallanach, etc., etc. Though he took no part in the assassination of his benefactor, he was either a consenting party to the insurrection, or was helpless in the hands of his younger son Allan. Sir John had

APPARENTLY ARRANGED

that he should be guardian to his heir. 3. Walter Stewart was younger brother of Sir John, and heir male. For 18 years he had been expecting to succeed Sir John.

It will thus be seen that Dugald's nearest relatives and natural protectors on his father's side had all their own axes to grind. To return to the

APPIN TRADITION.

This runs—that Sir John, knowing full well the powerful interests arrayed against the succession of his son, carefully delayed marrying Dugald's mother till he had made all his arrangements complete, and settled his affairs. He first married off his three danghters, giving them outlying lands as marriage portions. He next in 1451, having settled for them, did justice to and propitiated his cousin John MacDougal, as mentioned above. Finally, in 1452, he surrendered into the hands of James II. the Lordship of Lorn and the Baronies of Redcastle and Innermeath, and obtained two fresh charters dated June 20, 1452, conveying them back to him, and distinctly defining them anew—most evidently for the purposes of his male succession. In these the King grants these lands to his "beloved blood relation John, Lord of Lorn," and the heirs male of his body, lawfully procreated or to be procreated, whom failing to his brother Walter Stewart and his heirs male, and failing these to his brother Allan and his heirs male. Then the charter goes on to enumerate the other male relatives, viz.—John's brothers, David and Robert; his uncles, Sir Archd. and Sir James Stewart, and his kinsman, Thomas Stewart, and the heirs male of each in turn as named; and finally, failing all these, to his heirs whatsoever. How, in the face of that document, and of the other deliberately preliminary arrangements, is it possible to reconcile the fiction of Lorn passing to the daughters in marriage settlement? But the further evidence is equally condemnatory as the history will show.

The Appin tradition continues — that when Dugald, young and unprepared, and in a strange country, was thus suddenly confronted with a deliberately planned insurrection of the MacDougals, he would and could have crushed them with that smaller section of his father's adherents. who knew him to be their lawful Chief and followed his banner, had not the MacDougals been joined by the Macfarlanes at the instance of the Campbells. Then followed the great fight at the bridge of Orchy, where 130 Maclarens fell, and 50 of the Appin women gave birth to posthumous children. The joint death roll of both sides could not have been far short of 600 or 700. Dugald then retreated into Upper Lorn to Castle Stalcaire; and a year later his treacherous uncle, Walter, lodged his claim as heir male under the document of June 20, 1452, in Edinburgh, where Argyle was Justiciar, and all powerful at Court. Walter dared not show his nose in Argyle, where not a single clansman recognised his right. Meantime matters had been discussed in Lower Lorn, and doubt became certainty that the marriage had actually been completed. Then occurred that remarkable phenomenon, the "Imeach Mor" or

"GREAT FLITTING" OF LORN;

when the people of Lorn, other than those of the name of Macdougal, came over in great numbers to join their rightful Chief in Appin, and thereby spoke with no uncertain voice, both then, and to us now, as to who was their legitimate head. Thus reinforced, and when the Macdougals and Macfarlanes, accompanied prebably by a stiffening of Campbells among their number, came over and attacked Dugald again in 1468 in Appin, he won a great victory in "Lagan na Phail," or "treacherous hollow," behind the present Episcopal Church at Port-na-Croish, and close to Castle Stalcaire. But the slaughter again must have been more terrible even than

before, since numbers and animosity were both augmented. Both sides were now helpless—the Macdougals so decimated that they have never since been so numerous again in Lorn, and Dugald quite unable to follow up his victory into Lower Lorn. Under these circumstances, an enforced compromise was effected by him with his Uncle Walter as the least of evils; Dugald remaining in his possession of Upper Lorn or Appin, and Walter obtaining the rest of his patrimony. It is a noteworthy fact that immediately Walter received Lorn he handed it over to Argyle. Comment is needless! Dugald, deserted by his natural protectors, young and only 18 years of age, brave but inexperienced, had no knowledge of law, and was no match for the Justiciar of Scotland, who was all powerful at Court. He had never had himself served heir to his father's estates during the troublous year following the assassination. The King, moreover, James III. in 1469, was only a minor of 17; and he was completely under the influence of Argyll when the transfer of Lorn to that nobleman received the Royal Assent. Thus was Dugald ousted. Nothing, however, can be clearer than that all through this outrageous business the rightful and legitimate heir was Dugald Stewart. Not only did the people of Lorn testify to this fact by their choice and deeds—and it must be remembered that the Macdougals were fighting for their own hands, and were merely incidentally tools in the hand of Argyle in this matter, and that the legitimacy question did not affect them at all, as they were against all and any heirs male whatever—but Walter, if really next of kin, never took upon himself the duty of avenging his brother's death, but left it to Dugald, though this was a most sacred and imperative Highland obligation. Again, in the Lyon Office the present Chief of Appin, Robert Bruce Stewart, is "Stewart of Lorn, of Appin, and of Ardsheal," with

NO BAR SINISTER.

Furthermore, Brown in his tree of the Stewarts, dated 1792, and he has been generally accorded the position of one of the greatest genealogists, shows no bar sinister there. Yet again, and going back to old days, James V. in a charter dated December 7th, 1538, styles Allan Stewart third of Appin, as "our well beloved relation in blood and servitor." Finally James IV. did all he could to restore all that was possible to Duncan Stewart, 2nd of Appin, and to undo the wrong that had been committed in the minority of his predecessor. He made Duncan King's Chamberlain of the Isles, he made the Campbells disgorge certain lands, he gave him the superiority to the north right up to Inverlochy, and claimed him as his kinsman. Can any more evidence be necessary to refute this oft repeated and ancient calumny. I am, etc.,

ALEX. K. STEWART, of Achnacone.

Appin, Feb. 14th, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—In the article entitled "Traditions of the Stewarts of Appin" in the last number of the *Celtic Monthly*, I notice that the first Laird of Appin is stated to have been "a *natural* son of Lord Lorn."

This is entirely contrary to all the traditions which have been handed down in the families of the Stewarts of Appin and of the Maclarens, and are supported by the high authority of Brown in his genealogical tree of the Stewarts, viz: that Stewart, Lord of Lorn, married, as his second wife, the daughter of Maclaren of Ardveich, by whom he had a son, Dugald, ancestor of the Stewarts of Appin.

There is ample evidence to show that this marriage was openly completed before Sir John Stewart's death, notwithstanding the attempts to prevent the marriage, and such was the recognised fact in Argyllshire during Dugald's lifetime.

Moreover, the family arms are, and always have been, free from any bar sinister, which could not have been the case if there were any doubt as to Dugald's legitimacy.

I daresay you will be good enough to make some comment or note in the next number of the *Celtic Monthly* upon this point.

I am, Yours truly,

R. BRUCE STEWART,
of Appin.

London.

WHAT TARTAN SHOULD A CLANLESS SCOT WEAR?

SIR,—Is anything known about a Highland Club in Glasgow some 50 years ago? The members used to use the Royal Stuart tartan for their kilts, and their own tartans for their stockings and plaids, etc. Is a person who does not belong to any clan, and in fact, who is hardly a Scotchman, allowed to wear the Hunting Stuart tartan? I think I have heard that anyone may use this tartan, but am not sure. If so, is it right to wear it in evening dress also, or should they then use Royal Stuart, and is that allowed in same way as Hunting Stuart? If the Hunting Stuart is not allowed, are there any other tartans that a clanless person has a right to use?

Yours faithfully, J. R. D.

[We never heard of a club in this city such as our correspondent describes. As the so-called Hunting Stewart tartan is a modern invention, and has no historical associations with the Stewarts, he is quite entitled to wear it, if he chooses. When an Englishman decides to wear a kilt, he is not particular what tartan he wears; he usually selects the one he considers most tasteful. Perhaps some reader can enlighten J. R. D. on the subjects of his enquiry.—Editor.]

THE CLOSED BOOK.

THE cry of the open—the love-note of bird,
The waving of heather—the brave spread of sea,
The kindly wind-whispers—faint lowing of kine,
How haunting the mem'ry of all these to me!

The old things, the simple, are never so dear
Until they have faded and vanished long syne;
The present is shadowed, the future I fear,
So oft-times I yearn for the Closed Book again.

When silent and moody, in pregnant dream wrapt,
(The city's harsh strivings and pitiless gloom
Forgotten)—how sweetly the vision returns
Of wild-rose, of sea-wrack, of peat-reek and broom.

Alas! this is fancy; one moment of bliss—
Then back to the prison of London's grim grey,
Amid man's hoarse tumult, how sadly I miss
The boom of the night waves in freedom aroar!

COINNEACH DUBH.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

LOVE of country may be said to be universal; and can be traced back almost to the cradle of the human family. One half at least of the deeds that brighten the pages of history have had it for their mainspring. It is as strong and deep in the isles of the East, of which we have ample testimony at the present day, as in our loved isles of the West. It came from a deeper source than that of the strains of Babel when the Hebrew sang—

"If thee, O Jerusalem, I forget,
May my right hand lose its skill;"

and it gushed from the heart of John Roy Stewart, the fighting, rollicking, lovable bard of the "45," like a spring of pure water from the base of a Highland crag, in the lines—

"If thee, O Albyn, I forget,
Till fails my latest breath,
May foul dishonour stain my name,
Be mine a coward's death."

Love of country is said to be deeper in the breasts of mountaineers than in the inhabitants of flat countries, and I have no doubt that it is so. Patriotism is more a spirit of the mountain than of the plain.

It is somewhat remarkable that a person may travel over the Highlands for weeks, and although able to converse with the people in the old tongue, come away thinking the love of the Highlander for his mountains is a thing of the past. But meet the Gael on a distant shore, and however intent he may be on business, or harassed with care, before you have conversed with him many minutes it will appear. He did not know how dear Mother Scotland was to him while he slept in her lap.

In the course of four months' continued travelling, last summer and autumn, through the thinly populated Territories of Assiniboia and Saskatewan, I met quite a number of Highlanders in many conditions of life, and invariably found that their love for the glens and isles of their childhood was deep. "Is it here Allan MacIan lives?" I inquired one day of an old man I found working in the garden attached to a good farm house. "Me be Allan," he replied. On putting further questions to him, about the business I had on hand, I found he did not understand me very well. I then asked him "Am bheil Gaidhlig agaibh?" The stoopèd figure straightened, and with a look at me in which indignation and pleasure seemed mingled, he answered in the same tongue, "Confound you! Why did you not speak in Gaelic at first, and I making a fool of myself trying to speak English?" Needless to say I got a right Highland welcome from Allan and his family (who were in better circumstances than they could ever attain to in the storm-lashed Hebrides). As I was leaving the house, which commanded an extensive view, on every hand, of beautiful green rolling prairie, I remarked that there was more fertile land to be seen from where we stood than there was in all the Hebrides. "That may be so," Allan replied, "but we miss the crags, the heather, and the sound of the waves."

Another day, feeling in want of a glass of milk, I called at a farm house near the trail. A tall, handsome woman with a child in her arms came to the door. Before she spoke I came to the conclusion that I was looking into Highland eyes—those dark blue ones, soft, deep, and beautiful; under the long lashes of which lies dreamland—and I was not mistaken. They had looked in childhood's days on the blue waters of Lochduich. We were soon conversing in Gaelic, and when I drank the milk, I made the remark, that it was quite as good as if it came from the cows at the base of Sgur-uran. The beautiful eyes became dreamy, and were looking far away as she replied, "The milk is good, but it is not the milk of Sgur-uran." And thus it was, wherever I meet my countrymen or countrywomen there was (as Neil Munro so well puts it) "One thing wanting, the heather at my door."

The Highlanders who emigrated to Canada in 1786 under the leadership of Alexander MacDonell (of the Scotos family) that remarkable priest whose ministrations extended beyond things spiritual; and in 1804 under Alexander MacDonell, Inshlaggan, another priest (afterwards a bishop) in whose large heart there was a place for Highlanders of every denomination, and whose memory is still green in Ontario, gave not only the name Glengarry to the district (now a county) in which they settled, but the names of the farms and crofts on which they were reared in the Highlands, to the homesteads. They were driven from Glengarry and Knoydart of their fathers, when their strong arms and brave hearts were no longer needed, and all they could do was to give names dear to them to the homes they made for themselves in a far land, and they did it.

Many songs breathing their attachment to the old land still float about over the great plains and forests of the West; and yet one will hardly find a murmur in any of them against those who were the means of driving them from the land of which they sang. They were too proud to complain of wounds inflicted by hands that should have shielded them.

We hear it sometimes said that clannishness and love of country have a tendency to narrow our sympathies and are opposed to the cosmopolitanism of an enlightened age, which is labouring to bring about "The brotherhood of man, and the federation of the world;" but I think

there is no liklihood of a people who have learned "Scots wha hae," and "A man's a man for a' that," from the same lips, lagging behind in the march of progress. I have never heard the Gael accused of lack of sympathy for his fellowman; and the history of the country from which I write bears testimony that, in the West, he has been always found in the van of progress. When there is work to be done, he gently presses back the love he has for his native land into the innermost chamber of his heart, gives his tartan plaid another swing over his shoulder, and goes on—although at times it may be to the music of "Cha till mi tuillidh."

Assiniboia, N. W. T., Canada. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

LOVE OR SENTIMENT?

A TALE OF THE CHISHOLM COUNTRY.

"LET the place?" said James Chisholm, slowly. "Let the place, Jane? I never thought of such a thing."

"Certainly, James, certainly. If you cannot afford to give the child a decent education by other means you must let. Give Ella two or three years at the Royal Academy of Music—she can go in for languages at the same time—and then take her abroad. It would be sin, downright sin, to waste talent like hers."

James Chisholm made no reply. For the moment he had forgotten his companion, and was reviewing his own life in retrospect. Childhood, youth, manhood, all passed before his mental vision, the happy, all too brief years with Elsie, and the patient waiting since Elsie's death. He had always hoped that he might die, as he had lived in Glen Chisholm, and be buried beside Elsie; and here was his duty to his child, Elsie's child, urging him to leave it. Yes, his very promise to Elsie—.

"Well," interrupted his sister, impatiently, "well, James, what do you think of it?"

"It is difficult to decide so quickly, Jane. There are so many people and things to consider, so much to be done. Besides, it might be difficult to let the old place."

"Not at all, not in the least. I know people who would be only too glad to get it on lease—the Mansons."

"No, no!" cried Chisholm, rising as he spoke, "not a lease, I can't leave the old place like that."

It was May. The sun, dipping slowly behind the massive bulk of the Ben, suffused the face of the hoary old mountain with a tender flush, as of its vanished youth. Glen Chisholm walked slowly down to the shore of the firth, and stood gazing on the scene he loved so well.

"I am an old man," he said to himself, "if I go it is not likely that I shall return."

And yet he had felt from the first that his sister's suggestion was right, and the thing that for Ella's sake he ought to do. And there was his promise to Elsie. He sat down on a tussack of grass and hid his face in his hands. Fourteen years ago this very day had that promise been made. He wondered rather bitterly what had prompted his sister to choose to-day for making her suggestion. Chance, he supposed, for he never spoke to Jane of his wife.

"No, not chance," he said to himself, "but surely the spirit of the child's dead mother to remind me of my duty to the bairn."

He recalled the scene as though it were yesterday. He had carried his invalid wife down to the shore, and they had sat there watching little Ella building sand castles. He remembered how he had seen the tears come into the mother's eyes, and when he had asked her what troubled her she had replied, "It's the thought of little Ella, Jim, if—if—suppose that I were not to get better."

Ah! what a stab the words had given him, but he had repeated, with what cheerfulness he could command, the old, old formula: "What! you, dearie, with those invalid's fancies? Why, you are going to be well directly."

But he had seen, in spite of her smile, that she knew as well as he did how far she was from being "well directly." And a few minutes afterwards she had said:

"If she had been a boy, Jim, but a motherless girl—Oh hush, my Jim, I did not mean to hurt you like that. And of course I know I can trust you with our little child."

And when he could speak he had made that promise which he remembered now:

"I promise to do always what you would think to be best for the child."

And what would be best for Ella? To stay in the old nest and feel her strong young wings cramped, or to take her away and let her learn to use these wings?

"She will never care to live at Glen Chisholm again," he said to himself, sadly. But was it not a question of sacrificing a young life for an old one? The aspirations of a talented young girl for the dreams of a spent old man?

"Elsie, Elsie," he whispered, "how can I leave my country and yours? Like myself you knew every man-body and wife, every bairn, every bush about the place. I cannot but think that your spirit must be more with me here than in any other place."

The battle raged fiercely between his inclinations and his paternal duty.

Glen Chisholm had all the reserve of the Highlander and much of the poetic dreaminess of the Celt. He had waited to marry until middle age, had waited until he found the *one*

woman, and when he had found her he gave her all the love, and all the confidence which had slept in his heart till then. After his wife's death his sister had come to keep house for him and to look after his child. Ellie had inherited her father's reserved nature, and, in spite of their constant companionship of fourteen years, they were mutually shy of expressing their feelings to each other. Ellie knew how her father worshipped the memory of his wife, and it hurt her that he would never speak of the mother whom she scarcely remembered, but whose death had made such a difference in her own life. And as Ella grew up into girlhood, father and daughter grew more apart.

And Aunt Jane? She had all the Scotch shrewdness and "canniness" in her nature, and but a small modicum of poetry in her soul. She loved her brother, but with a tolerance that was half contemptuous for his dreaminess, and his laxity in dealing with his tenants. Her niece she ruled with a discipline that was less loving than severe, and yet her constant thought was the child's welfare. But it was not wonderful that Ella was learning to hide her feelings, and to cultivate a certain hardness of manner which she did not always feel.

Aunt Jane left the seed she had sown so ruthlessly to bear fruit in its own time. Her patience was rewarded when, a few days later, her brother asked her for Mr. Manson's address. At the same time he said to her:

"Have you said anything to Ellie about—about—on the subject of the letting of the place?"

"Not a word," snorted Aunt Jane, "I didn't want to have the child disappointed if nothing came of it."

"I have quite made up my mind as to the advisability of the scheme," said her brother, "but I should like to tell her about it myself."

He went into the schoolroom, whence came the music of a fresh young voice singing, "As once in May."

"You love your music, bairn," he said, kindly.

Ella jumped up. Her father's presence always made her shy about singing.

"Yes," she replied, "I think I love it better than anything else in the whole world. But did you want something, father?"

"Well, yes," he replied, "I wanted to know what you would say to letting Glen Chisholm and going away for a change."

He paused to see what effect his sudden proposition would have on Ella. She looked bewildered.

"Letting Glen Chisholm," she repeated, "what can you mean, father?"

"The fact is," he went on, "that your aunt thinks that I have neglected your education."

"But—but," she stammered, "what has that got to do with letting the place?"

"Your Aunt Jane thinks that it is too lonely for a young girl like you, and she wants you to have a good musical education."

"She has never said anything to me," said Ella slowly, "she always tells me to be thankful for what I've got."

"That's your aunt's way," said Glen Chisholm, "but, the fact is that she suggests some place in London that you are to study at for two years, and then, if the great folks there think as highly of your voice as she does, she thinks we should take you abroad for a while."

Ella was silent. She seemed incapable of grasping the astounding news. At last she said rather timidly:

"Won't you hate letting it? You haven't been away from it for more than a few days since, oh, not since I can remember."

"And you, Ella?" he asked, rather wistfully, "won't you be sorry to think of the old home in a stranger's hands?"

"Oh, poor old place, she said, "of course one will be sorry, but oh, if you knew what my music is to me. Oh, father, if I could tell you all I feel!"

"It means being away for five years," he said.

He was jealous for Glen Chisholm, jealous that Ella should put anything before her affection for the old home. Without waiting for an answer he went out of the room. Left to herself Ella leant her head on the piano and burst into tears.

"Oh, my music," she sobbed, "if he could only know how I have longed to hear good music and for good teaching, and I never thought it would ever be possible!"

. . . . . .

On the north side of Glen Chisholm a wood of oaks and beeches stretches down towards the shores of the firth. It was early June, and the long northern day lingered yet on the borderland of night. The wild hyacinths, faintly sweet on the evening air, showed like a blue haze under the beeches. Glen Chisholm walked through the familiar scenes as one in a dream, only stopping to gather here and there a wild hyacinth. He felt rather dazed; there had been so many farewells that day; and now the last and saddest remained to be said.

The outer edge of the wood was bounded by a little glen, the sides of which were covered with ferns; rowans and birches sprang up wherever a roothold could be found on the rocky soil. At the sedgy sides of the burn, whose waters ran with muffled music against the mossy stones, some late marsh marigolds still flourished in golden glory. Glen Chisholm added a few to the flowers he already held.

"For the last time, Elsie," he murmured, "my dear love, who will bring you flowers after this?"

He paused for a moment at the margin of the stream. Long ago, in the days of his courtship, Elsie used to await him at the other side; it had been their trysting-place. The water was running low now and he could cross on the stepping stones, but he remembered early Spring days when the burn was in spate, and he had to wade across. Elsie used to fear that the rush of the miniature torrent would carry him off his feet; he gave a tender little smile at the recollection.

When he reached the graveyard the tide was high, and the soft lap of the waves sang a requiem to the dead. The ivy-covered ruins of the old church kept watch, like some aged and faithful sentinel, over the graves; and the blossom of the double-cherry was strewn thickly on the moss-grown stones. Wreaths of mist were clinging round the base of the mountain, but the summit rose up clear and sharp into the grey of the evening sky.

He paused when he came to a recumbent granite cross, and read the inscription thereon as a stranger might have done.

"To the memory of Elsbeth, wife of James Chisholm of Glen Chisholm. . . 'She asked life of Thee and Thou gavest a long Life, even forever and for ever.'"

"Forever and ever," he repeated, "forever and ever."

He knelt beside the grave and arranged the flowers on the cross.

"Forever and ever, Elsie, and I cry out because I have lost you for life's little day, and, behold there is all God's long eternity before us, before you and me, my love, wife of my heart."

The pale grey of the sky had turned to a leaden hue, and a chill wind came off the firth with the sigh of a hopeless mourner. Glen Chisholm shivered and rose to his feet. The desolation of the parting suddenly overcame him.

"Elsie, Elsie," he cried, "I cannot, cannot leave you."

The luminous darkness of a Highland summer night closed round him as he struggled with an almost overwhelming desire to let Ella go away without him, only to remain himself where Elsie had lived and died. But soon the short night lightened, and a soft sudden wind sighing through the ivy heralded the day. Far down, beyond the Cromarty Sutors, the first grey light of morning touched the sky; the grey merged into silver, and the silver into gold and rose. A blackbird left his night's shelter, and, perched amid the white blossom, sang eastward his matin hymn. And with the dawning a great peace came to Glen Chisholm. He raised his eyes upward and eastward, and whispered:

"Hope, hope, thank God for that! For death must come, and after that? Oh, Elsie, if we trust God's promises what after that?"

He fell on his knees by the cross and touched the name with his lips, and as he rose it seemed to him that the rays of the ascending sun fell most brightly on the words, "A long life, even forever and ever."

Aunt Jane's prophecy proved correct. Ella developed a voice of such wonderful power and compass, but withal so sweet and true, that marvellous things were said concerning her future. They lived with Aunt Jane in a little flat in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. Ella's days were occupied with her studies, and her nights were filled with dreams of a glorious future. She was perfectly happy: she felt that the desires of her heart were being granted, and that she was being well trained to fill the position for which Nature had so generously gifted her. The bustle of London, the quick movement, the small excitements, all delighted her. Her father often looked at her in wonderment. She had dropped into the life so naturally that it seemed her natural environment.

And Glen Chisholm? No words of mine are adequate to describe what he suffered that first year in London. There were times when he would have given all that he possessed to stand once more in that old graveyard by the sea, to feel again the cool breeze playing on his face, to hear the cry of the gulls and the lap of the waves. He was nearly as miserable when they left London in August. Aunt Jane always insisted on going to Broadstairs or Margate. But so completely are we creatures of habit that the daily routine of accompanying Ella to and from her work, the occasional theatre or concert, became to him at last the beaten and familiar track of duty, if not the path of his inclination. If you had asked Ella how her father had spent those years she would have replied quite honestly: "I never thought of asking him, I was so busy working. He always seemed quite contented."

When Ella made her debut at a chamber concert given by the R.A.M. Students in St. James' Hall, James Chisholm first realised the rôle he had henceforward to play. He was introduced to some one as "Mr. Chisholm, the father of the young lady with the wonderful voice." On their own property Ella had been treated with due consideration because she was the daughter of the laird; Aunt Jane's friends considered him entitled to a certain amount of notice because he was Miss Ella Chisholm's father

It was after this concert that an influential personage in the musical world urged on James Chisholm the expediency of continuing Ella's musical education at Dresden. He used almost the same words that Aunt Jane had employed nearly three years before:

"It would be a sin, really a sin, not to give

gifts like hers every chance," said the great man.

Then Glen Chisholm was sold: Mr. Manson, the tenant, had been eager to buy for some time, and as the property was not entailed the transaction was an easy one, and was done by the lawyers on either side. James Chisholm felt it far less keenly than he had felt the letting of the place. He knew it was inevitable, and that had Ella inherited Glen Chisholm she would never have cared to live there.

Father and daughter lived in Dresden for two years, and when they returned to London Ella began to be recognised as the most promising soprano of the day. She had grown into a handsome woman; girlhood seemed to have passed quickly from her, as it is prone to pass from women who follow a professional career. She was not very tall, but appeared taller than her height by reason of her dignified carriage; she was deep chested, full throated as a singer ought to be, with the rich colour of the real brunette, and the most brilliant of hazel eyes.

James Chisholm was very proud of his daughter, but neither the years as they passed, nor the sacrifices he made for her seemed to have diminished the wall of reserve that was always between them. And he knew that if he had been called to make the great sacrifice over again that he would have had the same struggle; for the hills, and the moor, and the sea song still called to him from his old home.

Aunt Jane had died whilst they were in Dresden. Perhaps she would have noticed her brother's bowed shoulders, and the ever increasing shortness of his step. He had not been a young man when he married, and sorrow had made an old man of him long before he had reached the Psalmist's limit. He would have hailed every sign of departing strength as a step nearer the goal for which he had longed these twenty years, but for his solicitude for Ella.

One morning in May he walked slowly up Queen's Gate, for they were now living in a flat in that neighbourhood. The sun glared down like a fiery eye from the cloudless blue, and he walked across into Kensington Gardens and under the shade of the Park trees. Ella had forbidden him to accompany her that morning: she was only going to shop, she had said, and that it was much too hot for him to go out.

"She was right," he said to himself, "it is much too hot to be out. I hope she will take a hansom all the way,"

He sat down under a tree, and gave a sigh as he thought of the fresher green of the country. The Gardens were very empty: the heat seemed to have frightened even the children away, with the exception of one small girl, who was chattering to her nurse at a little distance. The high-pitched childish treble brought back the days of Ella's childhood to him. A few minutes passed and he was no longer in Kensington Gardens. Once more he was on the beach below the old churchyard of Glen Chisholm; Ella played on the sand, and Elsie was beside him; he was happy beyond speech. But a voice broke the silence:

"Come to me, my dearest, there is no need to sacrifice yourself any longer."

It was not Elsie's voice that had spoken, and yet it was certainly Ella's that answered. What was she saying?

"How can I break it to him? He can live with us in town, but we must necessarily be a good deal away, and he will be so much alone. It is not as if he had Glen Chisholm to go back to. And, Louis, he has been so good to me."

Then her companion spoke:

"I think, Ella, that considering how long I have waited—."

The speakers, who had been seated at the other side of the tree, were walking away and the end of the speech was lost to the unconscious eaves-dropper. He rose also and looked after them. He recognised Ella's companion as a young singer who had made his debut a few years before Ella. He was not a rising star, his voice being sweet and sympathetic rather than great, but he was spoken of always as a thoroughly good fellow. James Chisholm remembered how often lately young Bryant had been at their flat. How blind he had been!

"He will take as good care of little Ellie as I have done, and—and I am free."

Had the thought more of joy or pain in it? He was no longer of any use to Ella: indeed he stood between her and happiness. Yes, he was free, but for what? To return to his old home? He had signed away all right to Glen Chisholm. Freedom to join Elsie? Yes, that was what he had gained. He had fulfilled his promise.

He was walking quickly through the Gardens as these thoughts came to him. He felt dazed, and the heat of the mid-day sun struck fiercely on his head. What were the words he had heard in his dream?

"Come to me, my dearest."

Who had spoken them? Surely no one but Elsie. Yes, he was free, he must go to Elsie as quickly as he could They had been parted for so long, but after to-day they would never be parted again.

He was hurrying now along the Row, and soon passed through Hyde Park Gate. But for him the suffocating buildings, the hot pavement, the busy traffic had vanished. He was in the wood by the sea. Soon he would come to the burn and Elsie would meet him at the further side.

Piccadilly was crowded, but he was oblivious

of those who pushed and jostled him. He must not go empty-handed to Elsie: he had always carried her flowers, hyacinths were what he wanted. With the aid of a friendly policeman he crossed to where Mercury stands poised as guardian of the Circus. Ah, there were flowers in plenty, but no hyacinths. A woman held out a bunch of white roses. "H'only a shilling, sir!" she cried. He took them. They were not what he had wanted, but they must do. There was the burn to cross now, and it seemed to him that the current was running very noisily, very swiftly. The flower-girl put out her hand to stop him as he left the pavement, but it was too late.

"There has been a spate," said James Chisholm, "the burn is in flood, but I see Elsie beckoning from the other side."

Did she meet him on the Other Side? Who can tell? The bystanders only saw an old man knocked down by a hansom: and the pale roses held so firmly against his breast were suddenly died crimson.

Ryefield, Conon Bridge, Ross-shire. MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

THE OLD KILN AND THE MILL.*

BY ALEXANDER MACKAY, EDINBURGH.

Author of *Sketches of Sutherland Characters.*

THERE was a saying common in my native place to the effect: "'Se deireadh na luinge a bathadh, 'san àth dhol 'na teine." (the end of the ship is drawing, *i.e.* foundering, or being wrecked, and the end of the kiln, to go in fire), which was, and is, often the case. In my young days every hamlet had its kiln. Some hamlets had more than one; my native hamlet, Swordly, had only one. Kirtomy had three, Farr had two, Clerkhill one. The clachan of Farr, on the minister's glebe, had a superior specimen, close to the mill. Achin-i-asgaich—termed in the Edict issued by the then Earl of Sutherland in 1745, to ascertain the number of men, from the age of 16 to 60, capable to be enrolled as men-at-arms—was called 'Fishertown,' owing, no doubt, to its being close to the Naver river. Not only Strathnaver, but the whole parish of Farr, from Baligill to the heights of the strath, must have been an appanage of the Sutherland family at that time. Achin-i-asgach (Fishertown) as then termed, had its kiln, but no fisherman in my time. Newlands, one, Achana, one, and Invernaver, one. The only one in the parish now is in connection with the mill on Swordly burn.

With the exception of the kiln on the minister's glebe, they were all egg-shaped or nearly so, the door, as a rule, at the end. Facing the door was the fire-place, termed "*an cailleach gròid*," distant from the Slugan, and tapering till it communicated with the *slugan* at its bottom, the distance being about six or seven feet. The *slugan* would be about eight feet in height, circular built at its base, if I rightly remember, its width would be about eighteen inches, gradually widening to the top, where it would be about eight feet wide; here the corn to be dried was laid. Preparatory to drying the corn, first, half-a-dozen or more strong pieces of wood, the property of the kiln, were laid across the *slugan* at the top, termed *Simearain*, or *Simidean*, re-crossing these were laid a number of smaller and shorter sticks, termed *stitigean*; covering these, straw was laid to the thickness of 3 inches or so, and on this the corn in circular form was laid, not more than from twelve to fourteen bushels could be laid on at one drying; the advice, "*A chiad teine do'n eorna, 'san teine ma dheireadh do'n choirc*" (the first fire to the bere, the last to the oats), was handed from sire to son.

To the right of the fireplace, and three or four feet therefrom, was the "*Poll-suathaidh*" (rubbing-pool), and on a level with the fire-place, its back part circular, the front, composed of a single slab (leac) three feet in height, and about four inches thick, well fixed in, into which the corn, when thoroughly dry, was thrown down. If bere corn, two, and sometimes three men or women, as the case might be, went into it bare-footed, rubbing the corn with their soles to separate the bristles from the corn. It was then put into *Casaids* or *Builg* (sacks in my young days were rare) winnowed in the breeze, then ready for the mill.

As the kiln for drying—*Cruadhachaith* it was termed—was used during the winter and early spring, and as the corn took twelve hours or more to dry, its owner had at all times, more especially during the night time, to be in attendance, to keep a regular fire on, as well as to turn the corn, and watch that a conflagration would not take place.

If the occupier of the kiln for the time being was an agreeable man, he would be sure of company to while away the time. I have spent many a pleasant "*Ceilidh*" in the kiln. Between sixty and seventy years ago, and when the kilns were unoccupied, hordes of tinkers came to the localities, making the kilns their homes, with a kind of prescribed right, where they made horn spoons, jugs, pails, and other articles, which they hawked in the neighbourhood for money or kind, driving a hard bargain. They were a very impertinent lot, a terror to the women and children when the men folk were absent.

In the kiln of Mains, Kirtomy, there stood a whinstone, octagonal in shape, if my memory

*Read at a meeting of the Sutherland Association, Edin.

serves me well, as black as ebony and shiny, and I should say about eighteen inches in height, and fifteen inches in diameter, with a round opening in its centre about a foot in depth, and seven or eight inches wide. It was used for making "*Eorn-Crotaig*," *i.e.*, bere corn, for broth. When the bere was put in, it was mixed with some water, then pounded with a wooden mallet, hammer form, stirred occasionally till the husks were fully removed, then allowed to dry, and winnowed. As the back wall of the kiln formed part of the excellent garden made by the Mackays when wadsetters of Kirtomy, and but a short distance from their dwelling-house, I believe it was put there by one of them for their own use. When the kiln was razed to the ground thirty or forty years ago, I have heard it said that the stone was built into a wall of one of the houses built close to where the kiln stood. Dr. Morrison must not have known of its existence, else he would have secured it as a fitting companion to the querns and font which he preserves in his garden. I am sorry that when in Kirtomy in September last, when I went to see the ruins of the horizontal mill there —a sketch of which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* nearly twenty years ago — I quite forgot making enquiry if the "*eorn-crotaig*" stone was still entire, in the position, I have been told, it was placed in.

The Mackays' garden behind the Kiln was about an acre in extent, surrounded by a high wall, now fallen into decay, except the north part of it. When Mains of Kirtomy was worked under the "run-rig" system, each family had a portion of the garden on which they raised the best crop of cabbage plants in these Northern parts; each vied with his neighbour as to who would raise the best plants, supplying not only the district from Durness to the Halladale river, but a number of places in the South of the County. I have a distinct recollection of seeing carts from Sutherland coming to Kirtomy for plants, for which they were charged four pence per 100. Whether or not, the saying, common then in the Reay Country (at which I trust no one present will take offence) "*Cataich ghlais a' chàil*" (the pale-faced Cataichs of the Kail), got its rise on that account, I know not.

When working in the spring and summer of 1851, at Lochshin side, making the road from Lairg to Scourie, Alexander Calder, the contractor, a Rogart or Bonarbridge man, had a few men from that district working for him, but the greater number were from the Reay Country. Among the Reay men was a John Mackay from Strathy Point, locally known as Ian Neill, sometimes termed "*an t-sùil*" owing to his right eye being marred when young by burning. John was a "character," brimful of wit, and never known to be at a loss for an apt reply to a question. He was the soul of any company he happened to be in. We who knew him seldom tackled him, knowing well the upshot, but the Sutherland men, to whom he was at first a stranger, used to ply him with questions of diverse kinds, to all which his replies caused roars of laughter. One day one of the Rogart lads asked him if he knew to what country the man in the moon belonged to. The talk being in Gaelic, "*Bhuil*," replied John, "*cha 'n'eil fios agamsa ro mhath de'n duthaich d'a buin e, ach aon ni tha fios agam ma's Catach e, bhidh lioscail an cul-thaobh an taighe aig*" (well, I am not very sure what countryman he is, but this I know, that if he is a Catach, he'd be sure to have a kailyard at the back of his house).

When employed at Weydale, I lodged in a farmer's house there. Two of his sons lived with him, the oldest about my own age, somewhat argumentative, but with a keen sense of humour. When in the mood we used to discuss matters. If at any time I fancied I had the best of the argument, he would declare that it was more by strength of lungs than by sound reasoning.

One evening towards the end of October I came in cold and wet, not, I dare say, in the best of spirits. I sat close to the side of the wide kitchen chimney, a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth. The two young men were sitting on the side opposite, some distance from the fire place. Looking in my direction they would now and again burst out in roars of laughter. I at first thought that it was something personal regarding myself which caused their hilarity, but said nothing. At last one of them, pointing towards the fire, made me look there. I joined in the chorus. Standing against the chimney jamb was a baggy mite of a being, miserably clad, with a peat slung on his back, as if it were a soldier's knapsack. His hair, matted and thick with dirt, came down, covering his face past his eyes, the sooty drops falling from it made the lower part of the face as if it had been tatooed. He was altogether a picture of the most abject misery. After taking a good view of him, I asked him where he came from.

Said he: "I came from the kill" (kiln).

Query: "Are there many of you there?"

The mite: "There's nine o' us, an' my faither an' mither."

Query: "Is your faither makan h-o-r-n-s the noo?"

Putting his head a little sideways, the mite looked me over very derisively and said, "Ye feil (fool), my faither is no makan h o-r-n-s, but he's makan speens (spoons) oot o' h-o-r-n-s." Tableau!

It was one of the best lessons I ever got. The

mite was taken in hand, féted, and sent on his way rejoicing.

In the natural order of things the mill is an adjunct of the kiln.

When Mr. Goudie of the National Bank here —a great authority on Runes—was writing his book on the old Mills of Syria, Orkney, and Shetland, he asked our friend, Mr. Kemp of Trinity, if he knew any one who could give him a description, if any every existed, of the horizontal mills in Sutherland. Mr. Kemp thought I might be able to help him. As I knew one such I wrote a sketch of it and showed it to Mr. Goudie, who was pleased with my description. He said he would read it at the next meeting of the Scottish Society of Antiquarians, where he wished me to be present. Dr. Arthur Mitchell (now Sir Arthur), who was at the meeting, said he had visited the mill in 1863 when in that part of the country—no doubt, when gathering information for his book, "The Past in the Present." The old mill being then entire, he said he examined it minutely, and was pleased to say that my description of it was unique.

THE OLD PRETENDER.

A CURIOUS instance of the survival of Jacobite tradition occurred when King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, visited Warwick Castle. He asked the name of one of the portraits, and the housekeeper—a Scotchwoman from the far Highlands—replied, "King James III."

"Ah; the old Pretender," said the Prince. "We don't think so, your Royal Highness," replied the sturdy adherent of "lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties."

A GENERAL TOAST.

About the time of the Forty-Five, and for many years after it, the spirit of Jacobitism was so general throughout the country—or rather, perhaps, Whiggery was so merely confined to the official classes—that, in almost all public places, the former reigned triumphant. The Jacobites everywhere had their own way, everywhere took the shine, as the saying is, off the Whigs. This was once particulary remarkable at an open dinner party, at a watering-place in the South country, where a single Jacobite lady, a Lady Hamilton, by her wit and her lively spirits, fairly assumed the lead in the conversation. After she had drank a great number of Jacobite toasts and sentiments, every one of them more satirical upon the opposite party than another, and when she had almost exhausted the spirits of the company by downright laughter, a gentlemen feeling quite fatigued by this "sameness of splendour," interfered with a request that, now she had drunk so many party toasts, she would at length favour them with a general one. "A general one," cried she with great readiness; "sae be't—here's General Keith." General Keith was a younger brother of the Earl Marischal; had been out in the Fifteen; and now, though in the Prussian service, was understood to be still a great friend of the British Jacobite party! The remonstrator gave her up as incorrigible.

King George II., at a review of his Horse Guards, asked Monsieur de Bussy, the French Ambassador, if he thought the King of France had better troops. "Oh, yes, Sir," answered the ambassador, "the King of France has his gens d'armes, which are reckoned the best troops in the world. Did you never see them?" The King answered "No," upon which General Campbell, Colonel of the Scots Greys (who afterwards lost his life at the battle of Fontenoy), stepped up and said, "Though your Majesty has not seen them, I have cut my way through them twice, and make no doubt of doing the same again whenever your Majesty shall command me."

WHEN FAR FROM ATHOLE.

Oh! I'm tired and I'm sick and I'm weary,
And I hate this drear life in the town
With its greyness and coldness and dulness,
Where every smile hides but a frown:
Oh! I sigh for the land of my fathers,
Where a man, if he will, can be free,
For the land where a man can be manly,
But—Fate's 'twixt the Highlands and me.

'Tis a day that has gone with it's fleetness,
With a fleetness that ended in grief,
Since I roamed 'midst the mountains of Athole
When my joy was complete, though 'twas brief;
But a day, with its joys and its sorrows,
From its birth 'midst the heath-covered bens
Till its death in the flat dreary Lowlands,
Since I trod in my own Highland glens.

But though Fate holds the chains of the body
That bind it to place and to sphere,
Yet the wings of the soul are untrammelled,
Unchecked in their wildest career;
So my body may pine in the Lowlands
And act like the other machines,
But my heart is aye far in the Highlands
In the midst of the old childhood scenes.

Come, then, come, with your burdens of sorrow,
With your pains and your achings of heart,
Ye slow-footed children of ages,
Till the pulsing of life shall depart!
And then, only then, shall that vanish
Which links me, my Highlands, to thee,
That love that wells ever within me,
Whose breadth and whose depth is the sea.

COINNEACH MACRATH.

GEORGE SUTHERLAND MACKAY.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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GEORGE SUTHERLAND MACKAY,

Mayor of Warrnambool, Victoria.

THE subject of our sketch this month is a Highlander who has attained a distinguished position in one of the Australian Colonies. Mr. G. S. Mackay was born in 1850, at Clynemilton, near Brora, Sutherland. The family were of the Abrach branch of the Clan Mackay, the wardens of the Reay country and hereditary standard bearers of the race, upon whom fell the brunt of the feuds and forays in which for centuries this war-like clan were continually engaged. His father, John Mackay, was evicted from "Bonnie Strathnaver, Sutherland's pride," when it was cleared of its inhabitants to make room for what was then considered by the noble family of Sutherland to be of much more value than men—sheep! Sheep have now given place to deer in importance, and new deer forests are being constantly formed, but the right of the ancient peasantry to live in the straths of their forefathers is a trifle which gives little concern to the ducal proprietor. John Mackay, whose home, like that of the writer's grand-father in the same valley, shared in the general conflagration, was influentially connected, Lord Gordon of the Court of Appeal, and formerly Lord Advocate, being a cousin.

The subject of our sketch received his education mostly at the local schools, among his teachers being the celebrated Thomas Fraser of Golspie, whose name is still honoured in many a Sutherland household. The number of pupils from his school who wandered into distant parts of the earth in search of fame and fortune, and succeeded in finding both, was remarkable. We have met several of his successful pupils, and it was pleasant to hear them speak with gratitude of the splendid training which they received from Tom Fraser, scholastic martinet though he was. Many an interesting story have we heard told by Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, the late Alderman Bantock, Wolverhampton, Mr. George Murray Campbell, late of Siam, and other old Golspie school boys, regarding this successful Sutherland teacher.

On leaving home in 1867, Mr. Mackay came to Glasgow, to enter the office of Mr. J. A. Dixon, where he served his apprenticeship in law; here also he spent some time in the employment of the well-known firm of writers, Messrs. M'Grigor, Donald & Co. He prosecuted his studies at the University of Glasgow, passing the necessary examinations, and qualifying as a solicitor. In 1884 he decided to seek a new and wider sphere for his labours, and went to Queensland, where he conducted his business till 1889, when he went to Victoria, and in the important district of Warrnambool started practice on his own account, with a success which is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he is to-day the mayor and chief citizen of the town. As a lawyer Mr. G. S. Mackay occupies a high position in the learned profession in Australia.

In 1896 he made his entry into public affairs, and was elected a member of the Council of the Hopkins Ward of Warrnambool, a seat which he has ever since retained. In August, 1903, he was elected to the honoured position of Mayor of the town, which carries with it the office of Justice of the Peace, and last year he was gratified by his fellow-councillors re-electing him unanimously for a second term.

Mr. Mackay is a Presbyterian, and an elder and Session Clerk of St. John's Presbyterian Church, and is a representative to the General Assembly.

In 1898 he married as his second wife, a daughter of the late John Atkinson of "Flowerfield," Koroik. It is interesting to mention that Miss Selby Mackay, a daughter by his first marriage, is presently residing at Glasgow, where she is training for the position of nurse. She has already passed the London examination, and is qualified to practice. This clanswoman attended the recent social gathering of the Clan Mackay Society in Glasgow, where she was delighted to make the acquaintance of so many ladies and gentlemen of her clan, many of whom were natives of her father's native county in the far North.

EDITOR.

HIGHLAND FUNERALS.

THE gathering for the funeral of a chief in the old time, comprehended not only the whole clan and its branches, but all its "kin and allies;" and since the Highlanders, like the present Albanians and Rajah-Poots, always carried their weapons, it is scarce necessary to observe that the muster was "in arms." The only distinction between the array of a funeral and the array of battle was, that in the former was omitted the "*Clogaide*," the "*Lùireach*," the "*Sgiath*," and the "*Claimh-da-laimh*."* At the funeral of

SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL OF LOCHNELL,

in the latter part of the eighteenth century, there were present four thousand men; and at that of Simon VIII. Lord Lovat, who died at Dalcrois, five thousand men in arms conveyed his body from the march of his lands at Bunchrew, to the family chapel in the Church of Wardlaw.†

"This funeral, however, was inferior in splendour to that of Hugh X. Lord Lovat, who died in his house at Beauly upon the 27th of April, and was buried in the church of Wardlaw‡ upon the 9th May, 1672.§

"At eight o'clock of the morning,

THE COFFIN,

covered with a velvet mortcloth, was exposed in the courtyard, the pall above it being supported by four poles, the eight branches of the escutcheon fixed to as many poles driven into the ground, four at each end of the coffin. A large plume surmounted the whole. Two hundred men in arms formed an avenue from the gate to the high road. Four trumpeters standing above the grand staircase sounded on the approach of every new arrival. A sumptuous entertainment was given about mid-day. Between twelve and one the trumpets played the dead march, then the mourners raised the coffin and the pall above it. Two trumpeters preceded and followed the body. A horseman in bright armour, holding a mourning spear, led the van, two mourners in hoods and gowns guiding his horse. At the ferry, two war horses, covered with black trappings, and held by grooms attired in sables, had been placed in ambush, who starting up, here joined the procession. From the west end of the moor to the kirk stile, one mile in length,

ARMED BANDS OF MEN

were drawn up, through whose lines the procession went slowly. The Earl of Murray alone sent 400 of his vassals; the Bishops of Murray, Ross, and Caithness, with 80 of their clergy, were present, and a body of 800 horsemen. At the church stile, the Earls of Murray and Seaforth, the Lairds of Balnagown, Foulis, Beaufort, and Strichen, carried the coffin into the church, which was hung with black. After singing and prayer, the funeral sermon was preached from 2 Samuel, 3rd chapter, 38th verse. At four o'clock the whole ceremonies were over, and the trumpets sounded the retreat. The different clans filed off with banners displayed and pipes playing, the Frasers forming a line, and saluting each as they passed. They then marched to the ferry, and were dismissed."*

The preparations in

WINE, BRANDY, PROVISIONS,

and confectionery for such occasions, resembled the purveyance for the vast entertainments of the middle ages. The wines and spirits were furnished in great abundance by the ample commerce with France and Spain; and in latter times condiments, confectionery, and other luxuries, were brought from Edinburgh. At the funeral of Sir Duncan Campbell,† abovementioned, four waggon-loads of delicacies were transported from the metropolis—but nothing to the satisfaction of the guests, for at a bad piece of the road in the wood of the "*Leitir-Beann*," at the foot of Cruachan, they were all overturned into Loch Awe.

In the ancient Highland funerals all who had

*The helmet, the mail coat, the shield, and the two-handed sword. The dictionaries erroneously give "*target*," as one of the meanings of the "sgiath;" but this betrays an ignorance of the ancient usages of arms. The shield and target of the Highlanders had the same distinction as those of other countries. The first being the *pointed* armorial defence common to all Europe; the last, the round, leather, nail-studded buckler used by the inferior footmen, yeomen, pike and bowmen—the "Rondache" of the Normans, the Target of the English, which last name it carried into the Gaelic "*Targaid*." Until the disuse of arms rendered their definition unfamiliar to the parsons and students who made dictionaries, the appellation of the shield and the target were no more synonymous than, at the present day that of a musquet and a rifle.

†The Wardlaw M.S. lately in the possession of Mr. Thomson, accountant, Inverness.

‡Now Kirkhill. §History of the Clan Fraser, MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid.

*Hist. Frasers, MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid. 412.

†At the death of this Lochnell an interesting incident occurred. The old chieftain, perceiving that his end was at hand, commanded the piper to be summoned, and directed to play "*Cha till mi tuille*," the death lament played at funerals. The pipes presently blew up on the green below the castle, for Lochnell *house* was then a castle. Sir Duncan sat up in his bed, and ordered the window to be opened, and, as the sound of the music went and came below, he listened with deep emotion, waving his hand to the measure, and looking at times to the setting sun, and bright blue sky, as if to take a last sight of the world, till at length his arm sunk, he leaned back on the pillow, closed his eyes, and gave one parting sigh.—*Tradition of Beann-da-loch.*

far to come, or when the procession had to set off very early, all who were not near neighbours, assembled on the preceding evening, and "waked the corpse," or kept

VIGIL DURING THE NIGHT.

The women relieved each other in watching the coffin in the funeral chamber, while the men sat in the hall—the more weary asleep, but the greater number, especially if it was winter, "round the light of the oak," listening to traditionary tales or poetical recitations, generally of a sombre cast, and delivered in an undertone. At day-break a breakfast was set out, well furnished even among the inferior orders, with beef, venison, or goats' flesh, salmon, trouts, heaps of hens and eggs, and abundance of claret and brandy. Whisky was unknown until the Covenantic and Anglican persecutions put down the abundant commerce with the Catholic countries.

As soon as the meal was concluded, "Thog iad an Corp"—

"THEY LIFTED THE CORPSE,"

and the procession set forth. The women followed to the first burn, where, as at that which the dead had already passed, they once more took leave for ever. In the short halt which attended this separation, and in which tears flowed afresh, the "*deoch-falbh*," the parting drink, passed round in profound silence, as if the departed gave the "*deoch-an-doruis*" on that threshold which he should cross no more. The dark column then passed forward, and if it was winter, and the day was bad, with a stern, quick, determined pace; for if the roads were ill, and the waters swollen, it should be a march of toil, sometimes of danger, when the fords were deep and the torrents strong. All near the coffin, and these were continually exchanged from front to rear, relieved the bearers every forty or fifty yards, so that if the distance or the shortness of the light required haste, the bier was borne forward with surprising velocity. Two men with bottles, always replenished, preceded the head of the column about three hundred yards, and gave drink to all whom they met, but with a kind and saddened hospitality. If the deceased was a person of rank, the clan standard was carried before the coffin, but *furled*.

THE PIPES ALWAYS ATTENDED,

but followed immediately after the bier, a small space being warded round the piper, by four men, who joined their drawn swords before and behind him, to keep off any pressure of the crowd. In the present decay, or rather extermination of ancient customs, it has been supposed that the pipes should precede the coffin, as they preceded its inmate when alive. But the contrary was the invariable custom; because the feet being borne forward, the pipes attended the head. It was an undeviating form that the piper preceded in a wedding, but followed in a funeral.

In the vast parishes of the Highlands, where the ecclesiastical rebellion destroyed all the local chapels, and, in many instances, threw a plurality of cures into one, the church is now placed at the distance of a day's journey from many of the inhabitants. Often, therefore, the coffin must be borne from twenty to thirty miles, and through many a deep and violent torrent; and yet the bearers will perform this progress in five or seven hours. It was, and is still by the people of the glens, considered

DEROGATORY FOR A HIGHLANDER

to be carried in a hearse. It is by the hands of "his people," "shoulder high," that they feel a sad pride and consolation to render their last services to the dead. When the late Glengarrie died, a question was made in Inverness if a hearse would be used at the funeral? but the clansmen bent their brows and said, "that it might be sent, but that it would never go past Drumnadrochaid," for that "the people would never see *Mac Mhic Alasdair* carried to the grave in a cart." His own feelings, indeed, would have sympathised with theirs; for one of ourselves being dangerously ill, and obliged to be borne from Invergarrie to the steamer, he disliked the idea of the carriage being used; upon such an occasion it appeared to him too near the hearse; and when it was proposed, "No," he said, "he shall be carried in his plaid, shoulder high, like his father's son, and the pipes before him"—which, indeed, should have been, could we have had strength to bear it.

THE FUNERAL OF GLENGARRY

himself was the last which bore—probably shall be the last which *will* bear—a Highland character. The funeral of the late Chisholm was attended by a great train of carriages, and nearly a thousand people, but the coffin was conveyed in a hearse, and there were neither pipes nor tartans, nor any attribute of a Highland gathering. One of the chiefs present having heard an expectation of this absence, made inquiry upon the subject, and received for answer that "*it was desired that no Highland dresses should be present.*"

CLAN MACLEAN.—This Society completes a most successful session on the 13th April, when the Annual General Meeting takes place. The meetings have been well attended, the proceedings being made as attractive as possible by means of lectures, musical evenings, and dances. Of late (Mr. John Maclean, the energetic Convener of the Finance Committee, informs us) there have been quite a number of life and ordinary members added to the roll, while the funds have never been in so flourishing a condition.

TRADITIONS OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.

LORDSHIP OF LORN.

SIR—In my letter on the above subject which appeared in your issue of last month, I adhered as closely as possible, for the sake of brevity, to the merely necessary points in connection with the subject in hand. Since then it has occurred to me that it may be advisable for sundry reasons to review the matter from a more antagonistically critical point of view; and with the intention, moreover, of obviating, if possible, future and unnecessary discussion.

The following, so far as occur to me, seem to be most of the critical points that have been urged, or may be urged, on this subject.

1. Sir John Stewart was quite possibly still a married man when Dugald was born in 1445.

2. If Sir John meant all along to marry Dugald's mother why did he delay from 1452 till 1463, when his arrangements were all presumably completed?

3. If married, where is the legal record of the marriage?

4. What was the state of the Law in regard to legitimation of offspring following marriage?

5. Why does a Stewart historian, Duncan Stewart in 1739, as some suppose, apparently hold an adverse view of this matter? These points will be considered in the order given.

1. Sir John Stewart was quite possibly still a married man when Dugald was born in 1445?

Reply. The balance of supposition is distinctly in favour of Sir John's having been a widower at the time of Dugald's birth. Though not uncommon it is not the rule that small families of three children vary very widely in the range of their ages from each other. Presuming that "Janet" or Margaret, who married Breadalbane, who was then Glenurchy, in or before 1448, was the eldest sister, as she really was notwithstanding the record to be found to the contrary in Burke, and that she was young at the time of her marriage, say 21, she would still have been 18 or 19 when Dugald was born. Now it is scarcely likely that there was 18 years' difference between the ages of the oldest and youngest daughters; and there was therefore ample time for the possibilities of Lady Stewart's demise during that period. Other considerations strengthen the view that she did die. For instance—how comes it that Sir John, then a man in his prime, for he was again marrying 40 years later, anxious and eager to have a male heir to his great possessions (unless we belie humanity), and having proved by the fact that he had had three daughters that there was no impossibility, suddenly fail to have any more progeny? The presumption is evidently in favour of death or some untoward accident to Lady Stewart. Again in the important document of 1452, previously quoted, there is no mention of provision for Lady Stewart in it whatever. This points strongly to the supposition that she was then dead; and this was only 7 years after Dugald's birth. Again no provision is made in it for Dugald. But the inference is obvious—Sir John meant to legalize him as his heir to the whole succession. And if he did not do so, and likewise did not mention him in this deed, there would certainly have been a separate document providing for him, for it is inconceivable that Sir John, in view of the leniency with which bastardy was viewed in those days and the customary provision that great men made for such offspring, should have deliberately left him destitute. Again in this important document of 1452 the use of the significant words "Procreated or to be procreated" require serious attention. If Sir John was a married man at that time, and was still hoping against hope that an evidently much belated son might still be born to him, it is intelligible, especially if these words were a set form of legal phraseology. If on the other hand Sir John was a widower, as we believe, then the importance and significance of the first word becomes self evident. If he was an heirless widower then the word is unnecessary, and becomes pointedly and gratuitously superfluous. But he himself supplied the word and the long list of heirs male; and the document was drawn up on the lines of his specification and at his request by the king. Yet he himself would have known that he had no existing heir male born to him in wedlock by his wife—then why put in that word? On the other hand, if he was a widower and meant to legalize his son, that single word becomes of vital importance; for without it Dugald could never have succeeded his father. Its insertion falls into place with the whole of Sir John's deliberate preparatory action and intention, and with his final endeavour to carry that plan into execution. The significance of its insertion cannot be underestimated or regarded apart from the general and whole evidence of intention. Without that single, and from the antagonistic view unnecessary, word the whole fabric of evidence from the Appin Stewart standpoint falls to pieces—yet that word stands there a silent sentinel witness to the unity of the general intention, and to the possibility of the Dunstaffnage wedding. To put the matter in plain language—would any sane reader, making his will as an old married man, and having no heir, consider it necessary to go out of his way to leave his property to an hypothetically existing son by his own wife, full well knowing that no such son had ever been born to them in their past? Yet that is what Sir John practically did in 1452 if he was married; and if not then he clearly intended to legalize his existing son Dugald at that time. There seems no other way out of it. The clear inference is that he had this in his mind; and that Lady Stewart was in all probability dead.

2. If Sir John meant all along to marry Dugald's mother why did he delay from 1452 till 1463, when his arrangements were all presumably completed?

Reply. The evidence apparently available does not enable us to say when the last and youngest of the three daughters, Marion, was actually married off to Campbell of Ottar, and settled. If Margaret or "Janet" was the eldest, as she certainly was, and married young, in 1448, then the other two weddings must have succeeded very rapidly indeed, and the brides must have been very young also to have been married within and before 1452, the date of the important document consolidating Lorn for transmission to Sir John's heirs-male, and in which the marriage portions destined for the three daughters had not been included. It is therefore possible in the absence of dates, that one or two of the daughters, though provided for in regard to their

portions, were not actually married till well on in age, and perhaps long after the year 1452; and the contrary supposition, that they were all married off before that date and were not fledglings, lands you between Scylla and Charybdis with regard to the argument under Reply No. 1, as tending to prove that they were well grown when Dugald was born, and therefore to emphasize the probability of Lady Stewart's death at that time. If they were not married till late, then we have a strong and definite reason for Sir John's delay till 1463, in view of the fact that his marriage might have the effect of preventing theirs. Under any circumstances, however, there would always be the existing antagonism of Margaret's husband, Breadalbane; and this would increase as the Campbell connection increased with the marriages of Argyle and Ottar. How strong that antagonism was, and which might well make Sir John pause, may be inferred from a consideration of the circumstances attending the murder of Sir John. The inference from the fact that he was assassinated at the last possible moment before the ceremony, and as the wedding procession was entering the chapel adjoining the castle of Dunstaffnage, is significant indeed as suggesting that the motive was to prevent the legitimation of Dugald. But the Macdougalls could gain nothing by that whatever, as to them it only meant the next heir stepping in against them. Then the question is—who were actually interested? The answer is—Walter and the Campbells! Which of these then made the foul suggestion to Allan Macdougall, and used Allan as their tool to remove Sir John from their path? The Appin tradition seems clear enough that it was the Campbells. It was they who induced the MacFarlanes to join the MacDougalls later. It was Argyle who ultimately obtained Lorn in face of the document of 1452. All the talk about co-heiresses of Lorn, so far as they referred to the Lordship, and the euphemistic expression found in Burke "resignation of ..... Walter Stewart" are moonshine; as neither were the ladies co-heiresses of the Lordship, though they obtained lands; nor can Walter's be said to have been a "resignation," except in the sense in which a highwayman may be propitiated by "resignation." No! Walter could not help himself. Contemptible as he was, he was however, not a willing fratricide. There is no escaping from the conviction that, like the Macdougalls, he was merely the tool in the hand of Argyll. The conclusion also is irresistible that Sir John had the most tremendous combination of interests arrayed against him, some of which were murderous in their intensity, and that he well might hesitate before taking the final step in his resolution to marry Dugald's mother.

One point in the foregoing requires notice: The question of the relative ages of Margaret or "Janet" who married Breadalbane, and of Isobell who married Argyll. It will be at once clear that, if Isobell was not the eldest, Argyle was not entitled to the title of Lord of Lorn; for if the sisters were co-heiresses really, then the title would go with the elder; and she, as a matter of fact, was Janet. Here then is fruitful ground for "diplomacy." The fuller reasons will be found given in "The Stewarts of Appin"; but it may suffice here to say that documentary evidence is in existence showing that Janet was the elder, notwithstanding the assertion to the contrary; and that since Breadalbane was the uncle of Argyll it is scarcely likely he married the younger daughter, however convenient the arrangement might sound for Argyll in later developments where the question of the title of the Lordship came into play.

3. If married, where is the legal record of such marriage?

Reply. It is quite evident that from immediately after the murder, and for some years later, Dugald could not have access to Lower Lorn. Documentary evidence, if it had ever been completed, was in the hands of the Macdougalls in the first instance, and then probably in those of Argyll. The power of the latter was so great at Court over the young king that, in a bond dated Dec. 1st, 1469, by Walter to Argyll, in the negotiations for the division of the spoils (for that is what it amounted to), Walter obliged himself that he would immediately enter upon Lorn and thereafter resign the title and lands for a new grant to the Earl; the latter in turn undertaking to obtain for Walter the title of Lord Innermeath, with precedence over that of Lorn. If the Justiciar's power was such that he could in anticipation pledge himself to obtain such Royal favours for another, and in such a delicate matter as this was, is it likely that he would allow any adverse and important documentary evidence to remain extant against him in Lower Lorn if it could possibly be avoided? Another consideration of a general nature is, that the preservation of documents and records was at the best very poor and defective in those days and in that age. If stress is laid on the absence of this evidence in this case the reply is obvious, that it is no exception to the rule governing the records in regard to other members of Sir John's family; for the name of his first wife is a matter of uncertainty; nor can the Campbells agree among themselves which was his eldest daughter—and so on. It may be generally observed in this contention that if documentary evidence of the marriage was forthcoming then, and now, there would never have been any question to raise or discuss; and that in face of the weight of general evidence available it appears probable that the evidence of the officiating minister was suppressed, or lost, owing to his demise before Dugald could gain access to him; and, furthermore, that it is possible that the exigencies of the occasion and time possibly prevented any record being made at all.

4. What was the state of the law in regard to legitimation of offspring following marriage?

Reply. I take this subject up because, except to experts, it is a knotty subject to the lay understanding, and because and therefore loose statements are apt to be given weight to, and accepted as true, by such readers. One such argument was brought to my notice some time ago. Not being in a position to furnish an authoritative answer, I submitted it to more weighty judgment. As will be seen, for I purpose following the respective two lines as closely as possible for the sake of brevity, the reply makes hay of the propositions adduced on the other side.

Proposition. The writer, after saying that he considers Dugald to have been illegitimate after Sir John's murder, goes on to say legitimation by subsequent marriage was not a pre-Reformation institution, and adduces, what he considers, the fact that

the son by the first marriage of King Robert II. did not succeed by right of birth but by a special act which that King got passed to cover the bastardy of his sons by Elizabeth Mure, whom he eventually married. All her children were born prior to her marriage. Then he says—Even this act of settlement did not prevent the legitimately born heirs (issue of second marriage by Euphemia Ross) from murdering James I. The Act of Parliament if unjust was at least law, but that did not cover the illegitimacy of the reigning line after James V. death when it lapsed; and had the representative of the second marriage been ambitious and strong enough he had a clear claim to the throne on the strength that the Act was worn done of its provisions for the first marriage, and that he was the legitimate heir of Robert II. The great-grandson of the heir of Queen Mary's time ruined himself by a mere hint of the situation. This was the 7th Earl of Menteith who lost Strathearn.

The reply to all this was (1) Robert II. and Elizabeth Mure were undoubtedly within the prohibited degrees—the Papal Dispensation under which they were ultimately married expressly says so; and Riddell (Scotch Peerage and Consistorial Law), by inference says, that but for that bar their subsequent marriage would have had "the instant and plain effect of legitimation." (2) There is evidently a want of knowledge of Scots history, and of the subject taken in hand. The special act referred to, under which Robert III. succeeded to the Crown, was not directly concerned with the legitimacy of the children. It was simply the act of the first monarch of a new dynasty settling and regulating the succession to the Crown, just as it is well known his grandfather, Robert the Bruce, in similar circumstances passed a similar Act. He also *states* it was to cover the bastardy of the elder children. This construction is unwarranted, because long before King Robert succeeded to the throne his eldest son John (afterwards Robert III.) was known and recognised as his heir. Indeed as "John *eldest son and heir*, and Robert Senescal of Scotland" he appears frequently in charters and even in treatises between Scotland and England. Moreover, the Papal Dispensation for the marriage contains an express legitimation of the issue of Robert and Elizabeth Mure, no doubt considered necessary in view of the parents having been within the forbidden degrees, and so, as Riddell says, not legally entitled to marry at all. Again, James I. was not murdered by the lawful heirs (so called) of Robert II. *i.e.* by the issue of his marriage with Euphemia Ross, though there is good reason to suspect that some of them played on the grievances of others and inspired the actual murderers. The immediate cause was his depriving his cousin Malise Graham of the Earldom of Strathearn on the ground that it was a male fief, and could not descend to him from the Stewarts. It was Malise's uncle who murdered him, though it is true a grandson of old Walter Stewart, the crafty old Earl of Athole, had a share in it by admitting the conspirators. He goes on to say also that it is absurd to talk about the representatives of the second marriage claiming the throne after James V. death—at least if by that is meant male representatives—because there were none, the entire legitimate male representatives of Robert II. by any of his sons having failed with James V. He therefore attaches no weight to the arguments adduced, and concludes by giving extracts, with his own annotations thereon, from Riddell; some of which are as follows :—Riddell, p. 136-7. In re Robert II. and Elizabeth Mure..

"Theirs was not a case of subsequens matrimonium" between a "solutus and soluta," authorizing the instant and plain effect of legitimation."

Note. Riddell holds that Robert and Elizabeth were not "solutus" and "soluta" (*i.e.* that they were within the forbidden degrees) and so could not lawfully marry at all, but the above quotation plainly shows that "subsequens matrimonium" between a "solutus and soluta" had the instant effect of legitimating the issue previously born.

Page 522. In re—the general question. "The only question then to be solved . . . . . is whither the parents could have married at the period of their (the children's) birth? which, being granted, the legitimation by the subsequent marriage at once follows." Other quotations are also given.

Thus we may say that not only does subsequent marriage legalize offspring now, but it did so at that time. Moreover it was the custom from the very earliest times, as may be seen by a reference to Abercrombie's History of Scotland published 1711, where, quoting Buchanan's earlier history, he gives a case in point showing that as early as about the year A.D. 500 this was the case among the Picts, and Britons, the celebrated King Arthur having been an illegitimate son legalized by marriage of Uther Pendragon the British king, the next claimant Lothus, King of the Picts, ultimately acquiescing.

V. Why does Duncan Stewart, the Stewart historian who wrote in 1739, apparenty hold an adverse view of this matter, as some suppose?

Reply. It is true that Duncan Stewart, M.A., in his "History of the Stewarts" apparently admits illegitimacy. But this fact is of no importance whatever. He was a descendant of one of the Invernahyle branches of the Appin Stewarts, who were in Appin till nearly 1700. Moreover, being a very learned and erudite man of great attainments his opinions carry great weight. It must, however, not be forgotten that he had apparently left Appin for some time, and that being a resident of Torrie in Perthshire he was in a country, and amid surroundings, where Appin traditions in this matter were neither rife nor tolerated, since the Athole family were the descendants of that very Walter who so treacherously obtained Innermeath. Again, as facts stood in his day, he saw that the descendants of Dugald had possession of Appin, while the remaining lands of Lorn were held by Argyll and Breadalbane; and thus, in the absence of the important information which later research has discovered, he was content to adopt that version of past occurrences which had been put forward by interested persons, he himself concluding that the so-called "compromise" under which Dugald retained Appin was an agreement with his sisters—an arrangement which, as we have already seen, was an impossible solution. A reference to his work at p. 170 in regard to the Innermeath family shows that he consulted the historian Crawford who, in his History of the Stewarts, misled him on inaccurate information, and in the use of which he unconsciously made himself the means of publishing to the world the Campbell version of the acquisition of Lorn. This subject may be more fully studied, however, in the "Stewarts of Appin." The

whole matter in Duncan Stewart's day, 1739, had been rendered extremely obscure and uncertain. This is reflected in the account he gives of Sir John's death p. 170, where he says—"He died in 1469; others say he was murdered . . . . . this might perhaps have given rise to Buchanan and Hawthornden's story." As Sir John's assassination was a matter of common notoriety in Lorn, and beyond dispute, this account is rather remarkable as signifying a want of certainty and accurate knowledge of the whole subject.

To conclude this letter I may say that, while compelled to analyse and criticise at some length, I have endeavoured to introduce as little documentary consideration as possible in order to shorten matters and to obviate dryness of description. Much detail of this character may be referred to in the pages of "The Stewarts of Appin." I trust, however, that enough has been written to lay the ghost of the old calumny that has been allowed to wander unchecked and at large for a matter of some centuries till a quite recent date; and that in future we may have no more McIan or other historians reproducing one-sided stories against either the Stewarts of Appin or their gallant sub-clan, the Maclarens.

I am, etc,

ALEX. K. STEWART,
Of Achnacone.

Achnacone, Appin,
Argyllshire.

THE BRACKEN.

It was the bracken, our own green bracken,
We buckled fine with the white cockade,
To join the banner of love and honour,
White cross of Andrew o'er the fair-haired lad.

From sheilinged Carie to blue Benorackie,
With glancing claymores, in tartans clad,
Through Struan's heather, once more together,
The old red bracken for the faired-haired lad.

By wide Strathgarry, through deep Glenruari,
Where for a hero the day smiles sad,
And some the silver of Athole's river,
Now left for ever for the fair-haired lad.

No more, no more will Struan's muster find them,
Yet though defaced now in death's cold squad,
One name to bind them, the world will mind them,
And glens behind them for the fair-haired lad.

O name of honour, though wide you've wandered,
Whene'er you're sounded, or worn that plaid,
Stieve hearts are marching behind yon standard,
White cross of Andrew o'er the fair-haired lad!

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

MR. FRANK ADAM, F.S.A., AUTHOR OF THAT MOST USEFUL WORK "WHAT IS MY TARTAN," has many friends in the old land who will be glad to hear of his success in the Malay Federated States. He has just been appointed Inspector of branches and agencies of one of the largest business concerns in the Peninsula, embracing fourteen establishments. He has our heartiest congratulations. His great literary life work, on the "Clans," is now completed and in the hands of an Edinburgh publisher, and will prove, beyond comparison, the most exhaustive reference work ever published on every topic relating to clans, tartans, armorials, regiments, and kilted cadet corps at home and abroad.

SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL LITERATURE.

COMPILED BY ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

(Continued from page 108.)

1743 Short History of the Highland Regiments, interspersed with some occasional observations as to the present state of the Country, Inhabitants, and Government of Scotland, with a rare frontispiece of a piper in regimentals. Crown 8vo.

1774 Strictures of Military Discipline, with some account of the Scotch Brigade in the Dutch service. 8vo.

1793 List of Militia Officers, with the dates of their Commissions; list of Officers of the Independent Companies and of the Fencible Regiments now raising in Scotland; 12mo.

These, however, are not the standing army.

1795 Dr. Wm. Porteous' exhortation to the Officers and Men of the 1st Battalion of the Scots Brigade, delivered in the Castle of Edinburgh, 7th June, 1793, before the battalion received their colours. It contains a concise account of the Brigade; 8vo. Glasgow, 1795.

1808 Memoirs in the Life and Travels of George Fraser, late soldier in the 3rd Foot Guards, containing occurrences which befell him in Ireland during the late Rebellion, and in the expedition to Holland under Sir Ralph Abercromby; post 8vo. Glasgow, 1808.

1820 Narrative of a Private Soldier in the 92nd Regiment, written by himself; post 8vo. Glasgow, 1820.

The writer saw service in the Irish Rebellion, 1798, Holland, 1799, and in Egypt, 1801.

1821 Personal narrative of a Private Soldier who served in the 42nd Regiment for 12 years during the late war; post 8vo.

1822 Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment (James Howell), for 1806-1815. The third edition with letters from Corporal Meuller, 1st Foot Guards, describes the attack on Bergen on Zoom; post 8vo. Edinburgh, 1822.

The above author served throughout the Peninsular War, and at Waterloo.

1824 Life and Diary of Lieut.-Colonel Blackader of the Cameronian Regiment; crown 8vo, Edinburgh, 1824.

Blackader served in the wars under King William and the Duke of Marlborough, and in the Scottish Rebellion of 1715.

1824 Narrative of the Life and Travels of Sergeant B. (Robert Boulton) written by himself; crown 8vo. The author apparently served with the 26th Cameronians in India.

1827 Vicissitudes in the life of a Scottish Soldier, written by himself; post 8vo. The writer of this volume was a soldier in the 71st Regiment, who served in the Peninsular War.

1828-1853 Papers relative to the Royal Guard of Scottish Archers in France. Presented by James Dunlop of Edinburgh, to the Maitland Club of Glasgow. No. 36 of that club's productions. N.D.

1838 Narrative of a commuted pensioner, by J. W., late of the 78th Regiment, now Sergeant in Lieut.-Colonel Maitland's Battalion of Montreal Volunteers; 8vo. Montreal: Printed for the author.

1841 Retrospect of a Military Life, by J. Anton

of the 42nd Highlanders. Frontispiece and vignette; post 8vo. Edinburgh, 1841.

A stirring description of the Peninsular War, the Waterloo Campaign, with notes, etc.

1842 The Journal of Sergeant D. Robertson, late 92nd Foot, comparing the different campaigns between 1797 and 1818 in Egypt, Walcheren, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, France, etc.; post 8vo. Perth, 1842.

1847 Historical Records of the British Army, containing the History of every Regiment in Her Majesty's Service, by Richard Cannon; crown 8vo, 198 pp. London, 1847.

1858 Memoir of Col. John Cameron of Fassifern, Lieut.-Colonel of the Gordon Highlanders, or 92nd Regiment. Portrait and two plates, 4to. Privately printed, 1858.

1862 Scottish Regiments, with the Statistics to each, 1808-1861; 8vo. London: Simpkin.

1863 The Eventful Life of a Soldier (Joseph Donaldson), with frontispiece; 12mo.

The author was a Sergeant in the 94th Scots Brigade, and served in the Peninsular War.

1864 Military Memorials of the Life of a Soldier, comprising the more interesting of his observations and experiences in the army during 21 years, by a soldier of the 93rd Regiment. Edinburgh, 1864.

1867 Historical Records of the 26th or Cameronian Regiment, with coloured plates; 8vo. Owing to an error in the costume depicted in one of the plates, this volume was rigidly suppressed.

1871 The Old Colonel and the Old Corps, 92nd Highlanders, by Lieut.-Colonel C. E. S. Gleig; cr. 8vo.

1874 Chronology and Book of Days of the 42nd Regiment of Highlanders, the Black Watch, from 1729 to 1874; 12mo. Edinburgh: privately printed.

1875 History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans, and Highland Regiments, illustrated with a series of portraits, views, maps, etc., engraved on steel; clan tartans, and upwards of 200 cuts, including armorial bearings by John S. Keltie. 2 vols.

1880 Records of the 90th Regiment Perthshire Light Infantry, with roll of officers from 1795 to 1880. Two plans; imp. 8vo.

1880 Life of Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, Colonel of the 90th Regiment, by Captain A. M. Delavoye. Portrait. Imp. 8vo.

1884 Glasgow Volunteers. History of Seventh Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers, late 4th A. D. Battalion and 29th L.R.V.; also biographical notices of officers past and present, etc., by Captain James Orr; 8vo. Glasgow, 1884.

1888 Two Scottish Soldiers. A soldier of 1688 and Blenheim. A soldier of the American Revolution and a Jacobite laird and his forbears, by James Ferguson of Kinmundy, Old Deer, Aberdeenshire; demy 8vo, 10 by 162 pages and eight illustrations, including that of "The Ferguson Rifle." The appendices of this volume describe the "Position of the Scots Brigade in Holland," the Commissions in the Scots Brigade, etc. Printed at the Adelphi Press, Aberdeen, by Taylor and Henderson, and published by David Wyllie & Son, Aberdeen.

1888 Historical Records of the 79th Highlanders, from 1793 to 1888. Compiled from official and authentic services by James MacVeigh, with portrait of Col. J. M. Leith; Col. W. H. M'Cawrland; and the Regimental colours.

1890 Historical Records of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, from 1800 to 1890, by James MacVeigh; portraits, small 4to. Dumfries.

1891 Some account of the part taken by the 79th Regiment or Cameron Highlanders in the Indian Mutiny Campaign in 1858 by Captain Douglas Wimberley, sometime Lieut. and Adjutant of the 79th. Inverness, 1891.

1893 History of the 79th Regiment, by Colonel Percy Groves, illustrated with coloured plates. 4to.

1902 Ian Roy of Skellater: a Scottish Soldier of Fortune, being the Life of General Forbes of the Portuguese Army, by James Neil, M.D., Warneford Asylum, Oxford. This monograph is dedicated to General Sir John Forbes of Inverernan, G. C. B., etc. Size 8vo, 138 pages and 4 illustrations. Published by David Wyllie & Son, Aberdeen.

1903 The South African War Record of the 1st Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, 1900-1-2. Inverness, 1903.

1904 "The Lads of the Don": Donside Gordon Highlanders, "D" Company, Alford, 24th August, 1904. Contains 76 pages of subject matter, compiled by P. A. (Rev. Peter Adam, B.D., of Alford). This bazaar book embraces articles on The Raising of the Gordon Highlanders; Early Volunteering in Aberdeenshire; Aberdeenshire Regiment of Volunteers, 1794, by J. M. Bulloch, the Gordon Family historian; The Volunteers of 1857 and after; Local Volunteer Corps; Officers, past and present, etc. Size, 4to, profusely illustrated. Aberdeen: printed at the Aberdeen Journal Office.

With this, the third instalment, my notes exhaust what I have collected during the the past four years, whilst on another quest. Will those who can augment the list already marshalled, please send full particulars to c/o the editor. During compilation I have received substantial assistance from Captain Douglas Wimberley, Inverness, the well-known genealogist and historian.

ABHORRENCE OF THE DEER TO SHEEP.

"THE deer went from the hill." This is not a figurative assertion. The detestation of the deer to sheep is so great, that they will not inhabit the same ground with these animals.

A remarkable instance of this antipathy was observed in the end of the last century by an old drover, familiarly called "*An dròbhair bàn*,"* when crossing one of the great moors of Sutherland, soon after the first "head of sheep" had been turned into Lord Reay's forest. The narrator was surprised by the appearance of a large column of near a thousand deer marching

*Mr. MacIntyre of Clun-nam-Mac-righ, in Lorn, a most worthy and intelligent example of the old character of the Highlanders, whose mind was stored with traditionary lore and personal observation. Time and the grave, which now divide us, will not obliterate the remembrance of the hospitality and information which we have received under his roof

out of the country in a steady determined emigration. Disgusted by the invasion of the sheep and their dogs, they had collected from all parts, and unable to find "clean ground," continued their course out of the country, dispersing into the most solitary glens. From these they never returned, and, harassed and killed by the shepherds and farmers, their numbers became reduced to the few and scattered fugitives which lingered in a state of outlawry in remote coires, until the "commercial spirit" of England spread to the Highland hills, and it was discovered that harts and hinds could be converted into marketable stock like other cattle. Hence deer are now "*grown*" for Saxon guns, as wool for Manchester looms, or beef for Smithfield shambles.

The abhorrence of the deer to sheep did not result merely from the disturbance of their dogs. It is true, that, like the corollary of St. Columbus concerning cows and women, "where there are sheep, there must be dogs, and where there are dogs there must be mischief." But the chief cause for which the deer shun the society of their wooly enemies, is the closeness of their feeding, and the foulness of their fleece.

THE DEER IS VERY DELICATE

in his food, and exceedingly fastidious as to the purity of his pasture. Independent, therefore, of the abridgement of his provision by the excoriating teeth of the tree and herb-exterminating "*gall-geall*," he cannot endure the oily rancour of their wool, which poisons the fresh heather and sweet green shealing. Wanting these nuisances, he exhibits no antipathy to the intercourse of black cattle, his old aboriginal brethren of the hill, whose clean coat and moderate feeding spares the grass, and leaves no taint of tar and oil in the pasture. Hence the deer and the stirks may be seen herding in the same coire, and reposing on the same turf.

Sheep in any considerable number are an introduction into the Highlands since the latter end of the eighteenth century—when it was supposed to be discovered that mutton was not only a *safer*, but a more profitable stock than man. It is yet well remembered in Argyllshire, that the

FIRST CHEVIOT FLOCK

brought into that country was introduced by Mr. Campbell of Combie, upon the farm of Balantyre, near Inveraray, in the year 1771. The earliest similar colonization in Inverness-shire was in Morven, about the year 1777. The shepherd of these flocks—of whom the first was a certain John Todd from the neighbourhood of Dumbarton; the second, a Braidfoot from the border—introduced the first "*maud*," or *shepherd's plaid*, worn in Argyll or Inverness. Similar flocks and their feeders disseminated the expulsion of the deer, and the introduction of the base "*hodden-grey*," which has since usurped the place of the tartans of the Clans; and at its first appearance, from the calamities by which it was accompanied, and its degraded supplantion of the national dress, was truly and significantly named—"Brat-galla,"—*The foreigner's rag*, and—"An riochd-mallaicte,"—the *accursed grey*.

This hue was to the Highlanders what black is to their neighbours; and so detestable for its wan and ghostly appearance, that its association afforded the popular appellation for ghosts and devils; hence an apparition—a phantom—was named "an *Riochd*," the grey, or wan—

THE SPECTRE FOREBODING DEATH

"*am bodach glass*," the grey carl; another of an evil genus in the shape of a goat—"an *Glastig*" or "*Glasdidh*"*—"*the Grey*" or wan; and, as in the south, the great enemy is named familiarly "*The Black Gentleman*," so in the Highlands he is called "*Mac an Riochd*," the son of the *grey*. In the ideas of the old wives and children of the last century, all these personifications, except one, were as nearly as possible those of the modern "*dubh gall*" deer-stalkers in their chequered "*hodden grey*," wanting only the "Jim Crow," "ruffian," or "crush hat"—enormities which had not then completed the masquerade of death and Satan.

It is easy to trace the origin of this association. The

ANCIENT CALEDONIAN HELL,

like that of Scandinavia, was a frozen and glassy region—an island named "*Ifrinn*," far away among the "wan waters" of the Northern Ocean, and involved in everlasting ice, and snow, and fog. In this association, the appearance of the evil spirits to its inhabitants, like that of mortals in similar circumstances, was believed to be dim, wan, and cloudy shades, such as men become when seen through a frosty mist. Thus, a party of modern deer-stalkers, noble, well appointed, and gallant though they be, in despite of the gold Geneva watch chains, and costly Purdie rifles, which peep from beneath their shepherd plaids, would represent to an old "*Sealgair-nam-beann*" the liveliest vision of the fiend and his familiars; and we have no doubt that, if "*Alasdair Mac-Dhonachi-ruaidh*," or even "*Iain-dubh-draoineachan*," had ever met, in the grey of the morning, either Lord O., Sir H. G., or "The brigands of A. . . . ," he would have fled the hill for that time, and never have returned to it again, between sun setting and sun rising.

*It has pleased a writer of the "*Cockney school*" of Highlanders to convert this word into "Glaslig," which we take leave to observe is unknown in the Highlands, and did not exist before the year 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1905.

CONTENTS.

DR. M'EACHRAN, MONTREAL, HONOURED BY M'GILL UNIVERSITY.

THE following appeared in the Montreal *Gazette* of 18th March:—"Dr. Duncan M'Eachran was yesterday afternoon made Professor Emeritus of M'Gill University, in recognition of his long service to the faculty of comparative medicine, and veterinary science, which has now passed out of the university.

Dr. M'Eachran was born in Campbeltown, Argyleshire, Scotland, in 1841, and graduated from the Royal Veterinary College, Edinburgh, in 1862. Coming to Canada the same year, he lived for a time in the vicinity of Woodstock, removing in 1866 to Montreal, where he founded the Montreal Veterinary College. In 1889, he was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science, and professor of veterinary medicine and surgery in M'Gill University, a position which he held until 1902, when it was deemed advisable to discontinue the work of the faculty.

He is the author of a number of text books on subjects connected with his profession and has also been a frequent contributor to scientific journals. He was elected Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, in 1875, and was the first Canadian upon whom this honour was conferred."

Dr. M'Eachran's many friends in Kintyre and in Canada will be pleased to learn that his long service to the M'Gill University has been so suitably recognised. The Doctor hopes to be able to visit his native district in autumn.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—This society met in the Rooms, Buchanan Street, on 30th March, Mr. L. M. Mackay, Edinburgh, president, in the chair. Several applications for assistance were read and grants made. Mr. Wm. Mackay, writer, treasurer for the recent social gathering, gave a satisfactory report on that successful event. The clan Re-union in Edinburgh in February has resulted in a substantial balance being added to the society's finances. Mr. J. L. Mackay, M.A., LL.B., referred to the fact that £400 of the clan funds were lodged in the bank, and that a profitable investment could now be had. The matter was remitted to the Council to deal with. Mr. David N. Mackay, writer, presented a petition in connection with the proposed isolation of the 71st Highland Light Infantry from the Highland Brigade, and after several members had expressed themselves strongly against this latest War Office tampering with Highland regiments, the president was authorised to sign the protest on behalf of the Clan Mackay.

ROBERT MACKINNON'S COLLECTION OF HIGHLAND BAGPIPE MUSIC, WITH ADDITIONAL COMPOSITIONS BY THE LEADING PIPERS OF THE DAY, INCLUDING A NEW TUTOR.—Mr. Peter Henderson has just published a new revised edition of this excellent collection of pipe tunes, printed in a much more handy form than the earlier issue, and extending to 120 pages of music, strongly bound in half calf. While the volume contains a choice selection of the old favourite airs, there are in addition a large number of recent compositions of genuine merit, well worth the attention of every piper. The whole work has been thoroughly revised by Pipe-Major J. Macdougall Gillies, and we trust it will have a large sale. Copies can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow; price, 6s.4d. post free.

SAD DEATH OF A ROSS-SHIRE HIGHLANDER IN NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. James H. Allan of Rotherham, N.Z., sends us the following graphic account of the circumstances attending the tragic death of Mr. Donald Ross, an old subscriber and contributor to the *Celtic*.—It may interest you to know that Mr. Donald Ross, who was an extremely patriotic and enthusiastic Highlander, and a regular subscriber to the *Celtic Monthly*, met his death in a very sudden and unexpected manner. Mr. Ross, as no doubt you are aware, was an officer of the New Zealand Stock Department, and at the time of his death was engaged in company with another officer of the Department (Mr. Munro), in inspecting a stretch of very wild and remote country in Marlborough. They were riding on horseback through a very rough glen, when they were suddenly overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, and being many miles from any human habitation, they had no alternative but to push on. The path through the glen being too narrow for both to ride abreast, Mr. Munro was riding in front with Mr. Ross just behind, when they were struck by lightning, Mr. Ross and his horse being killed instantly. Mr. Munro lay unconscious for a considerable time, his first sight on coming to his senses being poor Ross and his horse lying dead beside him. Mr. Munro had then to ride about twelve miles for assistance, and to cross a flooded and dangerous river (the Wairau). Taking everything into consideration, it would be hardly possible to imagine a more terrible experience than Mr. Munro had that day.

Mr. Ross was a man respected and beloved by all who knew him. At the time of his death he was 37 years of age, in the prime of life, strong and handsome. His untimely death was the cause of great sorrow to a very large circle of friends.

THE TWO VOICES.

IT is the song of the mountain streams and the sough of the wind in the pines and the husheen of moonlit seas along the wrack-scented shores that I have it in my heart to write of now—and ever. For the soul of the Gael is as truly drenched in passion for the hills of home as a rock is drenched in salt sea spray. We come and we go to the lands of the South, where gold awaits them that bend their backs longest and oftenest over the dreich task in crowded places, with never a breath of clean, good air. But our hearts cannot forget the far-off shieling in the glen, and the burn that tumbles foaming over the green-grey rocks, and the rising sun—the eye of day—that pierces with a glance the mists of dawn in the corries of Ben More, where the bonny brown deer wander free and wild. Be where we may, the sound of moaning winds is ever in our ears, and the vision of green-shored islands, splashed with spray, is ever before our eyes—and for the heart, the first love and the last with the Cailleach's Children is the hill and the glen and the restless sea.

And yet, though we be for ever hungering for home when we are away, we are never the ones to say "No" to our hankerings when we are there, but must be up and away and across the hills to see for ourselves. Since the day we first heard the breakers' roar, the sea has been tumbling and tossing and laughing at our feet. That is a picture of our hearts—never at rest, full of wild sad singing, now smiling, now lashing in fury at the jagged rocks which, for all the storm, stand unconquered still.

So Sim M'Coll sat dreaming by the summer tide one quiet calm forenight The hills of Skye shone far and fair across the glassy sea, the evening light was playing among the high corries of Druimfada, but Sim's heart was tempest-tossed with anger, and he struck the holy silence of the summer eve with a muttered oath, as one would strike a gentle face with a clenched fist. It was all wrong with Sim M'Coll, because he had heard someone tell strange tales of Aileen's love, and his soul burned with pride, and the shame of it. Was not this the poor world indeed, with nothing to look upon but the hills and the sea, and the sh ps going north and south, past the mouth of the sea loch? Far away over these hills to the south there was a glamourous world of men and maids, where the fever of life ran high and the best got the most for his pains, and nobody needed to want for pleasure or for gold, who had brains to think or hands to toil. Ach! the sameness of the hills, and the silence of the nights, and the long monotony of the empty days! There was Ewen and Rory and Ronald—they had all gone away, and were now sending fine tales of big money and strange pleasurings. But he—Sim M'Coll—was the stay-at-home.

He looked at his hands—great strong hands that could pull at net or oar and never tire. He stood up on his feet—tall and straight and broad—and looked out to sea, with a new light in his clear blue eyes. At that moment Sim M'Coll was the big man in his own eyes, the man who had not got his due, and the world of trackless hills and seas was too small to hold his thoughts. There was something calling, calling, calling to him over the hills. He could not get the sound of it out of his ears, and the more he heard the sough of the world, the better he liked to listen to it. So he listened, and listened, standing still there on the rocks, until the calling grew so loud that it silenced every other sound in life for him.

Then he laughed.

And with a turn of his heel in the rocks that crunched the limpets with a crackling sound, Sim M'Coll swung round and made for the low-roofed cottage by the loch-head. And that night the Cailleach of Arnisdale looked this way and that from her door, but there was no sound of his returning in the still summer night.

"Ochone! for my leelone sorrow! It is the way with them all, and there will be none to carry me out when the time comes. My children! my children! little ken you the sorrow of the sound you have heard, calling you away—and little think you how soon you will be hearing the other voice calling you back!"

. . . . . .

And the year swung round.

The summer sun was setting over the far hills of Skye, and the sea birds were calling softly to one another in the golden light of evening, and the Cailleach of Arnisdale went out to sea at the darkening, and no one saw her go, and no one saw her come back. But the hills knew her bourn beyond the cold grey waves that were tumbling out of one gloom into another. For the hills know all things—even the deep hidden things that the sea keeps. But the hills speak not of the secrets of men, unless it be when they thunder aloud and grumble and mutter and echo with the foolishness of the Cailleach's Children.

Sim M'Coll was seeing the world. He was alongside Ewen and Rory and Ronald at last. And this was how Sim saw the world. In a place that was as hot as hell and as stifling as the pit—the big sinewy man stood before a furnace, stripped to the waist. He had a long iron rake in his hand, and ever and ever he thrust the rake into the door of the furnace that roared and glowed and burned hotter than any

shame in life—and the molten iron ran out, like scalding seething white snakes, into myriads of little runnels where it reddened and burned and lit up the darkness of the night. Amid the shouts of men, and the roaring of furnaces, and the clanking of iron chains, Sim worked, and Rory worked, and Ewen worked, and Ronald worked, through the long summer night. Sim's iron rake seemed never to rest—the furnace roared night and day—until Sim dreamed of the iron rake when he slept, and grew to hate it every moment of his working hours. If he could only lay it down now and then and go away. But no. Was he not seeing the world and tasting the pleasures of it? So in and out of the furnace the rake must go. He must thrust it into that pit of belching flame—he and no other. Each day was like a week, each week became a year, and each year—but one was enough, and it seemed as endless as the song of the mountain stream.

"Sim, lad—mind ye how cool the loch at Arnisdale was when we swam across yon summer night?" said Rory.

But Sim sweated on in silence, and answered nothing. And next day he had dreams.

"Sim—would not you be the happy man if you could drink at the well of Arnisdale this night, which is cold and clear and sweet?" said Ronald.

But Sim sweated on in silence, and swore to himself. And next day he had more dreams.

"Sim—what are you thinking about, to let the furnace so low," cried Ewen. "Are you thinking of Aileen and the summer shielings with the milkings and songs at the gloaming far up the glen?"

Sim stood still—a great strengthy man, with the sweat of weariness running down his face and arms and breast. The light of the furnace leaped in his blue eyes, which were looking at something far away. The men shouted and the chains clanked. But still Sim stood, heedless of the furnace or the molten streams. Then Sim swore.

"God! but I am the blind fool!"

Then he threw down the long rake, and without a word put on his coat and walked away with great swinging strides — looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

. . . . . .

That night Sim M'Coll sat alone in the dark by the side of a river quay. The lights of the city twinkled on the bridges and were reflected in long trembling lines of light in the inky water that went gliding sluggishly past on its midnight journey to the sea. The ships lay alongside the quay or rode midway in the river. But Sim saw none of them. He sat there alone and heard the calling of the sea birds far away on the loch side by Arnisdale. He saw the sun setting over the hills of Skye and the lights of a ship passing up the sound in the stillness of the summer night. The peat reek was in his nostrils, and he breathed the good clean winds of home, all laden with the scent of bog-myrtle and heather. He saw the brown deer grazing far up in the corries of Ben More, and heard the grouse cocks crowing on the moors. And through all his dreamings there came to him the sound of a woman's voice, singing a milking song sadly, with a sob in it, in the gloaming at the shieling in the glen.

And the world swung round again for Sim M'Coll. He stood up on the quay in the dark. At that moment Sim M'Coll was the small man in his own eyes, the man who had got more than his due, and the world of the city with its heavy airs and stifling houses and sordid crowds was too small to hold his thoughts. There was something calling, calling, calling to him out of the darkness. He could not get the sound of it out of his ears, and the more he dreamed the more he heard the strange compelling sound. So he listened rapturously, standing there alone by the black river, and the calling grew so loud that it silenced every other sound in life for him.

Then Sim laughed—a soft glad laugh, like the laugh of a child as it lays its head on its mother's breast. And with a shake of his shoulders he turned and walked away in the dark.

. . . . . .

So Sim M'Coll went home. And the year swung round again, and again, and yet again.

. . . . . .

The light of evening is quiet and calm on the hills of Arnisdale. The dim blue mountains of Skye rise like a dream out of the summer sea. The white birds are calling softly on the rocks, and a barque lies becalmed on the waters of the sound at the mouth of the sea loch. Sim M'Coll is crossing the hill with the long firm strides of a man who keeps the world below his feet wherever he goes. The never-ending hum of bees makes a music of peace round about him, and the slanting light of sunset glows on his face. As he draws near the shieling a low sweet sound of love comes stealing up the hillside to him, and lays his soul under a magic spell. It is the sound of Aileen singing to herself at the milking and the sound of a little one laughing as she sings.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 104.)

BISHOP LESLIE in the same century says that "Fynmacoul was a man of huge size (so was William Wallace), and sprung from a race of giants." Gavin Douglas about *1500* also speaks of

"Greid Gaw Macmorne, and Fyn MacCoul and how
They suld be goddis in Irland as they say."

Dunbar, the contemporary poet, says,

"My fore grandsyr hecht, Fyn MacCoul,
That dang the deil and gurt him youll,
The sky is rained when he wall scoul,
He trublit all the air.

The same—

"He got my grandsyr Gog Magog
Ay when he dansit the warld wald schog,
Five thousand ellis gaed till his frog
Of *Hieland pladdis* and mair."*

That such warriors as the Feinn were big men, I have no doubt at all, especially their leader, Fingal, for in these days, and for many centuries after, physical strength, and tall stature, were the necessary qualifications of rulers in the first instance, and success in arms would soon make a king of him. That Fingal was a big man of Scandinavian descent, though probably distant, I feel certain. His *yellow hair* and blue eyes, are good dignostic points and stature also, as the Germans (Scandinavians) of ancient times were very large men. The original or first immigrants into Britain were undoubtedly dark Celts. I can see nothing improbable about Fingal having been a very formidable looking warrior, say like the following:—"Under a large cairn of stones piled over a tomb on a moor in the south of Scotland, a stone coffin of very rude workmanship was found. It contained the skeleton of a man of *uncommon size*. One of the arms had been almost severed from the shoulder, a fragment of very hard stone was sticking in the severed bone. That blow had been struck by a *stone* axe (no historical documents except the internal evidence to prove it!) Thousands of years passed, the cairn of the dead was opened, and that splinter was found in the bone of the once mighty arm which the axe had all but hewn away. What a curious tale to be told by a single splinter of stone.†

The relics of the stone age discovered a few years ago (July 6th, 1903), in the Fish Creek Country, Montana, by Professor Fare, of the prehistoric remains of animals of immense size, including a human skeleton nine feet high, are very instructive. No one need wonder should the Highlanders in their folklore tales exaggerate the prowess and appearance of renowned individuals, who lived in the flesh, and fought and sang among them, and well might Mr. Campbell exclaim in *1822* that "Ossian will sit sublime upon the hill of winds, and the music of his harp shall be extolled ten thousand years after the puny libeller and parallel passage hunter, shall have been forgotton!" As our reason and intelligence teaches us that from the single fact of the presence of the splinter of the stone axe above alluded to, *proves* the man to have lived in the stone age, so does the character of the Ossianic poetry *prove* to us that it was *not*, and *could not* have been composed by any one who lived in modern times, and especially by a young man twenty-four years of age. No one but a lunatic would have attempted it.

With regard to the proof demanded by the opposition for a *word* for *word* and *line* for *line* copy of the poems, it must be remembered that upwards of forty years were allowed to elapse before any serious attempt was made to collect originals for publication. Macpherson was the first in the field as a Gaelic-speaking man, except the Rev. Mr. Farquharson of Strathglass, and that he collected the best of what was to be had, and this was at a period when a complete change had come over the Highlands. The people were emigrating and giving up their old habits, and the old were becoming indifferent owing to the loss of chieftainship, and dying off, and as most of the poems had been taken down from oral recitation, though there were also undoubtedly MSS. probably written long after their composition, it can readily be understood how difficult it must have been to recover *line* for *line* copies.

The 7th book of Temora more than any other was said to have been composed by the laird Strathmashie, because some mysterious person in Badenoch had seen it amongst Strathmashie's papers after his death. Even if it had been seen it would only bear out Strathmashie's own public statements of his having "copied out for his friend the greater part of the poetry which he published." Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie had been in the habit of visiting Badenoch for twenty years, and made frequent enquiries on the subject, but never could get hold of the MSS., or of *any one* who had heard of it. "In Gillies's collection we have some of Strathmashie's songs, and as Gillies knew nothing of Gaelic, we must conclude that they were printed from the author's own writing. Their orthography corresponds in all things with that of the period, and is widely different from "Temora."*

Now, as to the historical origin of the poems,

*Dr. MacBain's article on "Who were the Feinn?" 1892.

†M'Kenzie's History of Scotland.

*Dr. Clerk's Ossian

though the special battles which they describe, whether with Caracul or with Swaran cannot be proved, still they seem to depict with fidelity the manners of the times in which these events took place.

"The accounts given of the Irish kings in Ossian are diametrically opposed to that given by the Irish historians who quoted from the monkish chroniclers af the 14th century.

But the "Annals of Tighearnac," first published in *1825*, agree entirely with Ossian! These "Annals," written in the 11th century, were *absolutely unknown* in Macpherson's days. He could not possibly have had access to them. It follows then that the historic portion of Ossian is *older* than the 14th century, and is based on truth." Now let me arrest attention here for one moment. If *I* had discovered the above-mentioned "Annals," and written a paper on the subject in a Celtic journal without disclosing the source of my information, what would the Celtic scholars say? Why, every Celtic scholar in Europe would call me a greater forger than Macpherson, and would not believe one word of it! Skene, in his essay on the Highlanders, from whom the above account was taken, further adds a striking confirmation to the celebrated antiquary Finn Macnussen, who proves that the religion of the Lochlanners as described by Ossian, is a correct picture of the ancient religion of the Scandinavians, and that the real nature of that religion *could not* have been known to Macpherson, being unknown to modern scholars at the time.

If to the above is added that Barbour in *1857* mentions both Fingal and Gaul, the son of Morni, as well as Boece, and Bishop Leslie in *1578* places Fingal the son of Cumhal in the 5th century, it shows that the belief in the existence and antiquity of these heroes prevailed among the inhabitants of Scotland, it is not easy to resist the conclusion that Fingal fought at some time, and that Ossian sung.

When Max Muller, in his "science of language" says that the story of Helen of Troy is a dawn "myth," and that the seige of Troy had no historical basis, we must not jump to the conclusion that they did not exist. They simply can't be proved, neither can we prove in a court of Law that Ossian's poems are authentic, but from the whole character of the poetry there is reason to believe that it belongs to pre-Christian times—that is, in Caledonia, before the end of the 6th century, and the references in our Scottish annals to the period of Fingal confirm this view.*

(To be continued.)

*Dr. Clerk's Ossian.

DHACHAIDH GU SRATH-EIRINN.

FONN—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

'N uair bhios fortan air mo thaobh,
Lionaidh mo chuid siùil le gaoith,
Bheir mi sgriob bho Thir-nan-craobh,
Dhachaidh gu Srath-Eirinn.

Dhachaidh thar na tonnaibh gorm,
Togaidh mi gu sunndach òrm;
Dhachaidh thar na tonnaibh gorm,
Dhachaidh gu Srath-Eirinn.

'S mu bhios mo luchd-eolais gànn,
Chi mi sliochd nan seòid a bh' ànn,
'Us gach doire, dail, 'us gleànn,
Bho dha cheann Shrath-Eirinn.

Chi mi ceo roimh 'n ghrian a' triall,
Thar nan creagan gruamach liath,
Suas àrd-shleibhtibh garbh nam fiadh,
'S mullaich chiar Shrath-Eirinn.

'Us mar dhaoimeanan bidh 'n driùchd,
Air gach gucag-fhraoich feadh stùc;
'S anail cubhraidh maduinn ùir,
Ag' eiridh bho Srath-Eirinn.

Chi mi 'n abhainn, mar bu nòs,
Ruith, 's a danns', le ait', us ceòl,
Eadar buinn nan cnoc, 's nan tòrr,
'S bruaichean-fheoir Shrath-Eirinn.

'S bidh gach lagan boidheach, gorm,
Dhomhs' mar chala dian bho'n stoirm,
'S tric a bhuail gu guineach orm,
Fada bho Shrath-Eirinn.

Ach tha mise 'n lamh Fear-iùil,
'S gun mor leirsinn na mo shùil,
'Us mar coimhlionadh mo dhùil,
Soiridh le Srath-Eirinn.

AONGHAS MAC-AN-TOISICH.

THE CAITHNESS MATHESONS.

SIR,—Your enquirer, Mr. David Matheson, Ottawa, is at a loss to know how, when, and why the Mathesons of Caithness appear so far north? presumably from Loch Alsh, the ancient home of the clan. As the name occurs in Scandinavia, I would suggest that his progenitors may have come south instead of north. The tall stature, large bones, and fair complexion of some Mathesons clearly indicate a Scandinavian origin. Their slogan in Lochalsh is "Dhalachaidh dha tearnaidh." The dale of the field with two sides. "Fac et spera" was the motto of the Balmacaras, and "Vigilans"—formerly "O Chian," of yore—of the Bennetsfields. There are two editions of the clan history published, the first by Alexander MacKenzie, and the second by Alexander MacBain; both in Inverness. I will give your enquirer a fifth fact of which he may be proud! It was Sir James Matheson of the Lews, when in the East, who formed such a high opinion of the Japanese character that he invited two young princes to come to Britain to be educated, and that was the nucleus of the future Japanese westernisation.

GLEN DEVON. KENNETH MATHIESON IX.

TRADITIONS OF THE CHISHOLMS.

THE Chisholm family is amongst the oldest and most respectable in the Highlands. Their chief residence is Erchless Castle, which is one of the few castles of the "olden time" now standing in its primitive grandeur. It is situated in a lovely valley, surrounded with the most picturesque and romantic scenery, and the silent but rapid stream of the Glass (which is joined by the Cannich and Farrar), wends its way downards close to the Castle, to join the sea in the Beauly Firth. The elevated and craggy mountains, which rise, as it were, towering to the skies, on each side of the narrow glen, are truly imposing, and are the admiration of the numerous tourists that journey thither. Prior to the construction of the present ancient family residence, the original seat stood on an elevated spot some distance to the north of where the present one stands—and near to which place the remains of the late chief lie, in a beautiful tomb, which is surrounded with shrubbery and evergreens.

Glenconvinth is one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in the Highlands of Scotland. Its name in the Gaelic language is *Gleann-a-choin fhiathaich* of which the literal translation is "Glen of the Wild Dog or Wolf." This little glen is surrounded and overtopped by the surrounding hills, and concealed from the view of the tourist until he just enters it, when a velley, "rich with the scents of nature's laboratory," bursts upon his sight, with a fine clear stream meandering through the bottom of it, wending its way until it discharges itself into the Beauly Firth. About half way up the glen, at its northern base, may still be seen the ruins of a church, where people were wont to worship in the "olden time;" also a spacious burying-ground attached. The church, previous to the Reformation, but subsequent to that eventual period, was united to that of Kiltarlity, and is now denominated the United Parishes of Kiltarlity and Glenconvinth,

HOW THE CHISHOLMS GOT THEIR CREST.

Glenconvinth, like other places at one period, was infested with wild boars and many an unwary huntsman got dreadfully wounded, or lost his life, in an affray with those ferocious beasts; but by the frequent visits of the lovers of the chase to the locality, their numbers were gradually diminishing, till at last it was supposed the glen had been ridden of this pest, but the havoc made amongst the sheep in the neighbourhood told but too plainly such was not the case. The glen was then, and for a long period thereafter, overgrown with alder trees and hazel bushes, affording an excellent cover to these denizens of the forest, and here it was discovered a boar of extraordinory size and ferocity had his lair. This was the last one that could be seen—the terror of the place and the dread of the wayfarer. To kill this formidable scourge, and extirpate thereby the race altogether, the neighbouring gentlemen assembled. Among those who met on this perilous adventure was the

MASTER OF CHISHOLM,

a young man not yet arrived at manhood. The party were standing a little to the east of the burying-ground, sharpening their spears on a large stone, when the boar was espied in the valley a little below where they stood. One of the party volunteered to go down alone and despatch the animal, but he had not gone above half way, when perceiving the size of the enemy he was about to cope with, his courage failed and he turned back. The young Chisholm then requested to be allowed to go down, but although the gentlemen admired the valour of the stripling, they dissuaded him from such a rash step. The youth sharpened his spear, after wringing a reluctant consent from the party, and buckling himself, set off to meet his crouching antagonist, whose growlings and fiery eyeballs, flashing defiance, noways dismayed the brave youth. Our hero, coming up, all the time watching closely the animal, and as he was in the act of charging, pierced the enraged beast a little below the neck. So great was the force of the blow, that his hand nearly followed the course of the spear. The party, who anxiously waited the result of the combat, were over-joyed, and loud in their praise of the gallant youth, when they discovered him unscathed standing on the carcase of the boar. The stone on which they sharpened their spears, still stands as a lasting relic of the affray, and although frequent using has considerably defaced it, may still be pointed out to the traveller who visits this lovely spot, and among those whom kindred associations brought to view this renowned place and see the stone was the lamented amiable and pious chief, brother to the last Chisholm. Since the above affair, the boar's head forms part of the armorial bearings of the ancient and respectable family of Chisholm.

Of another chief of this family, there is the following amusing anecdote:—He had been for some years greatly afflicted with pain in his legs, so much so that he was deprived of the power of walking, and had to be carried about. As was customary in those days with chiefs and lairds, every family kept

A FOOL OR JESTER.

One fine summer evening the worthy chief was carried to a couch prepared for him in the garden, and seeing his fool there too, called him, in order to keep the flies off his legs, which they

were tormenting. The fool carried in his hand a large cudgel, and seeing a swarm of flies resting on his helpless master's legs, aimed a blow at them; but instead of killing myriads, as he expected, he nearly broke the chief's legs, and threw him into a swoon. Supposing he had terminated his master's existence, the fool ran away as fast as he could, and betook himself to the neighbouring wood. Soon after the occurrence, some of the domestics entered the garden, and finding the chief in such a condition, were greatly alarmed; but shortly thereafter rallying, he told them what the fool had done—but he was nowhere to be seen. Conjecturing rightly where he had gone, a search was made; but when on the point of giving it up as fruitless, from the top of a thickly branched tree the fool bawled out:—"Ye needna, sirs, for mysel' just got mysel'." Having decoyed him down, and on their way expostulating with him for the injury he had done his indulgent master, he replied—"It was the flies that did it, and not me." But in the end it turned out that the poor fool was the best physician his master ever saw, for the disease in his legs not long thereafter disappeared, and there was not a gentleman in the country had a sounder pair than the Chisholm. He lived to a good old age, and esteemed none of his domestics more than his fool.

A GENTLEMANLY CHARGE.

The next anecdote of this family, relates to a period when the worthy chief was rather seriously indisposed, and an express was sent for his son, Mr. William, who was then practising as a physician in Inverness. He lost no time in repairing to the bedside of his sick father, and remained at Erchless Castle for two or three days, by which time his father was out of danger, and said "Now, William, since I am almost quite well, I do not mean to have your services for nothing, therefore you will tell me what is your charge?" The doctor replied, "Oh! father, I do not mean to charge anything." But on the chieftain again saying he would not take his trouble without being remunerated, answered, "Oh! then, since you are determined to pay I will only charge what I do other gentlemen." "How much is that?', "Only £50." "Only £50!" remarked the Chisholm, "do you charge other gentlemen that sum?" and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Oh, Willie, Willie! it is I who put the estate into your hands when I made a doctor of you." So rising, and going to a drawer, took therefrom the £50, which he placed in his son's hand.

Dr. Chisholm was a gentleman highly esteemed by all classes in Inverness, and subsequently became chief magistrate—an office which he filled for years with honour and integrity.* His lady was grand-aunt to Mr. Baillie of Dochfour. In benevolence and sympathy she excelled, and wherever sickness or poverty prevailed, her helping hand was extended to alleviate it. This was beautifully exemplified in the year 1781, better know as

"THE YEAR OF THE WHITE PEASE,"

in which, throughout the length and breadth of Scotia's soil, its inhabitants experienced the distressing effects of a famine. Among others who sent to the Continent for cargoes of pease was the lady's brother, Mr. Alexander Baillie of Dochfour, who, on its arrival in Inverness, directed Mrs. Chisholm to distribute a considerable portion of it to the most necessitous in the town—the rest to be disposed of to the best advantage, and it certainly would have brought a handsome profit then, as everybody would give any price for it rather than starve, had not this amiable lady represented to him that the poor could not pay for it, and the rich would be provided for in some other way. He then told her to do with it as she thought best. Persons were now appointed to grant "lines" to the poor, some for a peck or a peck and a half, and one of those who had the honour of granting lines was the narrator himself.

THE LATE CHISHOLM'S FATHER

was one of those kind and liberal landlords who lived in the hearts of his tenantry and dependants, cherishing a mutual and good understanding with them, and they in return were directed by his superior counsel and advice. Illicit distillation was carried on then in Strathglass to a great extent, and although he was continually pressing on the people the danger and unlawfulness of smuggling, he could not suppress it. At Excise Courts he often presided, and when an unlucky smuggler was brought before the justices, and in all probability amerciating the unfortunate man in a heavy fine, the Chisholm was known frequently to move the sympathy of his brethren on the bench, and set the culprit at large for a mere trifle of a fine.

The great and godly Mr. David Chisholm, minister of Kilmorack, was a descendant of the Chisholm family. He was a most powerful, impressing, and convincing divine, and an honoured instrument of doing much good in his day and generation. He was succeeded in the parish by his son, Mr. David, also a celebrated divine.

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*Dr. Chisholm was Provost of Inverness from 1773 to 1776, and re-elected 1779—1782. He survived till 1807.

FORDING A RIVER.

THE streams which descend from a mountainous country are difficult to be passed, and when swollen it is often impossible for a considerable time to get across them, where no bridges have been erected. Channels, which in summer are almost dry, become raging torrents during winter, and continue full until the summer is advanced, from the melting of the snow in the mountain hollows.

The heavy falls of rain, also, which frequently take place, bring down the waters so suddenly as to cause great damage, and they rush onwards with such rapidity that instances are recorded of loss of life from being surprised by the impetuous flood; but a Highlander can distinguish the peculiar noise of the coming stream before it emerges from the mountains.

Water spouts occasionally burst in the hills, when trees, corn, cattle, and houses, are carried away, gravel and stones of enormous size being left on the fertile haughs or meadow land; and sometimes a new channel is formed for the stream, and where in such case it is the march or boundary of estates disputes have arisen as to the proprietorship of the dissevered portion of land.

On the broader rivers, where boats are used, they have not unfrequently been swamped in the passage, and this was more particularly the case in the olden time, when Currachs, or small

FORDING THE RIVER.

vessels constructed of hides, stretched on a wicker frame work, or boats formed from the massive trunks of trees were used, as was the case within memory of man in Strathglas.

An ingenious contrivance is to be seen at the castle of Abergeldie,* in Braemar, where the passenger takes himself across the Dee in a

*While the 'cradle' at Abergeldie existed until recently, much of the danger and romance which survive in the story and legends of the Highlands in connection with the fords and ferries by which the 'crossing of the stream' was effected, has been swept away by the onward march of civilization. Many of those ferries, deep and rapid rivers, and innumerable smaller streams, subject to frequent and sudden floods or 'spates,' have long since been provided with the requisite bridges and necessary roads leading thereto, chiefly provided for by statute labour. The first result of this was the substitution of carts and other wheeled vehicles instead of ponies for the internal commercial intercourse of the people, and consequently partial disuse of the 'fords.' In more recent times still, the utilitarian spirit of the age has provided, either at the public expense or by private generosity, bridges almost wherever they were required. Thus all the glamour and mystery connected with nearly every fordable Highland stream will henceforth only exist as legends and traditions preserved in local history.

basket, or 'cradle,' suspended from a rope passed from each bank of the river; stilts are, also, sometimes used where the bottom is not rocky and uneven, which seems a practice introduced from the south, where it is quite common; but it being necessary for the Highlanders to ford the streams without artificial assistance, great strength, fortitude, and particular skill, are required to do so with safety.

If the river is very rapid, the stones and pebbles are rolled violently along its rugged bed, which renders the passage more dangerous; and as a means of strengthening his resistance to the water, the Highlander will carry a heavy stone in his plaid as ballast; but when two are in company, they are enabled by their joint energies to ford deep and strong rivers, by grasping each other at arms'-length and using a strong stick in the other hand as a support. If the ford admits it, the more who are thus locked together, 'gualibh ri cheile,' or shoulder to shoulder, as it is expressed, so much the better, although their confidence often exposes parties to great danger.

A company returning from a funeral in Strathglas, resolved to ford a river, a practice which the more spirited Highlanders prefer, even when a bridge is nigh. It was then greatly swollen, or in a 'spate,' and they arranged themselves as usual with the strongest men towards the stream; but when they reached the middle, so insecure was their footing, that, afraid to proceed, and unable to retreat, they came to a stand still.

Those who had accompanied them to the water, and the others, who, having passed round by the bridge and awaited their landing, beheld in anguish their imminent and helpless situation, as they stood in the raging flood, which every moment threatened to carry them off.

The cries of the friends of Ian mòr, who stemmed the torrent, were, that he should loose hold of his neighbour, and seek to save his own life: advice to which the generous Celt would give no ear. Some of the weaker occasionally gave way, but were upheld by their companions: and a short, thick-set fellow, Cailain dubh, or dark Colin, who flanked the lower end of the line, having fastened a heavy stone across his shoulders with the rope that had been used to lower the coffin, firmly kept his feet, until, towards nightfall, by cautious steps, they all got safely over!

Ian mòrs' brogs, by the effect of the gravel and water, had lost their soles and worked up to his knees; but he and his friends were becomingly thankful that the coffin rope, to which they owed their salvation, had been brought with them.

The Spean, through which the figure in the illustration is passing, discharges in a rapid stream a great body of water, and as the fords in most places are narrow, and bordered by pools of great depth, it is a very dangerous river to those who may attempt its passage. Some years ago a party, consisting of Mr. Fraser, sheriff of Fort William, Mr. MacDonald, of Inch, and their ladies, with the author of this illustration, were nearly lost by fording it in the night. Since this mishap, the place has been pointed out as Glac an t-Siorra, 'the Sheriff's pass.'

The figure of the Highlander here represented is taken from an old but sturdy fellow, called Mac Gillie Mhanntich, and it is very usual to ford the river in this manner; a plaid being put around the woman, the ends are taken over the neck of the man, who, provided with a stout staff, or as here shown, the Cromag, or Crook, makes his way, with the female on his back, steadily through his watery path. When there are two men, by grasping each other as before described, a person can sit securely between them, the arms being put around their necks. This way is more particularly suited to females in delicate health.

There is a Gaelic rann, or verse, which celebrates the most fearless forders of their native streams in these words:—

"Mac Garranich, Mac Glasich's, Mac Uthich,
Triur's fhear a chuireas
An Amhuinn an Alba,"

which signifies, that, 'The men of the Garry, the Glass, and the Ewe, are the three best to cross any river in Britain.'

TERMS OF PIBROCHS.

THE technical terms for the regular pieces of pipe music, and the parts in their variations, are as follow:—

NAMES OF THE PIECES.

PORT TIONAL—The gathering.
PORT MEARSAIDH—The March.
CUMHA—The Lament. Played at the funerals of the clans.

NAMES OF THE PARTS IN THE VARIATIONS.

DEACHAINN-GLEUS—The tuning prelude.
CNAMH, or URLAR—The adagio or theme.
AN SIUBHLACHAN—The allegro, or first acceleration.
TAOB-LUATH—Increased acceleration, 2d variation.
CRUN-LUATH—Still quicker, 3d variation.
CRUN-LUATH FOSGAILTE—Open running, 4th var.
CRUN-LUATH BREABACH—The lilting or springing movement, 5th variation.
CLIATH-LUATH—The quickest movement, or "battle of notes," 6th variation.

THE GLASGOW SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION celebrates its 50th anniversary next year, and it is considered that the occasion is an appropriate one for the two county associations to arrange their differences and amalgamate. We ardently hope that it will be possible to practically realise this excellent suggestion.

THE PILGRIM.

THE pilgrim was weary and footsore; he had toiled painfully along the dreary road through sweltering summer heat and winter storm. Now and then he would turn to gaze back upon the way he had come, but even when he did so, he turned again to face the journey that stretched in front of him, more weary and bent than before. For, as he looked back, he always saw that the path he had trodden was strewn with dead and dying flowers—the pale and shrivelled images of his own dead hopes. And, as he gazed mournfully behind him, the odours of the faded flowers rose to his nostrils and filled his heart with the sorrow and grief he would fain have forgotten as he pursued his toilsome way. For the pilgrim was a Gael, and to the Gael it is not given to forget; as he deeply drinks of joy, so does he drink as deeply, to the very dregs of the cup of sorrow. Throughout all Gaeldom no man was known so sad as the pilgrim.

Sometimes he would stand on the shore of some lonely loch or upon the brow of a mighty ben, and watch the sunset colours glow in the west—fiery scarlet and crimson and gold, pale delicate greens and exquisite ameythyst—glowing wondrously and then fading slowly, slowly, until all vestige of the glory had gone; and it seemed to him that here was the visible symbol of the joyous dreams he had dreamt, the sweet, palpitating, lovely hopes he had once cherished, and which had faded slowly, slowly, he heart-broken as the time came to give each one up, as now the sunset faded beyond the hills.

He always moved slowly and wearily, for underneath the faded brown, tattered pilgrim's cloak which he wore, right under his heart there was a great gaping wound. When he could, he bathed it with clear, cool, spring water, but it only soothed the pain for a little, so that, what with the agony of his heart wound, what with weariness, weakness, and many a day, hunger, he was oftentimes fain to close his eyes for ever, and to feel the great peace come softly in, like the flowing of some mighty river, upon his troubled soul.

As he passed through the quiet clachans the little bare-footed children would run to him at the beckoning of his outstretched hand—for he loved children—but, when they drew near and saw the sorrow of his eyes, they were frightened and ran crying to their mothers. For the grief in the pilgrim's eyes was so deep and sorrowful that the little ones saw and felt it as a visible thing, and were afraid.

The kindly monks in the monasteries on the way, where he sometimes spent the night, would often beg him to become one of themselves, telling him that there, at last, he would surely find peace. And the pilgrim would listen sadly to the loving words of the brothers, but ever he shook his head and again took up his pilgrim's staff to face his journey once more. Often, too, the monks, finding that the pilgrim was a learned man and a scholar, would lay open to him their stores of ancient Gaelic and Latin manuscripts, and long into the night the pilgrim would pore over the illuminated pages, forgetting, perhaps, his grief a little.

So he toiled on, under the changing skies of the wild northern land which was so dear to him, and only when he was enabled to help any pilgrim more sad and forlorn than he was himself, did the pain in the wound grow any the less. The wild creatures loved him, for his heart was one with Nature, as the heart of the Gael always is. The little brown squirrels would come to him to take the nuts from his outstretched hand; the timid does with their young had no fear of the pilgrim, but would stand gazing at him out of their great soft eyes, quite unafraid. The little birds would hop round about him and allow him to feed them with crumbs from his scantily-filled wallet.

But village-girls, as he passed, would hush the sweet Gaelic song upon their lips, and stand afar-off gazing after him wonderingly; for the pilgrim, but a few short years before, had been young and comely to look upon; and, although sorrow and pain had aged him so that those who still loved him, could they have had a glimpse of him, would scarcely have known him, had still about him the remains of a comeliness but seldom seen.

At times, as he stood upon the shore of some loch, there would be wafted to him the faint tinkle of the monastery bell, or across the waters would come the sound of the hymns sung at matins or vespers by the monks in the chapel built on the green island far in the loch; and it seemed to him as if angels sang, soothing his sadness and his grief a little.

One day, about noon, he entered a little road-side chapel, and kneeling where the sunlight fell dimly and faintly upon the floor through the crimson and gold and blue of a stained window above his head, he began to pray. Then it suddenly seemed to him that he was alone upon some green hillside, and that a faint and wondrous music, such as the angels might make, filled all the space around him with exquisite harmonies; but, although he gazed all about him, naught was to be seen, only he noticed that the birds' songs in the trees and bushes were stilled and that all Nature seemed to be lying in a great hush. Then he seemed to feel a rush of air about his head and face, as if angels' wings had hovered about him, and a

white-robed being appeared to his awe-struck vision. He felt his hand gently taken, and suddenly he began to pour out all the story of his grief, his long wandering and his unhealed wound. And as he spoke, he felt the peace he had so long sought for flow sweetly into his aching heart. Then, when he ceased, the angel spoke to him in words of so great a power and sweetness that they entered into his soul like balm, as he told the pilgrim that love is never lost, but that the music in heaven was sweeter for that which he looked upon as the hopeless sorrow of his life. And, bidding him fear no more, but trust, the vision vanished.

He awoke with the heavenly strains yet sounding in his ears, and found that he still knelt upon the stone pavement of the chapel, and that the monks were singing at the altar.

But the pain beneath his heart was gone, and when, by force of long habit, he put his hand to the place where the wound had been—lo! it was healed.

When he told the wondering monks of his dream, they all agreed that it had been sent from heaven; but although they also begged him to become one of themselves, he again shook his head, though this time no longer sadly, and once more set out to tread the path of life again.

But now it seemed to him that as he took his way sweet flowers sprang up all around him—not the red roses of passion, but sweet and delicate, frail white and exquisitely-tinted blossoms, which filled all the air with fragrance. And the pilgrim, being a poet, took the dreams he had once dreamt, and wove them into poems so beautiful, that, when he died, many blessed and honoured him as the pilgrim poet who had given to them a message such as the divinely-gifted alone can give.

And the burden of his message was, "No love is ever lost, but rises from the earth to swell the songs above."

M. T. M.

"IMPOSSIBLE TO PLAY THE PIPES!"—One of our readers, an officer in that gallant native Indian regiment, the 40th Pathans, sends us the following note, from Tibet, which will doubtless interest our piper readers. We have known of pipers being unable to play because of "want of breath," but have never heard of a piper being beat for want of "air"! He says—I have been up here in Tibet, at a height of 15,000, with my regiment since the middle of December. We are to be relieved, I think, in April next. The cold is of course intense, and on account of the rarified air I find it quite impossible to play the pipes, much to my sorrow. You can imagine how eagerly I look forward to the arrival of the *Celtic* each month. I doubt if the "Celtic" has ever been as high up in the world before!

SGEUL RI AITHRIS AIR AM O AOIS.

THE PRE-HISTORIC CELTIC HUNTER.

In a lonely little earth-hut,
In the forest's deepest glade,
Lay a hunter on his death-bed,
'Mid the twilight's flickering shade.
Furrows deep had scarred his forehead,
Care sat brooding on his face,
Yet his lofty mien betrayéd
That he was of Aryan race.

When he viewed the orb of heaven
Slowly sinking in the west,
Raised he then his drooping eyelids,
Thus the fading Light address'd.
"Dêvas, lord of earth and heaven,
Ruling this far-stretching sphere,
List unto the supplication
Of a mortal. Hear! oh, hear!

Threescore summers have I wandered—
Wandered o'er Europa's plain,
To the land where earth and heaven
In the west unite again;
Slowly now I feel life ebbing,
And my spirit longs to rest,
Where thy beams shed forth their welcome
From the islands of the blest.

Soon receive me, glorious Agni!
On thy wingéd western beam,
Safe conduct me thro' Night's portals,
Past the Oceanic stream.
Where the spirits of my fathers
Find at last a long repose,
Joyful revel round the meadcup,
Drink from skulls of conquered foes."

Then sank back th'exhausted huntsman,
Features wreathed in peaceful smile,
Fled his spirit, and his brethren
Cried aloud the thrice Farewell.
A' chrìoch.

Edinburgh. WILLIAM J. THOMAS.

GRANT.

SIR,—The writer would be very glad to hear of the descendants of the undernoted, should any of your readers be able to give information relating thereto. Janet Grant (died 1844, buried in Kinloss, married Alex. M'Kay, and resided at Sea Park, Kinloss. Alex. Grant, Captain 92nd Highlanders; James Grant, supposed to have died in India. Miss ——? Grant, married an army officer and resided in Portugal. Miss ——? Grant, married to a Captain Machral, who served at Waterloo, and to whose memory a monument was erected by brother officers at Portsea, England. All sons and daughters of —— Grants of ——?

A. G. M., c/o The Editor, *Celtic Monthly* Office.

J. K. STEWART.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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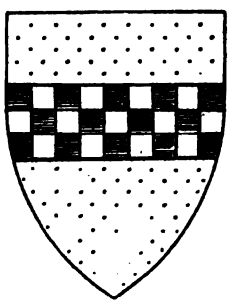
JAMES KING STEWART,

Hon. Secretary, The Stewart Society.



MR. JAMES KING STEWART, the subject of this brief sketch, was born at Edinburgh, 24th April, 1863, and is the elder son of the late Mr. James Stewart, Postmaster of Leith. He is descended in one line from the Stewarts of Tulloch and Invervack in Atholl, and in another from Stewarts in Glengairn and Strathdon in Aberdeenshire.

He entered the Civil Service of the Crown in 1880, and now holds the position of Principal Clerk in the office of H.M. Comptroller of Stamps and Taxes for Scotland, Edinburgh.

From his youth he has been an enthusiast for everything connected with the Stewarts, and was one of the original founders of The Stewart Society, of which he has acted as Honorary Secretary since its inauguration. This Society, though one of the youngest of the now numerous family or clan societies established in Scotland, is now nearly six hundred strong, and its present position is directly traceable to the whole-hearted way in which Mr. J. K. Stewart has taken up the secretarial and editorial duties, devoting most of his leisure time to the literary and other work of the Society. To enumerate all who, under his guidance, have helped to make the Society, would be out of place here, but it is impossible to overlook such names as Galloway, Ardvorlich, Ardsheal, Achnacone, Westwood, the late Dr. Andrew Stewart, and "Nether Lochaber," names which will ever be linked with the Society's successful past, and to whose active interest in its welfare the Society owes the position it now enjoys of being thoroughly representative of all branches of the Stewarts.

To stimulate interest in the literary side of the Society's work, Mr. J. K. Stewart wrote the early history of the Stewarts down to the end of the reign of Robert II., and presented the work to the Society. He also started a genealogical and historical magazine for the Society ("The Stewarts"), acts as editor, and has contributed articles on the present Heir Male of the Stewarts, which *inter alia* trace the early history of the rival families of Galloway and Castle Stuart. On his favourite subject he writes with ease and authority, and has the happy faculty of presenting his historical information in a manner interesting alike to the general reader and the genealogical expert. This is well seen in his principal work "The Story of the Stewarts," the result of many years' study of records and writings difficult of access, and the Society owes him a debt of gratitude for the admirable volume which enables us to realise in a way hitherto impossible the part played by the Stewarts of old in Scottish history.

Mr. Stewart is happily married to an amiable lady who heartily supports her husband in his enthusiastic labours for the welfare and progress of The Stewart Society. They have one daughter—Muriel Douglas.

His only brother, Mr. Allan Stewart, an artist in London, whose sketches in the *Illustrated London News*, *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and other papers, are well known, shares his brother's enthusiasm, and acts as Secretary to The Stewart Society in the South, where an influential local Council has been formed at the initiative of the Earl of Galloway, to attend to the Society's interest in London and the South generally. The annual dinners, always popular functions with the members, will this year be held in London on 6th June, and in Edinburgh on 15th June, the annual social gathering having been held in Glasgow during the winter.

To conclude, the writer has often heard it said that the features and characteristics of the Stewarts are strongly marked in the Secretary of The Stewart Society, and this photograph confirms the remark.

Glasgow. JOHN A. STEWART.

EALIE MARTIN.

A STORY OF A SKYE CLEARANCE.

BY CHAS. MACKINNON, TRANSVAAL.

I.

"NOBODY here!" Norman MacKintosh showed endurance rather than annoyance as the fact became apparent. He was none the less perplexed.

With three heavy leathern bags he had been deposited on Broadbost jetty on this early morning in the opening spring. The dingey had put back; the steam packet on which he had arrived was already under way. No passenger beyond himself had landed.

The man in charge of the small goods shed was lugging into it the miscellanea newly discharged. He was a stranger to Norman. There was no other soul about.

"Nobody from Craigan House down this morning?" Norman asked.

"I haven't seen, sir."

The coming of the packet at this matutinal time was exceptional. Nine o'clock in the evening was its scheduled hour, and approximately to that the vessel usually paddled into Broadbost. Various causes, unnecessary to detail, had combined on this occasion to belate it more than nine hours. To this might naturally be ascribed the fact of the young man's arrival being awaited by nobody.

He accepted the situation philosophically.

He cast dubious looks at his bags. His home was six miles off. Their conveyance thither must of necessity be postponed.

"You will take charge of these in the meantime," he said to the jettyman, "they will be called for during the day."

Norman shivered slightly in the raw atmosphere, and buttoned up his long military cloak. It brought out his lithe erect figure to advantage. His face was more than a make-up of skin and bone. The flesh on it, nowhere superfluous, was clear and ruddy, the whole being nicely set off by a trim, slightly brown moustache. His movements were resilient, and spoke of perfect health. Altogether, he seemed a bright and attractive personality.

A foot-track led up over the moist, salty turf to the main road, which latter was itself but a foot-track with evidence of more frequent usage. It was the only road to Craigan House and to the crofting district of Glencorrie beyond it. Its imperfections were not manifest to peop e who had never known a better. To the young man they were salient and amazing: a disgusting contrast to the amenities of the populous south.

The village of Broadbost lay huddled to his left. As he emerged upon the road Norman stood to take in the view of it obtainable from where he was. It looked damp and desperately forlorn, with the air of being constantly whipped and beaten. So, in truth, it was, and most mercilessly, by the elements.

His road led away from it, and he started off with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction.

His attachment for his native district was strong; he had a capacity for loving it with a good deal of fervour. Of late, however, a certain practical-mindedness, which was being gradually instilled into him by his vocation, had begun to assert itself upon the matter. He asked himself if the mere fact of having been born in a certain place was a sufficient evocator of passionate fondness for it. His judgment coldly denied it.

Not without wistfulness, therefore, he now cast round for some features which might approve the place worth esteeming on its merits. If such existed they were most reluctant to present themselves.

After a time his thoughts became personal.

"It *is* odd," he mentally remarked, "that the trap was not down to meet me. Perhaps it is the deliberate purpose of old Mac to make me tramp it. Queer ideas take possession of him at times."

He walked along at a brisk pace that soon made him impervious to the cold. The road was ascending gradually. It was preposterously rough but very clean, a virtue imposed on it by the repeated deluges of rain to which it was subjected. The purity pervading the entire landscape was the outcome of the same process.

The country was innocent of tree. Towering hills were plentiful. As yet they kept the background, the whole forward view of the walker being bound by the crest of the rise which the road was mounting.

When the ridge was topped there was a short walk along a small plateau to the opposite brink of it. From here the road dropped downwards with a rather steep declivity, and then wound leisurely along the extensive glen of Lingarry which, from this eminence, was outspread before him.

It was a very lonely road. With Broadbost out of view it entered on a wilderness of solitude. In the distance, blue and magnified, with still some streaks of snow, the pyramids of many hills exposed themselves more fully to the view. The lesser uplands were nearer and showed grey. Grey also, a washed-out, bleached grey, was the prevailing tint of the braes and lower pastures. In the centre of the glen the dark blue of a loch stood out in vivid contrast.

Over the whole prospect a thin hungry wind was keening from the conclave of the hills.

Half way home the road skirted the parish churchyard. In the centre of it stood an ancient church, its mouldering walls traceried with ivy. It had been a small unpretentious edifice; but the relic of it now, instinct with simple dignity, seemed to make more consecrate the graves over which it reigned.

Norman, as he regarded the place, had a renewal of the old time feeling of reverence with which he had been wont to wander round its precincts.

He had an inclination to enter, but felt irresolute.

While debating the matter with himself he caught notice of a dogcart in the distance approaching in the opposite direction. This put him off the project. Perchance the vehicle contained some faces unforgotten: there was also the likelihood of its being his father's. In any event he did not wish to miss it by stepping aside into the cemetery.

II.

The trotting cob dropped into a walk ere long. The figures of a man and woman came into outline on the front seat; another person was behind. The first two Norman scanned as the distance lessened. An impression grew on him that they were not unfamiliar.

If a doubt beset him there was none in the mind of Ewen Martin who was the holder of the reins. The latter's expression of intent scrutiny gave place to one of delighted recognition as he neared. While yet some paces off he pulled up and hailed.

Norman advanced and shook hands. He had a dim but momentarily growing recollection of the speaker.

"The lad has clean forgotten us. *Air m' anam fhéin*, he has," Ewen protested with large heartiness.

He was a rotund man of middle age and brimful of vigor. His countenance, turned leathery by exposure, had a tuft of dark grey hair on either side. It was pleasant to look upon when he was in humor; yet one could readily divine the inflexible grimness it was capable of assuming in different mood.

His remark was addressed to his wife beside him. With her, also, Norman shook hands.

"And there, behind, is Ealie," she said: "she has no doubt forgotten you as utterly as all of us have evidently been by you."

It was a singularly fair young lass that Norman found himself greeting. She was cosily wrapped up, as she had need. Her face, filliped by the cold wind into a glow, was enchantingly fresh and beautiful beneath the ample circle of a woolly tam-o'-shanter. A close study would have discovered a strain of seriousness in its lineaments; but her eyes, when suddenly directed on one, as now they were on Norman, had a vivacious sparkle in their quiet depths. She coloured a little, and the eyelids dropped demurely under Norman's salutation.

"It's rather cold for driving, is it not?" he remarked, addressing himself to the elder couple.

"Flaying cold," Martin confirmed with emphasis: "but try and get these two to admit it."

Mrs. Martin laughed with a pleasant modulation that implied a certain degree of guilt.

"You don't maintain it's warm, Mrs. Martin?" Norman toned the question quizzingly.

"They're on the mettle to maintain anything," Martin asserted, thumping his thigh: "anything, so be that they get to Broadbost. The dressmaker is there with a gown for the one and a bonnet for the other."

"That explains it," Norman commented. He had a glimpse of Ealie's eyes and she began to blush anew.

But the crofter was for harping on his grievance.

"Look at that colt," he went on: "he was only broken in some weeks ago. And the harness —it hardly hangs together. Should that horse take on to pranks—and devil only knows what he may do—matters will be serious."

"He seems very quiet," Norman said reassuringly.

"The very thing we're continually telling him," Mrs. Martin interjected in an accent of triumph.

Martin made a gesture of mute bafflement.

"At anyrate they know the risk," he went on resignedly: "and they have thrust themselves upon it. I did my utmost to dissuade them. I cannot add to the insanity of what they've done by making light of it."

He accidentally flicked the animal. It made a movement to start but was reined in.

"Glencorrie folk will be pleased to see you," Mrs. Martin said to Norman: "we had no idea you were coming."

"I daresay not. I was only able to let father know the day before I started."

"Mind to call on us when you are in the Clachan,"

Norman protested that he was not likely to forget.

At that same moment the horse, which had been growing restive, started determinedly of its own accord.

All waved hands in hurried good-by. Norman resumed his journey. This encounter affected him like a cordial. An inflow of buoyancy seemed suddenly to have come to him. Uplifted on it, his spirits gained a clearer and more promising outlook. The wind seemed not so cold now; the landscape looked less bleak. It was possible that there was some magnetism, after all, in

one's native district which the surface look of it did not at first reveal.

He turned for a look at the equipage ere it disappeared round the turn of the wall at the corner of the churchyard. He was none too soon. Ealie in the rear was fronting him. He waved his hand to her once more. There was an ambiguous movement on her part and he seized it eagerly as a response. When she was on the point of vanishing a reckless impulse prompted him to signal her a kiss. Next moment the prosaic wall of the churchyard was interposed between them.

(To be continued.)

THE MACLEANS OF BORERAY.

BY REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR, P.E.I., CANADA.

DONALD, son of Lachlan Bronnach Maclean of Duart, was the first Maclean of Ardgour. He had two sons, Ewen second of Ardgour, and Neil Ban, first Maclean of Boreray. Allan, seventh of Ardgour, was born about 1575. He was the son of Ewen of Ardgour, son of Allan of Ardgour, son of John, son of Allan, third son of Ewen, second of Ardgour. He was the sixth in descent from Ewen, son of Donald of Ardgour. Donald of Boreray was born about 1575. According to the Ardgour MS. he was the son of Archibald, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Neil Ban. According to the late Surgeon-General William C. Maclean there was an Ailein na Tuaighe, or Allan of the Battle-axe, among the early Macleans of Boreray. By placing Allan as the third on the list of names, the first six Macleans of Boreray would be as follows:—Neil Ban, John, Allan. Alexander, Archibald, and Donald.

Donald, sixth of Boreray, is mentioned in 1626. He was then bailie of North Uist. He had given up his lands to his son, Neil Ban. He had a sister who was married to Angus Macdonald bf Dunskellor, and had a son named Neil, who succeeded his father at Dunskellor, and married Mary, daughter of John Macleod of Gesto. Donald of Boreray was married and had at least one son, Neil Ban.

Neil Ban, seventh of Boreray, received in 1626 from Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat a tack of the eight penny land of Boreray and the one penny land of Sollas. He married Ann, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Kilcoy, and by her had John, Donald, Charles, Archibald, Murdoch, Allan, Ewen, Hector, Alexander and three daughters. Charles and Hector settled in Tiree. Archibald was the first Maclean of Kirkibost. One of the daughters was married about 1650 to Angus Macdonald of Milton, and had Ranald, James, Roderick, Alexander, and others. Ranald was the father of the heroic Flora Macdonald. Alexander, Maighstir Alastair, was the father of Alexander Macdonald, the celebrated Gaelic bard. Another of Neil Ban's daughters was married to Norman Macdonald of Grenetote, son of Neil of Dunskellor and Mary Macleod, and had Neil, second of Grenetote, grandfather of Rachel Macdonald, the poetess.

John, eighth of Boreray, married a daughter of Campbell of Strone, and by her had Archibald, John, Neil of Kilpheder, Ann and Catherine. He appears as a witness in 1678. He was tacksman of Boreray when Martin visited the island in 1695. He died some time before 1718. John, his second son, was minister of North Uist. John married Mary, daughter of Allan Macdonald, sixth of Moror. Ann, daughter of John of Boreray, was married in 1690 to John Macdonald of Castleton, and had Donald, Archibald, Margaret, Florence, Isabel and Mary. Florence was married to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and had Allan of Kingsburgh, who was married to Flora Macdonald, the protectress of Prince Charles. Catherine, second daughter of John of Boreray, was married to Dugald Macdonald of Bornish, and had Ranald, John and Donald.

Archibald, ninth of Boreray, was served heir to his father in 1723. He married first, a daughter of Somerled Macdonald of the family of Sleat—apparently Somerled first of Sartle—and by her had Neil Ban, John and Margaret. He married, secondly, Isabel, daughter of John Macdonald of Balconie, and had by her Alexander of Sollas, Hector and and John. He died in 1729. He was a man of ability and good sense.

Neil Ban, tenth of Boreray, married a daughter of William Macdonald of Airdviceolan, Tutor of Sleat, and had by her Donald, John, Archibald, William, Allan, Marion and Margaret. He was living in 1760, but had made over his lands to Donald, his eldest son. John, his second son, was a captain in the army. Archibald, his third son, was the father of Archibald Maclean in Scotvein.

Donald, eleventh of Boreray, was born about 1725. He married a daughter of Campbell of Strone. He had a daughter named Isabel, who was married to Roderick Macdonald, tacksman of Kirkibost and Kyles. He was succeeded in Boreray by Archibald, son of Alexander, son of Archibald, ninth of Boreray.

Archibald, twelfth of Boreray, Gilleasbuig Og Bhoreraidh, was married and had two children, John and Christina. I do not know who his wife was. Christina, his daughter, was married to Roderick MacNeil of Pabbay and Kyles, and had a son named William.

John, thirteenth of Boreray, was born in 1758. He married in 1797, Janet, daughter of Donald Macleod of Bernera, and by her had Donald, John, Archibald-Neil, Roderick-Norman, William-Campbell, Alexandrina, Marion, Margaret, and Helen. He purchased the estate of Drimnin from Alexander Macdonald of Glenaladale about the year 1810, and went to live on it with his family in 1820. He died in April, 1821, and was buried at Aird a Mhorrain in North Uist.

Donald, fourteenth of Boreray, sold the lands of Drimnin a few years after his father's death. He sold his lease of Boreray in 1865 for £3,000. He died in North Devon, England, in 1874. He was the last Maclean of Boreray.

THE MACLEANS OF VALLAY.

According to the Pennycross MS. Lachlan Maclean of Vallay was the son of Archibald, sixth of Boreray. The Lachlan of Vallay who is known to history must have been a grandson of Archibald, sixth of Boreray. It is possible, however, that he succeeded his father in Vallay, and that his father's name was also Lachlan. He was known as Lachainn Dubh. He was married and had several daughters. The following couplet refers to him:—

A Lachainn Duibh á Bhàlaidh
Is stàtail do chuid nigheannan.

One of his daughters was married to Roderick, son of John Macleod of Contullich; one, as his second wife, to William Macdonald, tutor, of Sleat; one, to Ewen Macdonald, the tutor's son; one, to Neil Maclean of Kilpheder; one, to Martin Martin of Duntulm; and one, to Martin Martin of Balvicquean He appears as tacksman of Vallay in 1718 and 1723. He died about 1727.

THE MACLEANS OF KILMOLUAIG.

Charles, third son of Neil Ban, seventh of Boreray, settled in Tiree. I have nothing to add to the account which I gave of his descendants in the "Clan Gillean." I may, however, state that among them were Colonel Archibald Maclean of Scour, President Maclean of Princeton College, and Sir Donald Maclean of New Zealand. *(To be continued.)*

WHO ARE THE ALEXANDERS?

SIR,—Many years ago when getting up the Dunfermline Celtic Society I asked a family of this surname to join, but was met by the statement, "We are not Celtic." Since that I have seen in print that the Alexanders are of the MacDonalds, and I should be glad if any of your readers, having access to the Macdonald clan history, can prove that I am right. The Earls of Stirling, who dwelt at Menstrie Castle, bore the surname Alexander. The Alexanders who founded New York claim to be of Clann Donnachaidh.

Glen Devon. KENNETH MATHESON IX.

THE THRESHER.

[AMONG the bards of Sutherland Mr. Walter Shaw, the writer of the following verses, seems destined to occupy a high place. He is a native of Lairg, and has just completed his studies at the Glasgow University.]

IN a lonely barren valley underneath the western star,
There's a grim old carle that's threshing out his corn;
He has winnowed with the wind, he has garnered near and far,
And his iron flail is flashing from the midnight to the morn—
Thick-a-thack,
Never slack;
And the sorrow that he's singing is "Man of Woman born."

When the beardless braird is springing, and the lime is in the lawn,
When the green fire is filling and thrilling all the earth,
I have seen his shadow stealing on the ridges in the dawn,
I have heard the lilies dying with the sighing of their birth—
Red or green
He will glean;
For he waits no settled season for a harvest-home of mirth.

When the splendour of the summer goes clanging o'er the world,
Dight in golden harness and laughing in the wind,
When the triumph's at its highest, and the panoply's unfurled,
There is one beside the rider and he whispers from behind—
Soft and low,
"Fast or slow,
We are at it steel and stirrup, life the booty, bear in mind."

When the fruitage of the autumn, moist and mellow, winds the year,
And the purple-fingered goddess has filled the spilling horn,
Then the whirring of Death's fanner in the valley you may hear,
See the iron flail a-flashing from the midnight to the morn—
Scowl or scream,
Do or dream,
You must face the mummer's music, O Man of Woman born. WALTER SHAW.

CYCLE, CAMP, AND CAMERA IN THE HIGHLANDS, BY E. E. HENDERSON AND J. WALKER, WITH PEN AND INK SKETCHES BY T. C. F. BROTCHIE, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS. Such is the descriptive title of a handsome little volume just published, at the small price of One Shilling. It gives a most interesting account of several holiday trips in various parts of the Highlands, profusely illustrated with excellent pen and ink and photo views of the places of interest. To those who contemplate a trip to the north or west, this volume will prove a valuable guide book. It deserves a ready sale.

HIGHLAND CLUB IN GLASGOW.

SIR,—In reply to your querist "J.R.D." regarding a Highland club in Glasgow, in or about the year 1850, I would say that there was in existence in Glasgow, probably for the past century, a Highland club. It was, I understand, the only club in the city in which Gaelic was the one and only language spoken by members when in meeting assembled, and although it did not wear the Stuart tartan, may be the one referred to in the query. At any rate some facts regarding this club may not be without interest to readers of the *Celtic Monthly*. The club was called the "Gaelic Club."

About the close of the seventh decade of the eighteenth century when the successful sons of many Highland clansmen had by their industry won a prominent position among their Lowland competitors for fortune or power in the "dark sea born city," a knot of rather remarkable men established a club on a peculiarly Celtic basis, which has formed a

BOND OF UNION AMONGST CELTS

until recent times. The first minute of its opening meeting contained its *raison d' être* and was as follows, "To remind them of Ossian, the melodious and noble prince of poets, as well as to converse as friends in the bold and expressive language of heroes in ages past, the Highland gentlemen of Glasgow have resolved to meet statedly as a Society."

On the 7th March, 1780, this club was established, its first president being Mr. George M'Intosh of Dunchattan, and its first secretary being Mr. Mac-Diarmid, the original Gaelic clergyman of Glasgow, as he is called by Strang, from whose work and other works these notes are culled. The original qualification for becoming a member was that the individual should be a Highlander either by birth or connexion. Another requisite was that he should be able to speak the Erse or be the descendant of Highland parents, the possessor of property in the Highlands, or an officer in a Scots or Highland regiment.

When first established it was a law that the club should meet on the first Tuesday of every month in Mrs. Scheid's tavern—then a first-rate house in the Trongate—at 7 p.m., and that the members were

"TO CONVERSE IN GAELIC

according to their abilities from seven till nine." As time moved on, however, the laws seem to have become relaxed, for Strang says pathetically, seventy years later, "Alas! how guiltless are the Highland gentlemen of the present day of the tongue which was at first the chief link of their union and cordiality."

During the first sixteen years of its existence as a club the meetings were both regular and numerous, and in order to add to the variety of the evenings' entertainments it resolved in 1784 to have a piper. A Neil M'Lean was appointed to that position, and for the next four years whenever he touched his chanter for the members' amusement he became five shillings per evening richer. His successor's name was M'Kechern, who, beside the usual fee of five shillings, enjoyed the advantages of a coat, bonnet, and kilt, given every two years. Before the club was many months old it obtained a charter from the Highland Society of London, which among other things conferred on it the power—delegated specially to this fraternity—of awarding the annual prizes given by the London Society at the great tryst of Falkirk for the

ENCOURAGEMENT OF BAGPIPE MUSIC,

and during many years a Committee of the Gaelic Club annually proceeded to that gathering to adjudge the medal for the best pibroch. In the *Glasgow Mercury* of 23rd October, 1783, we have the following paragraph, "The competition for the annual prizes given by the Highland Society for the encouragement of the ancient martial music of Scotland, took place at Falkirk on Wednesday, the 15th curt., under the direction of a Committee deputed by the Glasgow Branch of the Society, when, after a trial of skill, which lasted from nine in the morning till five in the evening, before select judges and in presence of a very numerous and representative company assembled on the occasion, the first prize and the bagpipe were adjudged to Neil M'Lean, piper to Major Campbell of Airds; the second prize to Archibald M'Gregor, the fourth son of old MacGregor; and the third to John MacGregor, piper to the City Guard of Edinburgh. As soon as the judges and the company had taken their places, the bard *Mac-an-Taoir* was introduced, and pronounced his

ANNUAL GAELIC POEM

in praise of the martial music and prowess of the Caledonians; and the whole was concluded with a grand procession to the churchyard of Falkirk, where the victors at the three competitions marched thrice round the tombs of the immortal heroes, Sir John Stuart, Sir John the Graham, and Sir Robert Munro, playing the celebrated "M'Crimmon's Lament" in concert on the prize pipes.

Some years after 1780, and with the view of characterising the assembly by some ostensible marks of the Gael, it was agreed that each member should henceforth appear at all stated meetings in a tartan short-coat, under a penalty for non-compliance of the usual punishment of the day, viz., the cost of

A BOTTLE OF RUM,

which was then priced about eight shillings sterling. Also, further to encourage those who might love to sport an "enlarged edition" of the habiliments of their earlier years, it was enacted "that those who chose to appear in any additional particulars of the Highland dress would be considered still more meritorious members of the Society of the descendants of the Clans of Caledonia."

During the years above alluded to, the regular meetings of the Club from November to April were monthly, but it only held two meetings from April to November, summer emigration to the coast and country being then, as now, a foe to almost all club assemblages. Of all the social fraternities of the city the Gaelic Club seems to have been one of the foremost in its earlier days, and whenever

ANY KILTED CORPS

took up their residence in Glasgow the officers were sure of being invited to the hospitable board of the club. The first important entertainment which its minutes record was on the 2nd January, 1788, when Colonel Forbes and his corps were quartered in the city, and its next great dinner was to the officers of the Black Watch in 1792, when that famous regiment visited the city. But regimental dining was not its only strong point in a social way, for in the year just named, with a spirit of gallantry worthy of imitation, the club gave their first ball and supper on the 7th March, the club anniversary night, when covers were

laid for eighty-four individuals, the numbers present being twenty-nine members, ten stranger gentlemen, and forty-five ladies. The company met at seven p.m., and were provided with tea, coffee, and cards. Dancing succeeded, to the music of "M'Lachlan and his Bass," the best and only orchestra of the city at that time for such parties. A regular hot supper was provided at 10 p.m.

Up till the year 1798 the club held its meetings in several hostelries. After leaving Mrs. Scheid's, where it is supposed the Gaelic was alone generally spoken, it seems to have gone to a Mrs. M'Donald's, and there continued till 1794, when it removed its sittings to Hemming's Hotel. It was in the Star Hotel that the anniversary of 1798 took place, and it was at this meeting of the 7th March that the old Gaelic Club was formally dissolved, and a new one organised with amended rules and regulations, making it a preliminary step to membership that each person admitted must be a member of the Highland Society of Glasgow.

THIS GLASGOW HIGHLAND SOCIETY

was first established in 1727, and in 1750 the regulations for conducting its affairs were approved by the Magistrates and Council of the day. Its exclusive object seems to have been the education and clothing of Highland boys and girls, and putting them out to trades. The number of children at school in January, 1854, was 703 day scholars, exclusive of evening scholars, both making a total of about 1000.

It was made a rule that all future meetings of the club should take place in the Black Bull Inn, that being the property of the Highland Society, and that in the election of members two black balls should exclude an applicant. The new club held its first meeting on the 11th July, 1798, on which occasion a splendid turtle was presented by Mr. Alexander Campbell of Hallyards, and head of one of the leading West India sugar houses, which were at that period in the ascendant in Glasgow. The new club also elected a new piper at this time, one

ANGUS M'KAY,

piper to the Glasgow Highland Volunteers. By his personal charm of manner and his excellent playing, he seems to have enamoured all and sundry, so much so, that when the Volunteers were sent on permanent duty to Linlithgow, Angus so took the authorities by storm through his music on the chanter, that he was there and then elected piper of that burgh, and continued to perform the regular duties of the office till his death, coming only to Glasgow at the meetings of the Gaelic Club. He was a favourite with all strangers who encircled the Gaelic Club's table, and after many years he became so much a part and portion of the club that the members got him taken in the full paraphernalia of his office, which picture afterwards adorned the walls of the club-room. His end was sudden and tragic. One evening, after fulfilling his usual duties, he left the club-room with his pipes under his arm, and before reaching the end of the adjoining corridor he expired. In port and appearance he was said to have been the very beau ideal of a Highland piper.

In the year 1802 another change was deemed advisable in the dress of the members, and it was decreed that henceforth the dress of members of the club be a short tartan coat of the plaid of the 42nd Regiment, with a green velvet collar and gilt buttons, and the inscription "Carmin nan Gael." The coat was to be cut to a particular shape, as shewn by a model chosen by a Mr. M'Gilvra. With the coat was to be worn a plain white Marseilles quilting or Kerseymere waistcoat, while the lower garments were to be either

TARTAN TREWS OR A KILT,

with the usual accompaniments of the hose and sporran. A fine of half-a-crown was imposed on every member who appeared at any meeting without this uniform.

Into the new club an increasing love of good eating and good fellowship appears to have entered, and turtle and other feasts were of frequent occurrence. The elite of Glasgow society were entertained right royally on the evening of 18th July, 1799; and Colonel M'Alister, on his taking command of the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, was feasted by the brotherhood on 30th September, 1803. Another was given on 20th January, 1804, to the Duke of Montrose, when commanding in Glasgow the Stirlingshire Militia, on which occasion several of the members danced the Highland fling to the music of the pipes, and shewed "a dexterity and grace that even astonished the Highland noblemen!" Again on the 15th February, 1805, the club entertained the officers of the 5th North British Militia, then commanded by the Earl of Caithness, whose daughter was soon after married in Glasgow, and became the leader of all fashionable parties in the city. One of their most magnificent efforts in entertaining was their pledge of hospitality offered on the 11th of November, 1816, to the officers of the

GALLANT 42ND

after their return home from Waterloo. The chair on this occasion was filled by Mr. Kirkman Finlay, M.P., whose claim to such a position was owing to his being Laird of Toward in Argyllshire. He also had other qualifications of no ordinary kind. The dinner seems to have gone off with great eclat, and with a spirit worthy of the objects which the entertainers had in view. A grand ball was given by the members on the 7th March, 1806, when the company, numbering 110 ladies and gentlemen, assembled in the Tontine Hotel at the highly respectable hour of seven o'clock, at which hour the dance was opened with the reel of Tollochgorum. This was followed in the succeeding years by others, each surpassing its predecessor in numbers and brilliance, while one which took place on 24th January, 1841, being a fancy ball at which were displayed the costumes of all nations, was long talked of as the most splendid that had ever taken place in the Western Metropolis.

While greatly given to hospitality, the club was bound together by still stronger ties, and nowhere has a brotherhood been united to each other by more friendly ties, or felt greater sorrow when these ties were snapped by death, and we must not forget to mention that the club did not restrict itself to mere tokens of hospitality. It opened its purse widely for other objects, one being a princely contribution towards the Glasgow fund for the widows and orphans of our Crimean heroes.

Clubs like communities, are, as we have all seen in the course of years, liable to change, and in this respect the Gaelic Club was no exception, but although the Celtic brotherhood was established as early as 1780, it does not appear to have lost any of its members by death till 12th November, 1800, when the brethren in meeting assembled had each a black crape band round the left arm as a mark of respect

for the memory of Mr. James Campbell and Mr. Alexander M'Pherson. On the anniversary dinner, too, of 7th March, 1804, the

CLUB APPEARED IN FULL MOURNING

as a token of respect towards the memory of Mr. M'Gilvra, the father of the club. On this occasion the meeting appears to have been presided over by Mr. Kirkman Finlay, who with deep feeling proposed the memory of their departed brother and friend. Mr. George M'Intosh, himself one of the original members, the chief founder and first president, passed an eulogy on his old friend, concluding his touching oration in the following rather remarkable words —"The father of the club—the oldest in years—the gayest in all juvenile and innocent amusements—the first in the dance—the last to part with a social friend. His venerable countenance and grey locks created respect, while his cheerful good humour diffused mirth. In all his dealings and conversation he was strictly just and honourable, in religion and piety, sincere. We have lost one of our best members, and many poor Highlanders their best friend."

Among the many topics of interest which from time to time attracted the attention of the Gaelic Club, there appears to have been none that excited more discussion and more difference of opinion than the

HIGHLAND TOAST

of "horn, corn, wool and yarn." As a means of better clearing up the difficulties which surrounded this rather occult subject, the late Mr. Robert Dennistoun, then a zealous member of the club, drew out a statement which in a great measure set the matter at rest, and by which he won for himself not a little fame. The document is given at full length in the minutes of the club. To the lovers of Gaelic literature its perusal cannot fail to be both pleasing and attractive. It is hoped that ere long some one or other may see his way to pleasure, not only local Gaels, but Highlanders the world over, by giving to them a history of the sayings and doings of the now silent ones who not only made an evening pass pleasantly, but helped so much to make Glasgow what it now is.

ROBERT ADAM.

EVANDER MACIVER OF SCOURIE.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN.

A very handsome volume, with the above title, has just appeared under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Henderson of the parish of Eddrachillis in Sutherlandshire. It is well known that to few of his contemporaries could the above sub-title of the book be more appropriate, and to a still less number, had the opportunity been given, of taking so active a part in the changes and progress, passing over the north-west Highlands, during the three-quarters of the century embraced under these reminiscences.

Evander MacIver was born in 1811, at Gress, in

THE ISLAND OF LEWIS,

where his father was then, and long after, the most extensive tacksman, and the most active trader of these days. Even within the hour of his birth, a somewhat primitive mode of salmon capture, as he afterwards records, was practised. His father and grandfather, being then considered somewhat in the way at the house, arranged to look for a salmon not far away. Upon going into the water with bare feet (for it was believed the fish had no fear of the touch of a naked foot), a couple of them were soon caught, thrown on the bank and carried to the house, where the wise woman then in charge on the interesting occasion, at once assured them it was a sure sign of good luck for the future of the young stranger who had then just entered on his life. Mr. MacIver records that when about the age of seven, he was driven in the

FIRST WHEELED GIG

seen in the island. Lady Hood, the "last Chief of Kintail," of Sir Walter Scott's lament, was then on a visit to Stornoway, and called at Gress with this carriage. The roads of the island did not then permit much of such wheel traffic, nor did the teeming population much miss the want of it. With some private tuition at home, the boy's education was begun there, and he records soon after his first visit to the mainland, along with his kinsman, Sheriff Mackenzie of the Lewis. This was ever afterwards a life-long recollection, embracing as it did, his visit to Flowerdale and dining with Sir Hector there, his first sight of a Gordon worth calling one, and his first introduction to a feed of strawberries, all making a red letter day long after. In 1820 he accompanied his grandfather, Collector Robertson and his family, to Edinburgh, no small journey in these days. He was entered as a pupil in the Academy there, afterwards passing into the University, where in a year or two he was appointed mentor under Professor Pillans, and made to exhibit his progress in the classics to no less a critic than the great Sir Walter, then, as since, the most honoured name of the city. The young student afterwards frequently observed Sir Walter about the Courts of Justice, in company with his friend, Mr. Colin Mackenzie, who also had a connection with the Letterewe branch of the Ross-shire clan, to which young MacIver himself claimed kin.

After a period of thorough training in

PASTORAL AND AGRICULTURAL STUDY

in Dumfries-shire and Lanarkshire, Mr. MacIver returned to his island home, and not long after was fixed on, young as he was, to be factor on the then very extensive estates of Davidson of Tulloch, which embraced many thousands of acres both on the east and west coasts of Ross-shire, and supported a large crofter population. Having come to reside in Dingwall he was soon after appointed as the first agent there of the Caledonian Bank, shortly before founded in Inverness. This bank for half a century thereafter did much towards the progress and prosperity of the Highlands.

Mr. MacIver remained in Dingwall for 10 years. He was appointed, in 1845, to his future 50 years' work, in the management of an extensive section of the Sutherland estates, situated in three parishes. Much of it was the ancient patrimony of the Mackays, and still bears the family name of the

REAY COUNTRY.

The estates had recently before been added to the already extensive possessions of the ducal house of Sutherland. The new factor found this wide territory in a roadless, isolated state, and its opening up was started under the enlightened care of the first Duke. Mr. MacIver relates that in these early days of coasting steamers, he went to Glasgow to consult with David Hutchison, the pioneer of northern steamer traffic, about a trip of one of the

boats to the west coast of Sutherland. It was agreed on that if this weekly call did not bring in £20, the Duke would make up that amount, and it was a gratification to both parties that the trade grew so large, that no call was ever made on the Duke to provide such a subsidy.

The distressing

FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP

in 1846-7 and consequent state of almost famine in the Highlands, was a source of much concern to Mr. MacIver, especially as the good Duke had himself undertaken the responsible task of providing for his people, a duty undertaken elsewhere by Government and national aid. This state of matters was, however, in the Reay district at least, to prove a means of much future comfort and prosperity, for many of those crofters agreed to take advantage of the emigration facilities offered by the Duke, through Mr. MacIver. The latter for many years thereafter continued to receive from the emigrants and their children, cordial letters of gratitude, and reports of prosperity and comfort in their new homes in Canada and Australia.

Along with changes and improvements in his own district, Mr. MacIver makes special reference to the great work the second Duke, later on, attempted in

THE RECLAMATION

and formation of much seemingly good land, with larger holdings and farms in the district of Loch Shin. Though the intention was most praiseworthy on the part of the Duke, it turned out in the result, to be a ruinous outlay. For, as Mr. MacIver held out all along, it was hopeless to undertake such work in a district where climate and late seasons were natural obstacles, not to be overcome. It was found too, that the great sheep farming tracts in the country, which, for a generation or more, proved to be a source of profit, failed in continuing to be such. One marked cause was the great decline in value of the fine wool clip which Mr. MacIver states fell to less than the fourth of the figure usually got for it. Many of the larger farms in the country fell into the hands of the Duke, and subsequently had to be let as deer forests. These, in many instances, proved a source of equal wealth, and gave more employment to the scattered population, than when under sheep farming.

THE DISCONTENT OF THE CROFTERS

and cottars in the Highlands proved also a source of much trouble, ending in the appointment of the Crofter Commission, which, after 20 years' work, has not yet completed its task. In the districts of Sutherland there was quite a failure to prove the tales of oppression and extortionate rents, that were got up. After visiting the ground and giving consideration to an elaborate and thoughtful statement submitted by Mr. MacIver, the commissioners made but little or no reduction in the previous rents, so regularly paid before by the crofters.

THE ADVANCE OF EDUCATION

by the planting of schools among such a scattered population was long an object of desire with Mr. MacIver, and it afterwards proved very costly to the ratepayers, on the passing of the Act of 1872. But it was a gratification for him to see in the poor and hampered district of the county many hopeful and promising youths emerge into positions of trust and public usefulness, when moved away from the narrowed chances they had in their native district.

With increasing facilities of access to the country by steamer and railway, Mr. MacIver's home at Scourie, was often the

CENTRE OF MUCH HOSPITALITY.

Besides the frequent visits of the Sutherland family, for more than thirty years the Dukes of Westminster enjoyed the sport, the freedom and the hardships of occasional residence in the Reay country, where they held an extensive deer forest under the management and advice of Mr. MacIver. There were besides frequent meetings with visitors having introductions to him. Royal Dukes, as well as those high in the Church, and in political, artistic, and scientific circles, were brought by the hospitality and the charm of the first Duke and Duchess. Many such came to the country and in contact with Mr. MacIver. The late Archbishop Tait, the late Duke of Argyll, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, John Wright and others, with famed artists like Landseer, Millais, and Seymour Hadin, and with men of wide-world experience such as Sir John Fowler, Sir Samuel Baker, and others, were all entertained at Scourie.

Mr. MacIver having given up his management for the Duke, after 50 years' service, in 1895, though still retaining the residence at Scourie, had more leisure, and started to note down these reminiscences of his youth, and among other subjects the study of the troublous time of the '45. His great-grandfather, the Rev. James Robertson, was then the popular parish minister of Lochbroom, celebrated in his day as the "ministeir Làidir," to whose life and character an interesting chapter of the reminiscences is set aside. Mr. MacIver finding no memorial existing in the parish to this worthy, got, with other two of Robertson's living descendants, a very neat and appropriate marble tablet erected in the parish church of Lochbroom.

Although the eldest in a large family himself, Mr. MacIver saw them all removed by death, while a number of his own family circle were, from time to time, taken away before him. For a few years longer, he kept up the hospitality and the charm of the old home, and in January of 1903, with no long illness, and in full mental vigour, he peacefully ended a long, well conducted, and truly Christian career.

A. B.

THE STEWART SOCIETY.—The fifth annual general meeting was held in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, In the absence of the President, the Earl of Galloway, the chair was taken by his brother, Colonel the Hon. Walter John Stewart, and among those present were Colonel Stewart, C.I.E., of Ardvorlich; Stewart of Achnacone, etc. The Council's report showed a flourishing state of affairs, the membership having increased by 67 in the past year, and now stands at 549, and the funds at £577. In the evening an enjoyable social meeting and dance were held. The annual dinners of the Edinburgh and London branches will be held later. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. James K. Stewart, 10 Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, will be pleased to send a copy of the Report to any of our readers thinking of joining the Society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1905.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are requested to note that after the 28th May, the address of the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly* will be 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow, to which all communications should be addressed.

CLAN POST CARDS.—A new and considerably improved series of tartan post cards has just been published. The pattern of tartan occupies one side of the card, along with a neat inset of the armorial bearings in heraldic colours, with the clan badge and motto. A most useful feature is a small map of Scotland, with the clan's ancient territory marked in red, showing position and extent. The foregoing occupy one side of the post card, the other has space for a message and postal address. The following clans are included in this new series—Mackenzie, Cameron, Fraser, Robertson, Maclaren, Davidson, Campbell, Gordon, etc. Other two series will be issued immediately. A packet of two dozen cards can be had for 2/2, post free, from the Celtic Monthly' Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE WAR OFFICE AND HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.—Mr. J. Fingal Smith, Cranbrook, Canada, in referring to the recent attempt of the War Office to denationalise the 71st Highland Light Infantry—in which the officials had the worst of it, as usual—says:—"I notice the War Office never wearies of meddling with the Highland regiments. I remember many years ago the great gathering called by the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Archibald Campbell, to oppose the War Office interference with the dress of the kilted regiments. That historic and influential Highland meeting in London was entirely successful. *The Illustrated London News* gave a graphic picture of Lord Archd. Campbell kissing the dirk, a pledge taken by every gentleman present. That ended the War Office cantrips. They still require a close eye kept on their doings."

THE MATHESONS OF SUTHERLAND.

SIR,—With regard to the Mathesons in Caithness and Sutherland there need not be, I think, any difficulty. The original home of the Mathesons was Lochalsh, and they were of the same stock as the Earls of Ross and the Mackenzies. There had been a migration to Caithness and Sutherland as early as 1429, and Donald Bàn Matheson (circ. 1520) fled to Caithness. He settled at Shiness in Sutherland, and his daughter married one of the Morisons of Durness who were a migration from the Lewis. The Mathesons in Norway and Denmark are *from* Scotland. There is now in Trondhjem a great emporium belonging to James Matheson (correctly spelt) who traces his descent from Colonel James Matheson (ob. 1725), commandant of the fortress of Konigsvinger. Colonel James's father was descended from a Matheson who went with Colonel George Matheson of Shiness when the latter accompanied Sir Donald Mackay of Farr in 1626 to the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. "The History of the Mathesons" (MacBain) almost ignores the Shiness branch, and deliberately insults them in a perfectly groundless sneer at their 'arms'.

Yours faithfully,
Lewis Castle. DUNCAN MATHESON.

CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.

THE annual general meeting of the Clan Maclean Association was held on 13th April — Mr. John Maclean, vice-president, in the chair. The funds, it was reported, amounted to £215, and the membership was now 450, 15 life and 30 ordinary members having joined during the year. Office-bearers were elected, the principal being:—Chief, Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart, K.C.B., chief of the clan; president, Mr. Neil Maclean, of Breda; treasurer, Charles J. Maclean, writer, 115 St. Vincent Street; convener of finance, John Maclean, 40 Union Street; secretary, Peter Maclean, 7 Walmer Terrace, Ibrox; also nine vice-presidents and 20 councillors. The association had, it was reported, distributed among Highland schools and libraries 25 copies each of volumes I. and II. of "Maclean Bards." Several deserving and necessitous members of the clan have been assisted pecuniarily and otherwise during the year. A contribution of £5 was made towards the Fund to endow the Celtic Lectureship in Glasgow University.

New members. — The following life members have recently been added to the roll of the society.—Mr. and Mrs. Lachlan A. Maclean, Sabbowitz, Germany; Mr. John Maclean MacAndrew, 3rd Batt. Seaforth Highlanders, Croy, Inverness-shire; Lieut. Andrew de Vere Maclean, 2nd East Surrey Regiment, Lucknow, India, and Miss Nora Erng, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W. (son and daughter of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean—Macleans of Drimnin); Miss Hamilton Dundas, Torquay (Macleans of Coll); Mrs. Robertson, Bath Hotel, Glasgow. Amongst the ordinary members enrolled are George Maclean, Union Bank, Halifax, N.S., Canada, Allan Maclean Howard, and A. M. Howard, Jun., 192 Carlton Terrace, Toronto, Canada.

GILLIES WITH GAME.

GILLE is the Gaelic term applied to a boy, or young man, and is used also for a servant, being given, like the Irish bauchal, to those who have long surmounted the age of youth, and even of manhood. 'Gille-cois,' is a footman—'Gille-eich,' a groom, etc.

The love of field sports, for which the country is admirably adapted, is so strong in the Highlander, that it may be said to be innate. No greater delight can be afforded a boy than to be allowed to accompany the sportsmen to the hills or the rivers, and their services are exceedingly useful, especially to those who are not well accustomed to traverse the rugged and boggy muirs and mountains.

They lead the way with sure footing across morasses, a matter, occasionally, of no small difficulty, nor always devoid of danger; they bound over the heath with surprising agility, and in walking or running up hill, few of the gentlemen from the south country who go to the shooting could keep pace with them.

In wooded districts the deer are frequently 'driven' from their coverts, as they cannot in such a situation be 'stalked,' and lads from ten to sixteen years of age are generally the most efficient for the purpose, as they make their way both bare-legged and bare footed through heather,

GILLIES WITH GAME.

whins, and underwood, where grown-up men could not very easily follow, and numbers are sometimes so employed.

Possessed of much endurance and greater temerity than those more advanced in years, these lads will perform feats, the hazard of which might well deter others from the attempt. On precipitous and giddy precipices they will pursue the game, and an instance once occurred of a boy, who, at ten years of age, killed with his own hand no less than nine foxes in one year, on most rugged parts of the mountain of Ben Nevis.

The artist has related of a Gillie, only twelve years old, that going out alone in one of the wildest parts of Ross-shire, for the purpose of stalking deer, he brought down a fine stag, which he greallached, *i.e.*, opened and cut up on the spot.

Indeed, the Highlanders are the surest of marksmen, and their proficiency is solely the result of their early and constant practice; neither Highlanders nor any others being 'naturally good shots,' as a tourist in Scotland very simply observes. The nature of the country leads to the frequent use of gun and rod, and hence the dexterity acquired by the natives.

A Highlander having proved himself a most

skilful stalker and an unerring shot, it was jocularly proposed by a hunting party, that he should shoot a deer, then in view, through the off eye! The Gael at once undertook to do so, and giving a loud whistle, the animal immediately turned round his head, when instantly the fatal ball, true to its mark, went through the devoted eye!

The principal figure in the print is given from a sketch of Corie bui' òg, nephew to Ewen MacFee, the outlaw of Glenquoich, taken in Glen Nevis, where the stag, the brown and white, or alpine, hare, and the birds, which he carries, were killed within two hours, near the curious natural caves, in one of which the Lady Glennevis, her child, and servant, were concealed in the lamentable 1746.

The exhilarating effect of a hunting expedition, accompanied by the hardy tenants of the hills, is acknowledged by the numerous parties who leave the south for its enjoyment. The scenes in the good old days were quite captivating to strangers from their novelty and rude grandeur.

When at peace, the lairds kept alive the spirit of their clans by congregating the Gillies to this sort of military exercise, and when meditating war, it served as a pretext for a general mustering without any suspicion of the design being excited.

The eccentric Taylor, called 'The Water Poet,' from having been a waterman of Southwark, went, in 1618, on a 'pennilesse pilgrimage' as far northwards as Banffshire, and having been invited to accompany Lord Erskine to a deer hunt, he witnessed a meeting of noblemen, with a retinue of fourteen or fifteen hundred, and most of these were the hardy Gillies who drove in the game from the recesses of the forest of Mar, which he describes as follows:—

"I thank my good Lord Erskine (says the poet); hee commanded that I should always bee lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a banke, many kettles and pots boyling, and many spits turning and winding with great variety of cheere, as venison baked, sodden, roat, and stu'de; beef, mutton, goates, kid, hares, fish, salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moorcoots, heathcocks, caperkillies, and termagents; good ale, sacke, white and claret, tent (or Bllegaut), and most potent aquævitæ.

All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by faulconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's (Mar) tenants and purveyres to victual our campe, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses.

The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men doe rise early in the morning, and they doe disperse themselves divers wayes, and seven, eight or ten miles compass they doe bring or chase in the deer in many heards (two, three or four hundred in a heard) to such and such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them; then when the day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies doe ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles through bournes and rivers; and then they being come to the place, doe lye down on the ground till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinckell, do bring down the deer; but as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these Tinckell men doe lick their own fingers; for besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, wee can heare now and then a harquebusse or musket goe off which they doe seldom discharge in vaine: then after we had stayed three houres, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appeare on the hills round about us (their heads making a shew like a wood), which being followed close by the Tinckell, are chased down into the valley where wee lay; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as occasion serves upon the hearde of deere, that with dogs, gunnes, arrowes, durks, and daggers, in the space of two houres, fourscore fat deere were slain, which after are disposed of, some one way and some another, twenty or thirty miles; and more than enough left for us to make merrey withall at our rendevouse. Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boyling, rosting, and stewing, as if cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the devill in his feathers."

Inspired with the scene, his muse burst forth in these quaint and curious lines:—

" If sport like this can on the mountains be,
Where Phœbus' flame can never melt the snow:
Then let who list delight in vales below,
Skie-kissing mountains pleasure are for me.
What braver object can man's eyesight see,
Than noble, worshipfull, and worthy wights,
As if they were prepared for sundry fights,
Yet all in sweet society agree?
Through heather, moss, 'mong frogs, and bogs, and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs, and thunder-battered hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chaced by men and dogs,
Where two hours hunting fourscore fat deer kills.
Lowlands, your sports are low as is your seat:
The Highland games and minds are high and great!"

Honour for the Chief of the Clan Mackay.—Among the three distinguished gentlemen upon whom the Edinburgh Town Council have decided to confer the honorary degree of Burgesses of the city, is Lord Reay, S.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., D.C.L., chief of the Mackays. The clan will appreciate the distinction conferred on the head of the race.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

"'S mi 'm shuidhe air an tulaich" is one of the songs selected for the "*Orain Mhora*" competition at the forth-coming "Mod" to be held at Dingwall.

It is the composition of one of our oldest bardesses, Mary Macleod, known as "Mairi, nighean Alasdair Ruaidh." She was born in Harris, about the year 1590. She composed a great many excellent poems, several of which are to be found in the "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.*" She was an ardent admirer of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, and was constantly singing his praises. Rory the witty, who succeeded his father, Iain Mor Macleod in 1649, as Chief of the Clan MacLeod, was displeased with her for bestowing so much praise upon his distinguished relative, Sir Norman of Bernera, and banished her to the Island of Mull. Far from her beloved "Eilean a' cheò," the bardess is oppressed with sadness, she longs to behold her native isle and the stately halls of Macleod. It was in these circumstances that she composed the song now submitted, with the result that she was allowed to return to Skye on condition that she was to compose no more songs. Soon after her return to Dunvegan, a son of the Laird had been ill, and on his recovery Mary composed a song, which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which once more drew on her devoted head the displeasure of her chief, who remonstrated with her for again attempting song making without his permission. Mary's reply was, "Cha 'n e òran a th' ann idir ach crònan" (It is not a song at all, it is only a croon).

She is said to have died about 1693, at the age of 103, and is buried at Rodel, Harris, with kindred dust.

The air of the song first appeared in Campbell's collection of songs called "Albyn's Anthology," in 1815. There are fourteen verses in the song.

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

'S MI 'M SHUIDHE AIR AN TULAICH.

(SITTING ON THE HILLTOP.)

KEY E. *Slowly*

: m . r	d : - . d : d	l : - . s : s	l : s : r	m : s
'S mi 'm	shuidh' air an	tul-aich, fo	mhulad 's fo	imcheist,
: l	l : s : d'	s : m : m	r : l_1 : d	r : m
'S mi	coimhead air	I-le do'm	ioghnadh 's an	am so,
: m . r	d : - . d : d	l : s : l . l	s : m : r	m : s
Bha mi	uair nach do	shaoil mi gus 'n do	chaochail air	m' aimsir,
: s	l : s : l	s : - . s : m . m	r : l_1 : d	r : m
Gu 'n	tig - inn an	taobh so dh'amharc	Iùraidh is	Sgarbaidh.

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

: d'	s : — : r	m : — : f	m : — : r	m : — : d'	s : — : d
I	h-ùraibh	O,	i h-òir -	inn O,	I h-ùraibh
m : — : f	r : — : d	d : — : d'	s : — : r	m : — : f	m : r
O	i hòir -	inn O,	I h-ùraibh	O h-og	i
: m	d' : — : d'	d' : t : l	s : — : d	r : m : r	d : —
hò -	rò, Hi -	ri ri	ri -	thibh ho	ag O.

Gun tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iùraidh is Sgarbaidh :
Beir mo shoraidh do'n dùthaich,
Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheann,
Gu Sir Tormod ùr, àllail,
Fhuair ceannas air armailt ;
'S gun caint' anns gach fearann,
Gun b' airidh fear t-ainm air,
I h-ùrabh O, etc.

Gun caint anns gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air,
Fear do chéille, 's do ghliocais,
Do mhisnich, 's do mheanmainn,
Do chruadail, 's do ghaisge,
Do dhreach is do dhealbha ;
Agus t-olachd is t-uaisle,
Cha bu shurach ri leanmhuinn.
I h-urabh O, etc.

Agus t-olachd is t-uaisle,
Cha bu shurach ri leanmhuinn ;
Dh-fhuil direach righ Lochluinn ;
B' e sid toiseach do sheanachais,
Tha do chàirdeas so-iarraidh,
Ris gach Iarla tha 'n Albuinn
'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha breug, ach sgeul dearbht' e
I h-urabh O, etc.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann
Cha breug, ach sgeul dearbht' e ;
A mhic an fhir chliùitich,
Bha gu fiùghantach ainmeil,
Thug barrachd an gliocas,
Air gach Ridir bha 'n Albuinn
Ann an cogadh 's an sìo'-chainnt
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid.
I h-urabh O, etc.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 134.)

IT is an undoubted fact that Malcolm Canmore in the 11th century banished the Gaelic language from his court, and it is improbable that poems claiming to be national should be composed in a language placed under royal ban. Scotland was united into one monarchy by Kenneth M'Alpine in the 9th century, but things are not very clear before this period.

Now as to the "mythology" of the "sounding names without any significance," in the Ossianic poems which Dr. L Stern considers the creation of Macpherson's own brain! In refutation of that, the following note by Dr. John Smith, the author of "Sean Dana," who, by the way, Stern considers a greater forger than Macpherson himself, says—"There is an astonishing correspondence between some of these poems and the scenes which they are found to describe, but which were too distant, and too obscure, for the translator ever to see, or hear of, and concerning which there is not even a tradition, so that Macpherson must have found them in MS., otherwise they had never appeared. I mention one instance chosen purposely from the part least known in Gaelic of the whole collection. It is one of the songs of Selma. The names of Daura and Erath there spoken of are so uncommon that I am confident we may defy anybody to produce any instance of their being heard in name, surname, or tradition, yet in an obscure and almost inaccessible part of Argyllshire, which it is certain the translator of Ossian never saw, and never heard of, in this place can be traced out the very scene and the very uncommon names of that episode which of all the collection is perhaps the least known to a Gaelic antiquary. The island to which the traitor Erath beguiled Daura still retains the name of Innis-Eraith, the island of Erath," etc.

"The places mentioned are situated in the parish of Dalavich, on Loch Awe, in Argyllshire, and the sad story of Daura is still known among the old people in the locality."

The Gaelic of Ossian does not give the slightest authority for confining Fingal s dominions to the district now known as Morvern—Mor-bheinn, Mor bheann, "great monntains," or "great bens," is unquestionably the true meaning. Macpherson adopted "Morven," as it was more manageable than "great mountains," and more easy for the English tongue, and also a more manageable word in a line. Though German scholars can read both Gaelic and English, in their own way, it is more than likely that they *really don't understand* these languages.

In the fourth volume of Mr. J. F. Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," there is an able paper by Mr. Alexander Carmichael, which I would strongly recommend every one who takes an interest in this subject to read. Mr. Carmichael's narrative, after an experience of upwards of thirty years among the West Highlanders, is so tersely and graphically told, that every line and sentence of it bears the impress of truth. He remarks that there is a tradition that Glencoe was the birthplace of Ossian. "If there is in Scotland one spot more than another from which such magnificent creations as Ossian's poems could be expected to emanate, that spot is Glencoe. Nothing can be more terrifically sublime than Glencoe during a storm." "Their sound was like a thousand streams that meet in Cona's Vale, when after a stormy night they turn their dark eddies beneath the pale light of the morning." "The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell like banks of the roaring Cona," etc. "Ossian himself is frequently called the voice of Cona 'Why bends the bard of Cona,' said Fingal over his secret stream," etc. Benderloch (Eadarloch—twixt lochs) is the Selma of Ossian. It is also called Bail-an-righ, the King's house, or town, and is still called Selma, and Dun-MacSnieheachain's hill. Here also is the Beregonium of ancient writers. There are many traces that Selma was once the residence of regal splendour. There is a vitrified fort in which are found "swimming stones." There were found some years ago a wooden pipe in a moss close by, supposed to have been used for the purpose of bringing water to the fort or castle from the neighbouring hill.

It is said that Garbh MacStairn set Fingal's Castle on fire, after which he left the place, and resided at Fianntach in Strathearn, Perthshire. The Falls of Connel, Ossian's "roaring Lora," is only about three miles from Selma. Not far from Connel is the "Luath," one of Ossian's streams. "Dwells there no joy in song with hand of the harp of Luath." Opposite Selma is Dunstaffnage Castle, the Dun Lora of Ossian. The Lora—Loch Etive—washes its base. The noise of the roaring Lora is certainly awful during flood tides. In a calm summer evening it is heard in the Island of Lismore, distant about ten or twelve miles. This island it is said was a favourite hunting place of the Fingalians. There are still to be found in it traces of antlers of the deer, elk, and bison, of immense size in the bogs. There is also a place called "Larach-tigh-nam-Fiann," the site of the Fingalian house. There is a "Gleann Chonnain," Connan's Vale, and "Amhain Chonnain," Connan's River,

in Ross-shire, and even "Gleann Bhrain," Bran's Vale, in honour of Fingal's celebrated dog Bran. There is also a Dun-Fionn, Fingal's height or hill, on Loch Lomond, and "Sliabh nam ban Fionn," the Fingalian fair women's hill, in Lismore. At the head of Loch Nell there is a pillar known as Dermid's Stone, while the neighbouring farm is called "Torr an Tuirc," the boar's hill. Again, on Loch Etive, above Connel, or Lora, there is Ru-nan-Carn, the point of cairns, and at the very end of the loch is a hill called "Grianan Dheard'uil," Darthula's sunny spot. In the loch is the island of "Usnath," and near the shore the wood of Nathos, his son. Many places can also be traced in Ireland. In a foot note on p. 24 of Mr. Carmichael's essay, Mr. J. F. Campbell says, "All this is very strong *internal evidence* that the poems published by Macpherson were composed by some bard well acquainted with the West of Scotland." The late Mr. Alex. Nicolson thought the same, for he wrote, "I have often thought in reading some of the best bits of Ossian describing the mountain mists and the sights of the sea, that the man who composed them must have been born in Skye, and well acquainted with Glen Sligachan, Glen Bhreatail, Glendale, the Coolin, and Storr, the two Helvas, and Gob and Troid, Heiste, Idrigill, Loch Bracadale, Rudha-nan-Clach, Loch Eynod, Lochs Scavaig, Slapin, Eishort, and Dun Scaithaich. So thought my dear friend, Alexander Smith, in his "Summer in Skye."

Once more let me revert to Mr. Carmichael's essay. He asks "why should not Ossian's poetry be handed down from generation to generation like the rest of the Fingalian tales? I do not think that any one can be found bold enough to question the authenticity of the tales. It is more than probable that they were composed at least three thousand years ago, and brought by the Celtic nations in their migrations from the East." He also very pertinently remarks—"Homer flourished 900 years, B.C., and his poems floated amongst the Greeks for more than 500 years, till the Greek historian collected them, yet their authenticity was never questioned," etc. There is a very strange resemblance between Homer and Ossian. Both flourished in a primitive state of society, and both are equally the poets of Nature and Nature's laws. If there is an analogy betwixt Homer and Ossian, why not betwixt the preservation of their works? That's an important point to bear in mind; equally important is the fact that this same undoubted authority on Highland matters gives the names of many old Highlanders from Cape Wrath to Mull of Cantyre who had all heard of Ossian's poems, and firmly believed in them. One instance will suffice at present — "Donald Stewart, from Ardfhraic, Skye, ninety-two years of age. (This was in November, 1861.) He is still hale and cheerful, and his faculties quite unimpaired. Heard often of the Feinn and the poems of Ossian. They were quite common in his day. Every person knew them. He remembered distinctly how the people used to collect at each other's houses in the long winter nights and listened to the tales and poems recited by old men, especially Ossian's poems. The old men of their day told them they had those tales, traditions, and poems from their own fathers, and that Ossian's poems were then as well known and as much admired as anything could possibly be. Assuming then that some of these men were as old as Donald Stewart is when he was a boy, we have thus direct and truthful evidence of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian for the last one hundred and eighty-four yerrs. What more need be said?" *(To be continued.)*

THE PIOB-MHOR, OR GREAT HIGHLAND BAGPIPE.

THE piob-mhor, or great Highland bagpipe, is different from the common sharp pipes of the Low country, and both are very unlike the Irish or flat pipes. The first is by far the most noble and warlike instrument, and produces the most clear and ear-piercing notes. The various pipes are separately inserted in the bag, and the drones or burdens are connected by ribands of different colours. When the bag is inflated, they are steadily supported over the shoulder, and the tallest displays a flag, on which is richly embroidered the arms of the chief, colonel of a regiment, gentleman, or society, in whose service the piper may be.

ARMORIAL PIPE FLAGS.

The Lion is a general badge of the Celtic nations. It is asserted by all heralds and historians of authority, that the tressure of fleur-de-lis was added to the arms of Scotland by Charlemange, to indicate his regard for the nation; but when the Unicorns were adopted as supporters, is not ascertained. They bear up the royal banner, and that of St. Andrew, and stand on a compartment, and not on an escrol, as often represented. For the "lacesset" in the motto, I have the authority of Sir George MacKenzie and other competent antiquaries, and the difference from lacessit is certainly of some importance in this very nicely regulated science. The Scots, as is well known, paid great attention to heraldry, and the whole achievement, as a specimen of their skill, must be allowed to have a good effect, even pictorially.

THE ENSIGN OF SCOTLAND

is a thistle of gold imperially crowned. The

Highland Society of London have a pipe flag of beautiful workmanship and rich effect. Those who have no flag usually display party coloured ribbons, which have a very pretty appearance streaming in the wind. They are often presented by the musician's sweetheart, and are of course exhibited with becoming pride.

Several pipers carry their instruments on the right side, and some are of opinion that it is necessary for those who have to play with others, because it would neither look well, nor be convenient, on a march, for pipers to have their drones all over the same shoulder. Surely, if otherwise, it would look as awkward as if the soldiers carried their musquets on opposite sides. We do not know the rule which prevailed in Skye, but a learner would most assuredly be taught to use his right hand in tuning.

One George Mackay was the reformer of the

SCOTS LOWLAND PIPES,

but I cannot precisely tell the nature of his improvements; he, however, studied seven years at the college in Skye.

There is a miniature sort of bagpipe, called the Northumberland, the advantage of which is that they are conveniently portable, and are much less noisy than the others. None of these sorts resemble the rude instruments of the same kind used on the Continent.

The pipes are commonly formed of black ebony or lignum vitæ; but woods less valuable, and less excellent for the purpose, are sometimes employed. The joints are handsomely tipped with ivory or bone, and silver ornaments and precious gems are often placed on the headstock of the chanter. Northumberland pipes are often wholly formed of ivory, and richly ornamented with silver. The bag is covered with cloth or tartan, sometimes fringed, and otherwise adorned.

A stand,* or set, of Highland pipes sometimes cost a considerable sum,† especially if made by a celebrated tradesman, of which there are several in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness.

There is an ancient and celebrated pipe in the possession of the chief of Clan Chattan, known as the

FEADAN DUBH, OR BLACK CHANTER,

concerning which various curious particulars are recorded.

It is believed to possess some charm or supernatural virtue, which ensures prosperity to its owners and their connections. It is this instrument which Sir Walter Scott mentions as having fallen from the clouds during the conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396. It appears to have been taken from the vanquished party at that fiercely contended battle.

Three MacDonalds, of Glencoe, had, on one occasion, taken a

CREACH FROM STRATHSPEY,

but were overtaken by a strong party of the Grants near Aviemore, when they thought themselves out of danger; and while asleep the two elder MacDonalds were surprised and bound, but the younger escaped to the woods. The Grants, on their return home, stopped about two miles from the place, and while they were refreshing and enjoying themselves in apparent security, the three dauntless heroes, who had recovered themselves and come together, attacked their enemies, sword in hand, with such daring and resolution, that they drove them clean off with confusion and slaughter, killing seven and wounding sixteen, and rescued the whole of the cattle! The cry of the two elder MacDonalds was, "A mhic, a mhic, luathaich do laimh 's cruadhaich do bhuille," *i.e.*, My son, my son, quicken and harden thy blows.

The Laird of Grant, vexed in the highest degree at the shameful conduct of his men, compelled the delinquents, for three successive Sundays, to walk round the church in presence of all the rest of the clan,

CARRYING WOODEN SWORDS

suspended by straw ropes, exclaiming, "We are the cowards that disgracefully ran away." The whole clan were disheartened by this affair, and to re-animate them, the chief sent to Cluny for the loan of the Feadan dubh, the notes of which could infallibly rouse every latent spark of valour. Cluny is said to have lent it without hesitation, saying his men stood in no need of it. How long it remained with them at this time does not appear; but after it had been restored, the Grants again received it, and it remained with them until 1822, when Grant of Glenmorriston presented it to Ewen MacPherson, Esq., of Cluny, the worthy chief. It is probable that the first loan of this wonderful chanter was made to the

GRANTS OF GLENMORRISTON,

who had no doubt observed the happy effects of its possession among their brethren in Strathspey. This clan, had, however, an opinion of their own prowess, that would seem to render it improbable they should require such aid, and had, besides, some particular charm by which they rendered themselves invulnerable; in which belief they fearlessly engaged in war, and, in truth, acted like heroes; although the writer of a MS. history of the clan which I have seen in the King's Library, sneeringly says, they prevented their

*The absurd term, "pair of pipes," perhaps arose from many of the poorer sort having formerly but two drones. It may be observed, pipers often have but two that are furnished with reeds.

†The price at the present day is from £8 to £40, according to the "mounting."

charm from working at the battle of Sherrifmuir, by making a speedy retreat.

THE MACPHERSONS

assuredly, whether in consequence of their fortunate talisman or their own bravery, have never been in a battle which was lost, at least where the chief was present. Before the battle of Culloden, an old seer, or second seer, told the Duke of Cumberland, that if he waited until the "bratach uaine," or green banner, came up, he would be defeated.

THE KELPIE'S DAUGHTER.

A LEGEND OF THE GREY GLEN.

WHERE hastens Lord Nigel as evening draws nigh,
When clansmen their revels would keep?
Where tarry his steps when the moon riding high
Looks down on a world asleep?

The Grey Glen is lonely, and eerie its road,
The pine-music whispering o'erhead,
But frequent and fearless that path he has trod,
Strange mysteries of evil has read.

His proud lady-mother sits weeping alone,
Her heart wrung with terror and woe,
The clan's gallant leader, the son once her own,
Has sought strange companions I trow.

Time was when sweet Sheanach was first in his thought,
He held her as dearest and best,
But now in his madness he counts her as nought,
Her beauty and charm but a jest.

Dark, dark are the pools where the kelpie may lie,
And deep as the black pit of hell,
But none that into their dread secrets would pry,
Return of those secrets to tell.

The pine-music's murmur weird echoes awake
Around those dark waters of doom,
Like sighs of lost souls on the silence they break,
Then die in the gathering gloom.

The creatures of evil on earth that remain,
Must pay to their Master their dole,
And for ev'ry year of respite they would gain,
Must render to Satan a soul.

And whether cold hatred or avarice enthrall,
Fierce love or ambition allure,
Their ransom they bring him, or swift their recall,
His vengeance is awful and sure.

The kelpie's witch-daughter her earth-lover seeks,
Fair, fair as the night-flower is she,
But cold as the snow on the far mountain peaks,
And ruthless as grip of the sea.

The pine-music's cadence is sighing "Beware,"
Above the lone pool whence she came,
The morn's fitful gleams on her shadowy hair,
Are flashes of pale, ghostly flame.

She speaks "Oh, beloved one! to win my desires
Thy proud lady-mother I'll see,
Before her to-night in the hall of thy sires,
Troth-plighted for ever we'll be."

Her white arms embrace him, her kisses are fond,
Her gaze holds his soul by its might,
While hid from her ken in the darkness beyond,
A wayfarer flees through the night.

To the castle's strong refuge a traveller has sped,
A Palmer with cross, scrip, and shell,
And straight to the lady's high chamber is led,
Some tale of strange import to tell.

But what that strange story no clansman can guess,
Though true to her call as of yore,
They fill the great hall and behind her they press,
While the holy man waits by the door.

Wide opens that door, from the darkness without
Two enter whom none can behold,
For black are the cloud-wreaths that gird them about,
And ever more closely enfold.

Loud rang the stern order, "Avaunt thee, foul fiend,"
A horrible shriek rent the air,
A rush as of wings through the darkness that screened,
And clamours of fear and despair.

Unmoved stood the Palmer, the emblem of grace
Held high, while the earth seemed to groan,
Back rolled the black curtain, and lo! in it's place,
Lord Nigel, their chief, stood alone.

And close by his foot writhed—oh, hideous sight!
A serpent in fury upraised,
But even as vanish the visions of night,
It melted away as they gazed.

Then spake the aged Pilgrim, "Dear lady, thy son
No danger, no skaith can befall,
The sorceress whose web of enchantment was spun
His memory shall never recall.

High revel was held, all the joys that attend,
Of feasting and wassail no lack,
For the son and the lover, the leader and friend,
From Death's yawning gulf given back.

Unstirred lie the pools in the lonely Grey Glen,
The pine-music sounds through the night,
But the Kelpie's witch-daughter comes never again,
She paid not her year of respite.

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FROM sleep arisen, wand'ring through
The smiling meadows, see'st thou float,
Unfurled in peace and spread o'er all
The bannered heavens' wondrous blue?

Untroubled, happy, free from fears,
How long in slumber hast thou lain;
While all night through till grey o' dawn
The sky hath shed a myriad tears.

Disturbed by sob of human pain,
How weary drags the dumb, dark night,
When comes the morn—how manfully,
Forgetting all, we smile again!

COINNEACH DUBH.

THE M'KIES OF GALLOWAY.

THE M'Kies of Larg were descended from one of three brothers, M'Kie, Murdoch and M'Lurg, to whom the thirty pound land of the Hassock and Comloddan was granted by Robert Bruce, as a reward for the services which they had rendered him during his struggles with the English for the independence of Scotland.

The following account of the manner in which they acquired the land was written by Andrew Heron of Burgally, and was first published in the Appendix of Symson's Description of Galloway.

"King Robert, being by a part of the English army defeat in Carick, fled into the head of Loch-die to a few of his broken partie, and lodging in a widow's house, in Craigencallie, in the morning she, observing some of his princely ornaments, suspected him to be a person of eminence, and modestly asked him in the morning, if he was her Leige Lord. He told her Yes, and was come to pay her a visit; and asked her if she had any sons to serve him in his distress. Her answer was, that she had three sons to three several husbands; and that if she was confirmed in the truth of his being their sovereign, they should be at his service. He asked her farther, if she could give him anything to eat. Her answer was, there was little in the house, but agust-meal and goats'-milk, which should be prepared for him; and while it was making ready, her three sons did appear, all lusty men. The king asked them, if they would cheerfully engage in his service, which they willingly assented to; and when the king had done eating, he asked them what weapons they had, and if they could use them; they told him they were used to none but bow and arrow. So, as the king went out to see what was become of his followers, all being beat from him but 300 men, who had lodged that night in a neighbouring glen, he asked them if they could make use of their bows,—M'Kie, the eldest son, let fly an arrow at two ravens, perching upon the pinnacle of a rock above the house, and shot them through both their heads. At which the king smiled, saying, I would not wish he aimed at him. Murdoch, the second son let fly at one upon the wing, and shot him through the body; but M'Lurg, the third son, had not so good success.

"In the meantime, the English, upon the pursuit of King Robert, were encamped in Moss Raploch, a great flow on the other side of Dee. The king observing them, makes the young men understand that his forces were much inferior. Upon which they advised the king to a stratagem, that they would gather all the horses, wild and tame, in the neighbourhood, with all the goats that could be found, and let them be surrounded and kept all in a body by his soldiers in the afternoon of the day, which accordingly was done. The neighing of the horses, with the horns of the goats, made the English, at so great a distance, apprehend them to be a great army, so durst not venture out of their camp that night; and by the break of day, the king with his small army, attacked them with such fury, that they fled precipitantly, a great number being killed; and there is a very big stone in the centre of the flow, which is called the King's Stone to this day, to which he leaned his back till his men gathered up the spoil; and within these thirty years, there were broken swords and heads of picks got in the flow, as they were digging out peats.

"The three young men followed close to him in all his wars to the English, in which he was successful, that at last they were all turned out of the kingdom, and marches established 'twixt the two nations; and the soldiers and officers that followed him were put in possession of what lands were in the English hands, according to their merit. The three brothers, who had stuck close to the king's interest, and followed him through all dangers, being asked by the king what reward they expected, answered very modestly, That they never had a prospect of great things; but if his Majesty would bestow upon them the thirty pound land of the Hassock and Comloddan, they would be very thankful; to which the king cheerfully assented, and they kept it long in possession."*

*"There are no lands called *Hassock* in the grant made by the king. The oral tradition of the country is, that Annabel, the widow, solicited and received, the bit *hassock* of land that lies between the burn of Palnure and the burn of Penkill." This *hassock* of land is an isosceles triangle, the base of which runs for three miles along the Cree, and the sides formed by the streams of Palnure and Penkill, run five miles into the country. This speck of land has been the birthplace or residence of more distinguished individuals than, perhaps, any other rural spot of equal extent in Scotland. Macmillan, the founder of the sect that bear his name, was born at Barncachla. Murdoch, the last of the descendants of old Annabel, who was settled in Kirouchtree, was famed over Europe for his knowledge of Botany. Dr. William M'Gill, minister of Ayr, whose Essay on the death of Christ caused so much controversey near the close of last century, received the greatest part of his education at the school of Minnigaff. Alexander Murray, late Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Edinburgh, was born at Corwar; Patrick Heron, whose Banking scheme ruined many gentlemen in Galloway and Ayrshire, occupied Kirouchtree; and Lieutenant General Sir William Stewart, who fought so bravely under the Duke of Wellington, possessed the estate of Comloddan, all within the King's grant to Annabel."—*History of Galloway.*

The lands thus acquired were divided amongst the three brothers—M'Kie obtained the Larg,

Murdoch, the Risk, and M'Lurg, Machermore.

When the army of the Covenanters took the town of Newcastle from the king's forces, in 1640, the troops commanded by Sir Patrick M'Ghie or M'Kie of Largo in Galloway, were particularly distinguished. In the engagement, however, Sir Patrick lost his only son, a brave aspiring youth, who was standard bearer to Colonel Leslie's troop. He was the only person of any note who fell on the side of the Covenanters, and was much lamented by the whole party. Zachary Boyd, in a long poem, entitled "Newburn Book, thus deplores his death :—

"In this conflict, which was a great pitie,
We lost the son of Sir Patrick M'Ghie."

The Stewartry of Kirkcudbright has been represented in Parliament by various members of this family, viz :—Alexander M'Kie of Palgown, who was a member of the Scottish Parliament at the time of the Union; John M'Kie, who sat in the British Parliament from 1747 to 1754; and J. Ross M'Kie, who represented the said county from 1754 to 1761. John M'Kie, Esq., of Burgally, who was member of Parliament for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was also descended from the M'Kies of Palgown.

CARN NA CAILLICH.

SIR,—This "Carn" is situated near the shores of Caol Muille, I think, in Morven, but I am not certain. A man coming home at night time, according to his own yarn, was much troubled by the "Cailleach"—he was supposed to be under the influence of drink! The bard put it in the following words :—

Dòmhnull Cannanach 's an Dòirlinn
Mu tha e beò gus an dràsd,
A tigh'nn dachaidh thar an toraide
Siomadh dòrn a thug mi dha.
O hi ri ri ri ro gi o ho,
O hi ri ri ro gi o,
O hi ri ri ro gi o ho,
O hi ri ri ro gi ó.

An aithne dhuibh Càrn na Caillich
Os cionn na h-abhainn ud thall,
'S mise tharruing air mo shlinnein,
H-uile spitheag a chaidh ann.
O hi ri ri, etc.

Gu drochaid chuir air Caol Muile,
'S gun tigeadh gach duine nall;
'S mar bristeadh an iris-mhuineal
Bha e'n cunnart a bhi ann.

Where is the locality of this cairn? What say our modern engineers to the enterprise of the "Cailleach Bheur?"

Mackay, Queensland. DONALD BEATON.

CARN NA CAILLICH.

SIR,—Carn na Caillich is in Morven, in the vicinity of the hamlet of Bun-a'-Mhuilinn, straight across from Aros, Mull. The "Cailleach" did not select the narrowest but the broadest part of the sound to erect her wonderful bridge. In your note you mention the "Cailleach Bheurr," but the Morven "Cailleach" was not the "Cailleach Bheurr," of Gleann Cainneir, Mull. She used to renew her youth like the eagles, by going to a certain well—the well is there yet—once every seven years and washing herself, but she had to do that at or before the dawn of day—"Mu 'n d' tugadh ian bìg as, 's mu 'n d' tugadh cù comhart as" (Before bird chirped or dog barked), but upon a certain morning she was a little late, and before she arrived at the well a dog barked, and the "Cailleach" collapsed into a heap of ashes, otherwise she might have been living yet! Still, the other "Cailleach" was in Morven, and gathered that famous cairn together, which was to span Caol Muile.

I do not know whether the burn "Allt-na-Caillich" mentioned by Dr. Norman MacLeod, in his song "Fionnairidh" is called after the same "Caillich" or not. I have been asking several people lately about the story of the Caillich, but I have failed to get any more of the rhyme which you sent me, but I am of the opinion that the lines—

"Gu drochait 'chuir air Caol Muile,
'S gu 'n tigeadh gach duine 'nall,"

and the verse beginning—

"Domhnull Cannanach 's an Dorlainn,"

do not belong to the same period.

The author of the verse beginning

"Domhnull Cameron 's an Dorlainn"

knew well enough that Donald Cameron had two sweethearts, and that he jilted one of them, and that he met her spirit at Carn na Caillich upon a certain night where she gave him a good thrashing, but though the spirit of the girl was in the "riochd" of the ancient "cailleach," Donald knew her voice and said—

"Ged a bh' agam cruth na caillich
'S ann a bh' agam guth na cailinn."

The ancient "Cailleach" did manage to stretch a rope across the Sound, and the foundation stone of the bridge was to be sent across on this rope. If that feat could have been accomplished the bridge could also be made, but the rope broke while the stone was about the centre of the Sound, and the undertaking had to be abandoned. It is at this point that the words come in—

"'S mar briseadh an iris-mhullaich*
Bha i 'n cunnart a bhi ann."

Glasgow. JOHN MACFADYEN.

*Some say "iris mullaich," others "iris-mhuineil. Of course "iris mhuineil" is the iris of a creel.

THE CALDERS OR CADELLS.

SIR,—It would be of interest to me if any of your well-informed correspondents know of the connection between the Cadells (Calders) of Nairn and those who have now for over 200 years been settled in East Lothian? The common origin of the name (see "The Scottish Nation") is de Cadella. Like many Highland families a branch may have come south. What are the heraldic colours of the thistle?

Dresden, Germany G. CADELL.

HOW MATTIE PROVIDED A DINNER.

THE Laird of Craig—something—I forget the addition, but I know it ended in an "agh!"—one blessed afternoon received a note from a lowland cousin, to intimate that he would honour him with a call, in company with an English gentleman. Aware that the Highland mansion was "remote from towns," the self-invited guest prudently apprised his kinsman of the intended visit, in order that ample time might be afforded the Highland chief to put his house in order. Alas! "publics" were numerous on his route—and the gilly, who bore the letter, stopped so frequently to refresh himself, that, instead of arriving the day before, he scarcely managed to anticipate by an hour, the coming of the guests, whose advent he had been despatched to notify!

Never had Craigdarragh been in a state of more lamentable exhaustion. The larder was utterly cleaned out; and there were no supplies to be immediately obtained, for the Highlands are not a land of Goshen. Had that accursed courier not been afflicted with an unquenchable thirst, and consumed sixteen hours in drunken sleep upon the heather, all would have been as it ought to be. The miller would have netted his dam and secured a dish of trouts—a defunct wedder would last night have been dangling from a beam in the barn—and Heaven only knows, what other culinary operations might not have been cunningly devised, ay, and as happily executed.

"Mattie, Mattie, a' must be left to yoursel', and the Lord direct ye, for I canna," said the unhappy owner of Craigdarragh, with a groan, to his cook, who was sobbing bitterly beside him. "It's a sair visitation that has cam o'er us. But do ye'r best, woman; do ye'r best. Presarve us! here they are;" and out ran the laird in desperate tribulation to bid his kinsman and the stranger welcome.

What Mattie said and did is not particularly recorded; but, at the proper time, a dinner, far more respectable than the laird had ventured to expect, was duly served up—and, to cover its deficiencies, the bottle obtained a more rapid circulation. The evening wore merrily on—again and again the toddy-bowl was emptied and replenished; until the Englishman, totally overpowered, dropped upon the carpet, and the laird of Craigdarragh, had he been in Falstaff's vein, might have exclaimed to his henchman, "Carry Master Slender to bed!" Undisturbed by the carouse that had demolished the stranger, the Highlanders continued their potations, and the Laird of Craigdarragh, after alluding to the alarm of the morning, passed a glowing eulogy on Mattie as the paragon of cooks, and summoned her to the presence.

"Mattie, woman, ye did it fine!"

"Weel, Craigdarragh—I'm glad I pleased ye. Lairds, a health a-piece to ye. And hoo was a' liked that I sent up?"

"The beef was unco salt," replied the host.

"An' the treep hard as the de'il's horns," added his companion. "How the plague the Englisher managed it, I dinna ken—for on the wee bit I tried, my teeth had na mair effect than they would on the ben-leather that heels my brogues."

"Weel," returned Mattie, "I did na expect the treep would have been ower saft. But as naebody but the Englisher touched it, I'll jist tell ye a' about the thing. Laird,—do ye mind the time, when ye went to the south to coort the leddie wi' the grat tocher?"

"I mind it weel. It's an auld story noo, Mattie."

"Ah! Laird, ye wer' too slow in whispering into the soft side o' her lug, an' the Irish Captain gat her clane aff, money and a." He was ower gleg in the tongue for ye," said the housekeeper.

The allusion to the lost heiress was touching the laird upon a tender point.

"He would na have been too gleg at the han for me, Mattie, had I kenned that he intended to pit my nose oot o' joint. But what the de'il has this to do with a dish o' tough treep smithered in inians?"

"A' in gude time, Laird," returned the Leonora of Craigdarragh. "You took puir Watty, that's dead and gane, wi' ye, as walet; an to be in the southren fashion, clapped leather breeks upon a crater's hurdies, that had never ony tighter thing upon them than a kilt. Och! what puir Watty suffered. He never had the use o' his limbs right afterwards. He used to say that when he passed a callant that was steekit in the stocks, he could na but envy him, and offer if he would pit his hurdies in the breeks, that Watty wud stick his shanks into the woodie."

"But what's a' this auld warld tale aboot, Mattie?"

"Jist ha'e patience, Laird. The leathers ha'e hangit since on a peg behine the spence door, wi' a set o' worn out bagpipes—and sair shame it was to see breeks hangin' in an Heilanman's. Weel, in my distress, I thought I might turn the one or the ither till account. I tried Sandy Anderson's auld bag—but the leather was hard as a coo's foot—and sae in despair, I took the left leg af Watty's breeches. Och! Laird—af I had had mair time 'till soak the leather, the treep would have eaten fine!"

EDWARD E. HENDERSON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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LIEUT. EDWARD E. HENDERSON,

President, West Albyn Highland Association.

THE prosperous burgh of Govan contains a large Celtic population, which is represented by a flourishing Highland Association, and also possesses a police pipe band which has earned for itself a national reputation. Among the prominent Highlanders in this populous district there is no one better known to his fellow-countrymen than the subject of this sketch, Lieut. E. E. Henderson. He was born on 23rd April, 1864, in that remote and picturesque valley, Glenquoich, in Inverness-shire, and is one of seven sons of Mr. James Henderson, head stalker to Lord Burton (from which position he lately retired), who has the reputation of being one of the most expert deer-stalkers in the kingdom.

Lieut. Henderson, although an Invernessian by birth, spent his early years in Ross-shire, where he received his education at the school at Redcastle.

Although intended by his parents to follow one of the learned professions, his personal inclinations tended in another direction, and when hardly nineteen years of age he decided to join the Constabulary Service. His first appointment was in the Dumbartonshire Police, in which he remained seven years, during which he was promoted to the position of chief constable's clerk. Advancement being somewhat slow in the county, he obtained a transfer to the large and growing burgh of Govan, where his abilities were early recognised, and step by step he climbed the ladder of promotion, finally obtaining his present responsible position, the highest in the service next to the chief command.

In 1902 Lieut. Henderson was on the short leet for the chief constableship of the ancient and historic town of Ayr, and was unfortunate in losing the appointment by only one vote. It is interesting also to mention that in 1898 he was one of a short leet of four for the chief constableship of Ross-shire, but was unsuccessful.

In Highland circles in Glasgow, as well as in Govan, Lieut. Henderson has long occupied a prominent position. He naturally takes an active part in the affairs of the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association, of which he is vice-president; while the recently formed West Albyn Association, representing his native district in the city, appointed him its first president. He is also deeply interested in the work of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*, of which he is a member

LIEUT. EDWARD E. HENDERSON.

of Executive, and hopes to take part in the great Gaelic Mòd to be held in Dingwall in September. He is a fluent platform speaker in his native language, and can read and write Gaelic with equal facility. As an exponent of the bagpipe he is well known in our midst; indeed his knowledge of pipe music is so generally recognised that there is hardly a competition held for miles round Glasgow in which his services are not requisitioned, either as chairman or judge. He has, since its institution, been identified with that popular body, the Govan Police Pipe Band, and its success is largely attributed to the great interest which Lieut. Henderson took in its progress.

Some reference ought to be made here to his literary work, which is of considerable merit. His recently published volume, "Cycle, Camp, and Camera in the Highlands," met with a large sale and received from the press many eulogistic notices. He has also contributed articles to a number of magazines and periodicals, while the early volumes of the *Celtic* show that he is interested in Highland folklore tales and has put some of them into permanent record.

In the foregoing notes we have referred only to Lieut. Henderson's career and record of work. Regarding his individuality we should like to say that he possesses a most attractive personality; his kindly manner and unfailing courtesy, combined with a natural modesty, are qualities which, in addition to his gifts of head and hand, have attracted to him a large circle of friends.

Before closing this brief sketch it might be worthy of mention, that his father and brother —Robert Henderson—were last year, at Glenquoich, each presented by His Majesty King Edward, with a valuable watch and chain in a morocco case inscribed with the Royal Arms.

Lieut. Henderson married Elsie Stevenson, daughter of Mr. John Whitecross, Claymires, Banffshire.

FREEDOM OF EDINBURGH TO LORD REAY, CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACKAY.

Lord Reay was admitted on 22nd May to the freedom of the City of Edinburgh.

LORD REAY'S CAREER.

The Lord Provost in presenting the burgess ticket to Lord Reay, said his Lordship had a long and honourable record of public service, in the course of which he had had a unique experience of the affairs of Continental nations as well as of our own. Forty years ago Lord Reay was engaged in the Netherlands Legation in London and afterwards in the Netherlands Colonial Office. His interest in the people was shown by the fact that he was president of the Amsterdam Exhibition for the working-classes so long ago as 1869. He had had experience in political life as a member of the Second Chamber of the States-General from 1871 to 1877. In 1876 he succeeded his father in the Peerage of Scotland, and from that time onward his career had been continuously one of devotion to the public good, especially in political and educational matters. The Lord Provost enumerated the public appointments Lord Reay had held, and what was of special interest to them when they were honouring the chairman of the Edinburgh School Board, was the fact that his Lordship was chairman of the London School Board from 1897 to 1904, when the latter Board was merged under the new Education Board in the London County Council. Lord Reay's work in connection with the Franco-Scottish Society, of the Institute of International Law, was also mentioned by the Lord Provost, who thereupon invited his Lordship to subscribe his name to the burgess roll.

HIS ANCESTORS AND SCOTLAND.

Lord Reay, in acknowledging the honour, said—To the roll of burgesses of Edinburgh Major-General Mackay, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, was admitted on 1st November, 1689; and Captain Alexander Mackay, of the Earl of Louden's regiment, received the freedom of the city in 1749. He mentioned that to shew that in bygone days his kinsmen received at the hands of Edinburgh Corporation that honour which he was receiving at their hands. (Applause.) Edinburgh stood foremost, he continued, in the imagination of Scotsmen, but it also appealed to the imagination of all nationalities through its influence on their history and on their literature. That was largely due to that eminent Scot, Sir Walter Scott, in whose country he had the honour to reside. But that was not the only reason that this freedom had for him a peculiar charm. During all the years in which his ancestors served the King's arms abroad, the *animus redeundi* was always present, and it was impressed on every generation that here was their home. (Applause.) Among the functions at which he had on various occasions been present in Edinburgh there was no one which he attended with greater emotion than when the colours of the Mackay Regiment of the Scots Brigade were again deposited after so many years in St. Giles. (Applause.) His ancestors were steadfast in adhering to the religious principles which were the foundation of their national character, and in which their liberties as well as their harmonious social relations between all classes of the community were rooted. (Applause.) It was his good fortune to give effect to the *animus redeundi*, and he could not give adequate expression to the gratitude he felt for the manner in which all classes of the community, in Edinburgh and in the Border country, had made him feel at home in Scotland. (Applause.) Edinburgh had always been and was interested in the great international movements to which the Lord Provost had alluded, which aimed at the preservation of peace and at a better understanding between nations. Edinburgh and the great University it fostered, contributed to the cohesion of the Empire by cementing the bonds of union and intercourse with our fellow-subjects in the Colonies and in India. No duties were attached to the dignity of being a burgess, but he was fully alive to the bond it created, and he would lose no opportunity whenever it might be afforded him of identifying himself with the public life of the city. (Applause.)

EALIE MARTIN.

A STORY OF A SKYE CLEARANCE.

BY CHAS. MACKINNON, TRANSVAAL.

(Continued from page 144).

III.

CRAIGAN HOUSE sat in a wooded hollow immediately outside the larger hollow which was occupied by the clachan of Glencorrie. On one side of it rose abruptly the first of the compact group of hills which, arm in arm, make a semi-circle round the district. An insignificant moor brought up the opposite side. On the east the long undulating glen of Lingarry opened to it all the way to Broadbost. The remaining side was also comparatively open, being a continuation of the same glen over rough marshy ground until, some furlongs off, it dipped into the sea at Loch Crennan.

Norman closed behind him the long skeleton gate of iron that gave access to the grounds. These were merely an extensive area of the surrounding waste walled in. Patches of the land were in unactive cultivation, but one field was already ploughed in part. The long rank grass of the preceding year lay wilted and dead in the unreclaimed interspaces, and between the scattered cairns of cobble stones, accumulating as the soil was freed from them every successive season.

The road made some asides ere entering the plantation, which did not extend much beyond the vicinity of the house.

At one of these Norman came suddenly in front of a herd of his father's Highland cattle. They were being driven to their morning pasture. Following, crook in arm, was Sandy Tulloch, veteran sailor now retired, and family handy man for the last ten years. Deep in cogitation —a habit—his head was bent and he was lost to everything external.

Norman stood on the moist grassy margin of the road. The shaggy animals filed placidly by: unnoticing, Sandy came abreast. All heedless, he also was going past when Norman's hand was brought down resoundingly between his shoulder blades.

"Hurricanes and thunder!" Sandy ejaculated, without waiting to collect his faculties. He looked up. Amazed and speechless he took in Norman.

Sandy was evidently ready to accept him for a wraith. The actuality of the presence, however, although more difficult to believe, was attested by the smack that was still reverberating in his anatomy.

"Hurricanes and thunder!" he repeated.

"So that's your welcome, Sandy," Norman said, proffering his hand.

How did you come? Why didn't you write? Hurricanes and thunder, I'm at odds to believe it's you after all!"

"Hold, Sandy! My hand is flesh and blood. That grip of yours is a terror," Norman cried, in feigned and partly real dolour, stroking his fist which Sandy in the meantime had been wringing.

But Sandy heaped on additional questions.

"Did father not tell you I was coming?" Norman interrupted.

"Tell!" Sandy planted his stick in the roadway with a vim. Norman noted the action and smiled a little. He defined the unuttered thought that it expressed.

"When did you write?" Sandy questioned on an afterthought.

Norman told.

"I might have understood," Sandy commented with some emphasis. "He couldn't have kept this of all things under hatches, let him grow close-lipped as he will. I rather fancy he does not himself know that you are coming yet."

"What makes you think so?"

"The weather. It has been stormy like these last few days—nothing to speak of, but I'll bet my rum those lubbers on the packet feared to approach the island.

Norman had not forgotten the idiosyncrasies of the old chap, in especial his opinion of seamen with only coasting experience.

"Perhaps they did not even put to sea," he goaded him on.

Sandy digged his stick afresh, and closed his eyes to dramatise his contempt.

"The chicken-hearted stiffs! I'll take my oath they did'nt," he affirmed.

"Well, how are things moving here?"

The question revivified Sandy's original surprise.

"Six years away. And to return like this; unexpected as a squall! Hurricanes and thunder! what wonder I'm at sea?"

"How's father getting along?"

"Ho! *He* goes about like an animated rock. You won't astonish him: nothing will. A ship dry sailing up the Glen there would not move him. He would merely order me or somebody to impound her."

The cattle had strayed. Some were knee-deep in the upturned soil, nosing for potatoes.

"I must be after these brutes," Sandy said. From his former life of discipline his notions of duty were rigid. While it was on hand he could allow nothing to deflect him short of some extraordinary occurrence like the present.

"Don't forget my bags have to be fetched," Norman reminded him as they separated.

The house came presently in view through a parting of the trees. It was a square characterless edifice, plain-faced but for a low flat-roofed porch that hooded the main entrance. Ivy creepers clambered randomly over its white-washed walls, which were mildewed in places and had a velvety growth of green moss in their crevices. These evidences of dampness accentuated the indefinite air of neglect which overhung the place, although seeming curiously in keeping with its stillness and repose. It was flanked by the usual outbuildings.

IV.

Major MacKintosh was breakfasting alone when Norman entered unannounced.

He laid down his knife and fork and stared at his son. Then he frowned heavily as though he would banish some unaccountable hallucination, and stared again.

"Good morning, father!" Norman said.

"You're truly there, are you?" the Major answered, as if theretofore in doubt. He returned his son's greeting but suppressed all further indication of surprise.

"You've not received my letter then?"

"You *did* write, did you?"

"Most certainly; the moment my furlough was granted. But that gave the note only a day's start. Sandy Tulloch was just telling me that the weather has been bad hereabouts for some days back, so my letter probably only reached the island to-day."

"Humph!"

The Major resumed his breakfast impassively. Norman drew in a leather-covered arm-chair to the fire, which was of peat and coal intermixed, and in prosperous glow. He spread out his hands to it, appreciative of its warmth.

"By George! I *am* hungry," he exclaimed. "Nothing like a six mile tramp on a raw dank morning to give appetite."

Norman's arrival, when it transpired, made a commotion in the regions of the kitchen. Some little time elapsed before breakfast was brought in. In the interval the Major had made an end and moved his chair to the fireside opposite his son.

The two men were strikingly similar in face and build. Both were moustached; both were erect and knit; both had the impress of military training. The son seemed but a fresher and neater edition of the parent. A suggestion of sentimentality at the corner of his lips was absent from the elder's features. It was probably a trait derived from his mother, who had died so long ago that he, her only child, had but an indistinct remembrance of her.

"What leave did you get?" the Major asked when the young man had established himself at the table.

"Indefinite," was the reply. "I may have to pack up in a couple of days for all I know. On the other hand it is on the card that I may get a month. It altogether hangs on how this affair in the Crimea is going to pan out."

"I'm surprised the old regiment was not bundled off there in the forefront."

"So are we all. But it has come in for a good few knockabouts in recent times—more than its share. It is not unfair that others should get a chance of rubbing off the rust now."

"Shares and chances are not in it. Considerations of that kind must knuckle down before efficiency where work has to be done and glory gained. The Inverness-shires have run to seed since my day, if they are second to any in that respect."

"The Inverness-shires remain pre-eminent," Norman replied, with a sincerity of conviction and pride that made the utterance natural and without hint of gasconade. "Furthermore, every man in it is determined it will continue so."

The Major was silent. He puffed meditatively at his pipe which he had by now got in going order. His pride in his old regiment, for ever smouldering in his heart, was rarely suffered to betray itself. None could have guessed how sacred its name and everything touching it were held by him. Behind his impenetrable exterior the words of his son had deeply stirred the wells of his emotion.

"How have things been getting along here?" the young man asked, more to break the pause that followed than in genuine spirit of enquiry.

The Major showed sudden exacerbation.

"Getting along!" and he grunted an oath. "They refuse to stir; that's the long and short of it. Sometimes I think they are slithering backward to perdition."

The tone was not unexpected. The subject was one on which Norman had detected increasing soreness on his father's part when it happened to be alluded to in his letters.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Where lies the trouble then?"

The Major spat out an oath without disguise.

What's the use of cross-questionings like that?" he demanded, in irritation. "It is not an affair of black and white. It's impossible to place one's finger on a particular spot and say, 'the trouble's there.' But that's not to say that things are going right all the same."

Norman asked what he would have remedied.

"First and foremost the state of my purse. It is anything but overflowing at this moment, whether you are aware of it or not. Your own allowance with other drains exhaust it so thoroughly that lots of necessaries have to be gone without."

"You never told me you were stinting yourself on my behalf."

"Not stinting myself so much as stinting the household and property in general. I merely state facts. There's no reproach to you or anybody in the matter."

The young man maintained silence.

"Nor do I talk for the sake of grumbling," the Major resumed. "If worries could not be alleviated that would be to play the shrew.

"You have a remedy then?"

"Nothing very fixed as yet. On every side, however, I see men placed like myself, not only retrieving their position but, in the process, doubling — sometimes trebling — their income. Is it unnatural to ask why I should not do likewise, and double, mayhap treble, my own?"

"How do they manage it?"

"With amazing simplicity. Crofters hold the land on far too easy terms. One need only note how prosperous they are to convince himself of that. A tremendous outcry would be made if their rents were uniformly raised. Progressive landholders hereabouts therefore clear them away. Their holdings are merged into large sheep farms, and leased to practical, hard-headed farmers from the south—men who know their business and pay a higher rent than ever the crofters would. Furthermore, with the crofters scoured away the shootings appreciate in value by leaps and bounds."

"What becomes of the crofters?"

"That's no concern of ours. We are not the crofters' keepers. They take themselves to other places, I suppose. The majority emigrate to Canada."

"But *you* don't seriously contemplate embarking on such a heartless enterprise?"

"Why not?" the Major asked, kindling. "Others do it. Why not I?"

The young man had a pang of dismay. He sat silent. For long he pondered the matter over and tried to imagine the sequel of such a scheme. In the end he found himself almost unable to believe in the reality of his father's intentions. Even in outline the project seemed altogether too pitiless.

The Major meanwhile fancied that perhaps his son's interest in the matter had evaporated. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and left the room, remarking that he was going to the stable.

(To be continued.)

"THE LADY OF HIRTA" BY WM. C. MACKENZIE.—The author of the "History of the Outer Hebrides" has produced a most readable and well written novel. It treats of the celebrated abduction of Lady Grange and her detention in St. Kilda. Next month we will refer more fully to this delightful volume, which, by the way, is published at 6/6 post free, and can be had at the "Celtic Monthly" Office.

TRADITIONS OF THE MACKINTOSHES OF BORLUM.

AT Raitts, or, as it is now called, Belleville, the last laird of Borlum, Edward Mackintosh, resided. In many respects he excelled most of his forefathers in ferocity, and was one of the most daring robbers that ever lived in the Highlands of Scotland. Within a mile and a half of the mansion house there is an artificial cave in which he and his band found a convenient and secure lurking-place from which to sally forth to rob travellers of their purses, and sometimes of their lives. In the last published statistical account of Inverness-shire will be found mention made of this cave. It states that "the excavation, when entire, amounted to 145 yards—was artificially built round with dry stones, and covered with large gray flags, by a desperate band of depredators, commonly called *Clannmagilleanoidh*.*" Over

*We give the full particulars from the account of the parish of Alvie in the *Statistical Account* of 1842:—"It is not certain to what particular clan these depredators belonged. Instigated by implacable hatred against the Macphersons, on account of some deadly feud, they secretly dug the cave, which is called, after their name, *Uaigh Clannmhicgillenaoidh*, as a place of concealment, from which they occasionally sallied forth in the night time to steal and to slaughter the cattle of the Macphersons, wherever they could be found. . . . The Macphersons finding the number of their cattle daily diminishing, made a strict search after them, but for a long time without effect. At length appearances were noticed about the hut erected over the cave, which excited a strong suspicion that the lurking place of these depredators could not be very distant from that hut. This suspicion was increased by the inhospitable churlishness of the landlord, who contrary to the custom of the times, would permit no stranger to lodge for a single night in his house. Accordingly the Macphersons sent one of their number as a spy in the garb of a beggar to solicit a night's lodging in the suspected hut: and feigning illness from a fit of the gravel, the beggar was allowed to remain in a barn or outhouse for the night. The beggar being thus disposed of, the most active preparations commenced within the house for a sumptuous entertainment; and the feast being prepared, a large flag was raised in the centre of the house, on which *Clannmhicgillenaoidh* came out, feasted on the Macphersons' choicest beef, along with the inmates of the house, and then spent the remainder of the night in search of a fresh supply. The beggar observed all that passed through an aperture in the side of the hut, and returned to report what he had seen. In consequence of the discovery thus made, the Macphersons collected a strong party on the following night, seized and massacred the whole band of *Clannmhicgillenaoidh*, in the cave, demolished the hut erected over it, and thus put an end to those freebooters, and to all their depredations. The pretended beggar by whom

the cave was erected a turf cottage, or dwelling-house, such as the people of the country inhabited at the time, the inmates of which enjoyed the confidence of the occupiers of the cave, were the depositaries of their secrets, and participated along with them in the spoil of the Macphersons.

In the now thriving village of Kingussie, in the immediate vicinity of the haunt of the Mackintoshes and their associates, there were at the time of which we write, but a few miserable, straggling huts, whose proximity to the cave imposed no check upon Borlum's movements, but rather aided, than obstructed him in his bad and bold career; for it not unfrequently happened that travellers, whilst refreshing themselves at the little public-house in the village, were joined by some of Edward's associates, who on such occasions kept the mountain dew in circulation, so as to make easier victims; and when the unfortunate traveller sallied forth to renew his journey, under disadvantage of a glass too much, some of the gang were sure to waylay him and ease him of his cash. For a long time, Edward and his lawless crew conducted their depredations with caution and secrecy*; but, emboldened by impunity and success, they at length became recklessly daring, put the law at defiance, and committed crimes of the greatest enormity in open day, insomuch that the whole district was alarmed, and accounts of their crimes spread over the kingdom, and prevented travellers from going by that road. Nevertheless, there were no means taken to suppress the daring outrages daily committed by this

BAND OF HIGHWAYMEN.

On one occasion, Edward being informed by some of his satellites that Mr. Macgregor, factor or chamberlain for the laird of Grant, was collecting the rents from the tenants in Glen-Urquhart, thought it no bad concern to lay in wait for his return in the lonely, wild, and craggy rocks of Slochmuicht. Accordingly, he set out alone, thinking, being well armed, that he himself would easily overcome the worthy factor, and accomplish the object sought, viz., to rob him of all his money. In that obscure and wild retreat, he remained two days in the utmost anxiety. Mr. Macgregor at last made his appearance mounted on a Highland pony, accompanied by a trusty gillie. Edward Mackintosh immediately sprung from his hiding-place, levelled and fired his piece, but as the factor anticipated that Ned Mackintosh or some of his party would be on the lookout for securing a rich booty, he took the precaution of having himself and his servant well armed; consequently, when the shot was fired, fortunately with no effect, the factor, in the true spirit of his namesake Rob Roy, returned the fire, and then challenged Ned to a fight with claymore or pistol. Edward finding he was thus discovered, precipitately fled to his place of concealment, like a tiger disappointed of his prey, and Mr. Macgregor was allowed to proceed in safety with his wallet well filled with bank notes, gold and silver to Castle Grant. All were not so fortunate as Mr. MacGregor, for some time thereafter, a poor wandering and aged pedlar, who, besides supplying the surrounding country with his wares, was also the newsvendor and chronicler of the events, and who, from his honest principles and inoffensive humour, had become a favourite for many years with high and low, and familiar with all, had been waylaid, robbed, and murdered, as it was conjectured, by Ned Mackintosh or some of his companions, and his body afterwards buried in the sands of Speyside. Justice, though it may for a time be eluded, and sometimes frustrated, will eventually prevail, for

" ——— many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,
Is registered in heaven; and there no doubt
Have each a record with a curse annexed."

A drover of the name of

JOHN M'RORY,

alias M'Farquhar, from the neighbourhood of Redcastle, Ross shire, who had been for many years in the habit of driving cattle south by the Perth road, and was reputed wealthy, was one time returning home from the southern markets, where he had been disposing of his cattle, and when two or three miles north of the now flourishing, clean, and populous village of Kingussie, was waylaid by Edward and (as he said) his illegitimate brother Alexander. Macfarquhar, or as he was more commonly called, M'Rory (by which last name we will abide), was rather an ugly customer to have to do with, and in a fair stand up fight, would have paid any man in as fair a manner as he had got.

Edward, who was some distance in advance of his brother, commanded M'Rory to deliver up his purse, otherwise his life must pay the forfeit. M'Rory did not much relish either the proposition or the alternative; but ere he had time to speak, Edward's hand had grasped his throat, and with the other seized the bridle of the drover's horse. M'Rory was fully sensible of his perilous situation. Alexander was hastening to his brother's assistance, and was not many yards off, when, to increase his fear and anxiety, the drover heard the tread of approaching foot-

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Clannmhicgillenaoidh were betrayed was called Ian Mac Eoghain, or John Macewan, and the tribe of the Macphersons descended from him are distinguished by the appellation of *Sliochd Ian Mhiceoghain*, that is, John Macewan's descendants. It is said that all this tribe have ever since been peculiarly liable, at some period of life, to be more or less afflicted with gravel."

steps caused no doubt by the advance of some more of the same gang. There was no time to lose—everything depended upon expedition and self-command. The drover raised his hand to his throat, as if to grasp the oppressive hand of his antagonist, but in reality to cut his handkerchief with his knife. This done he passed his hand to the reins, and cut them; then clutching Ned by the throat, hurled him to a distance of some yards, and at the same moment applying the whip to his garron, made "twa pair of legs" worth one pair of hands. Bending his body down as far as possible on the neck of his nag, off he went at full speed. He did not, however, altogether escape scathless, for ere he could get beyond the range of their fire the bullets whistled, as he afterwards declared, "like hailstones aboot his lugs," some of which even penetrated his clothes, particularly his greatcoat, but fortunately no further. But for the thick quality and superabundant quantity of his apparel, Jock M'Rory might bid adieu to all terrestrial affairs. Upon his arrival in Inverness, he called upon the Sheriff, Mr. Campbell of Dalness (a gentleman to whom access at all times was easily obtained), to whom he communicated the particulars of his unpleasant encounter.

A warrant was immediately issued and placed in the hands of an officer, for the apprehension of Edward Mackintosh and his brother Alexander, they being the only persons M'Rory had ever seen and could identify. Although the officer received injunctions to

APPREHEND THE MACKINTOSHES

with the utmost secrecy and despatch, yet Edward contrived to get information of the warrant for his apprehension having been issued, and the directions for executing it given to the officer to whom it was entrusted, when he summoned a full attendance of his companions in crime to the house of Raitts, where he entertained them to a sumptuous supper and a splendid ball, and early next morning took his departure for the south, escorted a number of miles by his comrades.

He remained in private for some weeks in the house of a friend in Edinburgh, and afterwards made good his escape to France, where, previous to the Revolution, he attained to some eminence in the army of that country, but his ultimate fate is unknown.* Whether he took part in the tragedy which Europe beheld with horror and amazement enacted in a country holding the first place in the march of civilisation, and in the bloody actions of which he was, by his recklessness and ferocity, so well calculated to take a prominent part, is also unknown. The star of his house arose amidst the darkness and the barbarity of the feudal times, and attained, with surprising velocity, a high altitude in power and crime. In its progress it produced terror and destruction. The increasing light of advancing civilisation gradually diminished its power, until, after more than three hundred years, it sank for ever.

Although Edward Mackintosh, laird of Borlum, as already mentioned, succeeded in effecting his escape, yet his illegitimate brother, Alexander, was apprehended and conveyed to Inverness, and, in due time,* tried for robbery and other crimes.

HE PLEADED NOT GUILTY,

and attempted to prove an *alibi*. The evidence of M'Farquhar *alias* M'Rory, as to the facts before detailed, and Alexander's identity, was positive; and other witnesses were adduced on the part of the crown to corroborate, by circumstantial evidence, the testimony of the principal witness. Mackintosh produced several witnesses to prove that it was not he who fired at M'Rory, and that he never in his life accompanied Edward in his lawless pursuits—his habits being quiet, peaceful, and honest. Some of these witnesses had been acquainted with Edward and his associates, and their evidence was therefore in a great degree disregarded. His counsel made an able and eloquent appeal on his behalf; but the charge of the judge—who, in summing up, told the jury that very little reliance was to be placed on the credibility of the witnesses for the defence—entirely removed the impression which the prisoner's counsel had made; and from the positive testimony of M'Rory, and the bad notoriety which the prisoner's brother, Edward, and his companions had acquired, the jury, after some deliberation, returned a verdict of *Guilty*. The prisoner heard the verdict with the same calm and decent composure which he manifested throughout the trial. The court was crowded to suffocation, and great sympathy was manifested by the majority of the audience for the prisoner, whom they believed to be innocent. The most death-like silence pervaded the Court—every countenance reflected the awful solemnity which all felt, and, in slow and impressive language, the Judge pronounced the

DREADFUL SENTENCE OF THE LAW

—the most awful it can inflict—death. Even

*Edward, the seventh and last Borlum, succeeded about 1770. His conduct cannot be justified, nor even explained, except on the ground of criminal mental aberration. Indeed an examination of the evidence produced at the trial in 1773 exhibits such utter folly, such a want of ordinary precaution, considering the dangerous mode of life practised, as to be simply incredible. The estates of Raitts and Benchar were judicially sold in 1788, many years after Edward Mackintosh's flight, his creditors being paid in full.

during the delivery of this terrible judgment—every word of which sunk into the prisoner's soul, and called forth tears of compassion and pity from many not used to the melting mood—even in this dreadful hour the prisoner flinched not—no weakness such as might have been expected on such an occasion manifested itself, and his fine handsome form, clad in the humble gray *thickset*, or homespun corded cloth, stood erect and firm, with the dignity so characteristic of the Highlanders on great and solemn occasions. Not a limb trembled—his look was sad, but steady, and not a muscle moved, except a slight quivering of the lip—immoveable as a rock. Neither terrified nor dismayed by the awful scene around he appeared the impersonation of manly fortitude and conscious innocence, bearing calamity without shrinking. When the Judge had ceased, Mackintosh, fixing his eyes steadily on him, solemnly and emphatically denied his guilt; and said, that although he had been guilty of many sins against his Maker, for which he hoped for forgiveness, he called that God before whom he must soon appear, to witness that he was as innocent of the crime for which he was condemned as the infant at the breast. This declaration, at so serious a moment, and with a certain and ignominious death before him, produced a strong impression on the audience, which was increased by pity and commisseration for his wife and family. His wife was a mild and gentle creature, and in every respect, a most amiable woman. The prisoner was removed from the bar amidst the prayers and blessings, both loud and deep, of the greater portion of the audience.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WARDLAW MANUSCRIPT.

ONE of the latest publications of that excellent and useful institution, the Scottish History Society, is a volume, which cannot fail to be interesting to Highlanders, and especially to members of the Clan Fraser. The book in question has been long known as "The Wardlaw Manuscript," but its proper title is "Polichronicon seu Policratica Tempora, or the True Genealogy of the Frasers." It was written by James Fraser, minister of the parish of Wardlaw, now known as Kirkhill, and it purports to trace the history of the Frasers from 916 to 1674. The author, however, adorns his narrative with long extracts not only from the history of England, but from that of continental Europe as well. To James Fraser the most important people in the world were the Frasers; the most important individual living was Lord Lovat, their chief; and the hub of the universe was Beauly. In the eyes of the worthy minister of Wardlaw his clan was the pivot round which the world revolved.

The author of the "Polichronicon" was the son of William Fraser of Phopachy, himself a minister of the kirk, and grandson of James Fraser, Lord Lovat's *fear-an-tighe* or major domo. He was born in 1634, and, after taking his degree of Master of Arts in Aberdeen, went through a course of travel. He visited London, Oxford, Cambridge, and other important English towns. He then crossed over to France, and visited Paris, Orleans, Lyons and Marseilles. From thence he went to Spain, and from there to Italy. On St. Peter's day, 1658, he saw the Pope and seven cardinals celebrating the Apostle's Festival in Rome. Fraser had no scruples about passing as a pilgrim and receiving the hospitality of the monasteries. When he reached Rome, this shrewd Highlander enlisted in the Pope's Guards, "getting my muscat (musket) 7th July, 1658." He remained in Rome till April of the next year, when he left the Papal city, having seen all that was to be seen at little cost to himself. After leaving Italy, Fraser travelled through the Tyrol, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Moravia, Bohemia, the Rhine cities, and Belgium. In Brussels he saw Charles the Second and his brother James. In September he arrived in England, and about eight months after sailed for Scotland, reaching home after an absence of three years, and laden with notes and memoranda of travel.

The year after his return to Scotland this Highland Ulysses was appointed minister of his native parish. He gladly acquiesced in the introduction of Episcopacy, and remained faithful to it all his life. When the Revolution restored Presbyterianism he still clung to the Episcopalian creed and tenets, but, like many other clergymen holding the same views, was left undisturbed in his charge till his death. For forty-eight years he faithfully ministered in Wardlaw Church, teaching and preaching in Gaelic and English. At a Presbyterial visitation in August, 1677, his heritors and Elders stated that he was so "paneful" in visiting the sick, catechising the people, and performing his other ministerial duties, "that they were affrayed that he should thereby shorten his own dayes in all likliehood." He died in 1709, leaving several descendants. His grandson, James Fraser of Torbreck, who was an apothecary in London, attended Lord Simon during his last hours, and it was to him that Lovat said on the scaffold, "My dear James, I am going to Heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world."

Fraser was a very copious writer, and left behind him a great quantity of manuscript treatises on theology and medicine, folk lore

and philosophy, not to speak of sermons, poems, and other works. His chief production, however, was the "Polichronicon," which was greatly admired by his clansmen and friends. One of them addressed to him a "panagyrick eulogy."

" Long we were silent, and our name forgot,
And we but read whom other clans had wrot.
Thus, when our ancient fame was almost lost,
Thou hast again made us to hear our ghost.
You did our dying patient to life restore,
And given that vigour it ne'er had before.
Our name neglected, and by time oppressed,
Thou polisht hast, and fashionably drest ;

Our great historians of a long time are dead,
And you to those brave heroes do succeed.
Long have we wisht, but all this time in vain,
To see our ancient genious wake againe.
In spite of malice you will still be great,
And raise your name above the pow'r of fate.
Our sinking house, which now stoops low with age,
You show with new-born lustre on the stage."

The author himself wrote, "This work cost me time : it was a serious subject, and I lookt or I leapt ; for heast makes wast, and I remember the poet—*nonumque praematur in annum* :—

" Eight yeares digest what you have rudly hinted,
And in the ninth yeare, let the same be printed."

The "Polichronicon" is quaint and interesting reading. It is, as might be expected, quite uncritical and imaginative as history, and the editor has excised such portions of the original manuscript as had no connexion with Scottish affairs. But when Fraser is dealing with his own times, his narrative becomes engrossing, and his accounts of contemporary events are in some cases not only picturesque and vivid, but historically valuable. As a sample of his earlier and unscientific history the account of the origin of the house of Fraser is worth quotation. The date assigned for the following occurrence is May, 916.

"The King* returns home with his nobles and piers, a vast retenue and convoy, and by the way at Anverc, near Burbon, he prepars a treat for the Cardinall sumptuous enough, and, at the closur of the entertainment, one Julius Berry, a gentleman liveing there, complements King Charles with curious sallats and fruites, but the main was dishes of ripe strawberries served in, which the Nuncio, Cardinal Mont Alto, haveing seen and tasted, declared that such fruit would certainly be a rarety in Italy, wondering to see such ripe strawberries, if not heastened by art. The King was so highly pleased with Julius service, done him so seasonablie, that he presently knighted him before his nobles and court, changing his syrnam Berry to Fraise, afterward turned to Frazer."

*"The King referred to is King Charles of France."

In the "Polichronicon" all the grandeur and glory of the Frasers and their chiefs are set forth. Powers almost miraculous were ascribed to the head of the clan. When Lord Lovat visited Glenelg in 1603, there was such a "take" of herring that for many years after the people prayed, "A Dhe, cuin a thig MacShimi ?"—O God, when will Lord Lovat come again ? The splendour of the marriages and the magnificence of the funerals are all detailed. He mentions with pride that the funeral of Lord Hugh, at which he himself officiated, was attended by eight hundred horsemen, and a large concourse of foot, of which the Frasers numbered a thousand. He sets forth the retinue of my lord, his chief, as a historian might give the list of a cabinet. The chief gentleman, the master of the household, the "Stuart," the chamberlain, and so forth, are all recorded. It is with some surprise that we find the author admitting that one Lord Lovat was "too prodigal in his expense upon buildings," because, besides Beauly, he repaired Beaufort and "the palace of Lovat," and built the castle of Dalcross. Fraser admits that six dwelling places are too many, even for a chief of his clan. To give any idea of the contents of the "Polichronicon" in detail within the space at our disposal is impossible. It is enough to say that it is full of quaint and curious information. It throws much valuable light on the social condition of the Highlands in the seventeenth century, and is a valuable addition to Scottish historical literature.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

HIGHLAND HEATHER.

O heather, bonnie heather,
Tho' far from home I be,
Your white and purple blossoms
Bring "Mo Dhachaidh" back to me.
And I hear the bay's deep murmur,
And I see the rugged Bens,
And the brackens brown and yellow,
And the peat reek o'er the glens.

Ah ! the years are all forgotten,
And I roam a child once more,
Where the westland winds are blowing
The waves upon the shore.
And the peewits shrilly calling,
And the circling sea-birds fly
Against the morning glories,
Where the mountains tow'r on high.

My heather, Highland heather,
You've brought the past to me,
The old days, the dear days,
That once again I see.
There's sadness mixed with gladness
In my recollections yet,
And my Highland heart is yearning
For the land I can't forget.

W. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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JUNE, 1905.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are requested to note that the address of the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly* is now 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow, to which all communications should be sent.

GENERAL HUGH MACKAY OF SCOURIE.

SIR,—The following lines were suggested to me by an article that appeared lately in the *Celtic Monthly* under the heading "The Last Battle of General Hugh Mackay of Scourie." We may say that although belonging to a Jacobite clan that never failed the Stuarts in their attempts to win back the crown, we find heroes worthy of our admiration in the ranks of those who were opposed to that ill-starred family. That sterling christian soldier Hugh Mackay, of Scourie, is not the least of them. A.M.

From yonder mountains of the North,
Beyond the trackless sea,
A soldier-form to-night comes forth,
That claims a song from me.
His sombre tartan is not mine,
Nor mine his badge, or crest,
But his shall be a hero's shrine
Deep in this Scottish breast.

'Tis not to pluck the fading bays
On distant fields of strife,
But with a nobler aim he makes
His own a warrior life.

And 'tis his faith in the Unseen,
And not his trust in kings,
That makes the sword he wields so keen,
And gives his arrows wings.

No gay and dashing cavalier,
Attractive, frank, and free,
The thoughtless soldier that can charm,
And loves applause, is he;
But of a rarer, better mould,
That ne'er of self doth vaunt,
That seeks the glory not his own,
And no reverse can daunt.

O teach us thou, and such as thee,
Thou faithful, brave Mackay,
While true to earthly lords and kings,
To serve the king on high.
Then we may win, as thou didst win
On Steinkirk's fatal day,
The bays that from the victor's brow
Shall never fade away.

Assiniboia, N.W.T., Canada. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

HIGHLAND ORIGIN OF THE HALLIDAYS.

THE FAMILY OF HALLIDAY hold the following tradition regarding the introduction of their name into Galloway.—A chieftain of the name of Halliday, who possessed an estate in the Highlands, had three children, two sons and a daughter; at his death the estate was divided equally amongst his three children, and shortly after that the daughter married a person of the name of Graham, who had been employed as a menial in her father's house. Her marriage greatly displeased her brothers, and a feud ensued in the family. Graham and his wife being joined by his friends and clansmen, proved too powerful for the two brothers, and they, fearing to remain any longer near their paternal residence, disposed of all their possessions and came into Galloway. One of the brothers settled at Glengap in Twynholm, and the other at Kulchronchie in Kirkmabreck; in both of which places, the Hallidays continued to reside until about eighty years ago, when the descendants of the one brother left Glengap, and those of the other quitted Kulchronchie, both at the same term.

From the Register of Deeds it appears that in January, 1587, John Mure of Cassincarrie wadset the half of his crofts and steadings, with house and pertinents of the Ferry of Cree, to John Halliday of Glen, for 200 merk scots. And in 1587, John Halliday having lent the sum of 100 merks to John Henderson, burgess of Kirkcudbright, got possession of twa buithes and ane chalmer, in that burgh, as security for repayment of the money.

The Hallidays of Glengap were firm adherents to the Covenant, and in 1685, David Halliday, portioner of Mayfield, Andrew M'Robert, James Clement, and Robert Lennox of Irelandton, having been surprised by Grierson of Lagg upon Kirkconnell Muir, in the parish of Tongland, were barbarously killed. In the same year David Halliday in Glengap, was shot by the Laird of Lagg, and the Earl of Annandale. Both these David Hallidays were interred in one grave in the churchyard of Balmaghie.

THE BAGPIPE IN TIBET.—Our correspondent, who recently complained that he was stationed with his regiment at so high an altitude in far Tibet that he was physically unable to play the pipes, now writes cheerfully to say that they are encamped only 10,000 feet above the sea level, and the martial music of the Gael is daily heard among the mountains.

THE STEWARTS AND THE RISING OF 1745.

FEW of the royal races of Europe can boast so long a line of unbroken ancestry as the Stewarts. From Fergus MacEirc, who reigned over the Scots in Argyle at the commencement of the fifth century, to James VIII., called the Pretender, there have been a hundred and ten kings of Scotland. Genealogists trace them through Bancho, Thane of Lochaber, slain by MacBeth in 1043, to Allan, who was created Lord High Steward of Scotland, about 1100, which is the origin of this distinguished name, and the propriety of adhering to an orthography consonant with its rise is obvious. In the Gaelic alphabet there is no letter w, and the French language being equally deficient, Queen Mary spelt her name Stuart, and thus introduced that form, which was adopted, on her return to Scotland, by her brother, the Earl of Moray, and several others.

There are many noble and distinguished families of the name in different parts of Scotland; those in the districts of Athole and of Appin were the most noted among the clans.

The early history of the race must be dismissed in few words, but the epoch of the last rising in favour of the exiled family appears an appropriate commencement. Now that this august family is extinct, and no fear exists of the Pope and the Pretender,

"THE UNFORTUNATE HOUSE OF STEWART"

is the general expression when it is alluded to, and it is singularly just. James I. was most inhumanly murdered in Perth, 1436; James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh, 1460; James III. was slain in a rebellion of his own nobles headed by his son, near the field of Bannockburn, 1488; James IV. fell at the disastrous battle of Flodden-field, in 1513; and James V. died of a broken heart, in consequence of the shameful conduct of his nobles, and defeat of his army at Solway, 1542!

Darnley was blown up in his lodgings, and the fate of the lovely Mary is well known. Her grandson the martyr, Charles I. was beheaded, and although her son did not indeed meet with the doom of so many of his race, he was harassed with repeated plots and conspiracies, real or pretended. The escape of Charles II. was almost as wonderful as that of his successor, whom we shall more particularly allude to.

Prince Charles Edward, elder son of King James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England, appears to have indulged from his infancy the sanguine hope that his family would be restored to their ancient crown and kingdom. That cherished anticipation strengthened with his years, and his highest ambition was to become the favoured instrument of so glorious an achievement.

The families who retained their attachment to the race of their ancient monarchs, had frequent correspondence, for several years, with the exiled court, and several influential chiefs of clans were commissioned, in name of the Jacobites, to negotiate measures for a

RISING IN THE HIGHLANDS;

indeed, "the hale dint and pressure" of this undertaking, it is evident, were to be laid upon the devoted adherents of the Stewarts in that country. The majority of them enthusiastically engaged in the romantic and ruinous attempt, and considering the relentless persecutions to which many of the clans had been subjected by the Stewarts, more particularly the MacGregors and MacDonald, they evinced a spirit of forgiveness and unextinguishable loyalty, scarcely if possible, to be paralelled in history. The persevering efforts which the Highlanders had made for the restoration of the Stewarts is truly astonishing; no reverses were sufficient to deter them from repeatedly taking arms. Under the Marquis of Montrose they had recovered Scotland for King Charles, and Viscount Dundee, by his victory at Killiecrankie, gave hopes of equal success, which were extinguished by his death. The Earl of Mar, in 1715, was overthrown in Glensheil; yet with all these severe discomfitures, the clans arose again to embark in a scheme infinitely more wild and romantic than the others.

The requisite assistance to carry this bold attempt into effect, was promised by Louis XV.; but whether the French court was really sincere or otherwise, that assistance was not afforded, at least to any efficient purpose. "The impatient Adventurer," raising what money he could, by borrowing money and pledging his jewels, engaged a small vessel of sixteen guns, put on board about 700 stand of arms, and with seven attendants only,

SET SAIL FOR SCOTLAND,

with his father's commission of Prince Regent, to overthrow a powerful government, and regain the sovereignty of three kingdoms! He was joined in the channel by a sixty gun frigate, supplied by private individuals, containing a farther supply of arms, provided by his friends; but she was intercepted by a British cruiser and forced to return, while Charles, sailing on, landed in the west Highlands, the 24th of July, 1745, and proceeded to the residence of Donald MacDonald, of Boradale. The success of an expedition commenced with such inadequate preparation, appeared to his friends so utterly hopeless that those who had been most anxious for his appearance, absolutely refused to move; but the fascination of his persuasions and his appeals

to the honour of those who had encouraged his landing, subdued all their objections and dissipated those fears which were indeed too well grounded. The generous Cameron of Lochiel, with his clansmen, and several MacDonalds, repaired to the sequestered valley of Glenfinnan, where he then was; and on the 19th of August the celebrated Bratach bhàn, or white banner, was unfurled amid the fervid acclamations of the incipient army.

Meantime, hostilities had commenced by MacDonald of Tiernadrish, a gentleman of the Keppoch branch of this clan, without waiting the formality of any declaration of war. With eleven men he attacked two companies of the First Regiment, or Scots Royals, when marching to reinforce the garrison of Inverlochie, whom he compelled, with some loss, to retreat, when a body of Glengarry's men coming up, they were taken prisoners to the number of seventy, and conducted to Prince Charles, by the Camerons, the very morning when his standard was to be displayed. Having issued a declaration, and

ASSUMED THE HIGHLAND GARB,

he marched forward, receiving additions to his scanty band, and the Government troops under General Cope sent to oppose him declining battle, he reached Perth September the 3rd, where he was joined by many gentlemen of influence. The Robertsons, Stewarts, MacGregors, and some other clans having come up, the little army, driving the dragoons before them, and fording the Forth, reached Edinburgh, which was taken on the 16th, by surprise. He did not succeed in getting possession of the castle; but, reinforced by the Grants of Glenmoriston, the MacLachlans, and others, the Prince marched against General Cope, who lay at Prestonpans, whom he surprised by a night attack, and totally routed in about six minutes! Cope had a strong body of well-mounted dragoons and six pieces of artillery, both of which were most effective arms against the ill-appointed Highlanders, who had neither. The Stewarts and Camerons, rushing to the muzzles of the cannon, "with a swiftness not to be described," took them immediately by storm, and the whole were forced, from an irresistible onslaught with the broad-sword, to make precipitate retreat.

Joined by reinforcements of the MacKinnons, MacPhersons, Lords Elcho and Pitsligo with some horse, the Marquis of Tullibardine with 1800 men, and the French ambassador, who brought a small supply of money and arms; the whole body

MARCHED FOR ENGLAND,

which was entered on the 8th of November, and investing the fortified city and castle of Carlisle, they were taken with the loss of only one man killed and another wounded on the part of the Highlanders! Proceeding southwards on the 30th, the army reached Derby on December the 4th, having by skilful manœuvres got between the Duke of Cumberland's army and London. Here the Chevalier stopped short. The town is situated 126 miles from London, and it is to this day matter of surprise that an army so daring, did not push on with their usual celerity, which so often baffled their foes; but a council of war determined to march for Scotland, to the exceeding mortification of all the inferior clansmen, who loudly murmured when they found themselves on the retreat. They left Derby on the morning of the 6th, and arrived in Scotland on the 18th of December; having eluded two armies and gained the action at Clifton, where the Duke's advanced dragoons were routed by the Stewart and MacPherson battalions, who charged through hedge and ditch with the gleaming clai'mòr. This admirable retreat, in an enemy's country, was made in the depth of winter, and not only did they turn out early in the mornings, but marched at times by moonlight, and these men being clad in kilts or belted plaids, many without hose and some without shoes, must have been exposed to innumerable privations which their pursuers were very carefully protected from! By their own official report they did not lose fifty men during the whole time, and they had traversed upwards of 380 miles through a hostile country in forty days, including about sixteen days of halt, during which they conducted themselves, even by the Gazette account, with great moderation.

ENGLISH APATHY.

The Prince was grievously disappointed when it was determined to retreat; but although, had he reached London, many would have hailed his arrival with joy, he had little encouragement in his advance, the only reinforcement he received being raised by Francis Townley, Esquire, of Manchester, the uniform of whose regiment consisted simply of the white cockade, and a tartan scarf lined with white. Notwithstanding, it is the opinion of Lord Mahon, an able and dispassionate writer, that had the army marched onward, the Stewarts would have certainly regained the British throne.

On re-entering Scotland, 20th of December, the Highlanders marched to Glasgow, a city extremely adverse to them, on which they with the less hesitation levied a contribution to refit themselves. From thence they proceeded to Stirling, where they were joined by the Frasers, MacIntoshes, Farquharsons, and a large body of other troops who were in arms for Prince Charles, under Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord John Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, and others.

At Falkirk, beside the auspicious field of Bannockburn, the retreating Highlanders gave

battle to the Government troops, and the

STEWART ARMY WAS AGAIN VICTORIOUS,

defeating General Hawley's well-trained veterans with as much celerity as in the previous battle of Prestonpans. While the main body was in England, Lord Lewis Gordon defeated and dispersed the MacLeods and Munros at Inverury, on their march to dislodge him from Aberdeen. Charles had about 9000 men engaged at Falkirk; but the Highlanders began to retire to their homes with the spoils they had won; and as even the chiefs could not prevent them, it was resolved to retire to the north; and soon after the whole forces commenced their march to Inverness, where the different divisions were to be concentrated. Here they arrived, January 1746, when many of the chiefs went home to recruit. The castle of Inverness, which had been put in a state of good defence by Government not long before, was taken and blown up, and various successes were obtained in different parts of the country by the Highlanders. Lord George Murray, with some of his own men, and the MacPhersons, made an expedition to Athole, where not only was the castle of Blair well garrisoned, but in every gentleman's house was a strong detachment of soldiers. In one night thirty of these posts were surprised, and with the exception of three or four killed, every one almost was taken prisoner, without the loss of a single Highlander. Roy Stewart also made a night march, and captured a party of horse and infantry at Keith; but in Ross and Sutherland matters went very untowardly, and the whole body having been put in motion to surprise the Duke of Cumberland, who lay at Nairn, nearly twelve miles distant, the attempt proved abortive. Next day, 16th April, the Duke advanced to the field of Culloden, where Charles's troops were lying, and soon after the two armies were confronted, that battle commenced, which for ever terminated the hopes of the unfortunate Stewarts.

Many of the clans were absent in their own country when this disastrous battle took place, and those who were engaged suffered not only from the fatigue of the night march, but from having been on the shortest rations for some days before. There were, however, the following clans drawn up, as we give them, right to left in front, opposed to an equal extent of line:—The Athole Brigade, Cameron, Appin, Fraser, MacIntosh, MacLachlan, MacLean, Roy Stewart, Farquharson, Clan Ranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry.

The Highlanders, for the first time during the campaign, were worsted,—the cannon made fearful havoc among their ranks, and after the five first-mentioned regiments had charged sword in hand with such fury as to annihilate several companies of the enemy, they commenced a retreat, irregular and sanguinary, but the left wing went off in a body, after an ineffectual charge by the Keppoch MacDonalds, and were not pursued. This division was met by the MacPhersons, who had come down fresh from Badenoch, and, exasperated by defeat, were eager to renew the battle; but to the exhortations of their chief, Clunie, to return and again lead on his troops, Charles paid no deference; he seemed to have lost his wonted fortitude, and gave up his cause as irretrievably ruined.

The direful scourging which the unhappy Highlanders received from the Duke's army, after their discomfiture, is an indelible stain on his memory. The country was ravaged in the most shocking manner; and the Prince, so lately inspired with a confidence strengthened by his astonishing successes, found himself a deplorable wanderer in the wilds. His narrow escapes, woeful privations, and wanderings with Flora MacDonald, have been often the subject of pen and pencil; great as were the calamities brought on them through his expedition, and well known as were his retreats, £30,000 was no temptation for the poorest Celt to betray his trust.

He at last got on board a French frigate, with some others, 20th September, and landed on the 29th at Morlaix.

Appin, the chief, had not gone out; and Stewart of Ardshiel led the clan, which evinced its usual bravery. He escaped from Culloden, but a great number of his officers and men were killed and wounded in their impetuous charge on the cannon and the Scots Fusiliers, before whom they were planted. When the standard-bearer was slain, one of the corps called Mac an leigh from Morven, tore the banner from the staff, and wrapping it round his body carried it off.

The force of this branch of the clan was three hundred, but the Stewarts of Athol, Strathearn, and Monteith, according to General Stewart, of Garth, writing in 1821, amounted to nearly four thousand. There were many of the name in the Braes of Mar and Strathspey also; Colonel Roy Stewart, of Kincardine, in the latter district, an accomplished scholar and poet, who had served long abroad, was one of the most active and efficient of Prince Charles's officers, and commanded a battalion of four hundred men, with which he performed several daring and successful exploits.

(To be concluded.)

THOMAS FRASER MEMORIAL FUND.—Former pupils and natives of Sutherland will find in our advertising pages this month an interesting statement regarding this effort to erect a suitable memorial to this famous teacher. Full particulars can be had from Mr. Donald Mackay, Hon. Secy., Reay House, Hereford, whom we are glad to welcome home after his long sojourn abroad.

THE MACLEANS OF BORERAY.

BY REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR, P E.I., CANADA.

Continued from page 145.

THE MACLEANS OF KIRKIBOST AND HEISKER.

ARCHIBALD, fourth son of Neil Ban seventh of Boreray, was the first Maclean of Kirkibost. He appears as a witness in 1657 and is described as servitor to Sir James Macdonald. He received a tack of Kirkibost some time afterwards. He was married, and had at least one son, Archibald, who succeeded him.

Archibald was known as Gilleasbuig Og. He appears as tacksman of Kirkibost in 1718 and 1723. He was paying an annual money rent of £10 sterling. His connection with Kirkibost terminated before 1735. In that year he was tacksman of Heisker. He married, first, a daughter of Somerled Macdonald of the family of Sleat, probably Somerled first of Sartle, and by her had Archibald, a coppersmith in Glasgow, and John who was invariably spoken of as Iain Mac Ghilleasbuig Oig. He married secondly, a daughter of Ranald Macdonald of Balishare, and had by her Lachlan and two daughters.

John, second son of Archibald Og of Heisker, was known as Iain Mac Ghilleasbuig Oig. He removed to Mingary in Mull. He married Catherine, daughter of the Rev. John Maclean by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Charles son of Neil Ban, seventh of Boreray, and by her had Archibald, Neil, John, and James. After the death of his wife he returned to North Uist. Archibald his eldest son, who was known as Gilleasbuig Og, became steelbow tenant of Peinmore. He quarrelled with Alexander Macdonald of Valley, factor for North Uist, and left Scotland. It is likely that he settled in Ontario. He was one of the best boatmen in the Western Islands. James, his brother, who was a captain in the army, succeeded him as steelbow tenant of Peinmore. Captain James is referred to in C. Fraser-Mackintosh's Antiquarian Notes. He seems to have been living at Peinmore in 1809.

Lachlan, third son of Archibald Og of Heisker, was known as Lachainn Mac Ghilleasbuig Oig. I have no information about him; but I suspect that he was the father of Donald, Alexander, and James Maclean, three brothers who went to Jamaica. Donald went to Jamaica about 1790 and prospered in business. He sent for Alexander and James in the course of a few years. He married Ann Susanna Rodon, and by her had Lachlan, George-Rodon, and Ann. It is probable that Lachlan was his father's name. Alexander was born in 1767. He became proprietor of the Crawle River and Orange Hill estate in Jamaica. He returned to Scotland in 1819, and settled at Liberton. He married in the same year Mary Baigne, by whom he had Catherine-Ann, Alexander, Donald, and James Mackenzie. He died in 1839. James, the third brother, returned to Scotland. James Mackenzie Maclean, son of Alexander, is a journalist by profession. He was elected to the House of Commons for Oldham in 1885 and for Cardiff in 1895.

The parents of the three Maclean brothers who went to Jamaica lived at Peinmore, and were drowned together in crossing from Uist to some other island or to the mainland. Their father was related to Chief-Justice Maclean of Upper Canada and to Lachlan Maclean, of Muck, keeper of the Tower of London. Their mother was the daughter of a Macqueen of some prominence. The Christian names of their parents are not known.

Lachlan, son of Gilleasbuig Og of Heisker, and John, grandfather of Chief-Justice Maclean were brothers. Again, Lachlan was the son of Gilleasbuig Og, son of Archibald, son of Neil Ban, seventh of Boreray, whilst Lachlan of Muck was the son of Flora, son of Archibald, son of Charles, son of Neil Ban, seventh of Boreray. The mother of the three brothers who went to Jamaica may have been a daughter of the Rev. Donald Macqueen of Kilmuir. But Macqueens of some province were quite numerous in the Western Islands.

THE MACLEANS OF KILPHEDER.

Neil, third son of John, eighth of Boreray, was tacksman of Kilpheder in 1718. He married a daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Vallay, and seems to have had two daughters by her, Catherine and Mary. Catherine was married in 1780 to the Rev. Donald MacKinnon, minister of Strath in Skye, and had Ranald, John, Flora, and Isabel. Mary was married to Dr. Murdoch Macleod in Kilpheder, and had Murdoch, Archibald, John, and Alexander, an Dotair Bàn.

THE MACLEANS OF SOLLAS.

Alexander, third son of Archibald, ninth of Boreray, was the first Maclean of Sollas. He married Mary, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Muck by his wife Mary, daughter of James Macdonald of Balfinlay, and by her had Archibald, Lachlan, and Isabel. Archibald succeeded his father in Sollas. He was second heir to his grandfather Archibald of Boreray in 1690. He was succeeded in Sollas by Lachlan his brother. Lachlan was married and had three children, Archibald, Ann, and Isabel.

THE MACLEANS OF HOSTA.

Hector, son of Archibald, ninth Maclean of Boreray, by his second wife, Isabel, daughter of John Macdonald of Balcony, was born about 1695. He was tacksman of Hosta in 1718.

He married Mary, daughter of Donald Macdonald of Knocknantorran, and sister of Alexander Macdonald, first of Balranald. In 1769 Hugh Macdonald and John Maclean took a joint tack of the farm of Hosta for 19 years from 1771, at an annual rent of £24 sterling. They were in possession of Hosta in 1769 and had occupied it for some years, but at a comparatively low rent. They sold off their stock in 1773, and came to America. It is possible, but not at all certain, that John Maclean was a son of Hector of Hosta. He may, however, have been his nephew.

Lachlan Maclean of Haversgarry married a daughter of Fear Ghualla na Pàirc in Lewis, and by her had Charles, Neil, John of Hosta, Math, and Donald. Charles kept the inn of Carinish. He was married and had children, all of whom left North Uist. Neil was a man of enormous strength. He was drowned on the way to Skye. Of Math nothing definite is known. Donald died unmarried. Haversgarry is a part of the farm of Sollas. Lachlan of Haversgarry may have been a son of Archibald ninth of Boreray.

John, third son of Lachlan of Haversgarry, became tacksman of Hoster in 1773. He had a lease of the farm for seventeen years at an annual rent of £24 a year. Lord Macdonald tried to remove him in 1780, but did not succeed. He married a daughter of the Rev. Donald Macqueen by his wife Marjory, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Torrestan, and granddaughter of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, "Maighstir Alasdair." He had at least three children, Alexander, Norman, and Catherine. Norman was drowned in the Vallay Ford. He left a son named Math, who came to America. Catherine, who was closely related to Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, was a good poetess. She died unmarried. Perhaps she had too much poetry in her to make a good housekeeper.

Alexander, son of John of Hosta, was a captain in the Cameron Highlanders and fought at the battle of Waterloo. He was tacksman of Hosta and Baleloch. He married Alice, daughter of the Rev. James Macqueen by his wife Susan, daughter of William Macdonald of Vallay, and by her had Donald-Ewen, Alexander, John, Allan, Margaret, and Jamima. Donald-Ewen went to Jamaica and settled there. Captain Hosta, as Captain Maclean was commonly called, was living in 1832.

THE MACLEANS OF LOCHMADDY.

Doctor John Maclean, Dotair Eoin, lived at Lochmaddy. He was married and had two sons, John and Neil. John was a doctor. He married Ann, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Sollas. He was the father of Lieut. Hugh Maclean of Cled and Orinsay.

Neil was factor for North Uist in 1771. He married Isabel, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Sollas.

Dr. John Maclean in Skye was born at Cindreach in 1708 and died in 1793. He had at least five children, James, John, Malcolm, Mary, and Margaret. Malcolm, (Calum Bàn), was a captain in the army. Mary was married to John Beaton in Achachorc. Margaret was married, in 1786, to Murdoch Macqueen in Skerrinish.

Some persons think that Dotair Eoin of Lochmaddy was a son of one of the Macleans of Boreray. I consider it as fairly certain that he belonged to the Macleans of Cuidreach in Skye. There is no ground for concluding that he was born in Uist.

In writing the foregoing account of the Macleans of Boreray, I have depended chiefly on the Ardgour MS., which was written about 1760. It gives a very good account of the Boreray family, of the Tiree branch of it, and of the Macleans of Kirkibost. The third volume of the Clan Donald has also been useful to me in giving the marriages of Macdonalds to Boreray women. For a good deal of the information I have used, I am indebted to Mr. H. H. Mackenzie, factor, North Uist. Mr. Mackenzie has done all in his power to collect facts for me. I thank him most sincerely for his kindness.

I am glad that "The Clan Donald" is finished. It is written in a clear and interesting style, and with thorough impartiality. I think it brings the Macallisters from the wrong Alexander; but this—if it be an error—is only a very trifling error; it does not affect the real history of the Macallisters. The genealogies in the third volume are extremely interesting; I have read them with great pleasure. I am sorry that the list of subscribers from America is so small. There are at least five hundred Macdonalds in Canada alone who could purchase the work and never miss out of their purses the money given for it. It is a deplorable thing that a man should live in ignorance of the history of his forefathers. I find people ready enough to take an interest in their ancestors when they wish to trace out their relationship to some imaginary officer who is supposed to have died in India one hundred years ago, leaving a large amount of money for his nearest heirs. We have received our blood from our ancestors, and surely we should take an interest in them for its sake. Good blood is a much better inheritance than the gold of India, Nevada, or the Klondyke.

UNA.

"PARTNERS for a reel, 'The Eight Men of Moidart.'"

Air an oidhche mu dheireadh do 'n bhliadhna bha mòran againn cruinn còmhla a' thoirt a stigh na bliadhn' ùir. Sean agus òg, mòr agus beag, a' b' urrainn a bhi lathair. Gu'n dol ni 's fhaide 's e *bàll* a bha dol a bhi againn mar a thuigeas sibh bho na focail a th' air toiseach mo sgeòil.

Nis cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach crath cuid an cinn agus nach abair iad "Sibhse mu thruaighe thug a stigh a' bhliadhn' ùir air an doigh," ach eisdibh tiota.

'Se gu cinnteach culaidh smaointean a tha ann 'am bliadhn' ùir a bhi tighinn a stigh, agus aidichidh mi gu 'm bheil sluagh a' gabhail a' gnothuich ni 's aotruime na bu chòir dhoibh, ach aig a cheart am tha e ro dhàna a ràdh nach robh neach leinn anns an robh spiorad diadhaidh. Racham-sa far am bheil a cheart sheana Ghàidheal a chrath a cheann, le botull am achlais agus cha leig mi leas a radh ris dà uair "So nis a charaid òl air mu shlainte fhéin bliadhn' ùr eile." Bhitheadh a làmh agam gle luath agus ma dh' fhaodhte gur e.—"Dh' òlainn dhà dhiu, dh' olainn trì dhiu" an luinneag a bhitheadh aige. Cha 'n 'eil anns 'n t-saòghal so ach—"Dean mar a their mi ach na dean mar a ni mi" 's mar sin cha leig sinn leas bhi leanachd luchd eiseimpleir—'S marbh fear na h-eiseimpleir. Cha'n'eil mi ag ràdh nach 'eil e gu ceap tuislidh do chuid agus mar sin cleas an uisge bheatha bha gu cinnteach cho mhath a sheachnadh na'm bu chuideachadh do'n t-saoghal e, ach bho nach e gu deimhinn 's mairg a chailleadh oidhche shùnndach. Thubhairt a neach bu ghlice bha riamh air 'n t-saoghal—duine maith—"Gun' robh àm air son gach ni," dannsa gu follaiseach.

Nis shaoilinn na 'm bitheadh e na mhallachadh gum fàgadh e e mar rinn e air gnothuichean eile. Cha dubhairt e—"Tha àm air son càineadh do charaid. Tha àm air-son bhreugan, am airson mionnachadh, àm air son foill, am air son goid, am air son mort, àm air son trod, 's mar sin air aghaidh, agus a thuilleadh air a sin tha ceud Sabaid anns a bhliadhn ùr, còmhla ri seirbhis air 'n latha ud fhein—latha na bliadhn ùir—ach aidichidh mi ris gu 'm bheil sinn ro dhearmadach air dol a sin 'nuair a ni sinn uile dhichioll air dol do 'n *bhàll* dannsaidh. Tha sin cli tur.

Mata airson mo naigheachd. Bha mise agus cuid mhaith eile cruinn 'nuair a chaidh gille sgeanal suas a seinn na pioba-moire, agus a ghlaodh am fear-riaghlaidh an dannsa a dhainmich mi cheana. 'Nuair bha sinn a dol roimhe thàinig cuid eile a stigh, nam measg thug mi 'n aire do nighinn donn no dubh, cha b' urrainn mi radh le cinnt, a shuidh sios agus gu n' i bruidhinn ri neach, bha rud-eigin iongantach timchioll nan sùilean aice, bha iad fosgailt ach bha i mar nach biodh i toirt fainear, agus shaoilinn mar bitheadh i 'faicinn nach biodh i an siud mar 'n robh i còmhla ri neach air choireigin leis 'm bu mhiann a bhi 'n sud agus nach robh neach aige a dh-fhagadh e stigh leatha.

A shasuchadh na miann a bh-agam fhaotuinn a mach gu de i, chaidh mi ga toirt suas air son an ath dhanns. Dh-eirich i leam ach aon fhocal cha d'fhuair mi às a ceann ; mu dheireadh chaòg mi rithe le mallachadh ach chaog i air ais gu sgiobalte agus thàinig beagan beothalachd na suilean ach cha d' fhan e fada. Shuidh sinn agus cha robh amhurus agam an còrr gnothuich a ghabhail rithe gidheadh tacan as a dhéigh sin thachair dhomh fhein, 's mi car teith, uinneag a leagail agus gu de ach bha ise dluth dhomh 's mar sin shuidh mi air 'n àite shuidhe làmh rithe agus thubhairt mi "That's refreshing"—'s i Beurla bha sinn a labhairt—

"Thank you," ars ise, "I'll be glad, I am very thirsty."

Nis cha robh amhurus 's am bith agam tigh'nn a mach gu'n "refreshment" a thoirt do chuid-eigin ach cha b'e a leithid-se b' fhearr leam nighean sgiamhach eile cha b' urrainn mi coimeas a thoirt dhise ach 'n te bha 'n Easdeal bho chionn bhliadhnachan, cha tugadh i freagairt ach corra uair agus cha robh i so faoin 'nuair bha i toirt taing dhomh air-son an rud nach do thairg mi. Codhiu thug mi dhith cupan tì agus, bonnachan beag. Sin mu chuidse dhith ach fhuair mi a naigheachd 'n deigh a' *bhàil* agus b'e so i :—

'N déigh dhòmhsa dannsa thoirt dhi thug gille gasda eile leis i agus 'nuair bha i a feithamh ri toiseachadh dh-fharraid ise do' nighinn bha làmh rithe gu de bha dol bhi ann—tuigidh sibh gu'n robh fhios aice ciod e an dannsa bha dol bhi ann.—Thug i siud gàire magaidh aisde agus thubhairt i. "It's to be nine-pins : can you go through it?"

Chuir a nighean àrdan oirre agus co bha leatha ach brathair na ceart nighinn 's mar sin thubhairt i ris "Gum feumadh e cuid-eigin eile, nach b' aithne dh'ise idir an dannsa. Cha b' fhiach leis a ghille gu'n dol air aghaidh co-dhiu agus chaidh iad ròmh na "nine-pins" air doigh eigin air choir-eigin, ach codhiu cha b' ann air na "nine-pins" a bha aire Una—b'e so a h ainm —ach gu de mar a bheiredh i air Miss Maxwell sgraing a chuir oirre rathad eile. Is iomadh uair a chuala sibh air a radh timchioll duine gu'n tonuisg "Nach cailleadh e dad" agus mar sin cho mi-thoinnisgeil 's gan robh Una a seall-tainn bha i cuir roimpe nach cailleadh i dad aig an am so 's mar sin thubhairt i rithe fhein "Mar aithne dhomh na "nine-pins" a bhean a bhaile theagamh gun danns sin rud-eigin a's aithne,

dhomh agus bi sealltainn a mach." Bha i cuimhneachadh mar dubhairt 'm fear eil' e—"My grand-sire drew a good long bow at Hastings" —tuigidh sibh gu 'n d-thàinig i bho dhannsairean —còmhla ris na comhlain mu dheireadh aig 'n robh i gun robh a chuideachd a toirt 'n urram dhith cuid do na gillean a cumail a mach nach robh a leithid leo air ùrlar riamh ach 's cinnteach an radh "Ann an rioghachd nan dall gur righ neach air aon suil"—tha mi ciallachadh ma dh' fhaòdhte nach robh 'n urram bhi aig Una 'g radh mòran airson na cuideachd, co-dhiu bitheadh a roghainn dha sin. Sheall ise air a h-eideadh aig 'n am agus thubhairt i rithe fhein "Mata 's e 'n duine 'n t-aodach agus cha 'n 'eil mise nochd cho riomhach mar sin cha bhi 'n uaram agam ach tha na ceart chasan orm agus gu fortanach tha iad reith 's *corns* 's leigidh mi srian leo, agus cha'n e sin a mhain ach cuiridh mi m' inntinn leo 's mar cuir mi far a h-uibhean i cha 'n ann gu 'n fhiachainn.

Thug mi fainear ré na h-oidhche bana-charaid a bha leatha a cuir gille beag sgiobalta dubh ga toirt suas ugus bha mi 'n dùil gu 'n d-thainig rudha na gruaidh mionaid, agus thug tè bha làmh rium aire dha cuideachd. Nis cha d-thàinig atharrachadh 'sam bith oirre nuair thug mise suas i 's mar sin thuig mi gu'n do thachair iadròimhe. Dh-fharraid mi do chuideigin agus thubhairt e gum fac gun do chuir e seachad. Innsiribh i oidhche bha eagal aic romh Eoghann-a-chinn-bhig. Mur bha 'n oidhche gu bhi seachad chaidh aòn do na bha stigh far 'n robh i agus ghlaodh e rithe. Ma luaidh ort 's tu'n "clipper" a b' fhearr leam fhein bha stigh. Dh' fhiach mi ri d' chuir ceàrr 's dh' fhairtlich orm."

BROG CUTHAIGE.

RANN A' BHADAIN EORNA.

Slàn do'n tuathnach a threabh a' chlunag,
A chuir 's a bhuain innt 'am badan eòrna,
A chaoinich suairc' e 's a raogha bhuail e,
'S a sin a chruaidhich e 's an àth le mòine.

Ach olc do'n ghrùdair a rinn a spùinneadh,
A mill 's a bhrùth e, 's a dh' fhàg e leònta,
'S an àit' a thaoisneadh gu breacag aobhach,
A rinn de caochan gu daoin' chuir gòrach.

York D. MACDHUGHAILL.

THE following is a solitary specimen of Highland skill in cosmetics—

Sàil-chuaich 'us bainne ghobhar,
Suath ri d' aghaidh,
'S cha 'n 'eil mac rìgh air domhan,
Nach bi air do dheaghaidh.
Wash your face with lotion
Of goat-milk and sweet violets;
There's not a king's son in the world
But will then run after thee.

THE REBELLION OF 1745.

THE PRETENDER'S ARMY IN DERBY.

1820—AN old woman at Mappleton village near Okeover—her faculties much impaired—remembered and sang by snatches a song of her childhood, when the rebels entered Derby. She remembered the alarm and bustle of the town and neighbourhood.

When this rebellious crew
They unto Derby drew,
Which did affright
The people to behold,
The rebels were so bold,
They said we have your gold
And all your land.
They wheeled to and fro
But could no further go,
Who must their leader be?
One of the rebels: he
Said—"arm and follow me
You Highland lads."
O then with sword in hand
As we do understand
By the Duke of Perth's command.
O send their bones some plaid,
O send oatmeal beside,
Two nights and days they staid
This scurvy host.
In Popery I'm but young
That did compose this song,
But yet my heart and tongue
Both do agree,
And pray the loving Lord
That sends us daily food,
None of the Popish brood
Shall rule the road.

The above verses I picked up in Derby-shire a good many years ago. I always intended sending them to some of the Highland papers, but they have lain beside me until now. I was shown a blacksmith's shop *(Ceardach)* where the Prince, Bonnie Charlie, had iron plates fixed on to the soles of his shoes. I was also shown a hill called the Highlander's Hill, not far from Matlock, Bath. D. MACDHUGHAILL.

York.

WHO WAS THE PROGENITOR OF THE MACKAYS?

SIR,—The great progenitor of this clan still remains obscured by the mists of antiquity, but I would humbly suggest that he may have been that Sir Kay, the foster-brother of Arthur, who drank for seven and fought for a hundred years

Glen Devon. KENNETH MATHESON IX.

WHEN THE CURLEW CALLED.

Curlews were calling, and the skies were blue,
And a white sail showed on the sea,
Then down from the hills the wild wind blew;
And the world was dark to me.
The curlews call o'er the waters now,
And white sails show on the sea,
But the dear heart's still and cold his brow,
And my heart is dead in me.

London. W. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

SONG.

THE HIGHLANDER ON HIS NATIVE HILLS.

To wake the slumb'ring solitude
When noddling woods are mute,
Some love to hear the violin,
The harp and silver lute ;
But, oh! I love the pibroch loud,
My soul with joy it fills,
Its martial strains resounding far
Upon my native hills. [low,

O, there's nothing like the hills, when the wind blows
The lofty Highland hills, when the wind blows low,
The delicate perfume from the bonnie heather bloom,
Wafting o'er the hills when the wind blows low.

Some love to rove through foreign lands,
Each beauty to define,
Some love to plough the ocean wide,
Some love the stately Rhine ;
But O ! I love Ben Nevis high,
Ben Lomond, and the rills
That proudly sing their anthems bold
Adown my native hills.

Some love the sweet carnation balm,
The lily and the rose,
Some love the modest violet
That in the meadow grows ;
Their fragrance sweetly blending,
The dewy boweret fills,
But O ! I love the heather bell
That crowns my native hills.

Lawrance, New Zealand. MRS. COLVILLE.

THE WESTWARD MARCH OF THE CELTS.

From an Eastern clime we come,
Over Europe's plains to roam,
Seeking yet another home
In the far, far West.

Pathless forests we have trod,
Forded now the Danube broad.
Threaded through the vales our road,
Nought could e'er arrest.

Foes barbaric haste to bar
Celtic hosts advancing far,
Where Iberic kingdoms are ;
Realms of boundless store.

But when hour of battle's nigh,
When the war-axe gleams on high,
And the eagle-banners fly,
Vict'ry is before.

Restless wanderers are we,
Yet the golden land shall see,
Where soft Peace and Plenty be
After War's turmoil.

'Tis not now to seek repose,
While around are watchful foes ;
In the West where evening glows,
Rest comes after toil.

Edinburgh. WILLIAM J. THOMAS.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

NORMAN MACLEOD, the author of the following popular "Oran Mor," was a native of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Little is known of his parentage except that he moved in the higher circles of his country, and upon his marriage, rented an extensive farm in his native parish. He had two sons whose status in society shows that he was in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances—one of them was Professor Hugh Macleod of the Glasgow University ; and the other, the Rev. Angus Macleod, minister of Rogart, in the county of Sutherland. Both sons were men of considerable erudition and brilliant parts.

Norman Macleod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr. Mackenzie of Ardloch, whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "Cabar-feidh," which was single-handed, stamped the celebrity of Macleod, arose out of the following circumstances. The Earl of Sutherland issued a commission to William Munroe of Achany, who with a numerous body of retainers and clansmen, by virtue of said commission, made a descent on Assynt and carried off a great many cattle. This predatory excursion was made in the latter end of summer, when, according to the custom of the country, the cattle were grazing on distant pasturages at the sheilings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the sheiling, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese.

Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, Macleod invoked the muse and composed "Cabar-feidh," making it the vehicle of invective and bitter sarcasm against the Sutherlanders and Munroes, who had made themselves sufficiently obnoxious to him by their adherence to the Hanoverian cause in 1745.

That a production teeming with so much withering declamation and piquancy of wit should have told upon its hapless subjects, may be reasonably supposed.

Munroe was particularly sore on the subject, and threatened that the bard should forfeit his life if ever they should meet. They were personally unacquainted with each other; but

chance soon brought them face to face. Munroe was commonly known by a grey-coloured bonnet which he wore, and was called "Uilleam na boineide uidhir." One day as he entered Ardgay Inn, there sat Norman Macleod, on his way to Iain, regaling himself with bread and butter, and cheese and ale.

Munroe was ignorant of the character of the stranger; not so Macleod—he immediately knew Achany by the colour of his bonnet—drunk to him with great promptitude, and then offered him the *horn* with the following extemporary salutations—

"Aran is im is càis',
Mu'n tig am bas air Tormod;
Is deoch do fhir an rothaid,
'S cha ghabh na Rothaich fearg ris."
Bread and butter and cheese to me,
Ere death my mouth shall close;
And, trav'ller, there's a drink for thee,
To please the black Munroes.

Achany was pleased with the address, quaffed the ale, and when he discovered who the courteous stranger was, he cordially forgave him, and cherished a friendship for him ever after.

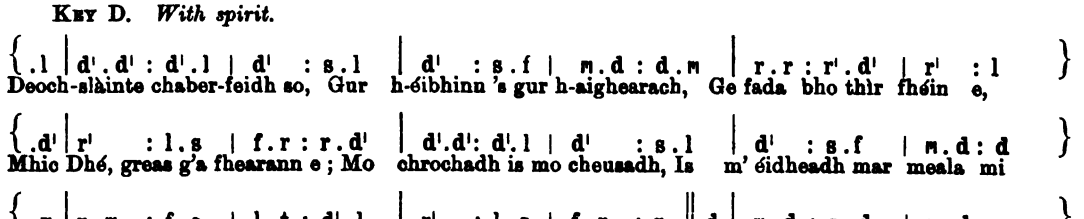
Years after the events recorded above, the poet's son, Angus, then a young licentiate, waited upon Achany, relative to the filling up of the vacancy in the parish of Rogart. "And do you really think, sir," said Achany, "that I would use my influence to get a living for your father's son? 'Cabar-feidh is not forgotten yet.'" "No! and never will," replied the divine, "but if I get the parish of Rogart, I promise you it shall never be sung or recommended from my pulpit there!" "Thank you! thank you!" replied Achany, "that is an important point carried—you are not so bad as your father after all, and we will try to get the kirk for you!" He gave him a letter to Dunrobin and he got the appointment.

"Cabar-feidh" is one of the most popular songs in the language, and it is pleasing to find it among the list of "Orain-Mhora" selected for the coming Mòd. The music as well as the words is by Macleod, and forms one of the most spirit-stirring airs that can be played on the bagpipes.

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

CABAR-FEIDH.

KEY D. *With spirit.*



Be 'n t-amadan fear Fòluis,
'Nuair thòisich e cogadh riut;
Rothaich agus Ròsaich—
Bu ghòrach na bodaich iad;
'Frisealaich is Granndaich,
An càmpa cha stadadh iad;
'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,
Gu seann taigh Chuilodair orr'.
Theich iad uile is cha dh-fhuirich
An treas duine 'bh' aca-san;
An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaidh—
Cha do las a dhagachan;
Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thàr e as,
'S ann dh' éigh e 'n t-each a b' aigeannaich,
Ri gabhal an ratreuta,
'Nuair dh'-eirich do chabar ort!

'S ann an sinn bha 'm fuathas
Ga 'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,
An deas dhuinn is an tuath dhuinn,
Gu luath ruith roi' d' cheann-eidheadh;
Mar sgaoth a dh' eòin nam fuar-bheann,
Is gruaim air a h-uile fear,
A tearnadh bho na sléibhtean
Gu réidhlein 's gu cladaichean.
Dh' éigh iad port 's gu'n d' fhuair iad coit.
'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh;
Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brosnach,
Le'n cuid mosg nach freagradh srad,
'S a liuthad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
Dol air flod thar chlaigeannan?
'S ann ghabh iad an ratreuta,
'Nuair dh' eirich do chabar ort!

BRUCE AND GAELIC.

SIR,—In the debate in the House of Assembly as reported in the "Cape Times" of the 22nd ult., a little interlude occurred between the Prime Minister and the irrepressible Mr. Merriman, who sometimes poses as a "Minister of all the talents." Was Bruce a Saxon? And did he use as a medium of spoken intercourse with his fellows, the dialect, to which the very modern term of "Anglo-Saxon" has been applied of recent years. Bruce was not a Saxon, and did not have any Saxon blood in his veins beyond the driblet which he inherited from his ancestress six generations removed, who married as her second husband Malcolm III., or Canmore, as he is known in history. Socially Bruce was a Norman baron, but racially he was three-fourths Celtic, his mother being the Gaelic Countess of Carrick, in Ayrshire, where the Gaelic language died out only within the last 220 years, if so remote. Then his father, also Robert, was the son of the Celtic Countess of Annandale, also an heiress. The Saxons were of little account in Scotland in those days, and as a recent writer remarks "When Norman-French and other individual adventurers, each separately in search of fortune, very generally in the shape of wealthy heiresses, as in the cases of a Bruce and a Balliol, in whose eyes the Saxons they found in Scotland ranked no higher than the Saxons they had reduced to slavery in England." That Bruce spoke Gaelic can be established by reference to Barbour's "Bruce"; and further, it is extremely questionable if he ever acquired the so-called Anglo-Saxon language of Mr. Merriman. Norman Barons would doubtless speak the language of the dominant people amongst whom they dwelt, in this instance Gaelic, but there is no instance on record of one of this haughty strain condescending to use what was then known as "quaint Inglis." The late Duke of Argyll in his book "Scotland as it was and is," dates the commencement of the amalgamation of the races in Scotland with the victory of Bannockburn. At that time Shetland and Orkney were Norwegians; the Norse language was predominant in the Hebrides, although since wholly superseded by Gaelic; in the Highlands, with the exception of perhaps, Caithness, Ross, and Sutherland, which would be mainly Scandinavian, Gaelic would be spoken, and in Galloway and Strathclyde it would be mixed Gaelic and Cymric. In Lothian, the strip of coast from the Firth of Forth to Tweed, English, or as Mr. Merriman might prefer calling it "Anglo-Saxon" was used, although Malcolm II. wrested the territory from England in 1018, as the result of the battle of Carham. It may be mentioned here in passing, that Balliol, the opponent of Bruce for the Crown of Scotland, although a Norman baron as respects social status, was also Celtic on the maternal side, his father having married the heiress of Galloway, whose wealth was applied by her husband, an Anglo-Norman, in founding Balliol College, Oxford, for the benefit of poor Scottish scholars; and singularly enough the present master of Balliol, Edward Caird, is a countryman of the heiress of Galloway, and hailing from what was then adjoining territory to Galloway, the county of Renfrew. There was no Saxon blood nor "Anglo-Saxon" in that blend, nor was there in the Stewarts, who were not even Norman, but originally (along with the Norman Conqueror of England) came from Dol in Brittany. The way in which the so-called Anglo-Saxon dialect, by becoming the language of the Court, through the intercourse of the descendants of Malcolm Canmore with England, the court itself being moved in course of time to Edinburgh in the Lothians, the War of Independence compelling the Crown to direct most of its intercourse with England; the growth of the towns and other causes—may be learned from a good many recent works of great impartiality and merit. The process of Saxonisation of Scotland quoad the gradual overthrow of Gaelic by English may be observed by any person studying the course of events personally along the Highland border, where the Gaelic is gradually suffering displacement. About 1760 Gaelic was still spoken within ten miles of Edinburgh, in the county of Fife, and readers of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" will recollect how Allan Breck Stewart, notwithstanding his Appin birth and Gaelic accent, when approaching the dwelling of old Balfour, near Cramond, hoped to pass off as hailing from Fife, where Gaelic was still spoken, and this was about 1751 or 1752. Although Bruce was a broad-minded, sensible man of fine human instincts, I think it improbable that he would find "Anglo-Saxon" speech in those fighting and dangerous days of much practical use to him.—I am, etc.,

Komgha, Cape Colony. A. D. CAMPBELL.

A WEST HIGHLAND BOAT SONG.

"Grad ruithibh ar bàrc thar chuantan."

SPEED our bark upon the bosom
Of th' Atlantic's flowing tide,
O'er its turgid, foaming waters
Swiftly may the vessel glide.

Shadows deep of ev'n approaching,
Draw their veil athwart the sky,
And the starlight pale encroaching,
Now foretells the night is nigh.

Faster ply the oars. Yet faster
Creeps the darkness on our sight.
Leaps the falle and chase the billows,
As they scurry in their flight.

Strong the arms of stalwart comrades,
Bending to the supple oar;
While the feath'ry foam sweeps past us,
As we near the shelving shore.

Sturdy strokes well timed, effective,
Bring us near the journey's end,
Where our loved ones long expect us,
And a warm embrace extend.

Edinburgh. WILLIAM J. THOMAS.

MY HEART REMEMBERS YOU.

O'er the moor the wind is blowing
Scent of heath and pine,
Down the sound the boats are going,
Going, heart o' mine:
White clouds in a sky of blue,
Sound of sea and billows foam,
And my heart remembers you—
Far—so far from home.

London. W. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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J. D. MACKAY COGHILL, M.D., SHREWSBURY.

THE subject of our sketch this month, Dr. James Davidson Mackay Coghill, represents a family which is well known in Caithness and Sutherland. He was born in Edinburgh, 2nd April, 1840, second surviving son of Mr. John Coghill and Alexandrina Mackay, his wife, natives of Thurso. His paternal grandmother, Jean, and maternal grandfather, Alexander, were the children of William Mackay, (M'Comas) of Isauld, Reay. Dr. Coghill's elder brother, Dr. J. G. Sinclair Coghill, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, a distinguished graduate of Edinburgh, and for many years Senior Consulting Physician to the National Hospital, Ventnor, died suddenly in 1899, before the Baronetcy which he had been offered and accepted, could be conferred.

Dr. J. D. M. Coghill was educated at the High School, and the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, of which latter he is M. D. and C. M. Early in 1860 he was commissioned assistant surgeon of the 2nd Royal Lanark Militia (now 3rd and 4th Scottish Rifles), which was embodied, and quartered in Aldershot; was promoted Surgeon (Major) the following year, and resigned in 1863. He then proceeded to North China, where he had received the appointment of medical officer in the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. Owing to ill-health he returned to Scotland, where in 1867 he studied for graduation at Marischal College, Aberdeen. He next proceeded to Ceylon to take up duty in the Civil Medical Department of that colony. After a few years' service he was appointed by the Secretary of State (on the nomination of Governor Sir Hercules Robinson) Superintendent of the Ceylon Convict Establishments at Welikada, and Hultsdorp, Colombo, "on account of his zeal and efficiency." Thereafter, at the request of the Secretary of State, he went to the Straits Settlements, during the severe epidemic of cholera there; and as Colonial Surgeon of the Province of Wellesley, successfully introduced the vaccination ordinance, which had become a measure of oppression, and very obnoxious to the Malay population.

Declining permanent service in the Straits Settlements Civil Service which was offered by the Governor, General Sir Andrew Clarke, R.E., he returned to Ceylon, and went on short leave to England in 1874. Returning to Ceylon, he assumed duty as medical inspector, Estates' Medical Department, and set on foot the new Medical Wants' Ordinance—a very unpopular measure. It having been determined to transfer the Estates' Medical Department to the Civil Medical Department, and being indisposed to serve, even temporarily, under a junior, accepted pension, although the Secretary of State, Lord Kimberley, "being unwilling that the Colony should lose the services of an officer of undoubted ability and high professional attainments" offered service, pending a suitable vacancy elsewhere, with the same pay and allowances as hitherto enjoyed.

After a few years in private practice in Colombo, Dr. Coghill returned to England. He had acted as Physician to Governors Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir W. H. Gregory, and Sir James Longden, and was appointed by the Secretary of State, medical attendant to the Princes Edward and George of Wales, during the Elephant Kraal at Labugama in 1882, when H.M.S. Bacchante visited Ceylon with the Princes as midshipmen.

He married, in 1876, at Kandy, Ceylon, Mary Drummond, 2nd daughter of Captain H. Preston Lovell, Superintendent of the P. & O. Coy., Calcutta, and Christiana, his wife, daughter of Captain Lindquiest, Indian Navy. Captain Lovell's brothers (the late Colonel J. W. Lovell, R.E., C.B., and Lieut.-Col. C. N. Lovell, R.A.), were distinguished Crimean Officers. Their mother, Mary Drummond, and uncle, Colonel William Drummond, late Scots Greys, were of the Hawthornden Family. By this marriage Dr. Coghill had issue two sons and a daughter. The eldest, Donald Mackay, late 2nd Lieut., 1st Manchester Regiment, and the second, Hugh Mackay, Lieut. 4th H.L.I., attached to the 3rd Scottish Rifles, served in the Boer War, but declined a military career. In 1892 Dr. Coghill married Emily Gertrude, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Jarvis Johnson, and has by her a family of two sons and a daughter; the elder son, James D. Mackay, the younger, Charles Davidson Mackay.

EALIE MARTIN.

A STORY OF A SKYE CLEARANCE.

BY CHAS. MACKINNON, TRANSVAAL.

(Continued from page 165).

V.

THE conversatson left Norman with anything but a placid mind.

The Major's scheme was certainly unseductive. Few could have pointed out a feature to commend it.

With Norman the antipathy struck deep. A feeling of intense repugnance fired him. It was not without mental bracing that he could bring himself even to con it over in calmness. All his instincts were in rebellious ferment, so spontaneous that any argument which might induce in him a less unfavourable opinion would be, he felt, but specious casuistry.

It may seem singular at first flush that he should have looked upon the matter, as he did, from the crofters' standpoint. To take the more obvious strands that formed his character would have led one to attribute to him diametrically opposite views.

There was no apparent ground why he should sympathise excessively with the people. He had been brought up apart from them: his life had never mingled or associated with theirs. A few he had known in a perfunctory fashion in former days; but, since then, six years had fled effacingly over his recollections. The interval he had spent from home completing his education. At this time he had just launched forth on a military career, having been gazetted to a second lieutenancy in the Inverness-shires a few months previously. A war, subsequently notable as the Crimean war, had newly broken out. That his regiment would have to go forth to it was so probable as to be accepted fact. The chances were numerous, therefore, that for some years his contact with the crofters would be as infrequent as in the past.

Yet, owing to some perverted moral fibre apparently, he felt more solicitude for the crofters than did his father who was in and out among them daily.

The seeming anomaly was not without cause. To explain it in detail would necessitate an excursion into family history too complex for the present place. In brief it may be summed as follows:

Major MacKintosh was originally a south country man. Of the MacKintoshs who were the former owners of Craigan House and estate he was a somewhat remote connection. As it fortuned, however, he was found to be next in succession when the last of that ilk came by a fatal accident.

Residence in the south for some generations had, not unnaturally, enfeebled the attachment of the family to the Highlands. Wishful to amend this, the Major, soon after his accession, married a lady of Highland lineage and upbringing. The union, as already indicated, was a brief one with Norman as the only offspring.

Norman was of course reared in atmosphere and traditions altogether different from that in which his father's youth had passed. This, with the tend of heredity on the maternal side, imbued him with traits peculiarly Highland. To some extent they were but a resuscitation of what had originally been equally pronounced on the paternal side but in successive generations had been toned away in alien environments until they had become so tenuous that in his father they had practically ceased to exist.

To this may be attributed Norman's unconquerable aversion to the measure which his father meditated. That measure the Major had only recently begun to entertain; and that, as he avowed, was because he had watched the successful adoption of it in neighbouring districts. To him it presented itself as a matter of business purely.

Far different was the guise in which it showed to Norman.

Swathed in elusive sentiment, the latter's perception of all it signified was nevertheless strong and clear. He saw in it a levelling blow at the entire social fabric immemorially established in the Highlands. The wholesale uprooting and expatriation of a people notoriously attached to their native soil were, if assayed, presageful of issues whereat the stoutest heart might quail.

Norman abruptly shut off the snbject from his mind. He strolled outside. The sound of a mild hub-bub drew him towards the stable-yard where it led up to Sandy Tulloch.

Sandy was rampageously apostrophising things in general but nothing visible in particular. It certainly could not be the meek and patient looking nag which he was harnessing with much flourish to a cart; for the beast was docile to servility.

Norman correctly surmised that the Major was within earshot. Sandy had a propensity, not infrequently met with, for magnifying his functions by an outpour of unnecessary loquacity when a listening ear chanced to be within range.

"What's the row?" Norman asked, surprising Sandy from behind.

The latter was disconcerted.

"I'm not complaining," he replied, in a tone that implied he had good reason to.

"Anything wrong?"

"No: that is, not what one would call wrong,"

Sandy answered with a discrimination too subtle for ordinary mortals.

"I thought things were running pell-mell to the deuce from the way you carried on."

"That's just where Sandy has been consigning them," the Major said, issuing leisurely from the stable. "A journey to Broadbost with the cart is quite an adventure to him."

It was a monstrous imputation and intended for such. Sandy stood and rolled his eyes in an ecstacy of indignation.

"Hurricanes and thunder!" he roared; "I have weathered the Cape, I have doubled the Horn. I have been round Jamaica, ashore in Java, and at anchor in St. Helena. And now I am troubled to take a cat's walk to Broadbost!"

He snorted in the extremity of his contempt and applied himself with excess of energy to the adjusting of the harness.

"I met Ewen Martin on the way there as I was coming up," Norman remarked, by way of turning the conversation.

"Walking?" the Major asked.

"In a trap."

The Major clicked his teeth.

The attention of both was at that moment diverted to Sandy, who, his preparations now completed, settled himself in silent dudgeon on the front rim and the right shaft of the cart and trundled with it forth from the yard.

A hiatus of awkward silence supervened when the cart was out of sight.

"You were going to say . . . ?" Norman ventured to lead on.

"Not much," the Major replied with curtness. "I've been thinking things. Ewen Martin puts the clinch on them. A nice example of what crofters are coming to! They wax fat and kick. In a trap, begad!"

"Not much fatness that I see can be argued from that."

"At a time when their betters have to consider twice as to retaining their own traps!"

The Major took a turn. When he was back he continued:

"Just fancy. The fellow had the coolness to bid against me at M'Gregor's sale last month. Begad! I was outbid, too. The heifer I had ear-marked he bought and drove away before my nose."

"Nothing heinous in that, was there?"

The Major shot a glance of some severity at his son. It surprised him that he should display obtuseness to the point of the incident.

"Where are they going to stop?" he went on, slightly pitching his accent. "When the tenant can outbid the landlord things are in a crux. It's plain who gets the reaping. I am amply justified in cutting short a relationship so manifestly to my disadvantage. I have already indicated the line I propose to take."

"You intend to clear out Martin also?"

"Begad! He'll be the first to go."

VI.

In the afternoon Norman went for a stroll in the direction of Glencorrie.

The clachan, or township, of this name was an eminently self contained one. The whole arable area of it was walled in. The wall was not much of an erection it is true, being merely a jumble of dry stones set upon each other with little or no attempt at masonry. Nevertheless, not more effective for its own purpose was the *vallum* of an eastern city than was this wall in preventing the cattle on the commonage beyond from getting at the standing crops.

The clachan was bisected by the highway, a fact which ordinarily would have required the circumvening wall to be continued along both sides of the road. To obviate the necessity for this a gate was thrown across it where it entered and also where it emerged from the township bounds. Such obstructions would have been insufferable where traffic was of consequence. Glencorrie, however, being practically the terminus, had no traffic save its own; so that the arrangement, incommoding otherwise, was put up with for the common weal.

Norman had no design on this, his first day, to penetrate into the township. He was merely for having a look round to refresh, and adjust where they required it, his early impressions, and to note what changes had been effected in his absence.

He therefore struck through the crofts on the high side of the road, where they sloped downwards from the uplands: the crofts on the other side lay low and mostly on the level. He thus avoided the houses, almost all of which were irregularly aligned along the road.

From the elevation on which he trod a fine, comprehensive view of the hamlet was obtainable. The lay of the crofts, their boundaries, and the general scheme of the whole stood out panoramic and distinct.

A prepossessing picture it made to look upon. Day was slightly on the wane; the chill of the coming night was putting forth its sting in a little thin wind that began to make itself aggressive. In the subdued and mellowing light these served only to enhance the air of homely comfort which invested the place. Peat smoke was issuing lazily from the chimneys; it flowed leisurely out at the top of many doors, and hung over and around the houses reluctant to dissolve and ascend into the upper atmosphere. The babble of playing children, the low of kine and the bay of dogs rose, softened, to the ear, some-

times mixed with other sounds and sometimes one by one.

It was hard to conceive that thought could be entertained by any man of sweeping such a scene out of existence. This, no less, was what the Major's project involved.

The decline of daylight was noticeable when Norman set to returning. He was in a somewhat melancholy mood. His father's scheme sat like a black cloud in the future; it filled his spirits with unrest. One thought ought to have held comfort: that he would, in all probability, be far absent when the disagreeable work was being executed. But this made indifferent anodyne.

He tramped through the heavy soil, making, at an angle, for the roadway where it was intersected by the first of the afore-mentioned gates. The contour of the ground hid the precise point from his view. The stretch of road between it and the policies of Craigan House was also out of sight.

While he was proceeding, the stillness was suddenly intruded on by a strange clangour, indefinable yet sustained. How at first it progressively increased until the racket seemed positively to arrest one. Its venue apparently was the part of the road referred to, where it was out of the range of Norman's vision.

He hastened his steps. A little walking placed him on a vantage where he could see the gate, which was still some distance off, and the ribbon of road beyond it.

It was on the road that his glance alighted. A trap was on it, and the horse was dashing for the gate in mad career. A look informed him that the animal had flung off all control and was in flight. The gate he was heading for was closed!

Norman raced for the gate.

Hopeless the endeavour. It was impossible to reach it in time. This he could plainly perceive; nor was it well evident what he could do even were it otherwise.

Still he sped, on unreflecting impulse, to avert impending catastrophe.

But the catastrophe was already humanly inevitable.

The pauseless horse came on in blind furious gallop, every muscle strained.

Norman desisted from his futile run. Fascination and horror glued him to a standstill; and he watched.

His glance sought the occupants of the vehicle. In them he recognised Ewen Martin with his terror-chained wife and daughter clinging to their seats.

The next moment the gate was reached; the horse reared and clear-vaulted over it. A splintering crash ensued. At the same instant the trio of occupants were shot high out in different directions.

The horse wrenched franctically at his entanglements. The decripid traces gave way. Frenzied the more by the impediment the liberated animal flew on in renewed career with broken straps of harness streaming out behind.

VII.

Norman's pause scarcely exceeded half a minute. Into that brief interval the whole event had crammed itself.

The clatter of the running horse died down, deadened partly by the distance and in part by his keeping on the turf bordering of the road

For a pulse beat there was a universal hush.

Then afresh the dunt of horsehoofs broke out faintly on the distant road. White and scared, Norman hastened down to where the unfortunates had been flung.

On the hither side of the road, in a clump of hazel, he discerned Ewen Martin in a sitting posture. The crofter, apparently, was recovering from a daze. He was pawning about him helplessly, and groaning heavily, more, perhaps, from a confused sense of something dreadful having happened to him than from sentience of physical pain.

Norman was beside him instantly. He pulled him up by the arm, eliciting more groans in the process, and half supporting, led him to a mound of turf whereon he made him seat himself.

This mound, a remnant of some pre-historic wall, lay aimlessly about, dipping in places to the ground level and sporadically reappearing elsewhere. It was against a continuation of it, where it reared itself on the other side of the way, that the girl Ealie had been dashed. In a limp mass she was now lying beside it insensible.

Norman raised her head on his arm. A ghastly pallor that affrighted him was overspread upon her face.

The look of her spurred him to frantic action. Working quickly and with delicate care he placed her in a more natural attitude.

His next thought was of water.

None could be espied at hand. The nearest was a slender rivulet purling in a hollow some hundred yards away. Norman cast about, mentally demurring to go so far. There was no alternative: he winged for it.

In his absence Martin, groaning by fits, dragged himself to his daughter's side. When Norman returned, bearing his cap half full of water, her bodice was already unfastened at the throat. Her father soaked in the water the handkerchief which Norman produced and laved her face and temples.

It was an office the young man had hoped to

appropriate to himself. Even in the distress of the situation he felt jealous and defrauded over it.

By this time a villager, alarmed at seeing the runaway horse go by, had arrived upon the scene. Another was approaching. More, apprised in similar fashion, were coming at further removes.

Meanwhile Mrs. Martin was untended. To her Norman with the newcomer now transferred their attention.

It was an ugly piece of ground that she had lighted on. Chunks of limestone, uncouth in shape and with jagged edges and corners, were strewn about. A small, sinister looking boulder was unpleasantly conspicuous beside her, giving suggestion that she had struck against it.

She was lying face downwards all unconscious. When she was raised and borne to a mat of smooth sward beyond the stones a great dent, blue and ribbed, came to notice on her right temple.

They laid her down in silence.

Norman borrowed his companion's cap and went a second time for water.

The other went forward towards a couple of men who were approaching. To them he communicated the circumstances as far as he had gathered. One turned back to fetch a cart; the other volunteered to summon the doctor from Broadbost.

The wait that followed seemed endless. A handful of people had gathered in the meantime and the mishap was discussed in sympathetic undertones. Nothing further could be done pending the arrival of the conveyance.

Attempts to bring round Mrs. Martin proved unavailing. In the case of Ealie also they were unsuccessful. At one time it did seem as if she were on the tremble of returning consciousness; but the signs of animation flickered, and she relapsed into her former condition.

At length the cart put in appearance; the long tension was relieved. A sufficiency of bolsters, etc., was provided, and these being suitably arranged, mother and daughter were hoisted inside.

In this manner, with Ewen limping in rear, the sorrowful procession crawled homeward in the gloaming.

(To be continued.)

MACFARLANE.—I shall feel favoured if any reader of the *Celtic Monthly* can give me information about the descendants of James Macfarlane of Muckroy, who lived about 1694, or particulars of any of his descendants. It is possible that some of your correspondents may know something of this clan family.

J. H. C. BARROW.

AMONG THE SUTHERLAND HILLS.

I WAS standing in the shadow of Ben Hope, one of Sutherland's grandest mountains, looking around on a magnificent panorama of hills, straths, and rivers, when a verse written by one of our most charming Gaelic bards, the late Sheriff Nicolson, occurred to me, which, to my mind, portrayed in a few bold touches, the beautiful scene before me:—

> "Lov'st thou the mountains great,
> Peaks the clouds that soar,
> Corrie and fell where eagles dwell,
> And cataracts evermore?"

To find these delights of nature my lamented bardic friend, who had a deep-rooted affection for a certain Western Isle celebrated for its "mists," recommended a Hebridean voyage, but, my dear reader, I have no desire to part with your company, for it is my intention to ask you to spend with me "among the hills," two of the most delightful days which you ever experienced in your "matter of fact and hum-drum life." Do not be afraid that my only desire is to play the part of Mark Twain's immortal guide, and to ask you to admire this heather-clad hillside, where people say Julius Cæsar used to drink tea with his dear friend Pontius Pilate; or, perhaps, to strike an attitude of intense admiration, and gravely tell you that that great rock in the meadow was thrown there from a hill two and a half miles away by one of our giant ancestors during his elephantine frolics! No, I shall promise not to perpetrate any of these legendary atrocities; I shall leave these interesting details to the compilers of the guide books, who are always prepared to give place and date for all the wonderful events which they gravely chronicle. You may think it will be a dull and cheerless holiday away up among those sombre, mist-covered hills. Relieve your mind from such a thought, for I shall promise you a "right good time" when we arrive at the famous glen. If you

LOVE A GOOD GAELIC SONG,

with a hearty ranting chorus, then you shall hear many a one, sung by the fairest of Sutherland maidens. If you delight in a good merry Highland reel, you shall have your desire satisfied, for Alastair, the famous piper, has told me in confidence that he has tuned his new pipes, and they are sounding as "clear as a bell"! After such a generous offer I am quite sure you will not hesitate to accompany me on a visit among the mountains.

It was a warm sultry day as I wandered along the side of the loch, and rested for a brief while in the cool shadow of the great mountain. The grand ben towered above me, its peaks hidden in a canopy of mist. After partaking

of some refreshments I thought it time to resume my journey. As I wandered on, my senses were captivated with the sights and sounds around me. The mountain rills, swollen by the constant rain of the past few days, were rushing headlong down the sides of the bens, glimmering like molten silver in the sunlight. The atmosphere was fragrant with the sweet smell of fresh cut hay. In the distance I could hear the voices of the reapers as they harvested in the meadows; and the merry laugh of the children as they romped around the hay-ricks told me that there were others besides myself who in that lonely vale delighted in the warm sunshine, and felt thankful to breathe the pure, sweet air of the hills. Oh, what a pleasure it is to the southern toiler, to turn his face northwards, and to look once more on the beautiful straths and bens of our fatherland! How many, in distant lands, would give much of their riches could they see, if only for a moment, "Ben Loyal's lordly brow," or to hear the ripple of the Naver as it glides on its way to the sea? There is a feeling in the hearts of Highlanders that cannot be analysed on any cold scientific principle, but which alone goes far to explain the true character of the natives of the "land of bens, glens, and heroes." Pursuing my journey, the country began to open out, the narrow strip of meadowland gave place to a beautiful strath, stretching away beyond the bend of the hills, with a river flowing through its midst. I was now in one of the most famous of the

DEPOPULATED STRATHS OF SUTHERLAND.

Once the home of a brave and industrious race, it is now the haunt of the deer and the grouse. The broad winding straths, which were in days of old the pride and glory of Sutherland, are now sad and desolate, and nothing remains to tell us of happier days except the moss-covered ruins of the houses, and the marks of man's labour on the fertile soil. Strathmore met the same unhappy fate which overtook the other glens; mammon was the new idol which the landlord chose to worship—and the people had to go. These heart-broken men and women turned their backs upon their fatherland, dear to them by every family tie that linked their affections to it, and crossed the ocean, where they found a new home, and founded a new Reay Country. Canada, United States, and the Australasian colonies, were distinctly the better of these hardy emigrants, but Sutherland was the loser, and she feels the loss to this day. A new Sutherland was instituted in Nova Scotia, where the descendants of these evicted Highlanders have prospered, and where the dear Gaelic tongue of their fathers has been preserved, and all the ties of clanship and sentiment which connected them with the old home have been nurtured and cherished. I have seen maps of this district giving the sections of land under cultivation, with the names of their owners, and almost every name is a

FAMILIAR NAME IN SUTHERLAND.

Several years ago a Mackay was appointed to an important ministerial charge in Nova Scotia, and on looking over the roll of his congregation he found to his amazement that in his congregation alone there were nearly *one hundred families of the name Mackay!* Sutherland men, or their descendants, have occupied many of the most important positions in Canada, not the least distinguished of whom was the late gifted premier, Sir John Macdonald; and the well-known firm of Mackay Brothers, of Montreal, founded by evicted exiles from Kildonan strath, occupy one of the first places in Canada in business circles. Doubtless some of my readers have heard the story how one of these brothers when a child was lifted out of one of the burning houses in the strath of Kildonan. It was a cruel injustice that drove these poor people across the seas, and that they succeeded in prospering in their new homes was not because they owed any thanks to their persecutors.

Strathmore and Loch Hope have given birth to many men who have distinguished themselves, among others Captain Mackay, the grandfather of the late Charles Mackay, LL.D., the poet and sweet singer of "The Good Time Coming," and it is hardly necessary to mention that the great Sutherland bard, Rob Donn Mackay (our "Calder" friends must excuse the liberty!) was born and reared in the shadow of the mighty Ben Hope.

How our holiday was spent among the hills must be reserved for a future paper.

IAIN MACAOIDH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

UNCLASP thy Book of Self to me;
Seek not to hide the mystery
Of that sweet grace and charm which shine
From out the simplest word of thine.

Lo, countless spoken words I hear,
Unordered, blank, on my dull ear.
A moment dies; they perish too
And fade into forgotten blue.

Though we are sundered leagues apart,
My hungry ear, my hungry heart,
Recalling quick—forgetting slow,
Take thee with them where'er they go.

I feel the smould'ring flame rejoice,
Leap high—fanned by thy zephyr-voice.
And now I hear, above, beyond,
The mystic music of our bond.

COINNEACH DUBH.

TRADITIONS OF THE MACKINTOSHES OF BORLUM.

(Continued from page 168.)

AT length the day of Mackintosh's execution arrived. How solemn was that dreadful day! Such as could leave their avocations did so in the morning, and paraded the streets in gloomy silence, or, if they spoke, it was only in whispers. By twelve o'clock the streets were almost entirely deserted, and nearly half the population of the town and neighbourhood was collected round the gibbet. It was erected at Muirfield, a little above the town, upon the top of the hill,

"————, from whose fair brow,
The bursting prospect spreads around."

and on which several splendid villas have recently been built. It was then, however, bare and naked—its desolate and cheerless appearance suiting well to the appalling scene that was about to take place. The day was cold and cloudy. The spectators ranged around, looked with anxious fear on the unconscious instruments of death. At length the culprit, accompanied by two clergymen (the Rev. Messrs. Fraser and Mackenzie*), the magistrates, and a strong *posse* of constables, appeared. Mackintosh ascended the fatal ladder with a steady and firm step, and stared vacantly around—he appeared overwhelmed by internal agony—his face was pale, and large drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks. The Rev. Murdo Mackenzie almost immediately commenced to discharge his sad duty. He began by prayer, to which the prisoner listened with the utmost attention, and his countenance became more settled, as if communing with his Maker and composing his soul. After prayer a psalm was sung, the voices of the assembled multitude raising in solemn consonance into the air. Methought, says John, the very wind wafted the heart-giving offering to the Throne on high. Mr. Fraser thereafter read a text, and commented upon it at considerable length. The subject of discourse was the great merit of the Redeemer's blood; and, as he proceeded, with great earnestness and animation, he consoled, cherished, and elevated the culprit's soul by expatiating on the goodness and infinite mercy of God, and the efficiency as well as the universality of the Redeemer's sacrifice, and the divine again concluded by praying, in so earnest and pathetic a manner as to draw tears from young and old. All eyes were now rivetted on the person of the unfortunate victim.

THE EXECUTIONER

slowly adjusted the noose and pulled down the white cap over his face. The feeling of the crowd was intense—no one breathed—a load oppressed all, the brain became giddy, and every faculty, physical and mental, seemed convulsed when the culprit's voice broke in accents of piercing agony upon the ear, and sunk into the heart—the last words he uttered were—"Oh, Father, Sen, and Holy Ghost, I come." The sound was still murmuring in the breeze when the crowd were startled by a short, sharp knock, or jerk—a something falling, but not distinctly seen, that

"———— strikes an awe
And terror on the aching sight,"

and the culprit's lifeless body was swinging in the wind, and his soul winging its flight into the mansions of eternity. With mingled feelings of sorrow and horror, the multitude slowly and silently dispersed, many, if not most of the company, placing a small piece of bread under a stone, which, according to a superstitious tradition, would prevent after-dreams of the unfortunate Alexander Mackintosh.

After hanging the time required by law, the body was cut down, and according to the sentence, was placed in an iron cage, which was suspended from the top of a post near the gibbet, in order to be a warning and terror, in time coming, to evildoers. During the afternoon, crowds of persons who had not the courage to be present at the execution, were to be seen going to view the body in the cage, and many were the good things said of the deceased. While the young women, in particular, heaved a heartfelt sigh for his untimely and dreadful end, the elders were loud and pathetic in their expressions of commiseration for his widow and children, and the old and gray-headed indulged in groans and ejaculations touching the career of the family, interspersed with doubts—rather indicated by a grave shake of the head than expressed—that those who were the condemners would have an awful account to give of that day's work. At last night closed in, and hid with its mantle from the gaze of the curious, the lifeless body of Alister Macintoisich.

Notwithstanding the harsh and persevering attempts of every successive Government—from the accession of William the Third to the throne down to the period of which we write—to destroy the feudal power of the chiefs and to extirpate that feeling of clanship which had so long and so powerfully prevailed amongst the Highlanders, they still secretly, and sometimes openly, maintained their attachment to their chief, and their friendly and brotherly feeling

*The Rev. Alexander Fraser was minister of the *second charge* at this time; he died 12th January, 1778.
The Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie was at the date of this trial minister of the *first charge*; he died 7th April, 1774.

to their namesakes and clansmen. Neither the Disarming Act nor the defeat at Culloden had extinguished this species of filial feeling between the members of the same clan, and although the law was now too powerful to permit this feeling to display itself on an extensive scale in the open field, still it manifested itself not unfrequently at fairs and district gatherings—sometimes at marriages and funerals—and at times in the everyday business of ordinary life.

THE CLAN MACKINTOSH,

in particular, had preserved with the utmost tenacity that spirit of clanship; and the disgrace which the execution of even an illegitimate member of the clan was supposed to bring upon the whole, was sensitively and painfully felt by them, and yet though they knew the fruitlessness of any attempt to impede or obstruct the course of justice, a few of them, resident in and about the town of Inverness, came to the determination of preventing any long continuance of the exposure of the body by cutting it down and interring it. Amongst the number was William Mackintosh, a dyer, better known by the name of "Muckle Willie the Dyster," who from his daring and great strength was looked upon as a leader. The day, as we have said, had been cold and cloudy, and towards evening showers of drizzling rain began to fall, the wind gradually increased, and about seven o'clock, when the dyer and his companions thought it safe to put their purpose into execution. it swept along in strong gusts. The night was very dark—not a star was to be seen—and as the Mackintoshes stole cautiously out of the town, they, in an undertone congratulated each other that the night was so favourable for their design. They walked circumspectly and slowly until they reached the burn of Aultnaskiach, when they proceeded up the bed of the burn until they arrived at the bridge which crosses it, beyond the late Provost Robertson's house. From that place they crept, rather than walked, over the barren heath, in the direction of the gallows. The eager dyer, in the exuberant ardour of his feelings for the honour of the clan, urged upon his companions (some of whom he perceived to be faint-hearted) to be firm and resolute, and stand by him; telling them that the honour of the clan was at stake, and that not a moment was to be lost. They did not, however, much relish Willie's proposition and appeal, but insisted on the necessity of caution. Whilst the ardent dyer was thus endeavouring to convince his associates, the whole party (with the exception of the dyer) were almost transfixed with fear, by hearing a short, hard, screeching sound at no great distance from them. The clansmen stood statue-stiff—each held his breath—every one listened attentively to catch the faintest sound—every eye was strained to penetrate the darkness of the night, to discover the cause of the interruption—every heart beat with fear and apprehension, and a cold clammy sweat trickled down their cheeks. For upwards of a minute, the whole party stood fixed and mute—nothing was to be seen—nothing heard, save the whistling of the wind and the grating sound produced by the swinging of

THE IRON CAGE WHEREIN THE BODY

was suspended. The party, however, seeing it like a black cloud hanging in the horizon above their heads, became irresolute and discouraged, and were on the eve of returning home, when Willie broke the silence by a very unceremonious "Pooh, you heard nothing but the wind. If there was any noise, why did I not hear it too? Come, come, let us do our work, and the —— tak' the hindmost." On this they feebly and slowly followed Willie, who sprang to the post, and climbing up with the agility of a cat, was speedily sitting on the top undoing the fastenings, and in a few minutes the cage, with its contents, fell at the feet of his companions with a crash, which they afterwards solemnly declared shook the earth under them. The body was taken out of the cage with the utmost despatch, and carried across the moor to the bank of the burn. Here they made a hole in the sand with their hands, in which the body was deposited, and covering it over, returned to their dwellings, inwardly congratulating themselves that so disagreeable and dangerous a piece of business was ended, and resolved never again to be engaged in such an enterprise under any circumstances whatever. In the morning, when it was discovered that the body of Alister Mackintosh had been taken away during the night, a reward of five pounds was immediately offered to any person who should discover the perpetrators of this daring act, and considerable excitement was created in the town by the circumstance. Towards evening, a claimant appeared in the person of Little Tibbie, the wife of Archy the waterman. She had been at Aultnaskiach burn for sand, and to her amazement discovered the stolen body of Mackintosh. She, with great speed repaired to the town to claim the reward, and, burning with the importance of her discovery and anticipated reward, roared out as she ran—"Oh, sirs, sirs, Saunders Mackintosh's body!" She proceeded to the house of the Provost, who himself was a clansman; but a faithful clansman, who had heard Tibbie proclaiming the discovery she had made, arrived at the residence of the Provost before her, and communicated the disagreeable tidings that Saunders' body had been found.*

*The finding of the body caused the Provost dis-

J. D. MACKAY COGHILL, M.D.

The Provost, although obliged in the discharge of his duty to offer the reward, was by no means sorry that the body of his namesake had been taken down, and there were some who even insinuated that he was the instigator of the act himself. Be that, however, as it may; when Tibbie made her appearance before the Provost, she was not only coldly received, and the promised reward flatly refused, but she was likely to have more kicks than halfpence; for she was threatened with a night's lodging in the black hole. In the meantime

ANOTHER PARTY OF THE CLAN,

headed by the ever ready dyer, proceeded with the greatest expedition to Aultnaskiach burn and removed the body to Campfield, where it was again interred, and allowed to remain.

The narrator relates the singular occurrence of a descendant of the Borlum family, whose life had been forfeited to the law, being buried not many yards from the spot where Provost Junor was assassinated more than two centuries before, and he does not fail to ascribe to the Great Ruler of Events the circumstance which thus so forcibly realised the truth of the commandment, that "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation." Standing upon this spot, and recalling to memory the former pride, power, and cruelty of the Mackintoshes of Borlum—their subsequent misfortunes and disgrace—how variable appear the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the danger and instability of human greatness, and over the grave of the unfortunate Alister, how appropriate would be the line,

"Proud lineage! now how little thou appearest."

The widow and children of Alister were amply provided for in every respect by the humane and patriotic Bailie Inglis, a gentleman who was continually

"Doing good by stealth,
And blushed to find it fame."

The eldest son, James, entered the Gordon Fencibles, and was speedily promoted, but soon thereafter died. He was a truly worthy young man. Edward, the second son, entered the navy, but the writer never heard what his ultimate fate was. There was also a daughter, who, after being educated in all the branches of education suitable to a lady of rank, repaired to the south. She was an amiable girl, and much respected by all the gentry of the town and neighbourhood.

That Alister Mackintosh was innocent, was very generally believed at the trial, but the subsequent fate of M'Rory increased and confirmed the suspicion. The latter very rapidly sunk in general estimation. His respectability and supposed wealth quickly left him, until at last he became a solitary outtast — in the midst of society, stamped with the brands of perjury and murder—and a few years after the execution of poor Alister he terminated his miserable existence in the village of Beauly.

The estate of Raitts subsequently became the property of James Macpherson, Esq., the celebrated translator of the poems of Ossian, who changed its name from Raitts to Belleville—the original name being in his, as well as in the estimation of others, obnoxious. This property he highly cultivated and improved, whereon he built an excellent mansion-house.

(Concluded.)

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pleasure, and no wonder, as Alexander Mackintosh was his cousin in the third and fourth degree, as under :—

LACHLAN. 2ND BORLUM.

1 | 2

William, 3rd Borlum. | John.

William, 4th Borlum. | Angus.

1 | 2 |

Lachlan, 5th Borlum. Shaw, 6th Borlum. Phineas, Provost, 1773.

1 | 2

Edward, 7th Borlum. Alex., half-brother of Edward, 1773.

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

SIR,—I have pleasure in forwarding you the following verses, as they might prove of some interest to your readers. I may mention that the following is described as being a translation from the Gaelic by the Earl of Eglinton when Governor General of Canada. I believe there is also a somewhat different rendering of this beautiful poem.

Torrin, Skye. NORMAN M'KINNON.

Listen to me as when you heard our fathers
Sing long ago the song of other shores,
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars —
Fair those broad meads, those hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our native land.

From the lone sheiling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where, 'twixt the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch's banner rally,
Nor see the moon on Royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred in the times long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come, foreign raid, let discord burst in slaughter—
Oh! then for clansmen's true and keen claymore,
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic's roar.
Fair those broad meads, those hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our native land.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1905

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are requested to note that the address of the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly* is now 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow, to which all communications should be sent.

DEATH OF NOTABLE HIGHLANDERS.

WE regret to mention that since our last issue, several of our oldest subscribers have passed away. They were keenly interested in Highland affairs, and their decease will be deeply regretted by a large circle of Highland friends. They are—Sir John Farquharson, K.C.B., Tarland, Aberdeenshire, lately Director-General of the Survey Department, died 9th July; Mr. John Macdonald Ross of Ledgowan, Ross-shire, died in Glasgow, also on 9th July; and Mr. R. W. D. MacMartan-Cameron, M.D., B.Sc., late of Newton-Stewert, died in Edinburgh on 5th July.

CLAN MACNAB EXCURSION.—The members of the Clan MacNab, to the number of about sixty, held their annual summer meeting at Killin, from which point they visited what used to be the clan lands. On arrival the company had luncheon at the Killin Hotel. The president, Mr. John Macnab, Glenmaris, occupied the chair, and among those present were Mr. Ogilvie Reid, R.S.A.; Mr. E. Rolland Macnab, S.S.C., Edinburgh, hon. secretary; Mr. Alex. MacNab, London; Mr. J. C. MacNab, London; Mr. Edward S. MacNab, solicitor, Dublin; Mr. J. Macnab, clan historian, etc. The Chairman congratulated the clan on their progress as an association, and on the increased attendance at this second pilgrimage to the land of their ancestors. The Hon. Secretary also made a few remarks regarding the association. Their historian had made excellent progress with the history of the clan, and he was hopeful the volume would be published before the end of the year. Before rising hearty thanks were accorded the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane for permission to visit Kinnel House. Thereafter the company marched to Kinnel House, where the various clan relics were examined with interest. On their way back they visited Inchbuie, the ancient burial place of the MacNabs, which the association have now put into order, and placed under the care of a venerable clansman. The company left Killin in the evening, well pleased with their outing.

STEWART SOCIETY AT ARDVORLICH.—On the invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Stewart of Ardvorlich, the council of the Stewart Society spent a recent Saturday afternoon at Ardvorlich House, Loch Earn. The company arrived at Balquhidder about noon and were driven to Ardvorlich, where luncheon was served. Thereafter, the party engaged in games on the lawn, or visited points of interest in the grounds, while those of an antiquarian taste examined Colonel Stewart's fine collection of old arms and Highland relics. The celebrated charm stone of Ardvorlich, said to have been brought from the East at the time of the Crusaders, and one of the most perfect charm crystals known, aroused considerable interest. The weather was splendid and the fine old house and grounds were seen at their best. Among the guests present were Colonel and Mrs. Stewart, of Achnacone, Major W. Stewart, younger, of Ardvorlich, and Mrs. Stewart; Captain Stewart of Westwood, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Stewart, Glasgow; Mr. J. K. Stewart, hon. secretary, Edinburgh, and Mrs. Stewart; Mr. J. A. Stewart, Perth; Mr. John A. Stewart, Glasgow, etc.

HISTORY OF ARGYLESHIRE.—The London Argyleshire Society offered a silver medal and two books for the best essays on the "History of Argyleshire," to be competed for by pupils attending the schools in the Inveraray district, at a special examination. Eleven entered. The London Argyleshire Society have decided as follows:—1 (silver medal), John MacIntyre, Inveraray Grammar School; 2 (book), Jean MacIntyre, Inveraray Grammar School; 3 (book), Bertie Johnston, Inveraray Grammar School.

SOUTHEND PUBLIC SCHOOL.—Mr. John MacConnal, Liverpool, has presented a number of valuable book prizes to the scholars attending school at Southend, Kintyre, in token of the interest which he takes in the district which was the home of his ancestors in past years. It need hardly be added that the gift has been heartily welcomed by the master and pupils.

NEW CHIEF CONSTABLE OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.—It will gratify Highlanders to learn that Captain Finlayson, Recruiting Officer for Glasgow, who has risen from the ranks, has just been appointed Chief Constable of his native County. We heartily congratulate the County Council and the gallant captain on the appointment.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

The following "Oran Mor" in praise of Lord Glenorchy is the composition of Duncan Bàn MacIntyre, the hunter bard of Glenorchy. He was born on 20th March, 1724, at Druimliaghart, a little township picturesquely situated at the base of Bendoran, the bard's sacred mountain. Duncan Ban was truly a poet of Nature. Unacquainted with letters, he knew but one language—his own native Gaelic. His lessons were catching trout with his rod, and stalking deer with his gun, and as he tells us, "Fhuair mi greis de m' àrach air àirdhean a b' aithne dhomh."

When he grew up, the Lord Glenorchy of the day appointed him forester and gamekeeper in the districts of Coire Cheathaich and Bendoran, both of which he has rendered famous in song. He afterwards served the Duke of Argyll in the same capacity at Buachaill-Eite, a wild mountain tract at the south-east end of Glencoe.

In the rebellion of the '45 Duncan served on the Hanoverian side as a substitute for a Mr. Fletcher of Glenorchy, for the sum of 300 Merks Scots to be paid on his return, also a sword which at the rout of Falkirk he either lost or flung away. It was on this battle that he first invoked the muse, and composed "Blàr na h-Eaglaise brice" in which he describes with evident relish the disgraceful retreat of the Hanoverian Army—

"Mar gu'n rachadh cù ri caoirich,
'Siad 'nan ruith air aodann glinne,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

When Duncan came home without the sword Mr. Fletcher refused to pay the sum promised, so the bard took his revenge and composed the above-mentioned satirical poem on the sword and its owner,—

"Ged' a chaill mi ann san àm sin
Claidheamh ceannard Cloinn an Leisdeir;
Claidheamh beàrnach a mhi-fhortain,
'Sann bu choltach e ri greidlein."

And not satisfied with what he had said of the useless sword, he complained to the Earl of Breadalbane of the injustice done him, who compelled Mr. Fletcher to pay what he promised. This song made Duncan Ban famous and Fletcher contemptible throughout the Highlands.

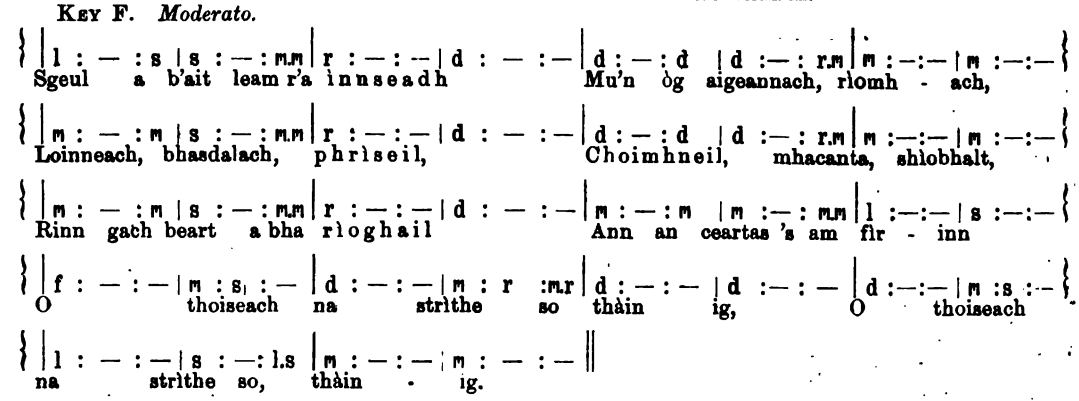
Shortly after this period the bard joined the Breadalbane Fencibles in which he served until 1799, when it was disbanded. He then became one of the City Guard of Edinburgh and there he remained till 1806, and died in Edinburgh in 1812. He lies buried in Greyfriars Churchyard. I cannot conclude without making mention of the bard's wife, whose name has been sung in one of the finest and tenderest of Highland songs "Mairi Bhàn òg." Her surname has always been a question of interest. She has been claimed as a Campbell, a MacNaughton, a MacNicol, and a MacIntyre, but I think we can almost rest assured that she was a MacIntyre from the many evidences to this effect, brought together in that very interesting paper entitled "In the land of Duncan Ban," by Mr. William MacKenzie, Edinburgh, read before the Gaelic Society of Glasgow last year. Whatever her name may have been she will always be enshrined in Highland hearts as "Mairi Bhàn òg."

The melody of the foregoing song is from the first prize collection of unpublished Gaelic airs, Mod, 1904, by kind permission of the "Comunn Gaidhealach."

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINN URCHAIDH.

KEY F. *Moderato.*



'S iomadh àit a' bheil cliù ort,
Nach ro 'm pàirtich do dhùthcha,
Seas thu dàna gun chùram,
Gu neò-sgàthach le dùrachd.

Gun fhàilinn, gun lùbadh,
Ann san àite bu rùn leat,
Far na gheall thu o thùs a bhi càirdeach:
Far na gheall thu o thùs a bhi càirdeach.

'S an àm gluasaid, na carraid,
Bha thu cruadalach, fearail,
Mar bu dual duit o d' sheanair,
Choisinn buaidh ann an Gallabh,
'Nuair a bhuannaich e 'm fearann,
Bha na Tuathaich gun anam,
'N deis an ruagadh 's an gearradh san àraich :
'N deis an ruagadh 's an gearradh san àraich.

Laoich ghleusda gun tioma,
Bu mhòr feum ann san iomairt,
Nach géilleadh le gioraig,
Fhuair iad réite le milleadh.
'S cha bi 'n eucoir a shir iad ;
'S mòr t' fheums' air bhi sgileil,
O 's tu-féin a tha 'n ionad nan àrmunn :
O 's tu féin a tha 'n ionad nan àrmunn.

Sàr cheannard gach fin' thu
Deagh mhaighstir nan gillean,
'S an comandair gun tioma,
An tùs aimhreit no iomairt,
Nach dean parladh a shireadh,
Le d' lanntaibh geur, biorach,
Bhiodh calldach a' s iomain air nàmhaid :
Bhiodh calldach a's iomain air nàmhaid.

'S bi do chinneadh mòr fhéin leat,
Ann 's gach cunnart 'san téid thu,
'S iad gu fuileachdach, feumail,
Bhualadh bhuilean is spéicean ;
'S lìonmhor curaidh 'na éideadh,
Bhi 's ullamh gu éiridh,
An am dhuit a bhi 'g éigheach crois-tàraidh :
An am dhuit a bhi 'g éigheach crois-tàraidh.

'S iomadh caraid mu'n cuairt duit,
Eadar Bealach is Cruachan,
Leis 'm bu mhath thu bhi 'n uachdar
Le neart tein' agus laidhe,
'S nan lann tana, geur, cruaidhe,
Rachadh mar ruit g' am bualadh,
'Nuair a thoghadh tu suaiceantas àrda :
'Nuair a thoghadh tu suaiceantas àrda.

THE STEWARTS AND THE RISING OF 1745.

3

(Continued from page 175.)

THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS for the name Stewart is or, a fesse checky, argent, and gules.

The SUAICHEANTAS, or badge, is Cluaran, Thistle, *Carduus*; the national emblem. On ascending the throne of England, the oak is said to have been assumed, and from its not being evergreen, it was rendered typical of the family downfall.

The PIOBAIREACHDAN, complimentary and valedictory, in honour of the royal descendants of their ancient kings, were played proudly by the pipers of the Clann Stiubhartich, although none of them appear to have been the production of clansmen. A Failte, or salutation to King Charles, was composed in 1715 by the piper of the Chief of the Menzies', who was author of a similar welcome to Prince Charles, called "Thanig mo righ air tir am Muidart," being a burst of exultation on hearing that his King had landed at Muidart. The White Banner was saluted with a becoming piobaireachd, and doleful are the strains of the "Cumha'achan," or lamentation on the departure of both Charles and his father—the former being composed by Captain Mac Leod of Rasa. There is also a piece composed in compliment to the Princess Sobieski, the mother of Prince Charles.

The standard under which the Highlanders marched, they called, as has been observed, Brattach bhan, or the white banner. According to Home, in his "History of the Rebellion," this flag was of a large size, and composed of red, blue, and white silk; but Henderson describes it of a red colour, with the figure of a white standard in the middle, and the motto, "Tandem bona causa triumphan." It was borne in the centre of the column, by the clans, each having the honour of carrying it on alternate days.

A monument now marks the spot, in the wild secluded glen where it was first displayed to the delighted gaze of the enthusiastic Celts. It is a slender tower, the basement forming a lodge intended for use in the shooting season, and it presents inscriptions in Gaelic, Latin, and English, the latter of which is in these words :—

ON THE SPOT WHERE
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STEWART
First raised his Standard,
On the 19th day of August, 1745,
When he made the daring and romantic attempt
To recover a Throne lost by the imprudence
of his ancestors ;
This column was erected
BY
ALEXANDER MAC DONALD, ESQUIRE,
OF GLENALADALE,
To commemorate the generous zeal,
The undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity
Of his forefathers, and the rest of those
Who fought and bled
In that arduous and unfortunate enterprise.
This pillar is now,
ALAS!
Also become the monument
Of its amiable and accomplished founder,
Who, before it was finished,
Died in Edinburgh, on the 4th day of January, 1815,
At the early age of 28 years.

The upper portion of the figure appropriately illustrating this clan, is from a half-length portrait of the chivalrous Prince Charles Edward Stewart, whose adventurous attempt to achieve the conquest of the British kingdom has occupied so great a portion of the preceding pages. It is an original miniature in possession of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., of Newe and Edinglassie, which was taken immediately before or during

the period of his brilliant campaign, and he is here represented in the costume he wore at his levees and balls, and in which he at times appeared among his troops.

On his first appearance at Edinburgh, he was not dressed in the Feilebeag, but is described as wearing a short Highland coat of tartan, but no plaid, a blue velvet bonnet, having a gold band around it, in which was a white cockade and cross of St. Andrew, carrying an elegant silver-hilted sword, and gold-mounted pistols. Subsequently he bore a target, mounted in classical silver devices. The star of the thistle was suspended around his neck, but he wore that of the garter on his breast. In a letter in the neighbourhood of Manchester, it is said "he was dressed in a light plaid, belted about with a blue sash, with a blue bonnet, and a white rose in it."

He would undoubtedly wear the Stewart tartan; but in those days the subject of clan patterns was not attended to, except among the people themselves; but Breacan dearg nan Stiubhartach, or red-coloured plaid of the Stewarts, is alluded to in songs. It would naturally be assumed by other clans in compliment to their leader, hence an old man who had been "out" in that affair, described the effect of a large body of men crossing a hill clothed in red tartan, contrasting with the dark-coloured heath, and seen at a distance "as if the hill were on fire." He is described, however, in "The Glasgow Courant," as otherwise arrayed, "in a green plaid of the Highland fashions, with a silver-hilted sword, a black velvet cap, and a white cockade."

There is no doubt he must have been under the necessity of wearing different suits as he could obtain them, and it is known that he was accustomed to part with his plaids, or portions of them to those, especially ladies, who were anxious to possess relics of the Prince, with whom they had become so fascinated. We have seen some of these tokens of remembrance: a small piece is carefully preserved by the Earl of Fife, at Duff house.

It may be observed, that nothing gave the Highlanders so much delight as the Prince's adoption of their costume and manners. Dressed as themselves, he marched on foot at the head of his troops, or occasionally with the different clans—forded the streams, as at the Mersey on the 1st of December, when the water reached his middle—lay in the open field along with his hardy adherents; fatigues which seemed so little in accordance with his apparent delicacy of habit. He must, however, have enjoyed the most robust constitution to enable him to undergo so much personal hardship, with the mental harassment of commanding an armament, from its composition, so difficult of proper regulation.

In contemplating the extraordinary proceedings, of which a rapid account has been given, we are struck with surprise at the state of society in which they could take place. Prince Charles landed with a sum less than 4,000 louis d'ors, and when he reached Perth one only remained in his possession. It is not to be supposed that the few chiefs who had then joined him could have brought much with them; in fact the computed rental of the whole of the lairds that ever followed his fortunes did not amount to more than £12,000! The law of Clanship, or patriarchal rule, was then in operation; but one of the effects of this last "affair" was an act of legislature which forever broke up this primitive system, and thereby all hopes of any similar effort of the Gael to bring "the auld Stewarts back again" were finally crushed. The chiefs had no longer the patriarchal influence over their clansmen; and the clansmen had no longer the wonted dependence on them as their natural protectors. Whether the social state of the Highlanders has been improved by the alteration, the many thousands who have left their native shores for distant climes, where they might obtain the maintenance which the Highlands no longer afforded them, and the deplorable state of destitution in which the remaining inhabitants are now, and have so frequently been, placed, will amply testify. Battalions of brave and hardy soldiers, nay, armies, have been drawn from glens and hills, where now the solitude is disturbed only by the bleating of sheep, and occasional strains from the pipe of the lonely shepherd. The destruction of a "bold peasantry—their country's pride," has been feelingly deplored in the oft-repeated words of the poet.

Having brought forward, throughout the work, as far as the plan of the undertaking would admit, a condensed sketch of each clan, some of the most notable transactions in their respective histories, by which their individual position is elucidated; in this last portion, the proceedings of a confederated army of considerable strength, is more particularly detailed. The Gael were from circumstances a military people, and it was a source of no small trouble for the Highland chiefs to preserve a balance of power among themselves. Ambition amongst them, as elsewhere, frequently led to open hostilities; and no combination of the smaller tribes was able to prevent the Campbells in the west, and the Mac Kenzies in the north, from gaining an ascendancy over many ancient clans, who were in nowise connected with those who brought them under subjection. It will be seen that the different septs were involved in frequent feuds or misunderstandings, which led to wars,

on a small scale comparatively, but carried on with characteristic energy, military tact, bravery, and honour. In this sketch of the Stewarts a hearty co-operation is seen to take place, and all clan disputes give way to a spontaneous impulse of loyalty, generous and high-minded, although mistaken; and an army composed of discordant bodies, in many cases highly jealous of their individual honours, with high enthusiasm in the cause and hearty goodwill towards each other, attempt to achieve a conquest which no men less ardent would have dreamt of attempting. Such were the Highland troops of the olden time; equally valuable have they been in the armies of Britain, under the dynasty which has been called to her throne, and during whose sway the prosperity of these kingdoms has so amazingly advanced. Our late gracious Queen has not an arm in her service more devoted or more emulous in support of the national honour, than her Gaelic soldiers and subjects; nor has any portion of the community been more enterprising and successful as colonists and merchants in all parts of the world. It is no small matter of pride to the Highlanders, whose fathers so strenuously opposed the Hanoverian succession, that Her Majesty should take pleasure in their mountain homes, and patronise the manufactures which were once branded as felonious. The disarming act is in desuetude, and the Gael may traverse their highland glens, or walk along the public streets, bearing their arms, without exciting the slightest dread that they will ever be used in treason or in any breach of peace. Many of the descendants of those whose lives were sacrificed and lands forfeited, have risen to a higher eminence in the walks of peace, than their ancestors could have ever attained in the highlands by the pursuits of war.

In closing this hasty sketch of a Scottish Clan, the manner in which a Highland army was regulated, or the military practice, according to the order of clanship, it may be suitable to describe. The clan was, of course, commanded by the chief, but that duty would devolve, in his absence, or from circumstances, on his son, brother, or nearest cadet, and the same rule of consanguinity was observed as to lieutenant-colonel, major, captain, lieutenants, etc. The chief stood, when the regiment was drawn up, in the centre beside the banner, supported by two relations, or foster-brothers, one on each side, and in battle the finest men and best armed were placed near to him as colonels. The same scale of relationship was adhered to as far as was possible throughout the line. They marched in a column three abreast, and when halted and formed in line, they simply faced about and were then three deep. The daoine-uasal, or gentlemen, were in front, who were better armed than the others, having generally firelocks, and always swords, targets, pistols, and dirks. Many of the others had but swords, and some only pistols.

The pay of Prince Charles's troops was according to the following scale. A captain had 2s. 6d. a day; a lieutenant, 2s.; an ensign, 1s. 6d.; and a private, 6d.; but to those who formed the front rank 1s. was allowed as requisite for their station in life.

The known principles of the Stewart family produced the violent opposition of the Protestants to the attempts of King James and Prince Charlie; the Presbyterians, especially those of the west of Scotland, were in the greatest alarm, lest, if successful, they would bring in the restoration of Popery, to suppress which the country had so long struggled and paid so dear; and it was industriously spread that "Charlie's" men were all inveterate papists. They were not all so—the Marquis of Tullibardine, Murray of Broughton, his Secretary of War, Lochiel, the first man who joined him, and without whose acquiescence no other clan would have arisen, Macpherson of Clunie, were zealous Protestants, and so of many others, both noblemen and chiefs.

Jackson, in his view of fhe European armies, observes that the highlanders are the only troops who could look with a steady eye on a naked weapon, and, in allusion to their last rising, he says, "they are neither a ferocious nor a cruel people, for no troops probably ever traversed a country, which might be esteemed hostile, with traces of less outrage. They are now better known — their character is conspicuous for honesty and fidelity. They possess the most exalted notions of honour, the warmest friendship, and the highest portion of mental pride of any people, perhaps, in Europe. Their ideas are few, but their sentiments are strong."

We shall present a list of those noblemen who were in arms during this ill-matured invasion.

The Duke of Perth.	Lord Balmerino.
Marquis of Tullibardine.	Lord Pitsligo.
Vicount Strathallan.	Lord Ogilvie.
Earl of Kelly.	Lord George Murray.
Earl of Kilmarnock.	Lord Lewis Gordon.
Earl of Cromartie.	Lord Lewis Drummond.
Lord Elcho.	Lord John Drummond.
Lord Nairn.	Lord MacLeod, son of
Lord Lovat.	the Earl of Cromarty.

The Hon. William Murray, afterwards Earl of Dunmore.

There were besides a number of baronets and others who favoured the cause, although they did not go "out," as the old Earl of Wemys, who sent him £500.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

BY WM. J. THOMAS.

Eistigh cain cluinebhair
Seanchus ad feidim.—(Leabhar na g-Ceart.)

IN the regions of Southern Russia, many thousand years ago, lived a race, few in numbers and inconsequential, which was yet destined to play a leading part in the making of the world's history. Rude and barbarous to a degree, it exhibited all the dark traits of the savage, and had not felt the softening influence of other more-favoured races which had already reached a high state of civilisation. Left therefore to itself, it had to carve out its own destinies, creating its own internal organisations, its forms of religion and methods of warfare, and thus brought into being those latent powers of development which would otherwise have lain dormant for a much longer period. Such was the race whom we are accustomed to designate "Indo-European,"—or less correctly "Aryan,—and whose descendants spread from the plains of Hindustan in the East, to the "Emerald Isle" in the West.

This primitive community was strictly pastoral, depending on its flocks and herds for subsistence, and was bound together by the ties of affinity, language and customs. Towards its decade, it enjoyed a monarchic rule which had evolved from a previous state of social communism, in which all were recognised members of one clan, and shared everything equally. Even after the mighty cataclysm that convulsed the whole race, scattering it over the face of Europe and Asia, this primitive state of socialism was still preserved amongst the members of the European tribes, but retained longest in the West amongst the Celts and Teutons. "So difficult is it to bring people to approve of any alteration of customs; they are always naturally disposed to adhere to old practices, unless experience evidently proves their inexpediency." (Livy xxxiv. 54).

OF THIS PRIMITIVE COMMUNAL SYSTEM,

we find a survival in the Gaelic word "Maoin" property, wealth,—(allied to Lat. "com-munis, muni-cipium") "means," and which takes us back to those ancient times when individual wealth was unknown, and when all worked together for the common weal.

This socialistic state of society tended, like the Javanese "Dessa," to increase the population, which quickly multiplied, till the force of numbers accompanied by a corresponding increase of power, compelled them to pass over their narrow confines, and begin their nomadic travels. Thence they divided into two distinct branches, the one spreading over Europe, the other—the Hindu-Aryan, crossing the mountains of Armenia, and coming into conflict with the aboriginal races —the Dâsyus—who then occupied the southern and more fertile lands.

The former branch, however, with which we are interested at present, held a westerly course, and regulated their wanderings by the path of the sun, until, reaching Europe's farthest shore, "ubi defuit orbis," they converged into Britain, Ireland, and even Iceland. The van of this enormous host was composed of the Celts—the pioneers of European civilisations, and the most war-like of all the Aryan sub-tribes. A roving, unsettled but strong and populous race, who could never form an organized united nation, the Celts studied nothing but the art of war, nothing but

> "Such as raised
> To hight of noblest temper, heroes old
> Arming to battle."*

They were in advance of all the surrounding tribes in regard to their methods of warfare. Displacing an aboriginal Neolithic population in Western Europe, they substituted weapons of bronze for the primitive ones of stone, and distributed them over areas far away from where the metals were found. The skill of Celtic smiths became proverbial, and a halo of mysticism, superstition and legend gathered round the devoted Tubal-cains. Northern Europe they supplied with the names as well as the instruments themselves, as the Teutonic words "iron, harness, cuirass, gaff, claymore, javelin, skein," etc., testify, while the Romans paid a tribute to Celtic ingenuity, when they adopted the "gladius" or Celtic sword, after the sack of their city by the Gauls in 390 B.C. Even in much later times

THE TRADE OF THE SMITH

was still held in veneration, and among the old Scottish Highlanders or the Celts of Galloway, there was no trade looked upon with greater respect than that of the smith or armourer. Nor was the magic sword of Fingal more potent in surrounding itself with legendary lore than many another of its predecessors.

The advent of the metal sword into Europe and Asia by the Aryans, marked the new age that was dawning and rising out of the old. Yet the sword did not herald into the world a higher civilisation. It was in fact but the destroyer of civilisations that could not only boast a high antiquity, but could also lay claim to a considerable degree of culture and refinement. Everywhere in ancient Europe, the Aryans fought fiercely with the older possessors of the soil, and slowly but surely, the civilisation of the cultured Neolithic races went down before the fierce onsets of the advancing barbarians. It had seen its day of prosperity when the

*Milton (Paradise Lost, Book II.)

Oriental empires of Assyria and Egypt were flourishing, but

"Other days
And other fortunes came,—an evil power.
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better things; but ruin came at last."

Thus it came about that the Pelasgian in Greece disappeared before the Achaeans who swooped down from the mountains of Thessaly in the north, while in Italy, the Iapygian—and later the Etruscan—succumbed to the combined attacks of the Northern Latin tribes. The same events took place in the West, where the Celtic races, by a series of usurpations and encroachments on the territories of the Iberians, swept away the remnants of an older civilisation.

The overthrow of these ancient races caused a new departure in the organisation of tribal communities. Though the old civilisations had passed away, the former inhabitants still lived on, being now absorbed into the ranks of the conquerors, where they occupied the position of serfs and tillers of the soil. By the Hindu-Aryans, they were incorporated in the "Sûdra" class,—the lowest in the Hindu polity; among the Thessalians they were called "Penestæ"; among the Spartans "Helots," and in the early history of Rome, the subjugated population was represented by the "Plebs." The introduction of this new element into the tribe formed the basis of the later monarchic *régime*, with its ascending and descending scale of rank and nobility. Yet the tribe had originally been a republican commune in which each stood on an equal footing, uncontrolled or influenced by any party leader. The land which it occupied was allotted in equal portions, and was, indeed, synonymous with the tribe itself, as the Celtic words, "Treabh" (tribe, district), "Tuath" (people, tribe, land), will show. "The tribe," says the Brehon Laws, "sustains itself. Its continuity has begun to depend on the land it occupies. Land is perpetual man."

THE CHIEF OR HEADMAN.

In the jurisdiction of the tribe, the chief or headman had little or no real authority. Certainly, he was recognised by his fellow-kinsmen as the "*primus inter pares*," but that distinction carried with it no further honour than the right of leadership in time of war, and it was from this solely that he drew his title of "Toiseach," or chieftain. However, by means of the servile non-Aryan class in their midst, the leader was enabled to assert a more independent position than formerly, for this class, completely subdued and disorganised, had none to protect them—none before whom they could lay their differences, save the tribal leader. He, therefore, stood in a new relation to the tribe.

Recognised as chief representative, he became the "Patrician," or overlord, while the serf was in turn his "client" or vassal. Midway between the two, were the members of the old tribe or clan—the backbone, as now, of the nation—who held an independent and somewhat precarious position. Claiming the same descent as their chief, and united by the inalienable ties of consanguinity, they could on occasions assert an authority which the rising power of the chief might weaken, but could never wholly destroy. The numbers of this middle-class were gradually lessened by the frequency of intermarriages between the two different races, and the ranks of the lowest class were augmented at the expense of the former. As among the Dorian "Spartiates," or the Roman "Patricians," so was it among the Celts and Teutons. The true number of clansmen decreased, and henceforth, a fictitious kinship sprang into existence—a kinship which became more prevalent among the Latin and Celtic nations. It was but natural, therefore, to find that the whole mass of dependents looked to the ruler whom the force of circumstances had exalted in the estimation of the community.

HEREDITARY AND ELECTIVE.

Among the Latins, Hindus, and Celts, this dignitary was styled "rex," and among the Teutons, "king"—both words being merely generic terms for the head and representative of a race or clan. It is noticeable, too, that in the early history of nations, the authority of this potentate was divided. Probably this arose from the fact that the office was both hereditary and elective — hereditary in relation to the members of the tribe proper, elective in relation to the lower races, which, though subservient, could not be ignored. This would, perhaps, explain the reason why two kings ruled at Sparta, and two in early Rome, in the persons of Romulus and the Sabine Titus Tatius. The same custom held good among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes. Thus, when the former invaded Britain in 449 A.D., they were under the joint leadership of the mythical heroes, Hengist and Horsa. On the formation of the kingdom of Northumbria, the realm was divided between the two kings Oswald and Oswin; while still later, when the Danes, in 1014 A.D., were beginning to obtain the ascendancy in England, the kingdom was divided by compact between Canute, the Danish monarch, and Edmund Ironside, who represented the Saxon element. The amalgamation of race was, in England, not yet complete.

The same can be observed to have taken place amongst the ancient Irish, and, therefore, goes far to prove that there, too, a mixture of races—which even the Irish historians record—

was prevalent, but had never become identical in feelings, interests, or blood. Each ruler had his own duties and obligations to perform for the benefit of the respective division of the tribe which he represented, and the authority of the one—like that of the old Roman tribunes—was frequently brought into requisition to counteract the authority of the other This dualism of chieftainship was, however, through lapse of time, bound to disappear. The influence and wealth of the one, by degrees dominated over that of the other, while as the power of the latter waned, that of the former increased, till it developed into a complete and absolute monarchy. Experience had evidently taught the primitive chieftains of Europe and Asia, that "wherever a ruler is subject to the law, his power is of precarious tenure." — (Seneca. Thyest. 214.)

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON CLAN MACQUEEN.

"His office than the reapers may be meaner,
But still some praise is due unto the gleaner."
From "Sidelights on Charles Lamb," by Bertram Dobell.

FOR some time I have been collecting jottings of clan matters from our daily newspapers, and the following notes are compiled in the hope that that they will take permanent form. Johnston's "Scottish Clans and their Tartans" informs us that Roderick Dhu Revan Macsweyn or Macqueen is said to be the founder of this clan, who, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, received a grant of territory in the county of Inverness, Corrybrough being the name of the property. Macqueen belonged to the family of the Lord of the Isles, and his descendants from him were called the Clan Revan. The Macqueens fought under the standard of Mackintosh, captain of Clan Chattan, at the battle of Harlaw in 1411. On the 4th of April, 1609, Donald Macqueen of Corrybrough signed the bond of manrent, with the chiefs of the other tribes composing the Clan Chattan, whereby they bound themselves to support Angus Mackintosh of that ilk as their captain and leader. At this period, it is said that the clan of Macqueen included twelve distinct families, all landlords in the county of Inverness and Nairn. The Macqueens were acknowledged to have been of MacDonald origin, although they ranged themselves among the tribes of the Clan Chattan. A London journal of 1848 before me, states that the sub-clan McQuhaen, or McQuhan, or McQueen, is a branch of Clan Chattan, or McPherson. McQueen of Braxey is considered the chieftain. The arms are—Argent: three wolves' heads, couped, sable. Crest: out of a cloud, a dexter, holding a garland of laurel, proper. Badge: Bosca. Boxwood. Or Lus nan crainsheag, braoileag. Red whortle. Motto of the chief, "Virtus in arderis" (virtue in difficulties).

At the beginning of this year, I culled the following from the "Housewife's Magazine," which is extremely interesting, and of which I am desirous of obtaining further particulars:—"'Captain of the Five.'—Miss Jane Fraser, Dalmahoan, who the other day died at Corrybrough, was the great-granddaughter of Donald Fraser, 'Captain of the Five,' the hero of the historic 'Rout of Moy.' In the troublous times that followed Culloden, the heroic captain found refuge in the wilds of Glenroy in Lochaber, for two years, and then returned to Strathdearn. Sheriff McQueen of Corrybrough (chief of that clan, and made Sheriff-Substitute on the recommendation of President Forbes) winked at the captain's saving of Prince Charles in February, 1746, welcomed the returned warrior, and gave him a small croft—Bog a bhoan—in a secluded part of his estate, and appointed him his ground officer. He was succeeded by his son Donald, who died in December, 1825, and this Donald's son, who was ground officer and head shepherd on Corrybrough estate, died in February, 1875. Now his amiable daughter Jane, the last survivor of a family of two sons and two daughters, has passed away. The father of the deceased was much esteemed during his long life as a kind, warm hearted man and excellent official.

He was a great favourite of the McQueens of Corrybrough. When John Fraser McQueen, Q.C., London, left Raybeg School in 1812, at the age of 15, he was sent to the Perth Academy, and Donald Fraser accompanied him, carrying the scholar's outfit during the long walk of over a hundred miles across the hills. The journey occupied three days, and their only food was the oat bannocks they took from Corrybrough house, along with milk obtained on the way. Irving's "Book of Eminent Scotsmen," published in 1880, informs us that Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield (Lord Justice Clerk), was born at Braxfield, Lanarkshire, and admitted to the bar February, 1744, engages in the discussion or settlement of the questions of Feudal Law arising out of the estates forfeited by Rebellion; succeeds George Brown of Coalstown on bench, 1773, and Alexander Boswell, as Lord of Justiciary, 1780; Lord Justice Clerk, January, 1788, when Thomas Miller of Barskinning was promoted to the Presidency. Born 1721, and died at Edinburgh, May 30, 1799, aged seventy-eight.

Mr. John Geddes' "Romantic Edinburgh," published by Sands & Coy., 1903, states that MacQueen of Braxfield, the "hanging judge,"

already spoken of, resided in Covenant Close, Edinburgh, and that Michael McQueen, a pious burgher, founded Magdalene Chapel nine years before Flodden. The Magdalene Chapel lies far to the westward, near the Cowgatehead, where its modest spire is almost buried from sight among the tall builidings that crowd around. The building is now occupied as a Protestant medical mission. In perusing a regimental history on the 78th Highlanders, I note particulars of Roderick Macqueen, who was an ensign, 17th March, 1804; promoted to lieutenant, 24th June, 1805, and captain, 27th January, 1814; to half-pay on reduction, 25th April, 1816, and who died 1820. He served with the 2nd Battalion 78th Highlanders in the expedition to Sicily and Calabria in 1806, and was present at the battle of Maida.

A Donald E. McQueen was ensign in the same regiment, 4th April, 1811; promoted to lieutenant, 25 November, 1815, and to half-pay on reduction, 25th September, 1817; to 78th Highlanders, 16th April, 1818, and who died 29th March, 1821. In 1816, a Captain Macqueen appears on the roll of officers.

Not a few of the clan-name McQueen have cultivated the muse, and we feel obliged to Mr. Edwards for enabling us to give a biographical notice of them, and I make no apology for giving them in extenso. James McQueen, author of "Beauties of Morayland," and other poems and songs, was born in the parish of Edinkillie, Moray, on the banks of the Dorbock, about 1862. His volume of verses, printed in Elgin, 1888, are full of melody, and are mostly on homely and reflective subjects. Thomas McQueen, Scottish poet and editor, was born near the Garnock, of which he composed a poem of 16 verses. He published three volumes between 1836 and 1850, which were so well received that each ran through three editions. He died in July, 1861. William McQueen, also noted in the first series of "Modern Scottish Poets."

Biographical notices of McQueens appear in the "Dictionary of National Biographies," viz.:—

Macquin, Ange Denis, 1756-1823, abbé and miscellaneous writer, of Scottish extraction, was born at Meaux in 1756. Was a classical scholar, latterly professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres. Heraldic draughtsman to College of Arms in 1793, and published works on heraldry and other subjects.—(xxxv., p. 275.)

James Macqueen, 1778-1870, geographer, was born at Crawford, Lanarkshire. Died at Kensington, 14th May, 1870.—(xxxv., p. 273.)

John Fraser Macqueen, 1803-1881, lawyer, born 1803, was eighth, but eldest surviving, son of Donald Macqueen of Corrybrough, Inverness-shire, by Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh Fraser of Brightmony, in the same county. He eventually succeeded his father in the chieftanship of Clan Revan, the tribal designation adopted by the Macqueens.—(xxxv., p. 274.)

Sir James Balfour Paul's "Ordinary of Scottish Arms," published 1903, records the name of Benjamin MacSween of Grenade, 1773, who had arms as follows:—Parted per pale arg. and sa a saltire with a crescent in base, both counterchanged of the field. The name Macqueen appears in Army, Naval, India, Whittaker, and Medical lists, and I have also seen the name spelt McQuown.

This year, as announced, a volume treating with septs of The Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan, by A. M. Mackintosh, will include the Macqueens, and also a volume on the minor septs has been treated by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D.

The writer hopes that the above notes will prove of service to the genealogist, for, in Sir Walter Scott's Autobiography, we are informed that "every Scotchman has a pedigree." It is a national prerogative, as inalienable as his pride and his poverty.

In concluding, I quote the words of John Pettigrew, "The Parkhead Minstrel"—

"Where the Highland tartans wave,
Love and freedom join together;
No vain tyrant, serf, or slave,
Treads the bonnie purple heather."

Aberdeen. ROBERT LAWRANCE.

SCOTLAND'S GLENS SAE BONNY, O.

THO' foreign lands are rich and fair
Wi' summer's charm and sunny, O,
Their beauty rare can ne'er compare
Wi' Scotland's glens sae bonny, O.

Tho' fertile England, France and Spain,
Have mines and treasures mony, O,
Yet love, and peace, and freedom reign
In Scotland's glens sae bonny, O.

By Highland hills and rippling rills,
Dwell heroes brave as ony, O,
While lasses sweet in hut or ha'
Adorn their glens sae bonny, O.

All seek to share true friendship there,
With ilka lo'esome cronny, O,
There's music, mirth, and manly worth
In Scotland's glens sae bonny, O.

While sordid slaves at mammon's shrine
Repine for hoards of money, O,
Let mental joys and health be mine,
In Scotland's glens sae bonny, O.

By woodlands gay, and hills away
Where wild bees glean their honey, O,
'Mid scenes sublime I'll tune my lay
'Mang Scotland's glens sae bonny, O.

Carnoustie. COLIN MACPHERSON.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 155.)

WE shall now compare Homer and Ossian a little more closely, and we will be able to judge if the latter is the "puerile" silly stuff that some scholars try to make out. "Lycurgus brought the Homeric ballads from Ionia 300 years after the death of Homer. Who vouched or countersigned his MSS? Pisistratus is said to have "arranged" them, according to Cicero. Diogenes Laertius gives the credit to Solon, Plato to Hipparchus. In fact, old Homer had several Strathmashie's. Again, Zenodotus and Aristarchus revised the poems, rejecting what they considered spurious, and the Alexandrian grammarians gave them a further polishing. The warmest defenders of Homer admit that it contains *many* interpolations. Professor Blackie applied the bracket freely, and Mr. Gladstone held that in the 11th book alone there are 150 lines absolutely irrelevant! There are various discrepancies pointed out; and a glaring contradiction far surpassing any blemish in Ossian, is to be seen between Book V. (v. 576), where Pylaemenes is out and out killed by Menelaus, and Book XIII. (v. 658), where this slain warrior appears in life and vigour; and a literal repetition of lines in Book IV. (v. 446) is to be found in Book VIII. (v. 601,") etc. Notwithstanding all this, the Homeric poems were received by the Greeks as the genuine utterance of the ancient Grecian muse, and will be received in all time to come, notwithstanding the gainsaying of the very critical and very learned. That's the opinion of a Greek scholar, the late Professor Blackie. Why can't our people accept Ossian's poems in a similar manner? I shall now give a quotation from Homer and one from Ossian for the purpose of comparison. The passage from Homer is one of the most beautiful in the whole Iliad. It is on the death of Eupharbus:—"As the young and verdant olive which a man hath reared with care in a lonely field, where the springs of water bubble round it; it is fair and flourishing; it is fanned by the breath of all winds; and loaded with white blossom; when the sudden blast of a whirlwind descending roots it out from its bed and stretches it on the dust." Compare that with the following simile of Ossian's, relating to the death of the three sons of Usnoth*:—"They fell like three young oaks which stood alone on the hill. The traveller saw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew so lonely. The blast of the desert came by night and laid their green heads low. Next day he returned; but they were withered, and the heath was bare." Malvina's lamentation over Oscar is also exquisitely beautiful:—"I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar! with all my branches around me. But thy death came, like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The spring returned with its showers; but no leaf of mine arose." I need not ask if that is not beautiful and poetic language. Every one knows it is, and there are numerous passages in Ossian equally beautiful. What confidence then can any man of intelligence have in a scholar who would dare to hazard the remark that the poetry of Ossian is "poor," and the "execution vague," betraying "the inexperience of the composer."

"After all the chief assurance of immortality for these "tales of the times of old," must rest upon their own sublimity, and beauty. There may long be those who doubt the existence of Ossian: but none will deny that in these pages are to be found passages unsurpassed in majesty, and hardly equalled in tenderness.* What could there be more full of pathos than Ossian's frequent address to Malvina, the betrothed of his dead son Oscar, and the companion of his old age? And what in literature is nobler than the bard's apostrophe to the splendours of heaven, or his lament at the tombs of heroes" "Weep, thou, father of Morar! Weep, but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead: low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men" (Songs of Selma), or the following closing lines from Darthula—"Daughter of Colla! thou art low," said Cairbar's hundred bards, "Silence is at the blue streams of Selma. Truthil's† race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb. The morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed and say "Awake, Darthula!" awake thou first of women! the wind of Spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The winds wave their growing leaves. Retire, O Sun! the daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty. She will not move in the steps of her loveliness!" Or the following on the death of Cuchullin‡:—"Blest be thy soul, son of Semo! Thou wert mighty in battle. Thy strength was like the

*Uisne or Uisneach.

*Eyre Todd.

†Truthil was the founder of Darthula's family.

‡"Chief of the Isle of mist," whose seat was 'Dunsgaith,' in the parish of Sleat, Isle of Skye.

strength of a stream, thy speed like the eagle's wing. Thy path in battle was terrible; the steps of death were behind thy sword. Blest be thy soul, son of Semo, car-borne chief of Dunsgaith! Thou hast not fallen by the sword of the mighty, neither was thy blood on the spear of the brave. The arrow came, like the sting of death in a blast; nor did the feeble hand, which drew the bow, perceive it. Peace to thy soul, in thy cave, chief of the isle of mist!"

I shall now devote a few lines to the Celtic scholars, by way of pointing out how they contradict each other. When those who consider themselves authorities on any subject disagree, it is time for the man of common sense to exercise his own judgment. It would be very interesting indeed, if we could settle once for all whether Fingal and Ossian lived, and sang, but here we get confusion, rather than aid, from the Celtic scholars. The Rev. Dr. Nigel MacNeill author of an excellent work on the "Literature of the Highlanders," asserts "that a Fingal lived, and an Ossian sung is a proposition that cannot be successfully disputed." Dr. Alex. MacBain says "*no*"—that they "only existed in the *imagination* of the Highlanders." All Macpherson's heroes are represented as going from Alba to Erin, which "harmonises well with the recent deliverances of Sayce and Rhys," but those who believe in Irish early history annalists, chroniclers, tales, and ballads, hold that the Scottish Gaels came over from Ireland, thus making Ireland the mother country, and Scotland an Irish colony. Dr. MacNeill holds that the English of Ossian is a translation *from the Gaelic*, probably from a ruder version than that published in *1807*. Dr. MacBain says that Macpherson was "editor, author, and *translator into Gaelic* of *his own* Ossian." Dr. Clark and Professor Blackie held that the *Gaelic* was *unquestionably* the original language. Dr. L. Stern, Dr. MacBain, and Mr. Hector Maclean that the *English* was the original, and the Gaelic a translation—the former of the latter trio believing that Dr. Ross, Lochbroom, and Strathmashie, wrote most of the Gaelic, and that the latter composed and wrote out the seventh book of Temora. Mr. J. F. Campbell, on the other hand, says, "There is nothing to prove that Macpherson, Ossian, or any other individual, composed the Gaelic poems of *1807*, but there is a *mass* of evidence *to prove* that he had *genuine* materials, *some of which we have got for ourselves*, and there is a *strong presumption* that he had *something which we have not*. Nothing was forthcoming after Macpherson's death except his MS., which was published; but till the author is discovered, Macpherson's name must be associated with his publication. That must rank as a Scoto-Gaelic work more than a hundred years old (when he wrote), and until the contrary is proved, Ireland has not a ghost of a claim to it. It is *certain* that the heroes have been Celtic worthies *for centuries*, and that their exploits have been celebrated in Gaelic verse *ever since* the ninth century, if not the *seventh*." Dr. L. Stern talks disparagingly of Strathmashie, and calls him a *very mediocre* poet. The editors of "Reliquæ Celticæ" say that "he was a Gaelic poet of no mean calibre," and they should know, and be better judges of a Gaelic poet than a German. Dr. MacNeill maintains that no *intentional dishonesty* was intended by either Macpherson or Dr. John Smith, the compiler of Sean Dàna. Dr. Stern declares that Macpherson's whole literary life "*reeked* with fraud," and a writer in the *Celtic Magazine*, that "if the Gaelic was not original, he was the most incarnate liar that ever handled a pen!" And Dr. Stern says that the "learned and pious divine of Campbelton" was even a *worse forger* than Macpherson! Some Irish scholars assert that Macpherson stole the well-known poems of Oisin, the son of Fin, and father of Osgur, and who shared in their exploits and survived them, and disputed with St. Patrick concerning the Christian religion; that these Irish Poems were translated into Scotch Gaelic verse, and the Gaelic published in *1807* is the result of this double process, and of numerous forgeries, falsifications, and alterations done and committed by James Macpherson to discredit Ireland! To support this claim we would require to have these poems produced, and proved to be genuine, which can't be done. It is pleasant to find Mr. J. F. Campbell* assert that "it is not at all *clear* that *all* the Gaels in Caledonia emigrated from Ireland. There are plenty cases in which *whole tribes* have passed from Scotland to Ireland—for example, the MacLeans migrated from Isla."

In the fifth volume of the "Transactions of the Ossianic Society of Dublin," a writer says, "If Ossian wrote his poems in North Britain in the third century, he must have been an Irishman, who had recently settled in Scotland, and his language must have been *pure Irish*, undefiled of that period, and not the corrupt patois ascribed to him by Macpherson." At page *199* of the same, it is said that "the language of the poems, if properly spelled, would be intelligible to the most illiterate peasant in Ireland. But if Ossian's Gaelic is Scotch, *modern*, and a *corrupt patois* and comprehensible in Ireland, so is the Gaelic of the traditional poems claimed, and Irish must be a corrupt patois also!"

(To be continued.

* Author of "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," 1860.

CAPTAIN DUNCAN FINLAYSON,

Chief Constable of Ross-shire.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 11. Vol. XIII.] *AUGUST, 1905.* [Price Threepence.

CAPTAIN DUNCAN FINLAYSON,

Chief Constable of Ross-shire.

AT a recent meeting of the Standing Joint Committee of Ross and Cromarty County Council, Captain Finlayson of the Highland Light Infantry, presently Divisional Recruiting Officer at Glasgow, was appointed to the office of Chief Constable of Ross and Cromarty, rendered vacant by the death of Chief Constable Macaulay.

The success of Captain Finlayson has given great satisfaction to a large circle of Highland friends in Glasgow and neighbourhood, not unmingled with a feeling of regret at his early departure from our midst. During the few years he has been resident here, he took a keen interest in all matters relating to his native Highlands, and as an active member and office-bearer of various Celtic societies, he came in contact with many of his fellow countrymen, among whom he made numerous personal friendships. His honourable career as a Highland soldier, during which, by his natural ability and gallantry, he worked his way from the ranks to a captaincy, his kindly manner, courtesy, and modesty, all combined to make him popular among the Gaels of Glasgow.

Captain Finlayson is a native of Lochcarron, Ross-shire, where he was born forty-two years ago. His father, Mr. Roderick Finlayson, was for a long period manager of New Kelso Farm, Lochcarron. His uncle, the late Rev. Duncan Finlayson, Kinlochbervie, after whom he was named, was well known in the North Highlands. The captain received his education in the local school, and recognising that his native place did not afford sufficient scope for his energies, he decided to follow a military career, and enlisted in the gallant Highland Light Infantry at Fort George on 5th October, 1879.

He was promoted Lance Corporal in December, 1880, and after serving in the various capacities was appointed Sergeant Major and Warrant Officer, on 21st February, 1893, Lieut. and Quartermaster, 21st December, 1895, and was promoted to be Captain for services in the field on 22nd August, 1902. He holds a first-class certificate of education; first-class certificate gymnastics and fencing (6 months' course); first-class certificate, School of Musketry, Hythe, for instructor to a battalion; first-class certificate as regimental signaller to a battalion; good horseman; first class regimental drill certificate. He was appointed Recruiting Staff Officer at Glasgow on 20th July, 1903, which appointment involves acting as hon. secretary of the National Employment Association for reserve and discharged soldiers (West of Scotland Branch). The new Chief Constable has a record of service at home and abroad of almost 26 years. His war services include—Occupation of Crete, 1898; affair of 6th September; South Africa, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902; mentioned in despatches, 30th November, 1900, and 1st November, 1902, and promoted captain. He possesses the South African medal, with clasps—Modder River and Wittebergen; King's South African medal, with clasps—1901, 1902. Advance on Kimberley, including actions at Modder River and Magersfontein; operations in the Orange Free State, February to May, 1900; operations in Orange River Colony, May to 29th November, 1900, including actions at Wittebergen, 1st to 29th July, and Wetpoort; operations in Orange River Colony, 30th November, 1900, to February, 1901; operations in Cape Colony, February, 1901, to 31st May, 1902.

Captain Finlayson married Miss Catherine Wylie, a native of Oban, and has two sons and three daughters.

We may add that in addition to his other qualifications for the position to which he has just been appointed, the new chief constable possesses an excellent knowledge of Gaelic, which cannot fail to be of great service to him in his native county.

EALIE MARTIN.

A STORY OF A SKYE CLEARANCE.

BY CHAS. MACKINNON, TRANSVAAL.

(Continued from page 185).

VIII.

DUSK had deepened into darkness when Norman turned his footsteps homewards. The wind was rising and beginning to moan over the heathy wastes. Away out of sight the surf boomed ceaselessly on Loch Brennan's lonely shore.

He was in anything but lightsome mood. His home-coming seemed impregnated with depressing elements all round. The brief glimpse of brightness which had shone upon him in the morning he had clung to throughout the day as an augury of better things. This was now irremediably overcast: on every side the prospect was forlorn.

"I don't think you should proceed further with that scheme of yours," he remarked to his father at dinner after he got home. He had informed him of the accident.

"Why not?"

"For many reasons," he answered, gloomily. "It spells wreck and misery beyond repair. Goodness knows poor Martin, for one, has enough of these already."

"I don't care a curse what Martin has or has not. I've no animus against the man; at the same time I have no particular affection for him. I cannot cancel costly arrangements at this time of day in deference to him."

"How far exactly are the arrangements carried?"

"Notice of removal at the November term has been written out against each tenant. Their issue is being delayed until the spring work is nearer completion."

"It would be more politic to forbear issuing them altogether."

"Will you allow me to manage my own business, please?" The Major had an angry flush.

"Have the crofters any idea of what's in the wind?"

"I don't care a rap whether they have or not, and be-d—— to them."

"Which means that they know nothing."

"What if it does?"

"It matters nothing what side it is approached, I can only call it an unmitigated shame." Norman's temper was warming but kept carefully in curb.

The Major eyed him with a hard stare. He moved his lips to reply, but on second thoughts refrained. Another impulse came and he made again as though to speak, but once more desisted —this time for good.

Norman's first night under his father's roof was disturbed and restless. A farrago of dreams, following thick and fast upon each other, be-set him with their shadowy terrors. Each dream was crowded, hurried and confused. All had running through them the same long-drawn note of tragedy, sounding now faint and from afar, and anon, loud and near and insistent.

Their vividness was heightened by the wind, which was now increased and noised with great canor through the trees. The heavy tossing of the boughs, their agonised creakings as they ground against each other where they interlaced penetrated his slumbers and wove themselves into the texture of his dreams.

From the blurred mass of the many, one dream outstood detached and telling.

In fancy he was already in the Crimea. All around him were ringing the sounds and tumult of the war.

His own regiment was in a fierce engagement, and he himself was panting in the thick of it. All suddenly, in the inconsequent way of dreams, there seemed a readjustment of events. Now he stood heading his company, drawn up in orderly array. They were under command to charge. Their objective was a body of infantry aligned in a weak, indefensible position on level ground. The task looked easy of accomplishment.

Strangely, however, he found himself filled with an overpowering unwillingness to start upon the enterprise—an unwillingness that was remote from and altogether kinless to cowardice. Concurrently, in a weird but unsurprising fashion, his company seemed impalpably to dwindle until it melted out of existence, and the duty of charging came to seem imposed upon himself alone.

For an interminable period he stood deliberating.

At length, unable longer to hang back, he set out, grudgingly and sore against the grain.

The enemy were on the kneel, their firing pieces levelled and all pointing towards him. He spurred on alone.

As he advanced the faces of the opposing force gained gradually in distinctness. Vaguely he seemed to recognise them. On he pressed, scanning them as he neared.

Soon he could remain no longer unconvinced. His intensifying repugnance to the work on hand explained itself. The grim visages confronting him resolved themselves into the facial linaments of his father's tenantry. On these he was bearing down alone.

Next moment they apparently received the expected word. A rending crash of musketry all suddenly filled his ears.

Norman started up awake. Outside, the hail was beating tempestuously against the window panes.

"I wish to goodness my recall would come," he soliloquised in the morning as he made his toilet. "I hope we'll be sent off to the Crimea," he continued; and vehemently went on: "I hope, how I *do* hope, the opportunity for passing in my checks will come to me out there. Some act of distinction, of bravery, to grace it would be nice. In any case, death at duty's call for me. It is the only honourable dissociation from the work of dishonour which will be done here in my absence."

In the course of the forenoon Norman had a horse saddled and rode into the hamlet of Glencorrie.

His primary intention was to call at Martin's house and ascertain the condition of the injured. His after-movements he left to shape themselves. The wind was still at a pitch and blowing with an edge. The hail of the previous night was banked up in the sheltered nooks and along the base of every dyke. It suggested the aftermellay of a rearguard action fought by winter in retreat before the spring.

Ewen Martin's house was a comfortable-looking building of a type not uncommon in the district at the time. On the front slope of its thatched roof two dormer windows looked snugly out and gave light to the low attic, a similar window being behind. A spacious stackyard, empty at this season, was in the rear, with a saddled horse at graze in it. Beyond were the long, low buildings of the byre and barn looking decidedly top heavy underneath their smother of thatching.

Ewen Martin himself was hirpling (grimacing at the torment of it) about the place when Norman pulled up at the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Martin, I am glad to see you about," the latter said, dismounting and picketing his horse. I hope things are equally well with the women folk."

"Thank you. A thousand thanks for all you've done, Mr. Mackintosh. Yes: Ealie for one, is all right. She got little more than a violent shaking—that is, accepting what she says herself."

And Mrs. Martin?" Norman spoke with evident relief.

The crofter shook his head.

"She has returned to consciousness, I hope?"

"Never a sign or word has she given. She is in the same condition you left her in."

"That's bad."

"The doctor is in, this half-hour gone. You've seen his horse behind the house."

They talked of the accident in its many aspects and details. Martin mentioned that a prevision of mishap had disquieted him throughout the entire preceding day.

By and by the Doctor appeared in the doorway. Norman went up to him, while Martin hobbled away to bring round his horse.

"From what I can gather it's matter for thanks it isn't worse. I've seen the spot. It's a marvel all three were not killed outright."

"Are they progressing favourably?"

"You've seen Martin. He'll be quite right in no time, I expect. Little ails him—a severe bruise in one or two places, scarcely more."

"He has just given me a very damping report as to Mrs. Martin's condition."

The Doctor nodded in confirmation. A look of exceeding graveness overspread his countenance.

"A most serious case. Her temple struck a stone and has slightly caved in. The concussion to the brain has—between ourselves," he dropped his voice almost to a sibilation, "I have little expectation of her pulling through. She may linger on a little in her present coma; but only one termination can be counted on."

The verdict was depressing. With Norman the depressment hardly struck the roots of his sincerity just then. It was counteracted by impatience for a pronouncement on Ealie.

Martin had already allayed his solicitude on this head. But he felt athirst for further information. A subtle feeling of delicacy restrained him from seeking it directly.

He tasked his mind for a lead to draw the Doctor's thoughts to her. For all the latter vouchsaved Ealie might have had no inclusion in the accident at all. His remarks took no cognisance of her.

Norman palpitated with a fervid, unreasoning desire to hear her spoken of. He waxed desperate at length, and pointedly asked how she had fared over it.

"Ealie!" the doctor exclaimed, as if suddenly recollecting; "I had stupidly forgotten her. Damaged? Not a bit of it. Here she comes to vouch for it in person"

And down the narrow stair Ealie came trippingly at the same moment that her father led the doctor's horse round the corner of the house.

Despite the physician's assertion the experience of the previous day had not failed to place its stamp on her. The bloom of her cheeks had declined and her face was somewhat wan and pallid. Her manner was languid, the brightness and sparkle animating her on the previous day being fled.

She greeted Norman quietly, somewhat timidly, with a smile. She thanked him with much feeling for the services he had rendered.

Norman, conventional, gave the corresponding

disclaimers, but was none the less much gratified. The change, so far as he noticed it, was but an enhancement of her charms.

The doctor meanwhile had got into the saddle. Nothing could be done for Mrs. Martin, he declared, but nurse patience until she came round. Pledging himself to call back later on, he bade them a good-morning.

The three entered the house, Norman not without a feeling of intrusion, which was overridden, however, by his pleasure in the society of Ealie. The pleasure was unanalysable: he allowed his soul to swim in it without question, conscious only that he had never been affected by anyone in a similar manner before.

He would have prolonged his stay; but there were many callers, and the attention of both Ealie and her father was kept on constant stretch. Accordingly, after a time he rose to take his leave. Ealie accompanied him to the door.

"I may call again?" he asked, with intonation of elusive playfulness.

Her smile made a reply unnecessary. They clasped hands. For a moment the two palms lay softly in contact: the essence of their two natures seemed to rush concentrate at the point of touch. Their eyes met: in the other's each looked down into a well of fathomless mystery. Ealie blushed and withdrew her hand. The spell was broken. Norman smiled.

"I may look round in the evening," he remarked, accentuating the drop into the commonplace. "I do hope your mother will have improved by then."

That evening, without return of consciousness, Mrs. Martin expired. The doctor, on his second round, was present when she passed.

Under the shadow of the crumbling church in the grass-over-run kirkyard by the crisp waters of the loch, she was buried on the third day. The family burial place adjoined the area reserved for the MacKintoshes of Craigan. Norman, who attended the obsequies, was obliged to stand, as he watched the solemn interment, on the resting-place of his forefathers.

Driving home from the funeral he passed and remembered, not without poignancy, the spot where they had stopped to talk on the morning he arrived. That was but four days agone; yet, as the scene gradually reconstituted itself in his mind, the memory seemed to fetch the details of it across a gulf of years.

(To be continued.)

"THE GARDEN OF THE GULF," is the title of a charming volume of views of places of interest in Prince Edward Island, which our clansman, Mr. A. Stirling Mackay, of Summerside, P.E.I., Canada, has kindly sent us, to illustrate the picturesque land where so many exiles of our clan have found a comfortable home.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 200.)

MARTIN has been quoted as mentioning the existence of Irish MSS. in the Western Islands in *1716*, and that the Bishop of Clonfert in *1784* also found Gaelic MSS. there, on which Macpherson had founded some of his English pieces, but if there were *no* originals, as Drs. Stern and MacBain assert, what then? Martin *saw MSS.*, so did the Bishop of Clonfert, in the Western Isles. What then would prevent Macpherson getting MSS. from the old Seanachies there also? "The poems of Ossian are printed in the Scotch dialect, in modern orthography and Roman type, and some Gaelic poet must have composed them before *1807*; they are poems, not prose translations from English prose, and their existence refutes the Irish theory, whose supporters refute *each other!*" Mr. J. F. Campbell further remarks, "I hold then that an *unprejudiced* man, who has read this Irish argument, must attribute much of the ground work of the poems of Ossian to unknown bards, *far older* than Macpherson. The *early* migrations of the Gaels are involved in *much obscurity*." We all cordially agree with that; hence our objection to cock-sure dogmatists. Most authorities are agreed that they came originally from the east. According to Sayce their advent was from *the north*, a theory which subverts nearly all previously accepted opinions on the subject, showing on what slippery ground the dogmatists are treading. I am inclined to agree with Sayce so far as fair-haired Celts are concerned.

Professor Zimmer contradicts M'Bain on the derivation of the name "Fiann," or "Fionn." Prof. Windisch of Leipzig, one of the best Celtic scholars, says Ossian *existed* in the third century. Dr. Stern and others believe him to have been a "myth." Dr. August Ebrard, of Erlangen, on the other hand, believed in the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian. This learned divine and author of "The Early Celtic Church" and a *Gaelic grammar*, agreed with the late Professor Blackie, and the late Principal Shairp of St. Andrew's, believed that Professor Blackie "hit upon the true solution of the controversy."

Mr. Hector Maclean, a *reputable* Gaelic scholar, considered the Gaelic Ossian *inferior* to the English translation. Mr. Archibald MacNeill, W.S., with his brothers, Lord Colonsay, and Sir John MacNeill, on the other hand, who were familiar with the Gaelic language, firmly believed

that the Gaelic text of Macpherson belonged to the early centuries of the Christian era. The late Dr. Cameron* of Brodick, the best Gaelic scholar of the lot, remarked in one of his lectures delivered in Glasgow in 1868, that the English of Ossian was "much *inferior* to the Gaelic." Dr. W. F. Skene, the Celtic scholar, says, "A review of all the circumstances which have been allowed to transpire regarding the proceedings of James Macpherson, seems rather to lead to the conclusion that the Gaelic version in the shape in which it was afterwards published, had been *prepared* in Badenoch, during the *months* Macpherson passed there, after his return from his Highland tour, with the assistance of Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, and Captain Morrison, and that the English translation *was made* from it *by Macpherson* in the same manner in which he had translated the "fragments." It is said that the following facts appear to favour Dr. Skene's conclusion. After Lachlan Macpherson's death a paper was found in his repositories containing the Gaelic of the 7th Book of Temora, in his hand-writing, with many corrections and alterations, and described, "First rude draft of the 7th Book of Temora." If the above *is* a fact, it proves that James Macpherson *did not* translate it from the English, and as a consequence knocks one of our best Gaelic scholars out of the case altogether, as Strathmashie, if he did not compose the 7th book, he corrected it, and put it in readable form. However, the late Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie in his Ossian of *1871* says on this very question that he had been in the habit of visiting Badenoch for 20 years, and could *never* meet with *anyone* who had either *seen* or *heard* of it.

The Rev. Mr. Gallie of Kincardine, Ross-shire, sent to the Highland Society a part of the Gaelic of Fingal which afterwards appeared as part of the Gaelic version. He said he got it from a friend, and when pressed to tell who the friend was, he said "His name was Lachlan Macpherson, Strathmashie, who died in 1767." Dr. Skene commenting on this says, "This Gaelic version seems, therefore, to have been put together before *1767*, and if before *1762* it will account for the original of the 7th book having been published in that year, and also for an advertisement which appeared soon after the publication of the second quarto, that the *originals* were lying at the publishers, and would be published if a sufficient number of subscribers came forward; but as few subscribers appeared, and fewer came to look at them, they were withdrawn.

The late Rev. Thomas Pattison, author of "The Gaelic Bards"—*1866*, a first class Gaelic scholar, says, "When we consider that the finest parts of Macpherson's Ossian are *incontestably proved* to have been popular poetry long anterior to his appearing, I think we should throw all prejudice aside, and affirm that whoever composed the poems attributed to Ossian, James Macpherson was not the man; and that whatever merit may belong to him as a translator, or whatever claim he may have to be considered their compiler in their present form, he has no legitimate title to be called their author."

Mr. J. F. Campbell of Islay, already mentioned, seems to me an extraordinary turn-coat. After describing so many points in favour of Ossian, says that the 7th book of Temora is *Saxon Gaelic* in general, and "*nonsense*" in many passages, and ends by saying that Ossian was a "fiction!" I strongly suspect he was influenced by his friend and coadjutor, Mr. Hector Maclean, who denounced Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian as a translation from English, that it abounded in Anglicisms, "deficient in all the good qualities of style, strength, clearness, and propriety,"—"rugged and irregular" "morbid and vapid," etc. This gentleman, though a Gaelic scholar, considered the Gaelic *inferior* to the English!

Mr. Archibald Macneill, W.S. with his brothers, Lord Colonsay, and Sir John M'Neil, mentioned in a previous page, firmly believed that the Gaelic text of Macpherson belonged to the early centuries of the Christian era, and in a volume which the former published he brought his legal acumen to bear on the subject in the following remarks, "At what date Ossian lived we do not pretend to determine; but this at least is sufficiently clear, that the Gaelic Ossian was *not* the production of Macpherson, or *any other* author of *modern* times, but must be referred to a period of remote antiquity. It further appears from the internal evidence of these poems, that they refer to a period prior to the diffusion of Christianity and the era of clanship."

Dr. Nigel M'Neill, who studied Ossian for 12 years, concludes:—

1. That the English *is a translation* from Gaelic, probably from a ruder version than that published in *1807*.

2. That Macpherson is neither absolutely the author, nor merely the translator of the poems connected with his name.

3. That he formed his original Gaelic by joining and recasting old ballads, that he connected these ballads by paragraphs of his own composition, and that the newly recast matter constitutes the chief parts of the epics which he had thus formed, but in which, however, the

*"Some of the finest songs *ever written* have been written in Gaelic, and Ossian's poems, *though a translation*, which, *itself* a work of genius, although *much inferior* to the Gaelic, exercised an influence upon the literature of Europe." Dr. Alex. Cameron's lectures, 1868.

spirit of the old production still survives.

4. That the Gaelic is *far more elaborate* than the English, is *subtler* in conception, *less concrete* in expression, and has been likely, before the text was finally published, the subject of many alterations and improvements.

5. That on the whole the language of the text of *1807* is *not*, as some allege, essentially different from that of the ballads that are known to be genuine.

6. That the metre of the Gaelic text is not more irregular than that of these same ballads, the chief difference being that while the latter are mostly made up either of trochees or iambs, the former frequently mixes anapaestes with trochees or iambs.

The Rev. Dr. Archibald Clerk, of Kilmallie, who was an accomplished Gaelic scholar, in his magnificent edition of Ossian published in *1871*, ably maintains that Macpherson was *only* a translator, that the Gaelic is *unquestionably* the original language of these poems; and however modern some of the vocables may be, the *syntax* is *certainly ancient*, and that many of Ossian's descriptions "are *unsurpassed*, if *not unequalled*, by *any other poet, ancient or modern.*"

If in reality these poems are the "nonsense" of Mr. J. F. Campbell and Wordsworth, the "morbid and vapid" sentimentality of Mr. Hector MacLean, and the "sombre melancholy" of Dr. L. Stern, and the "turpid rubbish" of others, how is it that they "influenced the literature of modern Europe?" This "most magnificent mystification of modern times," as a German writer has described Ossian, acted like a *spell* on poets in this country, and on the Continent Goethe and Lamartine felt the force of this spell. The former acknowledged it in the "Songs of Selma," in "Werther," and the latter in "Memoirs of my youth." The illustrious French poet has vividly described in the following passage the enthusiastic admiration of Ossian that prevailed in France in his younger days.*

"It was now the period when Ossian, that poet of the genius of ruins and battles, reigned *paramount* in the imagination of France. Baour-Lormian had translated him into sonorous verse for the camp of the emperor. Women sung him in plaintive romances, or in triumphal strains, at the departure, above the tomb, or in the return of their lovers. Small editions in portable volumes had found their way into all the libraries. One of them fell into my hands, I plunged into this ocean of shadow, of blood, of tears, of phantoms, of foam, of snow, of fogs, of hoar frosts, and of images, the immensity, the dimness, and the melancholy of which harmonize so well with the lofty sadness of a heart of sixteen which expands to the first rays of the Infinite. Ossian, his localities, and his images harmonized wonderfully also with the nature of the mountain district, almost Scottish in its character, and with the melancholy aspect of the places where I read him. . . . The earth was covered with a mantle of snow, pierced here and there by the black trunks of scattered pines, or overhung by the naked and branching arms of the oaks. Icy fogs clothed the branches with hoar frost, clouds swept in eddying wreaths around the buried peaks of the mountains. A few streams of sunshine streamed for a moment through their openings, and discovered distant perspective of unfathomable valleys, which the eye might fancy gulfs of the sea. It was the *natural* and *sublime exposition* of the poems of Ossian which I hold in my hand. I *carried* him in my hunting pouch over the mountains, and while the dogs made the deep gorges of the hills echo with their barking, I read his pages sitting beneath the shelter of some overhanging rock, only raising my eyes from its pages to find again floating along the horizon, or outstretched at my feet, the same mists, the same clouds, the same plains of ice, or snow, which I had just beheld in imagination. How often have I felt my *tears congealing* on the borders of my eyelids! I had become one of the sons of the bard, one of the heroic, amorous, or plaintive shades who fought, who loved, who wept, or who swept the fingers across the harp in the gloomy domains of Fingal."

(To be concluded.)

*"The Literature of the Highlands."—N. M'Neill, – 1892.

THE GORDONS.

JUST tell the little lad,
Whene'er he sees the plaid,
That his father led the Gordons at Dargai,
The sons of those "wha hae,"
In the Bruce and Wallace day,
O'er the Teviot with the pibrochs led the way.

The Greys then saw the plight
Of comrades in the fight,
Cries of "Scotland for ever!" filled the air;
Down on the foe they bore,
And through the ranks they tore,
"And the Gordons loved the Greys evermair."

Through India near and far,
Cabul and Candahar,
Where the kilt is the emblem of the brave,
Both Delhi and Mysore,
And Lucknow and Lahore,
Are pledges that to India Gordons gave.

And often has the Cross
Been won 'midst death and loss,
When serving throughout Egypt, and the Nile,
Where its Battalion fought,
And Scotland's glory wrought,
With the story of this iron-coasted isle.

At Paardeberg again,
Macdonald with his men,
The Highlanders and Cornwalls, saved the day;
At the fatal Modder bank,
Where so many heroes sank,
And brave Wauchope fell all riddled in the fray.

In that beleaguered town,
Whose glory and renown,
In the story of our nation will be told,
When Ladysmith was won,
And their duty they had done,
The Gordons "won their bonnets" as of old.

The same true "chiels" I ween,
From grey old Aberdeen,
With their claymores drove the English o'er the [Tweed,
And with their wild "Bidand,"
On bloody borderland,
By the Eildons proved the courage of the breed.

And at Egmont-op-Zee,
The Gordons, knee to knee,
With brave Abercrombie leading in the van,
In that grim grip of steel,
They made the Dutchmen reel,
While bayonet met bayonet man to man.

And next the Sphinx they won,
'Neath Egypt's burning sun,
And Mandora gave them "Egypt" on their flag,
For in that bloody fight,
They proved by Scottish might,
That never was a Gordon known to lag.

And on that hard fought field,
Where France was forced to yield,
And old Scotland lost the bravest of her sons,
Corunna's glorious day
They carried Moore away,
'Midst the booming and the bellowing of the guns.

At Fuentes and Orthes,
Quartre Bras, the Pyrenees,
And many another skirmish with the French,
The Iron Duke, he knew
Them truest of the true,
On the bastion, in the breach, and in the trench.

On that eventful day,
When Scotland was at bay,
And two hundred of the Gordons still were left,
The French, two thousand strong,
Came stolidly along,
And "the bonnets" of all hope seemed then bereft.

Nor will their leaders let
The Gordons e'er forget
The piper who was wounded at Dargai,
How still his pipes he blew,
In notes both shrill and true,
Calling " courage ! " to his comrades on the way.

And in the later fight,
For Elandslaaghte's height,
The Gordons with the Devons side by side,
Swept on midst mist and rain,
With havoc in their train,
And Chisholm saw the vict'ry ere he died.

London. H. MACNAUGHTON-JONES.

COLIN MACRAE'S HOME-COMING.

BY I. K. RITCHIE.

THE old lady read and re-read the letter with wondrous ease considering that joyous tears served almost to blind her vision. But she was very keen-sighted for her years, this sweet-faced widow of Ezekiel Macrae, the late learned dominie of Kingshader, and early and late converse in the years gone by with penmanship of varied degrees of excellence or the reverse, made good ground-work for swift and accurate deciphering under the most untoward circumstances.

Although the handwriting, the sight of which now filled her with such evident emotion, was her son's, ay, her only child's, she did not see it as often as might be, for Colin Macrae was a rich and busy man in his adopted home beyond the broad Atlantic, and sometimes his tender-hearted mother, in wistful yearning, mingled with her pride in his abilities and success, the fear that she herself was forgotten.

And now, oh ! the deep joy and thankfulness of sudden re-action. What is this he says ? He is longing for a glimpse of her bonny, bonny een. How like the silly laddie to be forgetting years steal away alike youth's roses and the fascinating beauty of the loveliest eyes. Thus the widow softly muses, herself forgetful that her son, who left her twenty-five years ago to seek his fortune, is no longer a laddie but a man of middle-age, the parent also of an only child whose feet are on the brink of womanhood. She forgets everything but his joyous words—he is coming to Kingshader on holiday ; ay, scarce can she receive the letter announcing his intention than he trusts to be with her—he trusts for pardon if the news is so sudden as to be almost unwelcome, she will remember that a business man must bow to circumstances.

The day was a lovely one in early autumn, often the sweetest time of all the year among the Highland hills by which Kingshader is surrounded and sheltered. The widow had received her solitary missive from the hands of the letter carrier out in her little garden, and now as she went meditatively indoors a great dismay fell upon her. What would Colin think of the little four-room thatched cottage to which she had removed when her husband died nearly ten years ago ? Success had been his beyond the dreams of hope, and he had been very generous to her, might he not resent the knowledge that she had made no proportionate change in her simple mode of living, if only for his sake ?

Long ago she had told him of the pretty modern villas that increased commerce with the towns of the south had brought into requisition at Kingshader, and how when he came back to

the old country to see her, it was in one of these she hoped to bid him welcome, for the annuity he had bought for her put it well within her power. Then, somehow, she had never had the heart to explain that a sudden breakdown in health had set these plans adrift, for she felt she would never again regain her old strength, and while timorous of adding to her expenses, was equally reluctant to reveal how deep an inroad sickness had made upon her resources lest he should feel constrained to aid her, perhaps beyond his ability without undue sacrifice.

So the years had worn on and she had clung to the little homestead which really sufficed for all her needs and to which long familiarity endeared her.

But to Colin how would it appear?

The colour came and went in her kind old face. She whose life had been as an open book to him, save in this one particular, felt as if she irredeeemably wronged him. And then to enhance the pain of this misgiving the thought came that it might not be of him only she had to think—he might not be alone! His wife had been dead several years, the beautiful American girl his parents had never met, surely he would be bringing their child, the little Shiela of whom he had written, "she has your joyous nature, little mother, and the promise of the dear dad's love of learning for its own sake."

The flush that came to the widow's brow was not of shame, however. As she looked around the little abode that had been her home so long she felt a pride and joy too in the thought that her boy might not despise its simple comforts. Then again she recalled his child—the riches and high position in the world his abilities had won for her—the house of which he was master was doubtless one of beauty and luxury. Something must be done. And then, even as she pondered on what was possible on such very short notice, a carriage came swiftly along the highroad and stopped at the garden gate. The fates were indeed against her, her cry of mingled joy and pain expressed to her own heart, but to the occupants of the carriage it bespoke all joy, that sound of the sweet Highland voice, "Colin! Colin! my own laddie! At last! at last!"

For the moment she lost consciousness, folded closely to Colin's breast with a tall young maiden's love-lit eyes encompassing them both.

And then she knew she was being led indoors by her son and the young doctor of Kingshader, who presently explained how he had foregathered with the travellers at the nearest railway station, three miles distant, and finding he could be of some little service in guiding them to their destination, had been induced to accept a seat in the carriage.

It was evident he was held in high favour at the cottage and Colin's favourable first impression deepened at sight of the gentle consideration of which his mother was the recipient. From self-reproachful thoughts of sometime forgetfulness of her on his own part in the past, he aroused himself to introduce his daughter, whose sunny smile made swift conquest of the grandmother's heart, while the response to her characteristic confession of entire responsibility for her unannounced arrival found a very hearty echo in the clever young doctor's mind.

"I simply would come, Granny. I know it was just wicked of me to take you by surprise, and yet, and yet, for the life of me, I can't be sorry. I just feel as if in my place you would have done the same."

"Quite right, quite right, dear heart."

"You see, I'm about grown up now, though Dad can never remember it, and college was just prison to me when I knew he had written off that he was coming to see you. I vowed I'd just take the next boat if I were left behind—but I'm not always such a terror, Gran, indeed I'm not."

"You did well, little one. I should have been very vexed if you had not come."

"There, Dad, you hear that. He said he would tell you about me, and perhaps I might come another time. But 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' isn't it, Granny?"

"Generally it will be that, love, and in this case certainly; there is no doubt of it. I must be getting the second sight, I'm thinking," the old lady went on, in her gentle way, "for I was saying to myself, Colin will never be coming alone—there's the little lassie I'm longing to feast my eyes upon, and now I'll be seeing her at last. But you'll be thinking I was a silly old woman, dear heart, to be forgetting how the years run by, making a fine lady of my own boy's bonnie bairn."

"No, no, Granny: now I've got my own way about this, I guess I want to be just a little lassie again to you and Dad," declared the maiden, and enjoying the general amusement to which her naive reply gave rise, she wandered off ostensibly on a tour of inspection of the old world dwelling room with its quaint nooks and corners, that the oak dresser and settles dark with age, the spinning wheel and many another relic of an earlier day, suited to perfection.

A few moments later the young doctor was by her side in the sunshine in the garden.

"My work claims me, I must hurry on," he said, regretfully.

"And I came out because I know Dad wishes to arrange things with Granny. We planned it all out on the way across to see she has a good time while we're here. We thought, perhaps, she would shut up her house and join

us in our travels. Do you think she would, Dr. Keith? We're not so bad as real Americans, you know. They'd want to 'do Europe,' but Dad and I are not so greedy as that."

"I hope not, Miss Shiela, or poor Kingshader will see too little of you."

It was an overwhelming feeling of disappointment that prompted the impulsive rejoinder. The speaker had pictured quite a different immediate future for the newcomers. Were they after all to be mere birds of passage, when he longed for opportunity to increase the joy of a new found friendship?

"Would you say Granny would care for our programme?" Shiela was querying, eagerly.

"Oh, I am sure she will like whatever gives you pleasure," he said, struggling with his disappointment, "but I must warn you that she is a tender subject, she cannot stand much fatigue." There must have been something magnetic in the sudden sense of loneliness within him that the maiden's gentle sympathy swiftly responded to.

"I like this," she spoke dreamily, "I hope we may stay here awhile, it's just lovely — the mountains and the sweet air—and the cottage is so quaint and pretty. Granny could have a good time all the same—I love housekeeping."

"I—I hope you will tell her that," the doctor said, eagerly.

Indoors the old woman hastened to make her peace with her son, for she still felt that she owed him apology in spite of the warmth of his greeting and the sweet sense of possession in the guileless affection of his child.

"I must ask you to be forgiving me that I have so poor a place to give you welcome, Colin. I—"

"No, no! Pray don't say that," he interposed, "as if I could ever think little of anywhere that is home to you, and Shiela called it a pretty spot whenever she saw it."

"But I feel I've thought too much of myself and forgot what was due to you, laddie."

"Not a bit of it. It's all the other way, little mother. I've been hastening to be rich. I'm afraid with little thought of anything else too often. The sight of your simple, quiet life here speaks of better aims and purposes you taught me long ago," he went on, gravely, "and I'm real glad now that Shiela was so bent on coming. I want her to see a bit of the old country, and we hope you'll let us persuade you to keep us company. A father cannot be just everything he would like to be to a motherless lassie, and poor Shiela, I doubt, is often lonely. Do you think you could be good to her and come with us?"

The sweet features of the old lady grew softer still, irradiated with sympathy as she answered "I'll be proud to do anything I can for her. But are you sure I can be making you comfortable in my poor little cottage? You know we have a grand Hydropathic here now, and I was just planning after your letter came that I would be getting rooms for you there.

"And tempt me to think I'd offended past forgiveness! No, no, little mother, I'd rather have pot-luck with you than the best you could get me elsewhere, if we won't be too much trouble for a day or two. You wish we could stay always? Well, well, I must shew you that programme of jaunting I spoke of, and who knows but before you've seen all the sights therein you'll be thinking it possible to cross the little 'herring pond' with us when we return and mother Shiela in our diggings over there."

* * *

But destiny had already its own scheme in hand for the maiden's future, which even now out in the autumn sunshine had taken form in spontaneous sympathy between two young hearts irresistibly drawn together.

"Oh, I wasn't needing the second sight to see from the first they were just made for each other," his mother joyously confided to Colin, when it came to pass that instead of planning for Shiela's home welfare in the new country he found only his own consent to the young doctor of Kingshader's devotion needed for her true happiness.

"Well, well, who'd have thought it, little mother," he murmured, "my bairnie, Shiela, a promised wife—another man's hope—and you'll never be wanting to leave the old country now," regretfully.

"No," she said, "but you must come to me, Colin, my laddie. You've wealth and to spare, come home where your lassie's life is beginning, and mine is closing in."

"A Highland Web," by L. H. Soutar.—It is not often that we can afford the time to read a novel at one sitting, but we found this story of Sutherlandshire so interesting and exciting that we read every page before closing the volume. This is Miss Soutar's first serious attempt as a novelist, and judging by this excellent example of what she is able to do, we trust that other works will soon follow from her pen. Many north country people will doubtless recognise in the authoress a daughter of the late Dr. Soutar of Golspie, a gentleman widely known in Sutherland and Ross. The scene of the story is laid in Assynt. There is a prettily told love tale, a discussion of the severe religious aspect of the Highlander, and the Home Industries Movement; while the tragic death of the heroine of the story provides an exciting ending to a thrilling tale. The volume, which extends to 300 pages, is nicely bound in cloth, with appropriate design, and costs 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1905

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume will be due with the next issue, which completes Volume XIII. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

IT will doubtless interest our readers to learn that with the publication of the October number, the *Celtic Monthly* will have lived (and we are pleased to say, flourished), longer than any previous Scottish Celtic magazine. Several other Highland monthlies have been published during that period, but unfortunately they did not receive the support expected, and stopped publication. The *Celtic* has attracted a large circle of friends in all parts of the globe, and with their continued assistance, we have no doubt it will prosper for many years to come.

THE ABERACH-MACKAY BANNER.

SIR,—In the "Celtic Monthly" of October, 1904, p. 10, I made reference to the above banner, and as a subscriber is interested in all notes relating to this great clan, I herewith append a notice I have regarding its history. The earliest known reference to the banner is in the first statistical account of Tongue, written about 1792 by Rev. W. Mackenzie, who states that the family of Mackays descended from John Aberach, are reported still to have in their possession his banner. In this he was but relating what was traditionally believed during the latter part of the eighteenth century, that this was the battle-flag of John Aberach who led the Mackays at the battle of Druim-nan-coup in 1432. It is of white silk, now greatly discoloured, and in a tattered condition, being only a fragment of its former size, measuring now only 36 by 20 inches. Evidently the larger measurement represents the former height of the banner, and this would make the charges on it to be correctly placed. They appear to be a lion rampant, on a shield with a double tressure. Above the shield is a crest of a hand erased, with the fingers extended, round which is the legend, "Verk visly and tent to the end," and across the palm of the hand are the words, "Be Tren"—be valiant; others maintain that the words are "Be treu." The charge on the shield is different from that of the principal family of Mackay, while in crest and motto they practically agree. It is probably because of his claim to Royal descent through his mother, a great-grand-daughter of Robert II. that John Aberach assumed the rampant lion and the double tressure. Though the banner is of little artistic merit, it claims to be one of the oldest *clan banners* now extant in Scotland.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

THE MEETING.

IT was far from Brae Lochaber,
And Ben Nevis' snowy crest,
That I met the exile Donald
Roaming o'er the distant west.

Brother exiles wafted westward,
Over life's ne'er resting sea,
On one wave to meet, like driftwood,
On the next to part were we.

Virgin plains with flowers bespangled,
Stretched away on every hand,
But no mountain to remind us
Of the old loved fatherland.

But a word in Gaelic spoken,
Swept the flowery plains away,
And the bens of far Lochaber
Stood around us grand and grey.

Round our feet the heather nestled
On the slopes of Aonachmore,
Elfin songs were softly wafted
To our ears from Lochy's shore.

And we quenched our thirst, and rested
At a cold and sparkling spring,
That kept ever trickling softly
O'er its basin's mossy ring.

But at length a word was spoken
That has shattered many a spell,
Many a heart left wrung and broken,
'Twas the old sad word "Farewell."

Assiniboia, N.W.T., Canada. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED HIGHLANDER. — On the eve of going to press we have received intimation of the death of Dr. Farquhar Matheson of London, probably the best known Highlander in the Metropolis. His body was taken north for burial in his native place, Lochalsh, Ross-shire.

SCOTTISH SCENES AS VIEWED THROUGH DUTCH SPECTACLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH,

BY FRANK ADAM,' F.S.A., SCOT., AUTHOR OF

"What is My Tartan?" "Leaves from the Scrap Book of a Scottish Exile," etc.

ONE of my friends in Holland has sent me some numbers of a magazine, bearing the name of "De Kampioen," and which is the organ of a Dutch Cycling Club. This magazine contains a series of articles, detailing the tour of a number of the members of the club in Scotland. As it may interest your readers to see themselves and their country as others see them, I have translated, in a condensed form, the impressions of the Dutch cyclists, for their benefit.

The party of cyclists commenced their

SCOTTISH TOUR

at Grangemouth, where they landed on a Sunday. The Hollanders' impressions of Grangemouth, which they describe as appearing to them "as a suitable burying-ground for semi-abandoned sailing ships," are not flattering. To their horror they found that, being Sunday, no trains plied from Grangemouth on that day. They were, however, informed that they could send their baggage by cart to Falkirk, whence it would be forwarded to Glasgow (their first objective) by a train which left there at 5-4 in the evening. Having disposed of the baggage, our cyclists proceeded to cycle to Glasgow. The writer remarks: "We are accustomed to grumble about the bad upkeep of our own streets. He, however, who cycles through Grangemouth does not grumble. He squirms!" The road from Grangemouth to Falkirk is described as "a melancholy landscape." After that the road to Glasgow is described as "a good one, and one which is easily negotiated."

"GLASGOW ON A SUNDAY"

is thus described: "Glasgow, black town, dead town, appears a whited sepulchre. We entered Glasgow through its celebrated park. This celebrated park is but a grass field intersected by many paths. Here swarmed a number of Glaswegians, who wandered aimlessly to and fro between hundreds of sleepers and idlers. From the park we reached the streets, one very much like the other. All the houses are high, black, and constructed of blackened sandstone, without any pretensions to architecture. All the streets are equally deserted. It is as if the town were smitten by a plague, or as if the spirit of the dead breathed through the streets. Amid such surroundings our own voices seemed out of place. We felt as if we were holiday-makers in a house of mourning. This, from what we could learn, is the British form of Sabbath keeping. We reached in due time our hotel, situated in Bath Street. The landlord, though he knew days before that he might expect us, received us with an icy calmness and an immovable countenance. Need we ask why? It is Sunday! He appeared horrified by our loud conversation, and replied to distinctly audible questions with muffled answers. We came to the conclusion, that our arrival on that day with bicycles was more than shocking.

After having dined, we sauntered through many deserted streets to Sauchiehall Street, where the whole of Glasgow appeared to concentrate on Sunday evening. The amusement of the inhabitants appeared to be in sauntering backwards and forwards along the pavements or in hanging about the street corners. And on the countenances of each and all were traces of a hopeless sort of boredom. There were, however, some who amused themselves in another manner. These were the itinerant street-preachers who, accompanied by their retinue, who bore the various paraphernalia in the form of tracts, hymn-books, etc., hurried along the street. We saw an example of the preachers' modus operandi. One man took up his station in the middle of the street of the dead. After swinging his arms about, he proceeded to give out a hymn of Sankey's in a loud voice. This had the result of attracting a number of idlers from adjacent streets. Having in this manner procured an audience, the preacher proceeded to business. During our walk we observed at least a dozen of such preachers. We soon had our fill of "Glasgow on Sunday," and returned to our hotel."

The Dutch writer proceeds to contrast the aspect of Glasgow on Monday with its appearance on the previous day. "Streets and roads, which on Sunday were deserted, now bustled with activity, and were full of carriages as well as carts laden with Glasgow's products. Luxury and poetry must not be sought for in Glasgow, however. The impression, conveyed by the busy streets, is one of haste and anxiety to do business. No one there has any time to admire what is beautiful. Out of the bustle of the streets we came into the stillness of the

FAMED CATHEDRAL,

a large but most unimposing building, dating from the 12th century. In the half-dark atmosphere of the interior of the church one's attention is arrested by the colours of the fine, stained-glass windows. Many famous Scots have here their monuments. In strange inscriptions, in marble and brass, one reads of their great deeds in imperial service: all records of battles in British-India and in Africa against half-naked and badly-armed natives. This last attribute,

it is true, is not stated on the monuments, but the names of the places mentioned confirm the said facts. We were kept prisoners in the cathedral a full hour longer than we had intended, owing to the falling of a deluge of rain, black as ink, and this somewhat delayed our departure for Arrochar, which was our next objective.

To get out of Glasgow, however, is more easily said than done. Our way led us through the Dumbarton Road, an apparently endless street, flanked by high buildings. When we got free of this, and within sight of the country, we began to feel ourselves more at our ease. Once free from the docks and the shipping, we saw before us a panorama of the Clyde, which was unique in appearance. The river here had the appearance of a broad, calm lake, flanked by fairly high green hills. What a contrast to the smoky scenes we had left behind us! Although the rain now began to fall in torrents, we remained under the idyllic influence of the fair landscape through which we were travelling."

Helensburgh is described by the Dutchmen as "a sort of bathing-place which, when we passed through it was enveloped in a dirty fog." The landscape, as viewed from the rising-ground at the head of the Gareloch, is described as "having some characteristics of the highlands of the St. Gothard."

THE WHISKY SCANDAL AT ARROCHAR.

Cyclists are, generally speaking, non-alcoholistic. A dripping cyclist, however, shivering with cold, longs for a warming drink. We were therefore deeply disappointed when, on our arrival at the Temperance Hotel, Arrochar, we were informed, "We don't have spirits: we only have non-alcoholic drinks." There was, however, in the house a sort of beer, which bore on the label of the bottle, "Hop-bitters." To our sorrow we tasted this. What an awful taste! It resembled nothing so much as camomile tea. Surely this beer must have been brewed as a propaganda in favor of fresh water? After dinner we made an expedition to the village, and there discovered at the grocer's shop a bottle of Scotch whisky. With this we returned in triumph to our hotel. By this time it was 10-30 p.m., and the waiter informed us that lights must be extinguished. However, we replied that we must have something first to drink. We therefore ordered soda-water, and that tasted so good that we ordered more soda, until the last of the soda water in the house was consumed. We then betook ourselves to bed.

We were up betimes the next morning to take a look at Arrochar, before we proceeded on our journey. It is a pretty enough place, but wears a lonely and deserted appearance, as if it had still got to be discovered. In the hotel garden, which boasted a single rose in this July weather, sat a party of ladies and gentlemen. The men were over dressed in blazers bearing a club monogram, while the ladies were reading novels, and staring over the damp-looking scene. The men read their letters, rolled their cigarettes, and filled the air with the odour of bad tobacco, which was labelled "the mildest and sweetest sun-dried Virginia."

After waiting a long time for our hotel bill, we at length mounted our bicycles and got under weigh. We are at last in the

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS,

and were therefore suddenly treated to a heavy shower of rain. If in this part of Scotland it does not rain, it is cloudy. A despairing tourist once asked an old Scot here whether it always rained in this part of the world. "O! no," replied the native, "it sometimes snows!" Our road lay through the midst of a deserted region, where not a bird, not a hare, not even a rabbit was to be seen. We only came across a couple of anglers, and saw in the distance a few of the sheep which roamed the hills in freedom. These sheep uttered a thousand-throated, melancholy 'meh,' the song of the misery of the Scottish Highlands!"

The route of the cyclists was via Glen Croe, Glen Kinglas, and Loch Shira, to Inveraray, and thence to Dalmally. Till they reached Loch Fyne they found the scene too sombre. Their spirits rose, however, after they had left Inveraray behind them, and they passed through the pine woods on the Dalmally Road. After they had seen the last of these woods, they again began to encounter "the real Scottish Highlands, in their bare, miserable and bald-looking condition." . . . . "Scarcely a living thing was to be seen on our way to Loch Awe. Once, however, we encountered a herd of shaggy Scottish cattle, and feared that we would have to go out of our way to avoid them. These are the descendants of the wild cattle which, with the deer, used to roam all over the hills. With their sombre, brown, rough forms and their heavily horned, shaggy heads, they harmonised fittingly with the hopeless, sad appearance of the country which they inhabited. At length we came to the end of our trials. In the far distance we got a sight of Loch Awe, which, between the vistas of pine trees, lay stiff and cold, and resembled a broad canal. A steep, zig-zag road, with all sorts of corners, brought us to the flat country round Dalmally, and we found ourselves once more in an inhabited region. We saw a railway station, a post office, and a few shops. And, beyond these, our quarters for the night, the capital Dalmally Hotel, whose owner, a comfortable-looking old gentleman, received us, notwithstanding our

bedraggled condition, in such a hearty manner, as will long bring pleasant memories to our recollection.

I must not omit a few words with regard to our reception at Dalmally. It was an exception to the usual stick-up, automatic nod, with which the average

SCOTCH HOTEL-KEEPER

is accustomed to receive his guests. This stiff, boorish indifference perhaps is owing to the climate. Or, perhaps, something of it may be owing to the hopeless desolation of the country. Anyhow, many Scotsmen, in their manners, reminded us strongly of the Scottish cattle. The old gentleman of the Dalmally Hotel was, however, an exception to the rule. Although we were cold, bedraggled and wet, and had the appearance of a band of brigands, still, as soon as mine host learned that we were Dutch cyclists, he put his whole establishment at our disposal. After getting access to our trunks, which had preceded us, we became comfortable and quite ready for our dinner. This was set on the table in capital style. The table was decorated with fine flowers, and in place of the eternal Scotch menu of broth and mutton, we were given a French one, among which figured fresh salmon, caught on Loch Awe. In fact, at Dalmally, we felt quite at home. After dinner we all adjourned to the smoking-room, where, although the date was but the 28th of July, it was so cold that a fine fire was burning in the smoking-room fireplace. In that room we sat over a warm glass of whisky-toddy, fighting our battles over again. The smoke of our pipes was so thick that it might have been cut with a knife. The Scotch, on that occasion, quite came out of their shells. We had for company the village doctor, the head coachman, and the head waiter, the last named, nota bene, an Oxford student, who spent his vacation in this useful manner. After each round of toddy, Scotch yarns succeeded Dutch ones in rapid succession. After a round of toddies, our evening party wound up by a warm discussion between our president and the head coachman, as to the merits and demerits of the English and the Continental ways of driving, and the English mode of passing a vehicle, leaving it on the left, as in England, as compared with leaving it on the right, as on the Continent of Europe. This discussion at last became so animated that we decided it was time to depart for bed. The convivial gathering was, therefore, closed.

The following morning it was very late ere we sought the breakfast table. Our first business was to find out what had become of the hero of the driving discussion, for we feared that his prestige might have suffered as a consequence of his

WHISKY ADVENTURE.

The head waiter, however, assured us that we had not cause to make ourselves anxious, as our friend had that morning, at 5 o'clock, accompanied a sportsman to fish for salmon on the river Orchy. As we were packing up, preparatory to leaving the hotel, our friend, the ghillie-coachman, returned from his fishing expedition, and greeted us with a cheerful "Morning, gentlemen!" at the same time quizzically enquiring whether we had slept well, and were "all right." We stood amazed to see the coolness of our friend of the previous night. A Hollander, after such a "wet" experience, does not so easily recover. Whiter than snow, however, is the soul of the greatest drinker in our country, as compared with the drinking capabilities of the Scotch coachman-ghillie—though there may be exceptions to the rule!

The jovial owner of the Dalmally Hotel, with his entire staff, took a most cordial farewell of us, and we were soon under weigh towards the other side of Loch Awe. We had first, however, to pass the churchyard of Dalmally. As we passed it the previous evening, there were silhouetted from it, in ghostly indistinctness, the forms of two typical English "misses," clad in long waterproofs, their hands, in Yankee-doodle fashion, in their pockets, and on their heads the stereotyped sailor's hat. We could not then well understand what these maidens were doing in the churchyard at that time of the evening. Now, however, as we went by the place in broad daylight, the figures of the two ladies resolved themselves into a couple of grave-stones, shaped like large vases, which recorded the deeds of two Dalmally families.

I have not yet said that we were enjoying good weather. That is verily an exceptional incident in a tour through Scotland. It was, however, splendid weather, the sun shone brightly, the wind was fresh, and the damp recollections of the former day were speedily dispelled. The road led gently upwards through a valley full of hills, spurs of the desert Highlands north of Loch Awe. We got fine views of Ben Cruachan, Beinn a Bhuiridh, Beinn a Chochuill, Beinn Eunaich and other dark places, all shaped on the same model, and baptized with names which only a long course of instruction in the gymnastics of the

CELTIC THROAT PRONUNCIATION

could allow us to give the names of. Through this mountainous region ran innumerable streams, which it is impossible to remember the names of, without getting cramp in the throat. One struggled with such names on the map as Allt Coire Creachainn, Alt Chuisachan, Lochan Mhir Pheadair-Rhuaidh, Lochan na Saobhaidhe, etc. After a bit of a pull, the road wound round

towards the entrance to Glen Strae, and thence towards Loch Awe, and further, to the north-west, towards the entrance to the Pass of Brander. Here the scenery wore a more friendly aspect. We saw before us an olive-green scene, where in the dark shadow of the hills on the opposite side of the loch stood out in sharp contrast with the beautifully wooded islets of Innis Chenain, Eilean Beith, and Traoch Eilean (sic) in the foreground. Here we had a similar view to that along the shores of Loch Fyne, an undulating lane of trees with glimpses between of rocks and hills, wild, and of a sombre, romantic appearance.

(To be continued.)

TOUCHING THE DEAD BODY.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

THE practice of compelling suspected murderers to touch the dead body of the victim, under the impression that it would bleed afresh at the touch of the guilty person, was generally resorted to in ancient times. In the present case it seems to have been the only evidence on which the man was committed to prison, and treated with unheard-of barbarity, and cruel neglect. We need say nothing of the state of Scottish prisons, even down to a late period—they were utterly and universally disgraceful. In Inverness, it was usual, before the arrival of the judges, on their circuit, to employ the hangman to clean out the prison *with a spade*, and afterwards to burn a cart of peats in it, to dispel the *"bad scent."*

"1643. There happened a horrid murder within the parish of Wardlaw, Kirkhill. Mr. Simon Fraser of Fingask had the mains of Lovat in labouring; and one John Macian Vohr, his foreman, thrashing straw for one of his oxen in the barn, usually made great battles of straw, to carry upon his back home; and the rogue kept a linen about him, filled with barley, which he put in the heart of the battle of straw. One night, going off with a burden on his back, the satchell dropt out, full of barley, which Donald Macwilliam, one of Mr. Simon's boys, remarking, said—'This is not honest; you abuse the trust which your master gives you.' Fearing to be discovered, he contrives a plot, to dispatch Donald Macwilliam: he came to Fingask in the evening, and told the young man that he would put him upon a secret, which he wished to conceal, for, saith he, I have found a great seal at the shore, and we will make a good piece of money by him; and I have revealed this to nobody but my brother-in-law, John Mackenzie, in Donaldstown, who is just going down with me to the place. The poor, innocent young man, dreading no harm, runs after him, and at the carse, close by the road, John Mackenzie was lurking till they came. Immediately, Macian Vohr draws his dirk, and stabs the lad to the heart. Mackenzie cried 'Oh, oh!' But Macian Vohr says—'John, you give him the next stab, that you may be as deep in the guilt as I am.' He stabbed him through the body, till he was killed outright. They carried the body to the carse shore, and laid it upon a piece of the broken bank, thinking that the sea would carry it away. Upon the third day, the herdsman discovered the dead man, and found it was their neighbour, Donald Macwilliam. The corpse was carried to the churchyard, and a despatch sent for the sheriff, Alexander Chisholm, who convened the whole parish, caused strip naked the body, and laid it exposed upon a broad plank, at the entry of the chapel. The list of the parishioners being made out, every one was summoned, and touched the dead body as he was called, to the number of six or seven hundred. At length, the murderer, John Macian Vohr, laid his hand most confidently upon the bare breast, and I (sitting at the head of the coffin) narrowly observed him; the greatest wound opened, and a drop of blood gushed out. We desired he should lay his hand on again, which he did, and a drop of blood issued from his nose. He was seized, carried into the church, and, after prayer, examined, and a torture threatened; but no confession. He was sent into the vault of Inverness, and secured. No person was missing in the parish but John Mackenzie, who was seen to go hastily over the burn. He was seen at the bridge of Inverness, buying ground tobacco, in papers, and so away through Strathnairn; and no account of him for two years. John Macian Vohr, the murderer, being in the pit at Inverness, laid fast in the stocks, continued there but about a fortnight, and both his feet, from the ancles, dropt off, as if by amputation! He was brought forth, and had a foot in every hand, like a shoe, cursing, and imprecating, and praying God to avenge his cruel usage, so that many condemned the judge as too severe. The villain was carried in a sledge, through the streets, and over the bridge, to his own house, in Fingask, where his wife and friends attended him; and he was prayed for every Sabbath. I myself cured this John Macian Vohr's wounds, until at last his stumps were as strong as man's could be without feet. A contribution was made for getting him a horse; and he went up and down the country begging. Mackenzie was nowhere heard of; but, by a rare providence, this murder was discovered: we were at the Synod of Moray, and, accidentally, I happened to be in company with Sir James Strachan, parson of Keith. I described

to him the murder in my parish, and the features and lineaments of John Mackenzie. 'Truly,' said Sir James, 'that man is in my parish, under the name of Donald Caileach, or Highland Donald.' He was recognised. Six or seven pretty men went together to Keith, late at night, and apprehended him; but he denied the murder, till he came within sight of Inverness, and saw the very church and steeple, when he came to a clear confession, and declared how he and Macian Vohr contrived the killing of Macwilliam. Both were confronted, and tried; and the sentence of the judge was, that John Macian Vohr should be brought to the Castle Hill of Inverness, his head cut off, upon the block, by the hands of the common hangman, his body buried under the gallows, his head put upon one of the pins of the Tolbooth of Inverness, his right hand cut off, and sent to Wardlaw parish, and put upon a pole, near, and in view of the church. John Mackenzie to be brought to that parish, and his head to be cut off there, on a block, fixed upon the hill of Wardlaw, and that head being cut off, to be fixed upon the pole below the church, with Macian Vohr's. The which was exactly and accordingly done, to the great astonishment of the parishioners beholding the same. Thus was God's law exerted—'*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*'"

THE RETURN OF THE EXILE.

An Unrecorded Jacobite Incident.

BY J. C.

HE had been a world wanderer for sixty years, and this summer of 1903 he came back to his native glen on the banks of the Findhorn. He had sailed over every ocean, travelled in many lands, and crossed great mountains. He had climbed to the heights of life and sounded its lowest depths, and a melancholy Scotch song sent him across the seas to get a final glimpse of the village in which he was born. His return came about in this way. In March of the present year a Scotch concert was given in one of the great halls of Boston, Massachussetts, and he attended it. He was fond of the old Scotch songs and no music appealed to him like the mournful Highland airs. Two pipers appeared on the platform and played the saddest of all the sad airs that has ever been heard in any country — "Lochaber no more." The sobs and sighing of this tune had haunted him throughout the years of his journeyings. It was the tune the piper played the morning that his father and mother, his sister and himself left the glen for Canada. He played it from the little township of the want and sordid misery, to the inn where the mail coach halted on the way from Inverness to Porth, and continued playing the weird melody till the coach and the exiles disappeared in the fir woods of Strathdearn. The plaintive sounds always afterwards haunted him. He had heard them in the wild storm, and under the silent stars, in the trenches, amid the roar and shriek of bursting shells, in the fierce whirlwind of the charge and in the lone desert. This night in Boston they thrilled him as they had never done before, moved him until the blood throbbed quicker in his veins. The pipers gave the song its genuine Highland warmth and heart-breaking pathos. It appeared to him that night like the wailing of a race passing away—the bold and generous race from which he himself was sprung, and he was seized with an intense yearning known only to the exile, to return to his native strath. When he left the hall the music followed and took possession of him, and he found himself humming the familiar words "Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean." He felt that he must visit the old home among the hills. There was nothing to prevent him. He was rich and no family ties bound him to any country on the face of the globe. His father and mother were dead and at rest in the Presbyterian churchyard of Ottawa. His sister also slept beneath the quiet stars in the far North-West. His parents had not been successful colonists. The father toiled on the rich virgin soil but never drew from it more than a bare subsistence. The mother was a gentle, loving woman, full of kindness and helpful deeds, but ill-adapted for the rough pioneer work of the Canada of her day. The surviver of the exiled family was alone made of the stuff which surmounts difficulties. He had tried many things and in all shewed the qualities of the man who succeeds—invincible courage and daring. It was when he had turned twenty that he had realised that it is the strong bold man with the inflexible will that leads the world, and not the dreamer of dreams, whether poet, or artist, or musician. Life only then, with the realisation of this fact, became to him a stern reality that must be seriously reckoned with. Fate, whatever form it might assume, must not henceforward stand in his way. He would fight Fate; whoever would be crowded out in the great human struggle, it must not be him. From the day that this thought took hold of him he strained every muscle and moved steadily forward until he conquered fate and circumstance, until he made a name and became rich—and then a simple, plaintive Scotch melody—the death song of his race, he believed, sent him home.

Crossing the Atlantic in a big ship he recalled the little township that sent him out upon the world, he could see it, and the winding, noisy

river, the uneven road passing through the fat grassy meadows, the great sheep farm stretching for miles from the river far up into the hills. Standing out distinct too with its red scars and thunder-riven face were the Streams, and he could hear the rumbling sound of the big stones flung by him from the top of the stupendous cliff into the bed of the river, a thousand feet below. There came back to him also the sweetest, to him, of all his memories, the first warm kiss from the lips of a woman. He recalled how when returning from school a boy of eleven or twelve, she caught him in her soft rounded arms and kissed him and stroked his head. The clamorous smack of that first kiss was still in his ears and he was curious to know what had become of her—she whose chaste lips and fragrant breath had roused in him first in all the world the passion of love—the greatest of all the mysterious things which takes possession of man or woman. Then he saw as distinct as he saw the ship in which he was sailing home, seven graves, seven grassy mounds side by side in a deep hollow, remote from any burial place. He had often in his far wanderings seen these lonely graves, although no memorial marked them—no gravestone save the rank grass and the stinted heath that grew wildly over them, and he wondered if the plough had passed through them, leaving no trace. He hoped not, because one of his ancestors lay there, careless of sunshine or storm, a man in his time of a turbulent and restless spirit.

One afternoon in June he reached his station on the Highland line. He took the short cut from Aviemore through Carrbridge and Sloc-na Muic to Tomatin. The line ran parallel in several places with the old coach road—the road he travelled the morning he and his people set out for Canada. From the window of his compartment he could follow its course by the white poles planted at intervals along the side. Many had disappeared, but a few stragglers that had weathered the storms remained. He liked these white poles. He had often seen them in his dreams and they had become part of the permanent stock of his memories. He had many a time thought of these poles in the far countries where he had been—the white painted poles to guide travellers over the dreary waste when great snowstorms blocked the road. It was fine to see them once more. Men and women had been lost on these lone roads, and he recalled the fate of an uncle, a cattle drover, who was found stiff and stark near the entrance to the gloomy and ghost-haunted defile of the Sloc. And this mountain pass through great masses of rock brought back to him the recollection that the Sloc had been the haunt of robbers and that he had spoken to a man who had witnessed the execution at Inverness of the last of these desperadoes for "holding up" the head of the House of Novar. He felt a glow of satisfaction as the train sped on over the eastern shoulder of the Monaleidhs, that though railways could do much in changing the face of a country, it could not remove mountains nor destroy the romance and the cherished traditions of a district. When the train crossed the Findhorn Viaduct, he got a hurried glimpse of the village—his village—and what a crowd of memories the sight provoked. His eye followed the course of the river, winding in and winding out like a silver thread through the great wooded strath and far away at the foot of the hills he saw glinting and shimmering through the summer haze the township nestling,and beautiful beyond any cluster of houses he had ever seen. He could distinguish the green strips of oats, and the greener patches of potatoes and turnips, and trace the march lines which marked off each little holding. Yes, there could be no doubt whatever that that was his native village, and he drank in the scene with eagerness. He had never experienced in his world wanderings such a strange sensation as this—this sudden glimpse of the place where he was brought into being and sent forth into the unknown, to battle and finally triumph. It was a fine sensation, and under its influence he became thoughtful and said to himself how different it would have been had he returned bruised and broken and soiled by the world. The point of view made all the difference whether things were interesting or the reverse. He repeatedly analysed his feelings and concluded that poverty had been and would be always a curse. If he had come home penniless things would have looked entirely different. What had given him pleasure would have caused him pain. But he had been bold and staked his life in the human conflict, he had grappled with the old world and wrested from it the secrets of success. This thought pleased him and with it running through his head he reached Tomatin. When he stepped off the train he looked surprisingly about him, but could not make his bearings. Everything was so strange, everything would seem to have changed but the fir woods, the resinous odour from which met him full in the face, and there was a return of the pleasurable sensation he experienced when he had crossed the viaduct. This inhaling of the heavy aroma of the woods was fine—the woods where he found the nest of the wild pigeon. But everything was so changed —the people, the houses, the speech. The rich expressive Gaelic, the only tongue known in his day, was apparently dead. Not a sound of it did he hear among the group of men and women waiting the incoming of the train. A porter

told him the way to the hotel, distant, he said, about five minutes' walk. He got on to the coach road, and then in a moment he knew the lie of the country. He kept along towards the inn, and when he came in sight of it, the mental picture he had had always in the distant countries with him of the hostelry vanished like a dream. Hardly a trace of the inn he knew was left. In its place there had risen a new and palatial edifice. Half-a-dozen tenants had occupied the house since he had seen it before, but among all the changes he was pleased to find that the stables in existence in the old coaching days had been left almost intact. He had no doubt whatever in his mind that in these very stalls stood the horses that were yoked to the coach which bore him away into exile—into the unknown. He stood for a long time gazing at the stable, peeped into the loft from which the racks were filled with the fresh-smelling hay, and into the little square wooden boxes in the corner of the mangers, out of which the horses ate carefully measured "feeds" of corn—the horses which carried him away to do battle with the world. He stayed in the hotel overnight, and gathered from the proprietor odd scraps of news, but he was not a native of the place and knew little or nothing concerning the people in whom he was interested.

In the morning he was up betimes and had a look round, but could see nor hear anything of those whose names had been familiar to him in the days of his youth. He struck out at last for his village. He got on to the coach road once again, breaking off it about a mile east of the inn. He had one definite object in view that day. He must at anyrate see the graves in the deep hollow. They were nearly on his way. Could he find them? He thought he could, and he went almost in a straight line to the very spot. It was the farm steading of Invereen that guided him. It stood there with its red-tiled roof, its barns and byres and staek-yards, just as he had known it and with little change, he was told, in its exterior, for two hundred years. It was there when Culloden was lost and when the central and picturesque figure in that forlorn Jacobite cause was a wanderer and fugitive with a heavy price upon his head, among the very hills which he was gazing upon. The present tenants are lineally descended from the first. Towards this old farm the exile directed his steps. The deep silent hollow where the dead sleep is on the west side of the steading—a lonely spot where the curlew builds its nest and the red grouse hatches its young. On coming to the summit of the brae commanding a view of the hollow he looked, and there sure enough the seven mounds were visible, and nearly as distinct in outline as they were when he saw them sixty years before. He clambered down the brae and sat upon one of the graves and recalled the day that his grandfather told him, seated just where he was, the tragic story of the men who slept there in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace; sleeping there under the lone stars for more than a century and a half. His grandfather was a lad when Culloden was fought and had a vivid recollection of many incidents of those days of dule and sorrow, that have never been perpetuated in type. This of the graves was one of them.

The day after Culloden seven strapping young fellows with musket and dirk, philabeg and tartan hose came bounding over the Strathdern hills from Badenoch and Abernethy, intending to go to the aid of the Prince, whom they expected to join somewhere in the environs of Inverness. Two only of their names are known, Hector Cameron of *Sliochd nan gillean maol dubh, i.e.*, "race of the black bonnetless lads," and John Macpherson from Aldrine in Badenoch. No news reached them of the red disaster at Culloden the previous day, and they proceeded northwards light-heartedly and merrily doubtless, because they were young, with the fresh spirit of youth in their limbs and in their hearts. They came at noon to the deep grassy hollow at Invereen, and there refreshed themselves with draughts from a crystal spring that bubbled up out of the earth. They suspected no danger and began to ascend the brae. They got about halfway up and then suddenly there appeared on the summit a detachment of the King's soldiers. No mercy was offered and none was asked. Retreat was useless and the Highlanders continued to climb until the last man fell. The bodies were interred by the M'Beans of Inverness, in the graves which now contain their ashes. The exile had doubts when a youth of the genuineness of the tale narrated by his grandfather, and he and two comrades decided to test its credibility by opening one of the mounds. Their courage, however, failed at the last moment, and they contented themselves with thrusting a sharp-pointed stick—the handle of a pitchfork—into the soft mound. The stick came in contact with something hard which they knew from the sound was not stone or rock, and after digging a short distance they came upon a rust-eaten dirk, which is among the most precious relics in the possession of the exile.

From the graves of the butchered Highlanders he wended his way along the bank of the river towards the village. He could hardly recognise it. The landscape alone remained unchanged, the township had passed beyond his recognition —the village of his dreams no longer existed,

The black houses with their straw or divot thatch had disappeared, and on their ruins stone and lime structures had been reared, slated and modern in appearance. He was disappointed; if he had known what had happened in his absence he would not have disturbed the precious picture of his dream—village. One family was there who knew his father and mother in the old days, but the sons and daughters had never heard his name. At the upper end of the township near the base of the range of low-lying hills which protect the village from the North winds, there was when he was a boy a large tract of land under cultivation. It was on that field that he first broke the game laws and became poacher. When the field was under oats, he used, when the grain was cut, to set horse hair snares on the stooks. In this way he caught many a brace of grouse, and on one particular occasion was caught himself by the gamekeeper, but escaped with nothing more serious than a severe reprimand. He sold the grouse to the carrier between Inverness and Tomatin. How eager and enthusiastic he was in this poaching business. He could not sleep of nights through thinking about it. How proud he was too of the first money he received from the carrier. He used to carry the birds under the friendly cover of night in a guano bag, and watch for the carrier in a gravel pit by the roadside, while on his way back to Inverness. He remembered the low sharp danger whistle of the carrier some distance from the gravel pit, which meant that the coast was clear; and how quick of foot he ran home in the dark, jingling the poaching money in his pocket. It was then that he began to think about things, about the big world which lay beyond the hills. The house in which he was born he could hardly trace, and portions of the rough unhewn stone walls being visible among the grass which grew thick and juicy where he had slept and sent up in lisping syllables his first prayer. Upon him the place had a saddening and depressing effect, and he wished that his vision had not been dispelled. But amid the ruins of his beautiful dream he did not forget the woman who had kissed him.

What had become of her? How had she fared in the life struggle? Had she, like all his friends, gone back to the primal elements—back for peace and eternal rest into the bosom of the mother of all mothers. He would enquire about her: and he eventually discovered that she was still alive and residing in a little wooden cottage in the mouth of a burn that came down from the hills and divided the village, in its course to the Findhorn, into two sections. She must be old, he thought. She was more than twenty when he was only eleven. But he would like to see her. Till he was eighteen she remained his ideal of womanhood. In his inner soul he now believed he loved her back in those youthful years. But as he grew and the years went past, the image faded and faded until it became but a pleasant memory—the memory that survives unhurt the wreck and crash of the most cherished ideals. It was good, however, he thought, to go through life with the "image of a pure woman in one's soul." In the stress and tumults which overtake men, when the world looks black and despair corrodes the soul, the memory of a good, generous and loving woman is a precious possession. It was such thoughts as these that were uppermost in him when he approached the humble dwelling. He venerated old age—he himself was old, and the hoary head and the palsied hand always appealed to him. He hoped she would remember him and with a shade of excitement in his manner he timidly knocked. In a little while the door slowly opened. Then there appeared a woman, much bent and leaning heavily upon a staff. Her face was furrowed with wrinkles and her hair white as snow. Yes, that was the woman of his dreams, the woman who had kissed him, but she could not recall him and he could not make himself known to her. So many people had left the village, she said, in sixty years—it was such a long time. He was pleased to speak to her. She was the gentlest and most cheerful woman, he thought, upon whom he had ever set eyes. Absolutely happy, with the dusk of evening rapidly closing round her, this woman of whom he had dreamt in far countries. Success in business he felt was not everything Her life was not a failure. He learned from the neighbours that she pitied the poor, the forsaken, and the lonely, giving them a share of all she had. She knew next to nothing of the great throbbing world beyond the hills of her beautiful native Strath.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the last General Court of this Society, the following bursaries were awarded to Gaelic-speaking students:—£15 for three years—Kenneth Macleod, Stornoway; Glasgow University: teaching or ministry. Donald M. Logan, Broadford, Skye; Inverness Royal Academy: undecided. £15 for one year—Andrew Rugg Gunn, Kyleakin, Inverness-shire; Edinburgh University: medicine. £10 for one year—George Hope, Oban High School: teaching. John Macpherson, Broadford, Skye; Glasgow University; teaching. Alexander Henderson, Ross-shire: Edinburgh University: teaching. Allan Macpherson, Broadford, Skye; Glasgow University: medicine. School bursary of £20 for one year—John A. Mackenzie, Lochinver, Kingussie Public School.

Substantial subscriptions were also voted to the Duchess of Sutherland's Technical School, Golspie; the Highland Association; the Royal Scottish Corporation; the Royal Caledonian Asylum, etc.

THE FAIRY PIPES.

THE old grandfather sat over the fire at the hour of sunset with his little grandson between his knees, and told to the little one the tale which I now tell to you.

'Once, long ago, before the Sassanach with his dreary tongue came among us, there lived a man of our clan, who, in the days of his youth, had followed the fairy piper. To this day is the story told by many an evening fire, and many are those who listen on the hills for the sound of the magic pipes, which sounded as if they were made of gold of the purest, so sweet, so sad, so long-drawn-out, were the strains which the fairy piper drew from them.

One day, when Ian, son of Seumas, was tending the flocks on the hill side, he was roused by the sound of pipe-music, which seemed to come from far, far away over the mountains. No mortal piper ever raised such strains, and when Ian heard them, unconsciously his feet led him, as he thought, nearer and nearer the direction from whence the haunting melodies came. Over hill, over dale, beside mighty rivers, by the shores of dark lochs—on and on he went, and it seemed to him that it was but a day that he travelled. But it was many days ere his people saw his face again.

On and on, led ever by music so sweet that not even

A MACCRIMMON OF SKYE

ever raised such, so that once heard by mortal man must haunt his dreams for ever, he walked, and ever it seemed that when he quickened his steps the piper quickened his also, for never a sign of him did he see.

Though he little knew it, the days were slipping into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still he seemed to have lost all count of time. He lived on the scanty fare which the berries and roots afforded, with now and then a meal snatched hastily at some farm house. And strange it was, but it was as if the piper halted when he halted, and, when he again took to the road, the weird, sweet strains of the pipes reached him from a distance no farther off and no nearer than when he stopped to rest. And so it was when he slept; when he awoke the music was always sounding at the same distance as when he fell asleep.

And many were the dawns which rose in the East and flushed the sky with a flush rosy as that on the face of a maiden when her lover nears her; many were the sunsets which glowed in the West, the cloud-islands seeming to him like the islands of the blest, the "tir nan Oig" of his dreams, as the radiant colours grew and faded. Rose and purple and amethyst, crimson, greens like the green of the fairy queen's robe, scarlet and topaz. And still, on and on, on and on, the fairy piper led him by the music of his golden-mouthed pipes.

So it was, that spring had passed into summer, summer into autumn, and autumn into winter, and winter into spring again, and still Ian the son of Seumas knew it not. If he could have had his choice whether he would live this music-haunted life or that old one which by now was as a dream to him, you may be sure that he would have chosen this one which he now led. For the dreamer has the best of it, and there is no dreamer like the man of the mountains, the Celt whose heritage is a heritage of the dreams and visions of the poets and seers.

Many and sweet and strange were the dreams and visions which were the lot of Ian the son of Seumas at that time; and when once a man has tasted of such glamour, the things of earth are never so near or so much to him for ever afterwards. His eyes are opened to the inward things; the glory of sea and mountain, river, glen, and song of bird, are seen and heard by him with eyes and ears which have been anointed with that which has made his seeing and hearing as the seeing and hearing of those who know and understand. The sound of the wind as it sighs and moans in the forests is never just the sighing of the wind to him again; but now he hears and knows that which it is only given to the few to hear and know, what the wind says, and what are the spirits of the wind.

And many were the storms which he encountered on that strange journey of his. For a night and a day towards the end of his wanderings there was a heavy storm, and, after it had passed, leaving a calm, cool evening, it seemed to Ian that now, at last, the fairy piper was almost within hail, so close did the sound of the pipes seem to be to him. So he followed their notes in the calm of that still evening-time, and at last he was led down to the shore of a sea-loch just as the moon was rising. And a voice spoke to him in accents so sweet and weird, that Ian said afterwards that the chill he felt then to the very marrow of his bones, when those unearthly tones fell upon his ear, was as the chill the man feels who loses his way in the snow.

And now the pipes were silent; only the echoes of their wonderful music sang in his ears. Neither piper nor pipes were to be seen, only the tones of that clear, sweet voice reached the ear of the wanderer. The voice bade him follow to the edge of the waves, and there, rocking on the tiny wavelets, on the golden path cast by the now risen moon, was a boat of silver. Obeying a command to enter the boat, he was rowed by unseen hands across the pathway cast by the rays of the moon, until the farther shore was reached.

As he stepped ashore it seemed to him that his eyes were touched by invisible fingers, and that which before had been hidden to his human sight now became clear to him. A young man stood before him clad in the fairy green—a green like the green of the first spring grass on the mountains—and shimmering as the grass does when the dew-drops bespangle it in the early morning. Under his arm he carried the most wonderful set of pipes that Ian had ever seen—green and gold and silver, the fairy pipes—whose music was as the music heard in dreams. "Come with me, Ian, son of Seumas, come with me where you will be welcome, and will need no more trouble about the things that grieve the sons of men," and, taking him by the hand, he led him to the face of a cliff. As they neared this cliff a door opened in it, and there was revealed such a scene of beauty as dazzled his eyes. A crystal hall with pillars of silver and gold stretched under the rock, and the radiance that gleamed from within was as the radiance of the moonshine on the sea. Fearing greatly, for the first time he failed to follow his guide, loosening his hold of the fairy man's hand. Then in gentlest and kindest and sweetest tones the fairy told of the wonders to be seen and known by him if only he would accept the love of a fairy maiden who had seen and loved him as he watched his sheep on the side of the Ben now so far away. But ever after, Ian son of Seumas, said when telling the tale of this strange happening, that at that moment a new strength to resist temptation came to him; so, muttering a prayer (and all the time of his wanderings he had forgotten how to pray) he covered his eyes with his hands and fled—far, far, running as if possessed—and on the night air weird voices and music and singing were borne to him.

But the sound of the fairy pipes was heard by him no longer, and after many weeks he again reached the sheiling in the glen, a weary, haggard man, with unshorn hair and beard, so weak and forlorn, with his clothes in rags, that he was treated as a stranger beggar until his old mother saw him, who opened her arms and took the wanderer's head upon her bosom.

So he came to his own people once more, and married a daughter of the clan, and sometimes, when pressed, he would go over the strange tale of the fairy piper and his fairy pipes. But until the day of his death, Ian the son of Seumas would at times become unconscious of all around him, and walk as a man in a dream, and the wise woman of the village said that at such times he saw that which but few mortals are given to see.

So he lived and died in his own place, and the wise woman said that at his burial she heard the fairy pipes come sounding from far over the mountains, and that the tune they played was one which no earthly piper could ever essay.

And that, little one, is the tale of the "Fairy Pipes." MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

THE GLEN FAR AWAY.

THERE'S a glen far away where my fathers are lying,
Unbroken their sleep by the peewits' sad crying;
Unheeding they lie through a tumult of years,
Bereft are their breasts of hopes and of fears,
Contented they lie in their long narrow tombs;
They fear not the storm though above them it glooms,
They feel not the biting of chill Winter's snows
When over the hills her white arms she throws;
Alone in their glen they wait for the day
When mountains shall vanish and seas pass away.

There's a glen far away where my fathers are lying,
Where weeping winds fill all the night with their sighing,
Where happy I roamed in the long, long ago,
Unfettered, unshackled, as free as the roe:
Dear glen of my heart, I am pining for thee!
Oh! had I but wings to thy shades I would flee!
But come to thee now is past power of mine,
A finger is beck'ning to me o'er the brine,
A voice is soft calling to me from a shore
Where maybe I'll die and see Scotland no more!

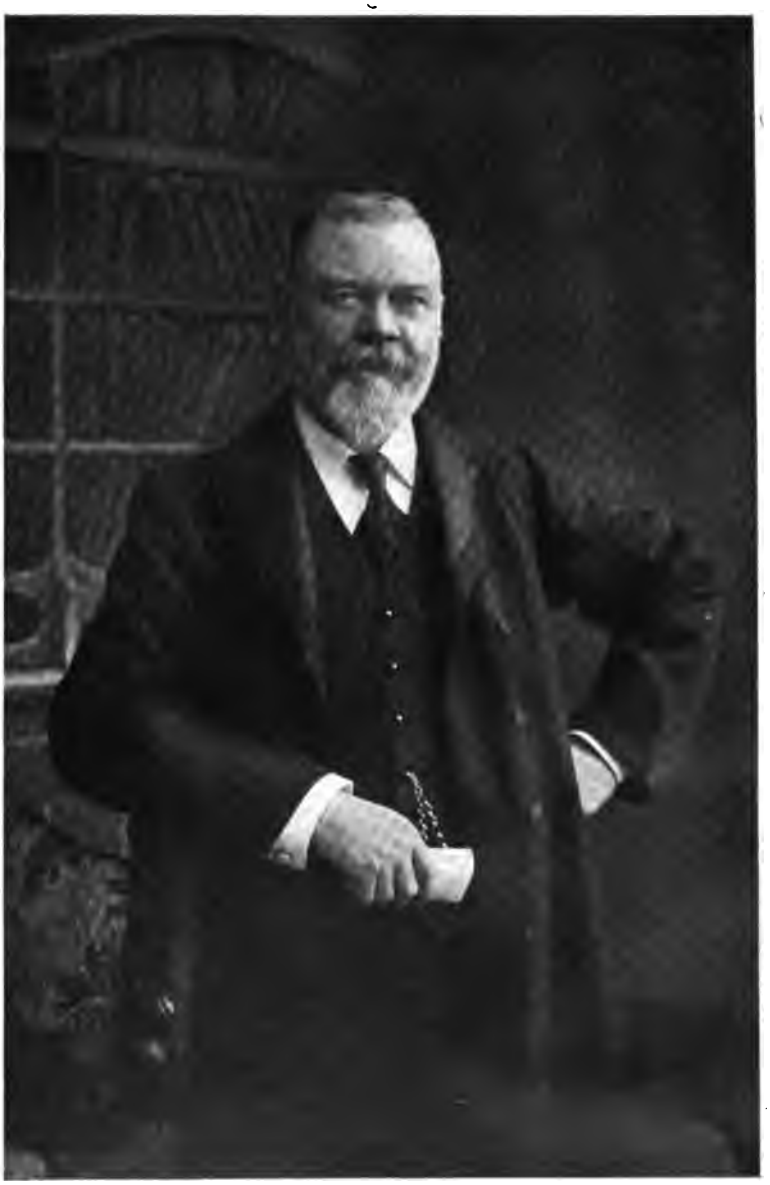
There's a glen far away where my fathers are lying,
The light of the day now above them is dying,
The wings of the night circle dark in the East,
The owl sallies forth to prepare the night's feast,
The flowers close their eyes, the sun hides his head,
And heather bells droop o'er the graves of the dead;
Oh fortunate dead! Still and sound is your sleep,
For round you the mountains their lonely watch keep,
But broken the slumber, uneasy the grave
Of he who must lie where the tall jungles wave!

Edinburgh. COINNEACH MACRAE.

ARE THE TODDS A CLAN SEPT?

SIR,—The Todds do not seem to be a sept of any clan or even dependants. Frank Adam in "What is my Tartan?" makes no reference to them. Tod is the Scotch for Fox. Animal names may arise in two ways. First, as is usually supposed, they may represent mental, moral or physical characteristics of the animal named as being inherent in the person nick-named from the animal. In this way Fox is doubtless applied. But, secondly, we have to remember the fact that all houses of public entertainment had in olden days, signs—not our *signs* with painted names but real signs, that is, pictures and effigies hung out of animals, etc. Hence John Lyon may mean John at the Lyon or of the Lyon, he being proprietor of, or otherwise connected with the "Lion Inn." In fact we have numberless instances of people being so designated in old rolls and charters thus: John atte Belle (atte—at the) Thomas atte Ram. In Campbeltown a family of the name of Kelly kept the "Swan Inn," and the descendants are known as Swans. It is more than likely the surname Todd is to be accounted for in like manner, from the sign of the Fox, Scotch tod.

FIONN.



ALEXANDER M'GREGOR, J.P.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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ALEXANDER M'GREGOR, J.P., ARDROSSAN.

ALTHOUGH born in the lowland ducal town of Hamilton in the early sixties, and nurtured amidst the rush of steam and clash of mighty hammers in Motherwell, that Sheffield of Scotland, the subject of the present sketch is of undisputed Highland extraction and sympathy. Towards the close of the eighteenth century a Robert Macgregor, hailing from the fastnesses of Glenlyon, migrated to the lowland country, and married Agnes Flint, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. Alexander, the eldest, born at Woodhead, Meikle-earnock in 1801, was the grandfather of the subject of our sketch.

In time we find the New Mill at Hamilton occupied and worked by Alexander M'Gregor, a man of magnificent and handsome presence, and with him were a family of sons and daughters.

The second son was George M'Gregor, the father of our Ardrossan friend, and shortly after his marriage with Isabella Mackie, the young couple removed to Motherwell Mill. A dilapidated place was this Mill as the M'Gregors found it, but with much patient labour, and a heart that refused to be daunted, great obstacles were overcome and the place was converted into one of the beauty spots of Motherwell.

Here, young M'Gregor, the oldest of a family of eleven, formed his first impressions of life, and was early taught to "put to his hand." He received his early education at the local school under Dominie Sneddon, from whose hand many successful pupils have been turned out in varied spheres of life; he then passed on to Hamilton Academy, where his educational training was early brought to an end.

Leaving that somewhat famous educational institution long before he had passed his teens, young MacGregor entered the service of James Goodwins & Co., Iron Founders and Bridge Builders, Motherwell, as office boy. His aptitude was early recognised, and his promotion was rapid. He had not far passed his twentieth birthday when he found himself cashier of an ever expanding business which touched many parts of both hemispheres. After the business had been transferred to a Limited Company, Goodwins Jardine & Co, he was gradually promoted until he became Secretary, and remained as such until it came to grief in 1891.

Early in the year 1897 Mr. M'Gregor launched out on his own account, and bought the old established Foundry—Ardeer Foundry, Stevenston, Ayrshire. Here he has been eminently successful, and has remodelled and enlarged the business to a large extent, and to those who knew the place when it fell into his hands, the contrast with the Ardeer of to-day must be mighty indeed: where chaos and confusion reigned, light and order were restored, and by means of great building extensions elbow room has been provided for hundreds of workmen, who, when their numbers were even much smaller, were cribbed, cabined, and confined. The Foundry is now one of the most up-to-date in the country, and the class of work is nowhere excelled.

Within the last few days Mr. M'Gregor has acquired the property of the Ayrshire Foundry Coy., with machinery, etc., and capable of employing 500 men, in addition to his other works.

In public affairs Mr. M'Gregor takes a great interest. He is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Ayr. In November, 1903, he was elected Chairman of Stevenston Parish Council, a position which he still retains. He is also a Member of Stevenston School Board. In all matters Highland he is most enthusiastic, and, needless to say, has a special interest in the Clan Gregor, of which honourable Society he is a Director. A member of the Ardrossan Parish Church, in politics truly conservative, and always an advocate of measures for the advancement of the people.

In 1886 Mr. M'Gregor married Mary Wingfield, fourth daughter of Mr. William Lindsay, Motherwell, and in his home at Broompark, South Crescent, Ardrossan, Mrs. M'Gregor superintends the dispensing of Highland hospitality to visitors, and a family of two sons and two daughters brightens the hearth of one behind whose somewhat brusque manner is the pulsation of a big, warm Highland heart.

The photograph is by Mr. Walter J. Scott, Ardrossan.

SCOTTISH SCENES AS VIEWED THROUGH DUTCH SPECTACLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH,

BY FRANK ADAM, F.S.A., SCOT., AUTHOR OF "*What is My Tartan?*" "*An Exile's Note Book*," *etc.*

(*Continued from page 214*).

IT was near this point of the unique Pass of Brander that our anglers' hearts warmed. On the banks of the Awe we observed, at unequal distances, various small jetties running out into the river, and on them small huts were built. These are fishing huts belonging to the wealthy lords, who pay hundreds of pounds sterling per annum for a portion of a salmon-stream, over which they and their friends may fish for salmon and trout. At one of these huts we met with a gentleman, who appeared to be a gamekeeper to his lordship (sic) Colonel Murray, owner of the salmon stream. The old gentleman informed us that his lordship had just been fishing but had had the misfortune to fall into a deep pool, and had, therefore, gone home to change his clothes. We were, however, indebted to this fortunate accident for the opportunity of seeing the interior of the fishing-hut, and also of learning some angling wisdom. I should mention that in front of the hut there were, on the river, a couple of small waterfalls of about ½ metre (1½ feet) in height.

SALMON-FISHING

would appear to be an interesting occupation. Although the keeper, in the absence of his master, did not dare to disturb the water, still after we had presented him with a Dutch cigar, he had no objection to shew us in what manner angling was proceeded with. He took up a fine, polished, ornamented rod with an artificial fly (wherein a hook was concealed) at the end of a fine line, and showed us how the fly was cast on the water. He also informed us how the salmon sprang at the fly, and how, thereafter, a half-hour or so might be spent in reeling in the line and again letting it out, ere the salmon became so tired as to allow itself to be brought to the bank. The keeper characterised this as "most exciting sport" (but he did *not* tell us, what we afterwards found out, that one might thrash a salmon stream at times from morning till evening without catching a single fish). Further, that a good rod cost as much as twenty pounds sterling, and, that salmon fishing was a science, inasmuch as a different-coloured fly was needed for different months, and that every lake or stream had its particular kind of fly. So that a fly which was suitable for Loch Lomond was no good on Loch Awe. We had the good luck to see several salmon of from 15 to 30 lbs weight leap the small waterfalls to which allusion has already been made. It struck us that, during these leaps a good shot could have killed the fish with a rifle. This, however, so far as we know, is not done. It would seem a capital offence to capture a salmon otherwise than by means of a hook and line, at least so classical salmon-fishers say. The fishers, however, who fish for their daily bread, are permitted the use of a net. They however, cannot be termed "classical fishers," for they speak no Latin. Our keeper friend then proceeded to exhibit to us a book which was full of the doughty fishing exploits of Colonel Murray and his friends. What a mass of minutiæ were there recorded! Date and hour of capture of a fish, kind of fly, sort of fish, sex of ditto, weight, etc. There were also all sorts of accessories to salmon-fishing —in fact the place was a perfect angling museum.

After this interesting fishing intermezzo, we proceeded on our journey. For a while the road followed the windings of the river Awe, which, here and there, was so shallow, that we could not comprehend how it was possible for salmon to swim through such a shallow stream. We then passed through a hilly landscape, sparsely cultivated with hay, and having, here and there, pretty wooded plantations. In this district we observed many rabbits, and also partridges, as well as grouse (sic), which hid themselves under the ferns. We passed through Taynuilt, which seemed to consist of a hotel, a railway station, two churches, and a couple of villas. Thence, onwards to Loch Etive, an arm of the sea which, at Connal Ferry, is spanned by a new iron railway bridge. The bridge is a most ugly one, and one carries away a bad impression of it. This was only in keeping with the impression which one derives from the loch in question. It is a leaden-coloured, melancholy-looking, sombre lake, whose banks have no other vegetation than the ugly, brown sea-weed, which strews the shores of most of the Scottish lochs. We shortly afterwards left the sea to take a turn inland along a road, on either side of which were ferns and fine pink-blossomed heather. This, too, was alive with rabbits and partridges. After this, some cultivated land, and then down a hill at full speed, and we were in a little town, and in sight of a bay, which was full of elegant steam and sailing yachts, which appeared to be black swans standing out against a background of dark-green hills, which shut out the horizon.

WE WERE IN OBAN.

And again we felt that mysterious sombreness which seemed to brood over this land. We felt that there was something strange about the Scottish sun; that something was wanting in its light; that it was poorer in power and less vivifying than the sun of our own land. We

felt in fact that even its rays had something sad about them. Now we understood what Scotland lacked, and what we felt the need of in the Scottish Highlands — light! invigorating, animating, homely light!

The day, following the arrival of the Dutch cyclists at Oban, was spent by them in a trip to

STAFFA AND IONA.

The description of the trip must be so familiar to most of your readers that I do not reproduce it here. The writer winds up his account of the day's proceedings by observing: "When we at length disembarked from the "Gael" at Oban, we felt as if we had the sea in our legs. It was as if we were swaying on deck, and obliged to take long steps to avoid falling. And so we proceeded to our hotel, our legs full of the sea, while our heads were full of wild fantasies of ocean fury and mighty impressions of wild billows. It was a most memorable outing, a fantastic trip and made one dream feverish dreams!"

"On the following day we crossed Connal Ferry and its ugly railway-bridge, in order to make an expedition to the land of Benderloch and Appin. We passed over a fairly good road, through the village of Ballachulish to Loch Leven, where we had decided to call a halt at the hotel there. I must recommend that hotel as a fairly good and not *too* dear refreshment place. One of our party paid only three shillings for two boiled eggs and a cup of tea there. This forced us to arrive at one of two conclusions, viz.; that either eggs or travellers were seldom to be met with at Ballachulish."

From Ballachulish the cyclists toured to Fort-William. Their experiences of that place are narrated as follows, viz.: "We were soon made at home in the capital west-end hotel. The menu was to our taste, notwithstanding that the inevitable mutton and broth were, as ever, to the fore. We resolved to pass as pleasant an evening in Fort William as was possible. This was, however, more easily said than done, in a village, which consisted of two rows of miserable houses, two large hotels, a few shops, and a public-house. As we wandered along the village street our ears were assailed by an unwonted sound, which appeared to issue from the building at the back of the shop of Mr.——(I suppress the name, from motives of delicacy, which is a gift of which the Dutch cyclists did not appear to possess more than a limited store). We first heard a long-drawn-out, shrieking noise, followed by a barking, gurgling, struggling sound, as if it was that of an organ-pipe which had become filled with water. One of our party thereupon concluded that someone must be playing the "doodelzak" (bagpipes). A bright idea thereupon struck us. Wherefore must Mr.——be permitted to hide his light under a bushel, and what is there to hinder us from hearing the finest numbers from his repertoire? We therefore plucked up courage, and knocked at the worthy man's door. And then one of our number, who possessed unlimited assurance, began to pull the player's leg in the following manner:—

"May I ask if you are Mr.——?"

"Yes! that is my name; what can I do for you, sir?"

"Well, Mr.——we are strangers to this place, but learned at our hotel that you are the

BEST PLAYER ON THE BAGPIPES

in this neighbourhood. Now, this gentleman (indicating the writer of this by a wave of his hand), is a specialist in music, in fact "the most eminent musical critic of Amsterdam." (Here I made a low bow.) "Therefore," so proceeded our spokesman, "seeing that this gentleman is so enamoured of bagpipe music, and would like to write an article upon it in his musical magazine, you would do us a great favour, if you would . . ."

"Mr.——did not let our friend conclude his speech, but threw wide open the door of his house, and bid us a hearty welcome to his dwelling. His shop was soon full of visitors. There we stood before the counter, under a low roof, from which a petroleum lamp hung, surrounded by bundles of boots and shoes. Mr.——cleared a way through this to his sanctum behind the counter, put his musical instrument under his arm, and asked us what we would like him to play. Here was a puzzle! I am quite well aware that Paganini's violin-concert is not altogether suited for the bagpipes. I was further unaware whether any of the compositions of Brahms, Bach, Wagner, and other eminent composers had been scored for the bagpipes. What then to do? Luckily my "eminently critical" eyes lighted on a music-book which was lying on the counter, and which proved to be a book of bagpipe music, a book of Highland bagpipe ballads, of war-songs, reminiscences of the

SONGS OF THE KINGS

and the heads of the clans of times long ago By good luck, I chose a number in this book which bore a Keltic title, which it was impossible to pronounce. This was a king's song.

The worthy shopkeeper nodded approvingly. He put one of his legs upon a chair, then blew the bag full, for all he was worth, tuned the ebony bass pipes (drones), which were decorated with Scottish ribbons, threw his eyes up to the swinging lamp, surrounded by boots and shoes, and began. The drones gurgled and sputtered and emitted an organ-like noise, which resembled the siren of an ocean steamer. At intervals we heard the peeping and squeaking of the melody-

pipe (the chanter), which Mr.——fingered in an ecstatic manner, and which gave forth sounds like those of the singing of a kettle of boiling water. The piece seemed to us to be nothing but "troedaladie, troedeladie, troedeladie," for one minute, five minutes, and so on. There was no change in the melody. Now and again the worthy shopkeeper screwed up one of the drones, which made confusion more confounded. Then his ecstacy took the form of blowing up the bag, and pressing it now and then in the hollow of his arm. Then he began to walk the floor: "troedeladie, troedeladie, troedeladie, troedeladie"; his head became fiery red, the veins in his neck became swollen, his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets. Finally the man was exhausted. He caught his breath in gasps, and the perspiration rolled down his face. We deemed it better, at this stage, to applaud heartily. The musician ceased, and tears ran down his cheeks, owing to joyous satisfaction. He shook us heartily by the hand; and I feel perfectly certain that, on that evening, no person in Fort William was in better spirits than Mr.——, the greatest bagpipe player of the Caledonia district.

In order to silence our consciences, we offered the worthy man our last Dutch cigars, while he, on his part, offered to accompany "the most eminent critic" to his hotel, in order that they might study together his inestimable bagpipe-music-book. However, as we were unwilling to deprive the worthy player of his night's rest, we made an excuse for not availing ourselves of his kind offer, and after thanking him heartily for his courtly reception of us, we wended our way homewards, feeling heartily thankful once more to be in the open air.

"OBAN IN THE HIGHLANDS."

From Fort William an ascent was made of Ben Nevis, and the cyclists then returned by steamer to Oban, via Loch Linnhe. Their diary contains a series of protests against the sombre aspect of Highland scenery and the prevalence of rainy weather in that part of Scotland. Apropos of the rain the writer remarks:—"On board we saw many typical Scottish tourists, clad in the national costume—the rubber waterproof. Several of these gentlemen even went the length of sea boots and sou' westers. . . . . Finally, after gliding past the island of Kerrera, we came for the third time in sight of Oban. And, for the second time, we were in full view of the Oban Colosseum, erected by a wealthy, laborious, vain-glorious idiot, whose idea was, to have erected on each niche a statue of his own exalted person. The man, however, died ere his project could be carried into execution, so that, till now, these niches remain unfilled. As we landed on the pier with our bicycles, an official approached us, and demanded a charge of two pence, on account of wear and tear to the stones of the pier. This is no novel form of imposition. However, in this form, it struck us as particularly impudent. In the hotel a capital dinner awaited us, but with the traditional mutton and green peas, which one never seems to get clear of in Scotland. The following day was Sunday. It is, of course, unnecessary to inform the reader, that *that* day follows Saturday. However, in Scotland, Sundays have a special signification, for on these days, mankind appears to put on another aspect, and to be unsociable, stiff, and disagreeable. The ghost of John Knox appears to dominate the spirit of the church-goer; and, to watch their faces, one would imagine that laughing on the Sabbath day is a sin against the Sabbath.

In order not to go over the same ground twice, we had decided to go by train from Oban to Dalmally, and thence to bicycle through the valley of the Lochy to Tyndrum. However, we had reckoned without Sunday. On *that* day, in that part of Scotland, not a single train ran; boats did not ply; everything was dead still. We could not, on that account, even send our baggage forward, which much annoyed us, as, if we made the journey on our bikes, and let the luggage follow later, we had every prospect of spending a couple of days in damp clothing. However, what an inestimable treasure is the bike! While the inhabitants of Oban were bound to the place where they had worked and sweated during the six days of the week, we were free to go where we liked. Thanks to the deserted state of the roads, we were soon beyond the confines of the town, and were returning to Dalmally along the same route by which we had come to Oban a few days previously. To avoid a heavy shower we took refuge under the bridge at the Falls of Cruachan, which resembled a view in Thuringia. Thereafter, after a good spurt, we reached the Dalmally Hotel, where we enjoyed a hearty chat with the jovial landlord. In the meantime, the weather had cleared up, so that we were able to take things easily.

(To be continued.)

SCOTCH NAMES OF ABYSSINIANS.

SIR,—A member of the Clan Mackinnon lived in Abyssinia many years ago, says "A Highlander" in the *Morning Post*, November, 1902. He was such a favourite that the whole tribe of natives formed a clan in his honour and adopted his name. King Menelick's chief adviser is probably one of this clan. The statement in the *Toronto Globe* that "the name Ras MacKonnen is a thin disguise for Ross MacKinnon" is therefore perhaps correct. The history of this clan of "Black MacKinnon's" was told a long time ago in the Highlands of Scotland by a prominent member of the Clan MacKinnon.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

THE ISLE OF PIGMIES.

ANYONE devoting even cursory attention to travellers' accounts of the Outer Hebrides cannot fail to observe the frequent references to a mysterious isle off the coast of Lewis, known as the Isle of Pigmies. As far back as the sixteenth century, Dean Monro gave an account of the isle, with its so-called church or chapel, underneath the floor of which a race of pigmies were popularly believed to have been buried. The Dean did some delving on his own account, and discovered certain bones "wonderfully small," which the "ancients" of Lewis declared were those of the pigmies themselves who had built the little kirk. Many men of different countries, said the Dean, had dug up similar bones, and on the whole he was inclined to give credence to the current tradition.

George Buchanan, in his "History of Scotland," quoted the "pious and learned" Dean with apparent conviction, and so the pigmies found a place in the country's annals. An official account of Lewis drawn up about 1580 gives a description of the isle, with its pigmy bones, which, it was stated were barely two inches long. An Englishman named Captain Dymes, who visited Lewis in 1630, devotes some attention to the isle and the tradition. He, too, dug up some of the small bones, but, as he quaintly observes, "my belief is scarce big enough to think them to be human." The isle is next mentioned by one

JOHN MORISON, A LEWISMAN,

who wrote an account of his native island about 1680. Morison was a scoffer: he laughed at the pigmy theory, and believed the bones were those of seabirds. Martin, the well-known writer, who described Lewis as it was at the end of the 17th century, relates the tradition about the pigmies, whom he calls "Lusbirdan" (Gaelic and Scots, Luspardan, from Lughspiorad —little spirit); and the inevitable bones once more make their appearance.

That the fame of the Isle of Pigmies had travelled across the Border is evident from the fact that it finds a place in Collin's "Ode on the popular superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," published in 1749. The poet refers thus to the little kirk on the Isle:—

"To that hoar pile which still its ruins shows,
In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them wond'ring from the hallowed ground."

In the first quarter of the 19th century Dr. John M'Culloch, in his letters to Sir Walter Scott, denied the very existence of the Isle of Pigmies, and attacked Dean Monro for deceiving his readers by such a monstrous fiction. A man who wrote such stuff, he declared, was unworthy of credence. The dictum of M'Culloch (who had travelled in Lewis) was generally accepted, and in popular handbooks of the Highlands and Isles, late in the 19th century, Buchanan's "pious and learned man" was held up to ridicule for his story of the mythical Isle of Pigmies.

While in Lewis last year I had the good fortune

TO REDISCOVER THE ISLE,

and thus re-establish Dean Monro's reputation for veracity. It is no longer known as the Isle of Pigmies, its present name being Luchruban, which is practically identical with "Luchorpain" or "Luchrupain," the diminutive people of Irish legend. The name probably originated in Ireland, for, according to Captain Dymes, the Isle was often visited by Irish antiquaries, who came in quest of the pigmies' bones. It is a round mass of gneiss, its summit covered with short sea grass, its extreme length being about 70 feet. It is really a peninsula, being completely isolated from Lewis only during very high tides.

Luchruban is set in savagely picturesque surroundings. The greenness of its summit is accentuated by the blackness of the gneissic rock scarred and seamed by many a wintry sea, which forms its sides. To the south-east is the Butt of Lewis, with its lighthouse. One observes with interest the gaping cavern called the "Eye of the Butt." Through this "eye" was fastened the traditional hawser by which the Long Island was dragged from the continent, and left derelect in the Atlantic! As far as one can see, huge black rocks rise from the water, ground into queer forms by their ceaseless battle with their enemy, which retreats only to advance afresh to the attack. The configuration of the coast feeds the imagination with fantastic shapes, and a near inspection of the rocks suggests in one place the well-thumbed leaves of a gigantic book, and in another the gnarled trunk of a mighty oak. The shrill cries of the seabirds, which cover the lower rocks, are accompanied by the deep bass of the Atlantic, as it booms its weird music into the caves of the Butt. And in winter, when the sea is foaming with fury against the black wall of gneiss, and the poor fishermen who have failed to win the friendly shelter of the harbour at the Port of Ness, the scene is comparatively grander, from the point of view of the seascape painter. But it is a wild coast at all seasons, and imparts an eerie feeling which suggests an eerie people, like the traditional pigmies of Luchruban. A fitting habitat, in truth, for the mysterious little

folk, whose bones men from afar came to collect at the distant Butt of Lewis.

A RECENT INVESTIGATION

of the Isle of Pigmies and its remains, under the direction of my brother, Mr. C. G. Mackenzie, and my cousin, Dr. Mackenzie, both of Stornoway, revealed the fact that the ruins of the so-called kirk, described by so many writers, form part of a subterranean construction, consisting of two chambers connected by a passage, the "kirk" being of an oblong shape, and the other chamber—the larger of the two—being circular in form. The smaller chamber alone had been known to previous investigators. The structure has no exact counterpart in the Scottish "weems" which have hitherto been brought to light. It appears to have been used by a primitive race, the probable remains of whose dwellings are to be seen in a number of hut-circles which I discovered at Cunndal, in the same neighbourhood. I found on inquiry that the local tradition at the present day gives a circumstantial account of a race of pigmies who were driven from Cunndal to Lochruban by a race of "big yellow men" It is clear that the "pigmies" were simply a small-statured people, who were conquered by a taller race in the dim past before the dawn of genuine history. The tradition about the pigmies probably existed long before the first discovery of the bones, the finding of the latter appearing to corroborate the current story about the "little men," Probably, too, the memory of this dwarfish race has been perpetuated throughout the Highlands and elsewhere by fairy lore, the "good little people" being the modern representatives of the prehistoric dwarfs. Reasons could be given for this supposition and for the belief that the dwarfish race has affinities with the Lapps of the present day, but it would be obviously out of place here to discuss these theories.

But what of the famous bones, it may be asked?

ALAS! FOR THE PIGMY THEORY,

the discoveries recently made smash to atoms the view that the bones were those of diminutive human beings. A good number were unearthed, and I submitted them to an expert at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, who kindly classified 14 different specimens, seven of which proved to be the bones of birds, and seven of mammals, none of them human. Clearly they are the remains of primeval dinners.

The other "finds" in the chambers included some peat-ash and pieces of patterned pottery, the scoring being crude, unlike the more artistic attempts which similar discoveries sometimes display. Notable features of the construction are its excellent drainage system and the care with which the dry-built stones of the walls were laid. The inhabitants of these islands in remote times knew more about the art of building than the art of living.

Glasgow. WM. C. MACKENZIE.

MY HIGHLAND HOME.

LET others sing o' those tropic isles,
That are kissed by the blue rolling sea,
Of those sunny lands where the sky ever smiles,
And the blossoms ne'er fade frae the tree.
Gie me the land wi' rugged hills,
Wi' rocky glens and leaping rills
And vales where freedom's sons have bled
For freedom's cause their own.
Ah! that's the fairest land for me,
That holds my Highland home.

The Southron boasts of his flowery vales,
That crown his fair coral strand,
Where the palm tree sighs in the fragrant gales,
That blows o'er his summer robed land.
Gi'e me the home wi' rugged hills,
Wi' rocky glens and leaping rills.
Home of the clans, where echo tells
The deeds that they have done.
And heathy mounds where heroes sleep,
On fields their swords have won!

Then hurrah! for the land where the proud eagle sweeps
O'er mountains no tyrant hath trod,
And the auld kirk yards where the martyr sleeps,
Who died for his home and his God.
And bless the land wi' rugged hills,
Its rocky glens and silver rills.
Land where the pibroch thrilled the notes
Of freedom's early song;
Land where the brave still own their swords,
To guard their Highland home.

CHAS. REEKIE.

CLAN MACQUEEN.

SIR,—In the July *Celtic Monthly* a writer on the above subject falls into a common error of including Lord Braxfield, from the fact of it not being generally known that the Lanarkshire MacQueens were originally MacConns, from whom his Lordship was descended. The Clan Chattan MacQueens come from Suibhne, 'good-going' (Dr. A. MacBain.) As Suibhne was a chief of the old Clan Chattan, it seems a more likely derivation for that Clan than the usually accepted immigrant theory, which probably arose through similarity of name with the Skye MacQuiens. As regards the latter name, Dr. MacBain says it is "the diminutive of Hugh, namely Hucheon or Gaelic Huisdean, which properly in Gaelic ought to be Aoidhean or 'little Aoidh'—still found in the Skye name of MacQuien, sometimes rendered as MacQueen." A good deal of ridicule is thrown on Highland Clan History from the too ready assumption that a resemblance of names denotes a common ancestry or family descent. Glaring instances of such are well known to any one interested in the subject. CATTACH.

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

BY KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.

(Continued from page 206.)

IN Italy the influence of Ossian was supreme. Cesarotti tells us that he became the founder of a school of poetry there, and throughout the world the power of Ossian's muse was felt.

It is more than "nonsense" to tell me that *inferior* poetry or prose would have affected so many nationalities simultaneously, as Ossian's poems did, unless they possess merit of a very high order.

The late Professor Blackie in a learned, clever, and racy article on the subject, in his "Language and Literature of the Highlands," published in *1876*, gives a very fair and full account of the whole controversy, from which the following extracts have been taken. "Diogenes Laertius attributes the merit of the collecting and arranging of the Homeric poems to Solon. Cicero gives it to Pisistratus, and Plato to Hipparchus, and they may possibly have been all concerned in it. But there would have been no occasion for each of these persons to have sought so diligently for the parts of these poems, if there had been a *complete* copy. If therefore Solon, or Lycurgus, and the other personages committed to writing and introduced into Greece what had been before only sung by the rhapsodists of Ionia—just as some curious fragments of ancient poetry have been recently collected in the Northern parts of this island—their reduction to order in Greece was a work of taste and judgment; and those great names that we have mentioned might claim the same merit in regard to Homer, that the ingenious editor of Fingal is entitled to from Ossian."—Robert Wood.

"Of questions of this kind there are few in modern times more notable than that about the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, published by James Macpherson in the second half of the last century. At the present moment a real vital interest in these poems is confined to persons of genuine Highland descent, and a few thinkers and scholars fond of treading in unbeaten ways; to the great mass of persons of education in Europe, Ossian is but the faint echo of a storm that has long ago blown itself asleep. Whether this indifference of the public mind to a literary production, which in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, *thrilled* Europe with *admiration*, and struck chords of sympathy in such dissimilar bosoms as *Goethe* and *Bounoparte*, has arisen from the reaction that always follows on excessive admiration, in combination with the absence of that spur of novelty, always powerful to draw the gaze of the majority. Among a thousand Germans, being readers of poetry, you will not find one man who has read Klopstacks Messiah, so among a thousand Englishmen, or Scotsmen of average literary culture, not being Highlanders, you shall not stumble on one who has read a page of Ossian. Macpherson's Ossian is not read, admired only partially by the very few who do read it, and pronounced "trash" by hundreds who never heard of Wordsworth's crushing verdict.* This of course does not settle the real value of the poems; the critical appreciation of every age is generally one-sided, and like other things, is, to a certain extent, always the product of reaction, etc. James Macpherson is unquestionably either the Homer, or the Pisistrates, of the Caledonian Celts; if the former, he is the Celtic poet who fused into epic wholes the floating ballad literature of the Grampians, just as the genius of the great Smyrnean minstrel caused the heroic traditions of the Greeks of the Ægean to crystallise round the plain of Troy and the rock of Ithaca; if only the Pisistratus, then he must be content with the lesser praise of having collected the scattered limbs of a previous Celtic Homer, and put the pieces together of a great work *to the creation of which* he had *no more pretensions* than Cuvier to the construction of the Megatherium.†

Popular majorities, indeed we may say whether in England, America, or Germany, are as a rule *ignorant*, and generally *insolent* in proportion to their ignorance, and especially in this "tight little island," there has always been a strong and influential party, not now happily so strong as it once was, whose motto has been, "D—n all foreigners!"; and a similar party within ourselves whose motto has been, "D—n all Celts!" Dr. Blair,‡ whose general good sense and judgment will be denied by none, was of course from the first altogether incapable of entertaining any such illiberal notions, but he was wise enough to know that, in such matters, deference is due to doubts entertained honestly by persons who are far removed from those sources of evidence which are best calculated to overcome their natural scepticism. He, accordingly, before publishing the second edition of his *Dissertation in Defence of Ossian* which appeared in *1765*, set himself seriously to collect information from the most trustworthy quarters with regard to the existence of Ossianic ballads in the Highlands,

*The spirit of Ossian is glorious, but Macpherson's Ossian is trash."—Wordsworth to Dr. Norman MacLeod. See MacLeod's Life, vol. I., p. 68.

†Language and Literature of the Highlands, 1876.

‡The highest literary authority in Scotland at the time.

and especially with regard to the character and circumstances of the collection made by Macpherson. The result of these inquiries was to confirm the Reverend Doctor in his original faith in the authenticity of the poems, and to enable him to state that belief with more emphatic confidence before the world. But all this cautious inquiry and moderation on the part of the sensible Scotch Professor proved in vain. English ignorance and insolence indignantly bottled up must find vent, and the little Teutonic snake, timid with spite and bigotry must have free scope and large range to hiss and bite and spit venom, before cool reason could have a chance of being listened to in the matter. The instrument put forth by the great Destinies to be the spokesman of John Bull's ignorance on this occasion was the redoubtable Dr. Johnson, a strong minded vigorous thinker, but gnarled through and through with stiff English prejudice, and accustomed to deal about him with a club in a fashion that set all the laws of civilised intellectual warfare at defiance. The chosen instrument for the expression of Teutonic bile was Malcolm Laing, a native of Scandinavian Orkney, an advocate and an interpreter of historical documents, but who brought into the controversy against Macpherson all the partiality of a special pleader, all the bumptious obstinancy of a Scot, and all the unsubstantial dexterity so often necessary for the successful practice of the profession to which he belonged.

Then after several allusions to the *"hard headed"* and "unpoetical barrister," and the "wrathful bluster" of Dr. Johnson, he quotes the following passage from the latter.—

"The Scots have something to plead for their easy reception of an improbable fiction; they are seduced by their fondness for their supposed ancestors. A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth; he will always love it better than inquiry, and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it."—*Ex gratia.* Regarding Fingal he says—"I asked a very learned minister in the *Isle of Sky* (who had used all arts to make me believe the genuineness of the book), whether at last he believed it himself, but he would not answer; he wished me to be deceived for the honour of his countrymen, but would not directly and formally deceive me. Yet has this man's testimony been produced publicly, as of one who held Fingal to be the work of Ossian."

Mr. Ewen Cameron, the author of "Fingal rendered into heroic verse," put this assertion to the test by asking the *Laird of MacLeod*, whose word he could rely on, if there was any truth in Dr. Johnson's remarks. His reply was, "Quite the contrary, I assure you. Doctor Johnson was very overbearing, and laughed at the minister for giving credit to such an imposition. At last he asked him, whether he seriously did believe it. The gentleman's answer was that he did." Who told the lie?

After discussing the historical succession of facts, and the character and condition of the witnesses, Professor Blackie lays down the following propositions.—

Proposition 1. The Highlanders of Scotland, like the pre-Homeric Greeks, and all other intelligent peoples before the currency of a written or printed literature, were possessed of a great mass of floating lyrical and narrative tradition, which was transmitted from father to son through many generations, and formed the staple of a native, natural, healthy minded, and invigorating popular education. Of this rich oral literature the traditions about Ossian and the Feine and the warlike struggles between Scandinavians and Celts in the early history of Scotland and Ireland—which in those early days were one Celtic country—formed a prominent part.

Proposition 2. It is established by an accumulation of evidence from various quarters, such as would satisfy the most scrupulous jury, that there existed in the Highlands, *before* the time of Macpherson, considerable collections of Gaelic songs and ballads and other traditional records in the form of manuscript; that Macpherson in his literary explorations through the islands got possession of individuals who had no connexion with Macpherson, and before he appeared on the scene, further that Macpherson before publishing his Ossian spent many months in *the presence* of various parties, employed in the *decipherment* and *translation* of these manuscripts; and finally, that by carelessness and such accidents as constantly happen to old papers, especially when their possessor flits frequently from place to place, the most important of these manuscripts, those at least which would now be most serviceable for the settling of the Ossianic controversy, have been lost.

Proposition 3. From the fact that the most important of the original MSS. from which Macpherson made his translations have disappeared, so that the originals published by Sir John Sinclair were only the clean copy prepared for the press by the author's own hands, or these of his amanuensis, it is impossible to say exactly how closely the translator adhered to the original MSS., or how freely he allowed himself to handle them. But there is every probability, arising both from the general fragmentary and scrappy condition of his materials, and from the notions of literary men in those days with regard to the function and duties of a translator, that the author took much larger liberties with his authorities than would now

be thought justifiable. For myself, I have not the shadow of a doubt that Macpherson acted with the *most perfect* good faith in the matter according to his lights. He found the long neglected Celtic muse of the Highlands in a very forlorn, defaced, ragged, and unsavoury condition, and he thought it only his duty, before presenting her to a critical modern public, to wash her well, and scrub her stoutly, and dress her trimly in fresh habiliments of which himself was proud to be the milliner. No man can blame him for this; but what he is to be blamed for, and what, no doubt, through the length of literary time, he will have to pay for severely, is simply this, that when he was accused of downright imposture and forgery, he certainly did not show the proper forwardness in adopting that course of conduct which alone could have cleared him completely in the eyes of a strongly prejudiced company of accusers.

Proposition 4. The evidence taken by the Highland Society of Scotland, or from other sources, does not tend in the slightest degree to settle the question as to the antiquity of the poems of Ossian, at least in the shape published by Macpherson.

If the charge of wholesale imposture and forgery, as brought forward by Johnson and Laing, may be considered as triumphantly refuted, and if it may with all willingness be conceded that the original materials of the Ossianic ballads, whether as published by Macpherson, or in other collections from Dean MacGregor's book downwards, contain not a little both in matter and in tone that may justly be considered as older than the establishment of Christianity in these north western regions; there is not a scrap of evidence to prove that the poems in their present form, may not have been composed by some Celtic gentleman of literary culture living any time between the Reformation and the *1745*, who might have performed the same kindly office to the minstrelsy of the bens and glens that Walter Scott did to the minstrelsy of the Border, when he composed the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

So far as philology is able to contribute to the illustration of the question two things seem certain,—first that Macpherson's English bears *all the marks* of a translation from a Gaelic original, such as occasional celticisms, mistranslations, skipping of difficult phrases, lowering of poetry into prose, departure from the simplicity of the original, and other signs of translated work familiar to scholars.

(Concluded.)

THE FAR-OFF GLEN.

O I fain would be a roaming
Where the heathbell grows,
And the honey scents are wafted,
And the clean wind blows:
I would lay me down a-dreaming
By the mountain streams,
And I'd watch the salmon leaping
With their silver gleams.

O it's I would climb the corries
At the break of day,
Where the hinds are feeding quietly,
And the great harts bray:
For I'm wearied with the bustle
And the tramp of men,
And my heart is full of longing
For the silent glen.

O to hear the grouse cock crowing,
And the whaup's wild cry,
Rising up the dark'ning hillside
To the gurly sky:
And at night when men are sleeping
And the birds are still,
It is then you hear the silence
Ringing down the hill.

Let me see the salt spray dashing
On the rock-bound shore,
Let me listen to the thunder
Of the breakers' roar:
While the sea-birds sweep and circle
In their wild wet home,
And their white wings flash and glisten
O'er the snow-flecked foam.

O I'm weary with the racket
Of this dinsome town,
And it's dreaming more than sleeping
When I lay me down:
For my heart will aye be turning
To the hills again,
And I fain would fly to-morrow
To the far-off glen!

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

SOMHAIRLE MACGHILLE BRIDE NA H-UAMHA—A TRADITION OF SOMERLED.—It has been related that when the Norsemen overran the "Garbh-chriochan" and sorely oppressed the Gaidheil, that a deputation of delegates from the people waited upon Soairle praying that he would consent to lead them against the Lochlanaich. They found him fishing on a river in the neighbourhood of Ardtorinis, Morven. "Ma ghlacas mi iasg mu'n ruig mi 'n lùb-ud shios," arsa Somhairle, "theid mi leibh." Ghlach e 'n t-iasg, and that's how Somerled came to be the Gaelic Leader.

His father was hiding in a cave at the time, hence his name. Can any of your readers point out the cave—it is probably in Morven.

Mackay, Queensland. DONALD BEATON.

THE MACDONALDS—I have heard it stated when a youth that the "MacDonalds" held Taigh agus leth Albainn. Can any of your correspondents tell how this sean fhacal originated, and was it a fact?

Mackay, Queensland. DONALD BEATON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now due, the present issue completing Volume XIII. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.—At a social gathering of the members of the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club, the two valuable challenge cups (Celtic Society's and Southern League's trophies) which were won by the Club during the past season were presented to the president, Mr. John Mackay, Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, for custody. In accepting them, Mr. Mackay referred to his long connection with the ancient Highland game, and the Cowal Club in particular (of which he has been president for 14 years), and recalled several memorable incidents in the history of the club in years past. Other speeches were delivered and songs sung, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

THERE is probably no one of this generation, except possibly Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan, who has done so much to popularise Gaelic vocal music as Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness. His voice has thrilled audiences in all parts of the kingdom, and at the Irish National Festivals Mr. Macleod's appearance is hailed with an enthusiasm denied even to their own singers. His rendering of our beautiful Gaelic melodies is inimitable, and his services at the various Mòds have been of the greatest value. It has been felt that his long and ill-requited services ought to be recognised in some tangible way, and at a meeting held at Dingwall this month, which was attended by many well-known Highlanders, it was decided to present Mr. Macleod with a handsome testimonial. We have consented to act upon the committee, and shall be glad to receive subscriptions of any sum from our readers towards this deserving object, which will be duly acknowledged in the *Celtic*. Subscriptions should be addressed to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

MR. ANDREW LANG is responsible for the following par :—"I met the last Pretender a week ago. He was a fine, plausible fellow in Highland costume, who asked me to find him a place as a gamekeeper. He was really a very taking personage, and informed me that he was of the "Sobiski" family. He meant Sobieski : Prince Charlie's mother was a princess of that House, Clementina Sobieska. He had a large dirk, with Bourbon and Sobieski associations. I conceived that he was, or claimed to be a cadet, perhaps with a *brisure* on his scutcheon, of one of the Allans, or Hay Allan, or Sobieski Stuarts, who claimed to be grandsons of Prince Charles and his wife, Louise of Stolberg. Unluckily, I put no more questions to this royal, would-be gamekeeper, who, to do him justice, did not ask for money. He drifted across me, for a moment, in the street, and I have lost a chance of learning what must be a curious tale, however much of truth there may be in it."

STRUAN ROBERTSON, THE POET CHIEF OF THE '45.—At the Clan Donnachaidh Gathering held at Dundee on 15th September, it was proposed by Mr. James Dunnachie, Glenboig, and seconded by Ex-Bailie Robertson, Dundee, that a committee should be appointed to open a shilling subscription (not restricted to a shilling) for the purpose of having erected, somewhere in Rannoch, a suitable monument to the memory of Struan, the Poet Chief. The proposal was unanimously agreed to. The proposer passed a high eulogy on this famous chief. He said—The memory of the Poet Chief could not be neglected without loss, that he was a brave and dashing soldier, a genial warm-hearted gentleman, a man of culture, a scholar and a poet of true inspiration and genius. Living in troublous times when passions ran high, Struan never deviated one hair's breadth to the suggestions of policy or cunning. This is why the name of Struan has such a magical charm for his clansmen. His Highland contemporaries were proud of him ; the people of Rannoch and Athole revere his name, that name which imparts a thrill to the breasts of clansmen and kinsmen all over the world. He brought honour to the Highlands.

"THE GORDONS."—We regret that in paging this poem in our last issue, the printer misplaced several verses, whtch destroyed the historical continuity of the poem. Our readers, who are mostly familiar with Highland regimental history, will be able to re-arrange the verses in their proper order.

HIGHLAND TARGETS AND OTHER SHIELDS.

THERE is a class of Scottish antiquities to which hitherto comparatively little attention has been paid by the archæoligist, I mean the warlike weapons, offensive and defensive, of our Highland forefathers, many of which were used down to a comparatively recent period. Of these weapons much ignorance seems to prevail even among the Highlanders themselves, who almost invariably answer inquiries as to their age, that they had no doubt they had been used from time immemorial.

In England, and on the Continent, much interest has been taken in the study of arms and armour. On the Continent, the books are endless; in England there are the works of Meyrick, Grose, and Skelton, with Boutell's "Monumental Brasses and Slabs," and others of a kindred nature, all showing how much instruction may be gained by such inquiries when followed out in a proper spirit. In Scotland, we certainly have M'Ian's "Highlanders," and the "Costume of the Clans" by John and Charles Sobieski Stuart, both admirable works, but treating more of dress than of the armour and weapons, which, though alluded to, can scarcely be said to be illustrated, and without delineation they are almost valueless, as so much, in these weapons, depends upon the ornamental detail for character.

At present I wish to call attention only to one of these Highland weapons, the *Targaid* or Target. No weapon of war has, at different periods and among different nations, assumed so many forms as the shield. It was square, oblong, and kite-shaped. The brass mounting of one of the last form, which was found under six feet of moss on the hill of Benibreac, in Lochaber, with other brass ornaments for a shield or armour, has been deposited in the Museum by Cluny Macpherson, Cluny Castle. The shield assumed a variety of other forms, it was triangular, crescent, and fiddle-shaped, concave and convex; it was hollow and fluted, also oval and circular, varying in size from being large enough to protect the whole body to the small mediæval hand shield, which was no larger than the iron or bronze boss of the Scandinavian or Anglo-Saxon shield. During the 15th and 16th centuries a sort of tilting shield was introduced; it was made to fit the shoulder, sometimes covering the chin also, and was screwed to the armour. I have one of these, which is cross-barred lozenge-ways, and between the spaces is elaborately engraved.

On many of the early sculptured stones in the north-eastern counties of Scotland, such shields are represented, but whether of bronze or wood it is impossible to say. On a stone at Benvie, a figure on horseback has a shield having a central boss with a series of concentric circles, and figures on the cross near Dupplin Castle have the same; these may be of bronze, such as the Yetholm specimens, while, on a fragment from Dull, Perthshire, now in the Museum, figures are represented having shields with a large central and four smaller bosses. A figure is represented on the St. Andrew's sarcophagus carrying a shield of an oval form, which has the narrow ends hollowed out, and a large central boss. On the Irish crosses such shields are also figured. On one of these in the street of Kells, county Meath, a battle is represented, the combatants on one side having simple round shields and swords, while the others are armed with spears and shields having an enormous spike or pointed boss, of which there is also one on a fragment at Jarrow, Durham. The shields of the chiefs, sculptured on their tombstones in the West Highlands, seem invariably of a triangular form, and on one slab alone, at Kilmory, Knapdale, does the shield seem circular. I should suppose, however, that the wooden shield was more common than the bronze one, from the immense number of bosses which have been found all over the country, the wood having rotted away, leaving the bosses which are of iron or bronze. The iron specimens had often a bronze rim; occasionally they were plated with silver, and in some rare cases overlaid with a thin plating of gold.

The leather of the Highland shield is very generally embossed with Celtic ornamentation, —a sort of repoussé work, in the form of the twisted interlacing ribbon pattern, with scroll leafage filling up odd corners of the design, and now and then rude attempts at animals. On one belonging to Sir J. Noel Paton there is a galley, a fish, and a nondescript kind of animal; and among those in the Museum is one with birds and grotesque animals surrounding its outer margin, sometimes initials and a date, the whole design divided by concentric circles of brass nails and bosses, the latter often engraved; in this style of ornament they resemble the early bronze shields, with their bosses and smaller studs; sometimes they are bound by a brass or steel rim.

Occasionally the shield was converted into a formidable weapon of offence by having a strong and long pike screwed into the centre. This can easily be understood when the manner of fighting adopted by the Highlanders is considered. On approaching the enemy, "after discharging their pieces, they threw them away, as was their custom, drew their broadswords," raised their targets, and rushed forward before the smoke had cleared away, generally scattering their opponents by the fury and impetuosity of their

attack, as was the case at Killiecrankie, Prestonpans, and other engagements. In the coat of arms granted to M'Pherson of Clunie in 1672, and emblazoned upon the green banner of the clan, the supporters are two Highlanders dressed as they fought at the Battle of the Shirts—each is armed with a shield having this long spike. Rae also tells us, in his history of the Rebellion in 1715, that the Laird of Luss joined the Highland host followed by "forty or fifty stately fellows, in their hose and belted plaids, armed each of them with a well-fixed gun on their shoulders, a strong handsome target, with a sharp pointed steel of about half an ell in length screwed into the navel of it," &c These targets generally have so much similarity in design, that we cannot help thinking they must have been made at one place in great quantities. In the specimens figured by Skelton, Logan, and Dr. Stuart, this likeness is very apparent.

The question naturally suggests itself, Where were these made? As a rule, not in the Highlands; my own opinion being that, for the West Highlands, at all events, they were made in Glasgow. In confirmation of this opinion, my friend, the late Joseph Robertson, told me that, in the MS. account of one of Queen Mary's masques, Highlanders are mentioned as appearing in their native dress of skins, and having Glasgow targets. Mr. Dickson was kind enough to make search for this, but did not succeed in finding it, although he also thinks he saw it somewhere taken notice of.

Nothing is more difficult than to assign dates to Highland weapons of almost any sort, from the retention of forms and styles of ornamentation of a very early, down to a comparatively recent period, unless the weapon bears undoubted evidence of antiquity. Now and then a date is found upon Highland Targets, and by comparison of design and workmanship a date may be given to others of similar manufacture. Sometimes again, when the history of a particular target is known, it may be of no value whatever in determining the date of others which may have been used at the same time; such a one is at Cluny Castle, said to have been the property of Prince Charles Edward, but unfortunately it is of French manufacture, and has nothing whatever of Celtic character about it; instead of the usual decorations, it has patches of silver chasing in the form of warlike weapons and emblems, while at the centre, in the place of a boss, is a chasing in relief of the Medusa's head. In the armoury at Warwick Castle was a rival shield of similar design, also said to have been used by the Prince. This was unfortunately destroyed during the fire at the castle in 1871.

Of late years, from the great scarcity of genuine targets, imitation ones have been much manufactured for the purpose of making up Highland trophies, but these have entirely failed in the embossing of the leather and engraving of the studs, where that has been attempted. This scarcity has been caused by the severe manner in which the disarming acts of 1746 were enforced; and Boswell, describing in 1773 the armour at Dunvegan Castle, says—"There is hardly a target now to be found in the Highlands. After the disarming act they made them serve as covers to their butter-milk barrels." By this means, no doubt, a number would be preserved. In other places, again, where the target was a fine one, and cared for by the family, the embossed leather cover, the really valuable part, seems to have been taken off and rolled up, in which state it would easily be concealed. This appears to have been the case with the one to which I would specially call attention. It was brought from the island of Skye many years ago, and is not only different from the ordinary specimens in beauty and symmetry of design, which is worked out in a different and more artistic manner, but is also peculiar from having embossed at its centre the heraldic cognisance of the Lord of the Isles, of which Nesbit says, "The Macdonalds of the Isles carried, as in our old books, a double-headed eagle displayed." Its diameter is one foot eight inches, which is the average size of the Highland target. It must not be thought that leather and leather-covered targets were peculiar to the Highlands in mediæval times; they were common in most European countries; Spain, in particular, was famous for them, and it may not be improbable that this was made in that country for one of the Macdonald chiefs, there having been a great traffic between the West Highlands and Spain, hides being exchanged for armour of all sorts, swords in particular. Spencer also speaks, in his "View of the State of Ireland," 1586, of the Northern Irish, especially of the Scots, as having round leather targets, often coloured in rude fashion. In this respect they differ from those of our Highlanders, as I am not aware of theirs ever having been painted, although the open work of the brass ornamentation was frequently filled in with leather or cloth of a bright colour. At the present day shields of buffalo hide or other strong leather are in use among many of the oriental nations; they are circular and almost invariably convex, the edges turned up towards the front, and are often most gorgeously emblazoned in gold and colour, having bosses of brass, silver, or even gold. In the Antiq. Society's Museum are several fine specimens; one of these has an elaborate pattern in relief upon it, painted in purple and gold, while another has an ornamental design painted upon it in green and gold. The Highland target differs from those

of the early Britons and Scandinavians in having one or two arm-straps, and occasionally an arm-piece of leather, as well as a handle; the very early shields of bronze or wood, only having a handle below the central boss. The back of these targets is almost invariably covered with deer skin, below which is stuffing of some sort to deaden the effect of a blow upon the arm. On the Trajan column all the shields seem to have the double arrangement, while the Greeks used an arm-piece and a handle towards the rim.

WHAT A HIGHLANDER SHOULD WEAR.

[QUITE recently *The People's Journal* offered a prize for the best concise description of "What a full-dressed Highlander should wear." From a large number of competitors the Editor of that Journal has awarded the prize to our well-known correspondent "Fionn," for the following description of what a Highlander should wear. As it must interest many of our readers we gladly give it the publicity of our pages.]

ACCORDING to the best authorities, the Highland costume consists of a kilt, or "féileadh-beag," and plaid of some regular tartan, with hose, either made from the web of tartan or knit in check of its prominent colours, in the proper proportions; a doublet of cloth, velvet, or tartan, with lozenge or diamond-shaped buttons; low-cut shoes, sporran, and a broad bonnet, with badge and crest; a brooch to fasten the plaid, a waistbelt and a caldric or swordbelt; the arms, a claymore or broadsword, dirk, "sgian-dubh," a pair of pistols, and a powder horn.

If a member of a clan possessing one or more tartans, such as "clan," "hunting," or "dress," the person should wear his own tartan, either "clan," "hunting," or "dress," or a combination of the first two. If belonging to a sept of any clan, he should wear the tartan of the clan of which he is a sept, if the sept has no special tartan of its own. If the sept has a special tartan he should wear it. The person may wear a combination of his own clan tartans, such as a clan tartan kilt and a hunting tartan plaid or vice versa. It is not considered proper to combine either "clan" or "hunting" tartan with "dress" tartan. If one is to wear dress tartan, the kilt, plaid, and hose must be uniform. The proper length of the kilt is to the centre of the kneecap.

The long shoulder plaid should be worn, but the square or shawl plaid is allowed, especially in the ballroom. The hose must correspond with either the kilt or plaid.

The bonnet should be broad and blue, somewhat akin to what is called the "Balmoral." The "Glengarry" bonnet is a modern invention introduced about a century ago, and while "tolerated," it is not considered correct form. The bonnet should bear the crest of the wearer's clan, with motto, also the evergreen badge of his clan or sept.

The garters should be of scarlet worsted lace, about an inch in width, pattern and knot correct. There is a special knot, called in Gaelic "snaoim gartain," or garter knot. (Garters ornamented with rosettes, being a modern invention, are not considered correct.)

The jacket or doublet, as already stated, may be made of velvet, cloth, or tartan, cut on the bias. The jacket must be of proper Highland pattern. The oldest form is the "cota-gearr," something like what is commonly called a "swallow-tail," but cut short in the tails, or even like an ordinary shooting coat, but short, and with Highland pocket flaps and cuffs. The buttons must be lozenge or diamond-shaped.

A sporran of goatskin, black, white, or grey, with or without tassels, but considered more complete with tassels. The mounting of the sporran should show the crest of the clan, with motto, and the ornamentations thereon should be Celtic in design, and correspond with those on the brooch, belt, and buckles

The shoes are low-cut. Buckles are generally allowed. When such are worn they must be uniform in ornament with the other buckles, etc.

Swordbelt, etc., of black leather, bearing crest; buckles to be ornamented. Claymore—A double-channelled blade, with basket hilt, lined with scarlet cloth or tartan to correspond with the dress. Dirk of proper pattern, and bearing uniform Celtic ornamentations. "Sgian-dubh" of proper pattern, uniform with dirk in design.

The proper pistol is a single-barrelled muzzle-loading belt pistol of antique pattern, having the ramrod attached to the barrell; powder horn (worn on right side).

The ornaments are buckles for shoes and belts; a mounting for the sporran, on which is displayed the proper crest, which should also appear on the waist and swordbelts; an ornament for the bonnet, on which is shown the proper crest and motto; and a brooch to fasten the plaid, with or without a Cairngorm or other stone, and ornamented uniformly with the buckles, etc.

The ornaments should be embossed, etched, or engraved. The long plaid must be worn over the swordbelt, and removed entirely in the ballroom. The whole dress should appear as if it belonged together, the arms and ornaments all being of the same degree of richness, and the design of the ornaments should be similar. The wearer must carry his dress easily as "to the manner born." Gloves form no part of the Highland dress.

Any one not bearing a clan surname or that of any clan sept, may adopt the tartan of their mother's clan or sept should she possess a clan surname or that of a sept. For a list of clan septs consult Adam's "What is My Tartan?"—FIONN.

REVIVAL OF OLD INDUSTRY AT IONA.

A Swedish company has taken a lease of the old marble quarries of Iona, and the far-famed white and serpentine marble is to be placed on the market on a large scale. Mining operations are to begin early in the spring. These quarries were wrought several centuries ago, and from them came slabs of precious marble which adorn the interior of several ecclesiastical edifices in this country and on the Continent of Europe. We have seen some very chaste ornaments manufactured from Iona marble, one very interesting example being in the form of a charm stone.

AN OSSIANIC FRAGMENT.

THE following Gaelic poem was taken from the recitation of an old man in Kintail who died over 30 years ago. The translation is by the late Rev. Dr. Stewart, "Nether Lochaber."

BARDACHD DHEIREANNACH OISEIN.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Seisear sinne saor o shliochd,
Seisear nach do smaoinich lochd,
Chaidh fear dheth 'n t-seisir fo lic,—
'S mòr fàth mo chlisgidh 'nochd.

Coigear sinne a' dol air ghleus,
Sud e h-ugad Righ na Gréig,
O'n 's dearbhta dhuinn a dol air chuairt,
Bhuineadh uainne fear dheth 'n treud.

Ceathrar sinn a' sealg ré seal,
A bhuidheann arma 'nach gabh gior ;
Air cho cruaidh 's d'an cuirte leinn cath,
Bhuineadh uainne fear dheth na fir.

Triùir sinn 'an gniomhan cor,
'G aithris thairis air chleas arm,
Shiubhail a' ghrian o ear gu iar,
'S bhuineadh uainne 'n triath gun chealg.

Suidhidh sinn 'nar dithis a muigh ;
Sgaoilidh sinn fo 'nar gean :
Thainig an t-Aog mar bu dlighe,
'S bhuin e uams' an dara fear.

Mise 'nam aonar 'nan déigh,
Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,
Cha tàinig air thalamh 'nuas
Aon neach leis nach cruaidh an càs.

S mi 'n aon chnò dh'fhas 's a 'mhogan,
Gun chnò eile 'n am fhasgath ;
S geàrr mo bhogadh gu tuiteam,
'S a' ghaoth dol fodham gu farsuing.

'S mi 'n aon chraobh a dh'fhas 's a' chnoc,
Mar stoc a bhuaileas an tonn ;
Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,
'S mairg 'ga fàgar a' làmh lom.

Caoilte, Goll, agus *Gorraidh*,
Agus *Oscar* uallach, slios-gheal,
Mise 's *Ruidhne* o'n a' mheann-bheinn—
Gum b'e sud ainm an t-seisir.

OSSIANS "SONG OF SORROW" IN HIS OLD AGE.

(A FRAGMENT).

Six childless men were we, who ne'er thought harm—
A brave and blameless life we lived alway ;
But one of us soon slept beneath the cairn ;
Remembering him this night I'm sad and wae.

Five were we now, five warriors of renown ;
Woe to the foe that dared to beard us then !
Death came again, as he had come before—
Another hero vanished from our ken.

We then were *four*, hunting the forest free, [wield;
Fair were the arms our good right hands did
But even valour saves not from all scaith—
Another warrior fell in battle-field.

We then were *three*, far-famed for valorous deeds ;
Bards o'er their harps sang of our feats the while,
The sun pursued his course from east to west,
We lost another— chief withouten guile !

We *two* then sat upon the green hill-side
(From all we love we're fated still to part);
Insatiate Death, unlooked for, came again,
And took the sole companion of my heart.

Sad and *alone*, the last of that brave band ;
Remembering other years, I sit and mourn ;
'Tis fated we must die, but still 'tis sad,
To go the journey whence shall none return.

Of the nut cluster on the hazel bough,
The last nut I—the rest are fall'n and gone,
About to fall, I tremble in the breeze, [moan.
That wandering through the woods makes eerie

The last tree of the clump upon the hill,
Sapless and withered, I stand all alone,
All that I loved are gone, and soon must I
Fall like the leaves that on the earth are strown.

Sholto bold, and *Gorrie* brave, and *Gaul*,
And *Oscar* fleet of foot and fair of skin,
Myself and *Runo*, from the hill of fawns—
These were the *Six* in love and war akin.

CELTIC FACTS AND FANCIES.

A HIGHLAND GRACE.

THE following grace will be found in Turner's Collection of Gaelic Songs, published in 1813. It is associated with a farm in Lorn called "Dail na càbaig," not far from Oban.

Fhir a mheudaich am bolla mine, lughdaich a phrìs ; thoir toradh na mara gu tìr, cuir sìth eadar choimhearsnaich. Bi leinn, bi againn, bi 'nar measg, beannaich sin. Beannaich a' bhean 's a' chlann, a' chearc bhuidhe 's na h-eòin, Caristiona bheag 's na pàisdean. Cha 'n iarrainn de shòlas an domhain ach buntàta nan dalachacruinne, uisge nan linneacha duibhe; casan fada 'dhol troimh 'n abhainn chur nan each á Creagan-t-sagairt, 's a bhi 'n Dail-na-càbaig gu siorruidh, suthainn. Amen.

The following free translation may amuse such as cannot understand the original—

Thou who enlarged the boll of meal,
In price do thou decrease ;
The sea's rich harvest bring to shore,
'Mong neighbours all send peace.
Be with us, at us in our midst,
And give us daily food ;
Bless Thou my little wife and bairns,
The yellow hen and brood.
Of this world's joys I ask but few—
O, grant them all in full—
Potatoes from the circled fields,
Drink from the darksome pools.
Good long legs to cross the river
To send truant horses home,

For on lofty Creag-an-t-sagairt
They are ever prone to roam.
Here is now my last petition—
Grant it—I'll be happy then;
'Tis to live at Dail-na-cabaig
Now and evermore. Amen.

THE BAGPIPES.

It has been frequently stated that the third, or big drone was only added to the bagpipe about the beginning of last century—indeed I have seen an old set of pipes, said to have originally belonged to Lord Seaforth, Baron MacKenzie, High Chief of Kintail, bearing many silver plates on which were engraved the history of the pipes. On the big or bass drone were three shields bearing the following legends:—"All Highland Bagpipes, till after the Battle of Waterloo (1815) had but two or three short or treble drones . . . Lieut.-Colonel John Macra, K.C.B., late 79th Cameron Highlanders, was the first to introduce (and it was on this set of pipes) the use of a big or bass drone."

This is what Joseph Macdonald wrote in 1760, and as he was born in 1739 he could go back some 12 or 13 years:—"Besides the smaller drones of the Highland Bagpipe, two in number, there was and still is in use with the pipers in the North Highlands particularly, a great drone, double the length and thickness of the smaller, and in sound just an octave below them, which adds vastly to its grandeur, both in sound and show. This drone may be properly termed the bass drone, and in proportion to the simplicity of the instrument has a good deal of the nature of a bass accompaniment, insomuch that to persons of true taste, accustomed to it, the want of it makes a most capital defect in the martial strain of pipe music."

There is no getting over the fact that Hugh Robertson was making three-drone pipes in Edinburgh in 1781, and the prize pipes presented by the Highland Society of London from that year onward, were the ordinary full-set pipes of the present day. There is much that is obscure about the origin and development of the bagpipes, but I think it is absolutely clear the big drone is much older than the beginning of last century.

As late as 1772 provision was made for the maintenance of a village piper at Eaglesham, near Glasgow, as may be learned from the following clause in a lease of that year. Item. In regard the said Earl of Eglintoun obliges him and his foresaids to keep a piper properly clothed with proper bagpipes for the use of the inhabitants of the said toun of Eaglesholm to play through the toun morning and evening every lawful day, the said tenant obliges himself and his foresaids to make payment to the said Earl and his foresaids of the sum of one shilling sterling and that yearly along with rent, in order to defray the expenses of keeping the said piper.

A recent writer on the Outer Hebrides remarks, "In one of the small Catholic islands, the people, in the absence not only of a bell, but even of clocks, are summoned to church by the music of the pipes, and the congregation, an extraordinary good one, is not the less devout in consequence."

THE RESTORATION OF THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

We are more or less familiar with the despotic terms in which the Highland dress was proscribed in the Act known as "19 George 11, Cap. 39, Sec. 17-1746," but the terms in which that Act was repealed are not so familiar to the reader. The Marquis of Graham, afterwards Duke of Montrose, in 1782 brought in a Bill which was passed without a dissentient voice. It is entitled "22 George III. Cap. 63, 1782, and reads:—"Whereas by an Act made in the nineteenth year of the reign of his late Majesty King George II. entitled 'An Act for the more effectual disarming the Highlands in Scotland and for more effectually securing the peace of the said Highlands; and for restraining the use of the Highland dress," . . it was, among other things enacted that from and after the first day of August, 1747, no man or boy within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as officers and soldiers in His Majesty's forces, etc. And whereas it is judged expedient that so much of the Acts above mentioned as restrain the use of the Highland dress should be repealed: Be it therefore enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Common in the present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same. That so much of the Acts above mentioned, or any other Act or Acts of Parliament as restrains the use of the Highland dress be, and the same are hereby repealed."

F.

A CULLODEN GRAVE.

SIR,—A short time since I was at Culloden, and on leaving the battlefield after inspecting the burial places, came across a stone covering the junction of the surface drain at the angle of the road leading down to Allanfearn station, on which was rudely chiselled the letters "A. M'D." These letters may simply be the record of some workman in a leisure moment, but my thoughts went to the Chief of Keppoch whose initials were identical, and of whom I did not notice any memorial among those on the ground. The letters might, from their appearance, have been cut at any time during the last two centuries. Could you or any of your correspondents throw any light on the matter?

Guildford. A. W. M'D.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

BY WM. J. THOMAS.

(Continued from page 197.)

DUALISM of chieftainship was, in its nature however, sporadic and temporary, and among the Aryan races at least, had almost totally disappeared before the dawn of the Historic Period. It never became general, and occurred at rare intervals, representing either the absorption of an older population that had, somewhat like the Aquitanian, Basque, Celtiberian or Pictish races, withstood successfully the onpouring floods of invasion, or else representing the amalgamation of two tribes who were perhaps racially connected and whose interests lay in the same direction. Its existence among the Romans was of brief duration, and of so ancient a date as only to be remembered in tradition; among the Spartans it had become the survival of an archaic custom, retained by each successive generation but with a new signification applied to it; while among the ancient Irish, it was even considered not impossible for a Druidic chief to co-operate with a scion of Aryan blood in the management of tribal affairs. (O'Donovan., Three Frag. Ann. pp. 147).

But among the warlike races of Europe and India, all traces of its former existence were quickly obliterated, and the election of a single chief to act as leader was the normal custom. Force of circumstances revealed its instability.

The spirit of restlessness and hostility, detrimental to peaceful pursuits was everywhere manifest, and the consequent internecine and sanguinary struggles for supremacy between powerful tribes or nomadic hordes led to the introduction of a system of social organisation which was based upon the wide principle

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."*

But the same policy that undoubtedly benefited the stronger party, reduced the weaker to a nonentity by compelling it to swell the ranks of the conquerors, who later, might become in turn, the victims of the fortunes of war. And the admission of this alien element into the tribe was the direct cause of all those clan feuds which ensued after the disintegration of the tribe, and which held so prominent a position in the early history of European races.

After emerging from the hunting-stage, the tribe evolved into that of the pastoral, and the amount of its wealth was invariably determined by the number of cattle possessed. When this important advance was once made, a retrogressive step was impossible, and the old order of things changed, giving place to new; for the religious caste in their midst, soon hastened the decay of the communal system which the rise of individualism was but barely beginning to affect. As in Ireland,* so was it in Gaul and India; everywhere in fact, have the religious orders shown themselves adverse to the joint form of property.

The ownership of property necessitated the ability to preserve it, and the lust for war, so inherent in all the Aryan tribal societies,† was stimulated with the prospects of increase to be gained by conquest. War thus became the only source of honour, of riches and of power, and to obtain these, the warriors of old were trained from youth upwards in the military art, with a Spartan-like rigidity for discipline and fortitude.‡ Grown accustomed to bloodshed and scenes of carnage, they were never happier than when the trumpet-blast summoned to arms, when

> "The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
> The morn the marshalling in arms."

Every freeman was then bound to gather round the standard of his tribe, and disobedience to the call of duty meant death. To die on the battlefield sword in hand was accounted the greatest glory, and among the Celts, Teutons and Hindus, gave immediate entrance to Valhalla or the Isles of the Blest **

To ensure the success of every enterprise, the appointment of a fit leader was considered essential, and the tribe naturally sought out the bravest and best, waiving, if it was deemed necessary, all claims to birth or wealth, and

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*On the Celtic invasion of Italy (390 B.C.), the reply the Roman ambassadors received was that the Gauls "carried their right in their arms, and that all things belonged to brave men." (Livy. V 36); and on the Teutonic invasion (102 B.C.)—which, unlike the former, ended in a most disastrous defeat,—the Roman consul, Papirius, was told by the Cimbri and Teutones that "they only knew it to be a received law among all nations that the conqueror hath a right to whatever he can acquire."
"The right of each is according to his strength," says the Senchus Mor (III. 87); Amer. Journ. Folklore, Vol. XVIII. p. 153.

*Skene's *Celtic Scotland* III. 142; Maine's *Early Law and Custom*, pp. 83.
"Since religious duties are multiplied in separate houses, their separation is therefore right, and even laudable." (Institutes of Manu., IX. 3).
†Ved. Hymns., Pt. II. p. 23; Gautama., X. 17; Zend-Avesta., III. 371; Fingal IV. 295 et seq.
‡Cæsar's Bell. Gall., VI. 21; Temora VII. 122.
**Manu., VII. 89; Apastamba., II. 10, 26; Institutes of Vishnu., III. 44-5; Temora, VIII. 100; Gaol-nan-Daoine, 32-3; Rev. Celt. XIII. (The "Boruma," § 83; 99). Hence also the Scandinavian conception of the Valkyries ("Choosers of the slain"), who are identical with the Celtic "Badbas" (= *Gael.*: baobh, witch), the Grecian "Harpies;" and the Arabian "Houris."

selecting only such member as was conspicuous for his superior skill and courage. "The leader of every tribe," says the Cain-Aigillne, "should be the man of the tribe, the most experienced, the most noble, the most wealthy, the most truly popular, and the most powerful to oppose." Senchus Mòr II 279).

Yet, although placed at the head, he obtained no control of affairs. He was leader of the host in time of war, but to a very limited extent could command its respect and obedience. "He was not so much to give orders as examples." (Tacitus. Ger. c. 7). Nevertheless, from his exalted position he was enabled to gain a more decided influence in the tribe. By his acceptance of a larger grant of land wherewith to support his dignity, he had many inducements and privileges to increase his power at the expense of the others. In his capacity of leader, he could also exact a greater share of the booty* than was ever allowed to the individual member, and in this way his private possessions increased to such an extent that his land allotment no longer proved sufficient, even though it had now become the largest in the community. It was impossible however, to acquire more land, for the tribe itself would have met his demands with a direct refusal, and face to face with this difficulty, there was no other resource left him save to hire out the superfluous portion of his wealth to those who were prepared to receive it. Such of the tribe as were in straitened circumstances, greatly esteemed these advances made by their leader, and considering him in the light of a public benefactor, they became all the more attached to him and to his interests. By no means did they perceive that the very acceptance of that wealth meant that they were placing themselves under obligations which it would be difficult to shake off.

(To be continued.)

§Manu, VII. 97 ; Ancient Laws of Wales I. pp. 79, 793 ; Bk. XIII. c. II. 56 ; Bk. XIV. c. XIV 8 and c. IX. 8.

HIGHLAND COOKERY BOOK.—A unique little work has just been published by the Clan Mackay Society, Glasgow, which will be heartily welcomed in all parts of the Highlands and Islands. It is a Cookery Book, containing 37 simple recipes, intended to make cooking and baking simpler and more attractive among our kinsfolk at home. The author is Mr. Thomas Mackay, Largs, ex-president of the Clan Mackay Society. What, however, adds immensely to the interest of the work is the fact that our gifted contributor "Fionn" has translated the volume into Gaelic, the English and Gaelic occupying pages facing each other. Copies of the work have been presented gratis by the author to every girl attending the public schools in the Mackay Country, a truly patriotic gift. Copies can be had for 4d. each, post free. It extends to 47 pages, with a stout ornamental cover, and can be had from the editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

THE FALL OF NEOLITHIC EMPIRES.

In darkest Afric's torrid zones, by India's swelling flood,
Or where the old Egyptian realms for ages long have stood,
We claim our home so sacred, where our household gods abide,
The dearest, fairest spots on earth where the Nile and Ganges glide.

No other empire once outshone the glories of our state,
Whose sov'ran sway exalted spread by wars and conquests great.
And when the blast of war was lulled, or peace returned again,
'Twas then the merchant-banners blew on British seas. At Spain,

At Grecian Isles or Tuscan shores their pennants fluttered free,
Nor sought the sailors bold to flinch from perils of the sea.
To fav'ring breezes they unfurled the large white-winged sail,
The ocean-bird that braved the deep, the Syrtis and the gale.

Nor Hercules' pillars, ice-bound coasts set limits to our road,
So far past Europe's utmost shore where Aryan foot ne'er trod.
And 'midst the wilds of Hindustan or Scandian fields of snow,
'Midst Gaulish, British, Aztec groves — where'er, where'er we go—

Arise our holy Druids' rites, the rites that we adore,
When human victims caged in fire appease our gods with gore,
And pacify the dreaded wrath, the fierce and vengeful gaze
Of Thor, Osiris, Jahweh—once the chiefs of bygone days.

Our gods are mighty ; shall surmount the wrecks of Time and War,
And worship paid them though their realms mayhap no longer are.
'Tis fated. Aye! there cometh in inevitable hour,
The race that love the sword, the source of majesty and power.

A race pale-featured from the East, from forests dark brought forth,
With all the energy of youth—the Demons of the North ;
To spread o'er Asia's, Europe's plains, o'er Britain's sea-girt Isles,
And view with awesome fear the highth of monumental piles.

And swept resistless on the flood to Ruin's baleful shore,
Or dashed upon the rocks of Time, we sink to rise no more.
Then ! then shall fall our pomp, our pride (the Future darkling looms)
And Peace, Prosperity shall weep o'er vanished Empires' tombs.

Edinburgh. WM. J. THOMAS.

A PEN PICTURE.

THE long arm of the sea—the far stretching sea-loch that winds deep into the heart of a region where, far as the eye can reach, huge mountains lift their giant heads—lies blue and shimmering beneath the autumn sun.

It is one of those infinitely still days of that season of the year when it seems as if the earth were lying quiet, waiting, thrilled to its very core, in spite of its seeming quiet, for some deep revelation of things wonderful and unseen of men.

What a scene of restfulness and peace is here! Soft shadows, shading from faint, hazy blue to deeper sapphire and violet in the far-distant recesses and on the summits of the mountains, clothe their sternness with a glory which seems less of the earth than of heaven.

Far out on the loch a rowing boat, heavy and serviceable, is propelled by the strong arms of a young fisherman, and over the still waters the strangely soothing sound, when heard at a distance, of the steady rhythm of the oars in the row locks, reaches the ear.

With a shrill cry, a heron rises from the shore and skims swiftly with broad grey wing, across the loch. High up on the hillside is heard the faint bleating of a sheep; the little wavelets break in shining ripples upon the white shore, and, save for the occasional cry of the men and women at work in the harvest-fields, no other sounds break the stillness and calm which broods over the face of Nature.

Far up on the braeside lies the quiet God's acre, where, beneath mouldering stone and mossy mound sleep the warriors of the past, and those we have known and loved, lulled by the murmuring waters, and guarded by the mighty hills.

Of what do the mountains, "the everlasting hills," speak to the heart that is open to the manifold and wondrous voices of the great teacher, Nature? They speak of heights to be scaled, of ultimate fulfilment, and, in the end, the peace that man craves for when his work is done. They point us higher, they bid us reach ever loftier levels of thought and action; they will, if we but interpret their message aright, lead us Godwards. "On the earth the broken arcs, in the Heaven a perfect round," and the mountains in their immovable calm and beauty, bring the message of the perfect end of life; or will it not be the beginning of life to the heart worn and seared by the difficulties and never-ending sorrows of the earthly years? "Evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound"; so would we fain believe, and rise, comforted, to meet with strong and fearless courage the bitternesses and griefs that face us continually on the plains of the world.

Think what the mountains meant to the poets; so will they speak to all of us, if we will but listen quietly. With what a voice of power did his "Beann Dorain" speak to Duncan Ban Macintyre! If the mountains can inspire strains such as his, their message must indeed be good for all men to hear.

It is a picture never to be forgotten, this which unrolls itself before our eyes to-day; the mountains, the blue loch, the many tints of the bracken, golden, yellow, red, and brown; the rowan-trees bending to the water as if to gaze at their own graceful beauty, or standing high and lonely on the hillside, their clusters of scarlet berries glowing red like fire; the long white road winding down the lochside, and the blue sky over all, so deeply blue and calm that the memory of those same skies overcast and lowering, pouring deluges of rain upon the sodden earth, and filling the mountain torrents until their sound is like the sound of "many waters," as they rush impetuously down their rocky beds, seems almost like a dream.

But it is to-day that is imprinted in all its glowing colours upon our minds whilst memory lasts; the infinite glory of this autumn day, this perfect picture of the Highlands that are so dear to us, the wild mountain-land which our forefathers loved and fought and died for; the land which still sends forth its poets and seers; that country which, in its strange, haunting, mystical glamour, can never be forgotten by those who have known and loved it.

The Celtic wonderment which for century upon century has filled men's souls with dreams of the Divine and unattainable, still breathes from the hills and glens, and lives in the hearts of the children of the hills.

M. T. MACGREGOR.

THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.—Our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Ben Davidson, New York, writes as follows:—"Apropos of Dr. Macdonald's articles appearing in *The Celtic*, I send you a clipping from our leading evening paper showing what Andrew Lang, that dreadful man, had to say about Ossian's poems. In his way, Lang has shorn the glory from off a good many idols. It only remains for him now, in order to round off and complete a unique and audacious career, to go to Egypt and shave the Sphinx. I thought that the controversy over the authorship of the Ossianic poetry had been thrashed out long ago. All the same, Dr. Macdonald has discovered later and fuller material which he lays before your readers in a style that is intensely interesting. Like an eagle he sweeps the wide horizon of the old Celtic world, from modern Berlin to far Connemara, and misses nothing. Collecting and storing his facts as a dynamo gathers energy, he prepares to treat his assailants to another Inverlochy if they desire. No more masterful champion has appeared for Ossian. I congratulate you upon securing such a valuable contribution to the Ossianic literature. One of my delights would be destroyed were it proved that James Macpherson was the author."

FAMOUS CAILLEACHS.

SIR,—I heartily thank your correspondent, Mr. M'Fadyen, Glasgow. I wanted specially to hear the legend or legends relative to the Cailleach who built that "Carn." I regret that Mr. M'Fadyen could not throw more light upon the subject. The verses I sent you were composed about 1815 or 1820 by my father at Tobermory, he being then a young man. He was born at Drimnin in 1793. No doubt being born there, he must have been well aware of the legend of "Carn na Caillich." Mr. M'Fadyen's must be another version, beginning "Dòmhnul Cameron, etc." The verses I sent you I have had from the author nearly 60 years ago. Domhnull Cannanach resided at Doirlinn a' Chailbh, Tobermory, who went to a funeral and, as many times happened in these days, he took a little more liquor than was good for him, and was left behind to get home as best he could. He was very superstitious and frightened, and the writer guided him home, assenting, of course, with his superstitious ideas. Every "tuisleadh" that would happen to poor Domhnull, the writer blamed it on the Cailleach, and I believe he gave Donald a good few thumps (from the Cailleach) to confirm Donald in his belief! Next day Donald related his adventure with the Cailleach to his friends in exaggerated language, and then the writer composed the song of which the verses sent by me formed a part. The legend as I heard it was :—That the Cailleach gathered the stones and carried them in a "gad" on her back with an "iris-mhuineal" to erect a bridge over Caol Muile. The "iris-mhuineil" broke, the stones fell, and there they lay to this day, to prove the enterprising spirit of the Cailleach. If the "iris-mhuineil" had not broken, no doubt the old Cailleach would have carried the "carn" to the narrowest part of the Caol and there build so desirable an erection. Whether the Cailleach of the "Carn" was the Cailleach Bheur of Gleann Cainneih or not is a matter of doubt, evidently there must have been many a celebrated "Cailleach" in Albain. There was the Cailleach whose neglect of covering her well originated Loch Odha ; there is Rudha-na-Cailleach in Mull: she went "a dh'iarraidh maorach," and the tide cut her off from the path back, and she would have been drowned had she not scaled the precipitous cliffs of the Rudha, praying to God for help, but when she achieved the ascent she said, "Chaidh agam air a dh' aindeòin Dhia is dhaoine (I managed it, despite God and men), and, Chaidh a tiunndadh na carra cloiche far an do sheas i (she was turned into a pillar of stone where she stood). I was shewn this Carragh, but I failed to see any semblance to a Cailleach in it. Then there is Beinn na Cailleach, near Broadford, an t-Ath-leathann, Isle of Skye. Some legend is attached to it connected with the Fianntaichean. And the ever-memorable Cailleach Bheur. Where is a "Muileach" that has not heard of her and Tobar na-h-òige? Mr. M'Fadyen is in error, for in my youth no one knew for certain where it was, for it was supposed to disappear. After the Cailleach fell "na cuaill chnamh aig an tobar—not ashes. After meeting the shepherd and his dog that barked, the Cailleach Bheur said to the shepherd :—

'S moch an diugh a ghoirr an cù,
Maduinn chiùin os cionn loch Bà.

Then the shepherd asked her—

A Chailleach bheur bheadarach
Gu dè d' aois ?
'Nuair bha 'n fhairge ghlas na coill
S ann bha mis am mhaighdainn óg.

When the shepherd enquired where she was born she replied—

Cnoc an fhir léith
Airidh bhealaich
Dui-leitir nan cabar cama
'S ann a bha mi og am leanabh.

Duileitir is on the west side of Loch Frisa, the Leitir or Leth-tir is on the east sides. In Duibh Leth-tir I cut "cabair chama" in 1851 for "*fiorach tarsuinn*" for a boat.

Then there was the Cailleach an fhomhair, who brought "Paba" near Skye "ann an cirb a h-aparan a Erin." It strikes me that "Women" were held in higher respect among the Keltic race than they were among their Saxon neighbours. Probably there was "Mater-ology" in the ancient religion of the race, possibly before the Pater-ology predominated.

Mackay, Queensland. DONALD BEATON.

DEATH OF LIEUT.-COL. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, OF SOUTH HALL, COWAL.

ANOTHER of our subscribers has passed away in the person of the venerable Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Campbell of South Hall, Argyleshire, late 90th Foot. Deceased, who would have completed his 92nd year in a few weeks, was the fourth and youngest son of Colonel John Campbell, third of South Hall, by his marriage, 110 years ago, to the only child and heiress of Colin Campbell of Castleton. He was for many years in the army, and served with his regiment in the Crimea. The deceased laird succeeded to the family estates in 1864, on the death of his eldest brother without issue ; and in 1875 he was appointed Deputy-Lieutenant for Argyleshire. South Hall is picturesquely situated near Loch Striven, overlooking the Kyles of Bute, and its fine woods are so planted as to represent scenes of the Battle of Waterloo. In particular one square patch of Scotch firs in the centre of a large clump of larches represents the Highlanders formed in a square resisting the attacks of Napoleon's cavalry. The Campbells of South Hall branched off from the old family of Inverawe about the 16th century, and the mansion-house was built by Peter Campbell, who was at one time in the Dutch service, but afterwards became Governor of Portsmouth and a member of the Court of George II. One of his brothers was in command at Plymouth, and another at Fort-William. It is of interest at the present moment to note that the deceased laird was descended through his paternal grandmother from the Campbells of Ardkinglas. He married in 1850 Miss Ellen Parker, of Alkincoats, Lancashire ; but this lady died in the year following her husband's succession to the estates. They had issue, several sons and daughters, the eldest son, Captain Edward Parker Campbell, late Black Watch, having been born in 1851, and married in 1877 to his cousin, Alice Isabel Parker of Alkincoats aforesaid. The late laird was buried at South Hall.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GREGS, GREGORS, AND MACGREGORS.

Mr. Wm. H. Gregg, Sen., an American subscriber, mentions in a recent letter that the work on which he has been engaged for the past fifteen years, dealing with the origin of the Grig, Greg, Gregor, Gregory, and allied families in Scotland, is now practically completed, and will be published about the end of the year. It is the result of an investigation of every volume or source of information likely to throw light on the subject. Regarding its contents, Mr. Gregg, sen., writes—1st, That the Pictish name Cinc is one of the very oldest in the country now called Scotland. 2nd, That the names Grig, Greg, Gregor, MacGregor, Grier, Grierson, the *Scotch* name Gregory, and several other variant and cogorate names, and the people who bear them lawfully, are of one common origin, and are descended from a man (or men) of the name Cinc, their names having been simply an evolution from his through the various chroniclers and historians who have changed the spelling and pronunciation of the names. 3rd, That one of the name, variously called Cinc, Cing, Grig, Greg, Gregor, Gregory, or as latinized by some of the early chroniclers, Cincinn, and Gincinn, and by Geo. Buchanan in 1589 A.D. called Gregory the Great, was a king of Scotland by right of birth in the regular royal line. 4th, That a succeeding Grig, or Greg, was also king of Scotland, coming to the throne by right of birth, during the latter part of the 10th century, under title of Kenneth 4th, as generally conceded by chroniclers and historians treating his date, and from these descended the Bruce and Stuart families in female line. It is well known that the MacGregors claim royal descent through the MacAlpin line, but I have never been able to find any attempt to prove the descent in detail. Sir Robert Douglas in his "Baronage of Scotland" (1798), claimed that the race were descended from a third son of Alpin, father of Kenneth M'Alpin, but he adduced no proof of it, simply stating that a party had filed the accounts and proofs, which were satisfactory to him. I have never been able to find any account of a third son of Alpin, and can find no statement that any one has. The Essay will be published by the Gregg Genealogical Co., and separate from the "History of the Gregg Family in America," which will be published by the Company sometime during 1906. The history will also include the Essay, with fac-similes, etc.

FAREWELL TO LOCH LINNHE.

LOCH of romance, thy rippling waves
Our vessel's prow have lightly kissed,
As o'er from Appin we have passed
To Morven shrouded in the mist.

Dark Morven, shrouded in the mist,
How mighty are thy giant Bens!
How lonely is thy pathless shore,
How silent all thy homeless glens!

The sea-birds, screaming, follow us,
Or settle on the billow's crest,
As we are borne, romantic loch,
Upon thy broad and heaving breast.

On fair Ardshiel the sunlight gleams;
It lightens Appin's castled shore;
Like jewels on thy bosom lie
The isles of Shuna and Lismore.

Loch of romance amid the Bens,
How often have the tales been told
Of maidens, heroes, chieftains, bards,
That thou hast borne in days of old!

The ancient kings thy waters knew,
And mighty Fingal trod thy shore;
Fair Deirdre and her lovers grim
Thy dancing waters hither bore.

Full oft has Ossian tuned his lyre
Beside the rush of Lora's Falls;
What sounds of revelry and war
Have echoed in Dunstaffnage halls!

Dunolly, where stern Somerled
Had built his eyrie by the sea;
Does it not hold the Brooch of Lorn
Snatched from The Bruce, once forced to flee?

Our vessel speeds, and we must bid
Farewell to Appin's sunlit shore;
Farewell to Morven in the mist,
To Shuna and the green Lismore.

Farewell, dear loch amid the Bens;
Sadly I bid adieu to thee.
Though far away my heart is still
Beside the heather and the sea.

J. A. Duncan.

From "Britannia" for September.

THE SKYE MAIL DRIVER.

From sea to sea I trail my precious freight,
Around on every hand the sullen hills
All rest behind a drowsy veil of mist,
Uneasy frets the wind, and darkness sweeps,
Inveterate, obliterating all.
Seas fade, hills melt, the colours all are dead;
The tumbled croft now shows no sign of life.
Through hamlet dark I drive, by ghostly moor,
Where shadows spin their web of mystery
And faces swim in every velvet pool.
Weird fancies come—how lonely is this thing
Called "Night"... do these hills creep for ever up?
Must I hold reins and strain on ever thus?
Sleep sways me in her hated, welcome arms.
My horses, knowing more and feeling less
Than I, reel dumbly forward unafraid.
At length, at length—to eyes all dim and blurred,
And mind sore tortured with fantastic thoughts,
And spectral loathly shapes from the lone moor,
The awesome bog and unseen evil glens—
The timid pale and trembling dawn-lights break
With sweet and soothing radiance in the east.
The road below comes back again, and all the turns,
Where lurked unseen and awful things, now smile
In friendly open guise, familiar, safe;
The sea-loch greets me, and the leaping blue
Cries goodly welcome to the traveller.

Coinneach Dubh.